For the CATHOLIC RECORD AN EPISODE

I called to my sleeping, ten year old daughter, telling her to rise quickly, and hurry with her dressing, in order to be in time for early Mass. That Sunday morning in late fall, the rain fell in torrents, dashing furiously on the window-panes, while black clouds, sailing ominously overhead, added to the general dreariness.

'Oh mamma! Can't we go to a later Mass?" said my sleepy Marion. Indeed, no!" I said. "Who would

look after baby, while the rest go to 9 o'clock Mass? Come now, there's a good girl, dress quickly and we'll be over to the Church in no time."

After a moment's indecision, which I did not appear to notice, she resigned herself cheerfully and bustled about in her haste to be ready. In twenty minutes we were battling

our way through the rain and windstorm. It 'nearly lifted us off our feet several times, but we pushed on manfully, especially as the last bell had begun to ring.

About three corners from the Church we were just about to turn into the avenue on which it stands, when in a very furious blast of wind, an old lady blown with such force, that she would have been dashed against a housewall, if we had not assisted her. She was a little wirv-looking old lady. poorly clad, but most scrupulously clean, and used a stick to help herself along. She must have been about seventy-five years of age, but a bright keen look in her eyes, made her appear younger.

As we each took an arm she smiled graciously, and said :- "God bless ye! Tis good to see the young wans kind to an ould body like me.'

We were right in supposing that the old lady was also on her way to Mass. "Why, Granny," I said, "it's a very rough morning for you to be out alone at

such an early hour." 'Tis a fine day! Glory be to God! Listen to the blessed win'! It'll dhrive away the sickness, an' the rain always puts me in mind o' the grace o' God. Whin we're in sin His grace, fallin' on our sowls, is like the rain whin it pours down on the parched earth. Where it was all dhry an' bare, in a day or so ye'll see the young blades pushin' up an' it's the same wid us, afther goin' to the Sacraments. We can't keep dhry an'

hard, whin God's grace is in us." I listened in amaze at the ready application of natural events, and the beautiful faith and love of the dear old Irish woman. As I smiled a ready assent, to my delight, Granny even went

"Whin I was a girl in Ireland, ye'd niver hear a complaint o' the weather. Ivery day God sinds is a fine day. Don't we have the Sacrifice of the Mass from the rise o' the sun till it sets, all over the wurrld? An' think o' all the grace that pours down on the whole earth. An' all the prayers goin' up to Heaven, an' the Blessed Mother an' all' the Saints, intherceding for us poor sinners, through the merits o' our Lord's What does it matther, if it rains or for our bit, or be sick or sorry, when we have all these gran' gifts at our call? Holy Name, that made us, an' watches over us ever an' always.'

little sermon had not been in vain. It point of complaining, I have been watched him curiously. ashamed, and Granny's words have "I wanted to tell you something," flashed into my mind, saving me from said Bowen at last, speaking a little hausted him. He was silent. The other mortification, etc. Until it shall be enimpatience, and moving my heart to hurriedly. It was brought to mind just men fell back from the bedside. They thank God instead.

For several years, I used to lay in sation, from Mass, and we became very friendly. She was quite without education, as this world goes, but had instead good practical common sense, and the shrewdness, which is the natural birthright of most Irish women. Her knowledge and understanding of her Faith would put to shame many of us who had enjoyed the privileges of our modern schooling.

Her explanations of our beliefs were

I thought, "ho v proud of Granny her children must be!" I have a grand old Irish mother of my own, and we children, the ways of the world, but of a child I am going through a valleyand our children, always feel as if we he was very much in love with her, sel- a dark valley, with shadows above me can never honor her sufficiently. Therefore, I one day asked Granny if she had children, "Indeed thin I have," Well, one summer day, when he dropped she replied, "but whin my ould man in on his way across lots to say hello, my soul grows faint. I am losing courties the replied of the replie died, an' I had no one to wurrk for me, I sted wid first Patsy, thin Mary, an' at last whin Mick's wife, like the resht o' thim, tould me I was an ould bother an' only in the way, I wint into the Home. Not wan o' thim would give me enough to pay the rint o' a small room. I could do a bit o' washin' or help wid housework if I had a place to set up me few shticks, an' lay me head, but Father were blindly, insanely angry, they parted. He told her he would forgive found vent in that exchange of glances. shticks, an' lay me head, but Father Murphy said I'd be betther in the Home, so I divided me few things among the she'd never speak to him again till he childhere, an' I've been in the Home now goin' on these four years."

her own, and a little nest egg in the Presently Bowen went on.

