

Bolton, would you take me? Let me stay a month without salary to learn the work from your girl."

"And do you really think you'd like housework?" asked Mrs. Bolton, taken back by the suddenness of Mary's request. "It is quite different from the work you know."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I know its different from this, but I've been thinking of it for some time. Of course I've had no experience, except a little at home before my father died. I know it is not hard to get into a family where they keep the other, but I want a room to myself so I can think in the evening when my work is done, of course," said Mary, "you do not know me, but Father Bradley of St. Ignatius will tell you something of us. He was so kind during my father's illness and death, and, smiling, 'he got me in here, but of course I wouldn't think of bothering him with complaints about it now when he was so good in finding me the place—and ninety four girls ahead of me on the application list. Yes," she added, as she noticed Mrs. Bolton's look of amazement, "it is that way all the time."

Mrs. Bolton had been watching Mary's face keenly. "Well," she said, "I'm sure you are honest and earnest, and I'll take your word. Let me see,—this is Saturday. Well, two weeks from next Monday you come; then you go under training with Julia for four weeks without salary. That's what you mean, is it not? Yes? Well, then at the end of that time—that is, if we are mutually satisfied—you take up Julia's work and salary. Now that's settled,—as Mary tried to thank her. "Here is my card and I shall expect you as agreed. Good bye, and try to get a little more color in your face, because," she said smiling, "Julia is a Christian Scientist and she's been insisting on your going to a healer."

This thought of housework was not a sudden one inspired in Mary's mind by Mrs. Bolton's conversation. She had decided weeks before that nothing could be much harder than her present life. She saw herself growing stabbler every day, as except for an occasional pair of shoes she found it impossible with all her efforts to earn more than her board and carfare. So it was with a light heart that night that she left her week's notice in the office of the cashier and as she made her usual visit to the church on her way to her boarding place she thanked God earnestly that her prayers had been answered and begged His guidance and help in the new field His care had found for her.

The next week she had to bear a great deal of scoffing and many covert sneers from the girls in the store "Kitchen mechanic," "pot walloper," and a score of like epithets greeted her and with raised eyebrows and shrugged shoulders they did not hesitate to express their opinion of Mary's "lowering" herself. The poor girl who shared a room with three others and lived on bread and coffee was the worst of all. "Before I'd work in anybody's kitchen," she said scornfully "I'd throw myself in the river."

"Poor soul!" said Mary to herself. "It will hardly be necessary. You are going fast enough as it is." She had seen for some time that the poor girl was falling and had often walked down in the morning that she might buy a banana or an orange for Sidie, who now said to her contemptuously, but dramatically: "My Henriessy, my friendship is no longer yours."

All this had occurred, however, eight years before the story of Mary's conversation with her mistress concerning "In His Steps." It had not taken Mrs. Bolton long to discover that Mary was far above the average working girl. She could discuss intelligently most subjects of current interest, and with such naive originality that Mrs. Bolton liked to talk with her and draw her out. In this matter Mary showed the innate refinement of her race, the kindness and equality of her mistress' manner never causing her to forget her position or become in the slightest degree familiar. "Oh the comfort of her!" Mrs. Bolton would exclaim to her friends. "Really, I'm ashamed to say that in the last year or two, since I've gotten so deep into club work and advancement theories, I have to leave everything to Mary."

She felt tired and dispirited this afternoon as she climbed the stairs to Mary's bedroom. Her life seemed to be growing so nerve-wearing and club-driven, while so little was really accomplished with all her meetings and discussions. "How sweet and restful!" she sighed as she paused in the doorway. "Mary keeps every place so spotless and yet never seems driven."

Mary's room was restful with its dainty desk and bookcase, her own purple chaise, its spotless curtains and potted plants. She called it her haven of rest and many times as she entered it she recalled with a smile the old days in the basement when the girls laughed at her desire for a room to herself.

Mrs. Bolton crossed to the table and found the book she sought under the "Imitation of Christ," which she opened carelessly to see where Mary had placed the marker, and read: "Be hold if all should be spoken against thee that could be most maliciously invented, what would it hurt thee, if thou sufferedst it to pass and madest no more reckoning of it than a mote? Could all these words pluck as much as a hair from thy head?"

"But he that hath no heart in him nor hath God before his eyes, is easily moved by a word of his praise."

Mrs. Bolton sighed as she laid down the book. "So gracious!" she exclaimed to herself, as she went down the stairs. "I must have neither

heart in me nor God before my eyes, or I surely wouldn't have been so squelched this afternoon when I had to confess my ignorance of Sheldon and his books." Going into her own room wearily, she threw herself on a couch and read until Mary knocked at the door to ask if Mr. Bolton would be home for dinner.

"No, Mary," she answered, I forgot to tell you. His brother is still ill and he will remain in Philadelphia a day or two longer. And Mary," she called as Mary was going away, "I'm charmed with this book. Don't you think it is most interesting?"

