

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

PALMS

ANNA HANSON ROSEY. AUTHOR OF "COAINE," "FLEMINGS," "TANGLED PATHS," "MAY BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX. CONTINUED.

BY THE WAY OF THE CROSS THEY WIN THEIR PALMS.

His sense of nobility to rescue her from her fate, stung and enraged him; he had done all he could, but how little! He mounted his horse, galloped down the broad, beautiful avenue, and out of the wide-open gates, careless whether the mettlesome animal bore him, so that it was a way from Rome.

On the following day Nemesius was led before the tribunal and questioned by the judge, the examination being attended by all the formalities usual on such occasions; for the iniquitous proceedings had to be draped with a semblance of legality, to subject the Roman laws to the despotic will of the reigning tyrant.

Nemesius' answers were firm, and worded with such simplicity that it was impossible to misunderstand them. He declared himself a Christian; he expressed his strong abhorrence of idolatry, and when threatened, made answer that he coveted no higher blessing than to be permitted to seal his faith in Jesus Christ by the shedding of his blood.

"Despite thy wicked obstinacy, the Emperor is inclined to be merciful, Nemesius, and will afford thee some more reasonable thought; meanwhile it may console thee to whose keeping has been committed thy daughter," said the judge, with a malignant sneer; but he held back the information that every effort was to be made by her new protector to corrupt the child's mind, and force her to worship the gods.

"Wouldst thou see for thyself?" "My daughter!"—what of her?" exclaimed Nemesius, starting, as he glanced around.

"Go look from yonder open casement into the court below; she is there, unless they have removed her," responded the judge. "Make way for him, soldiers!"

The soldiers moved back, and, attended by his guards, Nemesius quickly reached the window, and, on looking down, beheld a sight which nearly froze his blood. There, surrounded by the soldiers, her soft, dimpled hand in the grip of a bold-faced, slanting woman of remarkable size and stature, stood his little Claudia.

They had not stripped the morning arrayed herself to welcome Camilla; and, with the sunlight upon her golden hair and her spotless white attire, she looked like a fair Lily in some savage morass, or what is, more true, a celestial spirit surrounded by demons.

Nemesius heard the woman's loud, coarse laugh, as low, ribald jests were bantered between herself and the soldiers. And now, while his eyes rested on some signal, they led away his innocent one—led her away, for what and with whom?

"What woman is that with the child?" he asked, almost suffocated with emotion. "That," answered the soldier, with a grin, "is Lippa, the Cyprian; thou hast heard of her, mayhap?"

Aye, he had heard of her as a disturber of the peace, a betrayer of innocence, the most infamous woman in Rome, whose house was a resort of the vilest characters. Could it be that his pure child was to become the inmate of such a den, and under such tutelage as Lippa's? Could fiercest malignity go further? A storm of natural emotion surged through the strong, noble soul of Nemesius, almost rending his heart.

Had they broken his body, torn his flesh with slow tortures on the rack, had they with spiked clubs, more of these could have equalled the inexpressible anguish caused by the sad condition of his child. He thought of the cruel treatment she would receive, the horrible suggestions she would be obliged to listen to; and might they not succeed by their devilish arts in corrupting her innocence? Oh, bitter cup for a man like this to drink! Oh, terrible assault of nature and hell to shake the integrity of his soul!

It was but a little while that the dark shadow enveloped his spirit; and, although the pain was not removed, he, remembering in Whom he trusted, offered her to Him, and implored the protection of His Virgin Mother for his innocent one. She had disappeared from his view; he turned away from the easement and faced his enemies, who waited with fiendish glee and curiosity to see and extend the effects of their cruel and malicious work; but his heroic, majestic countenance gave forth no sign of the passion of pain that had torn his heart; his tongue, no word. His lips, perhaps more firmly set, and a gray pallor overspreading his face, were all that but faintly expressed his agony.

"Crucel parent!" cried the judge, as Nemesius once more resumed the criminal's place on the casement. "Will thou not, even to rescue thy beautiful child from a fate like that which awaits her, cast a few grains of incense into the brazier?"

