### PALMS

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"TANGLED PATHS," "MAY
BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER IX.

PRELUDES.

Strangely enough, Claudia was un-willing to lay off the Etruscan chain, with its jewelled amulet, when, wearied by the fatigues of a most happy day, and very sleepy, Zilla disrobed her for the night. The marvellously delicate workmanship and intricate design of the chain, the facets of the great ruby, the pearls which encircled it, she had over and over again with tips of her sensitive fingers, until the form of each was familiar to her senses, and she knew that they were beau

'Yes, my dear one,' said Zilla, in reply to her childish insistence, "they are indeed beautiful; the chain might be made of spun sunbeams, it is so bright; and the ruby glows like a flame, the pearls are white and lustrous But, my child, the true worth of a gift depends on the giver; the most priceless thing would lose its value if pre sented by one who is false."

sented by one who is false.

Here again was the old, puzzling mystery of her life. How was it that Zilla could tell more jewel than herself?

Her fingers contains the contains and the could be contained to the contained the co veyed one thing to her mind, Zilla's words another. But why ask the riddle words another. to be solved, only to be again baffled?
As swiftly as the thought had come, just so swiftly did she banish it; then, the ing her arms around the pale, patient woman, and nestling her cheek against hers, she said, with a little laugh:

"Thou art only jealous, I know; but never fear, good mother, for I love thee never fear, good mother, for 1 for thee

—I love thee above all the jewels in the
world! But she—she who gave me
this!—oh, no! no! How could I ever
love one whose very touch makes my
heart shiver! At first I would have torn it off, and thrown it under Grillo's feet; but he—my father—bade me not repulse her kindness for his sake. And now-now I am glad I did not do so; for is so beautiful that I like it-yes, very

Zilla listened to her artless words, smoothing back the golden hair from he forehead with softly caressing hand and, although not satisfied, she forebore to urge her further, thinking it best that Nemesius himself should decide the question; and until then—perhaps not longer than the morrow-what harm would come of her wearing an ornament in which she took such delight? she imagined, unless it held some unholy spell intended to work evil to the She had, with keen perception quickened by her love, more than sus-pected the designs of Laodice, and be-lieved she would hesitate at nothing to gain her ends; and might not this cost ly ornament be one of the instruments employed by her for the purpose—some

potent magical device?
While these thoughts were passing through Zilla's mind, Claudia asleep, and, lifting her in her strong, tender arms, she laid her upon her dainty white couch. The flutings of a nightingale, full of vibrant sweetness and soft inflections, thrilled the silence; and a moonbeam, drifting through the vine draped window, cast its luminous whiteness across breast of the slumbering child, where the ruby, gleaming on her stain-less robe, was stirred by the even pul-sations of her heart, until, to the woman's excited imagination, it appeared like a flery eye watching and mocking her. Nor could she in the days and nights that followed, divest herself of the impression that there was something enclosed within the gem that

threatened evil to the innocent one.

Three days passed, and Nemesius raree days passed, and Nemestus was still absent; except this, there came no shadow to disturb the child's life. She missed him, and longed for him; but with a little sigh she bravely sought her usual pleasures, and listened with deepening interest to the daily lessons which Zilla read to her, know-

ing that this would best please him.
One day Fabian came, bring
Claudia messages of love from
Claudia messages of love from father, and a promise to see her the moment his duties released him; then, her heart being cheered, he soon wor her to laughter and merriment, as only he could do. He recognized with a second the ruby amulet hanging on her breast, but made no remark. his own thoughts about Laodice, and, being a man of the world, had easily fathomed her character; but why she should have given a jewel of inestim-able value to this blind child, was beyond his comprehension. He thought yond his comprehension. He thought, very truly, that he could learn nothing then and there; to try, would be only expending the moments aimlessly, which was contrary to his principles; but he would be patient and watchful until he found the clue to her motive; and while he was seeking it, she should never sus peet him, so entirely guileless would he

appear.
These conclusions were arrived at; then he caught the thread of what Claudia had been telling him about the young doves—oh! so many that they crowded each other out of the cote, back into their right places; while the old birds fluttered about making the most mournful cries. And sho most mournful cries. And she and Grillo were the best of friends; he had aever laughed and tried to say per Bacco since that day he frightened her so. "And, oh! I forgot to tell thee that a thrush has built her nest right under the beard of Silenus, at the grotto; and Zille says there are three little. and Zilla says there are three little

