little self that day on man's choice errand — destruction. All the young fish seemed to know that I was one who had taken out God's certificate, and meant to have the value of it: every one of them was aware that we desolate more than replenish the earth. For a cow might come and look into the water, and put her yellow lips down; a kingsfisher, like a blue arrow, might shoot through the dark alleys over the channel, or sit on a dipping withy-bough with his beak sunk into his breast-feathers; even an otter might float down stream, likening himself to a log of wood, with his flat head flush with the water-top, and his only eyes peering quietly; and yet no panic would seize other life, as it does when a sample of man comes.

Now let not any one suppose that I thought of these things when I was young, for I knew not the way to do it. And proud enough in truth I was at the universal fear I spread in all those lonely places, where I myself must have been afraid, if anything had come up to me. It is all very pretty to see the trees big with their hopes of another year, though dumb as yet on the subject, and the waters murmuring gayety, and the banks spread out with comfort: but a boy takes none of this to heart, unless he be meant for a poet (which God can never charge upon me), and he would liefer have a good apple, or even a bad one, if he stole it.

When I had travelled two miles or so, conquered now and then with cold, and coming out to rub my legs into a lively friction, and only fishing here and there because of the tumbling water; suddenly, in an open space, where meadows spread about it, I found a good stream flowing softly into the body of our brook. And it brought, so far as I could guess by the sweep of it under my knee-caps, a larger power of clear water than the Lynn itself had; only it came more quietly down, not being troubled with stairs and steps, as the fortune of the Lynn is, but gliding smoothly and forcibly, as if upon some set purpose.

Hereupon I drew up and thought, and reason was much inside me; because the water was bitter cold, and my little toes were aching. So on the bank I rubbed them well with a sprout of young sting-nettle, and having skipped about a while, was kindly inclined to eat a bit.

Now all the turn of all my life hung upon that moment. But as I sat there munching a crust of Betty Muxworthy's sweet brown bread, and a bit of cold bacon along with it, and kicking my little red heels against the dry loam to keep them warm, I knew no more than fish under the fork what was going on over me. It seemed a sad business to go back now and tell Annie there were no loaches; and yet it was a frightful thing, knowing what I did of it, to venture where no grown man durst, up the Bagworthy water. And please to recollect that I was only a boy in those days, fond enough of anything new, but not like a man to meet it.

However, as I ate more and more, my spirit arose within me, and I thought of what my father had been, and how he had told me a hundred times never to be a coward. And then I grew warm, and my little heart was ashamed of its pitapating, and I said to myself, "Now, if father looks, he shall see that I obey him." So I put the bag round my neck again, and buckled my breeches far up from the knee, expecting deeper water, and crossing the Lynn, went stoutly up under the branches which hung so dark on the Bagworthy river.

I found it strongly overwoven, turned and torn with thicket-wood, but not so rocky as the Lynn, and more inclined to go evenly. There were bars of chafed stakes stretched from the sides halfway across the current, and light outriders of pithy weed, and blades of last year's water-grass trembling in the quiet places, like spider's threads, on the transparent stillness, with a tint of olive moving it. And here and there the sun came in, as if his light was sifted, making dance upon the waves, and shadowing the pebbles.

Here, although affrighted often by the deep, dark places, and feeling that every step I took might never be taken backward, on the whole I had very comely sport of loaches, trout and minnows, forking some, and tickling some, and driving others to shallow nooks, whence I could bail them ashore. Now, if you have ever been fishing, you will not wonder that I was led on, forgetting all about danger, and taking no heed of the time, but shouting in a childish way whenever I caught a "whacker" (as we called a big fish at Tiverton); and in sooth there were very fine loaches here, having more lie and harborage than in the rough Lynn stream, though not quite so large as in the Lowman, where I have even taken them to the weight of half a pound.

But in answer to all my shouts there never was any sound at all, except of a rocky echo, or a scared bird hustling away, or the sudden dive of a water vole; and the place grew thicker and thicker, and the covert grew darker above me, until I thought that the fishes might have a good chance of eating me, instead of my eating the fishes.

For now the day was falling fast behind the brown of the hill-tops; and the trees, being void of leaf and hard, seemed giants ready to beat me. And every moment as the sky was clearing up for a white frost, the cold of the water got worse and worse, until I was fit to cry with it. And so, in a sorry plight, I came to an opening in the bushes, where a great black pool lay in front of me, whitened with snow (as I thought) at the sides, till I saw it was only foam-froth.

