PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER CHAPTER XVIII

THE FUTURE IS FORESHADOWED

Looking back dispassionately now on some of the "great events" of my life, I am often at a loss to under stand how I became engaged to Major Percival—or rather, Major the Honorable Hastings Percival, to give him his full title. I drifted into it gradually; that was one thing certain. I did not love him: I did not wish to marry him; and yet, never theless, our engagement became un fait accompli, as he would have said himself, for he was very fond of inhis conversation with

scraps of French. For a whole year I had reigned as belle of Mulkapore, and, although I had numerous admirers, I was still unengaged. In vulgar parlance, "I was still to be had." I was a little difficile, in fact. Various girls with out my pretensions to good looks were either engaged or married, and recent arrivals raised their eyebrows in great surprise when they heard that I had actually been a year and a half in the station, and was still

Miss Nora Neville. More than one happy matron, when triumphantly announcing a daugh ter's engagement to auntie, would smile, and look significant, and say, "When may we hope to hear of a wedding from Longfield?"—the name of our house. I don't think auntie half liked the solicitude these ladies evinced on my behalf, although she serenely and treated matter as a joke.

"You know very well you don't want me to get married, you dear old lady," I would exclaim, tightly hugging her with my arm round her neck; "what in the world would you do without your Pussy? Mrs. King has been straining every nerve to get Miss Fanny settled, and so it's all quite natural and proper. But you have never made any efforts to get me off your hands, and if you did it would be of no use, for I would not go," I concluded, emphatically.

'I don't know what we should without you, child," replied auntie, making a foolish and futile effort to making a hollsh har tab.

"But of course we cannot expect to keep you always; some day or other Mr. Right will some day or other Mr. come, and you will go with him readi-And do you think we would stand in your way? No, in-deed; your happiness will be ours."

never mean to marry-never, never, never! so put the idea entirely out of your head," I replied, with great energy, kissing her on both cheeks and rearranging her head-

Very well, Pussy, time will tell," was her rejoinder, as she quietly re-

sumed her knitting.

Time did tell. In two months' time we went to the hills; we migratime we went to the hills; we migratime we went to the hills; we migratime with a long with a ted up to Ootacamund along with a large party from Mulkapore, all bent on avoiding the hot weather and enjoying a holiday among the hills. Colonel and Mrs. St. Ubes, Colonel, Mrs., and the Misses Fox, Colonel Keith and Mrs. Gower, were duly chronicled as among the fashionable arrivals at Smith's Hotel.

We rented a small furnished house and having brought up our servants and the ponies, Brandy and Soda, were very comfortable, and soon made ourselves at home among the Todas. Ooty was very gay; there were no end of picnics, tennis-parties, and receptions, not to speak of various balls; and too, afforded capital sport. I yearned to have a gallop with them, but having nothing nearer to a hunter than the pony Brandy, an obese and short-winded quadruped, I was obliged to put all thoughts of my favorite amusement out of my head. Ellen Fox was staying with us, and we contrived to make the time pass very agreeably. One day we were at a large afternoon reception in the grounds of Government House. We were seated on a rustic bench, chatto Dicky Campbell and another of the West Shetlands, and watching the arrivals as they passed across the lawn, with most critical

There is Miss Benyon, the Bombay belle," I exclaimed, "that girl in the dark red Jersey costume, speaking to

Lady Ellerton."
"So that is Miss Benyon is it?" returned Dicky, putting down the corners of his mouth. "I cannot say that I admire her. I agree with Mrs. Gower, who says she is so thin she reminds her painfully of a famine

"Mrs. Gower is much too fond of giving people names," I answered in-dignantly. "I think Miss Benyon has a very pretty, slight figure, don't you, Ellen ?

But Ellen, instead of answering, exclaimed: Whom have we here? Oh, Nora! do, do look at Mrs. St. Ubes! Is she

not magnificent?"

Mrs. St. Ubes, escorted by a short, stoutly - built, aristocratic - looking man, and attended by her husband, was advancing majestically from the entrance, drawing all eyes on herself by the gorgeous hues of her attire—a

navy blue satin, with toque and parasol to correspond.
"Do you know who the fellow Do you walking with her is ?" asked Dicky,

impressively. ...
"No, I do not," I was obliged to

"Not to know him argues yourself unknown. Allow me to elighten your Mofussil ignorance. He is no less a person than the Honorable Hastings Percival. A present poli-

tical officer and future peer. Think Well, and what of it?" I asked,

disdainfully.