Fabian laughed and encouraged her to chatter on; and she told him of her lessons, and how she and Zilla made garlands for the statues, and brought the dii penates the first and sweetest flowers

that opened.

It was a strange study, the face of this man, with its expression of tender-ness not unmixed with speculative wonder, as he gazed into the animated countenance of the lovely child. "Why he asked himself she not see?" ean she not see! he ask beautiful:

what malign power has interfered to mar such perfection? By the gods! it remains to be seen if the decrees of Fate annot be made a negation in this case, by crowding her life with such over-flowing fullness of joy that she will be happier blind than those who see.

This was a new problem for Fabian, outside all the philosophies he had dabbled in; one not only vitalized by his real affection for the child, but by his love for his own peculiar process of rea-soning; and to circumvent Fate in her regard should be, he determined, from henceforth the object of his life. And so it was that this Roman exquisite, this wine-taster of philosophy, this goodnatured cynic, this man of pleasure and of varied learning entered upon a task which, viewed from every point, was the most congenial he had ever under taken. He was not religious according polytheistic belief, and secretly questioned it, and would have liked to test it by something higher and greater; but he knew of nothing, so what mattered it, when life was so

In the cool of the afternoon Fabian said farewell to his little cousin, who had confided many loving words to him for her father, and went back to Rome to enjoy himself, and watch Laodice. After several days' absence, Nemesiu

had a temporary release from his official duties, and hastened with hungry heart to his villa. After embracing is child, he discovered with the quick scrutiny of love that her face was transparently pale, and her movements languid. Alarmed, he questioned Zilla aside, only to learn that she too had observed the change; but as Claudia observed the enange; but as chadule complained of nothing, and was free from fever, she could in no way account for it, "unless," she added, "the sud-den hot weather has caused it." Although this did hot dispel his anxiety, he was willing to accept the possibility, his pres especially since, revived by nce, Claudia had brightened up, and was more like herself.
"What ailed thee, my daughter?"

he asked presently.
"Nothing, nothing; only sometimes my head feels light, and my feet heavy, and I get tired when I walk much; but Grillo helps me—he would walk about the whole day with me on his back, and sometimes he paces all the way to the cascade without being led, the dear old

Grillo!" she said laughing.

Nemesius too would have cast aside all further anxiety about her indisposition, had he not noticed the feverish glow that now crimsoned her cheeks and tips, and felt her heart beating too quickly against his arm. "It will not do to question her, lest it alarm her," he thought; "but in the morning the most skillful physician in Rome shall see

A heavy sadness stole over the fond father; sorrowful memories crowded his mind, and an indefinable dread, like the leaden stillness that portends the storm, seized upon him. With a strong storm, seized upon him. With a strong effort he shook off the intolerable and oppressive shadow, feeling as if he had just awakened from a horrible dream. It had only lasted for a few moments, and laudia's voice sounded to him like the sweetest music; for she had gone talking, thinking by his silence that he

was listening to every word she uttered.
"Who brought thee this costly gift, dear child? It is rarely beautiful said, as by a quick movement of hers the ruby amulet flashed into the light, and he held it up by the rich Etruscan chain for a nearer view.

