BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER V-CONTINUED

"Mr. Martins was very watchful over "Mr. Martins was very watchrui over his child. The Negro woman told afterwards that he never ceased warning her to watch the baby, and that he would leave the field a doz-en times during the day and hurry to the house to reassure himself that she was safe. The war fever was growing stronger, and men were en-listing by hundreds every day. One morning Martins' negro man came running into town telling every per-son he met that Indians had carried son he met that Indians had carried off his master and the child. The sudden disappearance of Mr. Martins and the baby of course caused great excitement, but after a few days he came back home—alone. Where he had left the child no one knew. Then he enlisted and went with the giment to the north, and perished ith the Kentuckians in the Raisin Massacre. His cousin, George Mar-tins, brought home the remains and buried them under the cedar tree, beside his wife. Then people began to ask for the child. No one knew what had become of her. George Martins went himself to Virginia, thinking the father might have taken her to her mother's relations; but she was not there, and when the grandfather heard of the missing child, he, too, joined in the search. It seemed that his two sons had been killed in the war against the British and as they had left no children, his

and as they had left no children, his great property would go to strangers if little Amy Martins were not found."
"Amy?" repeated Teresa, and down a long silent aiele of memory a mellow, tender voice seemed to be calling "Miss Amy? Miss Amy? "That was the child's name. She was called after her mother," explained Mrs. Helpin, wondering at plained Mrs. Halpin, wondering at the interruption. "But one day a poorly dressed woman came to town and inquired for George Martins. She told him that several days before he had left for the war, Gerald Martins had come to her house, which was somewhere in Bourbon County. He had known her in Richmond, where she had lived previous to the death of her husband. She had been kind to Mr. Martins, it seems, during a spell of fever and when he heard of her husband's death, through her brother, who had a small store in Paris, he had sent her money enough to bring her and her children to Kentucky, and then had secured a small farm for her in Bourbon. To her he had taken his little girl for safe keeping, while he went to the war. He gave her all the money he had, and made her swear on the Bible never to reveal the identiamy as her own daughter until he should return. If he should not return, he said that he should keep the child until she had arrived at her ixteenth year, when she was to go to Lexington and claim her prope for her. He said that he would leave papers that would prove the child's right to his estate. The woman admitted that she had seen he advertisements for General Martins' daughter and the large reoffered for information leading to her discovery; but as she felt that he had some good reason for binding her to this secrecy, she had been faithful to her promise. Now the child was dead. She had died of faver that had carried off one of the woman's own children. She said she felt it was her duty to let the relatives of Amy Martins know of her death and for that purpose she had walked to Lexington from this information. With several of Mrs. Martins' early friends, George Martins went down to Bourbon with the woman. The fever had wasted the child, and as she had been buried several days, it was of course, im possible to recognize her. Only the soft black hair remained for her identification as the child of Gerald and Amy Martins, heir to her parents' great property in Kentucky and the grandfather's plantation and old Virginia. But they brought the little creature home an laid her, with her father and mother in the graveyard in the clearing, under the cedar tree. As next of kin, of course George Martins, inherited his cousin's rich tract of land, and after a few years he was able to build that beautiful house. I have been told there is not such another house in the country as the Martins mansion. It is said by those who are in a position to know, that he once told his wife he would some day take her to a grander home than the one she was willing to give up for love If he did make that promise to her, he kept it. There is not one thing on earth that woman desire she has not, or may not have, if sh but express the wish. They have one child, a handsome young man he is now, and for him and his nother George Martins lives and toils. Every dollar he adds to his great fortune is for them, every

> "Oh, that is sad!" said the girl. These words brought them to Mrs Halpin's door, and Teresa entered the house with a grave face, strange ly out of harmony with her pretty toilet. Oh! this world was indeed a place of sorrow and her heart was crying out for Loretto's peace and holy joy.

nor he receives is for them.

believe dear, he would sell his soul

if he could thereby add to their hap

CHAPTER VI

As day followed day, leading her through the same dull hours of work, the same exacting cares, Teresa began

to feel the sickening despair, known in its fullest by imaginative natures when they find themselves linked to duty stripped of all the ideality with which they had clothed her. Doubtless her pupils were as bright as the majority of girls, but to her they appeared hopelessly stupid, and the time she spent in instructing them seemed to be literally thrown away. It was decreasing to wake each another long day of unloved labor staring into her eyes, and she would turn again to her pillow, while her heart cried out for a relief from her

dreary situation.

