an unworthy thought m come to her?"
ould!" There could the lad's sincerity. ertainly had none at

love of God means," ie rather than offend inworthy thought, by is love for you. To suffer any one to do is love. That is what

ally means."
hood, mon père?" It
that the call of duty
his inmost soul when Demers' study, he had 's letter, asking him This time, the call not ve was immeasurably, ager, and all his sense on meant was opposed gainst it, against him-r Gagnon had just told

came from God! to God," was was the word with that given igneur Demers, "No rom Him will come be-the lot He has chosen

on père?" Pierre in fact and exactly what this r such he deemed it, . As was his wont, at ade use of the briefest possible, in order to uré the explanation he

ving.
g in coming. "I mean, gnon, gravely, "that if to be a priest, mon ami, t hinder you from being of course, nothing you alter God's designs conthat is not what I want tand. Try, rather, to at love is of God; that best gifts, since it makes lim; that man must love e one, even the brutes ure of natural affection, ent on," but man's love eirs in this, above be and often is unselfish; man love, as I have said, we of God, merges in it, ith it. I did not mean to a sermon, mon cher," he

this human love come to erre, after a momentary his mind travelled over as he had believed, foror unknown at least, and had, therefore, feared to

ressed about it that I had

ome, God gives Himself, others, He leads, as He is by human love to heights which you might, otherttain to. It is not the mon ami, rest assured, calling. Rather, I think, n ones, for the most part, walk in it." The priest deeply of what had just

acepty of what had just m them. rre who broke the silence. aid, with a humility that er Gagnon to the quick," I chosen ones.

chosen ones.
ou know," said the priest
is from the very dunghill,
he continued, "as David
t He lifts up the needy— , in their own eyes, and in nen, in all the qualities of hat He may set them with of His people. Worthy?" who is worthy of this favor you or of any other? No yet God must have priests, ve even greater need of Him, mon fils, He knows ou for the work He has in

whatever it may be."
love, mon pere," the lad
termined, one might think, matter out with God, the sself once for all, "if I best, I must give it up." It time that he had really issue bravely, squarely, ad shrunk from the contemlove as a possible barrier and the lot to which he felt ed him, but now he had come ng of his Lord's cup—or to must, he was still convinced, ve or God; he could not, ad been said, bring himself to r was it to hope ? - that it

ou," was the answer, "that y path whereby human loves of God. It means that if you to the priesthood, you me empty-handed to His ll have a gift worth offering; by himself.' What does that any of us, far too many? ving up of that of which we or nothing, of which we do e value, which cost little at But you!" he exclaimed, hand on the lad's shoulder into the brave young eyes, h fervor, readiness to suffer : have love to give in return

Give it up, did you say?
you will lay it at His feet,
give it back to you changed, give it back to you enaled, ee, made eternal, purged of in the furnace of His Heart, with His for you and for her, ling? Is it too much to give?" on père." Just three short the priest was satisfied. as he made his way home e quiet, moonlit street, went mind all that had been said, d, doubtless, for strength to God should choose for him nich he might wish to choose

g Father Gagnon had added a good night. "Don't speak e said, "if you can help it. e said, "if you can help itusual to the house, be yourwait. You are too young in
know your real mind in this,
ould say so. But...don't,
wait." And Pierre had
that he would, a promise
priest felt sure he would
fully and manfully.
imself, when far into the night
up and down his room, his

office said, he felt that he had laid bare his inmost soul, yet thanked God that Pierre, had been wholly unable to read his inmost sout, yet unanted to cread what was written there. The way he had pointed out was that by which he had come, not that he, any more than Pierre, deemed himself one of God's chosen on that account but rather as one wholly unworthy of so great a favor. The lad's cross was the one he had borne these many years, the lad's coming self-renunciation — for that it would surely come, he had no doubt at all—he had made, once for all, as to speak reverently, in a very Gethsemane an agony not tellable in words. He knew. That beyond question was the reason why he had spoken as he had done, spoken as one who knows, and why to Pierre, not even guessing at the truth, Pierre, not even guessing at the truth, he had seemed to speak in such a Christly fashion.

