

"Heugh! Heugh!" groaned old Pierre, trying to raise himself from the rock on which he rested. Then he looked around and shook tremulous fist at the mountain peaks frowning on every side. "So," said he, "so I am at your feet. Once I was your master, I have danced upon those beetling brows and scented those precipitous heights like a chamois. Ah, I tell you heights like Pierre with you! You could not frighten Pierre with your crushing avalanches. Pierre knew your tricks by heart."

"Then muttering maledictions on old age, which brought so many infirmities in its train, he took up a small bundle and pursued his journey to the village beside the lake.

From the path by which Pierre descended immediately below the steep zigzag was a superb view of the azure lake. The limpid waters lapped the blue, so intensely blue. The cliffs, barks, wing a wing, sped like eagles across the bay. Pierre's old eyes had lost little of their keenness, and they took in this beauty with infinite joy.

"At least I can see," he said proudly, "and perhaps I could forty years ago, less than I can see, my affectionate nephews. Well, now for the lesson. What are the names? Ah, I have it! The gospels backward. First, John. He should be steady, this John, and doubtless will do. Luke was a fool—eyes I avoid Luke. Mark—what did he say of Mark? Is it possible my memory may meet their match in this deceitful matter."

Perhaps some such thought crossed the smile in the keen old eyes as Pierre at last found himself in the village street and asked for the house of his nephew, John Desor.

John, a portly, heavy visaged John, stood at his shop door. A cautious man, this John, who did not accept this feeble relative with the manifestation of hospitality.

"I suppose I may sit down?" quavered Pierre. "You may sit down," said John's deep base.

Mrs. John sat behind the counter, ready for customers. She made signs to her husband. In her eyes it was easy to read that there was no welcome.

"He had better go to Mark. Mark is so rich, and besides this he has a room and to spare."

Pierre sat still smiling as he turned to leave the shop. John pointed the way with magnificent courtesy. "The second house on the right. You do well to go to Mark," he said approvingly.

Mark was a notary. He was busy writing and looked up, frowning fiercely at the interruption. "Disgraceful! One of our own blood begging! You always wasted your substance in the past, or you would not be homeless to-day. You can't expect us to support your own living. Go back to take this unwise counsel that counseled you to get out of the family record. I don't believe you are one great-uncle after all. Desor is no uncommon name."

The old man, without a word, walked into the street. "Pigs, exasperating pigs of peasants!" he said under his breath. "But now what to do?"

At least the bench by the well was common property. He crawled under his bundle and sat down to rest. Then, in a dreamy, half-drowsy condition, he watched the women come and go, until at last a loud voice called a boisterous laugh set the echoes calling.

"Eh, friends, neighbors! Have you seen an old man go past this noon? A feeble old man with a bundle? I want to find him. He's my great uncle, you must know, homeless and friendless, according to my two most noble brothers, John and Mark. What! Here? Poor John! Tired out and hungry. Why, uncle, how are you? I'm your grandnephew, Mathieu, at your service."

"So you are Mathieu?"

"The old man roused himself with start and smiled back at the cheer face bent over him.

"Aye, and here you have the wife and young ones! Three here and two more at home. Yes, as you see, we are blessed with plenty of mouths to feed and, thanks be to God, a crust for each one and one over for you if you'll take it."

As he talked Mathieu lifted the corner of his bundle and carried him like a sack of corn to the wagon and tumbled him in.

Every one laughed, Pierre loudest of all.

"This is what I like," said he, "an cheerful by nature." Then, show that he was not too old to be entertaining, he told his wife and children the rude wagon jolted up mountain side to the tiny chalet where Mathieu had his poor living, the man became silent, gazing when eyes back and forth with commingled glances. Ah, Pierre with all his wit and his six children and leave plow over for the elder brothers.

"So you are very poor, Mathieu," said he as he took his survey from chalet door.

Mathieu's rosy face clouded and looked within and nodded. Every one saw that his wife was thin, that poverty was written on every line even in the faces of his six children who needed more plentiful and nourishing food.

"Mathieu," called the wife, "thou and make the uncle a bed. Least we have sweet hay up here."

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

OCTOBER 26, 1901.

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER XIX.