Now, though I could swim with great ease and comfort, and feared no depth of water, when I could fairly come to it, yet I had no desire to go over head and ears into this great pool, being so cramped and weary, and cold enough in all conscience, though wet only up to the middle, not counting my arms and shoulders. And the look of this black pit was enough to stop one from diving into it, even on a hot summer's day with sunshine on the water; I mean, if the sun ever shone there. As it was, I shuddered and drew back; not alone at the pool itself and the black air there was about it, but also at the whirling manner, and wisping of white threads upon it in stripy circles round and round; and the center still as jet.

But soon I saw the reason of the stir and depth of that great pit, as well as of the roaring sound which long had made me wonder. For skirting round one side, with very little comfort, because the rocks were high and steep, and the ledge at the foot so narrow, I came to a sudden sight and marvel, such as I never dreamed of. For, lo! I stood at the foot of a long pale slide of water, coming smoothly to me, without any break or hinderance, for a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff, sheer, and straight, and shining. The water neither ran nor fell, nor leaped with any spouting, but made one even slope of it, as if it had been combed or planed, and looking like a plank of deal laid down a deep black stair case. However, there was no side-rail, nor any place to walk upon, only the channel a fathom wide, and the perpendicular walls of crag shutting out the evening.

The look of this place had a sad effect, scaring me very greatly, and making me feel that I would give something only to be at home again, with Annie cooking my supper, and our dog, "Watch," sniffing upward. But nothing would come of wishing; that I had long found out; and it only made one the less inclined to work without white feather. So I laid the case before me in a little council; not for loss of time, but only that I wanted rest, and to see things truly.

Then says I to myself, "John Ridd, these trees and pools, and lonesome rocks, and setting of the sunlight, are making a gruesome coward of thee. Shall I go back to my mother so, and be called her fearless boy?"

Nevertheless, I am free to own that it was not any fine sense of shame that settled my decision; for indeed there was nearly as much of danger in going back as in going on, and perhaps even more of labor, the journey being so round about. But that which saved me from turning back was a strange inquisitive desire, very unbecoming in a boy of little years, in a word, I would risk a great deal to know what made the water come down like that, and what there was at the top of it.

Therefore, seeing hard strife before me, I girt up on my breeches anew, with each buckle one hole tighter, for the sodden straps were stretching and giving, and mayhap my legs were grown smaller from the coldness of it. Then I bestowed my fish around my neck more tightly, and not stopping to look much, for fear of fear, crawled along over the fork of rocks, where the water had scooped the stone out, and shunning thus the ledge from whence it rose like the mane of a white horse into the broad black pool, softly I let my feet into the dip and rush of the torrent.

And here I had reckoned without my host, although (as I thought) so clever; and it was much but that I went down into the great black pool, and had never been heard of more: and this must have been the end of me, except for my trusty loach-fork. For the green wave came down like great bottles upon me, and my legs were gone off in a moment, and I had not time to cry out with wonder, only to think of my mother and Annie, and knock my head very sadly, which made it go round so that brains were no good, even if I had any. But all in a moment, before I knew aught, except that I must die out of the way with a roar of water upon me, my fork, praise God, stuck fast in the rock, and I was borne up upon it. I felt nothing except that here was another matter to begin upon; and it might be worth while, or again it might not, to have another fight for it. But presently the dash of the water upon my face revived me, and my mind grew used to the roar of it; and meseemed I had been worse off than this when first flung into the Lowman.

Therefore I gathered my legs back slowly, as if they were fish to be landed stopping whenever the water flew too strongly off my shin-bones, and coming along without sticking out to let the wave get hold of me. And in this manner I won a footing, leaning well forward like a draught-horse, and balancing on my strength as if were, with the ashen stake set behind me. Then I said to myself, "John Ridd, the sooner you get yourself out by the way you came the better it will be for you." But to my great dismay and affright, I saw that no choice was left me now, except that I must climb somehow up that hill of water or else be washed down into the pool and whirl around it till it drowned me. For there was no chance of fetching back by the way I had gone down into it, and farther up was a hedge of rock on either side of the water-way, rising a hundred yards in height, and for all I could tell five hundred, and no place to set a foot in.

