PALMS

ANNA HANSON DORSEY,

AUTHOR OF "COAINA," "FLEMMINGS,"
"TANGLED PATHS," "MAY
BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

LACHESIS SPINS HER THREAD. The surprising revelation that had been made, on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor and his friends to the of the Emperor and his friends to the villa on the Aventine, that the object of Nemesius' devotion was only his own child, a little blind girl, had at first clated the spirits of the beautiful Laodice to almost a sense of certainty, from the fact that her rival was not one to be feared; but as the days and weeks passed on, she realized the disagreeable conviction that she was no nearer the attainment of what she wished for than at the beginning. All her blandish-ments—the feminine arts which had never failed her before; the flattering words, the alluring attentions, which had proved so resistless to others; the tender language of her eyes, so easy interpretation; the winning smiles, and low-toned voice breathing love—were all lost upon Nemesius, who was grave-ly courteous, making no distinction in his manner between herself and other ladies he was accustomed to meet in the imperial circle. She had not even the excitement of jealousy to divert her from her despondent mood: for this as she sometimes indignantly called him, had no other love—ah! had he, how quickly, by ways she knew of, would she have such obstacle removed!—no, he had no love except his blind child, whom he worshipped.

Laodice resolved to win the affection of this child, as the surest avenue by which to reach his heart; it was her only hope. And yet she hated the only nope. And show obeying some subtle instinct, had repulsed and shrunk from her twice. But she would dissemble; she would go to the villa again and again, and finally secure her object by the help of sweet words and gifts; then, if these failed, an amulet set in jewels, which she had purchased from a noted sorceress, and would persuade her to wear, would answer her purpose better still. However, when she went to the villa, it must be under she went to the villa, it must be under another name, which she could easily assume, as she was a stranger (she im-agined) to the household slaves; and her visits must be timed when Nemeer visits must be timed when sius was absent, lest he should suspect her motive, and give her contempt stead of love. Thus she thought and schemed, and lost no time in the execuof her plan.

It was not many days before the eagerly expected opportunity presented itself. As a kinswoman of Valerian, and one of the ladies of the imperial court, Laodice had sumptuous apart ments in the palace, which afforded he the advantage, either by her own ob-servation or that of her confidential servants, of knowing all that was going on, especially of the movements of on, especially of the motions whenesius. One evening she learned that the Emperor, with several of his chosen friends—among them Nemesius—was going for a day's recreation to the Lago di Albano, and would leave at

sunrise the following morning.

Valerian felt the need of a change his sleep was disturbed, his nerves un-strung; he pined for sylvan shades the grand silence of the mountains, the refreshing, sun-flecked waters of the beautiful lake at their feet. He would go, leaving care behind him; but there should be no surcease of the shedding should be no surcease of the shedding of innocent blood in his absence, of the frightful tortures of rack and flame which sickened even his brutal heart. And he would forget, if he could, the intolerable dread that thrilled the marrow of his bones, when the wonderful ard miraculous events which had attended the recent martyrdom of certain Christians were reporte for how could he tell the day or the hour when the same mysterious, invis-ible, vengeful power might, in horror and darkness, suddenly quench his own life, as it had those of certain judges and executioners, who were but the ministers and instruments of his will? That this man should have distinguished one like Nemesius not only by marks of the highest favor, but by uddenly quench his own those of certain judges

marks of the highest favor, but by really entertaining for him something as near akin to affection as it was possible for such a nature to be poss seems, at the first glimpse paradoxof, seems, at the first gimpse paradoxical, yet it was not so. False himself to the core, Valerian wanted the support of one that was true; corrupt, he needed in intimate nearness to his persent of the corrupt in the corrupt of the corrupt in the corrupt of the son a nature of high integrity and pure loyalty—one as brave as a lion, yet obedient to the laws from a noble, unselfish sense of duty—not only of high courage as a soldier, but excelling in every quality that sheds lustre on th

military character.

