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A little sigh escaped Gracia's lips. "Was I left all alone in the world then?" continued Gracia, a strange feeling stealing into her heart. Mrs. Hawkins was not desirous of answering any further questions lest Gracia might learn of her adoption of the poor woman at the Place O' Pines. Up to the present she believed herself a relative of the Graysons, and it was well that she should continue thinking so.

Just then Matt returned, holding a letter in his hand. "Here's something for you, me girl," he chuckled, addressing Gracia—"a nice little letter, in a gentleman's hand-writin' with the smell o' violets clingin' to it." Then he passed on, the faintest twinkle of a smile in his eyes. Quickly Gracia opened the envelope and the odor of spring violets rose from the little missive.

"From Jerome Chelsea!" she whispered to herself gladly. When she had finished reading the letter she gazed at Aunt Hawkins. The dear, old woman was still deeply interested in Teunyson. She had not taken particular notice of the letter, and the girl was glad.

The next moment Gracia raised the scented letter to her lips and kissed it tenderly—a look of ineffable sweetness upon her upturned face, flower-like in its fragile loveliness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FROM THE FLAMES.

Father James Dawson stood in the chapel of a Franciscan convent in a hillside town in Italy, gazing round him with appreciative eyes. His tastes were artistic and he had cultivated them during his studies for the priesthood at the North American College in Rome, but of late years—in his strenuous life in New York laboring for souls—the beauties of Italian art and architecture had only now and then visited him in his dreams.

And this little chapel was a gem. The delicate tints of the frescoed walls, which gleamed out in the unfaded loveliness, had been laid thereon by the master hand of Perugino, and the ancient oak stalls of the choir, dating from a very remote century, were, in their intricate carving, each and individually a thing of beauty. It was the early dawn of an August morning and as soon as the convent clock had struck the appointed hour Father Dawson was going to say Mass. He had arrived the previous evening at the quaint old town and, having a great devotion to the eminently sympathetic saint of Assisi, he had asked permission to say his Mass in the friar's chapel. The atmosphere of the place attracted him strongly as he stood there waiting for the sacristan.

He was a man who was peculiarly susceptible to atmosphere—a man in whose nature lurked a vein of spirituality, to whom things supernatural were of far more account than things material—an attribute which, though it reads like a paradox, is often lacking in the priestly character. The modernism of the present day seemed like a dream to him in that secluded spot, miles from a railway and still farther from everything connected with the world we call progress. It was medieval in its every-day existence and surroundings, and the young American priest felt as though he, too, were medieval and part of the picture, quite in harmony with his environment.

Presently he began to wonder vaguely for what intention he should offer up his Mass that morning, and as his thoughts turned to those who had specially begged his prayers, he was startled by the sudden sound of a long-drawn sigh. He looked hastily in the direction from whence it came. Surely the choir had been empty when he first entered the chapel, but now—or was his imagination running away with him?—he could see the outlines of a figure kneeling in a stall. He looked more closely, for certainly no one had been there a short time ago and he had no recollection of it. Yes, it was the figure of a friar in the brown habit of St. Francis, and as Father Dawson gazed at him, slightly taken aback by his unlooked for appearance on the scene, he heard, breathed rather than spoken, this fervent petition:

"Say Mass for me, my Father, I beseech of you!"

The words were murmured in soft, liquid Italian, and the priest gave an involuntary start. "Why, this is telepathy and no mistake," he said to himself. "Why, he read my thoughts off like a book!"

"Certainly I will do so," he replied aloud in Italian, and the kneeling figure raised his head and fixed a pair of mournful dark eyes upon him. "I thank you, my Father," he said, still in that low, murmuring voice. "From my heart I thank you."

The face which he now saw was one which impressed itself indelibly upon Father Dawson's memory. The eyes were deeply set and overhung with thick black eyebrows and in their depths was an expression of sorrow which he had never witnessed in those of any human being. It was as though some interior intolerable agony were wasting his very soul, and Father Dawson realized intuitively that its cause lay in a mental and not a merely bodily torture. The features were strongly marked and the firmly moulded chin spoke of a dominant will and the power to rule.

Then the sacristan, returning, lit the candles on the altar, and the priest said his Mass. A few women with gaily colored handkerchiefs on their heads came into the chapel and one or two old men knelt in corners, telling their beads, but there was only one amongst that small congregation who made any impression on the celebrant at the altar, and that was the friar in the oaken stall. He glanced in his direction as, Mass over, he returned to the sacristy, but he had gone, and an irrational feeling of disappointment pervaded his mind as he made his thanksgiving. There had been something magnetic in that pale, emaciated face and those sorrowful eyes, and the American felt that he would have found pleasure in cultivating his acquaintance. He was also not a little curious as to what deep, abiding

grief could have stamped that expression on the Franciscan's features, for, as a rule, a placid contentment seems the prevailing characteristic of those who have left all to follow in the pathway of the Cross. He consoled himself, however, by the reflection that friars had offered him hospitality and promised to show him over the convent, and that therefore it was highly probable that he would have an opportunity of speaking to that whom he felt so unaccountably attracted.