In that new world of hers there was one, who, remembering his own sadly desolated youth, realized what was passing in the girl's soul, and an all absorbing pity for her began to creep into the heart of St. John Worthington. He was standing one afternoon by the window of his room, which looked out on the street, and as Teresa unclosed the gate and his eyes fell on the slender hand that for a moment rested wearily on the latch, a pain never wholly laid at "Strange I never noticed her hand until now," he mused. He watched her walk slowly across the yard, and whether because of the memory aroused by the hand, or because something in the girl's lassi-tude appealed to him, he hurriedly left his room and ran down the "You are home early to-day, Miss

face.
"One of my pupils is sick. I got

out half an hour earlier on that account," she explained.
"I am glad—not that your pupil is ill, but that you have come. The fact is, I couldn't stay in my office. The woods have been calling me all day. I've heard falling accorns and dronning leaves through all its dropping leaves through all its hours; so I closed my law books and came home, intending to go out for a walk. But—I must confess it!—I am a coward. I cannot go into an Oc ober wood alone. Will you take pity on me and come with me?

That wonderful light was slowly creeping into Teresa's dark eyes, brightening them, until they soon brightening them, until they soon were like stars gleaming in twilight's

"I should like to go very much, if Mrs. Halpin has no objection," re-plied Teresa, for that worthy lady was proving herself a most careful ron. Hearing the voices in the hall, the person in question emerged from her sitting room, and Mr. Wor-thington meekly asked her permis-sion to take Miss Martinez out for a walk. She considered the pros and cons, conjectured what Mrs. Brown around the corner would say when she saw St. John Wrthington out walking with the beautiful strange girl, and what Mrs. Colston would think were she to meet teacher of the college with Mr. Wor-thington. Then her own good sense came to the rescue and she gave the desired permission, supplementing it

with the command to return early.
"Mrs. Halpin is altogether too trict," remarked Mr. Worthington, as they turned their faces toward the country. "I am going to enter a pro-test. Several ladies have complained to me that they see so little of you. Why didn't you attend the party at Mrs. Davidson's ? She was quite put

out."
"I didn't care to go," she replied. Then she added, turning her eyes on him and speaking quickly: "They are all kind to me, still I feel I am such a stranger among these people. Everybody has a home, or some one to care for, and I am-I am," choking Lexington from n to give them back a sob, "so alone that it gives me more pain than pleasure to

Pardon me, Miss Martinez, if I speak frankly," said he. "It is the privilege an old man can claim." She looked at him with a contradictory reply to his last self disparag-ing remark, whereupon he smiled and said :

Well, I will say instead, a man old in the experiences of life. Your imagination is making you become morbid, is breeding a host sickly fancies that ultimately will becloud your mind, making you misan thropic, wreck your life and happi ness. Such an imagination as you possess may be a great blessing or dreadful curse. You shut yourself off from the society of these kind and generous people because you find your solitary life a contra theirs, rich in home and its ties. You never realized the difference tween your life and the lives of other girls in your convent home, and now its existence breaks upon you sharp ly, painfully. But in time this would wear away. You would gather to yourself friends, who, in a measure, would make good your other loss. But you resolutely repel the ades of all who would become your friends. Is this right to your-

self, generous to others?"
"Perhaps not." she replied, "yet yet you don't know all.' They had left the town behind them and were now on the edge of

the woodland. "Isn't that a beautiful sight!" he exclaimed, gazing at the trees decked out in October's lavish splendor.

When I was a little girl I used to think the leaves in autumn were big butterflies," she said, laughing.

"Of course you did!" he replied, miling. "Let us take a ramble "Of course you did!" he replied, smiling. "Let us take a ramble through the woods," and he assisted her over the low stone wall that edged the turnpike. "You say I don't know all." he began, after a moment's silence, and the rustle of the leaves under their feet made a sad accompaniment for his words. "Maybe not. Yet I know some things. I know your work is hard

for one so young and untried ; I know

that you are discouraged with it, and that you are whipping yourself like a beast of burden over your road."