Having said the Lord's Prayer (which was all I knew), and made a very bad job of it, I grasped the good loach-stick under a knot, and steadied me with my left hand, and so with a sigh of despair began my course up the fearful torrent way. To me it seemed half a mile at least of sliding water above me, but in truth it was little more than a furlong, as I came to know afterward. It would have been a hard ascent even without the slippery slime and the force of the river over it, and I had scanty hope indeed of ever winning the summit. Nevertheless, my terror left me, now I was face to face with it, and had to meet the worst; and I set myself to do my best with a vigor and sort of hardness which did not then surprise me, but have done so ever since.

The water was only six inches deep, or from that to nine at the utmost, and all the way up I could see my feet looking white in the gloom of the hollow, and here and there I found resting-place, to hold on by the cliff and pant a while. And gradually as I went on, a warmth of courage breathed in me, to think that perhaps no other had dared to try that pass before me, and to wonder what mother would say to it. And then came thought of my father also, and the pain of my feet abated.

How I went carefully, step by step, keeping my arms in front of me, and never daring to straighten my knees, is more than I can tell clearly, or even like now to think of, because it makes me dream of it. Only I must acknowledge that the greatest danger of all was just where I saw no jeopardy, but ran up a patch of black ooze-weed in a very boastful manner, being now not far from the summit.

Here I fell very piteously, and was like to have broken my knee-cap, and the torrent got hold of my other leg while I was indulging the bruised one. And then a vile knotting of cramp disabled me, and for a while I could only roar, till my mouth was full of water, and all of my body was sliding. But the fright of that brought me to again, and my elbow caught in a rock-hole; and so I managed to start again, with the help of more humility.

Now, being in the most dreadful fright, because I was so near the top, and hope was beating within me, I labored hard with both legs and arms, going like a mill, and grunting. At last the rush of forked water, where first it came over the lips of the fall, drove me into the middle, and I stuck a while with my toe-balls on the slippery links of the pop-weed, and the world was green and gliddery, and I durst not look behind me. Then I made up my mind to die at last; for so my legs would ache no more, and my breath not pain my heart so; only it did seem such a pity, after fighting so long, to give in, and the light was coming upon me, and again I fought toward it; then suddenly I felt fresh air, and fell into it headlong.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHARLIE—A FAILURE

BY MARY CROSS, IN AVE MARIA

Mrs. Brady sat solitary in the room behind the shop — a small apartment where odors of green-grocery entered into a powerful alliance with the more domesticated fragrance of cooking and washing — regaling herself with dripping-toast and stewed tea. She had wept until she could weep no more, and had reached the stage of telling herself that she would just have to put up with things. She had "come through worse" since fever had deprived her of her breadwinner and left her a widow in an alien land.

The shop bell tinkled. She leaned forward to see a familiar face, and called an informal invitation to a fat little woman with a string bag overflowing with parcels.

"Come in, Mrs. Marrow. I'm all me lone."

"I heard as the doctors had been to see Charlie, so I come to ask what they was going to do for him," explained the visitor.

But Mrs. Brady's red and swollen eyelids had already revealed that there was nothing to be done for Charlie, her first-born son. A year ago he, a bright young fellow of two and twenty, had met with an accident, which had resulted in paralysis from the waist downward. He had lain six months in the hospital. The house surgeon had taken an especial interest in him; and when he had been sent home again, still unable to stand or walk, though otherwise well, the promise had been given that at the end of another six months a famous surgeon should see him, and decided if an operation were practicable. "Wonderful cures he had wrought;" he might achieve marvellous results again.

The promise was not forgotten. The great man had come, with his less distinguished colleague, to the mean street and meaner dwelling, had climbed the narrow stair to the small, stuffy room where the patient had so long looked forward to this hour, clinging to the hope that science would release him from his dreary imprisonment; nerving himself for the ordeal of the operating room, since beyond it lay the joyful prospect of restored power. The great surgeon was touched to the quick of his humanity by the anxious, pallid, worn, young face; by the passion of appeal in the overlarge eyes, that, at the end of the examination, expressed itself in the question:

"Is there any chance for me, sir? Any hope that I'll ever walk about again?"

