BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER AUTHOR OF

CHAPTER EXXXIII.

I must record one more scene before I close. It was in 1873, two years after the ghastly tragedy at Paris, and the city was once more smiling and prosperous, though with here and there a rain to tell of the destruction of those days. My grandfather, now in his ninetieth year, was very feeble in body, nmetieth year, was very leadie in body, but mentally keen and full of interest in public affairs. He seemed to have received a new lease of life in these days, for had not the Republic rallied to the monarchy, and was not President Thiers on his way to meet the Count de Chambord and offer to him the crown of the Bourbons in the name of the French nation? It was a glorious day for my grandfather, his old Legitimist friends d come about him to drink the health of Henri V. standing, and to crown all I came towards evening to lay in his

arms my little first-born son.
"Etienette and I both feel that there is but one name for the child who is born on such a day, 'I said. "Pepe, you shall hold him in your hands when he is christened 'Heari Diendonne."

My grandfather's lips moved, and I suld hear him murmur, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servent depart in peace!" He was trembling from emotion and excitement, and, after he had blessed it, I took the child from him, and, laying it by its mother's side, I led the old man to his room and tender-ly persuaded him to rest. But he wished to hold my hand and talk a

while longer. "You have sacrificed much for me, Roderic, my boy, but the end is now near. You will return to the United States and take up your profession again, when you have laid me to rest in my native France. You will bring up this boy and those who may come after to all that is best and highest in American citizenship, and let them ever hold in affectionate esteem and friendship France and Ireland, the countries from which they sprang, and remember how the blood of Frenchmen and Irishmen has been poured out on American soil for American principles and liber-ties. Rory, I think the child already

At the present stage of my son's career I could only receive this as a doubtful compliment, but I said brave-ly, "I trust he does, for that will please

foolish little mother."
"Ah, this is a great day for France, and a glorious birthday for my great grandson. I could not have desired a pore auspicious day for his entrance world than that in which France greets her lawful sovereign. I have sometimes regretted lingering long, as I knew it detained you and my little Etienette from founding your home in the New World; but now I thank God that He has preserved me for this day.'

He seemed weary, very weary after all the joy and excitement, and the next morning his mind and memory were confused and clouded, and he grew alarmingly feeble, so that I dared not the news that the morning papers contained—that Thiers had been mable to come to an understanding with the Count de Chamberd, who had refused the crown under the conditions on which it was offered. "My family on which it was offered. have suffered too much from the tri color and the dectrines for which it stands," he had said. "I cannot accept it as my flag. I can give up the rown of France, but I cannot give up

my principles. And so the dream and hope of the Legitimists was destroyed, and when the feeble old man, whose pillow I was watching, raised his glass and drank for the first and last time to "Henri V., gloriously reigning over the French monarchy," I could only turn my head y to hide the tears, and hope that might never have to learn the

And he never knew. His memory was soon lost to the things of the present, and he was speaking of his wife, of Felice de Belancour, for he thought she was in Etienette's room, and that our nfant was his little Felice, my mother. The priest who was ministering to him the consolations of the Church in his last hours was to him the friend of his youth, the patriot Pere Richard. his end was painless and happy in the fancied presence of his dearly be-loved. Nay, who knows but they whom he was so soon to meet in the better world were actually with him there, and that in his apparent wanderings he was really seeing with clearer eyes than ours ? Ah, me! The days of which I have

written at such length were the days of youth and strength. My hair and mustache are snow-white now; and I walk with a slow, deliberate tread which my flatterers are pleased to call "stately." And Eticnette is "Madame" Fremont, to distinguish her from my eldest son's wife, though in my eyes she has scarcely aged. It is true that her curly hair is now a soft gray, and that her figure is somewhat more matronly and dignified, but she has preserved the brillancy of eyes and complexion, her features have retained the delicacy and spirit of outline that always distinguished them, her dress is still dainty and tasteful, and she is ever the same Etienette, trusty, loyal, levable, companionable and the best

man through rain and shine.