Alone in the carriage, with Hardman on the box, and the carriage, bound for the city a good three hours' drive from New Utterton, was a delightful experience to Rachel—the only drawback being that Hardman was on the box where she couldn't have mounted to his side. She would have loved to have her hand on his shoulder and enjoyed her drive all the more for her elevation and her companionship. But not having asked Miss Burrum whether she might occupy that part of the carriage, Rachel did not feel free to change her seat. But she did not think it any breach of obedience to put her head out of the window and call to the coachman to learn something about the country they were passing; and Hardman did not think it a breach of his duty to Miss Burrum to descend at such times, and answer Rachel's questions; and at the same time to feast himself with a sight of the little girl's sparkling face.

It did him good, he said to himself as he went back to his box; it made the day seem as if the sun were shining, whereas it was really a day that was dark and threatening with a suspicion of snow in the atmosphere.

The frequent stops made it a full hour later than their usual hour of arrival in the city, and when Hardman stopped at the hotel was 1 o'clock. To have her lunch more time than you can help, he whispered, as he gave Rachel, together with Miss Burrum's card, in charge of an attendant. She was conducted to the same private dining-room in which she had lunched with Miss Burrum twice before.

In the midst of her enjoyment of the sumptuous repast—an enjoyment made greater by Miss Burrum's absence—the thought came of the want she was soon to face—perhaps again the butterless bread and the tea without milk; and she stopped short and looked at the hot house fruit piled before her; what might not that do for the poor girl with the cough? Could she take it? Would it be right to take it?

"She turned to the waiter: 'Is it all this fruit for me if I want it?' 'Certainly, Miss, and anything more you wish to order.' 'Then I want all this fruit to take with me, and just as much more,' thinking of the starved looking little woman on the first floor with the starved looking baby.

The waiter disappeared, returning in a few moments to announce that two baskets containing fruit similar to that on the table would be placed in the carriage. Rachel saw, as escorted by the manager—who felt such attention to be due Miss Burrum's charge because of Miss Burrum's own long and frequent patronage of the house—a waiter, one deavouring to put into the carriage two baskets whose contents were covered with tissue paper, but being utterly prevented by the attendant who stood before the carriage door demanding to know what it was all for.

"I'm only obeying orders," said the man with a sort of contemptuous disdain of his questioner.

"Well, before you obey my orders," said Hardman, "you'll tell me whose orders they are, and what's in them baskets."

"It's all right," Jim, said Rachel, running up to him, her face quite scarlet. "The waiter said I could have anything I ordered, and these are just baskets of fruit for some of those poor people."

"Oh—oh," said Hardman, giving way immediately to the waiter and scratching his head in perplexity as to what his duty to his Mistress might be on this occasion.

That Rachel could have anything she ordered at the hotel he well knew did not mean that she was to order anything for other people, yet how to interfere in this case, which was so much in accord with his own kindly instincts, he did not know, and he climbed up to the box beside the man whom he had brought from an adjoining stable to take charge of the horses, whispering softly.

"Can't you interfere with Rachel's scheme he would hear cheerily. Miss Burrum's purse when she should know all—as she most assuredly do on the presentation of the bill for Rachel's dinner.

"Anyhow, she's rich enough to stand it," he said to himself, "and maybe Miss Rachel's charity will touch her own heart."

As usual, the arrival of the carriage in the dirty, ill-smelling thoroughfare of Essex Street, was an event that put two or three blocks of the street into a stir, and this time when it was learned that only the little girl had come, it seemed more of an event than ever, and it required Rachel's exertions, especially when he took the baskets from the carriage, to make a passage for her to the door of the forbidding looking tenement.

Women and children seemed to swarm out of their homes like rats from their holes, and Rachel shrank, as some of the nearer women thrust herself near enough to puff her breath into Rachel's face. But once within the house Hardman waved the crowd back. They waited, however, around the doorway and about the carriage, more than one out of the whip required to drive the bolder street urchins from the horses.

The starved-looking woman on the first floor shook her head when she opened to Hardman's knock, and she looked to a cot in the corner where a man lay moaning.

"He fell last week," she said with a hard despair in face and voice, that made Rachel think of a stone image made behind it. It was lying so still, it seemed to be dead.

"Give her one of the baskets," Rachel whispered to Hardman, and he,

removing the paper so that the exquisite fruit was revealed, went over to the only table that the room contained, and placed it where the sick man could see it.

"It's for you," he said with a kind of touching gentleness, turning to the woman whose wonder at the action was taking out of her face somewhat of its stony expression.

"Miss Rachel, here," that name coming much more readily and naturally to him than "Miss Minturn" "got it for you."

The sick man had raised himself, a look of miserable, hungry longing coming into the fever-flushed face, and his wife only then seeming quiet to comprehend what it all meant, darted to the table and took the fruit thence to the bed.