"She and I are in the hands of Him Who created and redeemed us; He is strong to deliver her out of the jaws of the devouring wolves to whom you have cast her, and to punish forever in hell those who would destroy His innocent one. Again I say, I will not burn incense to idols," answered Nemesius, with such majesty and impressive determination that the judge fairly cowered; for it occurred to him that there had been many terrible examples of what the prayers of the Christians could bring down upon their persecutors; had not Nemesius himself only yesterday killed Maximus, the consul, by his incantations?

"Her fate and thy own be upon thy head," said the judge. "Soldiers, back with him to the Mamertine!" In the solitude of his dungeon, Nemesius prostrated himself on the rough,

slimy floor, and, pouring out his tears, lifted up his heart with intense fervor and unshaken faith to God, and besought Him to deliver his child out of the pit prepared for her destruction by the malice of the idolaters. From the fabled depths of this place of sorrow, cleaving through its impervious walls, swiftly arose his prayers to Heaven, and soon was his resignation rewarded beyond all human conception.

We will follow Claudia as, full of fear, she was led by Lippa to her house. Making her way through the rabble—there was always a rough crowd hanging around her door—that pressed forward to stare and ask questions which she declined to answer, and, without relaxing her grasp on the child's tender hand, she passed quickly through the vestibule into a room, where several men—wrestlers, gladiators, and a soldier or two off duty—were gathered around a table, noisily engaged in a game of *nicaræ digitis*. (The oldest game of chance then known.)

It was brought from Egypt to Greece, thence to Italy, where, under the name of *Mora*, it is as popular now as then. Its name signifies flashing of the fingers; their stake a bottle of wine. "Tutti," had just been shouted, and wild excitement prevailed; for there had been a fraudulent count of thumbs. Oaths, frantic gesticulations, a wild uproar of voices, and flashing knives, were the sounds and sights that greeted the innocent, sensitive child.

Lippa called to them to clear out, fearing the enroute would end in some one being murdered, and the reputation of her house be thereby ruined. They turned their heads at her voice, and at once their attention was attracted by the beautiful, richly-dressed young girl clinging to her hand. One more daring than the others rushed towards her, but a well-aimed blow of Lippa's sinewy fist caught him between the eyes, and he fell back with a staggered memory of the woman, who had not delivered the child in defence of the child, but because she feared that Guercio might wrench the jewel from her tunic, or the glittering chain from her neck, knowing what adroit thieves the men were who intested her drinking-rooms.

The depraved women felt the child's arms clinging around her, the delicate, trembling form pressed against her, and it touched some far-off hazy memory of the days of her own youth and innocence. It woke no pity in her now callous heart towards the gentle little creature to whom she spoke harshly, and shook off. Then, leading her into a small, gloomy room reeking with unsavory smells, she stripped off her beautiful garments, secreted the pearl clasp and gold chain in her own bosom, clothed her in the cast-off dirty dress of a slave then went away, fastening the door on the outside.

Finding herself alone, at last, a stream of tears flowed from Claudia's eyes, sob convulsed her breast, and the only ray of consolation she had was in calling upon the Holy Name of Him Who was ensnared in her pure heart. Was this suffering for Him? Then welcome. It was not death, but would He be well pleased if she bore it patiently for the love of Him? Then for His sake she would make no moan as He pleased; all she asked was His love, and grace to resist evil, and to be at last with Him. Happily she was ignorant of the nature of the perils that environed her, and a sweet composure stole over her. When at night some coarse crusts and a cup of water were brought to her, although nature turned from them in disgust, she tried to eat; and when later she was ordered to go into a close closet to sleep on a heap of rags and other refuse, she lay down in peace, knowing that the dear Christ was her refuge, and would watch while she slept. She thought of her father with tender affection, happy to know—as she imagined—that he was in safety in the Catacombs.