These qualities, so antithetical to his own low, grovelling instincts, the Emperor had found in his handsome, grave commander of the Imperial grave commander of the Imperial Legion, whose reticence, and absence of the least sign of self-assertion on the score of his distinguished services, still further recommended him to his favor; for especially jealous was Valerian of his generals, and others who were cele-brated for their military successes. His insight into character, rendered nd others who were cele keener by the suspicious instincts of his nature, assured him that the man honored was genuine and true, an possessed a sense of honor like fine gold tried in the fire. And, strange to say, hidden away somewhere in his heart— or that which answered for one—there was a chord which the pathetic loveliness of the blind daughter of Nemesius ness of the billion that day she had been had touched on the day she had been so unexpectedly presented to him at her father's villa; touched as Nero's which sometimes was by the beautiful, which he sacrificed as lightly, to suit his mood, as he would have impaled a living butterfly whose gorgeous wings had de-

As planned, on the following morning the imperial party left Rome for the Lago di Albano; and Laodice, who had watched their departure from behind the drapings of a window, now waited with impatience the return of the confi-

dential messenger she had dispatched to follow them, and bring her word when the cortege was at a safe distance eyond the walls. She moved abo her splendid room, restless and furious at his delay; and it would be well for at his delay; and it would be well for him, when he did appear, if the fine, sharp stiletto lying there on her toilet table among her involved. among her jewels, did not make closer acquaintance with his flesh than would be agreeable. She wondered in he had fallen into a tufa pit—the Cam pagna was full of them; or worse, per-haps he had been arrested by some er-zealous guards, to whom it was no over-zeaious guards, to whom it was not an unusual thing to be in advance of their duty. This idea dismayed her a little, and when, turning from the win-dow out of which she had been watching, she saw the me-senger standing before her, her relief was so great that her anger was forgotten. Not that she had cared for the man's safety, faithful slave though he was; but she feared that if arrested, and threatened with the lash or the torture, some of her own secrets might be betrayed. He insecrets might be betrayed. He formed her that the imperial party h passed the last arches of the Claudian Aqueduct before he left the Campagna; that going and returning on foot had delayed him; he had not intended to go so far, but wanted to be on the safe

side. She tossed him a silver coin, gave him a nessage to her groom to have her new chariot in waiting without delay dismissed him, and began to array without delay, ther for her drive, dispensing with the ser-vices of her attendants, whose presence she knew would only exasperate annoy her at a moment when it was her

annoy her at a moment when it was her will to be undisturbed.

Her equipage, befitting a Sybarite, was ready before she was, and no wonder the passers-by stopped to gaze on its splendor. Low hung, and panelled in ivory set in fine, gilded carving, no can had seen its like; it was of the very one had seen its like; it was of the very latest style, brought from eastern parts. The spokes of its broad wheels ere carved and gilded; the gleam of gold was on every part-in the broider ies on its soft cushions of scarlet silk in the trappings and fringes and tassels beautiful that decorated Spanish horses; while the garniture of spanish horses; while the garnture of the scarlet reins were small disks of gold, each capped by a gem. An ad-justable screen of peacock feathers, like a large fan, could be so arranged in any direction as to shade the occupant from the sun. The thing seemed fit only to bowl over a smooth marble pavement, or along the broad, level alleys of a pleasure garden; but its exterior was deceptive, for it was conof the hardest, toughest woods, clamped and knitted together with iron bolts and braces.

The horses arch their graceful, silky necks, and champ their bits with impatience; they beat the earth with their dainty hoofs; their great eyes sparkle as they toss their heads, and the groom finds it almost impossible to restrain them, when Laodice, in all her queenly beauty, descends the broad marble stairs of the palace, and with superb, sinuous grace in every move ment, approaches, stops a moment to smooth the glossy flank of the near smooth the glossy flank of the near horse with her ivory-white hand, calls to the other caressingly by the pet name she had given him, while he arches his neck and neighs softly in response—then steps into the carriage, sinks indolently down upon the cushsinks indolently down upon the cushions, and gathers the reins in her hands, whose wrists have the strength of a man's. The horses' heads are skilfully turned, and they sweep away, followed by vivas; for the Romans were never slow in their appreciation of a spirited act, or a heartful spectacle. never slow in their appreciation of a spirited act, or a beautiful spectacle. Loadice had with her a small, finely-woven basket, containing some dainty presents for Claudia, and the witch's by which she hoped to work such spells as would crown her desires

with triumph.

It was a day full of the buoyancy of spring: everything was bursting into bloom and fragrance; leaves of white and rose-tinted fruitand floated on the sun-warmed winds the fountains tossed their spray so high that Iris cast the vari-colored meshes of her aerial net over it, until the air seemed filled with tattered rainbows; the dreamy brightness of the Roman sky bathed every object, and countless birds gave sweet voice to the exquisite

loveliness of the day.