"Oh! I had forgotten! I meant tell thee, my father. That lady to whom thou didst say I must be polite for thy sake, gave it to me the day Fabian took me to the old Temple. She was on her way to the villa of a friend when she saw us, and stopped a little while. She said she had met thee on the road near our gates, and that thou didst invite her to pay me a visit, but that she had another engagement, and would have to defer the pleasure. and would have to defer the pleasure.
Then when she was going away she threw the chain over my head, and said I must wear it for her sake; and before I could take it off to give it back to her, she had driven away. What could What could her, she had driven away. What could I do, my father? I would have thrown it under it under Grillo's feet, if I had not remembered thy words: and then when I found out how beautiful it was, I liked it, and would wear it, although Zilla did not wish me to."

That was her artless story, repeated slowly and with sleepy pauses as if it

were difficult to recollect.

The dark face of Nemesius flushed, and there was a momentary scintillation in his eyes as he listened. Like the nn ins eyes as he included in the rest of the pagan world, he was super-stitious, placing faith in spells and charms of magic; and, but for the absence of a motive in this instance, he would have believed that the curious ewel had some occult property which was working evil to his dear one; a any rate, he determined that she should nger wear it.

"I do not like thee, love of my heart, to wear a gift so costly as this from a stranger, however kindly meant. Will Will it pain thee to part with it?" he said,

derly.
'Here! here! take it, dearest father!" she exclaimed, slipping it over her head and laying it in his hand; " I ner nead and laying it in his hand; I no longer care for it. It is beautiful, but last night I dreamed a serpent was strangling me, and I awoke stifled, and found the chain twisted so tightly that my breath was almost gone. I frightened me all day; take it, for it might happen so again. Send it

"No, darling, we must not offend the " Zilla shall have it ady, he replied. lady, he replied. Zina snan have it in safe-keeping until thou art grown up. Then thou wilt decide how to dispose

'I shall never wear is again. day I will give it to Fabian for a keep-sake; he likes it, and says it is a rare

wel," she answered drowisly.
"Had I my will," thought Zilla, who ewel, sitting apart from them, had listened with breathless interest to every word that had passed—"had I my will, I would drop the accursed thing into that fathomless pool up yonder at the old Temple, out of which nothing that once

enters is ever seen again."
After Zilla had received the jewel, and gone away, Claudia fell asleep, her

head reclining on her father's breast, his arm supporting her. Her breathing was regular and soft, except when at intervals, a low, quivering sigh escaped her lips. So deep and tranquil was her slumber, that Nemesius bore her to her couch, and laid her upon her pillow without disturbing her. Then he stood without disturbing her. for a moment gazing down at her angelic countenance, an infinite tendernes sorrow in his eyes. He waited, but she did not stir; her flesh was moist and cool, the fever glow had faded from her cheeks and lips, and she breathed quietly; yet he could not divest himself

of uneasiness. "Retire," who had returned, and stood I will stay here, and call thee if needed.

Left alone, and scarcely daring to draw a long breath, lest it should dis-turb the child, Nemesius disposed himself in a large chair, and sat motionles beside her. Suddenly he remembered what the Jew-healer Ben Asa had said: She must have companionship with those of her own age; she must be made accustomed to meet strangers, until there is awakened a human interest outside the narrow associations hitherto guarding her life. Then, as her mine expands, it will find space, food, courage, and in the sympathetic intercourse of friends, a better conception of life, which will prepare her for that inevitable moment when her darkness, of of which she is now only vaguely conwhen her darkness, ious, shall be revealed to standing. This will be a shock to her, ome when it may; therefore, to enable her to bear it, all morbid se ness must be replaced by some healthy onditions.

That is what the wise Jew had said Nemesius, and had repeated to

Fabian.

"I should have thought of this before," he mused. "The Jew is right:
I see it. The birds, flowers, fountains, head little donkey will not with the absurd little donkey will not always satisfy thee; even Zilla, with all her love and care, is too wise and ave a companion for thee, my beautiful child. My duties-duties as terrible as fate, yet demanded by the exigencies of the times, and the glory of Romegrim, sickening duties, that wring daily protests from my nature—keep me eparated too often and too long from thee; but now I have found the remedy and, by the gods! no more time shall

Until far in the night Nemesius kept vigil beside her, whose dreams he knew, by the smile that half parted her lips, must be peaceful; until the silence, the subdued light, the musical voices of the night stealing in, and the soft whispering of the leaves as the zephyrs dallied with them, soothed him to slumbers as deep as hers.