"Eat, Henry," she said, with a sort of delicious joy that was almost as pitiful as her previous stony manner had been, "eat!" and she thrust a great, golden peach into his trembling hands.

"It's what he's been longing for in his fever," he said turning to Rachel and Hardman, "he couldn't eat anything I was able to get, and all day yesterday and to-day he's been calling for fruit. Oh, God bless you, Miss!" She would have thrown herself on her knees before the child, only the child herself interposed, and then Hardman put her gently into a chair, where the tears that seemed to have been frozen by her despair came at last. Hardman drew Rachel from the room, closing the door softly behind him.

Rachel could hardly breathe for the lump in her throat, but as in no case had she any talking to do—Hardman doing it all, and she saw almost as much to laugh at as to weep for, in the antics of the little Bohemian children on the fourth floor, and the queer attempts made by the German man who employed the tobacco-strippers, to expel the repairs he wanted, she was comparatively free from emotion.

Hardman noticed how her hands trembled every time she took the money, and in return drew a receipt from the Morocco case.

They could hear the hollow, racking cough of one of the sisters all the time they were ascending the last flight of stairs, and it only ceased an instant before Hardman knocked. The door was opened by the girl who had been coughing, and she was still suffering from its effects, her face flushed and her breathing labored; but she smiled when she saw Rachel—a smile of agreeable surprise that the little girl was not accompanied by Miss Burrum.

And Rachel smiled back at her and accepted the invitation to enter, going quite to the middle of the room followed by Hardman, and taking the chair the girl placed for her. Directly opposite Rachel was the other sister, bending over what seemed to be yards of mulle, her fingers flying in and out so quickly, they seemed to the child like flashes of white light. "But peculiarly enough, she never raised her head, nor all that seemed to see the visitors, and all that Rachel observed of her face was its thin, white profile.

The other sister appeared to be hesitating to say something, when Hardman, at a nod from Rachel, put the basket of fruit into her hand.

"It's from Miss Rachel, here," he said, "to you and your sister."

The girl took the paper from the basket, and as the fruit appeared, she said in such a tone of high, shrill surprise, it seemed more like a scream:

"Look, Helen!"

The flower-maker raised her head, showing a face that seemed to be all eyes, they were so big and black, and unnaturally bright, while the other features were small and pinched.

"They are for us," continued the speaker, her voice trembling and choked. "Miss Rachel brought them."

The flower-maker rose, her work still clinging to her fingers, and a flush as deep as blood dyed her whole face.

"I was only waiting," she said, speaking so fast that her words seemed to run together with some indistinct interferences in this case, which was so much in accord with his own kindly instincts, he did not know, and he climbed up to the box beside the man whom he had brought from an adjoining stable to take charge of the horses, whispering softly.

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and Hardman even had to slip to her the tightly strapped Morocco case containing the rents, without a word.

Miss Burrum received Rachel in her hand hall, but beyond extending her hand for the case, and saying that dinner was ready, she gave no sign of welcome, nor betrayed any curiosity as to how Rachel had succeeded; nor did she ask a question relative to the day's journey at the dinner table, but held her customary silence, and the child, tired, sad, and perplexed, was glad to be left alone.

Miss Burrum, however, did not let her Charge's face pass without observation; that she suspected, unsuspected by its owner, and from it she divined that the child must have witnessed some of the harrowing sights against which she, Miss Burrum, had so successfully steeled her own heart, and immediately that dinner was over and she had given the order to Rachel to retire, she opened the Morocco case. Every receipt was gone, thus proving that all the rents had been paid, and then she counted the money—thirty dollars. She put the money and thirty dollars into a drawer with a sigh of satisfaction, and she took from another drawer thirteen new, crisp bills to give to her Charge in the morning.

CHAPTER XX.

The first opportunity after the visit to the city found Rachel in the carriage-house spreading before Hardman her twenty-five crisp, new one-dollar bills.

"Only thirty," she said, when he eyes danced at the money—the money I got, you know, from Miss Burrum for getting her rents, would you pay the rent for Mrs. Rendey and those poor flower-girls. I wanted to keep it for Tom, but he won't be back for four years, three months and sixteen days, by six o'clock to-night, and by that time I'll have more money you know, I'll have more such joyful delight into Hardman's face that for an instant he was loath not to gratify her.