As soon as his thanksgiving was at an end, the sacristan conducted him to the convent parlor, where he was welcomed by the superior, a grave, ascetic man with a rare smile, which occasionally lit up his face into sudden radiance. When he had provided the spacious corridors of the old convent, pointing out special objects of interest here and there.

There was a picturesque well in the cloisters surrounded by orange trees, and some snowy pigeons were preening themselves and cooing in the brilliant sunshine. The American priest paused, his keen gray eyes alight with admiration. "How peaceful it all is!" he exclaimed. "How apart from the world! You are very lucky to be here, Padre mio!"

"It would not please you for long, I think," remarked the friar, with a shrewd glance at his visitor. "It is as a contrast you are attracted to it, but you would very soon miss the stress and strain of outside affairs to which you are accustomed."

"And you yourself?" asked Father Dawson quickly. "You do not find it monotonous?" The Franciscan shook his head. "Never," he said decidedly. "I had enough of the world in my youth, and I am thankful to be removed from its turmoil, but there are some of our friars who think differently. There was one—"

He broke off abruptly and turned away to pluck a dry leaf from an orange tree. "Oh, that reminds me," began Father Dawson, and then he, too, paused for a second, wondering himself why he should have been so suddenly and irresistibly reminded of the friar who had begged for his Mass. "One of your brothers was in choir just now when I was saying Mass, and his face attracted me tremendously. I should like to speak to him, if I may?"

"Oh, certainly. Perhaps it was Fra Antonio; he was to say Mass when you had said yours."

"What is he like?" demanded Father Dawson eagerly. "Short and rather stout, with gray hair. Was that the one you saw?"

"Oh, no," returned the priest promptly. "The man I mean was tall and slight, with dark hair, just beginning to turn gray, and a very sad expression."

The superior looked at him with an amused gleam in his eyes. "That does not sound like any of our brothers," he said. "I did not know you were so romantic in America!"

"But he did look sad," said Father Dawson, with a faint trace of irritation in his tone. The idea that this Italian friar was laughing at him did not appeal to him at all. "I never saw any one before who seemed so thoroughly unhappy," he added with conviction.

The superior remained unmoved by this harrowing description. "It may possibly have been Fra Gerónimo," he said dubiously, "but I do not think he would have been there at that hour. He has been suffering lately from toothache," he continued dryly, "so sorrows that would account for the sorrow you saw in his face."

"Oh, it wasn't toothache!" replied Father Dawson with a laugh. His momentary irritation had vanished as suddenly as it came, for he was the happy possessor of that saving grace, a sense of humor. "It was something mental."

The superior raised his eyebrows. "Well, you shall see Fra Gerónimo," he answered, "but first we will go into the refectory. I think you will admire the picture of our Holy Father which is there."

He led the way and his guest followed, his mind still occupied with the friar who had made such an impression upon him. The refectory was a long, bare room with wooden tables, and paintings of various saints and cardinals and other dignitaries connected with the Order adorned the walls.

As they entered, one special portrait near the door attracted Father Dawson's attention, and he uttered a sharp exclamation of surprise. It represented a man of forty-five or so, in a brown habit, with strongly marked features and piercing dark eyes looming out from beneath black, lowering brows.

"There!" he exclaimed, "there is the friar I saw this morning!" The superior started and turned pale. "That!" he faltered; "but, surely, Father, you must be mistaken. That was our late superior."

"Late? What do you mean? Oh, of course, he was superior before you."

"I knew it!" cried his listener eagerly, "at least," he added, perceiving the friar's look of astonishment, "that must have been the reason why I was so suddenly reminded of him. I believe you are right and that I was, indeed, led here on purpose."

"I myself have no doubt of it," said the superior gravely, as he held open the door for the priest to pass through. A few moments later Father Dawson was standing alone in the deserted little piazza outside the convent. The sun was pouring down its radiance from the cloudless azure of the Southern sky, and as he stood there in that medieval city it seemed to his still bewildered senses that both he and it were fashioned of "such stuff as dreams are made of."

THE DEVOUT LIFE.

FREQUENT COMMUNIONS RECOMMENDED AS A MEANS OF REESTABLISHING THE WORLD IN CHRIST. THE MINISTRY OF DAILY COMMUNION.

The readers of this department will remember that some two years ago our Holy Father, Pius X., made a pronouncement in favor of frequent Communion, and issued certain decrees changing the Eucharistic discipline. The following is taken from the notices of "New Books," in the Catholic World for August, which fully explains itself, and is introduced by the following: "It is believed that frequent Communion is one of the best means of carrying out the intention of the Holy Father's pontificate, 'to re-establish the world in Christ.'"

