

"I think you mean Mrs. Milton Penstock," said Alice, a smile playing about the corners of her mouth.

"Very likely," she rather resembles the name," observed the woman with quiet tartness. "I rather fancy she must be the girl from the cigar store who married the pawnbroker." There was nothing cattish or offensive about the manner of the audible reflection, merely the relation of a biographical fact, but little Mrs. Lathrop nearly collapsed with suppressed merriment. Whoever the terrible woman might be, she knew something of the buried corpses of bygone Brampton history. She blushed to Alice and the child for a pleasant half hour over the teacups, then a cab drove up for her, and she took her departure.

"I am coming to see you and little honeybunch the very next time I am in Brampton," said the woman, waving her hand as she drove off.

"Who is she?" asked two or three ladies as Alice rejoined the circle. The men were coming in by this time.

"I haven't the remotest idea," laughed Alice. "She knows Brampton and its people, at least by name, but was not communicative as to her own."

"I don't like these mysterious gipsy people prowling about the place, and the effrontery to ask for tea here as if it was a common roadside hotel," snapped the dignified Mrs. Penstock. "The steward should be warned to keep a sharp eye on such people and the Club silver."

"She's the old lady who sweeps the cobwebs off the sky," piped the child, nodding her head very positively.

"And gives bad babies five-dollar boxes of candy," said Charlie Lathrop, grabbing up his small daughter.

"Pardon me, Madame," said Mullins. The lady who inquired about registered before she left. Mullins smiled decorously. Who, more than a waiter, should be a humorist? Moreover, it was not often he pocketed a tip of the size the strange visitor had given him, and he had taken a look at the book on his own account.

"Bring the book, Mullins," said Mrs. Penstock. He obeyed. She grabbed it and read the entry. Her lorgnette and jawdropped simultaneously. She lay back in her chair, almost gasping from emotion and mortification. Lathrop took up the book.

"Pandora Fulcher," he read aloud amid impressive silence.

Oh, the agony and remorse of the "might have been." Pandora Fulcher, donor of half the Club grounds, mistress of millions, of Fulcherville, with its thousands of her factory workers, of the great mansion on Fifth avenue, Pandora Fulcher of the far-famed Xantippe. The woman whose social recognition, the acceptance of a cup of tea, would have meant fadeless glory to Mrs. Milton Penstock. Such are life's little ironies. She could almost hate Mrs. Lathrop and her child for basking three quarters of an hour in the sunlight of that august presence. How it would have read in the "Social Whirl" column of the Brampton Eagle, "Mrs. Milton Penstock entertained at the Country Club on Saturday afternoon a small but exclusive party of Brampton's elite. Among the guests were Miss Pandora Fulcher."

These are the tears of things. The glorious sunlight was throwing long shadows on the green hillsides, on lawn and upland, river and wood, but the word "Ichabod" was stamped over all. His glory had departed. Mrs. Penstock drove home, and bullied her husband acutely, and spent the next forty-eight hours in bed with a severely mortified temper. She had stood at the open gates of Paradise and failed to walk in.

It was an overheard remark on his way from church next morning that first gave Lathrop uneasiness. The Brampton Trust Company, one of the chief banking concerns in town, had not been successful, so rumor ran. After a prolonged period of abundant money, a sudden stringency had developed, and coming on the heels of profuse prodigality, became a revelation of horror. During lunch Charlie was quieter than usual. Times were becoming chaotic, he knew, but his home bank he had never suspected. Pillars deemed immovable were shaking, institutions supposedly firm-based as the hills were quivering like wind-blown houses of cards. That his own supports were doubtful he had never imagined for an instant. He had grave reason for anxiety, depending as much as he did on the assistance of his bankers. He had bought his mill cheaply, all his own money was sunk in it, he still owed Penstock \$25,000, payable in yearly instalments of \$5,000. On the coming Saturday an instalment would be due, and he had made, as he supposed, provision for it; but if anything happened to the bank he would be swept away with it. He knew that no mercy was to be expected from Penstock, who would want the letter of his bond to the day and hour, though the world should fall, and would regard Lathrop's calamity as his providential opportunity.