"You are not impressed? you are not overawed? you are not dying to make his acquaintance?"

"Certainly not," I answered, in a

confident tone. "Imprudent girl! you do not know what you are saying! He is a bachelor, a magnificent parti, the desire and despair of all the maids and mammas in the three presidencies A great catch, I assure you; and lady-killer of Indian-wide reputation You will find that his appearance

will grow on you" (encouragingly.)
"I see nothing remarkable about him," I replied, as I scrutinized the subject of our conversation contemptuously. He was pacing up and down the lawn with Mrs. St. Ubes evidently carried him in her train with no small pride. He was a man of about forty-five, short and rather portly, with unusually dark, deep-set eyes. He held himself well, and had (without being at all handsome) a certain air that distinctly said: "I am somebody." He had dark hair and whiskers and a closely shaven upper-lip, and equally closely shorn, square, blue chin. He was admirably turned out by a first-class tailor-his hat and coat seemed part of his own arrogance, and simply to spurn competition. As he sauntered along, with his glass in his eye, keenly criticising his surroundings, and occasionally lifting his hat with a grandiloquent sweep, I mentally endorsed Dicky Campbell's opinion, viz., "That he would be exceedingly sorry to buy Major Percival at his own price and sell him at his valuation." which by the mat his valuawhich, by the way, was a re mark that I had heard made with re gard to Dicky himself.

Two or three evenings later, I

found myself vis-à-vis to the great man, at a large dinner-party. was making himself most agreeable to his neighbor, a very pretty married lady. Nevertheless, I remarked that he sent more than one glance across the table in my dir-ection, and that during dessert he had arranged his eyeglass so as to bring me well into focus. dinner he was led up and introduced to me by Mrs. St. Ubes-with anything but a good grace. Having presented him, she evidently intended him to pass on to where an inviting lounge uggested a tête-à-tête; but no such thing! With a smile that displayed a superb set of teeth, my acquaintance tranquilly sank into an easy-chair beside me, and began to converse in low, almost exhausted ones, on that never-failing topic, the weather. He was undoubtedly a landy of the first water. His even ing toilet was suggestive of studied care, his mere tie alone an achieve ment of which any man might well be proud; and from his pearl solitaire to his shoe-bows, his "getap" was above the most searching criticism.

I could see that he was by means indisposed to undervalue either himself or his opinions, and that he was accustomed to be the spoiled darling of society. I took good care not to indulge him in any but challenged his remarks way, laughed at his sentimental speeches and altogether treated him "de haut en bas," as he would have said himself. My temerity was a novelty that evidently amused and him; and he roused himself to be more and more agreeable, and really made some very pointed, witty remarks, at the expense of one or two of the company.

From an opposite coign of vantage Mrs. St. Ubes surveyed our growing intimacy with cold disapprobation. On my cavalier being called away to the piano, she saw our conversation interrupted with an expression of the liveliest satisfaction, and abandoning her seat and her companion, gravitated gracefully toward her accomplished friend.

Major Percival was a remarkably good pianist and played one or two of Chopin's most difficult waltzes with a light, crisp touch that be spoke a master of the instrument. Accepting the plaudits of the audience as a matter of course, he was about to leave the piano, when I was pounced upon and led out of my retreat, in order to oblige the company in my turn. I was not the least nervous about singing, but I hated playing my own accompaniments, and I gladly accepted Major Percival's offer, as he ran over the opening bars of my song with a practiced hand. I sang one of Message,"

Moore's Melodies, and was rapturously encored. Then I sang "The my companion playing that difficult accompaniment with much ease as if he had been the composer himself. After song number two, I insisted on retiring once more to my seat, whither, to Mrs. St. Ube's great indignation, I was immediately followed by my new duty. To many of those toilers the acquaintance. I could see that he divine gift of Faith taught the higher was considerably impressed by my truth, that duty is the direct carry-singing; indeed, he told me that ing out of the will of Him who spend such a voice as mine I could make my fortune on the stage, that the hardill-requitted toil of Nazareth. it was a gift to entrance thousands, and many other very fine things. He certainly had a way of talking to ladies that was very taking. He spoke as if for the time being "there Parisian combination of old-gold and was but one beloved face on earth, and that was shining on him; " and as if his listener, even were she climb for Nora's tired feet to that as if his listener, even were she plain and elderly, was to him, for the moment, all in all. At first I cause from it could be had a gimpse of the sky and of the river, for the Irwell different to him. I believe my indifferent to him. I believe my indifferent to him. difference acted as a spur, and goaded him into making unusual exertions to win my good opinion. He paid me "marked attention," according to experienced chaperons,

able her to take a short holiday in Ireland, the dear homeland, from which hard necessity had driven her.

