

nothing; and I know that sometimes the commoner folks look, the greater swells they are. So I followed them and took a glance at the register after the man had written in a tummy little hand, "A. Mackenzie and wife, Inverness, Scotland."

"Somehow, I wasn't a mite surprised when the landlord said to me: "Joel, there's enough to fill the buckboard now. The Scotch gentleman that's just come heard me asking if anybody wanted to go up the mountain, and said he and his wife would be glad if there was room for them. She's a kind of invalid, and I guess he has to humor her."

The landlord and I are old friends, and he is pretty confidential with me about his boarders.

We started early in the afternoon, and the newcomers sat on the seats with me. I suggested it for the seats were wide, and eventually Mr. Mackenzie was looking for information about the country—to say nothing of the fact that the rest of the party were school-ma'ams, and the further away I could get from their giggling, the better. I suppose it's because they have to be so serious the rest of the year that they do so much giggling in vacation.

I was right about Mr. Mackenzie. If he asked me one question, I believe he asked a thousand; and his wife listened to what I answered as if her life depended on it. He wanted to know who lived in every house, and what strangers had come lately, and the history of all the little towns we passed through, and especially about the mountain. There was something about him that made me tell him about Saint Aspenguid. And I was glad I did, for he turned to his wife and said:

"You should thank the young man for making you acquainted with this new saint, Margaret."

"The young man,"—and I'll be fifty-seven next April!

His wife smiled, and reached over and put his cap straight. It was a real Scotch cap, with funny little ribbons on behind and a feather in it; and the school-ma'ams in the back seat had been laughing at it ever since we started. It was a good nine mile drive, and I confess I got a little tired answering questions; though I'm an old hand at it and they were so interested. And I couldn't bear to tell them anything that wasn't just so, for they would have believed it. They believed everything. You see, I've kind of got in a habit of adding a little here and a little there, till some of my stories have—well, just grown up, and I hardly know my own self which parts of them are true. So when we came to a little house as we started to go up the mountain, I just said, "I don't know his name, sir," when the Scotchman asked, "Who lives in that singular looking dwelling?" though I'd always made up some yarn about it before that.

Then I told him what I was sure of: that a young man had lived there since early in the spring—a sort of crazy fellow, who was right-minded enough when he was out deep sea fishing, as he generally was; but who made such a noise at night that people were afraid of him.

"What kind of a noise?" asked the Scotchman, just as I knew he would.

"I never heard it myself," I told him; "but they do say it's just a squawk! squawk! that you can hear a mile away."

The house was quiet enough as we passed. It was a very old one, most ready to tumble down; and never had been a fine one, but was just a little mountain farmhouse that had been left alone for years.

I drove up as far as we could go; then my passengers got out and climbed the rest of the way. The school-ma'ams all had alpenstocks and wore dresses just about long enough for ten-year-old girls. I suppose they told great stories afterward about their mountain climbing. Mr. Mackenzie had to help his wife a little now and then, and the last I saw of her she was looking back toward the little old house where the crazy fisherman lived.

They came back on time, and the school-ma'ams did most of the talking as we drove to the Aloha. One of them told me afterward that the Scotch lady didn't seem to appreciate the view, but just sat quietly near the heap of stones, and once she knelt down by it.

"Superstitious Catholic, I suppose!" she added.

The next morning the Scotch gentleman asked me if I hadn't a two-seated covered rig; that he and his wife wanted to go up the mountain again.

"We're Highland people," he said, "with a fondness for mountains."

"I'm a Highland man myself, sir," I answered—"a Yankee Highlander."

And he laughed, and said that if I would go to Scotland he would take pleasure in showing me what his country could do for the mountain line.

It was rather late when we got started. Mr. Mackenzie didn't ask any questions; but he remembered all I had told him the day before, and was always saying, "There, Margaret!—don't you remember that house?"

