

AILEY MOORE

SALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVILS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY H. H. HARRIS, D. D. DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST

CHAPTER XXIX

CONCLUSION

In the galleries Gerald had led a charmed life. Every one, even the least endowed with the celestial attribute of genius, is conscious of a new sense and new feelings when surrounded by the creations of the painter. The visions of our earliest dreams, and the hues of our richest fancies, seem collected and embodied for us, and we enjoy the ecstasy of the imagination in the midst of the dull realities which so frequently destroy enthusiasm. Great painting is, in fact, a great imagination unveiled; and we all have enough of the poetic to revel in the elysian fields to which genius gives us access. But it is the painter himself, and the painter only, that can enjoy the triumph of his art. The subtle sense of the beautiful, the countless forms in which grace presents her symmetry, and the paradise colors in which she decks her loveliness—the idealization that renders all the creation and all its minutest parts—the rock in the sea, the stone in the brook, or the insect on the leaf—things belonging to the life of the soul—and which, from the wide world of fancy and reflection, brings them fresh and radiant to the glowing canvas; these can be appreciated only by him who has lived in their glory and toiled in their service, and who aspires to become a high priest of their temple. To such men a gallery is ever an Elysium, and such it was to Gerald whenever he could or would spare a moment from his dear studio.

Gerald had a servant as devoted to art, though not so successful in it, as his master. Hour after hour he would watch the young artist, and when some startling effect revealed itself at the stroke of his pencil, Antonio would emit a cry of joy. He was young, this Antonio, not above nineteen, and he appeared ingenuous and loving. Signor Mori never made the Italian feel any inferiority—probably he could not even if he would—because the Italians have not yet advanced sufficiently in civilization to see the reverence due to money; but, at all events, he treated him very much as a younger brother, and he often permitted him to share his walks by the yellow sea, through the garden of Salust, behind the classic valleys and sweet glades which Monte Mario covers with its protecting shadow.

For a week or two Antonio had been less careful in the performance of his functions, less joyous in his aspect and conversation, and less regular in his return home at the "Ave Maria." Gerald, who was a strict observer of "early hours," questioned Antonio once or twice, but received no satisfactory answer. He first feared the young man was ill; then began to think he was unhappy; but finally began to apprehend that he had fallen into a dangerous society. He was really afflicted, for he felt a responsibility in the poor fellow's regard, as his family lived far away in Genoa.

In this condition of affairs, Gerald was one day coming from the Barberini Palace, when he encountered a crowd in the Corso. A crowd in the Corso had become a very ordinary thing, but the crowd to-day was far more vociferous than any Gerald had seen before. It was headed by a very stupid pilot, whose Lord Minto had raised into a hero, and was accompanied by standards and emblems which plainly bespoke its aims. Gerald was making a rapid escape by one of the by-streets, when he thought he recognized a figure which was familiar to him. He therefore enquired himself in the entrance to one of the places of his business, allowing the multitude to pass by, that he might be able to examine at his leisure. He had not long to wait. In the very midst of the wildest commotion, with a knife at his side and a tri-color in his hat, and a club in his right hand, was his man, Antonio. Nay, at the moment he, Antonio, came near to Gerald's standing place, Cicerone raised the cries of "Viva Pio Nono alone!" "Down with the Jesuits!" and Antonio was the most vigorous respondent in the mass of republicans. At the same moment both Galletti and Sterbini seemed to fix their eyes upon Moore, and he thought their somnolence as they met his steady look, for Gerald knew they hated him.

A few weeks passed away, and Antonio, profiting by advice and correction, seemed somewhat to have mended. His duties were more regular and his hours better done; but a melancholy seemed to have seized upon him. When interrogated, he would answer, "Nothing at all," and then he would draw a deep sigh in contradiction to his assurance. Gerald more than once saw poor Antonio's eyes full of tears as he looked at some picture of his master's—the great "Judith" or the "Mater Amabilis," which all Rome came to see; and it occurred to him that Antonio was about to leave him, or had fallen in love.

"Antonio mio," said Gerald one day, "you must tell me the cause of your melancholy. I can share your sorrow, and it may be, help you out of it. Come, tell me, like a good An-

tonio!" and Gerald laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Nothing whatever," Antonio answered. "Have I been unkind or forgetful, Antonio? I would not willingly pain you; but I may have said or acted ungenerously, though I wished you to be my brother."

