remembered Tommy, and after a moment got her breath again and went on, a little too quickly, but very quietly—a slight brown-clad figure against the wall of the great tower.

Far below her, on the sidewalk, a man craned his neck to look at the

man craned his neck to look at the tower. Along the light scaffolding, near where the roof began to slope upward to the observation porch, he saw something creep like a spider. And he wondered what it could be.

The platform was a frail structure, but it bore her slight weight, and she reached the baby safe. At once she freed him from the hook. His head had been hanging down, so that he could not breath easily. When Fay could not breath easily. When Fay freed him, his breath came with a wail. His tiny arms clung to her; he sobbed like a grown-up person,

and hid his face against her.
She kissed his curly head. "I've got you, baby love," she murmured "I won't let the baby fall."

She felt as if they were quite safe, waiting for some one to come, Below them was the second scaffold, on which the men stood working.

Below that—
She tried not to think of the dizzy

way down the street.

The platform on which Fay stood The platform on which Fay stood sagged ominously, but with the heavy child in her arms, the girl did not dare to move. There was a spatter of rain, and lightning played across the sky. When she felt the wind again—a first faint brush on her face—she put her head down and hugged Tommy Savage.

The noise of the wind kept her from hearing what happened above her. One of the janitors of the store had made his way, by the aid of rope,

had made his way, by the aid of rope down the sloping roof to the cornice He pushed a queer ladder out above her, and made it fast at the edge of the roof. Then he crept along; but for fear of starting her, he did not speak until he was very near. "Don't get scared, lady; just hand the baby here to me."

aby here to me."

In that high wind she could hardly lift Tommy to the man's arms; and Tommy screamed and clung to her. But the janitor dragged Tommy' little hands from the girl's neck.

"You stay right where you are, dy," he said; "don't try to climb ack. I'll be right here again for ou." And then Fay was left alone. The wind swelled to a gale. The

weak platform swayed ominously. She clung with her hands until she saw that the whole thing would go. Then she managed to slide down to the scaffolding on which the men had stood while at their work; she bowed her head before the wind.

When she looked through the flying mortar dust, the platform on which she and Tommy had been was gone. For the first time since she had reached the baby, she began to think about falling. She tried to stop thinking of it, but could not. "Now, I mustn't look down!" she

Then—partly because she was try-ing not to do so—she did look down. She saw a restless, black crowd of people, so far away that they seemed to be in another world. She grew

to be in anotated dizzy and ill.

"I can't hold out longer," she thought, "In a minute I shall let thought, bard to the scaffoldgo." She clung hard to the scaffold-ing; but everything grew dark, and then went whirling about as if in a

At last she felt the scaffolding—or her hands—gave way, and she knew that she was falling. She tried to catch at pieces of wood, but they all seemed to give way. She went down rather slowly and softly, she thought, like a feather. She passed through the mesh of wires, and began to when she should strike the ground. Then the shock came : and for a minute she knew nothing at

When she recovered her senses, there were people all about her : she was lying flat on a pavement or

Oh!" she said. "Am I hurt? I fell all the way from the top of the new tower.

Someone laughed. "I guess if you had, you wouldn't have any-thing to say about it. No, you didn't fall. When the janitor got to you, you were holding that scaffolding as if you'd never let go—he had to drag your hands away."
Fay closed her eyes to think it

over. After a moment she laughed, and they helped her to her feet.

A woman, with tears flowing down her face, ran up and threw both arms around her. It was Tommy's mother. "Oh, I'll always love you!" she cried. "Tommy and I can never, never pay you back!"

Somehow, after that, the baby was often spoken of as "Fay's Tommy Savage." And after that, too, Fay never lacked for friends.

MANY DISCONCERTING VARI-ETIES OF PROTESTANTISM

The following statement is pub lished by the Rev. Royden Keith Yerkes, S. T. D., rector of the Church the Transfiguration (P. E.), Philadelphia, and instructor in the University of Pennsylvania.