"You are not very strong at present; we must get you toned up. Dr. Griffiths will report to me later about you," said the surgeon, encouragingly; and Charlie did not detect that the reply was an evasion.

Once outside the little room, the surgeon spoke the cruel truth.

"There is no use sending him back to the hospital. The case is hopeless."

"The germs of phthisis are there too," murmured Dr. Griffiths.

"Ah! Well, that may be a blessing in disguise."

Kindly and sympathetically they had told Mrs. Brady that her son was doomed for life to "a mattress grave," then had gone their way to other sufferers. She had yielded to a storm of grief. Not until the sentence had been pronounced had she realized how confidently she had expected a different one, how high her hopes had raised themselves. They were low enough now; and a harder struggle than ever was before her—the maintenance of a helpless man added to her burdens. There was a wide gap of years between Charlie and the other children, none of whom were over school age yet. It was hard that this should have happened when she most needed his help.

"I never 'ad no faith in doctors," said Mrs. Marrow, with a vague intention of imparting comfort, when Mrs. Brady had stated the issue of the consultation.

"The Lord's will be done!" she said resignedly. "Poor Charlie is one of the unfortunates, ma'am, and that's a truth. It's been doctors and medicine and out of work ever since he was born. The first situation he ever had the master bolted without paying a farthing to any one. Then Charlie took fever. Then he was in a shop, and it was burned out. At his last place he got himself mixed up with the hoist, and he'll never put a foot to the ground again. He must lie there and suffer to the end, poor boy!"

"You ought to put him in an institution, or get something off the parish for his keep," suggested Mrs. Marrow.

"I've not come to that, yet," declared Mrs. Brady, warmly. "Nobody belonging to me was ever in an institution or took money off the parish, glory be to God! And I'll be harder driven yet before I do one or the other."

The house was small, the walls were thin, Mrs. Brady's voice was of an incisive quality. Every syllable she had uttered had penetrated to Charlie's room, and had been as so many sword-thrusts into his heart. For a time the shock of the disclosure stupefied him. All too soon full and perfect understanding of it developed.

When his mother appeared with a cup of tea and the statement that she was going out, but "the children are back from school, so you needn't feel lonely," the change in his appearance startled her.

"Charlie darling, what's wrong?"

He flashed the explanation on her in a sentence:

"I heard you telling what the doctors said, mother."

For a moment she stood aghast. Not thus had she intended that he should learn his fate.

"Doctors make mistakes, dear, like other folks," she said feebly.

"Not those doctors," he returned. "I made the mistake, mother — the mistake of not being killed outright at the time."

"Ah, now, what's the good of talking like that, Charlie?"

"What is the good of me? Oh, do leave me alone for a bit! I want to get used to it."

He looked slowly round the small room, henceforth to be his world—from the narrow window darkened by chimney stalks from the discolored walls, their sole decorations an unframed print of the "Last Supper" and an oleograph of the "Mater Dolorosa," to the table made out of a packing-case, and holding his few books and simple toilet requisites. And as he looked, he shuddered. He was only twenty-three, and he might live to be an old man, lying here year after year helpless, a burden on others, who one day might taunt him with the galling fact. That he was so was not his fault. He had done well at school, had loved learning for learning's sake; but in the fight for daily bread misfortune had followed him, and brought him to this most desperate pass. How could he bear it? Why should he bear it? How much better if he had died in the hospital! There would be one mouth less to fill. He had always been a source of care and cost and anxiety. He was that more than ever now. From such thoughts chasing each other through his mind, like so many waves crested with the question, "What have I to live for?" was born a ghastly resolve.

There was a clattering of feet on the staircase, and presently Pat, his youngest brother, entered eating bread and treacle.

"Want anything, Charlie?" he asked, perfunctorily.

A minute elapsed ere Charlie answered:

"Put my razor where I can reach it. Don't come upstairs again. Shut the door. I am going to—sleep."

Meanwhile Mrs. Brady proceeded on her business of buying next day's dinner in the cheapest market, so lost in melancholy reflection that she did not see a tall figure crossing the squalid street until she had collided with it.

"Beg your pardon, sir! Oh, is it yourself, Dr. Griffiths?"

"Yes, Mrs. Brady. I want to see Charlie again for a minute or two before I go back to the hospital."

