MARCH 18 1911

more, and in notice a picture of hisposeness, and the other the locared more in the property of the court of the court of the property of the pro What a colossal sum five pounds seemed to the imagination of that poor woman—five pounds, that he had often flung away on a rose on a dog and thought so fee."

"Why did you shout, Darby?" he cried. "It is mean to shoot a hare." What a colossal sum five pounds seemed to the imagination of that poor woman—five pounds, that he had often flung away on a race, on a dog, and thought so further of it. And that five pounds, wrung from the sweat and labour of these toling and patient poor! There was some abominable blunder here in the economy of things; and though his education and training and tradition had hithertoled him to think lightly of such matters, some deep chord, hidden from his own consciousness, was now stirred, and throbbed with new emotions of a generous and noble spirit. But Bob Maxwell.

"What a los it was.

"Why did you shout, Darby?" he cried. "It is mean to shoot a hare."

"Yerra, what harrum is it, yer anner?" said Darby. "It will make grate soup intirely for the Scotchman.

"Take it home to your mother," said maxwell. Then, as if recollecting something, he said:

"You didn't take my orders this grate soup intirely for the Scotchman."

"You didn't take my orders this morning. I waited down near the lake for nearly an hour; and you never turned up with the punt."

"The gintleman wouldn't lave me," said Darby.

"What gintleman?" queried Maxwell.

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"The gintleman wouldn't lave me, said been and prejudice had not yet taken principals that alone can live amidst the stress and storm of passion and prejudice had not yet taken ploadged on the surface of his soul, which

interpretation of the state of the second of the se

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

The parameters of incidence content of the liberary of relaxation—this content of the liberary of the lib

fire; Pierry looked through the narrow window in a sullen, angry manner. Debbie was clearing away the supper refuse from the table. When she had finished, she came over and stood looking down at her father and mother. Then she said quietly:

"I think Pierry is right, mother. There's nayther sinse nor raison in our stopping here, toiling from morning to night, making money for the landlord, when there's a free country only five days' journey across the wather.

"You'll be turnin tue night the morra?"

"I suppose so," he replied. "Tis the divil's own job for wan man; and father can't do much now!"

"Who knows?" said Debbie, trying to give him a courage she did not feel herself. "God may sind some wan this

way!"
"Yes," he said bitterly. "Some wan

"Yes," he said bitterly. "Some wan who'll ate us out of house and home, and want more wages than the rint."

It was too true. She desisted.

That same evening, at a certain aristocratic club in Dawson Street, Dublin, five or six gentlemen were in the smoking-room, discussing the papers and the world-news. They had met after luncheon for business; and the nature of the business might be guessed from a sheaf of telegrams that had been sent at 5 o'clock over the country and to the great I adlord clubs and centres in the cities. The telegrams were brief:

No purchase. No abatement. Bide time.

Six words, which in a month's time carried desolation into many a Munster

4

countries giving up everything, and going down amongst the common people and living their lives, you are naturally disposed to do the same yourself."
"Going down amongst the people and leading their lives?" echoed the other. "What infernal lunatic has done that?"
"Ask Maxwell," said Outram. "I know but little about him!"
Maxwell bit his lip and said nothing. There was a silence for a few minutes. Then Outram continued:
"It is quite true that some, even

me "Tis true," Outram continued, "that he has given up all his estates—to his wife; that he has renounced his income —that is, all of it that he doesn't possess; that he is a beggar—but lives, in a certain degree of luxury, in his wife's house in Yasnaia Soliana; that he has left house and lands and family—except in so far as he clings to them; and that he is a kind of malodorous fakir, such as I have often seen in his leprous rags on the Hooghly, except, that his wife puts a sachet of petal-dust under his linen in the drawer; and that under the peasant's pelisse is fine linen, lavendered and voluptuous with Eau de Chypre and Parma Violets."

Maxwell twisted the ring slowly on to the third finger of his right hand and then left the room.

"How do you know he!! keep his en"How do you know he!! keep his ensegment?" asked one of the gentlemen of Outram. "He can evade it in a brown what is in his mind. He has been poisoned by reading all kinds of rubbish from Carlyle, Spencer, and the rest.

