

master and mistress at least in death. But how?

The nurse who had watched by Ada Roach all through her last painful illness, and who had learned to love this beautiful soul, purified in sorrow's fires had a sudden inspiration. Bending down she kissed the pale lips: "Say a prayer to the Sacred Heart for my intention," she said. "I shall return in five minutes." And she left the room.

Glancing up and down the corridor and seeing it was empty, she actually ran till she gained the chapel. The vari-colored lights before the picture of the Sacred Heart were nearly all extinguished. She lighted a fresh one and knelt as near the altar as the railing permitted.

"O, Jesus," she prayed, "she has set up in her home and honored the image of Your Sacred Heart. Do not forget Your promise. Reward her devotion and make my effort succeed."

Then she hastily left the chapel. What her "effort" was, was her own secret, for when she returned to the sick-room a few minutes later, she breathed not a word of what she had done.

The haughty Van Dyce mansion stood in a city eighty miles away. It was rich in the treasures which Scripture says, the moth and rust consume and thieves break in and steal. But here, too, modern science is proud to give the lie to the Scripture story. Nor door nor window could be moved without arousing the watch dogs of the law in a near by police station. Servants warned by turns throughout the night and a well-paid guard made the rounds of house and garden from dark till dawn.

A young man met and addressed a casual question to this guard—it was under the full light of an electric lamp; surely he could be out on no unlawful errand—then passed leisurely on his way. A moment later, while hidden by the thick foliage of a flowering cleander, he caught hold of a tough ivy vine and vaulted lightly over the wall. Evidently every move had been studied, planned and timed as carefully as an attack in battle. Agile muscles and intimate knowledge of the ground soon brought him to the second story screened sleeping porch of Madame Van Dyce. He took no clumsy chance of touching door or window and thus setting off the intricate burglar alarm. Steel flashed an instant in the starlight, and an opening large enough to admit his body was cut into the screen as quickly and as quietly as a knife passes through butter. Now to test the chance on which he had gambled. Madame Van Dyce had returned from the theater late on this hot, oppressive night. She had worn costly jewels. Had the sleepy servants been satisfied with locking them in the simple safe in her room, instead of laying them away in the heavy vault below which even the unholy skill could not break open with safety? Five minutes of rapid, delicate work proved that they had. He was binding in a plain cotton handkerchief diamonds, pearls, rubies—treasures which a knight might covet, when—suddenly the room was alive with crashing sounds! His eyes flashed the cruel fury of the panther at bay whilst one hand clutched the jewels and the other shot to the handle of a heavy automatic pistol. Hardened, cold, calculating bandit that he was, he never acted without reflection. His escape from a hundred desperate situations in the past was due to the fact that he had the courage to delay his own play till his opponent had shown his head.

Now, with every muscle taut, he waited. The crashing sounds continued—it was a burst of orchestra jazz! He understood. Madame Van Dyce had dropped off to sleep while listening to a radio concert, and the receiver was adjusted to catch the midnight program. He cursed the modern invention which sent the jingle of the ukulele and the blare of the saxophone silent through space only to burst out in full force in the very spot where he was playing his dark trade. But the next moment he was inclined to be thankful. The rhythmic shuffling of dancing feet, keeping time to the jazz at that distant station, could be distinctly heard.

"Hop to it!" he muttered, "it will help my get-away." He rose from the floor where he had thrown himself prostrate among the tiger skins.

The music stopped. The sleeper stirred. Again he waited. "This is Station ZYX making an important announcement. Other stations are requested to broadcast it."

An important announcement! That it was important for the robber, none could doubt. He stopped breathing to listen; his heart stood still. Then, reckless of consequences, he threw down the jewels, darted out the opening of screen, reached, first the garden, then the street. He stood sheer in the path of a taxi which was moving so fast that the driver had to use the emergency brake to avoid running him down.

"To the station in time to catch the express," he commanded, "and you can name your price!"

"Cap, it can't be did!" and the cabman pointed to the lurid blaze in the sky where the open firebox reflected its glare on the dense smoke of the approaching train. "She stops just sixty seconds! No boat in captivity could make it!"

"Try it son," and he pressed a

twenty dollar yellowback into the driver's hand.

The streets were fairly clear of traffic, and the taxi flew—the speedometer rose—thirty, forty, fifty miles—before the first policeman saw it. He had scarcely time to call halt before it was past and a block beyond. He must have telephoned ahead, for just three squares from the station the road was blocked by two bluecoats with drawn revolvers. The bandit saw them as soon as the driver, and half a block before the machine had reached them, he was out the door, up an alley, and running at top speed for the station, just in time to see the lights of the rear Pullman pass and the red lanterns on the gates slowly ascend.

"The Solid Mail," he muttered; "it's my only chance!"

The Solid Mail, due in thirty minutes, carried no passengers, and after taking coal and water here, did not stop for eighty miles. He knew the regulations and personnel of the Solid Mail as thoroughly as that of the Van Dyce mansion, and for the same reason. He had studied them with intent to rob. With two confederates he had laid elaborate plans to rifle a shipment of valuable mail scheduled for the following night. This knowledge he now resolved to use to reach the city to which he was so mysteriously and irresistibly called.