When we got to the fisherman's cottage she needed no telling, for she saw it before he did. It began to get dark before they got down from the mountain top, and I own I was a little mite nervous. I had read everything I had with me, smoked three pipes of tobacco and cast up my week's accounts, and still they didn't come—then all at once I heard the most unearthly noise from down below. It began with a sort of a groan and turned into "squawk! squawk!"

I've been in half a dozen shipwrecks, and hunted big game in the Maine woods, but I was never really scared before. The cold chills chased each other down my back, and my teeth chattered like an old magpie; for I knew the crazy fisherman had broke loose. But I hadn't any time to think or hide; for down the path came the Scotch lady, running like mad; and close behind her was her husband, with his cap on crooked and his coat tails flying. How on earth they ever went down that mountain without tumbling headfirst, I never knew. They never stopped to look at or speak to me, but hurried along.

"Heaven's to Betsy!" said I to myself, "I've got a whole lunatic asylum on my hands!" "But, having got a little over my scare, I started my horses and chased my passengers, catching up with them just as they got to the fisherman's house. The noise was louder than ever. "Squawk!" it went, and with it something that sounded like the humming of a great bee.

"For mercy's sake, ma'am," I managed to say, "do get into the carriage and I'll whip up the horses! The man may be dangerous."

"Hush!" said Mr. Mackenzie. "Don't speak to her."

"Suffering cats!" I thought. "I've a good mind to clear out and let these crazy people settle things to suit themselves."

Mrs. Mackenzie walked up to the door very softly and knocked. The squawking only got louder. "Archibald!" she called gently. Then her husband lifted his cane and gave two or three loud whacks; crying, "Archibald!"

The noise inside stopped, the door flew open, and out stepped a tall man dressed in the queerest rig you ever saw; and he screamed "Mither! mither!" and took the little woman in his arms.

"Archibald!" said the father in his stern Scotch way. "We've hunted the world over for you. Now come home."

"And be hanged?" said Archie.

"Hanged? What for?"

"For killing Jamie McDonald."

"You didn't kill him, laddie, though I've no doubt you mean to, and he deserves the whack you gave him. But he's living to-day, and only last spring cheated me out of forty pounds."

"Jamie alive?"

"Alive? Yes, and married to a widow with three fine bairns, that he's a bad example to."

"How did you find me, mither?"

asked Archie, when he was done crying for joy to find that he was not a murderer.

"Ah, laddie," she replied, "we traced you to this coast! And who but you ever played 'The Cook of the North' with all those little whirls and twirls?"

Then all of a sudden I understood. The squawking was the noise a bagpipe makes; and the fisherman's queer clothes, the Highland kilts that I had read of but never seen. After things were for a while quiet, I asked him; but I must say that if ever I saw a fine figure of a man in my life, it was Archie Mackenzie with his gay plaid petticoat and sash and the great big breastpin on his shoulder.

He came to the Aloha the next morning, fresh shaved and wearing civilized clothes; and his father asked him to explain things to me. He said I'd done when I think of my scare when that squawking started, I guess perhaps I did.

"You see," said Archie, "I ran away and joined the Gordon Highlanders, and they made me piper; and one evening when Captain MacDonald spoke lightly of a poor girl I knew, I hit him a little harder than I intended, and thought I had killed him; so I ran about till I was tired, I settled down here, and encouraged the idea that my mind wasn't right, so folks would let me alone. And they did let me alone, and I believe no one but mither could have found me."

"I knew he'd be somewhere near a mountain," said the little "mither."

"And, then, I think Saint Aspenguid helped me."

The next night, when the mail came, and the landlord read out the names, there were several letters for Sir Archibald Mackenzie. The lady from Chicago turned pale. She had missed the chance of her life; she had snubbed a baronet.

Sir Archibald has invited me to go and see him. But, no matter how fine and high his mountains are, I don't believe I want to go so far away from old Agamentious.