"Unlawful love?" he whispered to himself over and over again, and yet himself over and over again, and yet again, how can my love be unlawful or his if it lead him and me to God?" Then added reverently, "Lord, Thou knowest." Truly when Pierre's time of trial came, as come it must, he would have none on earth so fit as Father Gagnon to counsel, comfort and advise—because he knew. because he knew.

Meanwhile the time of waiting which had seemed so empty, yet so full of danger took on another aspect for Pierre Martin after his talk with Monsieur le Curé. It was he now saw a training rather than a waiting time, a time of preparation that lay before him, a time, a place—or so it seemed to him—whereof the very quiet was as a sanctuary wherein his soul might learn to know itself—and God. That was a lesson he began to realize very hard to learn, the lesson of the carpenter's shop at Nazareth, impossible, perhaps, certainly immeasurably more difficult, amid the stress and turnoil of so vast an enterprise as his dream must neces sarily prove to be, should it ever become a reality.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A TRAINED NURSE'S CHOICE.

"That you, Miss Meade? Just com-The manager's voice over the house telephone was tinged by relief. Dr. Stagg had said: "It must be Miss Meade." "You're wanted immediately; automobil accident; all dead but one; he's Dr.

accident; all dead but one; he's Dr. Stagg's patient."
"Very good. What's the address?"
Ruth Meade, no matter how brief her sentences, never gave the impression of sentences, never gave the impression of being curt. Her tone was too rich and sweet not to please. Young, efficient, good to look at, the girl's voice was only one of the many gifts which made only one of the many gifts which made her the favorite nurse at the registry. She wrote the address of Dr. Stagg's patient upon a convenient pad, as the nanager repeated it.

"Thank you, good bye."
With the quick noiseless manner her training had accomplished, Ruth made some changes in the suit case she had fetched to her room ten minutes earlier.

"I expected to go home over Sunday," she reflected, a trace of doubt flitting across her tranquil face, disturbing its peace into an angry pucker of the fore-head, a stiffening and thinning of the full young lips. "Oh, well—I'll drift with the current. Duty can't be ignored. Efface yourself and your difficulties, Ruth; it's high sanctity and common sense, both." She snapped the valise shut with whimsical energy, and picked

up her hat and gloves.

Half an hour later, Ruth stood beside an improvised operating table in a very rich man's house. Dr. Stagg, greeting her by a fraction of a nod, still had mental leisure sufficient to think, as many times before, that Ruth was a whiteuniformed incarnation of quiet, unosten tatious capability. He candidly rever-enced nurses who worked hard and talked little.

"Just in time, Miss Meade. Dr. Bell will take the narcosis.—It's trepan-

ning—"
They worked rapidly, almost in absorbance in absorb about approaching a man's brain with material instruments, 'even of twentieth century manufacture. The patient was neither young or old. He was a large man, probably handsome although the disfigured head and the face, partially concealed by the ether-cone, gave Ruth little definite idea of

feature or contour. She instinctively fancied the countenance fine looking Then by force of habit she put all curiosity, all imagination, everything except the alert attention to her duty, out of her mind.

was back in the carved and cand pied bed, desperately weak and ghast-ly looking, presenting no indication of triumphant reaction. The surgeons were conversing in low tones, out in the

injured man's study.
"I have made him as comfortable as "I have made him as confortable as i could," thought Ruth, arranging bowls of solution upon a table. "But I mafraid nothing will help him. His pulse and respiration are both alarming." She turned in a quick, overpowering sympathy and regarded the man lying on impressible besides beds in sleen white mmaculate linen, his head in clean white bandages, science attendant with all its marvellous might but the individual evidently forever beyond the power of com-fort luxury or knowledge to permanently assisthim. The calm indefatigable nurse was a bit over wrought; there had been trials and struggles in her own life of late. Two paths stretched out before her and aerheart quailed before the moment when she must declare her choice. Mr. Brewster, a few hours before unknown to her, was getting upon Ruth's nerves.