'Twas folly to attempt to get on or under any of the mail cars at the station. Even at the coal chute, a little further, down the track, dazzling lights brought out with noon-day clearness every ear, roof and truck and brake-beam of the entire train. Guards kept keen watch till the train was well in motion. Hence it was not till the fast mail was moving—and moving so fast that the feat looked like sheer suicide—that he dropped from the chute where he had secreted himself and clung to the roof of the last car. In this perilous position he was hurled through the black night eighty agonizing miles, his ears deafened by the roar of the train and the rush of the wind, his fingers cramped with pain and his arms almost wrenched from the sockets, as the swaying car rounded curve after curve, a heavy piece of canvas torn from the chute and saturated in the muddy water below the tank, his only protection against the burning cinders, which rained down upon him with the force of bullets.

The first faint glow of dawn was come to tell the sufferers in St. Mary's Hospital that another endless night of pain was passed, when a grimy man staggered into Ada Roach's room. "Some frantic husband or father," thought Father Casey, "Come to learn the fate of the dear one, and he has mistaken the room." He turned to address the stranger:

"My dear man—" But the eyes of love are keen even though dimmed by the shadow of death. A cry came from the bed of the dying woman.

"Richard!" The next moment he was kneeling at her side, his face buried in the pillow. How he learned, when he came, she did not ask. She knew the Sacred Heart would hear her prayer.

It was only after the tired, tender eyes were closed forever, that the nurse explained. She told them how, after a prayer to the Sacred Heart, she had made her appeal to the operator and Station ZYX had interrupted a noisy jazz to broadcast the message: "Mrs. Ada Roach is dying here in St. Mary's Hospital. She is begging that her husband, Richard Roach, come to her before she dies. Any hearer knowing of his whereabouts is requested to tell him that his dying wife is calling for him."

Bound by the solemn promises he had made to his wife, Richard Roach had already begun his life of reparation and repentance. That it was not a day too soon he realized when he read on the morrow how two bandits, who attempted to rifle a valuable shipment on the Solid Mail, had been shot dead by special guards secreted in the car.

Thus in his own inscrutable way did Jesus bless the broken home in which the image of His Sacred Heart was set up and honored.—C. D. McEniry, C. SS. R. in The Liguorian.

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#### CHINA

618,611 PROTESTANTS CLAIMED BY 130 SETS WORKING IN CHINA

According to statistics submitted by the Protestant missionaries assembled in Shanghai, in May, 1922 and now made public, the strength of Protestantism in China is as follows:

There are in China, 1,310 foreign ministers of the Gospel (European and American) and 1,065 Chinese ministers; 4,141 foreign women assist the missionaries—the nurses here are included—and 7,830 Chinese men and 2,341 Chinese women are employed by the missionaries in various capacities.

The Protestant medical corps includes 348 foreign women and 2,588 natives.

These figures represent 130 missionary sects to which 36 other societies are more or less closely united. In 1900, only 61 societies were represented.

The Protestants claim to have 618,611 members of whom 345,854 are adults. In 1900, the Protestants numbered 85,000 and in 1913, 207,970. An increase of 17,851 members was made during the years 1917-1920. The most important centers are in the eastern provinces, notably, Fokien, Kwangtung, and Kiangsu.

There are 5,087 Protestant primary schools, 932 lower grade schools and 391 higher grade schools. Higher education is under the direction of fourteen federations "colleges" (Association Christian Colleges, and Universities), with a total enrollment of 2,017 students. All told, there are 199,694 Chinese youths in Protestant schools. The educational situation improved 332% during the years 1907 to 1920. It is noteworthy that 35% of the students from the upper grade schools and 67% of those in the advanced schools became candidates for the ministry even during their school course.

The most important step recently taken by the Protestants in China is the establishment of a "National Christian Council" which serves as a bond of union among the various sects and secures co-operation in matters concerning the common good of all. The Council is made up of one hundred members, forty of whom are Chinese. Its powers are purely consultative and do not extend to matters of doctrine or discipline. This council has proved itself indispensable to carrying on Protestant missionary enterprises. At a cost of \$10,000,000 (1920), it has been teaching the various branches of language and science, and relieving physical maladies. These should be only means to the real end, conversion to the Christian Faith. Having realized the success of the means employed, the missionaries are now at a standstill; their converts—at least, the better class of them—are not contented with what has been given to them and they cannot give much more.