He was awakened by a kiss, and low sweet laugh, and the soft clinging of arms around his neck. He saw the sunlight spread in tremulous golden shadows upon the walls, and for an instant he felt bewildered; then he remembered all the pain of the evening before, and how Claudia had fallen asleep in his arms, his vague dread, and his watch beside her, -all of which now seemed like a troubled dream, when he saw that her face was no longer pale, but rosy from sleep, and dimpled with

"Thou sluggard!" he said fondly,

art thou at last rested?"
"So rested that I awoke in time to catch thee sleeping. I heard thee breathing; at first it frightened me, then I put out my hand and felt thine, and touched thy dear face, and I knew—I knew who it was, and could not wait, but kissed thee, and laughed at the themselve of the astronishment. wait, but kissed thee, and largued at the thought of thy astonishment. How tired thou must have been to have dropped off to sleep here!" she said, in caressing tones "but now that thou in caressing tones art awake, come, let us go out into the warm, sweet sunshine, among the roses; for the birds are calling."

Zilla, and left her.

Zilla sawat once the strange improve ment in Claudia's appearance; her fears were relieved, and she laughed when were relieved, and the child told her, with little bursts of merriment between, how she had found her father asleep, and how she had

ner tather asteep, and now she had awakened him.

"That was how it happened," she added; "and I am well now, since he is here. It always makes me ill when he stays away so long. Oh, the dear Paratras are year, good to me and we Penates are very good to me, and we will bring them the most beautiful flowers to-day!"

flowers to-day!"

She was indeed better; the heavy languor of the last few days were gone, her voice had regained its own sweet ring; but Zilla observed, when she bathed her, and arrayed her in fresh, spotless garments, that her limbs and ands were tremulous, and her breath-

ing slightly hurried. such was the prelude of a most happy day for Claudia, and of—changes which turned the current of her life.

Nemesius lost no time in carrying out his plan. There were a few families in Rome with whom he had renewed friendly relations after his return from whose ancestors and his own had Gaul,—whose ancestors and his own had bequeathed a hereditary friendship to their descendants, which, in time, had grown to be almost as close as the ties of consanguinity. Among these he consanguinity. Among these he und four or five girls about the age of Claudia-daughters of noble and tuous matrons, who had guarded them from contamination, and trained them in the best precepts of pagan morality. That his child should become their friend was in accord with family tradi-tions, and, with the consent of their parents, he invited them to make her a visit. Their elders knew of Claudia's misfortune, tenderly sympathized with her, and hoped that her contact with the bright young lives of their own daughters would conduce a little to her

happiness. On the eve of their visit the young people were warned of the little girl's blindness, and enjoined not to notice it, or to question her even indirectly about it, but to conduct themselves in every particular as if there were no difference between her and themselves

as she was not conscious of her affliction. They wondered a little, as well they might, but promised to obey, being too full of delightful anticipation to al-

low any doubts to disturb them. Claudia, who had been prepared fo Claudia, who had been prepared for their visit, was waiting on the portice with her father and Zilla, when her young guests arrived, and received them with sweet, timid welcome; while they, as bright as their own sunny skies, were satisfied, and thought how beautiful she was, and how much they should love her. At first she shrunk from them; their strange voices conused her, and her well-bred instin together with her shyness, forbade her examining their faces with the tips of her fingers, by which she would have been able to distinguish one from the other; but in a day or two all embarrassother; but ha day or two art counter; but ha day or the gris quite won her timid heart by their gentle merry ways, their genuine delight in her doves, her magical bird, the cascade; their docile behavior to Zilla, and their wild docile behavior to Zilla, and their wild merriment over Grillo, as he with absurd gravity bore one and another of them up and down the chestnut avenue. With them, guided by tender, clasping hands, she danced to the music of Zilla's lute; together, near the foun-tains, they gathered flowers, and wove garlands for the household deities, and made al tresco feasts for themselves made al fresco feasts for themselves under the feathery palms and fragrant limes, where, with merry chatter and endless laughter, they strove to imitate the banquets of their elders, the crushed violets on which they reposed providing the sweet unguents, and

ranges their wine.