"Where's his wife?" she peevishly inquired of herself. "No doubt in Rome or Paris, as most husbands and wives are when I am called to nurse their honorable consorts in wealth like this. Why isn't she here? He's dying, I'm positive. Poor chap! I wonder if that's his "night positive this are the same of the s positive. Poor chap: I wonder it that his 'picture—taken years ago—" She was meditatively studying a photograph upon a cabinet when Dr. Stagg beckoned her from the door. Ruth went in her chapter of the property of the control of the chapter of th quick, silent fashion to join the two

"Mr. Brewster's condition is extremely critical. He may never come out of the ether. Do you think I'd better send for a second nurse to go on at seven?" Dr. Stagg knew what Ruth's answer would be,

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"Oh, no! I like to see my patient through the night after an operation."

Dr. Stagg smiled at the zealous determination in Ruth's blue eyes.

"Well! Mr. Brewster's man will help you if necessary. In the morning we shall see.'

"What we shall see," gravely supplemented Dr. Bell.

"Don't bury him till he's dead," snapped Dr. Stagg. He abhorred the

precipitateness of youth.
Dr. Bell bowed haughtily.
Ruth turned to Dr. Stagg.
"And Mrs. Brewster?" said she im-

oulsively.
"Mr. Brewster is unmarried. Has no near relative whatever. Perhaps no really unselfish friend on the face of the

marked anxiety.
"How is he?" she breathed. "Very low, indeed," Dr. Stagg answered

frankly. "It was a nasty collision, two machines headon at a turn. Mr. Brewster was thrown twenty-five feet." A few final directions jotted down, grave bows to Ruth, and she sat alone grave bows to Ruth, and she sat alone near the bed, listening to the struggling breaths of the strong man whose life was flickering out. A premature twilight pervaded the room, darkening blackly in the corners. Ruth knew a window was open back of heavy shrouding curtains, but the funes of ether lingered through all the house.

gered through all the house.
"It's a horrid day," Ruth thought, eaching for a limp periodical and fanning away the approach of unusual, un-

rofessional faintness.

A door was gently pushed open.
Ruth stopped fanning and slightly
started at the apparition presented!
An old snowy-headed darky in white waist-coated evening clothes, holding by a cumbersome nail-studded collar a

"How's Mass' G'oge, missy?" he queried in the softest tones of his race. "Pluto, yo' ole fool; keep still!" He cuffed the dog mildly with the fat hand that was free. Every tooth in his bead showed in a polite smile at the head showed in a polite smile at the young lady, but his cheeks were frankly

wet|with abundant tears.

"He's quite sick, Ruth whispered,
"Are you Mr. Brewster's man? Oh!
don't hold the dog so. He'll choke!"
in alarm at the immense brute's efforts
to break away from the detaining grip.
"I's his man Pompey, yes, missy, I is.
Pluto, yo' sho'ly is the debbil. I 'clar
fo' de Lawd! Don' you tech him
missy, cose he ain't nebber like no one
'cep me and Mass' G'oge, O Lawd!" as
with one final wrench and snarl, Pluto
freed himself and, darting across the wet with abundant tears. freed himself and, darting across the room, crawled under Mr. Brewster's bed. From that point of vantage he omniously growled as Pompey went belligerently after him.

"Let him alone," Ruth urged, "I've

seen dogs act that way before."

Pompey, who had gone down upon all fours to peer under the bed, rose with panting difficulty.

"Lawd! "Yo' don' gwine to say Massa G'oge gwine die?" Pompey sniffed piteously, abandoning all attempt at dignity.

"I hope not," was all Ruth could say. "He done look pow'ful bad," said Pompey, miserably. "Ain't dat jes' awful, de way he breave?"

"That's mostly from the ether," Ruth consoled. She laid her finger on Mr. Brewster's wrist. Pluto growled

Mr. Brewster's wrist. Pluto growled forbiddingly as her skirts touched the

bed.

"Fo' de lub of God," begged Pompey,
"be keerful o' dat ole fool, Pluto!"

"Yes," said Ruth tactfully. "He intends to stay here, so I think, Pompey,
l'Il be obliged to keep you, too."

"Jes' so, missy. I'se glad to stay, I
is. Me an' Pluto's de two pussons dat
lub Massa G'oge bes' in dis worl'.
Ain' yo' gwine like him, too?" wistfully.