**A STRIKING INSTANCE**

OF THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

The Seattle P. I., of the 15th of Feb., relates how the French bark Ernest Legouve, Capt. Caudal, had a remarkably narrow escape off the Cape Beale rocks Feb. 6. Drifting to within a quarter of a mile of the treacherous cliffs, she was saved by a sudden breeze which sprang up and which the sailors attribute to miraculous intervention. All boats had been swung out, life preservers had been put on and the crew were preparing to abandon the ship when enough wind came up to waft her off shore.

Others may call it coincidence; but we Catholics believe that the promise of our Lord: "Ask and you shall receive," is just as efficacious in our days as it was of old. We believe that if, in great danger, we have recourse to God in prayer, and place our confidence in Him, our prayer will be heard. The experience of the French sailors may be called coincidence; but it was a coincidence that was most opportune, and would be most welcome by any mariner placed in a similar perilous position.

Says the P. I.: "On the afternoon of February 6 the Legouve was within about fifteen miles of Beale and a heavy fog set in. The current in this place sets directly for the rocky shore and the ship was swept nearer and nearer. The crew were helpless, as there was absolutely no wind.

"We could hear the breakers roaring against the cliffs, and once in a while we could hear the fog horn from Cape Beale," said Chief Officer Sorin, in speaking of their escape. "There was not a breath of wind. The fog was fairly thick, but later on we could distinguish ahead the cliffs, and at their base the breakers. The ship was drifting rapidly ashore and we knew that she would strike within fifteen minutes at the rate we were going.

"Once on those rocks and there would not be much chance for anyone. So we swung out the boats, provisioned them, put in water and got all ready for pulling away. It was useless to try to

anchor, as there was too great a depth and the sea was unusually heavy. Just about the time we were getting ready to take to the boat's oars, the sailors, who are good Catholics, knelt on the deck and prayed for help and wind. Just about that time, as though in answer to their prayers, a light breeze puff, then came another. We passed in the act of getting into the boats. The prearranged signal, the main and spanker followed, and soon every bit of canvas on her was drawing for all it was worth.

"The wind rolled back the fog like a great curtain, and there, scarcely a quarter of a mile away, lay the awful cliffs. The wind strengthened and soon we were tacking out, and in a couple of hours were safe. Yes, we all felt grateful for it."

"The lack of tugs was a serious menace to many of the ships outside of the cape, and it is a wonder that there were not more casualties than actually occurred. We were around there two weeks before we could get a tug."—B. C. Orphan Friend.

**THE CHURCH AND HER MINISTERS**

SERMON DELIVERED BY RIGHT REV. N. C. MATZ, AT THE DEDICATION OF ANNUATION CHURCH, DENVER.

At the dedication of the new Annunciation Church, Denver, Col., Bishop Matz delivered the following sermon to the assembled multitude:

On this great day there is not a subject more appropriate to the occasion than the Church, which we define as a society of souls, instituted by Christ for the maintenance, development and unfolding in all their glory of the two most beautiful flowers to be found either on earth or in heaven, namely, light and love. And that nothing might be wanting to the blowing of this most charming twin-flower of light and love, God ordained that His only beloved Son should be the very heart and focus or corolla of this beautiful flower, radiating light and love in every direction. When He came and incorporated Himself with His Church everything therein, light and love, authority and hierarchy, all was exalted to the highest degree of beauty and perfection for the purpose of compassing the greater number of souls to transform and transfigure them with a light more intense and a love more profound.

There is nothing more beautiful than a soul. One soul alone is worth all the stary vault with its millions of suns that illuminate the heavens. And within these souls there is nothing more transcendently beautiful than their sublime aspirations toward truth and justice and love. Such being the case, what must be the Church—that society whose sole purpose of existence here on earth is to maintain and develop and unfold to the highest degree all these virtues and perfections and fit these souls for heaven?

From this already you may form an idea of the vastness of the Church. Every living soul at all times and in every place belongs to her domain, and she reaches even to the confines of the world. There are two doors by which you may have access to the Church; one is called baptism, by which we are incorporated into the visible body of the Church, her sacraments and sacrifices; the other is called love, which admits countless numbers of souls into her fold, coming to her from the realms of paganism and schism; souls that were touched by the regenerating waters of baptism. Yes, even out of the darkness of paganism, as we shall see presently.