"He knows that he'll not get better, sir," she said mournfully. "He's after hearing me tell a neighbor, and I'm so grieved at my imprudence! His heart is broken, sir. If you could just give him a word of comfort—if you only could! You were so good when he was in your ward, and kept him up all the time."

"We must try to keep him up still," said the doctor. "Don't trouble to come with me, Mrs. Brady. I know the way."

He went through the shop and quietly upstairs. Charlie had not heard his approach; but careless Pat had left the door of the room open, and what the doctor saw brought him to an abrupt stand-still. "Show thyself a Mother!" the prayer he had uttered by many a bed of suffering and sorrow went upward from his heart now as the agony of that young soul was revealed to him.

There could be no doubt as to what had been Charlie's intention. He had unfastened his collar and bared his throat, and he clutched a razor. But his eyes were fixed on something, his expression was changing; and even as the doctor watched, in silent appeal to the Queen of Sorrows, the instrument fell from those thin fingers, and slow tears started forth from those weary eyes. He was gazing at the picture of the "Last Supper." Strange it was that, in the very act of raising his hand to end his life, he should look at that; that a newer, deeper comprehension of its meaning should dawn upon him; that the words it illustrated, which he had heard and read many a time and oft, should chime their mournful, mysterious music in his ears now. "And whilst they were eating, He said: "Amen, I say to you, that one of you is about to betray Me. And they, being very much troubled, began every one to say: Is it I, Lord?"

Charlie was only twenty-three. He might live to be sixty, lingering helpless as a log in this narrow prison—live perhaps to be neglected, to suffer more cruel pangs of soul and body. Reason itself might give away. Better to end all now with one swift stroke.

But through all those thoughts, above those whispers of the tempter, he heard that tremulous searching question, "Is it I, Lord?" with a growing identification of himself within it. "One of you is about to betray Me. . . . Is it I, Lord? The sentences beat upon his brain until his mental and bodily anguish found vent in the cry:

"No, Lord—no, it is not I! It shall not be. Help me, save me, strengthen me. I have denied Thee by my sins, my complainings, my rebellion against Thy will; but do not let me betray Thee. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for me a sinner, now—yes, now, Mother! Oh, pray now! Dear Lord, it is not I!"

When Dr. Griffiths entered, a wonderful peacefulness was setting on the worn, white face. There was no longer fear that Charlie would desert his appointed post before the Great Commander bade him. The strong, steady, skillful hand and the trembling, wasted one met in a clasp.

"Charlie, dear lad! So God wills that you are to serve Him here and thus! Dear lad! Well, I came back to ask you to help Father Farrelly, whom I have just been calling on. He has formed a club for working-boys in this district. You are very clever at wood-carving, I know, and could teach it if you would. May Father Farrelly send one or two of the boys to you as pupils? It is all to keep them off the streets and out of temptation. Will you do this for us, Charlie?"

* * * * * *

"No, Charlie's no better," Mrs. Brady replied to the inquiring Mrs. Marrow a few months later. "But you'd wonder to see how cheery he is, since Dr. Griffiths put it into his head to teach wood-carving to Father Farrelly's boys. I tell him he'll be opening a school next. Its his cough that is the worst on him, poor boy!"

Mrs. Marrow prescribed "liquorice and Spanish," secretly asking herself if Mrs. Brady really did not know that Charlie was in consumption." The disease had made rapid progress, but the poor mother closed her eyes to the fact. When, after months of suffering, the Angel of Death struck off the fleshly fetters and released the patient soul, she broke down as she had never done before.

"I wonder at her taking on, doctor—I really do," murmured Mrs. Marrow, wiping her own eyes. "The poor lad's better away. He was never nothing but a failure."

"A failure?" The good doctor smiled. "Ah, no! The highest success of all is his—the success of the everlasting crown for the cross bravely borne."

PROTESTANT PRAISE

THE SERAPH OF ASSISI IS THE FAVORITE SAINT AMONG OUR SEPARATED BRETHREN.—SPLENDID TRIBUTE TO ST. FRANCIS BY FATHER PAUL (EPISCOPALIAN.)