The young manufacturer said nothing to his wife of his fears, and when Monday passed uneventfully he was glad he had been silent. The thing was only idle or malicious rumor after all. When he went down to his mill early on Tuesday morning, he saw a small knot of people gathered about the bank doors, hours before opening time. Before noon there was a full-blast run on the institution. For two days the bank stood up to it, courageously but vainly seeking to

stem the wild torrent. It closed late on Wednesday evening, with the assurance that the worst was over. It was, perhaps, the doubt, the fearfulness and anxiety were done with, for the bank never opened again.

Lathrop was not the man to go down without a fight. There were two other banks in town, and he tried both. The first turned him down at once, though a week before it would have jumped at his account. They were, however, calling in and not paying out, and snuggling down for the hurricane. For a few hours he thought he might succeed with the other, but that failed him, too. Penstock was one of its directors, as was Flaxton, the Fulcherville manager. Lathrop did not think that poor old Flaxton, though a business rival, would block him, but Penstock he feared, and, as he knew later, with reason. For two days he hunted high and low for relief, that agonizing and humiliating appeal for help, that shows a man how bare a place the world can be, and sufficiently illustrates the hollowness and sham of much social and religious profession where the almighty, divine dollar is concerned.

He had splendid security, was amply solvent, had a fine business, but sheer terror drove the impartial moneyed interests to close cover, and greed egged on the wreckers. One humiliation he would not suffer, and that was to appeal to Penstock. He would take his failure to meet this particular obligation as conclusive. When Friday night came he had tried every available source of relief, and had failed.

Alice knew it as soon as she saw him come up the garden path. She had put the child to bed. Her man would need all she could be to him this night. She had had her own troubles during the day. The little town knew of the impending collapse, and there was a reference to it in the evening paper. Tradesmen were dropping round for small accounts. Sympathetic friends had looked in, some curious to know if the pretty little home were likely to be sold. Bolder ones tried the Baby Grand piano disparagingly, and asked what she expected it would go for, and wondered what she thought she would get for the car Charlie had given her on her birthday. The brutal, bargain-hunting hardness of some women she had never realized till now. She had cried a little after they had gone, and then, ashamed of her tears, had made the sacrifice in her heart, waited in quiet, smiling courage to stimulate that of her man.

"I'm beaten, little wife," he said, bitter words for a husband to utter. No matter how blameless he may be, the realization that his hostages must suffer with him, hurts. "It has got to be a fresh start, right from the bottom rung, but we can do it, girl, can't we? No man can be kept down who has a woman like you at his side."

They faced it resolutely, cheerfully. The worst was over. He told her of his search and failure, and something pleasanter. His work-people, hearing of his trouble, had come to him offering to continue work for a month and wait for their wages, if it would help, and some had offered to lend their small savings. It is the poor who are generous in a pinch. They know the meaning of the struggle. The evening was far advanced when they heard footsteps on the garden path.

"Sympathetic bill collector, I suppose," Charlie said.

"You stay here, I'll attend to him," said Alice, hurrying from the room and closing the door behind her.

"An unholy hour for making calls, my dear," said the voice out of the gloom. "I am leaving the neighborhood tomorrow, and I wanted to see you and the little honeybunch before I went."

"Miss Fulcher!" said Alice in amazement, drawing her into the hall.

"So you found me out," said that lady. "How is the lorgnette lady who thought I was after the club silver? I heard all about it later. One of the advantages of being old and ugly and plainly dressed is that you get pretty close to the world's mind about you."

"How do you do, Mr. Lathrop?" she continued, as Alice made the introduction. "I was curious to know the man who deserved so charming a wife and such a dear as little honeybunch."

"Good fortune doesn't always desert the ill-deserving, Miss Fulcher," laughed Lathrop. "I take my luck without worrying about desert."

"Pretty sensible thing to do," agreed Miss Fulcher. "Well, a humble man's the noblest work of God, and a lot rarer than an honest one, though they are not over plentiful. No, my dear child, I dined an hour ago, but if you will give me a cup of tea, I'd be glad of it. The beverage of that name at the Fulcherville hotel is the most infernal poison ever brewed by an amateur. Lady Macbeth of a cook. It is delicious, my dear," she said as she sipped the tea. "Now we are comfortable, please sit down, child. Here by me. I love pretty faces. I came to have a chat with you two. I'm an old maid and fearfully inquisitive, as perhaps you do not know. What's all this I read in tonight's papers? Trouble, eh?"