#### WHY CATHEDRALS AND NO LIVE FAITH?

MAGAZINE IS STRUCK BY APPARENT INCONGRUITY

New York, Sept. 10.—An apparent incongruity between the "new zeal" for cathedrals in the Episcopal Church and the fact that "practically all churches, except the Roman Catholic, are now profoundly stirred on the question of creed and dogma," is pointed out in a recent issue of The World's Work, which makes the following comment:

"For those philosophic minds that see modern life in its historical perspective there is a certain incongruity between two ecclesiastical developments which have recently taken up much space in the public press. Practically all the churches, except the Roman Catholic, are now profoundly stirred on the question of creed and dogma. The lessening grip of old-fashioned faith is the prevailing religious symptom of the time. The convictions long essential to a Christian life are rapidly being dispensed with. A New York clergyman of the Episcopal ordination has paraded from the Sunday pulpit disbelief in most of the formal doctrines of that church and practically challenged the Bishop to remove him, a challenge which the Bishop has declined to accept. The Presbyterian Church has publicly proclaimed several dogmas as indispensable to membership, yet many of the leading Presbyterian

pulpits of the nation have rung with denunciation of this injunction and have announced their intention of defying it. Many men who publicly affirm their disbelief in the Virgin birth of Christ and His resurrection are admitted to ordination.

#### NOTHING NEW IN SITUATION

"There is nothing especially new in all this; the conflict of religion and science has been acutely active for more than fifty years; recent events, however, have focussed attention upon an ancient controversy, and the appearance of certain lively champions of the two schools of thought have given the subject personality and emphasis. Whatever emotions may have been aroused, one fact is apparent: the age of faith has gone. Out of it all something finer may emerge, but that unquestioning and satisfied acceptance of fundamental truth, another name for faith, no longer controls the modern world.

"The other fact is the new zeal for cathedrals in the Episcopal Church. Some months ago the Washington Diocese announced plans for a cathedral at the national capital vast in its size and magnificent in its structure. The New York diocese has recently made an appeal for \$15,000,000 to finish the great Cathedral of St. John the Divine, a beautiful structure which was begun so long ago as 1871. There are probably few Americans who would not like to see these enterprises succeed.

#### SIGNIFICANCE OF CATHEDRALS

"Few will therefore see any incongruity between the religious thinking of this era and its architecture. The one thing that the cathedral solemnly emblazons is religious faith. Like faith itself, it belongs to the middle ages. The great medieval edifices were the expressions of a time that knew not the higher criticism, that did not disturb itself over the contradictions of the Bible, that did not attempt to explain the miracles of the New Testament on scientific grounds. These things were as much realities as the rising and the setting of the sun. The great cathedrals stand in Europe the silent witnesses of the complete confidence and child-like belief of their creators in the simple and understandable God who watched over their daily lives, who remorselessly punished the wicked and abundantly rewarded the good. Is there not some spiritual inconsistency in a great and beautiful cathedral on the Hudson standing alongside Columbia University, and an intellectual kingdom in which Darwin reigns?"

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#### NEWMAN AS A STYLIST

Joseph J. Reilly, Ph. D., in Catholic World

Newman was fond of long sentences; they went with the copia verborum. And yet every one is a triumph of artifice, ribbed through, when lengthy, by parallel structure, though varied so infinitely and so skilfully that you are scarcely aware of it. This is his favorite form of construction, the parallelism lending cohesion and stability to every part, like the steel rods that reinforce concrete.

Notice how admirably the elements of the following sentence are ribbed through by parallel structure. Newman is speaking of Athens as the site of a university and he says: "Hither, then, as to a sort of ideal land where all archetypes of the great and the fair were found in substantial being, and all departments of truth explored, and all diversities of intellectual power exhibited, where taste and philosophy were majestically enthroned as in a royal court, where there was no sovereignty but that of mind, and no nobility but that of genius, where professors were rulers, and princes did homage, hither flocked continually from the very corners of the orbis terrarum, the many-tongued generation, just rising, or just risen into manhood, in order to gain wisdom."

Notice the succession of clauses (adverbial clauses) in "where" employed in the initial clause and omitted in the following parallel ones, in order to render the mechanics of construction less obvious. Notice, too, that "where" is resumed again when emphasis is needed for clearness, and is retained in the two following longer clauses, each of which in turn is split, the first into two antithetic phrases, "no sovereignty but that of mind" and "no nobility but that of genius," and the second into two antithetic clauses, "professors were rulers" and "princes did homage."

In the case of these last clauses a less clever master of variation in rhythm would have yielded to the temptation to do the obvious thing and would have written "princes

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were subjects." Johnson, for example, and Macaulay and perhaps even Burke and Gibbon. Notice the repetition of "hither" (after the succession of interpolated clauses), which serves to focus the reader's attention again on Athens as merely a geographical objective, now that her attractions as an intellectual center have been pointed out. Notice still further how the backbone of the sentence, its main clause, is held in abeyance almost to the last and then allowed to descend slowly, arrested after "generation," where it starts to ascend again through "manhood," and finally allowed to flow steadily, but not abruptly to the end. We have traveled a long way before we reach our main verb, "flocked," but how clear everything is up to that, and how adroitly the main clause, held back until late and then doled out as it were with cautious hands, is managed in every detail; so adroitly, in fact, that we are quite unaware of those insistent "where" clauses and come to the end unconscious that we have just read a sentence as fundamentally artificial as anything in Gibbon or Johnson or Macaulay.

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