There is an Etienette in the younger generation (for we have an old-fashioned French family), not a black-eyed Etien ette, but one of sixteen years, whom we call Stephanie, to distinguish her from er mother, with gray eyes and fluff hair and soft pink cheeks. She already has a stalwart Canadian lover, and a watch her in her first long skirts my Etienette and I sometimes glance each other with moist eyes and Alix." There is another little daughter, our youngest, named for my mother, Felice, and a tiny grave marks the resting-place of our first-born girl, to whom my sweet wife, reading the unspoken wish of my heart, gave the name of "Mary Virginia," in loving rememiations of the second "She should have been named

berance of the young betrothed sleeping under the Southern pines. But Dido in heaven wanted her little namesake with her, and with aching hearts we had

to let her go.

I have remembered my old friend I have remembered my old friend Major Haliburton in a sturdy John Charles Frement, who is old enough to read about the exploits of the Pathfinder,

and to be fired with zeal to emulate his example. There is a Roderic, too, in the young generation, Roderic-Eugene de Macarty christened, who has inherited, if one may say so of such things, the vocation that I lost in my boyhood days. He was the flower of our flock, the darling of our hearts, handsome, intelligent, loving, and just a bit headstrong. I worled more over a bit headstrong. I worried more over him in his childhood than over the others, he was so full of restless young life, and one could not tell wheth would be good or evil that would take him at the flood; but now I am most at peace about him, for our dear Rory is a young Knight of the Cross, vowed to God forever. When we go up the lakes in summer and sojourn on lovely Traverse Bay, we cross over to the old Indian Mission at Harbor Springs, and from the barrack-like buildings of the Franciscan convent there comes to meet us a tall, square figure in brown serge bbe' with bare feet thrust in sandals, and he takes us over the workshops and farm and tells us of his brown parish i mers, how he camps with them in their forest homes in summer, and in winter walks twenty miles in snow-shoes through the forest trails and over the through the frozen lakes to carry the sacraments to their sick and dying. His hardy, ex-posed life has burned him almost as brown as his Indian charges, and I can never see this my son at his work with-out a thrill of youthful enthusiasm

Stirring at my heart.
Once more has God called to my renembrance the parting words of Lacordaire, "Never forget that you are a follower of Him who died for His enemies!" There was one boy especially dear to my heart, for he had his mother's black eyes, her mental gifts and warm, true nature. He was just eighteen when the war with Spain broke out, and he longed to go, but ould not enlist without my consent. The people our country was befriending were the people who had murdered my parents and twice made waste the home of my infancy; our foe was a people whom I loved and whose blood ran in I thought I had learned my my veins. I thought I had learned lesson of forgiveness when I gave services to my country in the Civil War for the emancipation of the negroes but thirty-six years later my heart was as rebellious and revengeful as ever. I' was the same struggle over again, re severe, far it is harder to give the life of a child than one's own life. I do not know how I made the sacrifice. only knew that my black-eyed, brilli ant Stephen lies in an unmarked grave on the hills about Santiago, and that my hair, which till then had hardly a thread of gray, turned in one short whiteness of snow. God have mercy on me, but I am not recon-

ciled yet! Hamtramek is no longer my for though my professional work is still largely on the beloved lakes and my summers chiefly spent on their familiar shores, yet Detroit was too full of ghosts of the past for me to care to settle there permanently, and my head-quarters have been at Washington ever since our return from France. often revisit the city, and when I see the many changes that have befallen it I know it is well that our days are numbered and that the dear grandfather is no longer here to be saddened by them. Could he but see the ugly things that frown on the beautiful river, the ungainly docks, the hideous factor es and grain elevators, the steam railroads and freight-yards, the tall chim neys belching forth black smoke and soot that hang like a pall over the fair city-could be but see these necessary excrescences of progress and civilization displacing the with their neat flower-gardens and stately trees, that ran from the blue waters of the straits back to the forest primeval, then indeed he would think that the curse of the Nian Rouge had fallen on the doomed city. but see the fashionable quarter of his youth, Woodbridge and Atwater Streets, given up to warehouses and clanging electric-cars and tenements, clanging electric-cars and automobiles rushing through an asphaltpaved Jefferson Avenue to Gross Pointe Farms, huge mercantile houses covering the site of old Ste. Anne's Church ; could be see the ruthless de historic landmark every struction of that blocked the path of progress, the partial submersion of the French ele-ment, the total elimination of the Indian : could be see the little farms of the French habitans displaced by the Polish quarter, the German quarter, the Italian quarter, the Russian Jew quarter, then indeed would the poor old man lift protesting hands heaven! It was well for his loyal heart and sentimental conservatism that he passed away before the change