It is remarkable what a profound religious influence is exerted among sincere non-Catholics by St. Francis, the Seraph of Assisi. His life, the perfect ideal of a follower of the Master, appeals to the Protestant as well as to the Catholic heart, because of its abounding charity, its simplicity, its absolute unselfishness. Under the caption, "The Call of St. Francis," Father Paul, of the Society of the Atonement (Episcopalian), writes as follows in The Lamp, of which he is the editor:

"In August was observed at Assisi the seventh centenary of the Founding by St. Francis of his First Order, Fratres Minores, or Friars Minors, as the Seraphic Patriarch, and all generations since, have called them. Let us look back over the vista of the intervening centuries and try to form some scant idea of how much the Catholic Church owes to St. Francis. When shutting our eyes for the time being to everything else, we regard him simply as a Religious Founder, and have traced down to the present day the three mighty rivers of Franciscan influence, which bear respectively the names of the First, Second and Third Orders of St. Francis, let us not suppose that we have arrived at any adequate estimate of our Saint.

THE FATHER OF MODERN RELIGIOUS FOUNDERS.

"We must also take into account that a great majority of the other notable Religious founders, who have arisen since the days of St. Francis, have sprung from the Franciscan stock and were proud to number themselves among the sons and daughters of the Poor Man of Assisi.

"For example the following great friends of God were members of the Franciscan Third Order: St. Ignatius, founder of the Jesuits, and his two most famous associates, St. Francis Xavier and St. Francis Borgia; St. Charles Borromeo, founder of the Oblates; St. Vincent de Paul, founder of the Lazarists and of the Sisters of Charity; St. Philip Neri, founder of the Oratorians; St. Francis de Sales and St. Francis de Chantal, joint founders of the Sisters of the Visitation; St. Paul of the Cross, founder of the Passionists; St. Alphonsus Liguori, founder of the Redemptorists; St. Angela, founder of the Ursulines; Blessed John Baptist de la Salle, founder of the Christian Brothers; Father Olier, founder of the Sulpicians; Dom Bosco, founder of the Salesian Fathers and Sisters; and Frederick Ozanam, founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

THE REVIVAL OF FRANCISCANISM.

At the present time there are in various parts of the world in round numbers some twenty-five thousand Franciscan Friars, one hundred thousand Franciscan Sisters and one million Franciscan Tertiaries.

"This is a splendid showing after seven hundred years and best of all the family of St. Francis manifests no sign of decay, on the contrary the close of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century have been marked by an unprecedented revival of Franciscanism and an extraordinary feature of this revival is the remarkable way in which the cultus of St. Francis is spreading among Anglicans and Protestants. The other day in Washington, a Protestant minister said to us: 'Francis of Assisi is the saint of us Protestants' and certainly he voiced the sentiments of a vast number of his fellow religionists. The Salvation Army has published a short life of the saint, which has been read by many thousands of the proletariat, and a Socialist writer and lecturer of increasing distinction was heard to say in the company of other socialists some weeks ago: 'I consider St. Francis of Assisi the most perfect follower of Jesus that ever lived.'

"We believe that the time is providentially ripe for a great Franciscan renaissance. The number seven is a favorite one with God in recurring cycles of time, whether of days or years. We see this repeatedly in the Scriptures both of the Old and New Testament. It could hardly have been an accident that Francis arose seven hundred years after St. Benedict to give a new and mighty influence to the Religious Life both of men and women in the West, at the same time affording a fresh stimulus to Monasticism, which had languished somewhat and suffered a partial decadence. And now after another cycle of seven hundred years we see the Franciscans outstripping all competitors in the foreign mission field, and everywhere gaining in numbers and strength.

THINGS OLD AND NEW.

"In the thirteenth century, St. Francis as a scribe instructed in the mysteries of the Kingdom of God, did something more than bring old things out of the treasury of St. Benedict, he made a new departure from the monastic regulations of the foregoing centuries, he came not to destroy or discredit the Benedictine institute, but rather to supplement it by filling Europe with an itinerant army of preaching friars and by giving marching and sailing orders, to yet another army of missionary enthusiasts, who 'went among the Saracens,' penetrated to the heart of heathen Asia at the close of the fifteenth century discovered a new world, and then converted millions of the aboriginal inhabitants of North and South America to the Catholic religion.

WILL THERE BE ANOTHER ST. FRANCIS?

