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justice and glorious body, forever free from pain or loss?

Why, too, should we not meet again, and talk again and abide in holy love forever? What, after all, is death but a curtain behind which our friends are waiting for us to come? We part here, while living; one goes to Alaska, another to Australia; the seas, the rivers, the oceans divide us but love abides. Well, the river of death may separate us, the unknown paths of another world than this may be trodden by those we love; but as on earth we write, we pray, we love, though absent by many miles from one another, so we may pray and love, and meet in God, though sundered by death's power.

"One never loses," said St. Augustine, "one never loses those whom one loves in Him whom we can never lose." The Lord watches over all of us. That child, that parent, that friend, whom He takes from us, shall we grudge them to Him Who loves them best? Shall we act as though all was lost, and life was blasted, because one we love has gone to Him Who should be our first and truest love? By and by, it will be "face to face" for us; not face to face with God only but with all who are His own.—Sacred Heart Review.

Sometimes it so happens that both the imagination and the reason seem to be paralyzed, so that after faithfully trying to go on with our meditation for a little while, the soul finds itself so dull and stupid as to be unable to imagine or reason upon anything. Let her not be discouraged. Let her make simple acts of the will, however hard they may seem to be.

Why, then, should it even appear to us strange, let alone incredible, that our bodies shall rise again? Has the God who gives life to the tiny seed, the frost-bound branches the snow-clad earth, less power to raise the dead, and to make of that clay-cold body a man-

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Why are there any doubters in the resurrection of our bodies from the dead? We look in March on the leafless trees; in May they are alive with leaf and bud and bloom. We put the seed, small seed of corn into the hard, dark ground; that seed springs up into beauty and fragrant life; we grind the wheat in the mill and the flour is made from it, and bread is made from the flour and we eat it and grow strong. All about us, in many ways of our ordinary every-day existence, life comes from death, strength comes from weakness, and we prove, over and over again, the gain that comes through loss.

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A WOMAN'S WAY

THE PATHETIC STORY OF A WOMAN WHO LOVED TOO WELL.

With considerable difficulty Lewis Ivers persuaded Annie D. Knox to marry him. If she had loved him less he never would have succeeded. Nor does the fact that she loved him dearly prove that his pleading was unnecessary. There is a type of woman who sets out in life with her mind made up to marriage in the abstract, marriage to almost any one rather than to no one. There is another type whose love annihilates doubt and hesitation, who flies to her lover when he appears like the approved heroine in the last chapter. But there is a third type of which the romancers are less cognizant—the woman who has no desire whatever to marry, and in whom even strong affection does not overcome her repugnance to marrying her identity in one whom she instinctively feels will be her master as well as her lover.

Of the last named was Annie, not from independence nor strong-mindedness, for she was the least self-assertive of beings, but because she was thus by nature bent. Lewis Ivers—all his acquaintance called him Lew—had all the traits that Annie lacked. He was brown-eyed; her eyes were dark blue, as soft as his were flashing. He was full of talk and laughter; she was quiet, and laughed inwardly more often than audibly. He made acquaintances, whom he called friends, wherever he went; she cared for but few, and rarely added a new friend to the old ones, but these few were dear to her, as she to them, beyond the need of naming.

So all the traits that Annie lacked, Lew had. But when one went to turn the statement about, Lew came out less well, for not all the virtues that Annie had, Lew possessed. In the matter of selfishness, for instance, in a capacity for entire devotion, in sweetness of temper and in patience Annie was rich, while Lew—well Lew rarely thought of other people except as accessories, and he was far too jovial abroad to be always amiable at home. While patience is less a virtue in a woman than it is in her husband, "And so they were married," as the story books say, ending at the beginning.

As if to stone for her reluctance to be a wife, Annie became a rapturously happy one. She threw all her single-heartedness into the marriage, and her devotion, into the scale to weigh it. The first quarter of a year went thus winged like Mercury who brings the messages of the gods. Then the days moved slower; Annie wondered if the domestic cares which had been so easy could be tiring her.

Lew began to go out more—without her, but Annie persuaded herself that she was glad that he could enjoy himself. She could not quite persuade herself that she liked to have him find fault with small things when he was with her, and this did. However, she accomplished the next best diversion—she persuaded herself that she was invariably in the wrong, which comforts a truly womanly woman.

The baby that was born died. Lew was very kind, then. He was attentive to the poor little mother, who barely lived herself, and he told her not to grieve; that if the baby had lived it would have come discordantly into their dust of happiness.

"Ah, you don't mean that, dear! It is good of you, but you don't mean it. I grieve for you, but I am disappointed in the loss of your son. I am more sorry for you than myself, poor Lew!" Annie cried.

"You needn't be then!" Lew doled fervently. "I was ready enough to accept the baby, but I am just as ready to go on without one. Truly, Annie, I can't mourn deeply for a young person whom I did not know. Don't fret about me little girl? Now when I feared you were going—that was different!"

