

SOCIETY—Established 1856; incorporated 1840. Meets in Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Bishop, President; Rev. P. P. O'Donnell, 1st Vice-President; Rev. J. J. Kearney, 2nd Vice-President; Rev. W. Durack, Treasurer; Rev. J. J. O'Donnell, Secretary; Rev. J. J. O'Donnell, Recording Secretary, T. P. O'Donnell.

S. T. A. & B.—Society of the second Sunday in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, at 3.30 p.m. Office of Management in the hall on the first every month, at 8 p.m. Officers: Rev. J. J. Kearney, 1st Vice-President; Rev. J. J. O'Donnell, 2nd Vice-President; Rev. W. Durack, Treasurer; Rev. J. J. O'Donnell, Secretary; Rev. J. J. O'Donnell, Recording Secretary, T. P. O'Donnell.

ANANDA BRANCH 26 St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, every 2nd and 4th of each month for the purpose of business, at 8 p.m. Officers: Rev. J. J. Kearney, 1st Vice-President; Rev. J. J. O'Donnell, 2nd Vice-President; Rev. W. Durack, Treasurer; Rev. J. J. O'Donnell, Secretary; Rev. J. J. O'Donnell, Recording Secretary, T. P. O'Donnell.

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The PEDLAR People (Incl. 1901)

Ottawa Montreal Toronto London Winnipeg

Are gray with winter frost, And all the hearts that love her The bridge of death have crossed.

"Haven't I caught it?" asked Devine, triumphantly. "It is very cheerless." "Quite in the modern style," said the poet. "Listen:

"I hear no children's voices,— Silent the fisher's maid— No gladsome soul rejoices Where bold boys used to wade, In summer, in the sunlight, When days were sweet with song, And the wide beach was smooth and white, Not strewn with wrecks along."

"It gets worse and worse," said Dillon: "I wish you people would write cheerful poetry." "Yes, yes," said the poet, absent-mindedly. "I don't like 'gladsome soul' very much—but I can't help it—you're in such a hurry. Now the soprano takes the song up:"

"Ah, see the winter roses, Hedged round with greenest moss; Each curl'd leaf encloses A fragrant balm for loss. And, though there is no breaking Of the grayness overhead, They teach of an awaking— Of life that is not dead."

"Don't you think that last line might—" began Dillon. "No, the last line might not," said Devine, glaring at him, and twisting his immaculate tie under his ear. "I hate stupid people!" Dillon whistled. The words of the poet were strange, but he reflected that it would be wrong to knock one down, even when he deserved it, for it might be a long time before another would see the light. "Listen—and don't give advice," snapped Devine.

"See how they glow and quiver, See how they nod and dance, While all the world's a shiver, They sparkle of ruby send; Like firelight in the garden, Heart-shaped and red as flame, They speak of love's sweet pardon From out their mossy frame."

"And now," said Devine, "the two voices chime in—it's a queer kind of arrangement for a duet—"

"Ah, gray and winter weather, I wish your days were done, My heart and hopes together Could open to the sun;

Ah, roses, winter roses, I feel, your lesson deep, No gray day ever closes But leaves us joy to keep."

"It seems all right," said Dillon, dubiously, as he folded the paper which Devine thrust towards him; "but I think that if I were a professional poet, I could improve that last line. What does it mean?" He said no more; the irreful look in the poet's eyes warned him to go. With a hasty "Thank you," he went down stairs, leaving Devine loudly roaring at the waiters.

In three-quarters of an hour he stood in Mrs. Carey's little parlor, waiting for Katharine. That young lady appeared, smiling, pleased, beautiful, he thought. He explained that his aunt was too tired to come. "And you brought the translation," she cried, taking Devine's paper and the sheet of music from his outstretched hands. "Oh, how good like a top."

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of you, Mr. Dillon!"

All of a sudden she remembered her qualms of the morning. Perhaps she had shown an unmoderately eagerness in asking him to the house—perhaps he would think her bold. She did not ask him to sit down; she again said, but with a touch of frost in her voice:

"How kind of you, Mr. Dillon." He felt the difference at once; he saw it in the movement with which she turned to the piano, tried the first bars of the accompaniment, and murmured as if to herself:

"Ah, roses, winter roses, I feel your lesson deep, No gray day ever closes."

"Oh, Mr. Dillon—pardon me—will you not take a chair?" "You are very kind," he answered, brushing the nap of his hat nervously. "I have an engagement—with my aunt."

"Give my love to your aunt, and tell her I hope to see her. Must you go? Good night." "Good night."

When he reached the doorstep he felt unreasonably angry. He said to himself that he hated "society girls," and of all that type the most obnoxious of all was Katharine O'Connor.