Laodice, her face shaded by the screen of peacock feathers, leaned back on the ixurious cushions, in passive enjoyment of the exquisite brightness and fragrance which pervaded everything around and about her, while her horses, their first ardor spent, bore her more slowly towards the Aventine. Not that she observed in detail the perfect scenes through which she was passing. balmy influence rapt senses all the same, while her thoughts were busy with the object of her lonely

Arrived at the villa, Symphronius received her with grand politeness and

"I have come to see the daughter of

Nemesius, 'she said, preparing to step from her carriage. "I am sorry to say, illustrious lady, that my little mistress is away; her nurse took her to the sheep farm higher up, for a change, the doctor having ordered it. Will not the noble lady alight, and permit her slave to serve her with some refreshments after her drive?" said the steward, with pro-found reverence. He knew that at that moment Zilla and the child were at the cascade, but he had recognized in this

lady the person about whom his master had cautioned him.

By a haughty motion of dissent, Laodice declined the hospitality of the villa, over which she hoped to reign as mistress at no distant day. She ground her small white teeth under her closed lips, while an angry flush darkened her face, and kindled a scintillating spark in her eyes; and for an instant she could not command her voice to speak until reflecting that Fate had been ad verse, perhaps to prove her constancy, and that failure by no means meant d and that failure by no means meant de-feat, she handed Symphronius the par-cel of beautiful gifts she had brought, di-recting him to "give them to his little lady with the love an unknown friend,"

her neck with her own hands, while she

at the same time whispered the spell.

Then, turning her horses' heads by a slight movement of the reins, Laodice drove rapidly down the chestnut avenue, through the bronze gate, descending at less speed the mountainous, rocky road. Once she raised her eyes, and beheld through an opening in the trees a vista of incomparable splendor, for a few moments held he She saw all the splendor of pagan Rome outspread bene pagan Rome outspread beneath ner, allo beyond its mighty walls the superb aqueducts stretching away, throwing grand purple shadows on the sun-steeped Campagna, as it lay in the em-braces of the Alban mountains on the east, and of the sea on the west, whose line of coast was defined by a band of silvery mist.

Laodice, by an almost imperceptible turn of her strong, shapely wrist, halt-ed the spirited but gentle horses; her hands, scarcely holding the reins, lay idly on her lap; and while the tremu-lous shadows of leaves and sunlight covered her like a veil of rare, trans-parent tissue, flecked with broidery of gold, she sat motionless, gazing down upon the great, storied city, whose marble temples, columns, arches, and conuments recorded the fame of name and triumphs which would be unforgotten while the genius of history sur

She exulted in all this magnificence as it gleamed in the undimmed sun-shine, while the unfathomable blue overarching it brought out with daz-zling effect its almost indescribable grandeur — exulted not only in its splendors, which delighted her proud, esthetic nature, but because she saw in it a realistic symbol of invincible power—a superb altar, whose trophies were the most priceless treasures of the world; whose victims had ever the most heroic, the most virtuous, and the most exalted of mankind. the most exacted of maintain labels had defied Rome, and lost all in their efforts to withstand the power whose onward march was like destiny; but onward march was like had not their names and deeds of high renown, like cinnamon and rare spices thrown into the flames that consume them, only made the sacrifice august, and more worthy the acceptance of the

The grandeur of the scene naturally inspired a strain of thought like this, although it seemed incongruous to an intellect so apparently shallow as that of Laodice. But it is only the luxuryloving, passionate, sensuous side of her nature we have seen. Under that there was something deeper, which held the key-note to those more exalted sentients which now moved her to forgetfulness of the subject that had for ome time absorbed the intense emo ions of her heart. She had drawn in as mother's milk, pride of country and race, from the pages of Livy, Tac and other noted historians; for, like many women in those days, she was acquainted with the Greek and Latin literature of her own and of earlier times. She avoided philosophy, satisled to leave it to graver minds, and to the few of her own sex who had penetrated the the secret arcana, and taught in the temples of learning and science with distinguished success; reading as the "Antigone" cles, the choral songs and odes of Pin-dar, the "Alcestis" of Euripides, the dar, the "Alcestis graceful verses of Lucretius, the rounded periods of Cicero, and the the

of the Mantuan poet, enchanten her imagination, and satisfied her mind, exciting it to heroic resolves, and imbuing her undisciplined nature with all the romance of passion. Julius Cresar had been her ideal; and the re Julius gret of her life was that she did not exist when he, like a demigod, trod the earth—her regret until she met Neme-sius, who fulfilled her highest dreams.