"I like him immercal." Particular. "I like him immensely," Ruth as-

sured the old man. Pompey watched her wonderingly as she gave his master a hypodermic. A weird silence, disturbed only by Mr. Brewster's agitated respiration, settled upon the room. Slowly the minutes dragged by into hours. For an instant Ruth wondered which meal the butler thanks to her when he entered with brought to her, when he entered with her dinner. Pompey waited upon her attentively. She swallowed what she could. The old servant, and the dog under the bed, would touch neither food nor drink. Both grew so silent and motionless as the night wore on that Ruth believed they were asleep. They were not. The devoted human being and the dumb, faithful brute alike waited in tensely alert misery for what would brought to her, when he entered with

in tensely alert misery for what would happen to their best friend. Dr. Stagg lingered long at the next visit. But Ruth knew that he loitered

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Ruth dutifully nodded, biting her lips meanwhile. She wished irritably that physicians would be strictly sincere with their nurses at least. Why the farce of holding out hope when none existed?

It was shortly before the calm, beautiful dawn that Mr. Brewster unexpectedly stirred and opened his eyes. Ruth smiled hopefully into the wide, bright eyes gazing wildly at her.
"You feel better?" she said softly.
"I don't know, gasped the man distractedly. "I can't move. What was it?
Where and 12"

Where am I?"

Pompey leaned forward eager, happy, agonized in one second. Pluto, at the sound of Mr. Brewster's voice, crawled out from the cramped quarters in which he had been crouching and pressed his huge head desperately against his master's limp, bloodless hand lying at

master's limp, bloodless hand lying at the edge of the bed.
"Don't worry," said Ruth, soothingly.
"You must rest quietly,"
"But what happened to me?" Mr. Brewster persisted in a pitifully weak tone. "I wasn't siek. My God, I know," he cried suddenly, and he struggled so to sit up that Ruth laid her arm firmly across his chest.

across his chest. "Don't Mr. Brewster! You were in an automobile collision and Dr. Stagg operated upon you. Everything will be alright." She mixed something hastily in a tumbler. 'I am glad you have come out of the ether so well. Drink this." Instantly Pompey was at her assistance, taking the tube and glass from her when she would have set them her when she would have set them

Blobe."

Dr. Stagg returned to the bedside and bent once more over his patient. Ruth watched the physician's serious, sharply-cut features assume a more marked anxiety.

down.

"Ah, you, Pompey," breathed Mr. Brewster, but his strength had exhausted itself, and directly he drowsed.

"He ain' gwine die?" begged Pompey faintly tearfully tearfully.

"I hope not."

"I hope not."
Pluto licked the cold white hand.
Ruth watched and counted the quick,
noisy respiration. As the morning sunshine stole in between the drawn cur-tains, Mr. Brewster again returned to full consciousness, but then his breathing became very, very slow, like long drawn-out heart broken sighs. He began to talk in phrases quickly uttered, but broken because of the choking presently coming upon him.

"You're my nurse? I remember all. It was a straight, clear road — the branches—of the elms—meeting overnead. For a while—it seemed to me was twenty—instead of fifty-five. I was twenty—instead of fifty-five. I was traveling—along a straight, clear road—on a day—exactly as beautiful. I saw heaven—through the blue sky—at the end of—that straight, clear road. No obstacle intervened—no evil menaced—me on the—way to God—waiting for me—at the end. I was twenty—and I meant to be a priest."

Ruth involuntarily started and, impelled by a peculiar curjosity, her gaze

pelled by a peculiar curiosity, her gaze left for a second the livid features of her patient. In the lightning swift glance she sent around the apartment she caught sight of a dim ivory crucifix low upon the wall, beneath a copy of the Sistine Madonna. It bore a new and unexpected significance. Mr. Brew-ster's eyes had closed. Ruth hesitated. Should she rouse him, should she ques-tion? A wave of uncertainty, of miser-able confusion somehow involved in her own fate, swept over the girl.

"The beauty o' that day-" he spoke more faintly after the pause, and Ruth bent her head to catch the gasped-out words. "Its unselfish aspirations out words, "Its unselfish aspirations—and its peace—returned to me—after thirty-five years—of paganism. My God, I am dying—I left the straight, clear road. But it came back—for an instant. I was crazed—with the wonder of it. We sped through the golden way. Every trembling leaf—whispered—of—high things to me. Faster, faster.