and certainly gave me various dis

tinguished proofs of his esteem and preference. At picnics he was in-

variably my escort, and climbing mountains and scrambling down

precipitous paths together is doubt-

ess conducive to a good deal of in

timacy. Altogether I was flattered he was fascinated, and we were the

best of friends. There is something

very gratifying to a young girl's

amour propre in receiving the confidences of a man much older than

herself and being waited on at all times and places with the most assid

ious attention. How was I to know

that I was by no means the first of

his fair confidantes, and that his de-

votion was merely "a little way he had," and that many a disappointed

maiden had proved to her cost that attentions and intentions were by no

neans synonymous terms with him?

However, in my case he really was

gently to auntie (with whom he

singing my praises in her sympathe

tic ear, and showing his intense ap

preciation of her treasure, he asked

permission to appropriate it himself.

Auntie gave him her cordial consen

and promised her warmest support. Here was indeed a match in every

way worthy of her little girl - a

charming man, wealthy, well-born,

and sensible—no light headed, giddy,

impecunious subaltern. Pussy would

be the Honorable Mrs. Percival, and

happy Pussy! To have spurned

such a connection would be nothing

less than tempting Providence

Aunt Neville would have been hard

y human had she been able com-

placently to witness other girls, my

and brilliant matches,

contemporaries, making excellent

beautiful Nora still enacted the part

of the prettiest bridesmaid. Much

as she loved me, and agonizing as

would be our parting, she was quite

villing to surrender me to Major

Percival, an unexceptionable parti

To remain on, season after season, in the bosom of my own family, a

determined young spinster (as I had

more than once hinted was my in

tention), was not to be thought of.

My celibacy would be a social dis-grace, reflecting on the entire house-

This is how Major Percival pro-

in the neighborhood of Ooty. Auntie

on foot. I was loitering behind

picking ferns out of the hedge, when

I was suddenly joined by "my friend"

as I called him, when holding sweet

'I have been trying to get near

admirers, and I have something very

ping back into the road, triumphant

ly bearing a large fern, root and all

complete: "I was not aware that I had any," I answered, serenely.

"And what have you to say to me that

is so important?" I added, with smil-

ing innocence; for that a man so

many years older than myself could

possibly be in love with me was an

idea that never entered my brain.

He liked me, and I liked him-that

"I found important letters await-

ing me last night; I am obliged to

go to England on business of the

greatest consequence, and I must go

down the ghaut not later than Tues

able and trite about our sorrow a

his departure, when he suddenly in

was muttering something suit-

"Can't you think of something else

I wished to say to you?" he asked,

I raised my head and stared at

TO BE CONTINUED

HOW GOD REPAYS

The factory gates were thrown open, and the throng of toilers

poured out, pressing on with eager

though weary feet to where a spell of well-earned rest awaited them. Though to a casual observer the ap-

pearance of the young women and

girls who composed the working staff

of the great Manchester cotton factory

presented a great similarity of type.

a more careful glance would note a difference. The plain, simple-

fashioned garments of some showed

a scrupulous attention to personal

neatness. Their whole demeanor

bore the impress of an innate self

respect, that self · respect which

makes its owner look upon her work, however lowly, as

truth, that duty is the direct carry-

the greater part of His earthly life in

Driscoll. Quietly she made her way

through the crowded thoroughfares.

past the smoke-begrimed public build

ings to the narrow, ill-paved street,

where, in an attic of a small lodging

house, she lived. It was a weary

This evening the young girl's spirits were high, and all things looked

bright to her. Out of her hardly earned wages she had just completed

the sum of money which would en-

A girl of this latter type was Nora

'Nora," he said, "will you marry

with unusual significance.

"Military admirers!" I echoed, step-

converse with myself.

particular to say to you.

was all!

terrupted me:

him blankly.