Hide-and-seek among the jasmine and one-covered arbors, through the shady lleys, around the mossy grottoes, and behind the statues, was one of their favorite games, in which Claudia, guided by one or another, took part, running like a young fawn with the most fleetflooted of them all. There was no past time entered into in which she could not take part. Zilla never lost sight ; however, she would not re-hem by her presence, but strain them by hovered around, to be near enough to prevent any untoward accident from thoughtlesseness or a spirit of adven--for there was a dangerous spot to be avoided where the red wall overlooked the Tiber, and another above

With her fine sense of hearing and ouch keenly alert, Claudia had learned to distinguish her young friends; and, although she had her preferences, her instinctive sense of politenes restrained her from making the slightest And distinction which might be felt. so the days passed happily in an endless round of innocent enjoyment; and Claudia, although not fully recovered round of from her mysterious illness of a few reeks before, had now a soft glow on her cheeks, and her countenance more frequently wore its old bright expression, while to Zilla's fond eyes she appeared as lovely as one of the Graces among her pretty, dark-eyed compan-

Nemesius came unexpectedly day; he was anxious about the child, and wished to see the effect produced upon her by this new phase in her life. As swift as light, the voice she loved and waited for reached Claudia though he was speaking in subdued tones to Zilla some little distance away and her first impulse was to rush to his arms; but would it not be rude to leave her companions so abruptly? She hesitated, and did not move; but, by and by, waiting her opportunity, she stole quietly away to seek him. She had not far to go, for, not having lost sight of her for a moment, he came to meet her. Nestling for an instant in his arms, her cheek pressed to his, and her hungry heart satisfied with words of endearment and approval, she flew back to her friends to propose some flew back to her friends to propose some new plan for their enjoyment. Bravely and for the love of her father, she de nied herself the happiness she prized on earth, the -a little lesson of renunciation and sacrifice, which was but infinitesimal in comparison with a sublimer one in which she would take part in the near future. During all these gay, happy days, the ecret wish of Claudia's heart was that they were over, so that everything could be as it was before, when there vas nothing to interrupt the sweet intercourse and loving confidence between her father and herself; for were not

heir hearts knit together as one? The end came at last; her sweet selfdenials and patient waiting were over: her guests were going home. Without an inhospitable or ungenerous thought, she was glad when, after a festa, which was so beautiful and gay that it was the crowning delight of their entrancing visit, the hour for their departure came. visit, the hour for their departure came. Farewells, and thanks for the pleasure of their visit and all the kind attentions they had received, were spoken, and they were gone, bearing with them pleasant memories, and tender, pitying thoughts of the blind girl, who had een so kind to them. As the last echo of their glad young voices died away, Claudia still lingered on the portico, refreshed by the violet-scented wind that gently fanned her cheek, and the

silence that, like a balm, soothed and rested her.
"Now, now, my father, thou wilt be all mine once more!" she murmured. Having thee, there will be nothing left for me to desire. I shall hear thy voice, thy hand will hold mine, and we will talk and talk, and wander through all the beautiful places, and rest under the great ilex trees, and by the foun tains; and thou wilt laugh at the foolish things I tell thee, and there will be no strangers to come between us, and all will be just as it was before.

When Zilla presently came to seek this happy mood she her, it was in this happy mood she found her, singing little snatches of song without words, that she had learned from the nightingales. But were things to be as they were TO BE CONTINUED.