Under one pretext or another, her together again. The whirlgig of life still. I am tottering forward alone. There is no star in the gloomy night—

only smiled and said:

What more do I need?

envy of them. God pity all such degenerate chil-T. M. G.

A MISUNDERSTANDING

as he sat on the rail fence, gazing off across the rolling farmland to where the river gleamed along between the willows. The bright sunlight showed his suit to be of expensive cut and material and his hat was a fashionable straw. On his face one read the story of a life of grim struggle and great success, of power, of large things, of a great | do as I did !" weariness and sadness.

world which he had left he was a man of affairs whose no l brought weal or woe, going after Rose now l' whose check could be written for a fabulous sum. Back here in this quiet valley to those still alive who knew him at all he was merely Lafe Bowen, who used to get up at 4 o'clock to milk the cows and whose people lived on the old Bowen place and were respected pillars in the church. And there were not many of those, for forty years changes all things. He had come back, driven by a sudden wish to see the long-past scenes of his boyhood, impelled by a sudden wave of loneliness. For with all his success Lafayette Bowen, now that time hung rather heavily on his hands, realized his life was empty of what made life worth living to most men. He had a gorgeous home, but it was empty of wife and family, and at sixty one has few close friends. So he sat on the old rail fence in the shelter of the heavily blooming elderberry bushes and thought.

So engrossed was he that they were within hearing before he saw them, the young man and girl headed for the stile on the other side of the elderberry bushes. In his work clothes, and with bare, brown throat, the boy-for he was scarcely more-was good to look upon, even though his eyes were flashing and his lip disdainful. The girl was extraordinarily pretty, in a fresh and dewy style, and carried her small head high. That a quarrel was in progress and a bitter one at that, was only too evident. They stopped at the stile and the girl

flung out one hand.
"I'll go no farther," she said. "I'm as long as I live until you say you're

The boy's laugh was unpleasant and bitter. "Sorry?" he echoed, "If I rowfully enough, distressed at seeing lived a thousand years I'd never say it! him in such extremity. He raised his It was all your fault and you know it, hand. and I'm net so weak-minded as to give in to you! You've got to take the first step if we're ever friends again !"

They stared at each other for an instant and then the girl turned and went back as they had come. Until she vanished her small head was still carried high. Watching her, Bowen nearly forgot the boy, but a sigh that was half a strangled sob coming from the other Precious Blood that He shed for us. side of the bushes recalled him. Evidently he was sitting on the stile. As snows, or that we have to wurrk hard Bowen slipped to his feet and walked around the elderherries he saw him and his attitude was dejected, though at the 'Tis singin' we ought to be, praisin' His first sound of a stranger's approach he straightened and eyed him somewhat defiantly. Lafayette Bowen went on We had arrived at the Church by this toward the stile, impelled uncontrol-time, just as the Mass began. Granny's lably. Something in the boy's miserable face had stirred vague unhappiseemed to me as if I had never realized ness within him. He leaned up against God's mercy so fully. Often since that the fence and whacked at the clover gusty morning when I have been on the tops with his cane while the boy

now by your recent-er-converwait for the old lady on her way to, and overheard quite unavoidably. It was selves, discussing the different topics in something which happened a great which each was interested. Only the many years ago-forty years, in fact. That seems a lifetime to you, doesn't it? Well, there was a boy who lived on a farm roundabouts who was just a plain, common, ordinary boy, though he had no. Professor St. Elmo breathed still, possibilities in him. He had many faults, among them a stubborn temper, and, boylike, he felt rather proud of it and petted it up. He enjoyed his repumarvels of lucidity, and her faith in, tation for a firm stand and for never and love of God were part of her very giving in. He loved a girl, of course, and she was the sweetest, prettiest girl said. "My body is growing small-at one might meet in ten states. He did least in feeling—smaller, and smaller, not realize it then, being ignorant of and smaller. With the tottering steps fishly, of course. Most boys are en-tirely selfish when they are in love. so tiny, so childish. What has hap Well, one summer day, when he dropped pened? My feet stumble. And now any opinion. across the fields, and they started "I cannot describe this fear. What is happily enough, but presently they it I need? I have lost my guide! Oh, were quarreling. He never could remember just how it began or what it am all alone; I am afraid!" was about-some trivial thing-but were said. Finally, when both of them