But I must not give way to sadnes in reflecting on memories that come to me, borne on the Night Wind of the Past. I have yet a future before me, in all probability, for I am as hale and hearty at sixty-one as my grandfather was before me, and the older I grow the keener and more sympathetic interest in the varied events of life whether of the family, of the nation, or of mankind at large. The present, at any rate, is my own, to clasp to my bosom and rejoice over—honor, affec-tion, and contentment in my modest household, promising young lives turning to me for guidance, and at my side the dearest and best friend of heart and soul, whose arms are about me even now as I write, and lay down my pen io smile up into her black eyes and

murmur Il y a long temps que je t'aime, Jamais je ne t oublierai!" THE END.

THE GUEST DIVINE. deus, O. S. F., in December Donahoe For Christ make room within your hibispei the gloom that sin imparts;
Let Truth and Grace.
And Light efface
The workings of the tempter's arts!

No room ' for Him, was once the cry Of those whe knew not Angels nigh; And so the Guest. With Mary bleet, And Joseph, grieving, passed them by !

Do you a resting-place prepare
For Him who comes your nearts to share;
May isy and peace Find full increase, And Christ above forever there!

Titus, a Comrade of the Cross

A TALE OF THE CHRIST FOR THE

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

BY FLORENCE M. KINGSLEY. CHAPPER I.

About seventeen years before this story begins there was mourning in one of the most beautiful of the homes of Jerusalem. In the court of the hold the servants were gathered about the great central fountain, some weeping loudly, some talking and gesticu-

"We shall never, never see him said an elderly woman, wringagain!

"He was such a darling—so sweet!"
sobbed another "and so beautiful, with with his lovely eyes, and his cheeks red

as a pomegranate."

"Oh, my David, my David!"

wailed a fourth, sitting flat upon the ground, with her head upon the edge of the fountain, and her tears mingling with its waters-"who could have the heart to take thee from thy mother!

said the "His mother will die!" roman who had spoken first. it from Reba, her waiting woman, that she hath gone from one fainting fit into another since she was told the child ad been stolen."

"And Prisca gone too; dost think she stole the little one?"
"Nay, woman! Prisca loved the lad as her own life; she would never

harm a hair of his head," "I know that she loved him, but I fancy that she loved that beggarly Greek better. Dost think the Greek

carried them both off?"
"How could be?" broke in another. 'There was no way, had he been so minded.

"Thou knowest not everything," said an old woman, who had not spoken before. "I have it from master's own body-servant, Malchus, that the master caught the Greek talking to Prisca in the gateway once, and bade him begone. The man answered something unknown tongue, but with a bold look withal; the master gave command have him seized and scourged, which was done forthwith. And a heavy courging it was too, for he was a gen-That was ten days since, and now tile. Prisca and the little David have both

disappeared."

Here all the women broke out afresh into loud wailling and lamenting.

In the meantime a far more painful seene was passing in the interior of the palace. The sunshine was filtering through the branches of the trees, making wavering spots of brightness on the velvet sward. Roses, lilies and olean-ders glowed in rich masses around the of marble fountains. singing sweetly flitted here and there. Yet everything seemed sad and for-saken, for the mistress of all this beauty and splendor lay, white and grief-exhausted, on her couch

shaded chamber. Near her, his face buried in his hands, sat her husband. "No, Anna," he groaned. "I can get no trace of him. I have sent the ervants in every direction; Malchus hath searched the city since early dawn; I myself sought all night. Yet will I find him!" he continued fiercely, thing to endure patiently. May the God of Abraham witness that I will be avenged of this wrong! And yet who can be my enemy? Who would dare to steal David, the only son of Caiphas? Who would dare to 'Tis some plot to make me pay moneys for his redemption. Yet would I pay—to the whole of my fortune. Oh, my son, my son!' And the unhappy father rent his garments, and lifting up his