Katharine sat down at the piano, but she did not play.

He heard her sing the first words of the song:

"The sky is like the water, Gray as the hue of lead."

She stopped there; he did not know it, for he made his way down the street, with a feeling that his heart was lead. The words ran through his mind so continually that at last he did not know whether he was angry at them or at Katharine. She sat at the piano in a state of doubt and depression. It occurred to her that she ought not to have been so abrupt. He had come a long distance. Perhaps she had been rude. He might have stayed a few moments, and not have minded her manner. An engagement with his aunt! Nonsense! Of all unreasonable people he was the worst. Twice in one day he had managed to put her in the wrong. She would probably never see him again. Well—what of that? Then the leaden grayness of the words she had been singing seemed to shadow her heart; she bowed her head and cried, wishing all the time that Mother Ursula had never let her leave the convent. (To be continued.)

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One Source of Their Weakness.

Asked to explain the weakness of French Catholics, Abbe Klein is reported to have said:

"Just as the radicals have not been able to make any distinction between the abuses of a certain clericalism and the necessary practice of religion, and have tried to destroy even the idea of the Deity, so the conservatives have not been able to separate in their minds the republican form of government, which is in itself good, from the evil deeds and laws for which the party that governed the republic was responsible. Since the conservatives made up the majority of the friends of the Church, she naturally shared in their defeat without being in the slightest measure the author of their mistaken ideas. The Church never commanded them to fight against the republic. The Church has no doctrine which upholds or condemns any form of government.

"The only doctrine that is a moral teaching on this subject is that each person should respect the constitution of his country, and the only time the Church, as such, has intervened in the political affairs of France was when its official head, Pope Leo XII., reminded the Catholics of France who were not intimidated by the revolution, and advised them in a solemn letter to accept the republic. Many Catholics of France were not intelligent enough to obey him; this was not his fault. They only furnished another proof that political action is a different quality from religious fervor. The two things are compatible, they are also separate. I congratulate the Catholics of America at having been able hitherto to resist them, and especially in maintaining, as they do, the other fundamental principle of the moral property of the nation and for its moral prosperity is to find together politics and religion."

A Marriage of Reason

By Maurice Francis Egan, Author of "The Land of Longworth," "Songs and Sonnets," "The Fate of John Longworth," "The Gost in Hamlet," Etc

CHAPTER XXVII.

"The sky is like the water, Gray as the hue of lead."

Katharine's desire to give Mrs. Carey a new interest in life, to make her feel that she had a right to claim her husband's affection, made many ripples in several lives. If Katharine had been less straightforward or more experienced, she would probably never have seriously considered the idea upon which she was about to act with all her might. She had been taught early in life to do the good nearest her hand, and if anybody had tried to damp her ardor in the present instance by asking her whether she was her sister's keeper, she would have been unutterably pained. This thing seemed good to her, and there was nothing for her but to put her hand to the plough. She imagined that her uncle, of whom she thought lovingly, would have approved of it. And as she went home, it gave her a certain pleasure to think that Walter Dillon would have a part in it, although that part might be only in helping in the translation of "The Winter Roses."

"If Mrs. Carey had voice enough and training enough to sing the second part of the duo, Katharine was resolved that her husband should hear her under the best auspices. She could be made to look almost beautiful in some of the finery which Mrs. Sherwood had sent to Katharine. In her heart Katharine could not help feeling a certain contempt for Ferdinand Carey. She said to herself that if she were a man, she would see deeper than most other men; she could never be caught or repelled by mere dress, or conventional manner, or the sweetness of a voice. But, after all, she admitted with a sigh, men were only men, and unlike women, had to be pampered with toys! And so she arranged in her mind a glittering array of toys, with which Ferdinand Carey was to be caught. When she reached home she put Mrs. Carey through her musical posies, after tea, until that young woman became tired and hoarse.

In the meantime Alfred Devine had been approached by Dillon on the subject of song. Dillon found him at the Art Club, where he always dined. The moment was auspicious—just after dinner. And as they sat at one of the front windows, cigars in hand, Devine passed his hand through his thick curling hair and hummed the words in German. "Pretty," he said, humming again, and pretending to follow the notes, although he could not read one of them. "I'll do it with pleasure, my boy, only, if I like it when it's done, you'll have to let me sell the words to a magazine."

"I don't know anything about that," said Dillon, much pleased. "Only do it—and if you can, by tomorrow night."

"For a lady?" asked Devine, looking under his eyelids at Dillon. "Yes," said Dillon, "oh, yes—who else would want a soprano part in a song?" And then, returning Devine's quizzical glance, he added, by way of changing the subject: "I shall look for a small house, and you will not find me up all hours at the old place, willing to brew all sorts of concoctions for you."