apologized. So they parted.' The young man on the stile, watching I have learned since, that at her hus- the older man's face, forgot his own and it retained some of the imperiousband's death, poor Granny was not so troubles in wonder at the sadness overbadly off, with a comfortable home of spreading that rigid countenance.

house, which they promised to redeem, but which they never intended—and so immaterial amid the success that come. but which they never intended—and so immaterial amid the success that came by foreclosure, poor Granny had no to him. If sometimes he recollected the old stubborness tightened his heart I expressed my indignation at such and his lips. 'She's got to take the I am in the shadow of death." ingratitude very forcibly, but Granny first step,' he said. He had not the Hush alanna! Welcome be the blame of the quarrel, the generosity to than the rest. Your utterances are of will o' God. What matther! Didn't enable him to humor a girl's whim. no benefit to us, professor. They are Himself be born in a stable, and had no Nor did he have the sad wisdom to the dreams, the visions of your brain; place to lay His head till'twas laid in the teach him pride isn't worth while in this they are fantasies." tomb! Glory be! Who am I that ye world, nor anything butkeeping the love should fret for me? I'm happy, child. and affection of the few who are truly The Mathron, God bless her ! is good to dear to you. So the years went on. me, an' I'm proud that I can help her | When he was an old man he realized in many ways, an' earn me bit o' mate. he was a lonely, unloved, disappointed I can go out ivery day an' go to Mass. old man, for he had seen many women but none who could take the place of Dear old Granny is long since gone his first sweetheart up in the country. to her heavenly home, but when I see He never even knew what had become

world could give her!'

" My aunt was named Mary Limond," breathed the boy, wonderingly. "She was Mary Limond always, for she never married. She is buried over there on the slope of that hill—see the spot of The man somehow looked out of place everybody. Was she—and you—.

Lafayette Bowen's eyes were strained upon the spot of white, and there were sudden tears in them. "Yes," he said. "I was that young fool! I spoiled what my life might have been-don't do it, poy! It isn't worth while! You're stronger than a girl and you ought to have more wisdom and courage! Don't

The young man on the stile dropped For Lafayette Bowen had come back to the ground and held out his hand. to visit his boyhood home and he was "You're mighty good," he said, a little nearly sixty years old. Out in the brokenly. "I wish you'd let me come and see you while you're here!" I-I'm

He sprang off the path eagerly. Lafayette Bowen watched him with a comorehending smile and then climbed back on the fence. From where he sat he could see the white stone on the hill slope, just touched by the setting sun.

'LORD, I BELIEVE!"

Professor St. Elmo was dying. Death is pathetic enough in any case, but in this case particularly so. He had been one of the leading scientists of his day and his time. Frankly irreligious, looking upon spiritual things as food for children and food for women, not for men, save weak ones. Never, in any event, for a man of science.

But this man of science was dying. So he meant to die as he had lived. He bade his servant write to those of his friends whom he cared to see. He bade his servant write that he had but a few hours left to him, and that he wanted them all about him.

One by one the men of science came to see the man of science die. Some were as he, others still clung to the faith that makes obscure things bright. But, faithless or believing, they came at Professor St. Elmo's summons and stood in grave sorrow about his bed and waited for him to speak.

He was raised high upon his pillows. His thin white hands were lying outside the snewy counterpane; the iron gray hair was smoothed back from those masgoing back! You've said unforgivable sive temples, where reason sat enthroned things and I'll never speak to you again and mind held its domination. From those eyes gleamed forth the light of a purpose that had held its own for many, many years. They gazed upou him sorhim in such extremity. He raised his

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am dying." None disputed the fact.