"Why, it's really amusing, answered Mrs. Bolton, turning back.

"Oh, you don't mean that," said Mrs. Bolton surprised. "So far I have found it original and sad, very sad, but perhaps," she added, as Mary stood smiling in the doorway, "perhaps it ends differently. I'll read it any way before I judge it further."

"Mary," she asked the next afternoon as she stood buttoning her gloves and ready to go out, "how in the world can you call 'In His Steps' amusing? To me it seems like the first sound of a trumpet awakening the world from its long sleep of selfishness and indifference. You know, Mary," she went on, "I have never discussed religion with you nor ever objected to your obeying your creed in all things, but your calling this book amusing, with your intelligence, inclines me to the general belief that Catholics in following their worship of the saints and other superstitions, really lose sight of the real Christ, the Saviour of the world."

"Indeed," Mary replied quietly, "and is that the general belief, ma'am?"

"It is, Mary," said her mistress gently. The intent look on Mary's face made her think that her words were making an impression, and she went on pityingly, "and really, Mary, there is scarcely a meeting of cultured, representative women at which this question does not come up for discussion. You see," she continued, not noticing the two bright red spots on Mary's cheeks, "we have quite decided that nothing can be done towards reforming this world until this gigantic barrier of ignorance and superstition is removed." Mrs. Bolton was warning to her subject and enjoying her own eloquence, but marking the pained look in Mary's face, she said kindly, "Oh, Mary, I hope I have not offended you! Really, I always forget that you are such a devout Catholic."

"Mrs. Bolton," said Mary, sternly, "may I ask you if you have always felt like this?"

"Well, not exactly," was the reply.

"Of course, I always pitied their foolishness and idolatry, but it is only since I have taken an active part in affairs that I have learned how they are opposed in every way to the progress of the world."

"And do all your reform women feel like that?"

"Oh, yes, Mary, replied Mrs. Bolton quickly, "and most of them much more strongly than I."

"And do they have Catholic servants?" asked Mary again.

"In most cases they do, because they are generally honest and pure in their morals and altogether dependable."

"And so the reform women leave their Catholic servants in charge of their homes, while they wear themselves out howling against the Church that has made these girls what they are?"

"Mrs. Bolton," called out the president, "the secretary informs me that your name is not on the list, and if my memory serves me correctly," she added smiling, "you spoke very strongly at the last meeting in favor of taking immediate action on this matter."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Bolton, absent-mindedly, as she looked around and noted that all the ladies were seated again, "yes, I did not question myself or anyone else as to what effect it would have on anything or anybody. I simply gathered that it was to abolish something Catholic, and you know, Madam President, she went on more firmly, "that always ensures a full meeting and a unanimous vote."

"Then are we to understand," asked the president sharply, "that you refuse to sign this petition?"

"Yes, I refuse to sign anything until I know what god is going to do," she said, then, catching sight of some of the politely astonished faces that were turned toward her, she added, "It seems to me that instead of improving and broadening ourselves, we are growing more intolerant and more inconsistent every day."

This remark acted like a bombshell and it took fully five minutes to quiet the eager clamor for the floor. At last it was given to a thin, little red-haired woman, who said as she looked at Mrs. Bolton witheringly, "I move that inasmuch as the body of ladies, the number offering the same be either requested to apologize or be suspended until further action, according to rule four, section B, of our by-laws."

The motion was eagerly seconded and then came loud calls for the question.

"Pray do not excite yourselves, ladies," said Mrs. Bolton quietly, as she fastened her seakiss coat. "I shall not trouble you further. It happens that this afternoon I was given an opportunity of seeing ourselves as others see us, and the sight was not pleasant. There is surely something radically wrong with our lives. Only yesterday we pledged ourselves to do as Christ would do if He were on earth, and to day we all come here to do our utmost toward the enactment of a measure anything but Christ-like. And then we pounce upon a sister member because she pauses in the midst of the maelstrom to ask herself why. I really believe now," she continued, "that it was a sentence I found yesterday in a book belonging to my Catholic servant that set me thinking. It has kept me awake all night," and Mrs. Bolton quoted earnestly—"But he that hath no heart in him nor God before his eyes, is easily moved by a word of his praise."

"Good bye, ladies," and without waiting for any answer she swept out of the hall. Feeling faint and dizzy after

the unusual excitement, she asked the elevator boy to call a cab. When she reached home, weak and exhausted, she found Mr. Bolton awaiting her, hungry for his dinner, and Mary gone.

"Here's a note," said Mr. Bolton. "What did you say to the girl any way? She's not the kind to go off in a huff for nothing. Then Mrs. Bolton told him tearfully all that had occurred. "See if she left any address in that note," he said when she had finished. "Yes, here it is—49 Hooper street, Brooklyn. Now, if you'll make some tea while I hunt up some cold meat or whatever there is, I'll have Mary back in two hours."

"But John, what if she will not come?"