There are a good many of his class in Oxford and London—Christian Social—ists they call themselves; and Maxwell had now turned round with bear of the root the rest.

There are a feel in his left the room.

"The do you know he!! keep his en"How do you know he!! keep his en"How do you know he!! keep his ensegment?" asked one of the gentlemen of Outram. "He can evade it in a brown what is in his mind. He has been poisoned by reading all kinds of rubbish from Carlyle, Spencer, and the rest.

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The car reference of his right hand and then left the room.

"How do you know he!! keep his enHow do you know he!! k

Parma violets."
Maxwell had now turned round with blazing eyes.
"That is the usual class calumny," he cried. "We heard the same here of O'Conneil, of Parnell, and the rest."
"I am quoting the words of his brother-in-law, Bers," said Outram, coolly. "And all experience proves them. When you hear of all this self-renunciation and sanctity, you may be sure the hair-shirt is not worn next the skin. I, even I, should not object to take the role of prophet and reformer on Tolstoi's terms."
"You're talking rot, both of you," said an elderly man. "Any man who would preach, much more practise, such doctrines, would be promptly placed in a lunatic asylum by his friends."
"Not by any means," said Outram, "There are not suffer the sure of the sure that are suffered as the sure that the sure of the s

tis time to break them. All over the world the people are rising up and crying aloud; and I tell you, you must listen to them, or suffer for it."

"Pshaw!" cried another landlord.

"They have tried everything they could here, even murder, and they have failed. One year of resolute government, and there was peace forever."

"You have ill measured the people's power," said Maxwell. "They have been taught it in Hungary and Austria; slowly they are fathoming its depths

"They have refered to the people's power," said Maxwell. "They have been taught it in Hungary and Austria; slowly they are fathoming its depths

"They have element or or twelve months, or for six, or for three!"

"You Must First Win Health by Getting the Blood Rich and Red

DR. CHASE'S

NERVE FOOD

there was peace forever."

"You have ill measured the people's power," said Maxwell. "They have been taught it in Hungary and Austria; solwly they are fathoming its depths and strength in Russia. Take care, you may have to learn it here also, and the leason will be a bitter one."

"They have done their best, d—deem them," said the first speaker, "to crush and paperize us; and now they're going. In a few years, we'll have decent English and Scotchene on our lands—" asked Maxwell.

"There was no answer.

Outram, who had come home to enjoy his property in Ireland, and who had not the heneft of experience to subdue to the heneft of expe

'Look here, Outram," he said. 'Here's a bargain, not a bet. Give me

"Here's a bargain, not a bet. Give me that ring for twelve months; and for twelve months I shall go as a farm labourer into Cork or Kerry."

Outram hesitated. The other gentlemen laughed, and began to chaff him.

"A fair offer, by jove."

"Come Outram, are the tables turned against you?"

"Twill be the talk of every club in Dublin to-morrow. Outram, You might

Dublin to-morrow, Outram. You as well relinquish the bauble."

There was a silence for a few minutes.
Then Outram continued:

"It is quite true that some, even
Tolstoi's own intimates—you have heard
of Tolstoi, of course?'

"Tolstoi! Tolstoi! Never. Who is
he and what is he?"

"Well, as Maxwell who knows him
best won't speak, I suppose I must,
especially as Tolstoi has come to Ireland. He is a Russian Count who thinks
he is sent as a savior to his people. He
sympathizes with the people and wants
to lift them; and in order to do so he
has gone among the moudifies, that's
what they call the Russian peasants,
tried to live their lives, etc., etc.'

e paused; but Maxwell would not
be drawn.

"Tis true," Outram continued, "that
he has given up all his estates—to his
to the third finger of his right hand and
then left the room.

"I heard he was engaged to Major "I neard ne was engaged to arajor Willoughby's daughter," said the other, "What will the lady think of this?" "I am of opinion that Maxwell's va-

garles have ceased to trouble Willoughby," said Outram.
And so, indeed, it was.
TO BE CONTINUED.