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At the horizon—was the glory—of Paradise. The speed was blinding but—the

ay was safe. Then came darkness-

parted soul.

the Sacred Heart.

flank."

WIT AND HUMOR.

AT LAST.

lege.
"Now, sergeant major," said the colonel, "dismiss all the men who did not fall out and march the others to

A rather pompous looking member of a Methodist church was asked to take charge of a class of boys during the ab-sence of the regular teacher. While endeavoring to impress upon their young minds the importance of living a Chris-tian life the following question was pro-

children?" the worthy dignitary asked, standing very erect and smiling down

upon them.

"Because they don't know you," was
the ready answer of a bright-eyed little

boy, responding to the ingratiating smile with one equally guileless and

IN NATIVE ELEMENT.

The flancee of a Louisville girl has been spending the winter in Florida in connection with his father's business in-

terests in that quarter.

"Marie," said the girl to a friend the other day, "Walter has just sent me the dearest little alligator from Florida."

"Dear me!" rejoined Marie, with affected enthusiasm. "And how shall

you keep him?"
"I'm not quite certain," was the reply, "but I've put him in Florida water
till I can hear further from Walter."—

A BETTER PLACE.

Mark I wain says: Once when I was going out to visit some friends I told George, my negro servant, to lock the house and put the key under a certain stone near the steps. He agreed to do so. It was late at night when I returned.

I went to the stone under which the key was supposed to have been hidden. It was gone. I hunted around for about

fifteen minutes, but still no key. Finally I went to George's house—he roomed

outside—and rapped vigorously upon the door. A black head, which I had no

difficulty in recognizing as George's

popped out of an upstairs window.

"Where did you put that key, you young rascal?" I roared.

"Oh, massa," answered George, "I found a better place for it!"

A HINT FOR PREACHERS.

An old lady once said to a famous pastor: "Doctor, what is the first duty of a pastor to his flock?" He replied: "To feed the sheep, madame." "Then, doctor," she said, "he ought not to put the hay so high that the sheep cannot get at it."

Mark Twain says: Once when I was

Harper's Weekly.

church-they need it most."



There is much contained in the above for all who teach. A priest once thought of using the term "an ostentatious man" in his sermon. Meeting the janitor, he asked: "James, what kind of a way was safe. Then came darkness—forgetfulness—and now this agony."

He sank more heavily into the piliow while Ruth wrote frantically upon her card. In a moment he made a supreme effort and raised himself to sit upright

effort and raised himself to sit upright without support.

"My God," cried he in a tone piercingly distinct, "only once more! Give me—Thy unworthy servant—the straight, clear road!"

Blinded by tears Ruth pushed Pompey with the hurriedly-written message upon her card out of the room. But she have years as a singed to har kness heside. A young priest in teaching a First mion class used the expression "The Holy Eucharist is an epitome of God's goodness." The old pastor whis-pered to him: "The children will hardly knew, as she slipped to her knees beside the shrinking Pluto, that the priest, like herself, could only pray for the deunderstand that word epitome." "Well, children," he explained, "epitome is

synonymous with synopsis." We know that while such examples

NUN-LIKE MODJESKA.

Before she took the rest of which she had great need, Ruth despatched her letter to the suitor waiting in the country for her decision. The straight, elear road was vividly plain to her now, the alluring mirage of the side-paths having been dispersed by the brightness of a truer vision. The chagrined lover read, in calm irrevocable terms, that not even to marry the man she loved, would Ruth Meade barter her faith.—
Helen Beekman in The Messenger of deep tolls the At the gates, her long taper hands stretched to touch the eternal latch, stands a personality the like of which the stage has never mourned and is not likely to again, for on the face of the deep tolls the passing of Helen Mod-Helen Beekman in The Messenger of jeska, a creature so pious, gracious, learned and brilliant that she leaves a perfect vacuum where her noble char-acter, her superb art, her delightful social eclat and wonderful history heaped up treasures that her prodigal generosity might throw them to the winds of affectionate celebrity, says Amy Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store. "Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir I have not," answered the pill compiler.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."

"I have not," answered the pill catterism. Something of the very atmosphere about Modjeska. Her face a catter for his terror would be ready to further the movement have at last found an honest man."