"Indeed?" asked Devine, smiling, and adjusting his white tie—for the poet had the reputation of living in his evening suit—"So soon? Dear, dear! Has Davey de Grandmont you a fat contract for a new house? And who is the lady?"

"What do you mean?" asked Dillon. "I wish Davey de Grandmont would give me the order. Mrs. Worth had almost promised it. I merely take it wanted to rent a small house, not that I intended to build a place for Davey de Grandmont."

"And I merely asked who the lady is—of course the lady of the song—I mean the woman of the song, since 'lady' has become so awfully common."

Dillon understood, and flushed. He did not answer at once. He was angry for an instant, then his heart beat a trifle more quickly. If it were possible—if Katharine O'Connor would ever think of him at all, how bright life would become. But, no,

—it was not possible. The color faded from his face, he bit the end of his cigar, to gain time for answering Devine with composure. "You are wrong," he said, "I cannot think of marriage. You do not know how poor I am. If I were like you with several thousand a year and a reputation which carries you everywhere, I might think of it. As it is, I never do think of it." He added, somewhat bitterly, "though Heaven knows I long for a home of my own."

"I have often wondered, Dillon, whether you have ever met anyone—here, don't flush up again," added Devine, with an odd glitter in his dark eyes, which often came there when he was vivisectioning his friends, to get material for a book. "There is a strange scrupulousness about you Catholic men—when you're good Catholics—on the subject of love which I don't understand. It's like Reman's idea of sin—you don't talk about it. I admire your firmness of fibre and your reticence; but you are one of the few men of my acquaintance who have never jostled on the subject of women or love."

"It is too sacred, and too often profaned," said Dillon, with a great desire to change the subject. "Come Devine—"

"Have you ever met anybody?" pursued the poet, maliciously. "Yes. One. I spoke to her but little; yet, Devine, I said to myself that I should always think of her—" Dillon's face was turned away.

again, "as—as—you'll think me conceited—as Dante thought of Beatrice—as a star in Heaven."

Devine did not answer. He looked out into the twilight, and said, after a time, with a sigh:

"I envy you. The century has not spoiled you. Your Church has a knack of keeping some of you fellows very pure in heart. You're a good fellow, Dillon."

He made a great racket then, and called a servant up to scold him because the cigars were bad; but he ended by giving the man a dollar, in spite of the club rules, and saying that they were good. After that he sent for black coffee, went to a little table, and, having made his curly hair stand almost on end, he began to translate the poem. Dillon sat near him during the process. There was silence, broken only by the thundering of the huge omnibuses on Broad street or the sound of an occasional cab. Devine tore up at least six pages of note paper, and then sent out for two German dictionaries. While waiting for them he refreshed himself by asking questions.

"What do you want a home for, Dillon?" he asked. "Let me see—water, daughter; schon—fair, blume—can't rhyme flower with fair! What do you want a home for, Dillon?"

"My aunt, Mrs. Warland, has—poor old lady—come to town. My mother, you know, is living with relatives in England; and so Aunt Betty is alone. She has a house in the country, and she loves the old place beyond everything. But something failed; her small income stopped; she couldn't even pay her taxes and so she had to come to me. She hasn't another friend on this side of the ocean. I'm going to give her half of what I have, so we must get a little house."

"Can you afford it?" asked the prudent poet.

"I have not thought of that," said Dillon, laughing. "I'm young. I'm half Irish—and the Marquis may ask me to build his house."

Devine shook his head. "Gluchen—I'm not sure what that means; die rosen—that comes in all right. Let the old lady go back to her house."

"She can't. I wish she could. It broke her heart to leave it; almost killed her. She held out till she almost starved and froze. Why, her husband and children lived and died in it. It is a great barrack of a place and out of repair—'Warlands,' you must have heard of it. It used to be the 'show' place of Montgomery County. It would take a lot of money to make it habitable. No; she must stay with me. There was an incident at the station when she came in, that put new life into her; you might make a poem of it. She was sitting there, hopeless, depressed—weeping awhile, and crying, 'I'm afraid—when a young girl—God bless her—gave her some fine roses—'"

"The rosen—bluchen—oh, this is awful! The words will not come. Do stop your chatter, Dillon. Here come the dictionaries. They won't help. More coffee, waiter."

Dillon was discreetly silent, while the poet agonized. Suddenly Devine slapped on the book with confusion, and read:

"The sky is like the water, Gray as the hue of lead, The fisher's little daughter Weeps black upon her head, The boughs that wave above her

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