And so this lovely, sensitive child, who had been reared in softest luxury and guarded from every word, sound or sight that could shock or sully little stainless innocence, was, for her father's sake, cast down into the very depths of human cruelty and depravity, while every effort the enemy of souls could suggest to his human instruments was to be put into operation to corrupt her, and force her to return to the worship of idols. But the language of depravity and lewdness was as incomprehensible to her as if she had suddenly been transported to a distant and barbarous land, while many things she was compelled to look upon with fright and disgust, which she could not understand.

Day after day new trials beset the little heroine; she was required to burn incense before a statue of Hercules, the favorite deity of the house, and commanded to deny Christ; refusing to do so, she was beaten, and sent to work with the slaves. Nothing that could wound or fill her with horror was spared. Lippa often left her without food, but the brave little heart never faltered, and at last—as it is never related—her heavenly patience, her sweetness and innocence, touched the savage natures of her persecutors, who began to feel ashamed of their depravity and cruelty.

There was one of Lippa's women, a coarse handsome creature, who had at first been the harshest and most wicked of them all in her assaults on the brave Christian child, but who now, grown softer and kinder, spared and protected her whenever it was in her power to do so. Her name was Cypria, and day by day the influence of Claudia's example impressed her more deeply. One evening Cypria questioned her as to the name and rank of her father. It was the first time any one had spoken to her on the subject, and she answered readily, with tears in her eyes. "My father is named Nemesius; he was the commander of the Imperial Legion, but now he is a soldier of Christ."

"Oh! is it indeed so? Art thou the child of that brave officer who once saved me from Ceco's knife just as he was about to cut my throat?" cried the woman, falling at Claudia's feet, kissing and bathing them with her tears. "And now thou ledest me to a better life. I, too, will be a Chris-

tian. Teach me; forgive me!" They were alone. Claudia lifted up the woman's wet face, kissed off her tears, and exclaimed, joyfully: "I will tell thee about the dear Christ, and He will lead thee, and His Virgin Mother will be thy Advocate."

"Oh! will they not spurn me for my wicked life? Oh! there is no evil that I have not done!" she cried. "No; for such as thee, too, did He suffer death," she answered, in soft tones. "Oh! no, Cypria; He loves thee with everlasting love, and He will welcome thee to His fold. By and by, when my father comes to take me away from this dreadful place, thou shalt go with me to one who will give thee Holy Baptism, and instruct thee better than I can; for I am only a child."

Later Cypria took her to a pale woman, bowed with sorrow, came to the door every day, praying for tidings of her; but she was always driven away, and ordered not to come again, still on the morrow she was there at the same hour, asking the same sad questions, which were answered only by gibes and insults and derisive laughter.

"I know that it is my nurse, Zilla, who has been a mother to me ever since I was born. O kind Cypria! see her and give her my love; and tell her that I am well, and that no harm has befallen me; for the dear Christ has sent His angels to watch over and guard me," she said, her countenance irradiated with such a soft light that the woman turned to see whence it came.

Cypria promised, and kept her word; for it was, indeed, the broken-hearted Zilla. The very next day Fabian was summoned to the Emperor's presence. He would have discarded the mandate had it been possible; for his very soul revolted at the thought of him. He had a motive, however—although he was not hopeful as to its results—which induced him to obey, instead of going with all speed to Ostia, to embark on his galley and put out to sea, as he had at first resolved.

Valerian, on the other hand, having learned that there was ill feeling among the soldiery on account of the arrest of Nemesius, and of his lovely child, had grown cruel and resolved to manifest a more unrelenting severity, which, if rejected by Nemesius, would throw upon his own head the responsibility of all that should follow.

Fabian was at once conducted to the Emperor, whom he found alone in his private cabinet. After the usual salutations, the imperial tyrant, fixing his cruel eyes on Fabian's countenance as he would read his very soul, said: "If he would read my soul for me to relate what has fallen Nemesius through his own perversity, as thou art doubtless informed."

"I know all," answered Fabian. "Thou knowest that I confided in him and honored Nemesius above all men, until he ungratefully betrayed both my friendship and trust, by giving himself up to the delusions of magic, and united himself with the enemies of the gods for the overthrow of religion; and the destruction of the State—both capital offences," continued the Emperor, affecting a dignified and injured tone; "but, even so, I am disposed to be merciful, and to use every possible effort to recall him to his senses. Therefore, knowing thy life-long intimacy with him, it has occurred to me that, if thou wilt take the matter in hand, he may be induced to heed thy persuasions, and, in consequence, amenable to reason by his folly; in which case he will be restored to his military rank, to his child, and to the enjoyment of his possessions."