She turned toward him an alarmed face. Could this man read her soul or was the state of it apparent to all the world? She felt an indefinable sensation creeping over her, and she wished that she had not come out for the walk. He saw this, too, and a certain expression came to his face. It was like the drawing down of a hard, cold mask. It was then she stretched out her right hand to reak off a bunch of rich red leaves from an oak shrub ; and at sight of the hand, his face changed and was sgain tender, sensitive, alive.

'It is true, Miss Martinez, I am almost a stranger to you," he con-tinued, "Perhaps you resent my words, and yet it is just because I would save you from my own suffer-ing and loneliness that they are spoken. Like yourself, I have known what it is to be an orphs and friendless. Because my father refused to marry the lady chosen for retused to marry the lady chosen for him by his parents he incurred their displeasure, which deepened into hatred and discomment when, later, my father followed Washington to fight against the mother country. But when he and my mother were dead, my grandfather releuted and took me to his home. It was a glor-ious old house, and I was an imagin-ative youth—longing for the things His rich, beautiful voice, as he uttered those last words, fell. into such mournful tones that Teresa felt

the tears spring to her eyes. "I lived in that old Virginia manor house from my fifth to my twenty-second year; then, my grandfather married a second time and I was again alone in the world. I came to Kentucky. Here I taught school and wholly in my work, for there was not wholly in my work, for there was no hope to be realized when success should have crowned my labors. I vithdrew from society, lived the life of a recluse, until political work forced me into the social world. But those years of retirement have built a well nigh impregnable wall between me and my fellow-creatures, and though I go among them, I do not feel at home. Do you know now, why, even at the risk of forfeit in representations of the state of t ing your regard, I spoke to you this afternoon? The duty was laid upon me, because," he paused, and his eyes involuntarily sought her white hands, but remembering his unfin-ished sentence, he added: "I would save you from my own fate, alone, with old age creeping steadily, sure-

ly in on me."

They walked on for a few pace in absolute silence. A thousan in absolute silence. A thousand thoughts were hurling themselves through the girl's brain. She felt her youth and inexperience painfully in this confidence from, and interest of the renowned man of the world She knew that he had, in that hour drawn aside the veil and permitted her to look upon the ruins of a life never before gazed upon by other eyes than his own. There were emotions stirring in her heart, vain ly trying to express themselves in words; but the words refused to answer the call made on them, Then she let the bunch of leaves fall from her hand, and holding it timid ly toward him, said.

Thank you, Mr. Worthington!" He clasped the little hand, saying, with the familiar smile in his dark gray eyes :

This means that you forgive m for inviting you out for a walk for the purpose of reading you a lecture tween us? I scarcely dared hope for such graciousness, and intend trying Then he stooped, and gathering up her leaves, said, returning them to her. "I am going to champion your cause against Mrs. Halpin's rigid rules, and I shall expect you to spend such a gay winter, that you will regret the swift passage of time. Work is hard, I know," he went on, but it will end sometime; and it is by doing disagreeable tasks well that we prove ourselves worthy of being called to perform higher and holier ones.

CHAPTER VII

By protest and flattery, his influence and the efforts of several ladies who were his friends, Mr. Worthing ton gradually gained Mrs. Halpin over to his way of thinking in regard to Teresa's social life. At first, the girl took up society half heartedly, but pleasure and admiration speedily win over the young, and soon she was entering with animation into the life of the refined Southern town. With the approach of the Christmas holidays, its gayety increased, and as no function failed to include an invitation for Miss Martinez, Teresa was beginning to taste some of the sweets of social success. Her work and not grown any more agreeable but the pleasure of the evening made mends for the dreariness of the day.

Mr. Worthington met Teresa agai in the hall one crisp December after noon. The sleigh, with its party of gay young people, was flying down the street, after having deposited her at Mrs. Halpin's door, and the tinkle of its silver bells came merrily to his ears, as he escorted her to the parlor and drew up a chair for her before the wide hearthstone. The long ride through the brisk air had brought a made the dark eyes sparkle like dia-

You look positively radiant!" he exclaimed, taking her hat and gloves. same fearlessness, the same How far did you go ?"