The Church, we said a while ago, is the society of souls united together in the love of God. Therefore every soul that truly loves God, by that very fact is a member of the Church.

Christ Himself tells us that "If any one loves Me he will keep My word, and My Father will love him, and We will come to him and will make Our abode with him." (John xiv., 23.) It may be said that such good faith, such purity of soul, such love of God can never be found in schism or heresy. This is a mistake.

Right Rev. John Cheverus, first Bishop of Boston, met in his missionary travels three young Protestant ministers, whom he baptized and later ordained to the priesthood. The Bishop avers that before this stroke of grace none of them ever had any doubt about the truth of their faith, and that their lives were very innocent.

There is also the example of Cardinal Newman, who, after so many years spent in heresy, could write, in all truth of himself: "I do not believe I ever sinned against the Light. I really have the example of Cornelius, that (though a pagan) he was a religious man, and, fearing God with all his heart, giving much alms to the people and always praying God." (Acts x., 2.) Unto whom God sent an angel from heaven, telling him: "Thy prayers and alms are ascended for a memorial in the sight of heaven," and directing him to send to Joppa, where he would find St. Peter the Apostle, who would tell him what he must do to be saved.

Will any one tell me that these souls above referred to were not most dear souls to the Lord and therefore members of His invisible Church? Yes, even sinners are not excluded; for does not the Lord tell us that "He came not to save the just, but sinners, and that there is more joy in heaven for one sinner converted to penance than for ninety-nine just that had no need of penance." (Luke xv., 7.) And again: "I will not the death of the sinner but that he be converted and live."

We have defined the Church, the society of souls, in the light of faith and the love of God. Man is by nature a social being; his joys as well as his sorrows, his genius and his love alike call for society. This is so true that if God had not created the Church she would have sprung up spontaneously from the heart, the conscience and the eternal aspirations of man. There were still other reasons why this immense association of souls in light and

love should be so concentrated into a society visible, resplendent and easily to be seen and to be found. God had created these souls free and they must of their own choice come into this light and share in its love; nor can they be admitted into the eternal Church triumphant of heaven unless they have belonged to the Church militant here on earth; and the measure of their faith and love here below will be the measure of light and bliss they shall possess for all eternity in the realms beyond.

For this reason the visible Church, the grand depository of light, truth and love, instituted by Christ, was ushered into the world at a time when Rome was at the zenith of its glory and all the world was at peace. For this reason also her appearance on earth was accompanied by prodigies and wonders which at once proclaimed her a moral power of the greatest magnitude. For this reason likewise she was adorned with the most beautiful characteristic marks of unity and sanctity, Catholicity and apostolicity, and assured by her divine Founder of an existence that would endure to the end of the world; marks which before all the world characterize her as the One True Church of Christ on earth, so that all may see her, enter her portals and share in the treasures with which her Founder has enriched her.

But where are the instruments through which these treasures of light and love, represented by the doctrines of the Church, her sacraments and sacrifices, are transmitted to the faithful. A ministry so exalted as this, it would seem, could never be entrusted to men, weak and frail, full of imperfections, sinners themselves, greater sometimes than the penitent at their feet. This is the argument of reason, but the proceedings of God are to wit: He chose men, and frequently they frustrate all our calculation. He did not forbid sinners entering His Church nor debar them from His ministry.

Matthew was a publican before his call. Judas was a traitor within the very Apostolic College itself! Peter thrice denied Christ during His passion, and Paul was a cruel persecutor of the Christians when Christ struck him on the road to Damascus.

Yes, Christ's frequentation of sinners and publicans was made a charge against Him and drew from His loving heart one of those sympathetic outcries which have thrilled the world for nearly two thousand years: "I came not to save the just, but sinners. They that are in health need not a physician, but they that are ill." "Go, then, and learn what this meaneth. I will have mercy, and not sacrifice." (Matt. ix., 12-13.)