" It has been well suggested that a strongly united Church can best exemplify to Christendom what she means by Christian unity. It is the Po equally well known that that Church tious! is not the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, which contains doctrines, disciplines and worships not only varied and diverse, but in many instances almost opposite. Even the construction of

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"A stranger, seeing a strange church in a strange town, knows not what kind of service to expect in that church the next Sabbath morning, or what kind of religion will be taught in the sermon he may hear. If he would send his children to Sabbath school, he knows not what kind of lessons they may be taught. They may be taught that there are two acraments, or they may learn that know whom I mean?" there are seven. They may be pressed to go to confession, or they may be warned to stay away. They may be instructed that Christ is present in the elements of the Holy Communion, or they may learn that He is absent the state of the Holy Communion, or they may learn that He is absent the communication of the Holy Communion, or they may learn that He is absent the communication of the Holy Communicatio from them. They may be taught to genuflect, or they may be told that it is wrong to genuflect. They may be told that it told that they must receive Holy communion fasting, or they may be told that this is nonsense, and that "Why? Because Lee X. was an they should eat their breakfast first. They may be instructed that there are certain celebrations of Holy Communion where they should not think of receiving, or they may be taught to absent themselves from the service unless they expect to receive. They may be taught to visit the reserved Sacrament, and there to say their prayers, or they may be told that this is idolatry. They may be prepared for confirmation at ten years of age or wait till seventeen. In other words, the stranger in a strange town must first learn what kind of Protestant Episcopal church is in that town before he knows aught of the type of religion to be found within its walls. -Providence Visitor.

WHAT THE MONKS DID!

BEING A DIALOGUE BETWEEN A SCHOLAR WHO KNEW SOME. THING AND A PROFESSOR KNEW IT ALL)

There was once a professor, who There was once a professor, who used to close his lectures with the pathetic words "Priests and monks are good for nothing; they always hated science, art and progress; their schools are poor and all the books published by Catholics are of no value and when a young man cannot b anything else, he studies for the

One day, after school, a student by the name of "Sepp" called on the professor. Sepp was a bright and intelligent young fellow and could not be easily bluffed. He went to the professor's room and said gently: Professor, I have some difficulties hat worry me ever since I attended "For heaven's sake, hold your that worry me ever since I attended your lectures. Will you kindly help me to remove them?

"Why not, dear friend, with the greatest of pleasure. Certainly I

Only some questions, professor. Who preserved for us the classics? How is it possible that those valuable writings of the Greeks and Romans did not get lost during the barbarism of the dark ages?"

"Monks copied them, and thus they have been saved." What, Professor! Monks you say,

Yes, my friend, and especially the Benedictines."

'So monks copied the old codes and saved them for us. Indeed, that must have been a very troublesome work. Was it not? And probably many a monk caught consumption from the library dust? Well I am surprised. Strange times and curious monks to spend their lives copying letter after letter from Livy, Cæsar, Cicero, Virgil, Ovil, Homer, Demosthenes, etc. And how those codes look! Carefully written, just as if painted, and the initials are, in fact, a fine piece of art. Oh, these -wait, professor, is it true that without priests we would not have a Columbus and a Vasco de Gama? A monk, Fra Mauro, history tells us, made that costly map which gave Columbus the first impulse to the discovery of the New World?" "It is true, but somebody else

could have drawn such a map, too." "Of course. Why should the monks and priests alone have those great ideas. Listen, Professor, I also read that the Pope introduced the graceful Arabic figures in arithmetic and abolished those clumsy Roman char-

Well, my boy, Pope Sylvester II. introduced them, but somebody else could have done the same thing if the Popes were not always so ambi-

"Again history teaches, that a monk invented the telescope and the microscope, but this hardly can be true? The monks want to claim all

inventions."
"Well, my boy, it is believed by opposite. Even the construction of our churches varies from a close copy of a Roman Catholic Church to a bare meeting house, without altar

ception and what we style a " mod ern "Franciscan and not one of those bigots and cowl-bearers."

"He died in 1292."
"He then, was up to date very early, wasn't he? Besides this, Professor, not long ago I read of the man who first taught that the sun is stationary and the earth revolves about the sun and even you, Professor, do not know whom I mean?"

Corpernicus, I suppose." "No sir. Copernicus was not the first one. Before him the Bishop of

"That may be possible."

"Excuse me, Professor, why do we call the age in which literature, arts

"Why? Because Leo X. was an ardent admirer of classic literature, and a magnanimous patron of the arts and sciences."