Rodcaster! Happy

one day — oh, vision of greatness!

Viscountess

vas an immense favorite), and, after

erious. He first broke the matter

Nora was the orphan daughter, the nainstay and support of her dearly loved mother. Separation was a cruel trial for both, but Nora had resolutely faced it. Her aim was to get to-gether the amount sufficient to buy he little cottage in which her mother lived, an aim made possible by the Irish Peasant Proprietor's Bill. Then her mother would have a roof, how ever lowly, from which no unjust, tyrannical power could drive her. Little by little the sum was accumulating. The girl's sterling worth and cheerful, unstinted labor were appreciated in the factory. Some more years, and with God's help her dream would be realized.

But apart from the one great object to which she devoted her earnings. Nora had another cherished scheme She would give herself the joy of a short visit to that little cottage in the green glen around which dearest hopes were entwined. She would spend some happy days with beloved mother for whose dear sake she toiled in the grimy atmos phere of a fog ridden manufacturing So, by dint of extra pinching and privation she had collected the price of her journey to Ireland, hoard which she kept safely stowed away in her attic at the top

of the house. Making as much haste as possible Nora pressed on. It was the eve of the first Friday. She would take her very simple evening meal, and go to the neighboring church of St. Francis Xavier, where on the eve of every first Friday she made the Holy Hour. This act of loving service she never omitted. And always she found tha she came from it refreshed in mind and heart, strengthened to take up the burdens of the coming days, and their difficulties. To-night her Holy Hour would be a glad thanksgiving for the joy that lay before her. For on Saturday she would set out for her home over the sea.

Suddenly she became aware of some one standing by a lamp post she was approaching, and looking searchingly was a girl with a some what hard face, and sharp, bold eyes. Cheap finery and tawdri-ness were the keynotes of her ill-kept bold eyes.

dress and headgear.
"I say," she accosted Nora, in high pitched, real Cockney tones, "could yer give me something to eat an' drink? I ain't 'ad nothink this 'ere posed for me. We were walking home from a large morning concert, had driven, but uncle and I, and various others, preferred to return

lessed day."
Nora stopped. An involuntary reugnance, for which she immediately blamed herself, kept her silent for a w seconds.
"Oh, well," resumed the other, if

'aven't the 'eart to help a pore girl, I can help myself. The river's you all the afternoon, and failed signally," he remarked; " you were regularly hedged in by your military

"Stop!" cried Nora, putting her hand on the torn jacket sleeve. "I didn't mean not to help you. I've no noney to spare. I'm only a factory But if you come with me I'll give you something to eat and drink.'
She led the way to her little attic shivering inwardly at the sinister suggestion of the river. Too well she knew what that meant. Every month, every week, it yielded up its tribute of those who had sought efuge from misery in its dark depths Now," she said, when she had placed her own frugal supper before her strange guest, " will you tell me

something about yourself, so that I may see if I can help you."

The girl began a voluble account of her doings. How she had come to Manchester from her home in the country, seeking employment. She had been parlor-maid in a family, and seen dismissed on unjust suspi cions; had failed to get another place and had made up her mind to end all by drowning herself.

Oh, don't say such a wicked ng." said Nora. "You know well thing," said Nora. "You k
how that would offend God."

"Gawd?" repeated the other with short laugh. "You don't suppose short laugh. He'd trouble much about the likes o'

'God loves you, more than ever you can understand," said Nora, simply and earnestly. "But now will you take my advice and go back to your home in the country? Manchester is no place for you. Get out of it as quick as ever you can."
"Can't" replied the girl sulkily,

Got no money. An' my home's long way hoff, right down in Kent!" Nora felt staggered. There certainly no means of getting the girl to such a distance. Oh, what was to be done. She dare not let this girl go from her to-night, hopeless and penniless, with that black flowing river near at hand. Andidea sprang suddenly into being. It solved the problem, but it struck a chill at her very heart. She covered her face with her hat, while the girl watched her curiously. Could she do it? Could she give up her cherished, long planned joy for the sake of this unknown girl? No, for her sake, she could not. But for His sake, for the love of Him who had sent this wandering sheep across her path she

could and would. She stood up, and going to the box that held her little store, opened it, and took out the money.
"Emma," she said to the girl, who

mongst other things had informed her that her name was Emma Willis, if you get the money to take you to your own place, will you promise me to leave Manchester to morrow for

"I should think so. Just give me the chance, an' see if I don't." the sky and of the river, for the Irwell "Well, here's enough to get you

> "Oh, I say! Well, you are a trump, no mistake.

there.