oice wept bitterly.
"Nay, my husband, do not despair," spoke the soft voice of Anna. "There it yet hope; he hath only been gone

ince vester-eve. Yet as she spoke, the vision of her three-year-old darling rose before her, and she fancied him wailing for his nother: perhaps sick and lonely in some dark den of the city; perhaps dead. And her courage failed her, and she too wept bitterly, smothering her sobs, woman-like, lest she add to her husband's anguish.

And so the hours, heavy with sorrow, engthened into days; and no tidings the lest child. The days became of the lest child. weeks : still no word of hope. passed away months; and the months, leaden - footed, became in their turn years. The wailing in the servants' quarters ceased; the symbols of mourning were laid aside; and nothing but the anguished look in the anguished look in the eyes of the mother told of the hidden

sorrow more bitter than death. No more children came to fill the house with play and laughter; and while the gentle Anna became sad indeed, and silent, Caiphas, the master, grew by degrees gloomy, taciturn and of a temper not to be trifled with. Over the home once so gay and happy, lay a pall which could never be lifte

Once at feast time, Anna fancied that the caught a glimpse of the missing The woman held by the hand of a boy of about ten years, dark-eyed, dark-haired, and with the color of a ripe pomegranate in his lips and cheeks. But before she could call a servant, the two had disappeared in the crowd, and could never be found, though Jerusalem was searched from wall to wall; and outside the walls also, among the pil-

grims encamped there. Perhaps after all it was not Prisca." said Anna sadly to Caiphas, as they sat in the garden at twilight. "I did not see her face, by reason of her veil. But the boy! Oh, my husband, he was so

beautiful!" And bursting into tears, she hid her face on his arm

"Nay, my brave wife, weep not. Am I not better to thee than many sons?" And so he strove to comfort her sore

And again the empty years rolled on.

CHAPTER II.

The day was closing; and night, doubly welcome in an almost tropical climate, was close at hand. Over the waters of the lake glowed a thousand tender colors, constantly shifting and melting the one into the other crimson, rose, and rare purples in sky above, and again in the glassy water beneath, which reflected also the distant shores embowered in trees re and there the early lights in a white-walled villa, or distant lage, twinkled starlike through the dark masses of foliage.

The surface of the water was alive

eraft of various kinds; some, standing out at a distance from the land with white and parti-colored sails, seemed endeavoring to catch the light breeze, which as yet scarcely ruffled the surface of the water; others, pro pelled by the oar, skimmed lightly about nearer the land. One standing on the shore could catch melodious snatches of song floating over the water, and the calls of the fishermen as they prepared to set forth for their night's work. In truth it was a fair spot, this lake of Gennesaret. And a fair city was Capernaum. Standing a it did near the head of this miniature Standing as sea, it carried on a busy trade with its neighbors. Ample warehouses, with wharves and clustered shipping, occupied the waterfront; while behind lay the town with its great synagogue, built of white and rose-tinted marble, its public buildings, squares and streets, stretching up to the base of a high range of mountainous hills, which swept like an amphitheatre about the

On this particular evening a solitary fisherman was engaged in fastening his craft to the bank of a little creek, which emptied into the lake about haif a mile from the city. The scene was a familiar one to him, and even the flashing glories of the sunset, now dying into a dim twilight, scarcely awakened more than an undefined sense of happi-He was thinking chiefly of the fact that he was hungry. Stooping, he hastily shook the rude fastening to see that it was secure, then took from the bottom of the boat his net, and a number of fine fish which he proceeded to string upon a twig plucked from a

convenient tree. As he walked quickly away, carrying his net over his shoulder, the fish swinging from his hand, he seemed rather more than a boy-a well-grown lad of perhaps nineteen years, built, strong and muscular. A skin browned by exposure, black eyes under level black brows, jetty hair slightly curling, a nose curved like the beak of an eagle, and well-cut lips, made up a untenance of unusual strength and eauty. He was clothed in a single sleeveless garment of coarse white lin aching to the knee; this was bound about at the waist with a girdle of some scarlet stuff, and from the girdle depended a primitive kind of pouch or