"All of which suggests the possibility that God may be contemplating a further departure in the twentieth century from the crystalized Franciscan methods of the thirteenth century, in which some providential Elisha, it may be, following hard after Francis, and calling upon him and saying: 'My Father, my Father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof' shall ask of him a 'double portion of his spirit' and receiving from heaven his mantle, shall accomplish in the twentieth century a revival of true religion, as unique, as supernatural and as marvellous as the son of the Assisian cloth merchant wrought by the power of God in the times of Innocent III., Honorius III. and Gregory IX.

"But whether or no the present generation is to witness the coming of another St. Francis to concentrate in one personality the Christian Ideal and to interpret afresh to men the example, the life and the spirit of Jesus crucified, of this at least there can be no doubt, the call of St. Francis may be heard ringing out clear and strong in the soul of every elect soul that will but listen: 'Follow me, even as I leaving the world followed Christ with a perfect heart.'

A PLACE FOR ALL.

"As of old St. Francis gives the individual his choice, according to his condition and state of life; first, there is his great religious order for men, those who in the present age, as did his original followers seven hundred years ago, 'follow the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ' and keep the rule of the Friars Minor, which Francis declared he received, not from man, but from God. Then for women who would forsake the world altogether and serve God in seclusion, strictest poverty and ceaseless prayer, St. Francis' Second Order, the "Poor Clares" as its members are commonly called, still offers a refuge and retreat. But for those who would serve God in holy religion and yet after a less stringent rule and in the way of the active life, by teaching youth, or ministering to Christ in the person of His poor, the sick, the fallen and the outcast, the doors of convents and religious houses of the Third Order Regular almost without number stand ready to be opened, if any, as a postulant, will but knock.

THE THIRD ORDER SECULAR.

"As for those who find themselves bound by the ties of family life, they too, may hear the call of Francis to take up, in their state of life, the Cross, and as true disciples of the Crucified to strive in the midst of the world to live a life of entire consecration to God, cultivating the virtues of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, of St. Louis of France, and of the Blessed Luchese, who was the first to be clothed by St. Francis in the Tertiary habit. The Third Order Secular of the Seraphic Patriarch invites all such to embrace its Rule, and to be girded with the white cord of St. Francis. Pope Leo XIII. of blessed memory, declared the Third Order of St. Francis to be the hope of the world in the face of the advancing tide of materialistic socialism and unbelief. Recall to mind how St. Francis, as a true Social Reformer, emancipated the Catholic masses of Europe from the serfdom of Feudalism and justly earned the title of the Father of Christian Democracy, which posterity more recently has accorded him. Especially here in America, which Franciscans first discovered and evangelized, we need a countless multitude of Franciscan Tertiaries, obedient to the rule and teaching of Jesus Christ, bent on carrying out politically as well as religiously the Christian democracy of St. Francis of Assisi, to offset the soulless feudalism of incorporated greed. He that hath ears to hear the call of St. Francis, let him hear."

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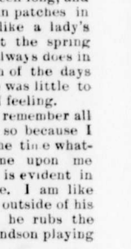
remember holidays I m Tiverton ght by my- nd baked in egar, a few zen pepper- l that in all d anything . Whether t of compli- ng the fish r she really tell, though nd so would em; at any ome loaches e self-same t a bit. , even now, right knowl- ere he lives, e him. And t it, because would be no years after . A pickled catch him in fingers upon ore than the with a loach

ome loaches, e. I set forth in the fore- 1675—76, I hie should not water was too een long, and n patches in like a lady's t the spring always does in of the days was little to feeling. remember all so because I he tin e what- ne upon me is evident in e. I am like outside of his he rubs the ndson playing

age, I never d how bitter r I doffed my hem in a bag my little coat t-sleeves back took a three- l to a rod with kerchief with d so went into to think how han a mile all carcely a stone g thoroughly the loach, and himself. For clear to see ke a cuttle fish will stay quite seed is in the be overlooked, is tail. Then, ps away like er, and hies to with his sharp ; or sometimes mud, and only nd that is the ly, holding the llowing for the o pass, I know air and water. d not be abroad ook for him, but ttle home, then orth amazed at ingles, and oar , and then dart e gray streak; o mark him in, So after that, l up behind his cannot set eyes o stream always, n abiding still, fable. Then, as u make full sure te of the wry of aking elbows to embling of your u gird at him good as gotten f the river he is and only a little from the points

at limpid water, iceberg, went my



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