"Oh, no, no, no!" answered the poor Italian. "Oh, no, no, no!" he said.

"Ah, then, you are far from home, and your mother is a widow, and your sisters long for your return—is it not so?" and carissimo, you must not want a father or a side while the stranger is by your side. Nay, Antonio, you must make me your confidant."

"Ah, for the sake of Madonna—ah, for Mary's sake spare me!" cried the boy.

"Then you do reject me! or I have—"

"In the name of the good God!" said Antonio, falling upon his knees in great agony, "do not—do not—do not—oh, do not! do not! but I am unhappy."

A visitor interrupted the conversation, and Antonio retired to his own apartment.

A few days after, returning from the Pincio, Gerald was met by a little beggar girl, who, as is not unusual with the Roman children if they see a good natured face, caught him by the skirt of the coat, and asked him for a baiocco in honor of the Madonna, and called him "uncle." He smiled at her frank, happy soul, and thought how little the poor of England could dare such an approach. In receiving his alms, the little thing placed a paper in his hands, and did so with infinite address, though scarcely seven years old. She closed his hand upon it—looked into his face with her dark loving eyes—and shaking her black glossy hair in caution, she scampered away. Gerald lost no time in reading:

Article I.

"The Society is formed for the destruction of all the governments of the Peninsula, and to form universal Italy into one single state, under the form of a republic."

"Why, my little friend," he said to himself, "I needed no informant to be aware of the first article of the Secret Society's Code, yet," he added, "there is something coming, it may be."

Gerald came home at the usual time, the "Ave Maria." He sat down by his solitary lamp and took a volume of Balzac in his hands. It opened almost spontaneously, and a folded note dropped out upon the floor. Gerald having picked it up, immediately connected the note with the little beggar-girl's communication; and he was not mistaken. He took up the fallen paper and read, in the self-same handwriting as that of the Monte Pincio:

Article XXX.

"The member who shall disobey the orders of the Secret Society, or who shall reveal its operations, shall be punished with death."

This was something wonderful. He held his own key; none but Antonio could have entered. Had Antonio taken this mode of giving him warning? But why not speak to him? Yes; it was Antonio, doubtless. His melancholy—his agitation—his sensibility—his affection had inspired him to run a deadly risk. The conspirators of September were about to execute their sentence. "They now believe themselves strong. I am fated!" thought Gerald, "but God rules all destinies."

Gerald knelt before the image of Mary, and he thought on Ailey and his father. Nor were the old priest and the Tyrrells forgotten. He prayed. With a free soul he offered himself to heaven—his agitation spoke kindly-eyed to his sword. He then examined all his arms, placed them within reach, and sat down to read tranquilly.

Alas! our "English mission!" The virus of apostasy has entered into the system of our political thought, and in the mad project of perversion we calculate no consequences and shrink from no instrumentality. Our money finds its way into the assassin's pocket and into the proselytizer's treasury. Whether it be by the banner of the Swiss Cantons, or it is all the same; our "mission" is to substitute anything for Catholicity, and to transform men into monsters, that they may learn to reject all principle. They will have received the supremacy of England as the creed of the future, and our "mission" will have been fulfilled. Our "mission" at Rome opened fountains of blood and poured a tide of moral corruption into the bosom of the mother of nations.

We thought we had laid the foundations of our rule by the extirpation of morality, but there was a Providence shaping our ends. It is true, infidelity and communism had a strong power in Italy, gathered, as, after the amnesty, they had been from the four winds; but it is equally true that communism would have lain inactive or confined its horrors to by-way blasphemy and occasional murder, if faith in "England's mission" had not given it courage, and money from England had not contributed means. "Ah! England deceived us!" cried a blood-thirsty follower of Mazzini, to the author of this volume, "or we had possession of the Capital to-day!" Our "mission" did not go so far as to compromise ourselves; it only stood prepared to take advantage of the sacrifice which it stimulated.

The night brought no new incident, unless the absence of Antonio; and the confirmation which his absence gave to Gerald's suspicions warned him to observe the greatest caution. To apply to police was at this time quite useless; the official influence had fallen into the hands of disorder. His arms, then, and the Providence which presided over his destiny, were all the protection on which he could depend.

At the café next morning, about 6 o'clock, Gerald found a letter. He looked at the seal and examined the handwriting.

"A third!" he said.