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#### IMITATION OF CHRIST.

THAT SELF LOVE CHIEFLY KEEPS A PER-BACK FROM THE SOVEREIGH GOOD.

1 Son, thou must give all for all, and be nothing of thine own.

Know that the love of thyself is more hurtful to see than anything in the

Everything, according to the love and inclination which thou hast to it, leaves to thee more or less.

If thy love be pure, simple and well-ordered, thou wilt not be a captive to Covet not that, which thou mayest Seek not to have that which may

fetter thee or rob thee of thy inward It is wonderful that thou wilt not from the very bottom of thy heart com-mit thyself wholly to Me, with all things that thou canst desire or have.

## ONE LAW FOR ALL.

THE CHURCH LEGISLATES GENERALLY AND NOT INDIVIDUALLY.

BY BISHOP MONTGOMERY For anyone, Catholic or non-Catholic to understand and appreciate the spirit of the Church in her whole legislation, one must lay aside sentiment in forming a judgment of her, and bear in mind that the Church, though she labors for the salvation of the individual, cannot look at the individual as such, but from the very fact that God has made her a legislative authority with a mission to all mankind, she must regard the whole social body as greater than any mere individuals that go to make it up.

And even when we speak of society worldly well-being, but of society in which, whilst we are to secure for ourselves what is needed here, we are, above all, to labor for the everlasting salvation of the soul. To consider it n any other sense is to take a contract. ed view of it and to mistake the pur pose of life entirely. And it is pre-sisely because of a false view of life on part of many, and a false view of the Church's mission on earth that her laws are sometimes thought to be burdensome.

She cannot regard the individual or the family as having merely to do with this world, but, on the contrary, as integral parts of the mystical which is not circumscribed by the limits of time and space, but which reaches all-powerfully into the world to Consequently, her God-given mission

being to safeguard the home and per-fect the individual, she has to lay down general laws affecting the whole mankind. But at the same time, in this as in everything else she does, whilst looking to the future life as the ultimate and only object worthy of man's high-est endeavor, her legislation is such as to become the very life and soul of society on earth as God intended it to be. For God having ordained society on earth and the future life as well, has placed them in a divine harmony so complete and perfect that the best interests of this temporal existence are secured to us, only by working in all things with a singleness of purpose for the life to come. Therefore does our "Seek ye first the Blessed Lord say, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His justice, and Kingdom of all these things shall be added unto vou.'

## ROBBING THE POOR.

Before the robbery and suppression of the English monasteries by Henry VIII. there were no "Poor Laws" in England. There was no need of any. The Church—the Catholic Church—the only Christian body then in existence Europe or in the world-took care of the poor, and mainly through the agency of the monasteries. And in those times, when all the Christian world was Catholic, there were world was catholic, there were no "poorhouses," such as they have to day in England—big, dreary, barrack-like buildings where the "pauper" husband is separated from the "pauper". wife and where the "pauper" chil-dren are brought up with the degrading brand of official pauperism upon them There were no such institutions in Catholic England or in Ireland until Protestantism began and gained the ascendency in the ruling of that country.

The robbing of the monasteries was the robbing of the poor, which resulted in the State pauper—the destitute, useless, homeless man, woman and child, the outcasts of society, when ociety divorced itself from the rading charity of the Catholic Church. Pious kings and queens and princes and obles endowed monasteries and other religious institutions with lands and noneys for charitable and educational Thus the monasteries bepurposes. Thus the monasteries became wealthy, but all their wealth was expended for the spiritual and temporal benefit of the people around them.
Among those people there were no "pau pers"—no family without a home. monks were landlords, but they were in every instance resident landlords, and they regarded the lands not as their own but as the patrimony of the poor, of which they were merely the cus-todians and administrators. And under

their administration there were no evic ions - no families thrown out on the highway because they could not pay "their rent." Under them the poor were treated not as "paupers," but as men and brothers having a claim and title—not to be denied or disputed—to a means of living on the land on which