Almost to Georgetown," she red. "It was glorious! I never

my life. I wish it were winter all

e time."
Provided there was always heavy snow on the ground, a sleigh, good horses and agreeable company at one's command," he added with a smile.
"O certainly!" she replied. Then

she turned her face toward him and and said: "Do you know what I thought this afternoon? That if it hadn't been for you, I should be miss-ing all the pleasure I am having this

She leaned forward, and held her chilled hands toward the red flames that were leaping around the well-seasoned logs. He gazed from her face to her hands and the old pain smote his heart. Not only were her the action also. How often he had seen those other hands, that long since were dust, held thus before a wood fire, each slender finger out-lined against the red light. His eyes went back to her low brow, where, of late, he had begun to think another and the dead woman showed. glances, smiled, and—what a cruel lancy! Gerald Martins looked on him in that smile. He made a rest-less movement in his chair, and

of me during your pleasure trip. I am going to test your kindness faryou have no previous en gagement, will you honor me by ac-companying me to Mrs. Barton's New Year Party? Yes, I really am going," e finished, smiling at the surprise that flashed into her face, for he rarely participated in social doings.

After accepting the offer of his company, Teresa, with a little nervous laugh, added :

"All the girls are talking about Mrs. Barton's New Year party, and what a grand affair it will be. I am

afraid of grand affairs.' Teresa was more troubled about her appearance at Mrs. Barton's party than she cared to admit, even to herself. The lady entertained rarely, but those occasions were events in the social history of the Rina Grass Belt, and so the girl to herself. The lady entertained looked forward to it with mingled feelings of fear and pleasure. Her magination reveled in the prospect of the magnificence of the entertainment, and she indulged in many a beautiful dream on her lonely way to and from the college. She selected her gown with great care. Jouett painted her portrait afterward in the dress she wore on that eventful night. As she looks from the painted canvas she is like a child who had decked herself out in the rich attire of a woman : again, she looks down with the face and attitude of one of the queenly hero ines of historical tragedy, disporting hereolf in the ungraceful fashion and simple silks of a modern costume. But the first impression lingers longest; perhaps because of the red roses that show against the cream bodice

and in the raven curls. In those early days it was not regarded as an indication of good mar-ners to keep a hostess waiting for her guests, and at 9 o'clock the halls and parlors of Mrs. Barton's house were filled with men and women, who represented the culture of the West. As the grand march was forming, Mr. and Mrs. Martins were an ounced, and the hostess' pleasure in greeting these guests was evident. Mr. Martins was the leader of the husband's family were ardent sup-porters. It was quite among the ossibilities, moreover, that the lady who came here to-night as her guest would in another year be ruling in

" I scarcely hoped that you would come, even if you arrived to day, be-cause I knew you would be weary after your long journey," said Mrs Barton.

"We reached home in time to drees," replied Mrs. Martins, in a soft, low. Southern voice. "Though low, Southern voice. "Though somewhat fatigued, we could not deprive ourselves of the pleasure of seeing you, assisting at your enter

Mrs. Barton murmured her appre ciation of Mrs. Martins' kindness then asked:

Did Preston return with you?" "Yes. He was detained by a friend lowntown."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE UNSEEN SIDE

There is always some embarrass ment and some pain when those meet who were once intimate and through years have kept in their hearts lace sacred to each other. Ofter the long dear friendship ends in such an hour. Both are disappointed; the years have made changes, ravages erhaps, or the two minds and hearts are startled to find that they have grown far apart. But it was not so when at last, after twenty years separation, Marion Chester came to pay me an oft deferred visit. After I had recovered from the shock of seeing her much changed—a woman of forty whom sorrow had not spared nor deep joy defrauded, and after the passing of the shyness of our first half-hour tete-a-tete, I began to recog nize, one by one, and with delight all the little traits that had made her so dear to me when we were thoughttinge of color to the pale cheeks and less, giddy girls, always together and neually in mischief. There was the same frequent smile, sweeter even than of old, if less mischievous; the pendent view of men and things, the same deep reverence, veiled from all plied. "It was glorious! I never but loving eyes, for all that is noble enjoyed anything so thoroughly in and all that is holy.