"It would be but time wasted, Emperor, for me to attempt such a thing; for, although Nemesius has, in my judgment, done a most foolish thing, and I have made use of every argument to dissuade him, he, being a man of great integrity and uprightness, and of a singularly noble sincerity, and of a right mind, will not be swayed by me, or by any one else, just as he has," said Fabian, with gravity.

"What! right that he should become a Christian?" angrily cried the Emperor. "Yes, right even to that extreme, from his point of view; and, such being the fact, and I having failed to convince him to the contrary, a fresh attempt on my part would be needless insult—let me laugh," said Fabian, Enceladus, who with a mountain pressing upon him, throws rocks at the gods, which all fall short of their aim."

"Perhaps thou sharest his delusion?" cried Valerian, enraged; "if not, prove it by casting spices in yonder brazier before the statue of Mercury."

"A measure if thou wilt; not only here, but before every deity in Rome!" exclaimed Fabian, with suppressed fury, as he strode to the spot, and threw a handful of frankincense on the glowing coals, which instantly filled the room with a cloud of aromatic smoke, that was at the same time pungent and suffocating.

So fitful are the moods of tyrants that, although coughing violently, and nearly suffocated by the incense—which, being a religious prince, he always kept on hand for his private devotions, as well as for emergencies like the present—Valerian laughed as he saw he was restored, he told Fabian that he had abundantly satisfied him of the sincerity of his fidelity to the fods. In the midst of the smoke Fabian wished he had been more prudent, fearing that he had been more prudent, fearing that he had marred the success of the object he had in view; but, reassured by Valerian's extraordinary mood, he thought the moment was propitious.

"Imperator," he said, "I wish, with thy gracious permission, to submit a proposition to thee."

"I am willing to serve thee, Fabian; name it."

"It is this. I offer to the treasury of the State one-half of my enormous wealth for the ransom of the child Claudia. I propose to adopt her as my own, and remove to Britannia Prima, where I have an estate."

"It is a generous offer—more than the spawn of a Christian is worth," replied the scowling tyrant. "It depends on Nemesius himself whether or not the ransom will be accepted; for if he persists in his madness, he shall suffer through her to the end."

"All, Imperator—all that I have, even my life, for both!" urged Fabian. A hoarse, rumbling laugh was Valerian's answer to this noble offer. "By *Fidius!* it is equal to anything in the tragedies of Euripides; but remember, Fabian, that this is real life, not a stage."

"Such things were once realities in Rome," was the proud answer. "Thou knowest the only conditions on which Nemesius and his daughter will be spared," returned the Emperor, rising. "I regret losing thy agreeable society; but this being the hour I go to the Baths of Sallust, I must say farewell."

Fabian, on being thus abruptly dismissed, bowed and withdrew. "The Cranes' Bayons still fly, and will find thee at last, thou monster!" muttered Fabian, as he passed beyond a gilded leather curtain. His last hope destroyed, he returned dejectedly home and gave orders to be denied to all visitors.

At last a day came when Claudia was to leave the infamous abode of Lippa. That morning everything had gone wrong with the depraved creature, and her fiery temper spared nothing that came in her way. She saw Claudia working among the domestic slaves, called her, and ordered her to lift an article which it was beyond her strength to move, although in a spirit of sweet obedience she made an effort to do so. Lippa snatched up a scourge, and gave her a sharp cut across the shoulders; another lacerating blow was in the act of descending on the tender flesh, but she was arrested by Cypria's running in, breathless, to announce that the Emperor or the Prefect, or somebody, had come to take Claudia away.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RICHES AND POVERTY.

"If you have made all your preparations, Dulcie, and can leave at once, we shall have time before the Orient express starts to buy that Chantilly lace with which you were smitten yesterday at the Bon Marche."