But Miss Burrum must know by this time that the tenants ain't all paid their rents—you gave her the Morocco case, Miss, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes; she was waiting in the hall when I went into the house, as if she was waiting only for that, for she said 'Just put her hand on it for me.'"

Hardman nodded, thinking, but not speaking his thoughts, that was just what Miss Burrum waited for, and then he resumed, "By this time Miss Burrum must know there are two parties who didn't pay their rent, and she'll put them out if they don't pay up by the middle of the week—that's the day after to-morrow."

"But here's the money for that," said Rachel impatiently.

"Yes, but how is Miss Burrum to get that money without knowing who it comes from?" asked Hardman, enjoying the perplexed look his question called up to her face. "There is no way of getting it but as Rachel's only answer, and she was like Tom, 'I'll never hand out my rents to a definite statement at once."

"It's all paid, Miss Rachel," he said, "I couldn't stand it no more'n you could, the sight of those people suffering, and I just put the money, Miss, to Morocco case. You see, Miss Rachel, I ain't got no kin to be savin' for, and it's a good deal better for me to be usin' my savin's that way than just hoardin' 'em up for myself—and I ain't never had no chance before to do anything like that, because, you see, I never went in with Miss Burrum to collect the rents—so you just keep your eyes for Mr. Tom."

Rachel put one of her plump hands into one of Hardman's.

"You're awful good, Jim," she said, "I guess you'll gather up her bills, and pin them back into the handkerchief in which she kept them, a tear rolled down on Hardman's hand; but the next moment she looked up laughing.

The little, pale woman on the first floor, and the flower-girls on the top floor of Miss Burrum's Essex Street tenement house, wondered why Miss Burrum's agent did not visit them with her in his wake; nor could they understand it, when on the first of March the little girl accompanied alone by the coachman came again for the rents, and not only made no demand for the unpaid rent of the month before but made no reference to it.

As to the fruit which Miss Burrum had given, Mrs. Rendey said her husband had had earned enough to make a half the rent this month—Hardman quietly paid the other half. As to the flower-girls, Hardman brought for them from the carriage a box of eggs, a half-dozen bottles of milk and a glass of jelly; to be sure Hardman stared a little himself, when he saw these articles borne to the carriage from the hotel, but he only said in his mind:

"Bless my ribs!"

Miss Burrum found out all about it when she went to pay in person her bill at the hotel; but as her payment was a semi-annual one, the April visit of her Charge to the tenement was made before the six months had expired, and Rachel had continued to bring, not alone fruit and eggs and jellies for the tenants of the first and sixth floors, but also fruit for her burning thoughts and the perplexing questions which arose from them, as best she could—and she had many perplexing questions to answer to herself, the most puzzling, how could the rent be paid for the woman on the first floor and for the flower-girls, so that Miss Burrum wouldn't put the rent out. As for the milk and eggs and jelly required by the sick girl, Rachel herself on her visitation of the next month, could bring her a goodly store of those from the hotel. This thinking she became so tired, at length she fell asleep, and so Hardman found her when he drew up before Miss Burrum's door and went to assist her from the carriage.

He had to call her more than once before time Sarah could rouse her, and by that time Sarah came running out of the kitchen with much to his annoyance and to Rachel's also, when she became fully awake, for now she could not say a single word,

Miss Burrum could hardly speak for anger.

"Miss Minturn took them with her, you say?" she asked shortly, when she had recovered enough from her angry amazement to use her voice.

"Yes, Madam, in the carriage with her; she asked the first day that she dined here alone, if she could have all the fruit which was left on the table, and as you had left word that your Charge was to be well supplied, the young lady was told she could have anything she ordered."

"That will do," said Miss Burrum, and she paid the bill, saying as she swept out to her carriage, "See to it in future that my Charge takes nothing with her—absolutely nothing."

The head-waiter bowed.

"Your orders shall be strictly obeyed, Madam."

What Madam's thoughts were as she drove home in solitary state no one could have told from her face, and Hardman, half expecting, because of her visit to the hotel, to be spoken of in reference to Miss Rachel's conduct, was surprised that his mistress said nothing to him even when they reached home.

"She'll speak later," he said to himself, "only I hope she won't speak to Miss Rachel first."

But she did not speak to him later, nor did she say a word to her Charge, and the coachman, though he felt relieved, could not understand it.

"It can't be," he said to himself, "that she knows it and is willing for Miss Rachel to act so, for that isn't Miss Burrum's way. It isn't that she doesn't know it yet, or maybe it is as I hoped, that she's touched by Miss Rachel's charity."