" And you promise to return hor to-morrow?

"I promise. You can take my word or it. I'll be hoff by the first train." With a torrent of protestations of ratitude the girl took her leave The next few days were days of trial for Nora. Apart from her own disappointment, there was that of her mother, which she felt even more keenly. Well, it was all part of that

evening's sacrifice. She faced it generously and threw her self anew nto the daily toil of the factory. Nora," said the forewoman, a fortnight later, "I want this order to be taken to Longman's. Would

you mind going there after hours?" Nora assented, and at the appointe time set out on the errand. her into the busiest part of the city She was nearing one of those flamboyant looking music halls, where intertainment is provided to suit the taste of those who frequent them when her eye fell on a noisy group approaching it. What did she see to cause the sudden start? Who was that central - figure, loud-voiced garishly dressed? Another moment and she was face to face with the girl. Their eyes met. It was Emma Willis! She gave Nora an insolen stare, and with a coarse laugh turned to one of her companions. The next the hurrying crowds.

The incident was over, but it left a sting that burned into Nora's inmost heart and for many days rankled there, making a wound that would refuse to heal. So this was the result of her sacrifice. The girl she befriended was false to the core. She was spending those hardly earned shillings, laughing doubtless simplicity of her whom she had fooled. Oh, it was hard, hard. By slow de grees only did Nora succeed in sooth ing her sore spirit by the thoughts of Faith. It was for the love of God she had made her sacrifice. He does not ask for the success of our efforts. The cup of water given in His name will give pleasure to our Father in heaven. Nothing that we do for in heaven. His sake is lost in His sight.

Twelve months passed away. Nora was still at her post, a little saddened by her experience of the previous On leaving the house one vear. morning setting out for the factory, her landlady handed her a letter just delivered. Nora looked at it in surprise. The ill-formed writing was anknown to her. She opened it, and with feelings difficult to describe read the illegible scrawl:

This ain't no trick. I'm dying an' before I go I want to see you You told me God loved even the like me. For His sake come to me, for I'm afraid, oh, afraid, an' l've no

one to turn to. E. W."

In a tumult of conflicting emotion Nora spent the hours of that day's work. Yet not for one moment did her resolution of attending to the piteous plea she had received waver efore even coming to the concluding initials of the note, she knew instinc tively from whom it came. She recognized in the few, halting words the cry of a despairing soul. Unconsciously the humble factory-girl was putting into practice the sublime eachings of the great apostle: Charity is patient, is kind, believet's eachings of

all things, hopeth all things."
The moment she was at liberty she started to discover the address given in Emma Willis' note. It was in a part of Manchester quite unknown to Nora, down among the slums. So evil-looking indeed was the quarter in which she found herself, that she was glad to see a policeman on his beat near at hand. she groped her way up an ill-lighted stairs, following the directions of an unkempt, ragged woman whom she questioned, and, opening a door that a dreary garret. There on a miserable pallet, lay a wasted form, the wreck of the girl she had last seen in bishop of Paris has inaugurated a robust health. She turned her head at the sound of the opening door and

stared wildly at Nora.

"Ah! You've come," she cried in a hollow voice. "I wanted to beg your hollow voice. "I wanted to beg your pardon for that trick I played on you. For 'twas all a trick to get money out o' you, that talk about the river. But now, oh now, 'tis a river of fire I see creepin' up about me, an' I must go down into it. Oh, how can die? How can I go before my

Judge ?" Shudderingly she clutched Nora's arm and continued to pour forth a flood of wild words, which made her hearer realize the abyss into which the poor creature had fallen. Alas! She was now tasting the bitter wages of sin. It seemed as if the demons, secure of their prey, were already wreaking their cruelty on her, and vere giving her a foretaste of eternal

But all the demons of hell powerless before the might of the recious Blood which was shed for all poor sinners. After a long struggle Nora succeeded in persuading the poor erring girl to see a priest.