"Oh, that is lovely of you, dear darling papa! Please to order the carriage around this very instant, for I am quite ready."

And springing up from her seat at an elegant breakfast table in a sumptuous private sitting-room of the Grand Hotel at Paris, Dulcie, the only child and heiress of the American millionaire and widower, Mr. Cyrus B. Blow, quickly drew on her traveling gloves, and fastened her traveling costume.

It was raining; but what matter wet weather to Dulcie when seated in the landau, accompanied by her indulgent father, who lavished his entire affections on her. She was a bright young creature of eighteen summers, who fluttered hither and thither in the sun and shine of existence, without a care without an object, except that of giving pleasure to her parent, to herself, and being naturally kind-hearted, to every human being that crossed her path.

"She had, however, one sorrow. In the tour which she and her father were making round the world, no capital so fascinated her as gay, beautiful Paris; and as her still untutored soul never revolted against the pride of the eye or the joy of the world, she would find that she had amused herself longer in the earthly paradise. She had of late, indeed, visited any summer visitors ever have—of the dumb agony of thousands of his suffering inhabitants. She had that summer day could not hear the sad wail of starving humanity which reached the trained ears of the magistrates, the police and the ever-attentive Catholic priests and Sisters of Charity."

How could she know as the carriage smoothly conveyed her past magnificent palaces and brilliant pleasure grounds that owing to the departure of their wealthy and fashionable possessors and frequenters, and the bankruptcy of numerous employers, some scores of old and young artisans without any fault of their own had fallen into such absolute destitution that they had no bread, not even clothing for their children or themselves; and being turned out of doors and unused and ashamed to beg or to steal, if they had lost their faith, committed suicide, or if they still cried to their Heavenly Father for daily bread, were kept only in absolute starvation by His army of martyrs in Paris, the priests and the religious.

Dulcie, one of the best dressed, best fed, prettiest, most charming creatures in the world, who amused herself from morning till night, was utterly ignorant of such a very dark side to her fascinating Paris. Her mind at that early hour was enraptured at the thought of the exquisite lace, as soon to become her very own, in exchange for her father's thousand francs. This joy left her absolutely no time or inclination to occupy herself with "the man in the street."

Let us, however, who have not Dulcie's preoccupation, cast a pitying glance at that tall, emaciated young man, whose large brown eyes shine with such a very sad, but honest expression. His threadbare coat is buttoned to the throat to avoid any display of shirt. He has no umbrella, although it now rains heavily.

He has just turned into the Rue des Sevres from the Rue Dupin, when, until a few moments ago he occupied an empty garret on a fifth floor. He has paid the portress of the house the last quarter's rent, and put the receipt she has given him into his breast pocket, and also the letter which providentially the postman delivered to him as he was descending the steps for his last time.

It comes from his first and best master, and only instructor in the trade of shoemaking, a manufacturer in the Northampton of France—Fourgeres,

once more offering to him, "Monsieur Maurice Arnaud," permanent employment; and it concludes, "come back quickly to the arms of you affectionate Cocheek."

Truly most willingly if he can! But how can he accept this welcome offer? He has not a cent in the world where-with to defray the cost of a postal card to say nothing of a railway ticket, but earlier he, an orphan, six months in quitting his native land, and his employer to make his way to far distant Paris; over the goal of his youthful curiosity and more mature ambition. During the past winter he had procured constant work with fashionable shoemakers; but at the end of the season the wealthy regular customers had departed for their country seats, and in consequence of the slackness of trade, he and the other extra hands had been dismissed.

It had from the first been more easy for him to gain his food than economize a sufficient sum to pay his quarter's rent, which represented a comparatively high sum. And thus when permanent work failed, he had many bitter struggles to keep a roof over his head. He privately muttered Fabian, as he passed beyond a gilded leather curtain. His last hope destroyed, he returned dejectedly home and gave orders to be denied to all visitors.