For Rachel, the anticipation of the happiness which she was to bring on the first of the next month to the poor in the tenement, made her unusually happy during the preceding weeks, and she studied in school with a new zest, and having so much to interest her thoughts, she hardly minded at all the ostracism of her schoolmates.

Snowstorms had been frequent and late enough that year to make fairly good sleighing even in March, but he good that one ride with Miss Burrum, the little girl was not again invited, though Miss Burrum herself rode often.

However, the child had other compensations; there was a pond on the grounds, and whenever that was frozen she amused herself by sliding upon it. Hardman had advised her to buy skates since she had money of her own to spend, and it would have seemed dreadful to her to touch a cent of that money which she was saving for the skates, but he feared the liberty it might seem to Miss Burrum, she had not reproved him for the boat he had made for Miss Rachel, but, as he argued in his old way, "A boat at one time might make no difference, whereas, skates at another might make a heap."

So Rachel had amusement in sliding on the pond, and throwing snowballs at imaginary marks, but most of all in speaking with Hardman when he would get from the hotel next time for Miss Burrum's miserable tenants; she thought she ought to take in even the tobacco-strippers—they looked wretched enough for some fruit to do them good, at which Hardman laughed. He let her talk on, however, feeling happy himself in the first Saturday of the month.

But on the first Saturday of the month succeeding Miss Burrum's payment of the bill incurred by her Charge, when the latter gave her order as usual from the paper on which she had written it all out so as not to forget anything, the waiter said with a bow:

"Madam left orders that you were not to take anything away with you. You can have all you want yourself, but nothing more."

Rachel's face got suddenly scarlet.

"You see," the man continued, "your bill was so high, Miss, Madam could not understand, and they told her that you took away a good deal more than you ate yourself, and she gave strict orders then."

Rachel got out of the hotel, escorted as usual, by the manager, with a feeling of tightness about her heart, and a wild wish to cry; when the carriage door was shut upon her she did fall a good many big salt drops, and when Hardman got down from the box at 124 Essex street, to let her out, her eyes were red. He, on beholding her come from the hotel, neither preceded nor followed by a waiter, carrying parcels, divined the cause.

"But Miss Burrum's found out, and she's gone orders." And so Rachel told him with faltering voice before she got out of the carriage.

"But, it wasn't wrong, Jim," she added, "I wasn't disobedient. I don't need to ask her forgiveness"—trying to think what would best please Tom under the circumstances.

"No," said Jim decisively, "you don't need to ask no forgiveness—you didn't go against no orders."

At which Rachel felt relieved; but as she stepped to the pavement, the same little dirty, ragged crowd surrounded her, and one imp of a boy managing to thrust his head quite into the carriage, withdrew it to shout to his companions:

"De kid ain't brought nothin' dis time; he's dere in nothin' in de carriage."

The driver from his box, cut at the impudent little urchin with his whip, but with no more success than if he had aimed at the air, for the imp, with the agility of a monkey, had sprung a half dozen paces away, and stood balancing himself on one foot, and making faces.

Eight of the twenty families were deficient in their rent—the flower-girls and the Bohemian family entirely deficient—and the other six lacking their respective amounts by two or three dollars. Mrs. Rendey, to Hardman's surprise, paid hers in full.

"You see," she said with a wan smile, "Henry is working, and when he works right along I can manage to have the rent; there's only him and me and the baby to provide for, and the dis-pensary doctor says when the warm weather comes if I can take the baby somewhere near the water, even if it's only for a day, once in a while, that the

baby'll pull through. I've heard there's kind ladies that has places near the water, and that they have mothers with sick babies go and spend the day at their places; maybe I could manage to take my baby to the water that way."

And there was a surprising hope and even cheer in her voice. But Rachel had not recovered from the disappointment; she felt that collecting the rents now would be a most dreary task, since she could do nothing to relieve the suffering which shocked and pained her, while it came to her to buy delicacies for the poor people with the money which she earned, the thought of Tom prevented the carrying out of that project.

Hardman seeing her troubled face as she returned to the carriage, and ascribing it more to the fact of the many delinquencies in the payment of the rent, he whispered as he closed the door:

"There shan't be no putting out of anybody, Miss Rachel, I've got enough to make up all the rents."

Enough to make up all the rents required twenty dollars of Hardman's own money, but he cheerfully put it into the purse, and smiling as he thought if he could not get twenty dollars every month, in time he would be in need of charity himself.