Ten minutes of brisk walking brought the lad to the outer wall of the city, where he found the watchman about to close the gates for the night. As he passed hurriedly through, one of the

wallet.

men hailed him: "Ho, lad! Thou wert like to pass

thy night outside the walls."
"And that were no matter," shouted the boy in return. "Many a night have I passed on the lake, as thou knowest; and mayhap I know another through thy gate way to get in save And he darted laughing away

"Dost know the lad?" said one of that I will be the men to his comrade, who had joined n the boy's laugh with a "Yes, I know him. His name is Titus—a bold fellow. He dwells near to the fish market with Dumachus. They call themselves fishers—" Here the man stopped and

shrugged his shoulders.
"What meanest thou?" said the other idly.

But the gate-keeper was fastening the huge locks—with much pulling and straining, and many a smothered groan—and did not hear him; at least he did not answer; and his companion present ly forgot that he had asked the ques-

Meanwhile the lad was threading his way through the narrow streets, quite dark now by reason of the lofty walls on either side. Occasionally he would come out into a paved square or open space, where numerous small booths ighted by flaming torches, proclaimed market-place. At one of these booths he paused a moment and looked at its wares, which were displayed in flat baskets; there were cakes made with honey, dried figs and dates, small cheeses of goat's milk, and various sweetmeats, together with nuts and fresh fruits of many kinds. After a moment's deliberation, he selected some delicate little cakes, which—wrapped in fresh green leaves by the obliging huckster—he be-stowed in his wallet, paying for his purchase with a copper coin taken from a corner of the same receptacle. Then turning and making his way through he crowd which nearly filled the square, he plunged into a labyrinth of streets leading apparently into the meaner por-tion of the city, for the open spaces became smaller and less frequent, and the walls lower and more closely crowded together. Finally pausing before what dimly appeared as a doorway in the wall, he entered, and carefully

closed the door behind him.
"Is that you, mother?" asked a feeble voice from the gloom within.
"No, Stephen boy; it is I. Where is

the mother Nay, I know not," answered the voice querulously. fountain for water, a long time ago, it seemeth to me, and I am parched with thirst and so hungry! Canst thou bring me out into the court, Titus?"

"Aye, lad, that can I, and give thee

nets upon the ground, he crossed the court, now plainly revealed by t moonlight which flooded the heavens.

At one side of the little yard ap-peared a dark opening from which was looped back a leathern curtain. looped back a leathern curtain. Stooping a little, Titus entered, and immediately came out again bearing in his arms a figure, which he tenderly deposited on a pile of nets.

"There, Stephen boy, see the moon, how bright it is; and here is water, albeit not so fresh and cool as er will fetch thee presently. And Titus poured out, from a small skin bott e or gurglet, water into a cup, which he handed to the lad on the nets.

The latter seemed scarcely more than a child, so small and shranken was his figure; and as he he moved painfully to take the water, it appeared that he was cruelly deformed and misshapen. But his face, as the bright fell upon it, was, despite its pallor and emaciation, beautiful, for the features were delicately shapen, while the light golden hair, fine and curling, made an aureole about the brow, from beneath which shone wonderful dark eyes.

"Truly the water hath a foul taste, but it hath wet my tongue and moist ened my throat, and that is a blessing. I am glad that thou art come, Titus, for now I can go upon the roof. hath been a heavy one, and my back hath hurt me cruelly."

While the sick boy was speaking in his weak, fretful voice, Titus had been busily engaged in building a small fire; presently the fish hanging from a began to splutter in the heat, and while an appetizing odor stole out upon the air

"Cheer up, Stephen lad!" Titus was saying, as he made his preparations for the simple meal. "I have a fine treat for thee in my wallet here.

Stephen's eyes brightened, as he lay quietly watching the flickering flame Is it something that I can give to the

baby?" he asked presently.