"I, too, am of Rome, with a Roman were the words that escaped her red, full lips, as if her soul had involuntarily given sound to her thoughts.
"And if the gods refuse to be propitious to my suit, I shall go to Hades for my Endymion, the serpent neip. An! my Endymion, the scripent Death that stung thy bride, wresting her from thy arms, I will yet bring thee to know did not give thy heart so mortal a wound as thou believest; I will yet awaken it by spells as soft as the breathing of Paphian flutes, and then—then thou shalt raise me up to thy own heights, until I am worthy to

hold the love I have won." And so dreaming, the superb city gleaming below, and the faultless view beyond; the sunlighted Italian sky; the soft, golden light that bathed it all, faded from the eyes of Laodice like a dissolving mirage, leaving as its only reality the intense passion that now reality the intense passion that now absorbed her inner life, until a thrush, poised on a leafy branch above her ourst into a roundelay of wild, sweet notes, recalling her to the actual present. A sudden smile brightened countenance, while a strange, tender light softened the expression of her bold, handsome eyes; for she fancied that it was a good omen, coming just at the moment it did. Had not the oracles in former times revealed the future through birds—and why not She gathered up the in a firm grasp, called to studded reins her horses in those caressing tones they knew and obeyed so well, and the next moment they were descending, with dainty but sure steps, the steep road

of the Aventine.

The last resolve of Laodice, before she fell asleep on her sumptuous couch that night, was that she would redouble her vigilance, again seek an interview with the blind child for the purpose of weaving her wiles around her, and per suade her to wear, as a talisman friendship, the magic amulet, which would work its spell to the height of

Laodice's first act in the morning after that of homage to the Dii Penates was to send for her confidential slave was to send for her condential slave, a Cypriot—whose life, for a certain crime known only to her, was in her hands—and command him to keep her informed of the movements of the commander of the Imperial Legion, empha cel of beautiful gifts she had brought, directing him to "give them to his little lady with the love an unknown friend," but reserved the witch's amulet until she should come agair, and suspend it about of obedience and gratitude; then he

passed from her presence as silently as That evening, the next day, and the

That evening, the next day, and the day after, she watched for even a glimpse of Nemesius, in the palace, in her drives on the Via Tiburtina and Via Appia, at the theatre, and in the eighborhood of the Forum and the Temples; but he did not appear neither did her Cypriot. As i incidently, in conversation with young Roman Adonis, who was highl lattered by her notice, she inquired "What has become of the commander of the Imperial Legion? Has he turned Christian, that he has so completely disappeared from the sight of his

"When Nemesius turns Christian i will be at the Greek calends," laughed the young gallant, meaning never (the saying had become a proverb). "I did hear a rumor that he had been seen on the Campagna, with a mounted escort going towards Terracina.—But tell me hast thou seen the last new comedy t is divine!"
"I have not seen it," she replied

quietly, and in an abstracted manner.
"All Rome is wild over it; Jove himself might laugh at the wit of it."

"By whom is it written?"

"I—I—really now, by Apollo! I was so carried away with delight of the thing, that I—I am ashamed to say! forgot to ask who wrote it. But see herein that group near the Hercules is my friend Tullius, who knows everything. I will leave thee a moment to ask him the name of the friend Tullius, who author, and hasten back with the information," he said, bowing I fumed head as he left the spot.

When he came back she was not there; nor could he, in all that sple did crowd which thronged the state apartments of the Emperor that even-

ng, find her again.

Laodice had taken the opportunity to retire to the seclusion of apartments, which were situated in a wing of the palace distant from that portion occupied by the imperial family and as she glided swiftly through the dimly-lighted corridor, she saw a figure, dark-robed and motionless, standing against the wall near her door. It was he Cypriot. She made him a sign to llow her, then, closing the door, stood confronting him. He perious mistress would bear no waste of words, so without any preface, save that of bowing his head low on his

breast, he related in distinct but sub-

dued tones the facts he had gleaned, as "The commander of the Imperial Legion went three days age, with a noble escort, to meet the envoys of certain Asiatic kings, who have long been hostile to Rome, but now wish to become tributary to her for their own preservation from the invasions of neighboring princes more powerful than themselves. They have landed at Ostia, and with their illustrious escort will b in the city on the day after the morrow, when there is to be a grand pageant at the Temple of Mars, where the Em-peror, attended by the Senate and his most distinguished military command-

rs, will give them audience This was his news, but how he had ound out the particulars which he related was known only to himself; they were, however, satisfactory to Laodice, who dropped some coins in his hand, and dismissed him.