"The extent of the change in Eucharistic discipline which has been introduced by Pius X. is strikingly set forth in the commentary of Father de Zulueta, S. J., on the pronouncement of the Holy See regarding frequent Communion. Father de Zulueta's purpose is not purely academic. He writes to urge strongly upon the clergy the duty of introducing the practice of daily Communion among the laity, in accordance with the strongly expressed counsel of the Holy Father.

"As an introduction to the subject Father de Zulueta gives a rapid historical summary of the two conflicting opinions which have, both under the sanction of great names, prevailed in the Church. 'Under the first opinion (The Holy Eucharist) became a primarily an object of honor and reverence, a privilege, or reward of virtue to be extended to souls in proportion as these had remedied their defects already.'

"From this false view, arose logically, that arbitrary graduated scale of perfect dispositions, to be seen even in standard text-books of our own day, with its allotment of so many Communions a week to correspond with such and such a degree of virtue—a page of theology which Pius X. has deleted. Among the more illustrious teachers of this now discarded opinion were St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, Blessed John de Avila, St. Francis de Sales, and St. Alphonsus Liguori. These teachers, Father de Zulueta points out, all accepted the opinion that daily Communion was in itself desirable—that is to say, considering the matter from the point of view of the Sacrament's salutary effects. 'But none of them appear fully to have realized—that it is now our privilege to know from the teaching of Pius X.—that daily Communion is desirable for all without exception' whatever their state and condition, temporal or spiritual, if only they are, in the state of grace and in the habit of Holy Table with a right intention."

"The second opinion, which always had its advocates, and has now received supreme approbation, is thus stated: 'No higher preparation is essentially needed for the daily reception of the Eucharist than is required for a single reception—say at Easter; and those holier conditions of soul, beyond the mere state of grace and a right intention, are not so much a preparation for the sacrament as its fruit and effect, one Communion thus qualifying us for deriving yet greater profit from the next one.'

"The Holy See having issued its instructions, it remains for the clergy to consider what means are to be taken in order to give effect to the decrees. Father de Zulueta examines what is incumbent on the priest in this respect under his three-fold relation to the faithful, as parochial priest, confessor and preacher; and he replies to various difficulties that occur to the minds of those priests—and they are by no means few in number—who have but little enthusiasm for the new discipline. For instance, it is said that the general practice of daily Communion by the laity would increase enormously the work of the confessional. Not necessarily, says Father de Zulueta—and he quotes Canon Antoni, whose writings on daily Communion have received papal approbation. The Canon holds that priests ought to train souls so that they should communicate every day without fear and with joy during weeks—and, if it should be necessary—even during months, without going to confession. Then they are not clear as to having sinned mortally since their last confession. On the subject of exhortation Father de Zulueta has some counsel, which deserves to be pondered. For instance, it is said that will call for prudence to introduce to the present generation of Catholics the idea that they may go Communion day after day without going to confession for weeks, though they may be conscious of venial sin. Indeed, as Father de Zulueta says, the priest who will qualify himself to extend effectively on this subject must, in many cases, readjust his own principles. He may need in many cases, first of all, to unlearn a page of his moral theology—that on which he has hitherto been instructed concerning frequent and

daily Communion; for the late decrees have virtually deleted that page, and replaced it by a new one. There is at present hardly one—if there be as yet even one—standard text-book of moral theology which does not in some degree conflict with the newly authorized doctrine on the subject."

"Judging from the care and thoroughness with which he treats the point, Father de Zulueta believes that the strongest difficulty that will be pleaded by the reluctant is that daily Communion, as the normal practice among the laity, will tend to diminish reverence for the Blessed Sacrament. His answer to this is very strong, as, indeed, is his entire apology for the decrees. Priests who have any misgivings as to the probable results of the change of discipline cannot afford to neglect Father de Zulueta's valuable little book which closes with a reminder that 'Prudence is the virtue of him who commands, not of him who obeys;' and are forbidden by the title to tell him that he is alarmed at the prospect of the Index crossing the Atlantic, and Dr. Edward Everett Hale mixing up in a surprising way the spiritual and civil allegiance of Catholics informs us in a series of extravagant statements that Catholics are forbidden by the encyclical to read anything that adds to the sum of human knowledge since the day of St. Thomas Aquinas. Utterances, such as these, coming from a man of Mr. Hale's standing we cannot afford to pass by. Mr. Hale occupies a high place in the community. He is looked up to by many as an authority on the questions which he takes up for discussion. The very position which he holds ought to make him careful, as a responsible man, of what he writes concerning the beliefs and acts of those who differ with him in religion. He may be in good faith and we are the last who would like to question it, but it is certainly difficult to understand how a man who is at all conversant with the history of science and the large contribution which Catholics have made to its progress can write over his own name the charges which he makes against Pope Pius X., and the Church because of the recent encyclical."