Annie tried to smile, but it was a wan failure. He was good to try to comfort her, but this was not the way to do it. Rather the heartache for him than to know he was outside her grief. For Lew prided himself on his candor, and his words rang sincerely. They fell on her empty, disappointed heart almost as if some one had struck a blow at the tiny face which had slipped away from her when she had so long counted on pressing it to that empty heart.

Then she instantly reproached herself. A mother was a mother from the first hour's thought of the child—nay, from her childhood, when she held her dolls and planned the names of her future children. But a man was different. Paternity had to be practiced to be perfected. Men were not usually interested profoundly in their offspring until their intelligence dawned; even Annie had discovered that, most of all things, the average man likes to be entertained. So she tried to rest on Lew's expression of the supreme importance of her own life, and as the Mother of mothers hid in her heart the words of her Son, this little mother hid in her heart her longing for the son who would never speak to her.

It was after this, long enough for Annie to seem herself again, while she felt conscious of being altogether another and less strong self, that Lew left into the habit of constant fault-finding. "Did you move that chair? Well, I

never to find anything as I leave it. Why will you always mash potatoes when you know I prefer them baked? Lamb again? That is the only meat fit to eat. You were out to-day when I came home; I detest coming in to an empty house. You want me to go out with you? Isn't the day long enough for you to go out in without dragging me about at night? Yes, I am going out, but not to walk—there is some one I want to see. Annie, I found a button off this morning. Are you going to be the sort of woman that neglects her clothing? Annie, how often must I tell you that I abominate socks that are over-darned. For whom are you saving? When my socks are worn out, throw them away. I won't stand for pilgrimages with pins in my shoes. Buy a new set of shirts. Not much. Do you think I am made of money? You have time; put in new bosoms. Annie listened to the ceaseless flow of complaint, at first making the mistake of effort to explain, to apologize, to promise better, then listening in silence, realizing that it was not a real grievance that Lew was voicing each time, but a distinct and individual error of which she was guilty, but that he was "finding fault" in the liberal meaning of the words—seeking for it as if no faulting it, out of his new attitude and habit of mind.

When a loving woman discovers this she has traveled far on the road to complete misery. The blindest, the most adherent, must understand that love does not thus express itself. She is conscious of the mute pleading of her sorrowful eyes for mercy, and not receiving it, she knows that she is not loved, and to deprive the Annies of this world of love is taking from them the oxygen of the air they breathe.

If Annie had had a temper, if she had never reported with a blush to her husband's reproaches, perhaps they would have ceased. There is a temper that is exasperated by meekness, that is irritated by kicking something soft and yielding.

"A mild answer breaketh wrath," says Solomon, but it is not always true, for the mildness of the victim of a bad temper emphasizes the wrong of the wrathful, and it is not soothing to the disposition to know one's self in the wrong.

"I'm truly sorry that you don't like it; I try to please you, Lew," little Annie said each time, and because he knew that this was true Lew grumbled more and often. The little wife, growing thinner, with pathetic patience, once deeper engraved on her worn face, tried to smile at the man, who still gay and demure among his acquaintances, was fast becoming a nagging brute at home. His wife's silent, uncomplaining pathos irritated him; he worked himself up into the daily furies of fault finding to drown the voice of self-reproach, to numb the pang of conscience as he looked at her.

In the meantime the little house was the model of the neighborhood, spotlessly clean, perfectly in order—no other child had come to disturb that order, nor to fill the lonely woman's heart—it was also the headquarters for cooking recipes at once the desire and the despair of the housewives of Annie's acquaintance. No one, not her nearest and dearest friend, ever heard a syllable from Annie that should reveal the tragedy of her husband's life, but women are quick to read one another, and the merest acquaintance knew that little Mrs. Ivers was miserable. There were some who said that "it was a shame for such a charming, entertaining, merry, big-hearted creature as Lew Ivers to be tied to that dull, lifeless woman." But there were others who guessed that Lew's charm was left at his door, kept in his yard, like his bicycle, to be taken and to take him abroad, and they condemned him. It cost him friends, and the day came when he needed them.

"For when the mainspring of a life is broken, it may run on for a time—the only mechanism that will run under those conditions—but not forever. Annie died. The priest who knew her heart, knew her sanctity, knew her sorrow, her patience under a burden more weary than the wife of a man who acts as a criminal bears, looked on her, dead, with infinite pity, and a certain triumph.

"This time she has answered his reproaches, and at last he will listen!" he thought.

He was quite right. Lew was bewildered by the havoc in his home that Annie wrought with her folded, waxen hands. He had never read Coventry Patmore, but he thought it "was not like her great and gracious ways to leave a widow." He was not a man of letters, but he was overwhelmed with a contrition, imperfect enough, since it had its roots in selfishness, but still contrition for his cruelty.

