

I appreciate the sentiment of Colonel Newcome: 'It is a grand thing to inherit a noble name; but, please God, you and I, Cline, will do that which is better, we will try to deserve one.'

"An old tree cannot be made in one generation," said Mr. Dillon; "and there is no use setting up pasteboard imitation, to be levelled by the first rude blast. It is for us to plant wisely, as did our forefathers, in order that posterity may honor us in our work. Each day we read of the wrecks of families. The majority are the result of extravagant living. Thirty years ago Darby and Joan were rich on \$3,000 a year. Now they are poor and mean on three times that sum."

"I think it strange," said Mrs. Murphy, "that people are so blind. Everybody is known and talked about. The cook, the dress maker, the grocer, and the others send abroad the injustice of the people, from whose folly they suffer."

"How old are your children, Tom," asked Mr. Dillon.

"The eldest, your namesake, is twenty-three; Imogene, twenty-one; Blanche, nineteen, and Percy seventeen."

"Has Edward any profession?"

"No; he says he cannot make up his mind. He graduated last year."

"Give me his points."

"I think he has some ability; he is an athletic fellow, delights in manly sport, but at present he is such a fop that I can't bear to look at him. He is not a fool, but he takes pleasure in looking like one. He is natural only when in trim for a game of foot ball; he appears to put on silliness with his fine clothes. If he could be taken from the set that flatters him I think his native good sense would assert itself. But we came to invite you to dine with us on Thursday; you can see the young folk then."

"I thank you for the invitation, but I desire to spend my free time with my friends here."

"I should like you to see the children and the place. Can you not go home with me for an hour tomorrow afternoon?"

"Can I come into town before 6.00?"

"O, yes, there is a train every hour."

"Very well, I will meet you at the station."

"Three o'clock sharp."

"All right."

In the silence that ensued, Mrs. Butler's voice sounded sharply from the end of the room where the ladies were conversing:

"What Catholic magazine have we that can compare with Harper's, for instance?"

"I think," replied Mrs. Redmond, "that you cannot institute a comparison between the two. The one is religious, the other secular; they are on entirely different lines. They may be equal in point of style, but because of the variety of subjects treated, the latter will be more generally attractive. Both may be useful, but the Catholic periodical is necessary. You find it difficult to discover any magazine of the kind superior to our Quarterly Review, or the Catholic World. I mention them because they are of our own neighborhood."

"I never see them," said Mrs. Butler, "I have no time for reading, except on Sundays, and then the newspapers take my time. I often wish we had good Catholic fiction."

"Are you speaking ironically?"

"No, indeed; I want something to give the girls; I can't make them read pious books all the time."

"Are they given to gorging themselves with spiritual reading, Kate?"

"No indeed; they read nothing but novels."

"I remember their mother had the same taste when she was their age. I am going to give a suggestion: I wish, I might hope, you would act on it: Go into a Catholic bookstore and ask for a catalogue; from it you can select a variety of delightful fiction, or subscribe for one of the magazines just mentioned, or for the *Ace Maria*. You will find in any of them book notices that will aid you in making a selection. You will find mentioned the works of Conrad Von Bolanden. His story of the Progressionists might have been written in this year, and in our own country, so true is it to life in this city. Mrs. Craven, Christian Reid, Kathleen O'Meara, and a host of others, too numerous to mention, furnish the stories of beautiful lives in exquisite language. There are some who maintain that the character of a man is affected by the kind of food he lives on. Be that as it may, I know that the woman who reads nothing more ennobling than a novel or a Sunday