Miss Burrum thought it remarkable that since her Charge had been collecting every dollar of the rents was paid so promptly; she never suspected the truth, and on the following Sunday evening, her satisfaction getting the better of her reticence, she said suddenly to Mr. Burleigh:

"You have had nothing to do at 124 for some time, Mr. Burleigh?"

"Nothing," he answered hurriedly, and as if he were not sure that he was doing right to answer at all.

Rachel looked up wondering what Miss Burrum meant, and never thinking that 124 was the number of the house she visited every month, till Burleigh added, seeing that Miss Burrum waited as if for him to go on, "Nothing beyond listening to every one's complaint and demand for repairs; they're a troublesome lot, from the whining girls on the top floor, to the woman with the baby on the first."

Rachel, comprehending now, leaned forward unconsciously, looking earnestly at Burleigh, and wondering what he had to do with the tenement house she visited.

Toussell having overheard some reference to a "troublesome lot," felt it to be his duty to say something about his favorite panacea for all "troublesome favorite panacea for all 'troublesome lots,' and so he raised his thin, shrill voice.

Did you ever give them salads, Mr. Burleigh?"

"No, Mr. Toussell; I have never tried that excellent remedy," said Burleigh with extraordinary sarcastic sharpness, possibly because it was the only outlet for his vexed amazement with Miss Burrum—that unaccountable woman who could summon him from the city on a charge of having committed a business acquaintance, now openly, and without any warning to him, seeming to be about to proclaim the very heart of her private affairs.

But Miss Burrum quietly ended all discussion by ordering Rachel to retire, and asking Mrs. Toussell what she thought of the spring fashions.

The next day Rachel repeated everything to Hardman.

"Bless my ribs!" said that astonished man to himself, and then he said aloud, "I shouldn't wonder, Miss Rachel, but he's the agent we hears about, that goes for the rent which the tenants can't pay at first, and if they can't pay it last, the agent as puts them out."

"O-o-o-o!" said Rachel, concealing on the instant a violent dislike for Burleigh.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS

On November 1 the Church will celebrate the feast of All Saints. It is a holiday of obligation. The faithful, therefore, are bound to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass unless legitimately prevented.

Those who are not of the household of faith have, as a rule, no proper conception of the teaching of the Church on the subject of the Communion of Saints. They not infrequently accuse us of giving to creatures the honor and glory due to the Creator.

To a Catholic the doctrine of the Communion of Saints is a source of the sweetest consolation. It strengthens, purifies his love.

On the date of the approaching feast, therefore, well-nigh three hundred million Catholics will, with grateful hearts salute those who now reign with Christ in heaven. In every age of the Christian Church religious honor has been given to the saints. The practice has flourished since the day on which Stephen was murdered by the Jews. In the eighth book of the Apostolic Constitutions, a very ancient production, we read this admonition: "On the day of St. Stephen, the protomartyr, let them (the faithful) abstain from servile work and on the other days of the holy martyrs, who died for Christ." The profound regard in which the saints were held in primitive times found practical expression in the many churches erected in their honor. These temples were dedicated in their names in honor of Him whom they so faithfully served. The Fathers, those sturdy pillars of the early Church, whose testimony to her teachings and practices is unimpeachable, also furnish interesting testimony to the antiquity of the Catholic doctrine of honoring the saints. St. Augustine, who is quite a pet with our separated brethren, wrote against Faustus to the effect that the "Christian people celebrate with religious solemnity the memory of the martyrs." St. Jerome is precise in his statement; he puts the Catholic doctrine in a nutshell. In his letter to Riparius he said: "We honor the servants, that the honor of the servants may redound to the Master." Testimonies of similar import might be multiplied, but it is not necessary. What is noticeable in the testimonies of

all early writers is that they in no way referred to the honor given to the saints as an innovation in the Church, but as a custom that had come down to them from the beginning.

All people, Catholic and Protestant alike, subscribed to the old saw, "honor to whom honor is due." But to whom is honor due? Unquestionably, to persons of exalted virtue, of noble purpose and lofty resolution, whose hearts were fountains of love for those who banish ignorance, oppose sin and dispense happiness; to those whose good example is a light to stray feet. This is the plain teaching of Holy Writ. "Glory and honor and peace," says St. Paul, "to everyone that worketh good." (Rom. 11, 19). Those who minister to our Lord with the honor of His Father (St. John 13). The Friends of God are exceedingly honorable and their principality is strengthened (Ps. 138).