"I have held no mean place among you," he continued. "And now I would take my leave," he smiled faintly, "as becomes a scientist. Gentlemen-

His hand beat the air a moment. Some one brought a cup to his lips, and after a while he resumed his speech, his nal punishment is also forgiven.

voice much stronger.
"Gentlemen," he said, "I know I shall vitality is extinguished. We have often may remain a temporary punishment to heaven. speculated upon the last stages pf dissolution. I mean to help you know. I mean to make minute observations, and to relate them for your benefit. Do you follow me, gentlemen?"

One, still a young man, bent over him, and no light of science could quench the kindly look in his manly eyes.

A noble thought."

A gratified expression flitted across waited a while, but he did not speak. which, I assure you, I Then they began to talk among themyoung man stayed at the professor's bedside, the pitying gleam on his face. Occasionally he bent, listening to see if debt of punishment due for past sins. the life had not gone out silently. strikes them all become silent. They wait, patiently wait, to hear the strange sensations of a dying man.

"There is a sense of lightness," he she said she'd walk a way with him age; I am afraid," his voice quivered.

The scientists stared at one another. young tempers are hot and sharp things | mystified. They had been taking down these words, but now, as they ceased, her when she came to him. She said

young man. The professor raised his hand. It was

ness of life. "They parted. And they never came the border line. "I am in the valley 1 am blind. Is there no one to come with me into the shadow? Gentlemen,

"These are childish ravings," said manliness to realize he shared the the scientists. One spoke more loudly the dreams, the visions of your brain;

> brow wrinkled. "What sorrow!" he said. "What travel this weary road alone. Must I-"

Even now it is not too late. Believebelieve that there is a God. Believe that He has come upon earth to save Call on Christ's name, and you shall be no longer desolate. Christ and His angels are the only ones who can She died a few years ago, and assist you now. Put aside the folly of she was the sweetest woman on earth to the world—the folly which men call wis-

The wrinkled brow became smooth as

he listened.
"Go on," he said.

"Think of the time when you knelt in prayer-a child, with a child's heart. You are a child now, afraid in the dark and of the loneliness, Repent of your sins. Throw yourself on the mercy of God. Call on His saints for assistance. Come, come, say even now - say the words even now: Help Thou my unbelief."

"Lord, I believe," said Professor St. Elmo. "Help Thou my unbelief. Oh, your words are like sunshine in a dark Jesus, I repent. Lord Jesus, I am sorry for all my sins-ah-"

Silence again. The moment was in- never be repaired. stinct with power. Then the young man turned and pointed to the shrunken figure upon the bed.

The greatest of you all," he said. "The greatest of you all." He looked at them-the most callous among them moved at the sight of such a death as this. "The very greatest, and yet he had to go down as a child into the valley of death, calling upon the Master's name. Gentlemen, Professor St. Elmo is dead, and he died repentant. Unless you be as children, you shall not enter the kingdom of heaven.'

He seemed to tower above them as he spoke, and when he finished the last word he turned and left the room.-Rev. Thomas Daniel Kennedy in Exchange.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION ON SUBJECT OF PURGATORY

WHERE IT IS LOCATED, WHAT THE SOULS THEREIN SUFFER, capable of sufferance in the flesh. AND HOW THEY MAY BE ASSISTED

The following paper is in no way controversial. Putting aside therefore the question at issue between Protestants and Catholics as to the existence of a purgatory, I propose to touch only those points, the consideration of which should fix the attention of all of us more vividly on our own future, and quicken our charitable sympathies for our departed

Every sin committed by us leaves after it in the soul two evil effects—the guilt or stain of sin ("reatus culpea." "macula peccati") as an offense against God, and debt of punishment ("reatus poena") due to the divine justice for the The punishment due to venial sin is temporary, lasting but for a time; the punishment due to mortal sin is eternal, the everlasting torments of hell. When mortal sin is forgiven, the eterit is an article of Catholic faith that, "Gentlemen," he said, "I know I shall after the remission of the guilt of sin be conscious until the final spark of and of this eternal punishment, there be offered, or in the words of the Council of Trent (sess. 6, ch. 14; sess. 14, ch. 8, cap. 12), that God does not "always remit the whole punishment, together with the guilt." That this temporary punishment, especially if due to mortal sin, generally remains, greater or less, is commonly asserted by theologians; "A noble thought, professor," he said. and indeed follows very clearly from other points of Catholic doctrine.

e pale face. He closed his eyes wear- wholly, or in part, redeemed and can- they are in heaven.—Irish Ecclesiastical ily, for even these few words had ex- celled in this life by pious works of tirely cancelled, the soul can not enter heaven. So if not cancelled in this life it must be suffered in the next.