No, he endured hunger and at first round, the pangs thus caused made him feel gradually but tempered. Gradually, however, the craving for food left him and debility and what was worse, an inaptitude for work, set in. Nevertheless, by means of heroically finishing odd jobs, and by constant deprivation, he had managed to collect the entire sum needed for the last quarter's rent. And we see him free of debt, but home- less, penniless, the street for his abode, and starvation staring him in the face. He wished that all was over and he quickly died.

He had not lost all faith. He was proud and too shy to solicit charity from Christ's folk, the struggling monks and nuns; but he had a lingering confidence in ministering Saints and Angels. Thus partly to pray and partly to escape from the pouring rain he crept into the church of the Mother-house of the nursing Sisters of St. Thomas of Villanova.

In the ante-chapel quantities of fragrant flowers and myriads of burning tapers testified to the power and popularity of Archangel St. Michael and of the Roman saint, Expeditus, before whose statues these offerings were displayed; whilst the white marble tablets that covered the walls witnessed in golden letters to the perpetual aid of these heavenly ambassadors; at the sight of such faith and gratitude from hundreds of supplicants, he, too, was inspired to invoke their aid. "Nighly St. Michael, sustain me! St. Expeditus, Patron of argent cases, help me speedily," he sobbed.

Nor was that the end of poor Arnaud's supplications. He felt impelled to enter the interior church and to pour out all his trials and all his temptations at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, honored at the high altar by the gracious title of Our Lady of Good Deliverance. Mass was being said; and at its termination he arose consoled and singularly cheered. Help he felt was at hand; nor was he mistaken!

In the meantime, Dulcie and her father had unconsciously been conveyed past that sacred spot, to the vast entrance of the Bon Marche. The great spaces of the world-famed emporium of fashions were at the early hour still deserted, and the gay, happy child of fortune could easily pilot her father to the lace stall and secure her costly Chantilly. The payment was speedily effected and to the surprise of the pur-chasers was a hundred francs cheaper than they had estimated.

The cashier handed a note for that amount to Mr. Blow, who in his turn gave it to Dulcie. "Take and make some use of it," he said, "for I have already got rid of all my French money."

She had no wish unfilled, no place in her packed portmanteau for any more purchases; the Chantilly lace must travel in her hand bag.

"Perhaps some means of disposing of it will turn up between here and our hotel," suggested Mr. Blow. "Make haste, Dulcie, we have no time to lose."

Still holding the folded banknote in her hand, she raised her skirt to cross the wet pavement to the carriage, and in so doing dropped it. She had taken her seat before she was aware of her loss. The millionaire who followed her, unwittingly trampled on it with his heel.

In another instant a cadaverous-looking youth had picked up the soiled but easily recognizable note, and without a moment's hesitation had offered it at the carriage window to its owners.

"It is my money," said Dulcie, "but it is muddy. I don't like to touch it with my glove! and the man is a mere skeleton, may he not keep it, Papa?"

"Yes, as a reward to honesty," replied her father.

So, with eyes sparkling with pleasure, Dulcie told poor Arnaud (for it was he) that he was to keep his treasure trove.

And Mr. Cyrus Blow also felt very pleasantly affected by the incident, although he was a man of few sympathies, and was quite indifferent to the fact that a thousand men and boys were sweltering and grinding out their poor lives for him.

"To judge by the fellow's countenance," said the millionaire, complacently, "it is evidently a great windfall."

Arnaud, however, called it by its true name, "a Godsend," when a few minutes later he poured out his thanksgiving in the church of our Lady of Good Deliverance.—Australian Messenger.

A NEW TEMPLE TO THE MOST HIGH.

SERMON OF THE RIGHT REV. MGR. P. F. O'HARE, LL. D., AT THE DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER OF ALCANTARA, PORT WASHINGTON, L. I. N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

"And the Lord said to him: I have sanctified this house, which thou hast built to put My name there forever, and My eyes and My heart shall be there always." (3 Kings, ix. 3.)