He broke open the cover, but was hardly surprised to find—

Article XXXIII

"If the condemned victim succeed in escaping, he shall be pursued without pause everywhere, and he shall be struck by an invisible hand, even though he had taken refuge in the bosom of his mother or in the tabernacle of Christ."

"So, so," said Gerald, and he instinctively laid his hand on his bosom. He then called for his cup of coffee and made his temperate morning collation.

An artist entered.

"Oh, Signor Mori!" said the new comer in great excitement. "Oh! he is here!"

"Why? what do you mean friend?"

"Your poor Antonio! poor Antonio!"

"What!" exclaimed Gerald, rising from the table. "What of Antonio, pray?"

"You know not!"

"Certainly not."

"Why he has been assassinated!"

"Assassinated! Antonio assassinated!"

"His body was found at early dawn to-day lying by the Tiber banks, and covered with wounds."

"Great God!"

"Most true, you will soon, I am sure, have a message from the police. Poor Antonio!"

"No reason conjectured?"

"Oh, a love-quarrel, to be sure. What other enemy could poor Antonio create? Poor Antonio!"

"Any one taken or suspected?"

"No one! no one! Ah, these youngsters and their love quarrels!"

"Poor Antonio!" he cried.

Gerald looked at his brother artist, and the look was not one of confidence. It was too true, Antonio had fallen by the hand of a murderer. People were falling every day by the "invisible hand."

That day and the following was engaged in obtaining the last offices of the Church for the poor Genoese, and in shedding a tear over his lonely grave.

There is something chilling in the look of a room from which one has been consigned to the sums of the sepulchre. The most familiar things look strange there. They wear mourning and every time we look upon them they say, "We are not there!"

The house itself speaks a language of separation. It darkens, too, and it tells us we must soon go after our beloved, or friend, or neighbor. Death leaves his mantle behind him.

The three following days were sad, foreboding ones to Gerald.

On the fourth, the servant came up to say a "Monsieur Baillet" wished to see the studio. Gerald, dressed in his usual, but he ordered the door. He was continually on his guard; so that the poindard could scarcely reach him before the assassin had received his fire, if he had only one moment's notice. He stood at the door of the studio as we have said, quite prepared.

A firm and not a light step came up the stairs; the gentleman was whistling the "Parisien" and beating time with his stick; but his free and easy manners did not put Moore off his guard. At length he presented himself, and only his appearance was necessary to disarm suspicion. The gentleman wore a brown body-coat, yellow vest with gold buttons, and gray trousers. He was tall and very rotund, with a profusion of shirt-collar, shirt-bosom, and wristbands. He wore, moreover, a chain of immense massiveness, and seals in sufficient number to commence a small trade in jewellery.

Gerald welcomed him, and expressed his readiness to point out in the studio whatever his visitor desired to see.

As usual, "Judith" was the favorite, though, before they departed, people's final choice was the "Mater Amabilis." So it was with M. Baillet. M. Baillet was very loud and very gay, and very complimentary; and he said that the "Mater Amabilis" would bring £500 at the Neapolitan exhibition. Gerald smiled, and thanked the critic; he added that £500 was a large sum.

"What I say is true; I am so certain of its merit that I would buy the picture for chance of a profit."

"You do me much honor."

"Nay, I will buy it," he said, looking at it for some time. "Yes," he repeated, "the picture is mine. 'Mater Amabilis!'" he said, in a low voice, "it is beautiful!"

"Agreed, sir."

"You will come to Naples with it," he said after a pause.

"To Naples? yes! You do not suppose I am going to find its proper light and position in the exhibition, and that I am not going to make some money on my capital. You must come to Naples."

"You take me somewhat by surprise. When must I go?"

"As soon as possible."

"In a few days?"

"To-day."

"To-day! Impossible."

M. Baillet looked earnestly at Gerald. "To-day, young friend," he said, in a low, solemn tone. "To-day, or to-night, or to-morrow night you die!"

"Die!" demanded Gerald, in his usual calm manner. "Why?"

"Antonio is gone," said M. Baillet. Gerald looked at his visitor steadily.

"You have now received three warnings."

"You are well informed," remarked Gerald.

"Very well," answered M. Baillet, solemnly. "Your servant died to defend you."

"I do not understand."

"He was ordered to stab you—"

"And—"

"And was doomed to death for having been found to give you notice."