Seated on the verands all through the long summer atternoon, we found much to say — who can doubt it? There was old fun and fooliehness to be recalled, old troubles and perplexities, too, for life is not all sunshine even at eighteen. We reviewed and discussed the stupendous changes time had wrought, merciful changes, most of them, even to our purblind eyes. At last we drifted away from our reminiscences and our stories of the fate of former friends to the discussion of some topic of the hour. I enjoyed keenly Marion's sensible view of the matter, expressed in a quaint, whimsical way that was charm ing. She had always talked so whe only half in earnest, and in the old days it had been rare indeed to find her more so. We were interrupted by my shy little housemaid, who tell me that some one, whose name she had not understo to speak to me over the telephone. I hurried into the house, and five minutes later came back more slowly dreading to tell Marion the purpor of the message. I felt certain it would annoy her, but I was obliged

May God forgive me!)
"It was Father Frost, a cousin of ours, who wished to speak to me," I explained. "He is passing through the city, and telephoned to say that he will call within the hour. I—I don't think he will stay long."

to repeat it, and without delay. I remember that I spoke apologetically.

Marion made no comment, but took into her hands the afghan that all afternoon had lain untouched in her lap, and began to crochet with frantic energy. Because the silence was growing long, and to me, at least very uncomfortable, I explained fur-

"I have seen him only to or three times, and not at all for ten years. He belongs to the English branch of the family, which is much more devout than ours. His father was killed at Balaclava—you remember that a photograph of him in uni-form hung in the library at home. seminary where students are pre-pared for the foreign missions, and when his time came was sent to India. years, except for a few trips such as this, to England and America, to beg funds for the support of his work."

"He must be interesting," Marion said. "I shall be giad to meet him,

if I may. I was greatly relieved. All her family were prejudiced, but not one of the others as rapidly so as Marion. She had ever been careful to say nothing that could wound or anger me, but I had always realized that she hated Catholicity. What, then, was my amazement when, after a long pause, she dropped her work and, looking up at me, said slowly

'It seems strange now, even to me, but I once thought seriously of becoming a Catholic."

You, Marion!" I exclaimed. My very evident astonishment amused her. "Am I such a heathen?" she laughed, and after a moment, speaking more and more seriously, she went on : "It was a queer notion of all people! But something I heard unsettled my mind, and the more read in regard to the matter, the more clearly I imagined I saw that

you Catholics are right."
"Oh, Marion!" I exclaimed, "why did you stop short? You were on the right road. You were seeing a great light! Why didn't you per severe ?"

"Do you truly want to know? You won't be offended?" And when I said. "Certainly not," she continued: meaning of the service you call "Benediction." The idea is beautiful; the Lord blessing His people as went one evening to see it, prepared Wednesday, and when the priest entered the sanctuary he turned to the people to say that after the service he would distribute ashes to those who had not received them in the morning, and he directed that, to avoid crowding and confusion, all should go up the middle sisle and return by the side ones. About this he was very emphatic, although very gentle. He was an old man, or grow-ing old. I shall never forget his face. And though what he said was entirely commonplace, I could see, or rather feel, that each member of his flock was dear to his heart.

"Well, the service was short, to short, I found it, but—oh, Edith, in all my life nothing ever filled me with such joy and peace as that blessing given over our bowed heads—for my lead was bowed like the rest !"

Marion paused, gazing absently cross the lawn to the distant pine alad bills. Her eyes were shining and there was a smile upon her lips; then suddenly her face hardened, and when she turned to me again she spoke bitterly:

"It had been but a sweet fancy from first to last! I was sorely disappointed. I thought I had found something real. Edith, he began to put ashes on the foreheads of the people. All went smoothly until an old man and woman, feeble they were and poorly dressed, tried to force their priest saw them and his face flushed scarlet. Instantly, he became furi-ously angry, and he spoke to those old people not merely sharply or imously angry, and he spoke to those old people not merely sharply or impatiently, but savagely—for so little—a mere trifle. When he had no more to say he turned on his heel and left the sanctuary. Those who were left received no ashes. So, Edith, my castle in the air collapsed.

day by day, hour by hour, during the six months that he remained where he was, he had felt more keenly that he had disedified his people and more deeply did he grieve over the irreverence of it. Two or three milestone nearer our goal—past one more landmark on the river of life that leads to the ocean beyond.