Brother—Every human act, viewed from a moral standpoint, is either good or bad, and gives cause for either rejoicing or regret. The completion of a great undertaking, the accomplishment of some great design, is the last act of good or evil, and becomes the occasion of the height of joy or of intense sorrow. What is generally one of human action is particularly applicable in the completion of a great design, the carrying out of a noble wish in architecture, in the erection of a home, in the building of an institution or benefice, and especially so in the rearing of a house set aside for the worship of Almighty God, particularly under the new dispensation where such a house becomes truly the place of His abode. This is a feeling common to mankind, prevalent in all ages, and never wanting in any race. The completion of a building, be it a home or an institution, is the last act of many human actions, the culmination, as it were, of many noble emotions, of varied feelings of struggle, anxiety, fear and hope, a perpetual testimony of man's ambitions and view point of life, a living witness of his taste, of either domestic felicity or his idea of the happiness of virtuous acts. Hence the completion of such architectural undertakings is usually an occasion of festivity and rejoicing, an hour of congratulation and a source of happiness to all interested parties.

The completion of the building of a church becomes a more occasion of jubilee and thanksgiving, because the aspirations, ambitions and wishes which promoted the undertaking and the courage and conviction which carried it to completion are the highest and noblest which the human breast is capable of, and the purpose of the structure has its roots in the faith of the supernatural, becomes the link between the mundane and the spiritual, connects heaven with earth and becomes the source and center of human life, and is the perpetual reminder that we are but pilgrims upon earth and that our true citizenship is in heaven above. Hence when the faithful have finished their plans, designs and wishes in the erection of a church, God Himself comes in the person of His duly consecrated servant, the Bishop of the diocese, to exp the climax of victory, to stamp the action of the faith with His divine approval and to clothe it with the highest dignity in the act of dedicating the temple. This day meaning and specific import of this temple are expressed in the utterances of God Himself addressed to King Solomon upon the erection of a temple and which form the text of this sermon. In it I find that the completion of a house of worship in the ceremonies of dedication represents the combined efforts of God and man, and God's perpetual, continued operation which reacts and has effect upon the actions of man and become the means of his elevation. The triumphant culmination of Solomon's ambitions, the crowning glory of his achievements and the greatest victory of his royal life, were all represented and united in that one supreme effort in the erection of a temple to Jehovah. But in the words of my text the great king is reminded by Jehovah Himself that that effort must be combined with another divine effort, in the act of sanctification which thou hast built." He is reminded: "I have sanctified this house which thou hast built." He is reminded that this sanctification stands a living testimony of the sanctification of the people of God and represents the perpetuity of sanctification of God's Church upon earth: "To put My Name there forever." He is told that the effort of man in building a temple which ceases at its completion, is followed by the divine operation which continues in His watchfulness over man's actions and in His unceasing and yearning love to him: "And My eyes and My heart shall be there always."

1. COMBINED EFFORTS: MAN BUILDS AND GOD SANCTIFIES.

The inspired prophet David, the father of King Solomon the wise, made the following utterance in holy writ: "Unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it. This seemingly paradoxical and contradictory statement is fully explained in the words of my text. In the building of a house of worship man labor in vain unless their efforts are combined with God's effort, unless what they rear in stone is aided by God's erection in sanctification; in a word, they labor in vain who build the house unless God builds also in the act of sanctification: "I have sanctified this house which thou hast built." In Solomon God addresses the human race in all its actions and particularly the efforts of the faithful in the erection of a temple for divine worship. "What, O ye children of men, are your efforts," says the Lord of Hosts, "but material and perishable? How insignificant, futile and undignified are thy works, O man, made of dust! In vain, indeed, do ye labor, ye mortal pilgrims upon earth, in vain your planning, your dreaming and designing; in vain do ye build, for to its true completion it is necessary that I build in sanctification. All your heroic efforts, all your sublime plans, all your artistic designs, must have their roots in your God, can participate; of which I, your Redeemer, can sanctify; or else they will be empty of significance, void of merit, wanting in effect and will not abide." This is a lesson which God teaches, philosophy sustains and experience confirms. The supreme actions of the greatest of men in the past, the combined efforts of nations recorded in history, the march of seemingly splendid and startling civilizations of the ancients all failed and decayed, because the builders of these were engaged in the vain undertaking in which

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