"It will suit the baby rarely," said
Titus, laughing. "I had him in mind when I picked out this particular dainty at the good Justin's stall. But thou must not give it all to the baby ; thou must thyself eat."
"Yes, I will eat," replied Stepher

contentedly. "But, Titus, I love to see the little one when I give him a cake. He is sweeter than the sweetest of Justin's dainties. Hark! I think I hear him now!" And raising himself on one elbow, the lad listened intently.

Titus likewise paused a moment in his culinary operations, and the sound of a baby's gurgling laughter, and sweet broken talk, floated down from a neigh-

boring housetop.
"Ah, the young rascal!" said Titus. He waxeth a bold fellow.

"Yes, truly," said Stephen eagerly. Last night he clambered over the parapet between our two roofs, and came running quite alone to me. He loves me," he added in a tone expressive ep conviction. He loves sweets, that is certain,

answered Titus, laughing. "But here is the mother at last," he added, looking toward the doorway.

A tall figure, heavily draped, bearing on her head a water-pot, at this moment entered the courtyard.

"Where hast thou been, mother? demanded Stephen, "Thou did leave me at sunset, and I had been dead of thirst by this time, but for my Titus, who gave me a sorry draught indeed but better than none at all-from the gurglet.'

The woman let down the jar from off her head, and hastily poured a cup of water for the child, saying in a soothing tone as she did so:

Nay, thou shouldst not chide thy mother child; 'tis unseemly. But the time at the fountain did pass swiftly enough, by reason of the marvelous things which I heard. There was a springing up and pacing the chamber hurriedly. "It were too horrible a though to seize him. neighbor, had the tale from her husband; he heard it in the market-place mernaum is ringing with the

"Let us have supper first," interrupted Titus, "for the child is faint with hunger, and I am well-nigh starving. We will have that marvelous tale

So saying he took the fish from the fire, while Prisca—for such was the woman's name—hastened to bring the thin cakes of bread which served the treble use o dishes, napkins and food. For tearing the tough, thin cake into large frag ents, she gave to each a liberal portion. while Titus broke up and distributed the broiled fish in the same way. Laving the fish on the piece of bread, each of the humble party proceeded to break and eat alternately from the fish and the bread, finishing by wiping their fingers upon the bread, and tossing fragments to the dog, which made short

ily, with appetite of the clearing Titus ate heartily, sharpened by youth and long abstinence, finishing his meal with a draught of water from the jar which stood close at

hand.
"Now, Stephen lad," he exclaimed Would that thou couldst eat more than a bird; but thou shalt have the cakes now." "Nay, Titus, carry me up first.

will have my cakes on the roof."
"Wait, lad, till I take up thy bed thou'lt sleep better up there in the cool air." Saying which, Titus dis appeared again into the dark interior of the house, emerging presently there-from, bearing on his shoulder a small

"I will fetch thee when I have spread down thy rug," he said, as he rapidly ascended a rude ladder-like stairway, which led from the courtyard up the outside of the house to the roof.

Down again he came quickly, whist-ling gayly, and lifting the helpless Stephen carefully from the pile of nets, on which he still lay, bore him steadily up the stairs on to the flat top of the shelter roof. Here in the shelter of the rude parapet which surrounded the edge, he laid his burden down on the little pallet.

The boy drew a long breath as he

gazed into the glorious sky now fully spread out above him. The moon was sailing high in the heavens, while here to drink also." And laying his fish and | and there glowed dimly certain bright | World,

stars which even its full-orbed splendor could not quench. A light breeze from the lake blew gently over the city. Behind loomed up the dark masses of

DECEMBER 27, 1903.

the hills.
"Ah, my Titus!" sighed the boy, "I could not live were it not for the nights. I loathe the days, down there behind that hateful curtain, with homing to do, and often no one to talk to. And when father is here—" The boy stopped and shuddered slightly. Then thought struck him. Raising himself on one clow, he called in gentle voice, "Gogo, here's Stephen Gogo!