"Heavens!"

"And he slew his assassin even after he had received his own death-wounds. Yes, Signor Mori! Antonio died in your defense. He seized the murderer after having received two wounds in the throat. They rolled, assassin and victim, along the causeway to the river's edge. No human eye was on them. With the bare blades they cut and hacked each other's bodies. No mercy was sought or given, until, having bled to death, your servant's hold relaxed, and he expired."

"And the assassin?"

"Reached his hovel of a home, and had time to send for a priest. One of the Jesuits prepared to hear him."

"And how knew you all this?"

"I am the Jesuit."

M. Baillet was a provident gentleman. He came with a passport in his pocket, not only for himself, but for Gerald. To the Gesu Gerald had always gone to seek a confessor; he was therefore well known to the Fathers, and endeared to them by his edifying religious demeanor as well as by his great benevolence. The society on this occasion saved his life, very probably, at all events he did not feel justified in resisting the good M. Baillet, and in two hours was side by side with him in a vettura bound for Naples.

As they drove along by the Colosseum, M. Baillet had sundry "vivas" for France and for "Solidarity;" but as he could speak nothing but his native language, French, the modern Romans whom he met could not understand the exact nature of his patriotism. The good gentleman had a joke for every one—in French only, however; and he wore the tricolor in his button-hole, and in fact, he deposited Gerald Moore at a safe and comfortable lodging.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LILY HEART OF A CHILD

By Florence Gilmore

On her little bed Alice lay, scarcely breathing. Close beside her, holding both cold little hands, the mother knelt, her face as white as her child's and full of far greater agony.

Into the room the morning sunlight streamed, and a gentle breeze came and went, fragrant with perfume from the roses in Alice's own garden. Birds hopped about on the window sill, singing as if their tiny hearts were all but bursting with the joy they were trying to tell, and from a neighboring garden came faint echoes of the merry shouts of children at play. All God's world was joyous save one room where a little girl lay dying, where a mother's heart was breaking.

The doctor had come and gone an hour before. As he turned to leave the room, in the thin, broken voice whose every accent wrung her mother's heart, Alice had called him back, and when he leaned close to her she had whispered:

"Father Burke says—you can't make me well—this time—like you did when I had measles—but—thank you for trying."

For an answer he had kissed her cheek and patted her golden hair, unable to speak for the lump that filled his throat. He had been blind by his tears, he had groped his way from the child, grieving not for the child who lay there, for another in whose little grave his heart had been buried many weary years before.

Alice had fallen asleep soon after he left her. An hour had worn away another and another, before she stirred and opened her eyes. There was pain in her head, in her chest, all through her little body. She thought of the birds sounding their song, and as at first she could distinguish nothing. After a time she saw dimly that her mother was kneeling beside her bed, and realized it when she brushed the hair away from her forehead. Two or three times she tried to speak to her before any sound issued from her parched lips. At last her mother heard.

"What is it, dearest?" she asked, and Alice faltered.

"Please, please, don't be sorry! Father Burke says you'll come soon. Please be glad!"

A sob was the poor mother's only answer though she struggled hard to control herself. Alice was all she had. Seven years before she had laid her husband to rest, and after him, one by one, her sweet little children. Alice was the last; and her heart was breaking.

After a few moments the child spoke again, even more weakly and with greater effort.

"Lord will make—you glad, if—I ask Him, won't He?"

Very gently the mother stroked the little hands she held; she could not speak. And outside the birds were still singing, and the breezes dancing, and the children playing.

Very wearily Alice's eyes closed once more and she sank into a deep sleep; the mother worn with watching and with grief, rested her dark head on the pillow beside the golden one.

It seemed to her but an instant before soft music, unearthly sweet, sounded in her ears. Never before had she heard anything so beautiful or so soothing. It fell as balm on her sore heart. It filled her with a peace deeper than any joy. And a light shone round about her, and the heavenly light, that seemed but music visible. She could see but dimly, at first, but soon her tears ceased to flow and she discovered that all about her were fleecy clouds, white, save where they were made rosy pink by a wondrous light shed from above. In the direction whence came this light she could not, dared not gaze; still as she saw on the clouds some reflection of the beauty there, her throbbing heart was filled with happy, all consuming yearning.