And this is Purgatory.
4. Purgatory, then, is a place of suffering, in which souls departing in

5. On the subject of purgatory only two doctrines are solemnly defined as faith. First, that there is a purgatory a low murmur at first, but as the sound in which the debt of temporal punish ment due to sin is discharged. Secondly, that the souls detained there are relieved by the suffrages of the faithful. but especially by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Besides these two points want I will have, be it right or wrong.' there are several others of deep interest, on some of which we have absolute

6. According to the common doctrines of theologians, the prison of jurgatory is subterraneous, situated intervals, I had had spells of trying hard but in what definite place, whether and the spells brief. I drowned my close to hell, as some theologians hold, or remote from it, is absolutely an uncertainty. It is not, however, very improbable, at least, it is perfectly free " Professor, professor!" cried the some souls undergo their purgatory in tion Army and the Spiritualists with as

some certain places on earth. 7. These pains, like the pains of hell, churches. the gesture of one used to command, are twofold-the pain of sense ("poena sensus.") and the pain of loss ("poena a change," I suggested one evening. That the souls in purgatory, "Be still," he went on in his hushed as in hell, suffer the torture of real and voice—the voice of one already beyond | material fire, though controverted by the Greeks in the Council of Florence, has been always the firm and unanimous doctrine of our theologians. The doc- tended their service," I retorted.

sources, two privations of supreme felicity. The first privation is that of the olicism other than that of enjoying a have been made by the Protestant pastor to be called homes when women, even joys of heaven; especially of the beatific vision which constitutes the essential happiness, the happiness of that realm of bliss. All theologians hold that in than the pain of sense ("praecipua miseria damnatorum," St. Thomas). Though this, as regards the souls Professor St. Elmo did not reply. His in purgatory, is by no means Santa Barbara impressed certain, yet their pain of loss is I vaguely wondered why. certain, yet their pain of loss is unspeakably excruciating. It is immensely more so than any such pain that can be felt in this life, even that can be felt in this life, even that can be felt in this life, even the certain, yet their pain of loss is unspeakably excruciating. It vaguely wondered why.

At Pentecost we were in San Francisco. On Saturday evening, while that can be felt in this life, even the certain of the day may the Apostles forbade games of chance, the certain of t desolation! What darkness! Must I unspeakably excruciating. It is im-"No!" said the young man. "No!" that can be felt in this life, even reading the different musical programs he repeated in tones of thunder. "Stand by souls most holy and most ardently for the morrow, I decided to go to the that can be felt in this life, even reading the different musical programs be given. back, you men who believe in nothing! united to God and most longing to be Cathedral. I went. Here came the Professor, professor!" He bent over dissolved and to be with Christ. This mystery. There and then God's grace

only through sense, "in a dark manner;" disembodied it sees things of the spiritual order as they are.

9. The second pain of loss arises from a consideration of wasted time, of merits irrecoverably lost; from a conof merit might have been performedwork that is producing in the soul a for Vespers that evening. constant increase of sanctifying grace and a constant right to an ever growing additional glory and beatitude in heaven, lasting for all eternity—a short prayer, a silent aspiration, a little alms, a slight mortification. But the times are without number, in which these easy things have been allowed to pass away, ' Lord, I believe. and the golden fruits that might have been garnered from them lost for evermore. Suarez, with great probability holds that this pain of loss is the more galling of the two. The former loss valley. Lord Jesus, I believe! Lord will soon be repaired, and the reparation will last eternally ever fresh and new, but this loss is irreparable, will

10. Lessius ("most learned," as St. Alphonsus justly calls him) holds as very probable that not all the souls, who after death are for a time detained from the beatific vision, suffer also the punishments of fire. This may well be supposed of saints afterward canonized by the Church, and of others who, after leading very holy lives, have no fully deliberate venial sins to atone for, but only a few of those venial imperfections, from which according to the defined doctrine, even the holiest are not altogether exempt. Private revelations to this effect are quoted by theologians. A very small remarkable one is recorded in the beautiful life of St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi (Father Faber's "Oratorian Lives." page 119).