"You don't say? Leo, a Pope, and at the same time took a great inter-est in fine arts. Well, I declare!" "It seems to me, fellow, you are

fooling me."
"Not at all! Those are only doubts, intolerable doubts. I would kick against the monks if I had reasons, but these doubts do not let me rest. Now, Professor, is it true that the first free schools were opened by de

"Yes, by the Frenchman, de la Salle."

" I understand you mean to say by the Catholic priest de la Salle. And the first monk who cared for the deaf mutes—was not that the Spaniard Pedro de Ponce, and after him the priest L'Epee ?"
"Yes; and now stop, you block

head !' "Don't get hot, Professor. It is not our fault that history is full of the 'Black Devils.' Moreover, I read that a monk by the name of Schwartz invented gunpowder; the monk Guido d'Arezzo the gamut, and laid down the foundation for harmony; a monk from Bavaria the process of glass painting; the Jesuit Secchi is espec-ially distinguished for his discoveries in spectroscopic analysis and in

solar and stellar physics; the Jesuit "Shut up. You are guying me, not take me for a lightning rod?"

"You're right, you're right, Professor! The first lightning rod was not made by Franklin, but it was invented by the Premonstrateension monk Divisch. You can read that in any

tongue. You are too talkative.

"Ah, the greatest polyglot of mod-ern times was Cardinal Mezzofani. He was a talker! He knew only seventy eight languages and dialects and talked fifty-six.' That'll do, you silly goose. Get

out of here.' "In what direction? The deacon Flavia Gioja, who improved the com-

pass about the year 1300 could cer-tainly tell me." What's the matter? You're get-

ting the brain fever, fellow." What if I have the brain fever, go get the fire engines which were first introduced by the Cistercian monks, and the Capuchins were down to the seventeenth century the first

firemen of Paris." "If you don't shut up now, you'll fly out of the window, you infernal

rascal."
"In aerial heights, oh, truly. The first balloon was made by the monk, Berthold Gusmac, sixty years before Montgolfieri, and in 120 this monk ascended with his balloon in the presence of all the lords and courtiers of Portugal. What do you clean your eyeglasses for, Professor? They are also au invention of the 'Black Dev ils,' and were invented in the thirteenth century by the Dominican Alexander Spina. Areyou in a hurry, that you look at your watch? You shouldn't do that, because it is an invention of the priests. The first clock is from the ecclesiastical writer Sassilidirus (505), but his invention was improved upon by Sylvester II., whom I mentioned before. The first astronomical clock was made by the Abbot, Wallingford, in 1316.

Now, I'll go. I see your hot, Pro-fessor, and the gas lights down town are turned on. Oh, yes, Professor, I almost forgot to tell you that the Jesuits invented the gas lights, this 'nato lucifuga.' Without any doubt the Jesuits invented and introduced it in 1794, at Stonyhurst, England and the Jesuit Dumm established the first gas company in 1815 in Preston. Now good-bye, Professor. Kindly ex-cuse. Oh, I see you bought a new bicycle? By the way, the first bicycle Bacon, but remember, he was an ex- Goo-goo eyes may work all right on

boys and girls, but they have no effect upon me, for unhistoric facts.
Veritas vincet. The next time we'll talk about Catholic books."

Once more Sepp said "Good-night," but the Professor did not thank him.

" IF YOU CAN'T SMILE "

In the vestibule of a certain hospital visitors see a card bearing this advice: "Never utter a discouraging word while you are in this hospital. You should come here only for the purpose of helping. Keep your hindering, sad looks for other places; and if you can't smile don't places : and if you can't smile, don't

" If you can't smile, don't go in !" It is good advice for others than hospital visitors. Who is beyond the ministry of a kindly smile? It is a tonic to the discouraged. It helps the little child for whom the world holds so much that makes afraid and

it cheers the aged who find life un-speakably lonely. As King Arthur's

court was built by music, so the happier life we all hunger for here upon earth is built in large part by the cheerful faces we see as we bear the load appointed for us.

Smiles are as indispensable to true success in life as money, mind and might. Not in hospitals only, then, but in the home and on the street there is a call for the kindly, sunny smile. The way to have it is to get the heart right with God and then turn the eyes to the light, for the smile that helps is the smile of heaven-kindled joy and hope.—St. Paul Bulletin. Paul Bulletin.

Our judgments are inspired by our acts, more than our acts by our judgments.

It is better to be rebuked by a wise man than to be deceived by the flattery of fools.

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