"Oh, she'll come all right," he answered cheerfully. "You just write her a note and tell her you're sorry for all that religious tomfoolery. You know what to say," he laughed, as he opened a can of peas. "I'll get her!"

"Mary," said Mrs. Bolton two weeks later as she was slowly recovering from a sharp attack of what the doctor called "over-worked nerves," "that other little book which was on your table is worth a dozen of Sheldon's."

"You mean the 'Imitation, ma'am?" inquired Mary. "Oh, yes, there's nothing grander than that—nothing!"

"I wish you'd get it, Mary,—I want to see if I had that quotation right that I repeated at the club meeting that afternoon. Oh, Mary," she laughed, as Mary returned with the book, "I shall never forget how the ladies looked at me as I left the hall. What would they think of me?"

"Never mind, ma'am," said Mary gently. "God gave you courage to do as you did—and just listen to this, ma'am," as she placed another pillow behind Mrs. Bolton's head: "If all that should be spoken against thee that could be invented, what would it hurt thee, if thou sufferedst it to pass and madest no more reckoning of it than a mote? Could all these words pluck as much as one hair from thy head?"

"Oh, yes, I remember reading that," Mary said Mrs. Bolton, as she sank back upon her pillows and smiled peacefully. "It is beautiful."—Teresa Beatrice O'Hare, in the Rosary Magazine.

**DON'T DELAY YOUR JUBILEE VISITS.**

Danger From the Procrastinating Tendency in Human Nature.

As the axiom concerning the danger of delays bears with especial force on spiritual matters, wise people will take advantage of the greater freedom from worldly distraction which Lent should bring them to make a good start in one of the most important works to which the gaining of the Jubilee is conditioned—the prescribed visits to the churches.

In earlier days who so sought the Jubilee Indulgence thought no condition too rigorous for so great a spiritual favor, and our forbears in the faith would marvel, were they in the world again, at the easiness of the conditions prescribed for us.

No anchorite fast, no vigil of prayer, no painful journey afoot in pilgrim garb and with naught but pilgrim duty in view. Our visits may be made in carriage or electric car, and if, when we set forth to make them, we have some incidental business to attend to, we are allowed to transact it on the same journey.

Yet, easy as the fulfillment of the obligation has been made, it is very probable—from the procrastinating tendency in human nature, when there is any question of duty—that many people will find themselves on the last of August with their Jubilee visits yet to make, and that summer heat or storm, or an unexpected indisposition will so encroach upon the scant time left that they will be unable to fulfill this condition of the Jubilee Indulgence.

Business, pleasure, mere sloth and indifference—everything had the right of way, and the precious opportunity is forever forfeited.

It is better to be wise in time. The world itself now pays some respect to the Lenten season, and the young and pleasure-loving will find fewer temptations to postponement, if they utilize for their Jubilee visits those days during which fashion itself decrees it "in bad form" to be seen at matinees, luncheon parties or afternoon teas.

There is a larger class whose motive for postponement is "business," yet these, at a little sacrifice, can make their visits on the Sundays, and in any event there is but a small percentage of this class who would not give up an afternoon now and then for a doubtful temporal good.

The degree of fervor with which

Catholics welcome this great Indulgence, and of promptness with which they fulfill the conditions for gaining it, are an unmistakable test of the quality of their faith.—The Pilot.

**POPE LEO'S KINDLY THOUGHT.**

Mario Donagan Walsh, in March Donagan's. The ceremony ended with the apostolic benediction imparted by the Pope, the plenary indulgence being afterwards proclaimed in Latin and Italian by the Cardinal Deacons. Then the great bronze doors of St. Peter's were opened wide, revealing like a splendid panorama the vistas of golden splendor within, quivering in a misty haze of sunlight, and densely crowded with people. As the papal procession passed in and defiled by the Porta chapel to the Vatican, and the Holy Father appeared on the doorway, on foot, a deafening roar of "vivas" went up from both portico and basilica. Somehow the rope on foot seems nearer to the people than when carried on the "Sedia Gestatoria" in pontifical state. Those in the portico cheered their loudest despite the fact that the Pontiff's face was turned from them going into the church, escorted by the whole court. But with kindly thoughtfulness to gratify his children, and the energy so natural to him notwithstanding his great age, and fatigue, Leo XIII. stopped on his way and gently disengaged himself from his entourage. Turning completely around again, a smile illuminating the cameo like features, His Holiness gave one last lingering blessing on the portico, looking up and down and from end to end in an embracing gaze, so that none could possibly feel forgotten or miss even the least part of that final blessing of the Holy Father. The very spontaneity of the action touched the hearts of the people, but as the wild enthusiasm redoubled, the cortege was gone. It was the last and most beautiful picture of the day's series, framed in the opening of that crimson-draped doorway, the venerable Vicar of Christ, with the never-to-be-forgotten face, turning back from the sponsors of the great basilica to bless the crowds once more.

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