She did not care about the envoys or

the pageant: the only scintilla of in-terest awakened in her mind by the words of the Cypriot was that she heard where Nemesius was, and felt assured that his absence did not mean Nemesius was, and felt wilful avoidance of herself. She also rejoiced in the opportunity of being able to visit his blind daughter with out danger of meeting him. "I will see her, and cajole her with loving words and caresses; under the spell of the witch's amulet, I will fascinate and bewitch her, until she will be happy only near me. Then—then—"

only near me. Then—then—"
What, she did not say; a low, rippling laugh filled up the gap, and happy fancies filled her heart, as unclasping the superb jewels from her neck and arms, she tossed them carelessly, in a glittering mass, upon a slab of lapis lazuli near her; then blew a note on a small gold whistle that hung like a toy to her girdle, which summoned her at tendants from the ante-room to disrobe her, for she was impatient to be alone with her thoughts; but when she had at last dismissed them for the night, her soft reveries were made bitter-sweet by doubts, which, like harpies, would intrude to rob her heart of its feast. TO BE CONTINUED.

A PORTENTOUS UPRISING.

The present agitation for a change of the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church is not likely to be successful in accomplishing its end, but it will conwith increasing earnestness in spite of temporary deteat. It is a logispite of temporary deteat. It is a logi-cal consequence of the Oxford Move-ment, begun seventy years ago with the purpose of tearing away every liga-ment of connection between the Church of England and Protestantism, and it will not cease until that end is attained even if the result shall bring about the disruption of the Episcopal Church as

now organized. * * *
The agitation for a change in the name proceeds from an impulse so revolutionary that the whole spirit of conutionary that the whole spirator con-servatism in the Episcopal Church, hereto/ore the most conservative of Churches, must eventually be aroused against it. It is not the "crazy scheme" the Newark rector calls it. It is an agitation which has been gathering force and increasing in intensity of conviction during the whole seventy conviction during the whole seventy years since its beginning in the Oxford Movement. It may be called illogical, but it is not "crazy." It is a very serious movement, for it may be said to lead inevitably to the Roman Catholic Church, to which Newman, the guiding spirit of its start, at last rendered complete submission. In other words, it is a portentous uprising against Protest-antism and in favor of Catholicism—an attempt to bring about a radical religious reaction which will not be staye by any action next year's Episcopal General Convention may take.—New York Sun.

MAKING INFIDELS.

Much has been said by the Catholic press against the policy of government exercised in our new possessions. Much, too, not always in a spirit of proper charity, has been uttered against our separated brethren for their work in the islands. For so doing Catholic the islands. For so doing Catholic editors have been charged wrongfully with improper motives. This is well illustrated in an article under the caption of Making Infidels, which appears

tion of Making Infidels, which appears in Brann's Iconoclast for the current month. Read it carefully.

"Why do a majority of Protestant clergy favor the imperial regime? For the simple reason that they foolishly and wickedly imagine that it means greater fields for Protestant missions. Prof. Schurman of Cornell, McKinley's height profit of the first Philipping commissions. chairman of the first Philippine commission, was imbued with the same idea In his lecture on the Philippine Islands Schurman admits that "90 per cent. of the civilized inhabitants—about 6,000 000—are Catholics." He adds that "nearly all can read and write and that many are highly educated." Yet he urges Protestant churches to rush missionaries to the islands, and take advantage of demoralized conditions to convert—not the niggritoes and savage subjects of the Sultan of Sulu—but in telligent Catholics, whose ancestors were building colleges and universities pefore Yale and Harvard were founded Others of the same ilk look upon Porto Rico and Cuba as inviting fields for uch work, and many missionaries have been dispatched thither. "If these deluded, over-zealous people

desire to make Infidels and agnostics of the intelligent Catholics of Cuba and the Philippines, they may succeed be yond their fondest dreams. But if the hope to convert them to Protestantis But if they they are doomed to disappointment and ignominious failure.
"I know that it is next to impossible

Protestant to place himself in the attitude where he can view the matter from the standpoint of an intelligent Catholic. Being neither Catholic nor Protestant-just a plain every day sin ner-I am able to approach these ques tions without prejudice and write down the simple truth without the slightest desire to offend or please either party. "Protestant zealots who desire to vert Catholics to Protestantism should

be plainly told that it is almost, if not quite impossible, for an intelligent Catholic to become a good Protestant. The reason is plain:
"If he cannot believe in the root and stock of the tree, how can he believe

in its branches?