Presently an angel stood beside her, a small angel. Where he came from the mother did not know. His arms were full of violets and over them his sweet grave face was bent. Slowly and reverently, but all unafraid, he glided into the great light. As long as she could bear the radiance she watched; when he passed beyond her ken she still heard the soft rustle of his garments and smelled the fragrance wafted from the flowers he carried. He ceased moving, and for a moment there was silence deeper than earth ever knows before she heard the angel say, or rather sing:

"Dear, holy Lord, look upon Thy violets! Thou didst tell me to bring them often to Thee. Thou dost love them, each tiny flower, for Alice sent them to Thee, one by one, by her sacrifices during Lent. Not once did she eat candy and two or three times she took no dessert. And dear and holy Lord, Thou knowest well that if she grows to be a woman she will send Thee very few more—not enough to make the bouquet lovelier."

The angel ceased speaking. To the mother it seemed that he waited for an answer, but if so, either he received none, or not the one he desired, for when he came back his head and wings were drooping and his eyes were full of tears.

Another angel came, smaller even than the first, and all unlike him. His little face was smiling and he seemed to skip rather than to glide; his arms were full of sweet forget-me-nots. He hurried toward the source of great light, and the mother listening with her whole heart, heard his voice, too, after he had passed beyond her sight.

"See all the forget-me-nots Alice hath sent unto Thee, dear Lord! She hath tried to remember all her mother's commands; but as years go by she will forget, and her mother's heart will ache as it never ached before—and Thy Heart, too, dear Lord. Please let us bring her home."

But he, too, came back disappointed scattering his flowers on every side as sobs shook his little frame.

After he was gone the mother saw a third angel, lovelier than the others fairer, gentler, sweeter, who held one lily, more purely white and more fragrant than any Alice had ever seen. Smiling into it, as she carried it with tender care the angel passed the mother, leaving her wrapped in peace passed on, no nearer and nearer to the Holy of Holies; and again there was silence so deep that it seemed as if the universe were bowed "breathless with adoration" before the throne of God. In that moment the poor, grief-stricken woman learned more of God than years of sorrow had been able to teach her; and there were few better masters than sorrow. Awe and reverence and love showed heights and depths undreamed before.

She knew that the angel was kneeling at the feet of the Holy One, that he was gazing upon the lily. Heart-shaking as were her emotions the pause was so long that at last she became conscious of its duration and had begun to fear the angel was speaking and she could not hear, when a voice reached her, so low that she had to strain her ears to catch its music, so unutterably sweet she thought her heaven had begun.

"Look, dear Lord! See Alice's little heart which has been Thy home every day for a whole month. See how white it is! And the fragrance of its love, how sweet! But O, dear Lord, Thou knowest that after a few short years it will be withered and brown and all its perfume fled!"

Breathless the mother waited and soon the angel came back radiant with joy. Her own empty hands were clasped across her breast: the lily she had left on the steps of the great white throne.

Suddenly the music was hushed, the heavenly light faded, the fleecy clouds dissolved. Once more the mother was kneeling beside Alice's bed, bowed low over it. She raised her head. The sun was still shining brightly; the birds were singing more gayly than before; children were shouting in their glees. She looked long into Alice's face. Fear, there was no motion there. She did not weep nor moan; instead, very reverently she kissed the child's white lips.

"Her mother thanks Thee, Lord!" she said.

WHY HE LOVES THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

CHICAGO CONGREGATIONALIST RECTOR'S WARM TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE AND PRAISE

The New World, of Chicago, prints in its entirety a sermon preached on a recent Sunday by the Rev. Edwin F. Snell, rector of the Winnetka Congregational Church. "Why I love the Roman Catholic Church" was the announced title of the discourse, in which, as our contemporary remarks, there is "a real heartiness and such a measure of common sense and good Americanism that we feel sure the publication of it will do some good to our Catholic readers. Allowance must be made for the fact that the sermon was preached for a distinctly Protestant audience."

The Rev. Mr. Snell spoke in part as follows:

"A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples if ye love one another." (John xiii, 34.)

"There is no question on the part of any one who has any right to have an opinion on the matter, that the Roman Catholic is a disciple of Jesus Christ; there is no question. I hope among ourselves as Protestants, that we are disciples of Jesus Christ."

"The text is therefore applicable to the disgraceful, painful alienation of the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant churches from each other. If we are fellow-disciples of the same Master, we ought to love each other, and instead of open hatred and secret antagonisms and mutual suspicions we ought to dwell together in unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. It is known and read of all men that we do not so dwell together."