11. There is a mooted question which I leave untouched, as to the comparative severity of certain purgatorial pains of this life. But all theologians are agreed that the smallest pains in purgatory of both sense and loss combined are

12. It is the common opinion of theo logians, after St. Thomas, and a most consoling opinion it is, that the souls in purgatory are not, like those in hell. tortured by the devils: that the spirits of evil are not permitted to enter that abode, which though an abode of exquisite suffering, is also the dwelling place only of those who are perfectly pure and sinless, who love God with an intense and enduring love, and will so love Him for all eternity.

13. The following propositions are certain. 1st. After the last judgment purgatory shall cease to exist. 2ad. No soul is ever released from purgatory until it shall have paid "the last farthing," until it shall have fully satisfied the requirement of divine justice, either by its own suffering or through the intercession and suffrages of others. 3rd. Every soul, on the instant on which this debt is fully paid, passes at once into the enjoyment of heaven. The period of suffering is not the same for all; for some it is longer, for others shorter. 5th. Many souls have, before the general judgment, fully paid their debt, and are transferred to

14. Beyond these points nothing is certain. Some souls may suffer there for years, some for generations, some for centuries. What may be considered as more or less profitable in this or that particular case, for example, in the case of one who has led a very holy and mortified life, and died a very holy death, it were idle to speculate. Only of the saints formally canonized by the Church. 3. This temporary punishment may be have we an infallible certainty that

A CONVERT OF THE HOLY GHOST

Jane Robinson in the Magnificate. You will say that every conversion is the work of the Holy Ghost. True. But in my case it was accomplished with no eternal aid. I was a soul who had not asked for guidance, had never even questioned the meaning of life. I was not only utterly indifferent to Catholie truth, but uninterested in any religion. My life had been one of intense self-in-dulgence; my law had been "What I

I was one of a gay party who were touring Southern California during the certainty, though not the certainty of winter in which my conversion took faith. On others we have a strong place. Life was for me one long holiprobability; on others we are left com- day. Untroubled by any thought of pletely in the dark, and cannot form responsibility, I denied myself no gratification.

My own people were Congregationalsomewhere in the bowels of the earth; to be like them. But self was strong yearning for higher things in careless living.

On Sunday evening amusement that winter. I went ordinarily to some seropinion, that by a special ordinance of vice in company with a friend-it never God for special reasons known to Him, mattered where. We visited the Salvamuch interest as the more orthodox "Let us go to a Catholic church for

"Why do you wish to go there?" was the reply. Catholic?"

grave than see you a Catholic," he said

"Oh, well, I have no interest in Cathvariation in the Sunday evening ser-

Yet I was anxious to hear Catholic music, and on Christmas morning I went the damned this pain of loss is greater alone to an early Mass—the first I had ever attended. I enjoyed the music, but was not otherwise impressed. Later the Missions of San Gabriel and Santa Barbara impressed me deeply, and

the prosperity of her offspring, I often think of the little old woman, who had the prosperity of her offspring, I often think of the little old woman, who had should have done so! For Mary forehead. "Professor, professor, professo

no place to lay her head, and feel no Limond was worthy of the best the my voice go with you on your journey. realize to ourselves. The soul sees now detail of the sanctuary, but I know that lation, as in billiards or whist and the Faith came to me in that hour.