The two sat silently a moment, not knowing how to begin or what to say.

"My dear," said Miss Pandora, "I don't enough to be almost your grand-mother, so you needn't mind talking to me."

"Yes, we are in pretty big trouble, Miss Fulcher," said Lathrop, and he told her the story from the first to last, wondering as he did it, at the

strange power the stranger woman had to draw out of him what he had scarcely told to his wife.

"A hundred families to be thrown out of work at a time like this, and a useful business ruined by a pawn-broking Shylock!" she exclaimed when he ended the tale. "And you two and little honeybunch put into the street practically. What a pretty little house you have, children. Come, let me see little honeybunch." Alice went and fetched the child, all rosy with sleep. When she saw Miss Pandora, the child held out her arms.

"The old lady who sweeps the cobwebs off the sky," she said, nestling her sunny little head against the old maid's breast. They played together for some time, and then Miss Pandora carried the child up to bed. When she came down she prepared to go, and held out her hand to Lathrop.

"Good night, Mr. Lathrop," she said. "And, by the way, can you be at your office at 9 o'clock in the morning?"

"Yes, Miss Fulcher," he said, his face paling.

"Very well, I'll be there with my lawyer, Dick Ambler," she said. "I've been making inquiries about you today. Do you know that you have got a good friend in my friend and manager, Mr. Flaxton?"

Lathrop looked up a little surprised. He had fought Flaxton stiffly and thought the gruff old autocrat of the Mohair market hated him.

"He says you murder prices sometimes, and have beaten him to a few orders, but he loves a fighter," she continued. "I have great faith in his judgment, and much more in my own. He hates Penstock like the very devil, and he's the most vindictive and poisonous hater I ever knew. He tells me he won't have you swamped, it would be bad for local trade, bad for a lot of industrious work-people, and good for Penstock, and what he says on those matters goes with me. You can let the world know tomorrow that in this squall, blow high, blow low, Pandora Fulcher and Ezra Flaxton are with you. The Xantippe never yet ran from a craft in distress, and we're too old to learn new tricks now. Mr. Ambler will bring over money for the wages tomorrow, and there's a party of \$50,000 you need to pay off Shylock and keep the ship going, at your call as soon as the bank opens in the morning, and no strings to it. Fight Flaxton all you want, but you'll have no snap with him in the ring, he's a cunning old fighter. God bless my soul, children, you don't suppose we are all thugs and sandbaggers. Folks say we are queer folks at Fulcherville, and have queer ways. I suppose we are."—A. C. Allenson in McBride's Magazine.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

HELPING THE SOULS IN PURGATORY

A person may die in a state of grace, that is, without having the stain of mortal sin on his soul, and yet he may not be ready to enter Heaven; he may still have venial sins to atone for. Or, again, he may die without having a venial sin on his soul, and yet he may still owe something to God's justice; while the guilt and eternal punishment due for his sins have been remitted, he may not have fully paid the debt of temporal punishment. Before souls can enjoy the presence of God they must be cleansed from every stain; nothing tainted can hope to enter Heaven.

The atonement or condition in which this final cleansing takes place is called Purgatory. Our theologians tell us that it is a middle state between Heaven and Hell, where some souls suffer for a time before they can get to Heaven; our dogmatic teaching is summed up in the expression of a belief in a Church Suffering, that is, an intermediary temporary state in which souls freed from their trappings of flesh are purified from sin and the results of sin either by personal atonement or by the suffrages of those who are still living on earth. Purgatory, therefore, is the place where disembodied souls must tarry for a time while they are ripening for Heaven.

One of the most striking proofs of the existence of Purgatory, shows us at the same time the antiquity of our belief, is drawn from a text in the Old Testament. We read in the Second Book of Maccabees (xii, 46) that "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." This text in its most obvious sense obliges us to admit that the dead who may be loosed from their sins can be neither in Heaven nor in Hell; for if they are in Heaven they do not need our prayers; if they are in Hell our prayers can avail them nothing. Hence an intermediary state is postulated where sin may be forgiven and the results of sin blotted out. The Fathers of the Church appeal to many other passages in Scripture as indicative of the doctrine of Purgatory; for instance, the text in St. Matthew (xii, 32), "He that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the next." From these words we infer that there are sins which may be forgiven in the world to come; hence there must be a state or place where

souls abide while awaiting this forgiveness.