they were born.
That was the condition in England in Catholic times, and it is the condition to-day in some Catholic countries of Europe as to the relation between the rich monastic establishments and the people. In this connection the situa-tion in France presents features that recall the suppression of the religious foundations in England and its evil results—evil for the whole people, as well as for the poor. The anti-clerical programme of the French Government threatens serious injury to the financial credit of France, as well as robbery of the poor, both of which facts are thus noted by an English paper, The Finan-

cial News, an expert on such matters,

as its title indicates:
"The French premier's policy of persecution is causing dismay colleague at the ministry of France. France is already faced with a deficit which she does not know how to make good, and this is the moment chosen for the expulsion of the religious orders. The business involves, bea diminution in the country's wealth production (which is paying capacity) charges like following: For the support of the aged and invalid indigent (hitherto kept by the Orders, there being no poor law in France) a sum estimated at £5,000,000 (that is \$25,000,000) pe annum, and for new schools to take the place of the closed religious schools a capital sum for construction and fitting of £1,270,000 (\$6,350,000) and stipends for the new teachers amounting £328,198 annually (\$1, 640,990).

Combes is an expensive luxury to France." And especially to the poor of France -the working, laboring masses-will have to pay the bulk of the creased taxes rendered necessary as bove indicated. There is no poor law in France. None has hiterto been needed. The poor were cared for by the religious orders and no tax their maintenance was put people. But now the orders are driven out of the country and there must be poor law and poor-houses, and the people must pay the cost and the cost of the new schools and teachers which must be provided, the religious schools being closed and the monks and nuns expelled for the crime of teaching

without expense to the State.

The wonder in all this business is that the people do not realize the seriousness of the situation-the enormity of the wrong and injury done to the selves by themselves. For, of course, they are the wrongdoers in the first instance. By their votes Combes and his porty are enabled to carry out their destructive policy. The sup-pressors of the religious houses and the religious schools—the robbers of the poor-can and do proclaim and boast that they have the people at their back. Certainly they have not all the people, for there are Catholics numerus and devoted still in France, but the majority, whether from ignorance or indifference, seem to be on the side of the evil doers. Perhaps when that najority begins to feel, as soon it must, that the issue involved is one that appeals to their pockets they may take different view of their duties ballot box.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

## THE WAY CONVERTS COME.

Converts are made in the ordinary inistry one by one. A zealous priest eeking an opportunity to spread the faith, finds it in his dealings with some individual. He acquires generally an influence over his heart before he finds an entrance into his head. It may be and often is one of the parties to a mixed marriage who presents such an opportunity. The pastor goes a fishing with his most tempting bait, and carefully and deftly plays him for a hearing; or it may be a Catholic companion, zealous for his Protestant friend, who engages the efforts of the pastor, to meet him, even by artifice, in order that he might by kindly manner and cordial word secure the first step in the passage that leads through the heart to the intellect. But the pastor always acts on units, the diocesan band provides him with tens or hundreds. They come to learn, calumnies overthrown, prejudices are dissolved, overthrown, prejudices are dissolved, and they are left in the best possible condition for the kindly tact of the pastor's zeal. There was never yet a non-Catholic mission that bring Protestants closer in mind and heart to the Catholic Church. man who fears that a non-Catholic mission antagonizes the non-Catholic people, fears against experience. I have never seen it happen; on the contrary, more kindly feelings result from the knowledge of what Catholics really believe.