A little gurgle of delighted laughter. and a woman's voice from the adjoining roof said:

"Here he is!" lifting, as she spoke, over the low parapet which divided the two buildings, a small naked figure, which toddled unsteadily on its tiny dimpled feet, to the spot where Step-

hen was lying, watching his approach with delighted smiles.
"See, Titus, how well he walks! The darling! Come here to Stephen,

Gogo; I have some cakes for thee. At this magic word, the baby broke into a staggering run, which would have ended disastrously had not Titus who was watching the scene, caught him up and conveyed him with a single stride to the would-be haven. There he nestled down beside Stephen with cooing, unintelligible words, which seemed to afford the lad the greatest satisfaction.
"The little beggar!" said Titus.

"He is thinking of cakes."
Opening his wallet, he produced the

dainties in question, somewhat damaged by the heat, it is true, but received with tokens of a lively joy by the two on the rug.

"Is thy mother with thee?" again spoke the woman from the adjoining

"Not yet, good neighbor," said
"Not yet, good neighbor," said
Titus. "But she will come soon, when the hath put things to rights below.

Even as he spoke the tall figure Prisca was seen coming up the stair way.

Good evening to thee, neighbor, she said, spying the figure of the other woman. "Come over and I will tell thee the tale which I heard at the " Meanest thou of the wonder-work-

ing Stranger who hath come to our city? I too have heard of Him," replied the other, stepping over the low boundary etween the roofs.

Then the two, seating themselves

with their backs against the parapet, prepared for a comfortable gossip.

TO BE CONTINUED.

AN OFFENSIVE POEM.

The Century Magazine has an offensive poem by Bliss Carman. It de clares that the poet must heed a whis per of the Holy Ghost before the doc trine of any religion, "Plato's, Sweden borg's, or Rome's." That implies: 1 borg's, or Rome's." That implies: 1. That the poet has received a whisper from the Holy Ghost, which he knows to be such; 2. That that whisper contradicts some teaching of religion.

Let others speak for themselves. The Catholic Church never has taught and never will teach anything contrar to the Holy Ghost. It has the divine promise of Christ that the Holy Spirit shall teach it all truth and that He Himself will abide with it forever. therefore, Bliss Carman has any belief contrary to that of the Church, it did from the Holy Ghost, but from the devil.

His sneers at "superstition" and a bigot's hood" are equally gratuitous.

If The Century will not print anyning in favor of religion, surely it should not further outrage its Christian readers with articles obnoxious to reigion .- Catholic Columbian.

THE MYSTERY OF THE INCARNA-TION.

The great mystery of the Incarna which underlies all Christian teaching. is to the Unitarian creed an unknow able doctrine. It proclaims Jesus really and truly both God and man. The mystery of the Incarnation tea that the two natures were so united in Jesus as to form one person. Unitar-ianism denies this common belief of ianism denies this common Christians and places Jesus in the same category with other men. As viewed from the texts quoted by the local representative of that creed, they appro-priate to themselves all the sacred anguage of the Bible, and utter the foulest blasphemy in the term of faith and piety against the Saviour of the world, the Redeemer of the human

race. Christ's humanity is carefully de Unitarians, to His divinity is not only excluded but actually denied, yet any person care fully reading sacred scriptures and an alyzing every instance where Christ's humanity manifests itself — will find, simultaneously, reference to His divine character.

The most pronounced French infidels could find no human standard to compare with Jesus. Rousseau and Renau could not find words to express the beauty, grandeur and superhuman character of Jesus, but like modern infielity, which assumes the sacred name of Christianity, they studied the art of oisoning the wells by mingling blasphemy with great praises.

The great and grand central point from which all faith arises is the Incarnation, which means, according to St. John, "the word made flesh." Any derial of this sublime mysterynamely, the Word was made dwelt among us-is a denial of the first principles of Christianity. But the "Word made flesh" was Jesus Christ. Scriptural testimony makes this as clear as the evidence we have that George Washington was the father of our country. The very name, Christianity, confirms that testimony. Jesus, being its principle, is the and end and the author of our faith. St. Peter says: name given under heaven among men whereby we can be saved, neither is there salvation in any other.'

FRIARS' BEHALF.

SHOULD BE JUDGED BY THE CHARACTER AND WORK OF THEIR BRETHREN

DECEMBER 27, 1902.