Purgatory is peopled by all those who have died in a state of grace and who will enter Heaven some day, but who have not fully satisfied the justice of God. What they did not do in this world they have to do in the next. How many are there who, while living in the flesh, were not really sinners in the ordinary sense of the term, but who led careless, lukewarm lives, committed innumerable venial sins, and thought little of their souls or of eternity. They were occupied with the things of this world, with their business, or the acquisition of wealth, or the enjoyment of pleasures and honors; they rarely stopped to ponder over that searching question of Our Lord: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?" (Mark viii, 36.) Their service of God was not wholehearted or generous; they are now atoning for their lack of generosity.

How many others there are in Purgatory who while they were in life neglected the inspirations that God gave them and who left undone innumerable good works. They failed to mortify their appetites; they did nothing to gain indulgences; they passed lightly over the threats as well as the promises that God had made; they ignored the cup of cold water and its hundredfold reward. At the hour of death they dreaded to meet the Judge not so much for the positive evil they had done as for the good they had left undone. But their dread came too late; they are now in Purgatory expiating their sins of omission.

Another class in Purgatory are those who, after lives of sinfulness, had the great grace of conversion granted them. Their hearty sorrow at the hour of their death gave them the assurance that the Judge had remitted their guilt and would not impose the eternal chastisement due for their sins. But those sins, once committed, outraged God in His dignity and defied God in His power; they inflicted a wound on the Heart of an infinitely just and good God, a wound which required something more than an act of contrition to blot it out. The sinner contracted a debt which must be paid. A thief who is sorry for his crime may escape the penalty of the law through his own sorrow and the generous treatment of his judge, but he is free still to restore his ill-gotten goods. Similarly, the penitent sinner by his tears moves to compassion the Heart of God and he escapes eternal punishment in hell, but he must pay in purgatory the temporal debt due for his sins.

The nature of the temporal punishment undergone by the holy souls has not been defined by the Church. The question was debated in the Council of Florence in the fifteenth century, but the Fathers present did not give any definition. If this punishment is, as many holy writers affirm, of the same nature as that of Hell, there are circumstances that must undoubtedly render it less intense; for while souls in Hell have lost all hope of ever seeing God, those in Purgatory are looking forward to the day of their deliverance; in the former state the punishment is avenging, in Purgatory it is tempered with mercy. The holy souls have at least the consolation of knowing that their salvation is assured; and yet their suffering, no matter what its character, is embittered by the intense longing they have to be in the presence of God.

The spectacle of this vast multitude of suffering souls should move us to compassion. As they died so were they judged. When they quitted their frames of clay their time for acquiring merit ended, and no matter how fuller their knowledge may become in their disembodied state, they are no longer at liberty to lighten their burden except by suffering. But they are still members of the Church, they still share in the Communion of Saints, and the Church teaches us that we can help them by doing for them what they would like to do for themselves, but what they can no longer do. If they can no longer merit, we can merit for them and shorten their imprisonment. We can do this in various ways: (1) by prayer, (2) by good works, (3) by gaining indulgences, (4) by having the Holy Sacrifice offered for them. The vast prison of Purgatory is filled with multitudes whose hands are raised in supplication to us and their eyes are crying out: "Have pity on us, have pity on us, you at least will give for our friends!" Many of those souls were undoubtedly our friends, our relatives; many of them may be there through some sin of ours; many of them may be the souls of poor soldiers who have fallen in the present war. Does not simple justice urge us to help them? And then recall the vast numbers of poor abandoned souls who are forgotten and who have no one to pray or intercede for them.

While the claim of the holy souls to our suffrages is pressing during the entire year, the month of November is dedicated to them in a special way. Should we not during the present month be generous with our prayers and good works? Should we not try to have as many Masses as we can offered for them? Some day we ourselves shall be clamoring for the suffrages of those who survive us, and we may reasonably hope that God will inspire others to help us in the measure that we help the suffering souls now. And can we reasonably doubt that those

whose entry into heaven we shall have hastened will recall what we did for them when they got there? We have the firm conviction that they will not forget us in our needs, both temporal and spiritual, and that they will welcome us when our turn comes to enter into the realm of bliss.

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