But why cannot this work be done by the complex missionary bands as

by the regular missionary bands as by the regular missionary bands as well as by the diocesan bands? So it could be, if they were numerous enough to be withdrawn from other duties for that work. The diocesan priests are more numerous and more widely distributed than the regular elergy. In the province of New York there are five times as many seculars as regulars; in one of its dioceses there are twenty seculars to one regular, in another ten to one, in another seven to one, in another six to one, and this in a territory crowded or well settled. But the day is not far distant, let us hope, when all missionaries, secular and regular, will engage in the special nope, when all missionaries, securially and regular, will engage in the special work of preaching to non-Catholics. The Holy Spirit is giving the impulse, and preparing the Church for a great missionaries. missionary movement. "Pass over to Macedonia and help us" will sounded out of the dark night of Protestantism, rapidly loosing its anchorages, from earnest spiritual souls, seek-ing union with God wherever they may

# who guides His Church, will provide for it. In the meantime the field is being prepared for the harvest.—Rev. T. F. Cusack in The Missionary. Thoughts From the Bible.

find it. It is our opportunity, and God,

Thou art my hiding-place; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble; Thou shalt preserve me from trouble; Thouse shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance.—Ps. 32: 7.

Whon thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.—Isa. 43: 2.

But I would not have you to be

But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others, who have no hope.—I even as others who have no hope.

Thess. 4: 13.

IT REACHES THE SPOT.—There are few remedies be fore the public to day as efficacious in removing pain and in aliaying and preventing pulmonary disorders as Dr Thomas Eclertic Oil. It has demonstrated its powers in thousands of instances and a large number of testimonials as to its great value as a medicine could be got were there occasion for it. It is for sale everywhere.

THE INNATE HEROISM TH SHIP. One fine evening in Dec off in the coaling compato the three thousand ton then rolling "Corona," then rolling
"Corona," then rolling
Atlantic swell just outs
water of Las Palmas h
water of Las the whit Canary. As the white through the clear gree through the clear given was ample opportunity vessel, and her appears pleasing. With means pleasing. With square quarters, huge nd rusty sides, she was object as loaded do inch with nitrate from she wallowed in the long swept round the end of t Climbing over the low my way through a paswarthy Spanish coal h in fruit and tobacco, canaries, the latter alte and abusing their feat vain hope sing, I met Captain Cra

ALGUST 8, 1908. AN OCEAN TRA

She's not exactly a f but with fine weather home all right, and you deep tramp is like at Just then a dilapidat

lishman, clad in greasy a battered engineer's head, thrust on one side Spaniard who was tr bunch of hard bananas canary on a grinnin touching his grimy for "Are you Captain
"Yes," said the off it you want ?'

want to see if th of working a passage boilermaker and have engineer. I'm starvin "H'm! What are Palmas, then — desert

raimas, then — deser said the Captain. "No, sir. It wa shipped at Liverpool 'Coquimbo' to load of Rio, and the night met Tom time at Dunlop's " Never mind Stev terjected the skipper Well, we went t glass or two—not too a bottle of whisky at

an' when they tur Tom, he sits in the won't go home 'Don't be a p'leeceman comes, makes down to the co seem quite the right big four-masted boat nel, and sez I, 'The So I crawled aboard in the fo'c'sle. Who and when I got on self, 'It's another boat.' So it was, scrape paint, and w skipper he sez, thankful you ain't lo

and I landed w The Captain hesit the man once or tw spat calmly on the said to himself, " other hand with engine of his," the "All right, I'll ta pay more than you but if you behave

to go ashore with.' While I leaned o and watching the crawl is the pro officer came along query, said: "What kind of: you can see—ab tramp as was eve

German Ocean. knocking about fo shells and grass Subsequen that this descript exaggerated.
Turning out ear ing, I climbed to Corona ' was o build-and could

azure circle abe sparkling foam fle into ridges by th across while the One glance a looking at the looking to show that sh knots. So, clim steel-runged lac forward over th dodging the sp gushed in thro every roll, to l gineer. Passing the thumping ar up were quite e ness to one who found the chief

his hands with waste, and said What kind "Weel," he engineers are havena seen vi her clack-clack port boiler plu by the firement they dirt o' co Now, a Clyd isfied with his

gold if he cor think too muc had only to un was not what A 1 mill." Soon afterv breeze began beneath a ras

clouds, leavi water, it was bad weather. steeper and while the he about as if sh