If your churches and the Blesse Sacrament mean no more than that to you, no more even to your priests well, I have never since considered becoming a Catholic, never for one instant! He had just handled, so he instant! He had just handled, so he thought, the Body of the Lord, and had just received His blessing. Evidently it all meant nothing to him."

I did not know what to say; I could think of no adequate excuse or

explanation. "You were not quite logical, it seems to me," I protested lamely; "and he had explained, and the mistake made confusion, you ad-

mitted that."
"Oh, yes, but it was of little conse quence. That is no excuse. You haven't an idea how angry he was or how he spoke. But I am glad I was there. The incident opened my eyes, and but for it, who knows—you're not offended are you, Edith? I have great respect for your belief.
I know you are sincere, but I—oh,
let's talk of something else. I am
sorry I mentioned the matter. I never did before. It was the coming of your cousin that brought it all back, and with you, dear, I always said what was uppermost in my It was at this instant that Father

Frost opened our gate and came towards us, smiling broadly. I have never seen him without being im-pressed with a sense of his happy heartedness, his share of that childlike joy which seems to be one of the peculiar gifts of foreign missionar-

ies. He was then not far past middle age, but looked old, so hard had his life been. Marion was quiet at first and a little stiff, but he appeared unconscious of the fact. I, eager that he should make the most avorable impression possible, begged him to tell us something about his life in India. I had once heard him talk of it and hoped that his simple, unboasting story would edity Marion as it edified me.

So you wish me to tell you som thing of our mission," he replied with his merry smile. "But where shall I begin? India is a big country and most interesting, and I've lived there for more than twenty years so it's a dangerous thing you ask. may never stop talking if I get a fair

We laughed, saying that we were willing to run the risk.

"Since you cannot tell everything, at least tell us what impressed you most," I urged, and directing his conversation to Marion rather than to ne, he began, still smiling, though in earnest now : What impressed me most? I

shall tell you. More than all the

natural loveliness I have seen and

all the sombre magnificence : more han all the suffering I have wit nessed, patiently, even heroically borne: more than all the conversions, each a special, beautiful work of God's grace, more edifying than all these was—my assistant! Just a little old man, not at all learned, but a saint. We labored side by side for nine years. My work h come too heavy for one pair of hands, and month after month the Bishop had been promising me the first available assistant. He arrived on foot, in the middle of a stormy night, with a smile and a jest on his lips. I was appalled. He was so thin and frail that I could not account for the fact that a whiff of wind had never blown him away, and worse, he was old—a grav offense where the life taxes th strength of the youngest. At first, in my stupidity, I considered him commonplace and uninteresting. I soon changed my mind, I found that he was full of boyish fun. There was no annoyance to which he could "In a Catholic prayer book I not find a funny side; in fact, dis anced across an explanation of the other side for him. There pain he did not joke about no de gree of work he did not smile over And I never never knew any one so gentle and kind, especially old. They were his special predilection. But it was his patience that in our long intercourse I learned to admire most of all. He was quick in his movements, quick in all he said and did, the very man, I should have judged, to lose patience often and easily, but I never saw him angry or even ruffled. And he was old, you remember, all unused to the climat and to the strange, often incompre hensible natives. Then when his last illness came it was only from the doctor I learned that his pain was excruciating.