I walked from the church dazed, not realizing what had happened. Without generally speaking answer in the negative. It may shock timid souls at first, the priest's house, though I had never spoken to a priest, and had regarded sideration of the innumerable and them always with fear and aversion. can give away my money, when and in daily occasions, on which, without At the door my courage failed. I did what way I choose, there is nothing to trouble and almost without effort, works not dare to ring the bell. I returned to prevent me from making such disposal the hotel and came back to the church of it depend on the turning up of three

The next morning I bought a prayer know the use of the beads. Some mysfor a few moments with the clerk who served me and she advised me to go to see one of the Jesuits. That seemed absolutely impossible—the name had terrors. So I acted upon the clerk's second suggestion and went again to the cathedral residence and asked for the cumstances must be considered. Espec-

The Bishop was engaged and I went away again, not knowing that there moderation. Hence the staking of exwere others there who might have given travagant sums on a game would be me the guidance I needed. I tried to wrong, and consequently when the Episput the mysterious something which had so moved me on the preceding day entirely out of my mind; but that was ing: "If I had \$100,000 to impossible. After a sleepless night I resolutely determined to see what it all meant. Tuesday morning I went to the It certainly is somebody's business if the Jesuit church-St. Ignatius.

heard of trap doors and similar horrors recurred to me while I waited for a priest; but there I was. My terrors abated when the door opened and kindly eyes looked on me, while a kind voice

"What can I do for you, my child?" "I do not know," I said, and I did not. But I told him quickly all there was to When I had concluded he said: tell.

"It is the work of the Holy Ghost, my child. Yesterday was Pentecost Sunday.'

The good Jesuit Father began my instructions in the usual way. But when I had explained to him that our party had conpleted their arrangments for leaving San Francisco the following night for an extended trip along the coast, and that I could not do otherwise than accompany them — as they must know nothing of my intentions for the present — the Father remained in deep thought for some time, repeating aloud, "What shall I do?" Then he gave me some instructions and placed in my hands a copy of "Catholic Belief," marking portions to be read, and bidding me consider attentively the simple acts of faith, hope and charity. I left him with an ever increasing realization that I was now in God's hands and must follow whatever might be His will for

Through the entire night I read eagerly. Early dawn found trunks packed for the journey and a free day before me. I was in readiness for whatever might come. No one around me suspected what these days and nights had brought me. I found a pretext for going out for the morning, and at nine clock was again at the church.

The Father continued his instructions and questioned me about the acts. To his surprise — and my own—I repeated them word for word. As I said, "I believe these and all the truths which the Holy Church teaches," I interposed, "But I do not know them." I shall never forget the simple reply: "If you believe that Christ could teach His Church nothing but truth, that covers

And it did. Since then no doubt has ever crossed my mind, no dogma has ever troubled me.

After a little further instruction, the Father said quietly: I have permission to baptize you.

I replied as quietly, "I am ready." And thus it was that in twenty-four hours from the first time I had ever spoken to a Catholic priest, I was baptized into the Catholic Church. A

stranger stood sponsor for me. "Oh, the goodness of the Lord! Who can compass the wideness of His mercy!" So great did the change seem to me that I felt all who met me must perceive

Good Father C-! I never saw him again, for I left the city that evening. His instructions were continued through letters, and soon I was privileged to receive Holy Communion

I look back on the intervening, years, and compare impressions. Now, as then, to me the greatest of all God's wonder, ful gifts is faith in the Real Presence. When I had joined the Congregationalist Church as a girl of eleven, I read my Bible literally. When I spoke to my mother of the passage, "This is My Body, this is My Blood," she said "There are people who believe that, but it is a wicked belief;" and in my heart I questioned how I was to know what to believe if I could not take what the poses, the purchase of tickets is merely Bible said. Now, kneeling before the

Tabernacle, I whisper:
"Lord, if those outside Thy Church could feel, even for a moment, Thy Presence, as I feel it, if they could but know the joy of kneeling before Thee, the world would be changed to them, as it was changed to me when I became a convert of the Holy Ghost.'

GAMBLING

Seeking information, a distinguished

"Do you want to become a Professor of Literature in Columbia University, New York, writes to ask: "If "You did not ask me if I wanted to join the Salvation Army when we atswer is obvious, and we hasten to shed | market. "I would rather stand by your open what light we may on the question he presents. It is about gambling, and was to another kind of gambling, which is prompted by a strong feeling of dissatis-faction with the utterance alleged to called "hells," but in what have ceased and a Catholic priest, on the occasion mothers of families, and young girls of a raid made on a fashionable Club spend whole days and nights at cards, House at Narragansett Pier, where gambling was said to have been going on, and in consequence of which some ing language by a preacher whose rep-conspicuous people were in danger of utation, is world-wide. A man who being cited to court.