As it required a sacrament to make Christians, a sacrament was necessary to create priests—the sacrament of holy orders. By holy orders men are lifted out from among their fellows and charged with a divine life which escapes from their hands and drops from their lips, the effluvia of sanctity, an emanation of the divinity. You cannot approach them without experiencing these sacred influences. Are they men still? Their preaching and their teaching is divine, and whilst they are pouring out floods of light upon others they need to be cleansed and purified

themselves by other men; for they are men still, and consequently weak and frail and liable to commit sin. By virtue of the sacrament of orders which they have received, the priest becomes a divine artery, carrying light and grace, the blood of the redemption into the souls of their fellow men, who at any time may appeal to them for their portion, and, in case of necessity even though fallen, suspended, interdicted, apostates and degraded, that power dwells within them and in danger of death may be legitimately exercised by them.

Under the action of this ministry a marvellous phenomena appears. Here it is not as in the other human societies or associations a mere union or juxtaposition of souls; in the Church this union means a mutual penetration or permeation which makes of them one living body. One sap courses through their veins, sanctifying grace, which penetrates into their spiritual constitution by baptism and is sustained thereon by the sacraments; so that they constitute but one mystic body whereof Christ is the head; a body of incomparable beauty since it is composed of immortal souls forming but one heart and one mind. Not only does this sap unite and permeate them; it impregnates them with forces far exceeding the powers of nature. If time were to permit such a sublime epiphany might be witnessed as all the heroic works wrought by the Church under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, her spouse.

Nor does this mystic body exhibit any signs of age and decay. Unlike other human bodies it goes on increasing with every day. No sooner has one saint, whether confessor, virgin or martyr, dropped out of the life to wing his way to the heavenly Jerusalem, when another one is ready to step into his place. Thus they are constituting an unbroken chain between the Church triumphant and the Church militant.

Yes, more; when those departing from the rank and file have not fully satisfied the justice of God and have still some atonement to make, these form by themselves an intermediary bond between the Church militant and the Church triumphant. They hold to the former by their souvenirs, their affections and the prayers offered for them; they hold to the latter by the intensity of their desires; by their hopes which to-morrow shall be changed into realities.

Oh, the beauty of the Catholic Church! The immensity of her proportions! The symmetry of her various parts! The life divine, oceanic, without either shore or bottom; who will understand you and sing your praises becomingly? There we live in light; there the tortures of doubt are not known; there we labor in love and suffer in God; there we enjoy even in sorrow something of the joy and repose of heaven and is therefore properly called "Celestis Urbs Jerusalem, Beata palæstina," Jerusalem, Celestial City and blessed vision of peace."

—Denver Catholic.

To women exaggeration always appears more natural than truth. —T. Gautier.



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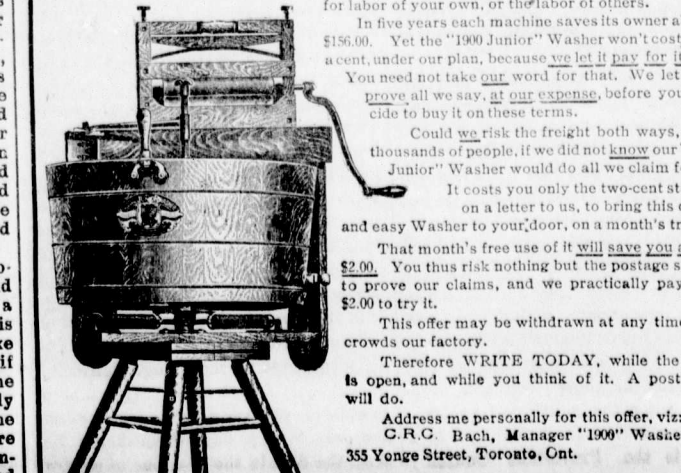
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