"I have not," answered the pill catterism. One doubt conscientiously bersuaded that there was no room for a man of his heterodox or orthodox views among the followers of Calvin. One would think that the reverend speaker would be ready to further the movement have at last found an honest man."

"I have not," answered the pill catterism. There are a sout Modjeska. Her face a catterism of the heterodox or orthodox views among the followers of Calvin. One would think that the reverend speaker would an honest man."

"I have not," answered the pill catterism. The properties are a sout Modjeska. Her face a catterism of the heterodox or orthodox views among the followers of Calvin. One would think that the reverend speaker would an honest man." Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered ing, as well as her experiences, made her a brilliant woman of the world, a fascinating companion and a complete encyclopedia of events, chronicles, let-tors art sculpture and music. But the drawn up one Sunday for church parade, but the church was being repaired and could hold only half of them.

"Sergeant major," shouted the colonel,
"tell all the men who don't want to go ters, art, sculpture and music. But the saintliness was apart from this astonish-ing admixture of scholarly attributes, elegant accomplishments and worldlito church to fall out on the reserve Of course a large number quickly and gladly availed themselves of the privi-

> purity, her beauty of soul, her glorious temperament and stunning mentality could have made her the crowned lady of attractions without her gentle holi-ness but even when she was merriest and she was a great wit, a mischief and entertainer among her own—Modjeska held her little nun's cloud of exclusiveness and chastity, which was the most potent thing in her whole composition. Just as she met her social advantages with unsullied heart, so she lit her astral lamp of perfectly flawless art with holy fires. Her gifts were manifold and sumptuous. She wrote beautifully and must leave to posterity some rare unpublished volumes which may be sent nto the light after a while. She painted exquisitely-not in the drawing-room

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manner of many well-educated ladies of distinction, but with a big fine individ-ual brush, sometimes piquantly graceful and the saked: "James, what kind of a man do you think an ostentatious man is?" An ostentatious man? Well, I think that an ostentatious man is a jolly good fellow." The priest came to the conclusion that he would use a different phrase.

PROTESTANT_UNITY.

The dream of unity holds a strange fascination for the Protestant mind. The fascination is the greater in proportion to the disintegration every-where visible among those who at the time of the great revolt against the Church of Rome in the sixteenth Church of Rome in the sixteenth century set up private judgment as the ultimate court of appeal in matters pertaining to faith and dogma. Last week at a meeting called by Presbyterians in New York City for the purpose of celebrating the one hundredth anniversary of their church's independence even of other Presbyterian churches, the procedure ware practically all expressive speeches were practically all expressive of the hope that the time was not far distant when there would be a celebration of the inter-dependence, the unity, not only of all Presbyterian churches, but of the Protestant churches of the United States. One of the most eloquent in voicing this hope was a reverend Episcopal minister who had seceded from the Presbyterian Church he so earnestly prayed for by express-ing regret for his conversion and beg-ging to be re-admitted in the church he had abandoned. Clearly ten years have not witnessed any noted approach in destrine between the two sects. "As in doctrine between the two sects. we know a little more," said another reverend minister, "the better we underacss of knowledge and understanding.

I can see her now as she used to like her rest in a simple bed with curtains, a little table white, all white (Modjeska and white seemed inseparable), a small candle, a book of prayer, a rosary and nothing not even the india little table white, all white (Modjeska and white seemed inseparable), a small candle, a book of prayer, a rosary and nothing not even the indispensable Polish cigarette every Russian woman regards as necessary to comfort—marred the saintliness of this simple tableau. And lying there with that effulgent look of tenderness and pleasure that poetic melancholy which lingers upon the eyes and lips of so many of the gifted children of Poland, I have listened to Modjeska talk softly and wondered whether angels were not about listening too. Her purity, her beauty of soul, her glorious the same of the colored vestments; while many Evangelicals would have to abandon their opposition to any kind of Euchartheir opposition to any kind of Euchar-

When such a trifle as the shade or . color of a vestment is made a serious stumbling block and stands a solid barrier between great divisions of a single denomination, it is not easy for the most hopeful Christian to see how the Protestant adherents of a hundred sects can ever be brought together as Protestants in the unity of "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."—America.

Trees seem to come close to our life. They are often rooted in our richest feeling, and our sweetest memories, like birds, build nests in their branches.



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