If he cannot believe that the oldest Church in the world is the true Church w can be accept the later invention of Luther, Calvin, Wesley, or Dowie, as the Church of God?

"When convinced that the authority vested in the oldest Church is not bind-ing, how can he submit to the decrees of conference, council and conclave of warring Protestantism?

"Once convinced that the rules of faith laid down by the councils of his Church are erroneous, and the Pope's interpretation of scripture false, how are you to make him accept the interpretation, or abide by the rules of faith and prac-tice laid down by Tom, Dick and Harry? Impossible!

"The upright, honest, educated Catholic must either remain true to his faith or become an agnostic. For him there is no refuge in Protestantism, no middle ground between Catholicism and infidelity. Therefore the inevitable effect of Protestant missions in the Philippines will be to make agnostics and Infidels of a people who now be-lieve in Gcd and His Christ. "My statement that no intelligent Catholic can become a good Protestant

may sound extravagant, but it is literrlly true. You can count on the fingers of one hand all the Catholics that have become good Protestants, during the last hundred years. As before stated, when an honest, upright Catholic abandons Catholicism he almost invariably becomes an agnostic. When a dispersion of the catholic abandons of the c honest devotee renounces his Catholic-ism he is apt to become a first-class Protestant scalaway." — Church Pro-

AMERICA'S FIRST PRESS.

SET UP IN THE HOME OF A MEXICAN ARCHBISHOP.

The house wherein the first printing press brought to the New World was et up and where books were printed at least as early as the year 1539, is still standing in the City of Mexico, and curiously enough, is at present occupied by an establishment which operates a printing press among its other lines of business. But the pres-ent proprietor claims to be out of the line of typographical succession with the original printing establishment and uses a press of much more modern

Thanks to the untiring and masterful efforts of the celebrated bibliographer and scholar, Joaquin Garcia Icazbalceta, who published the results of his re-searches in the year 1886, the history of the printing press in Mexico ha been rescued from almost certain obliv ion, and it is now known beyond the shadow of a doubt that the first press was set up in America not earlier than 1535 nor later than 1537. It was the Viceroy Antonio de Mendoza and his contemporary, the first Archbishop of Mexico, Eray Juan de Zumarraga, who were responsible for the establishment of the printing house in Mexico. A printer in Seville, of the name of Juan Cromberger, and said to have been very celebrated in his day, was given the order, and he either sent or brought the outfit about the date mentioned. The press was set up in the Casa de

las Campanas, a building yet standing at the corner of Calles Cerrada de Santa Teresa and Moneda. This was the residence of the Archbishop of This place enjoys additional hisorical interest on account of its be ing the site of the palace of the Emperor Azayacatl, father of the unfortunate Montezuma, who according to the tra-ditions of the Indians, was stabbed while prisoner of the Spanish conquerors on the roof of the temple of Tascatl Ipoca and hurled into the street at that very

corner on the memorable night of the

Noche Triste.

A work entitled "Escala Espiritual A work entitled 'Escala Espiritual para llegar al Cielo' was among the earliest books printed in Mexico, the date of its publication having been set by some authorities as far back as the impossible year 1532. The fallacy of this is forcibly set forth by leazbaleeta, who argues that even had the viceroy brought the press with him on his first trip it could not have arrived prior to latter part of 1535.

It seems, also, that a book was published in the year 1539 at the Casa de las Campanas, bearing the imprint of Juan Cromberger. This noteworthy book, which is an example of the early attempts of the Church to preserve the Mexican language and to carry the Christian doctrine to the Indians with the greatest facility, was entitled "La Doctrina Christiana," and gave parallel reading in Spanish and Nahuatl.

EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN

According to the etiquette of "the pper ten, "it is not respectable for

upper ten, "it is not respectable for women to work. In obedience to that social edict the daughters of fairly well-to do homes lounge about, after their school days over, reading novels, shopping, ing, and otherwise killing time, are over hoping for beaux to marry them. They see their father breaking down under the strain of supporting them in idleness, and never think to aid him. It is all right for him to toil, but oh, horror! they must not be asked to do a thing to earn a dollar. And not until they are forced out, by his collapse and death, will they earn their own bread. Then poor devil, their industry is of no us to him in his grave.

The love that lets a father wear him-

self out prematurely, so that the daughters may escape the divine law of labor, is a selfish, brutal, pinchback affection.

Go to work, young woman. Learn to be of use in the world in a womanly way. Trample on the law of the snobs that a woman must not earn her own bread. Don't shed tears over your father's corpse, but keep him alive by relieving him of a portion of the anxiety for your welfare that is wreeking his nervous system. Let novels go un read and dreams of Prince Charming
give place to plans for an noble career You will not lose caste in the eyes of sensible persons if you obey the man-date of Heaven—" In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread! Catholic Columbian.

Wisdom and Incense

With reference to the use of incense and processional lights during the pa-tronal festival at St. Alban's, Holborn, London, England, a parishioner is alleged to have asked whether the reintroduction of these ceremonial luxures was quite "wise" under existing

circumstances.

Father Stanton is said to have replied: "There are only two classes of persons who are emphatically termed wise' in the New Testament-namely, the 'Wise Men' who offered incense, and the 'Wise Virgins' who carried processional lights." — Church News

THE CATHOLIC IN FICTION

Sacred Heart Review. In the Reader for July, John J. A'Becket has an article in which he explains the attitude of the Catholic in reality toward the Catholic in fiction. He mentions several writers of novels who sin notoriously in presenting dis-torted pictures of Catholics and of the Catholic Church, and says :

"The Catholic approves or condemns portrayal of the Church and its memers in literature, whether fictional or historical, simply as it accords with the truth: namely, whether the teaching of the Church and the modus agendi of those who profess its faith and live up to it are correctly presented.
"It is where the dogmas of the

Church are misrepresented or scoffed at; where the spirit of the Church is belied, and her practices and ceremonials are derided or falsely presented; where the character of her ministers are assailed, that the Catholic feels most resentment; and it is in these respects that he feels calumniated where the Christian believer who is not a

cere, conscientious disaffection towar the Church, or open antagonism, to it, so long as the opponent is honest and fights fair. Every enlightened, well-grounded Catholic has a vital conviction that he possesses truth in the su-preme question of religious belief, and that there can be no argument brought

Marie Corellis indulge in dalliance with things Catholic, no Catholic will lose his sleep o' nights on their ac-count. Writers of this kidney who bear down upon the Church are like tiny in sects that impinge u pon the globe of a dazzling electric light. They may slightly obscure its rays, but are apt to perish themselves. Such writers only perish themselves. Such writers only brush like wanton children against the fringes of Catholic verity, noting little and heeding less its deep inner spiritual significance.'

It is to be regretted that so many people who are very pious are very censorious and even unjust in their comments upon their neighbors. Piety ought to find expression in kindness to our neighbors as well as in devotion to God. We should remember that the Christ Whom we serve was kind.

It will do much to promote happiness in the home if all the members of the family were to be as kind and courteous to one another as they are to guests. The visitor receives bright smiles, pleasant words, constant attention, and the fruits of efforts to please. But the home folk are often cross, rude, selfish and fault-finding toward one another. Are not our own as worthy of our love and care as is the stranger temporarily within our gates?

London The Barley's

JULY 25

A MOTE

The Barley hollow at the er reach the place the stony, ill-k of the "edge, to an old pack stones, all holl in wet weather limpid pools; the through a ly through a tain pansies an hbone ferns. Druid's Well, there the from From the step toric relic quaint house r amid its farm stunted rowan The place of

granges that I ley Lees (wh chapel still in sed as a cov nile from Da his seven sor now save the there are no l left in all Pea naster ; his w scendants. A high-spir spite of his poly-what can or eighty moorland in t was too haug

too needy to

Such grouse :

turity were poachers from v in his bed logs gave a came too nea ould bid bi was still plu knew that h counter, eve man servant with flails. Harriet wa Traditions a the won fact that she her memory says. Som was in the steal across great coach century mal-quer and g the family l had been H

> where the l Because her bantlin child had b -a beautif dom ; fairand gray-ex woman had ' When is most exc

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coach s and tel boy's a take th