It is somewhat difficult to do justice gambler is indescribable. to such a subject in the restricted space

To the question, is it wrong, moralists but even in throwing dice there is noth ing per se against the moral law. If I spots instead of six. It is like tossing up a coin to see which road I shall take. book and a rosary—though I did not What is true of games of mere chance is to be said also of those in which the terious force was impelling me. I talked skill of the players diminishes the element of hazard. In wagering on results in such a case I often take no more risk than when I am buying a house or a

But the morality of an act is not to ially in gaming there must be what theologians call the virtue of eutrapelia or spend, it is nobody's business how I spend it," he must have been misquoted. esuit church—St. Ignatius.

All the strange stories I had ever spent for some silly or immoral purpose.

Secondly, the money staked on a game must belong to the player. A lawyer cannot put up the money of his client, nor a clerk that of his employer; nor can a man run the risk of plunging his wife and children into poverty.

Thirdly, a player must be perfectly free to play. He cannot be inveigled or forced into the game; and it would be manifest robbery for a man to gamble with another who is under the influence of liquor; an easy possibility in gambling houses where the liquids flow freely for visitors, and where the professional player is usually a man of abstemious

Fourthly, all cheating and trickery must be debarred though the usual and accepted ruses of the game are not for-

Finally, there must be equality between the players, at least when there is money at stake. Conspicuous superiority in a player of which his opponent is unaware would of course be fraud. If these conditions are observed gam-

bling is permissible. But as every one knows, in the rough and tumble of life, especially in the life not only of a pro-fessional gambler, but of those who are inordinately addicted to play, these safeguards are usually swept away. The fury of the game and the eagerness to win, especially when the stakes are high, will make short work of codes of honor and scruples of conscience. Indeed, if there were nothing else resulting from gambling but the development of a fierce uncontrollable passion that alone would be sufficient to make repeated and protracted card playing a dangerous pastime. The passion develops with dreadful rapidity, and in some countries its ravages are worse than those of drink. It involves a scandalous waste of time and a neglect of the most sacred obligations of life; it easily leads an unsuccessful player to crime. to recoup his losses, and the sequel of it all is too frequently the felon's cell or the suicide's grave. Hence, although academically, and in the abstract, gambling may be permissable, and all the qualifying conditions may be observed, yet, in the concrete and considering men as they are, it means ruin. Nor can there be any doubt that the civil authority which has forced upon it the knowledge of the dishonesty, fraud, strife and crime that accompany certain kinds of play, has, not only the right. but the duty to forbid them, and that a corresponding duty ensues on the part

of the people to obey.
As to public gambling houses, Catholic theologians agree that their proprietors are guilty of the most grievous sin of scandal and of co-operation in crime. The same is true of those who contribute money to form gambling clubs which are public, or equivalently so. One great authority affirms that the governments which authorize gambling houses do so for the same reason that they license houses of ill-fame, viz., for inspection and

control and to prevent greater evils. Lotteries are not in themselves wrong, provided a proper ratio is observed between the money paid, the prize offered, and the hope of winning. Some maintain that the profit of the lottery should not exceed the market value of the objects played for; but others regard this as rigorism, and require only an equal chance for all contestants, along with a hope of winning which varies with the amount invested. Others will have it that in lotteries for benevolent pura charitable contribution for the cause, and has little or no hope attached to it of a return for the investment. Nevertheless, although not intrinsically wrong, lotteries have led to such grave abuses that in many countries they are forbidden. In the game of policy, for instance, it is of common knowledge that poor people who are otherwise most estimable will sometimes even sell their

bed clothes to purchase a ticket. What is true of gambling in general, is also true of the speculative dealings of exchanges. They lead to the disturbance of the natuaal prices of commodities and securities, do grave injury to producers and consumers, and

The Catholic sentiment with regard is pretty well known. It has been denounced again and again in most withergambles is bad enough, but a woman-

From very early times gambling was under pain of excommunication to clergy Gambling, properly so called, is risking money on games of chance, where in 306 excluded from the Church for a there is nothing but chance to be reck-oned with as in throwing dice; or where The Lateran Council in 1215 forbade