

panies him to church as good-naturedly as she once remained at home with him.

She is a peculiar specimen, Mrs. Archland, but there are others like her — mere reflections of those with whom they come in contact. Weak for good, but singularly powerful for evil, at times, by the mere weight of their own inertia. Sloth may not be the worst of the deadly Seven, but it is, perhaps, the most difficult to cure.

It would be hard to do justice to Mr James Flanagan's feelings when he heard that his employer had entered the fold. It was young Donovan who gave him the news in the office, and it is to be feared that his pleasure on the occasion was not entirely of a spiritual nature. His sense of humor was tickled at the awkwardness of the position his fellow-clerk found himself in, and he took no pains to hide the fact.

As for Flanagan himself he could scarcely credit the tidings. To him it seemed incredible that any man should voluntarily jeopardize an assured position in society for sake of a scruple of conscience.

Like Mrs. Archland, Flanagan is a type of a class. Shamefaced Catholics, who wriggle at the bare mention of the Church's distinctive doctrines in the presence of non-Catholics. Timorous beings, seeing in their Faith a perpetual menace to worldly success, the while they possess barely enough of it to keep them within the pale of the Church. With such examples before him, it is a wonder Mr. Archland ever felt attracted to the Church. Yet, "all roads lead to Rome," and by the grace of God he got there after much discouragement. But how many more conversions would there not be if the slothful, the indifferent and the scandal-giving Catholic could be eliminated? Missionaries and missions can do much, but they will never meet with a full measure of success until Catholics of all classes realize that they are "their brother's keepers," and that practice is better than precept.

KATHARINE ALLAN.