There was no time to lose. The sands of life were fast running out. And this was a case far beyond Nora's power to contend with. She hastened to seek a sainly old priest, one who had rescued many a strayed sheep. With tender charity he immediately devoted himself to the work of mercy. Who shall describe the depths of ignorance, prejudice, and now black despair in which he found this unhappy soul. For hours there was a struggle, all but visible, of the powers of darkness to keep it in their grip. But grace triumphed. Poor Emma Willis turned to God with all her heart; begged to be received into the holy Catholic Church, and, having been conditionally baptized and purified by the holy Sacrament of Penance, received in her poor failing heart the God who has come to call, not the just, but the sinners to re-

pentance From that moment, until she breathed her last, her peace was un-disturbed. The Divine Shepherd had gathered the wanderer to the shelte of the True Fold. He would not suffer her to be molested. In senti nents of heartfelt sorrow and humble trust her last hours were passed. little before the end she said to Nora

When I am gone I will do my best to prove my gratitude for all you've

done for me. To that promise Nora always attributed the speedy realization of her cherished earthly hopes, while she also understood that in reward of her act of charity, God has granted her the salvation of an immortal soul. -Capel I. Lande, in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

THE CHURCH OF FRANCE TO-DAY

How the Church in France has nanaged to live without the aid of the State, since the Law of Separation took effect, is the subject of an article that well repays reading, in the Constructive Quarterly. The writer of the article is M. Georges loyau, Fellow of the University of France. The facts he presents prove that his country still cherishes a virile faith, and still recognizes God, though the powers that be would have the world believe the contrary. M. Goyau notes the events of the

seven years, since 1905, when Church was "separated" by law from the State, and every device that tyranny and irreligion could suggest was tried to stamp out religion in France, and to drive God from the schools. With what result? writer tells us taking Paris as an illustration:

Seven years have elapsed since the Law of Separation, and some very precise data enable us to measure the expansive force quired by the Church during that ime in the single diocese of Paris. The Paris of 1912 contains 9 more parishes than at the time of separation, and these 9 parishes comprise 250,000 inhabitants. . . . In the country surrounding Paris in 1912, there are 15 more parishes than at the time of the Separation, and these ogether contain 215,000 souls. Lastly both in Paris and in the adjacent districts, 24 subsidiary chapels have been opened to meet the spiritual eds of 166,500 souls. Combining all these figures we shall find that more than 630,000 souls, condemned seven years ago to an almost incur ble religious destitution, in a very short time saw God draw near to them and take up His abode near them. . . The task is not yet complete; some 40 other parish boundaries are already sketched out on the surface of this vast diocese and the archiepiscopal authorities expect that in five, or at most ten years, these 40 additional parishes

will be in working order." Where twenty years ago, suburb of Paris, only a single family was willing to attend the parish church, over a mile away, 4,000 altar breads are now used during the Paschal season in the same locality; in other places signs of religious life have been multiplied, and in new parishes vocations are being mani fested. The Bishops and clergy are alert to seize every means of bring-ing back the fallen away, and to keep in the fold the faithful, and particu-

larly the lambs of the flock. Nowise discouraged" says M. Goyau, "the Church labors to begin again from the foundation the work of Christianizing the people." She is bringing to bear every effort to perfect what may be called the pedabishop of Paris has inaugurated a system of examinations in religious instruction, with a two fold purpose of arming young Catholics with a knowledge of their religion and of creating in them a high esteem for the intellectual element in the Cath olic faith. The writer in the Constructive Quarterly gives an outline of the system and a summary of the requirements in each grade. Evidently the examinations are thor ough.

HOW THE SYSTEM WORKS

These examinations are gradedelementary, advanced, elementary competition, higher competition, the honors' competition, and the diploma brevet. The last is awarded by commissions which sit twice a year to young people who wish to qualify as teachers in the diocese. Two hundred and fifty applied June (1912) for this diploma which certifies not only to the holder's thorough knowledge of the Catechism but also to his or her teaching ability. Those who have passed the tests

with the greatest success are duly honored by special mention, their names are announced in Notre Dame, and each one receives a prize from the Cardinal's hands. Says M.