Cardinal Gibbons raised his voice in shalf of the much-talked-of friars i the Philippine Islands at the Hig Mass in the Cathedral yesterday morning. His sermon was replete with in teresting anecdotes and came as a sur rise to the large congregation, which stened in rapt attention from first t

His text was from the Gospel for th day: "The blind see, the lame wall the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hea the dead rise again, the poor have the Gospel preached to them." (Mat

Xi., 2-10.)

The sermon of His Eminence was i

part as follows:
"Much has been said and writte within the past two years about the riars in the Philippine Islands. The riars in the Philippine Islands. The have been praised and abused in tur Perhaps the best way to judge of the nuch-maligned men in the far East is consider the character of their co-secrated brethren and sisters here Baltimore. This investigation will gi us an opportunity of ascertaining h far the religious men and women of t city are emulating the example Christ as presented in to day's Gos in the sacred cause of charity.

"It is an old and a true saying the one half of the world knows little othing as to how the other half liv This truth eminently applies to apostolic men and women of this ci w many thousands of our men women without have no knowledge the private lives of the inmates of th institutions! How many who ge glimpse of our devoted Sisters as t palk in the streets have no idea of the private lives, except what they gat in novels and prejudiced publication

LIFTING THE VEIL. " Let us now see who are these re

ious men and women and what is spirit that animates them. Let us the veil and give the public an ins into the private lives of the deve servants of God. Their example cheer and inspire us. They consect themselves to God by vows of relig self-denial and good works. spend several hours each day in pr and meditation and other dutie piety. They occupy more time e day in religious exercise than the a age devout Christian does on Sun They rise early, after indulging i much sleep as is barely necessar; the wants of nature. They do not sumptuously, but eat of the pla and simplest food. They are dressed in elegant apparel, but in ments of the cheapest kind. One of a fashionable lady costs more would clothe a whole community year. When they die there is no display at their funeral, and r is any panegyric pronounced over their life is hidden with Chris

SAVE THE STATE \$500,000. "The devoted religious are coccupied in teaching and in verses of charity and benevo. There are in the Diocese of Balt There are in the Distance upward of 20,000 papils under charge, who do not cost a cent eity or State. The annual exoft teaching each pupil in the schools is about \$20. If we are charged in the schools is about \$20. outlay in school buildings and furn the per capita cost of school ch Consequentl mounts to \$25. religious teachers save the State million of dollars a year. They to their pupils a sound secula Christian education, so that the

taught to be enlightened citiz well as edifying Christians. 'There is no phase of human known for which our religious co ities do not provide some rem alleviation. We have in this infant asylum, under the charge Sisters of Charity, for the she omeless babes who have been abandoned by their unnatural or have been bereft of parent tection in the mysterious disple of Providence before they we capable of knowing a mother These little waifs, floating of waters of life like the infant drifting in the turbid waters Nile, are rescued by one of the ters of the Great King from the tection in the mysterious dispe ters of the Great King from t and spiritual death, and are traised by this consecrated virg

becomes a nursery mother to th FROM CRADLE TO GRAVE "As the Catholic Church in B provides a home for those who the threshold of life, so does sh a retreat for those who are threshold of death. From th to the grave she is a provident She rocks her children in the infancy and she lull them to the couch of death. The Little of the Poor have charge of a of the Poor have charge of a where aged men and women it same time a refuge from the life and a novitiate to prepare a happy eternity. In this as welcomed not only the memb Catholie Church, but also t prefess no faith at all. The make no distinction of prationality, of language, of creed. True charity embrace kind. The only question the applicant for shelter is the your a victim of age and penus. you a victim of age and penur come to us and we will provid "We have in this city of

several orphan asylums, supe by religious men and wome toys and girls are brought useful and worthy members Many of them become in aft valuable acquisition to the commonwealth.

war incidents.

"The Catholic Church in has Sisters of various order of hospitals for the treatment form of disease, where pa tenderly nursed by thes women and attended by skil women and attended by skillians. She sends her da charity and of mercy to the and even to the leper-strick ment. And when they coabode of death they can