

what so many of us declare with academic flourishes. We can all name a dozen treatises written by theologians ostensibly orthodox which actually justify his utterances. It seems to me, then, that we may profit by his blasphemies."

"How?" demanded Whittaker, with some bluntness.

"Ah—that is what the Church must determine. We already know how to reach the heathen, the unbookish, the unthinking—but how reach the educated—the science-bitten? It is useless to deny that the brightest, biggest minds are outside the Church—indifferentists or downright opponents of it. I am not willing to believe that God meant men like these to perish—I don't like to think of Emerson being lost, or Huxley, or Spencer, or even Darwin—Question: has the Church power to save the educated?"

"Sure, I know one that has never lacked it," purled Father Riley.

"There's an answer to you in Linford's letter," added Whittaker.

"Gentlemen, you jest with me—but I shall continue to feel grateful to our slightly dogmatic young friend for his artless brutalities. Now I know what the business man keeps to himself when I ask him why he has lost interest in the church."

"There's a large class we can't take from you," said Father Riley—"that class with whom religion is a mode of respectability."

"And you can't take our higher critics, either—more's the pity!"

"On my word, now, gentlemen," returned the Catholic, again, "that was a dear, blasphemous young whelp! You know, I rather liked him. Bless the