"The bitter hatred of some Protestants for all that is Roman Catholic is one of the scandals of the present situation of Christianity."

"There is a paper published in Kansas which claims to have enormous countrywide circulation devoted to the Christlike task of spreading the most nauseous reports about Roman Catholics. It has been denied the use of the mails in Canada. I would not have it true, but believe that here because I do not believe that it is so unadvisedly doing vast harm. Simple minded people are very apt to believe that what they see in print must be true, and the seeds of hatred and suspicion are being sown in the minds of a multitude of Protestants all over the country."

"The results of such an attitude on the part of a portion of the Protestant community towards the Catholics is that we dwell together as fellow-Christians in a sort of an armed truce. It is a strange, and sorry situation, and I think has been left too much alone; it has been left too much to the fanatics to do the talking and writing. Catholics and Protestants need to be brought together in friendly conference and fellowship."

"I want to tell you this afternoon in a very simple way why I love the Roman Catholic Church and why I believe it is the duty of every Christian to love that Church sincerely."

THE OLD MOTHER CHURCH

"First, I love the Roman Catholic Church because of what she has been. It is the old mother Church. Let me emphasize that. Our churches are all the offspring of that Church. A few ultra-Protestants will try to claim that they trace their genealogy through some stray movements back to the Apostles without touching the Church of Rome, but this is largely imaginary. There were Protestants before Luther, of course; there were independents in many of the early and Middle Ages, but the spiritual succession has come through Rome to us."

"For more than a thousand years Rome preserved the integrity and transmitted the vitality of the Christian Gospel before ever anything like Protestant secession was dreamed of, and when the Protestant movement came it was made possible, as a branch is made possible on the vine; it grew out of the strong vitality of the Mother Church."

"Now, I hold that it is a matter of simple decency to be loyal to one's mother. I could not respect myself if I could forget that as a Protestant if I were a very being as a Christian, I owe my very being as a Christian, I owe the light and joy and liberty in Christ I enjoy to the Mother Church. To her I owe the very existence of that Bible which I love; to her I owe the sacraments which are the symbols of our faith; to her I owe the lives of saints whose footsteps have pressed the earth, making it a holier and happier place because they have lived here. I should be a sad and vile ingrate not to love a Church that has done all that and much more for me as a Christian. For fifteen hundred years the preachers and the church builders, the social reformers and the mystics, the theologians and the poets of all Europe west of Russia were Roman Catholics. All our spiritual wealth as Protestants in an inherited wealth, inherited through the Roman Catholic Church."

FOR EVERY EVIL PRIEST THERE WERE A THOUSAND TRUE AND FAITHFUL

"But isn't it true that there was a great deal back there which was so very wrong and bad? There is no doubt about that. Have there not been very evil Popes and priests? There is no question at all about it. But all this corruption was but the festering sores on a body that was essentially sound, which had real life in it."

"We must remember that it has always been true that one black sheep, especially if he be a Christian leader, gains a publicity which a hundred faithful, true leaders never receive. For every evil priest there were a thousand true and faithful servants of Christ living and dying to make the world a more Christly world; for every debauched and unworthy Christian there were ten thousand simple, true, God-fearing, Christ-loving men and women who kept the faith."

"Historians have to write about the high lights of the years; the plain, every-day living escapes them. To-day every pastor who goes wrong will receive a place on the first page of the newspaper and large headlines; the thousand pastors who are doing their duty in a simple way live and die without ever being mentioned. It has always been so. Our idea of history is widely distorted unless we remember the ground-work of faithful living which makes continuing history possible."

FOR WHAT SHE IS

"Secondly, I love the Roman Catholic Church for what she is. The most unfortunate things about our life to-day that we so little understand each other, we Protestants and Romanists who are all brethren in Christ. It is proverbial, I suppose, that no feud is so sore unhealing as a family feud. The very love which should bind, when turned to hate, becomes the most complete of all barriers."

"And everything tends to keep us apart; if only we could get together and get acquainted we should find out how much we have in common. When ever we do come to know a Roman Catholic Christian we are very apt to find a true Christian spirit that fills us with joy and humility. We do not know what beautiful Christians there are among the Catholics, because we do not know them, and they do not know how sincerely Protestants are trying to be followers of the same Christ whom they serve."

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