Not a corner, not an object in the house that did not cry aloud to him declaring her devotion. He lacked her, he needed her; before he had buried her, he had seen how her patience, her goodness had borne with him, wrought for him, but he saw it in the midst of despair, as a man buried under an earthquake looks back at the light. The woman who had been Annie's playmate, schoolmate, life-long friend, stood long and tearfully looking down into the casket. She had buried a palmy branch into Annie's hand, but had strewn her pillow with white rosebuds.

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he was to some extent y he rose and down apartment, a Flemish ping espone, shield! "Mind, come what will, let there be fair play! he's a brave fellow, this Fleming!" "Are you ready?" cried Breydel. "Ready!" was the answer. The word was given, and the combatants advanced upon one another, their heads thrown back, their eyes flashing, their brows knit, their lips and teeth forcibly pressed together; like two furious bulls they roused upon each other. A heavy blow resounded upon either breast, as of hammer upon an anvil, and both reeled backwards from the shock, which, however, did not inflame their rage the more. A short deep growl mingled with their heavy breathing, and with their arms they seized each other round the body as in a vice of steel. Every limb was strained to the uttermost, every nerve quivered, every muscle was in play; their veins swelled, their eyes became bloodshot, their brows from red grew purple, and from purple livid; but neither could win upon the other by an inch of ground; one would have said their feet were rooted where they stood. After some time spent in this desperate struggle, the Frenchman suddenly made a step backwards, twined his arms round Breydel's neck, and taking a firm purchase forced the Fleming's head forward and downwards so as in some degree to disturb his balance; then, following up his advantage without the loss of a moment, Leroux made yet another effort with increased energy, and Breydel sank on one knee beneath the overpowering attack. "The Lion is on his knees already!" cried the French champion, triumphantly, dealing at the same time a blow on the head of the butcher that might have felled an ox, and well nigh laid him prostrate on the ground. But to do this with effect, he had been obliged to release Breydel with one hand, and at the very moment that he was raising his fist to repeat the blow, the latter extricated himself from the single grasp which held him, rose from the ground, and retreated some few paces, looking round upon his adversary with the speed of lightning, he seized him round the body with a hug like that of a forest bear, so that every rib cracked again. The Frenchman, in his turn, wound his limbs about his foe with a terrible vigor, strengthened by practice and directed by skill, so that the Fleming felt his knees bend beneath him, and again they nearly touched the ground. An unwonted sensation stole into Breydel's heart, as though for the first time in his life it had begun to fail him. The thought was mad and; but, even like madness, it gave him strength; suddenly losing his hold, and again reeling, he felt the same time lowering his head, like a furling sail, he rushed upon Leroux, and butted him in the chest, before the Frenchman could foresee, much less provide against this new attack. Reeling under the shock, blood burst from his nose, mouth and ears; while at the same moment, like a stone from a catapult, the Fleming's fist descended upon his skull; with a long cry he fell heavily to the earth, and all was over. "Now you feel the Lion's claws!" cried Breydel. The soldiers who had been witnesses of the conflict had indeed encouraged the French champion by their shouts; but had rigorously abstained from any further interference. They now crowded about their dying comrade, and raised him in their arms; while Breydel, with slow and deliberate steps, retired from the ground, and made his way back to the room where the quarrel had begun. Here he called for another stoup of beer, which he hastily and repeatedly drank to quench his burning thirst. He had now been sitting there some time, and was beginning to recover himself from the fatigue of the combat, when the door opened behind him; and before he could turn his head, he was seized by four pair of powerful hands, and roughly thrown upon the ground, while in a moment after the room was filled by armed soldiers. For some time he maintained a fruitless struggle against numbers; but at last, exhausted with this new conflict, he ceased to resist, and lay still, regarding the Frenchman with one of those terrible looks that precede a death blow given or received. Not a few of the soldiers looked on the Fleming, as he lay, with hearts ill at ease, and secretly and threateningly did his flaming eyes glare upon them. TO BE CONTINUED. EFFECTS OF IRRELIGION. According to the [Rome] correspondent of the London Morning Post, there were no fewer than five thousand suicides in Rome last year. An Italian paper supplements this by saying that 75 per cent. of those suicides were boys and girls under twenty years of age. The explanation offered for this shocking state of affairs is that the horribly obscene and blasphemous papers and pamphlets which an anti-Papal government and an anti-Christian municipality allows to be freely circulated have corrupted the Roman youth to such an extent that they are worn out with vice before they reach manhood, and are lying in no hereafter, they seek relief in death. Commenting on the above shocking results of war on religion, the Lamp (Anglican) says: Several months ago we quoted from official documents to show that similar results were taking place in France owing to the same causes. "Our houses of correction are gorged with boys and girls," the young criminals spring up like weeds between the cracks of the pavement; "our prisons are crowded and too small," and yet certain of our leading Church periodicals continue to show very plainly that they have more sympathy with the anti-Christian governments of Italy and France than they entertain for the Roman curia and the Holy Father of Christendom. If only our Protestantism would commit