Goyau: Thus opens, in the Paris of 1912, an era of religious teaching which seems destined to be even more brilliant than that inaugurated by Abbe Dupanloup, eighty years ago. Diligent attendance at the 'Catech isms of perseverance' was formerly attested by the handing in of an 'analysis' which reproduced the instruction given by the priest in the production of these tasks mothers and governesses often had as great a part as the children, or a greater, But nowadays religious instruction appears to the young people of Paris initiations of increasing difficulty, and, demanding a personal intellectual effort which is certified by a deal with the spiritual affairs, which jury. In the laicization of

schools the State had hoped to wear away the intelligent classes from the Faith: what was the use of these things about which the teaching State had ceased to ask questions? But the Church has raised up examination rooms and examinations, and candidates come thither, and even come back again, when they fail at the first trial; and from this seeding of young scholars a harvest of apostles will issue.'

How well this system is succeeding is shown by some very gratifying statistics. For instance—in one class of thirty-two girls who took the examinations for the honors' competi-tion thirty-one passed. The char acter of the test is indicated by M. Goyau, as follows:
"For the honors' competition the

subjects given to the girls for composition were even more formidable. They were confront-ed with this hypothesis: 'A Jew, impressed by the prophecies of the Old Testament, wishes to become a Christian, but is undecided whether to become a Catholic, a Protestant, or an Orthodox schismatic. He asks you for enlightenment. To convince him, how would you make use not only of the Gospel, but also of the Old Testament?' It is plain to be seen that the winners in petition must be apologists. They are also asked to write upon the Biblical prophecies relating to the Blessed Virgin and on the various words spoken by Christ to His mother, then to explain in what the development of dogma consists; again, to define the rights State in the collation of ecclesiastical benefices; lastly to give the liturgical meaning of the ornaments worn by the priest at the altar."

MAINTAINING CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

At the same time the Church maintains to the fullest extent pos sible under the law and with present resources, schools—primary, secondary and advanced. The law forbidding the employment of religons as teachers hampers activity in this field of effort, but the Church eeks out secularized members of religious communities and lay per sons fitted to teach, and equips organizes them in such ways as secure the best results. banding of the congregations was a severe blow to education in France, and many difficulties have to be the new order of things, but the Church is meeting the situ ation bravely, and in Paris the corps of independent teachers is now well regulated. Salaries have been fixed, a system of promotion established, and conferences in various dioceses have helped to clear the way of obstacles that seemed insurmountable. Commenting on the courage and energy of the French clergy in insisting on having schools where children will learn about God and their duty towards Him, M.

Goyau asks: Who would suppose that those priests, discussing and laboring in this way, are persecuted men, uncertain of the morrow? They speak, and work as if their teaching enterprises had a long future in prospect, nd they are right. Their splendid effort constantly to increase their efficiency as educators can not fail to conquer the world's good opinion. is something touching in the serenity and calmness of years' experiment. . . . In spite of the most reasonable grounds for apprehension, this wish to live will

perpetuate life.
Thus, it would seem that the very poverty of the Church in France gives new impetus to her work. Means must be found to meet the daily needs, and admirable indeed are the expedients with which the clergy overcome even poverty. The poor priests in remote country districts grow hopeful, "when they witness from a distance all these original efforts bringing young and splendid

energies together."
On the other hand those hostile to the Church are alarmed to see her virile strength triumphing, and her elergy adapting themselves so readi ly to the new demands on them as shepherds of the r flocks. M. Goyau concludes his notable account of the Church in France to-day with a mer-

ited tribute to the priests: "And the glorious thing for the Church in France is thoroughly apostolic ease, the glad disinteredness, the joyous and fruitful energy with which the 'Cure of the Concordat has transformed himself into the 'Cure of Separation.' "-Sacred Heart Review.

ANGLICAN AWAKENING

RETURN TO CATHOLIC PRINCIPLES Some remarkable statements have been made recently by our Anglican friends. The Bishop of St. Asaph, speaking of the present government and Welsh Disestablishment, said he believed heartily in the unity, identity and continuity of the Church as a spiritual body, but not in the Establishment, which was an entirely different thing. This is rather cryptic, and the Bishop's flock are wondering what "Church" he is speaking of, Then Lord Halifax threw a bombshell at Protestantism from the platform of the English Church Union. Having loudly declared for the invioliability of the marriage tie, and protested against the diversion of church funds to secular purposes. Lord Halifax said the time had come when Parliament should relinquish control of the church. The Bishops and the a science implying successive clergy should manage their own affairs, that Parliament had no time, no inclination and no experience to were the churchman's province, and