Father Frost fell into a reverie forgetting us. I glanced at Marion. She was impressed, I saw, in spite of herself, both by Father Frost and by his story. Neither of us spoke, and presently he continued:

" He is in heaven now. The even ing before he died the pain left him for a while and we had a long talk. He had never before talked about himself, but that night, in the lonely darkness, he told me a little. His life, he said, had been one long unsuccessful struggle against his hot temper. I almost laughed and told him that nothing he could say would convince me that he had the ghost of

"It hasn't been as bad of late years," he answered humbly, and then, after a silence, he said that once, over a mere trifle, he had be come furiously angry, not only before way up one of the side aisles. Of his congregation, but in the very course they made confusion. The priest saw them and his face flushed he would have given his life to have been able to undo that scene, and day by day, hour by hour, during the time. And as such the celebration

promised to try very hard, and it was before His tabernacle that I acted so.' At last, to do penance, he begged his Bishop to allow him to offer himself for the foreign missions, old though he was. And so he came to me." Again Father Frost was silent for a

few minutes, and when he spoke it was to begin a little humorous anecdote relating to the children of his mission. He thought, I suppose, that already he had talked too long about his friend. Suddenly, in the middle of a sentence he was inter-rupted by Marion.

"Father, your assistant's name—was it Masterson?" "Yes. Did you know him? Some how I imagined you are not a Cath

I am not, and I never met Father Masterson. I saw him three or four times—and I was in his church that night. I was shocked. I thought he proved to me that there is nothing in it-in your faith, I mean. But he was sorry, you say, and he went to India and worked cheerfully there until his death, in spite of hardship and discouragement, and he was pat ent, always patient!"

Marion turned her eager, shining eyes away from him to gaze once more upon the distant hills. Father Frost watched her for a few seconds before he made some irrelevant rethe moment@that he spoke in a low. though in truth I was thinking less of him than of Marion. "Father," she said at last, looking

into his face with a bright, childlike smile. "Father, I want to be a Cath-olic—the sooner the better!"—Florence Gilmore in the Magnificat.

LIVE SOBERLY, JUSTLY, GODLY

SAYS ARCHBISHOP GLENNON

In a recent sermon His Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Glennon gave expression to some appropriate and forceful thoughts of great value and profit to all serious minded people at this particular time. The complete text of the sermon was as follows:

"For the grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men, instruct-ing us that, denying ungodliness and worldly desires, we should live sober-ly, and justly, and godly in this world, looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ. who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and might cleanse to himself a good acceptable, a pursuer of good works. These things speak and exhort, and rebuke with all authority. Let no man despise them." (Titus 2:11 15.)

Man is surrounded by mysteries:-Why the heart beats, we do not know. What life is, we cannot say. Whether we wake or sleep it is still the same mysterious undefinable. The mind within is a mystery -- the thought expressed is mysterious in its formation; and mysterious also, that the mind of the other may comprehend it expressed as it is by words which are only symbols. We walk on mysteries; and around us earth and air and sky are full of mysteries, as they are themselves mysterious. We speak the word "space" cannot define it. but neither can we define it, nor is there any rule for its measurement.

And yet, in face of all these, we live and walk and talk and think with the unconcern of children playing with toys: or if we desist from the playing it is to plume ourselves on the thought that we know it all. And especially in these modern times when many who in reality have not even begun, claim to have the solution of all life's mysteries and lecture us accordingly; for they say, it is all just a combination of matter and force served up to suit the individual if he has any sense, and to crush him if he has not. Now, the opposite is or should be our Christian position, namely, that we feel the dread mysteriousness of it all, and with eyes of faith struggle to penetrate the veils that hang before our eyes, and see back of them the uthor of all mysteries, the Master of Life and Death, and reverently bowing, to walk from mystery to mystery until we reach our home, at last, with that Father whose presence shall be the explanation of all

I have said that "time" is a mystery, and its definition impossible-its measurement only conven tional; yet we have had our New Years eve a short time ago, and the 12 o'clock signal, and the noise and the whistling and clanging of bells, and the toasts to the old and the welcome to the new, treating it with a definiteness—a sureness and the certainty of a calendar based on exact science, which claims to have measured and weighed the sun and set in place for all time the earth with its every movement.

And yet, with all our proposed ex-

actness, the new year is only conven-tional marking; it does not separate time into distinct portions, fo is not only indefinable, but indivisible. It is only in an objective sense—in the sense that the events that occur in time, and the move-ments of the planets that take place in time, and the recurring of the seasons, that gives a reason for and a value to such things as divisions of