ST. PATRICK'S BIRTHPLACE

The birthplace of St. Patrick is a sub-The birthplace of St. Patrick is a subject of much controversy. It may not be generally known that the Catalonian city so much in the public eye recently, Barcelona, is the capital of a territory which has been claimed as the birthplace of St. Patrick. The Weekly Freeman of Dublin calls attention to a treatise, by the Very Rev. E. O'Brien, D. D., V. G., which treatise claims the city of Vich, situated on the Ter, which flows into the Bay of Roses at the Meditor. If was too true. She desisted.

If was too true. She desisted, we would preach, much more practice, such the public of the public was a contracted and be used to the contracted of the public was a contracted of the public was a contracted of the public was a contracted of the public was might be guessed from a shear of cleicy are the country and to the great of cleicy are the country and to the great of cleicy are the country and to the great of cleicy are the country and to the great of cleicy are the country and to the great of cleicy are the country and to the great of cleicy are the country and to the great of cleicy are the country and to the great of cleicy are the country and to the great of cleicy are the country and the public cleicy and the great of the public cleicy and the public cleicy and

boots, to live on potatoes and buttermilk—"
"Why, I heard you say an hour ago,"
iwherupted Maxwell, "that the farmers
were better off than ourselves—that work, and full reward for it, but to the word of commendation and of apprecia-tion from those whom he serves.

ST. JOHN, N. B. TIMOTHY, BY THE GRA FAVOUR OF THE AP

To the Clergy, Relig Laity of the Dioc Benediction in the Dearly Beloved.—Ti al Letter of His Lords was read recently in the in all the churches, it tors officiated through This letter is on Fa sequent good morals as from a just observance cal virtue. The text of follows:

No one can read the thoughtfully, without the importance which t attach to Faith, and with which they decla salvation. There are such unqualified asse "This is the victory v world, our faith: My just man liveth by we are not the childre we are not the childre unto perdition, but of of the sout:" (Hebr, x. believeth not shall (Mark xvi. 16.) These other such texts mar ance and necessity of ambiguity; and yet t almost without measuregard to faith, as is etwo hundred sects of tians outside the attempted inroads of attempted inroads of her pale. To be for forearmed; and it behour guard lest we be the widespread con ious indifference, na ism, socialism, agnosti and thereby suffer a It will be of much a

abandoning its princi be forgotten that th was not yet written i of apostolic teaching. we have it in our day. for the Church's zeal.

Apostles preaching to making converts wit fore one word of the Wnat are they teachithat Christ is the So was born of the Virg died to redeem the missioned His Church missioned his Churci work, ascended into a again to judge mankin the good and punish it is worthy of obse-could not see or p either with the eye many as were convert cided and irrevocab thus revealed on the thus revealed on the an Apostle, as a me No one questions, no the s; as the true estian faith in the days tianity—faith was reason to a living autattracted somewhat and as Moses, when housh, turned aside thight." They remain sight," they remain adore. If they hes more light or further that they did not twere sent from God that, consequently, faith at all. That great lumina

hearing of God, you the word of men, bu the word of God.' Christ Himself said terms different but j that heareth you.
He that despiset!
Me; and he th
despiseth Him
(Luke x. 16.) Ms Me; and he the despiseth Him (Luke x. 16.) Me could be adduced will go to prove that Go time to send, mess tinue to send, mess dors unto the end of by them, but wills the by them, but wills tit not as the word word of God; that was, in primitive C to day, a decided an to revealed truth as authority. Hear at the nations: "J angel from heaven, you havides that. you besides that you besides that preached to you, let (Gal. i. 8.) Did not all variations from t and stamp them with would seem re-act would seem re-act times, even if utte Our first quotatio

same truth in his spired language: "God without ceasing you had received of

Our first quotation from the most exwriters, and it p works for the fair apostolic times: 'which overcomethe' (I. John v. 4.) It wadduce many institutly prophetic wasublime announcem lous was the proge lous was the progi-shown in Christia reared on the cru-ancient Rome and northern Europe, tinguished Englished Gladstone, speaking therefore of the fa therefore of the is says, "it has mar-dred years at the l zation, and has dri-chariot as the hors-the chief intellectu of the world." Al-the truth of this pu-the great statesma the great statesma tremendous, thoug human history; an has not ceased to able influence on literature, social joys, sorrows and pliever may deny