If Mr. Hale is really laboring under a misapprehension of the facts in the theology which is able to tell him that the Papal encyclical is directed against certain priests and laymen, few in number, who, while claiming to be genuine Catholics, persisted after due warning in misrepresenting the Church's teaching. They sought to overturn the very foundations upon which the teaching authority, the worship and the government of the Church rest. No religious body that has any strong belief in its own teaching or has any efficacious desire to conserve intact what it holds to be the very revelation of God Himself could tolerate for a moment such a course of procedure.

What Pope Pius X., has really demanded in his encyclical is that these men be honest, that they cease to claim the name and privileges of Catholics while holding positions intellectually opposed to Catholic doctrine. Outside the Church they may hold whatever beliefs they choose. That is their own affair; but to seek to undermine the foundations of the faith while wearing the Church's livery is dishonest and worthy of reprobation on the part of every honest man.

For the same reason the reading of their books is prohibited and their sale is not allowed in a distinctively Catholic book store. It would certainly be a species of deception to expose for sale, as Catholic in tone and substance, books which are directly opposed to Catholic teaching. This mode of dealing with men who are contumacious against the legitimate authority of the Church may seem to some a hardship, but will not Edward Everett Hale be broad enough to acknowledge that it is at least the quintessence of honesty? Has not the Unitarian Church its system of religion and its meetings in which the essential points of Unitarian belief are set forth and expounded? Does it not issue what one may term its encyclical letters in which the principles of Unitarianism are upheld for the benefit of the general public? Will Edward Everett Hale go to the extent of acknowledging that as a

legitimate Unitarian one who believes in the mystery of the Holy Trinity? Mr. Hale ought to understand that the word Modernism, as used in the encyclical of the Holy Father, has no reference to the spirit of progress or scientific research, but has the restricted and special meaning which we have indicated. We hope that Mr. Hale will see his way to accept this legitimate viewpoint, which is the only one which an intelligent reader of this encyclical can hold. We hope that he will show that he has misrepresented us in good faith. But we shall watch and see.—Boston Pilot.

THE BISHOP OF SALFORD ON SOCIALISM.

A germ of danger spreading in England, and to some extent affecting a certain proportion of our young people, was the great mistake. A Catholic might just as well be a Modernist as a Socialist. The terms were contradictory, and for a Catholic to say, "I am a Modernist," was just to say, "I am a Modernist." They knew by the words of the present Holy Father that Modernism—of which thank God, they had no trace in this part of England—was incompatible with Catholicity. In the same way this system called Socialism, however striking it might be by many of its tenets was still a system antagonistic to the Catholic Church. "No Catholic," added Dr. Casartelli, "can be a Socialist any more than he can be a Modernist."

These were some dangers, some peculiar to their own body, and some common to the whole of the society in which they lived. After looking at their position in the world, they had not right to boast that they were better than their fathers, or at least in many points. There were dangers which did not exist in their father's time, and they had much to learn looking back to their fathers and grandfathers who lived good, clean and Christian lives at the time that venerable building was opened. Concluding, His Lordship said they must not look forward to the future with feelings of human discouragement, and counselled them on entering the ranks of St. Augustine's to find strength towards curing those mental and social diseases to which he had alluded, in attendance at Holy Mass and the frequentation of the sacraments.

READING OF THE BIBLE.

Question: Why are Protestants under the impression that we Catholics are not permitted to read the Bible? Answer: Well informed Protestants need not be told that Catholics may read the Bible and that all Catholics look upon the Scriptures as divinely inspired. Protestants who are not so well informed have drawn a hasty deduction from exceptions to legislation that was demanded at certain times and in certain regions to protect the faithful against corrupted translations or erroneous interpretations of the true text. The purpose for which the Bible was written was to confirm believers in their faith; to meet this end more securely the Church requires Catholic publishers to append notes to the Scriptures explaining obscure and difficult passages. For the same reason the Church requires her children to use only those authorized versions, with explanatory notes and un mutilated text. When Pius IX. condemned the dissemination of Protestant Bibles among Catholic people, his condemnation should not be construed as a general prohibition against reading the Scriptures, as has been done by many ignorant or malicious missionaries. The Protestant Bible is without explanatory notes and its text is mutilated.

THE CHURCH'S FOUNDATION.

Question: Is the Church of Christ founded on the Bible, or the Bible on the Church? Answer: The Church of Christ is founded upon Christ Himself. The Lord and His apostles used the Old Testament to prove His messianic character; but the Church was fully established before any part of the New Testament was written. Neither is the Christian Church founded upon the Bible in the sense that the Bible contains all that the Christian needs to know and that it therefore is, or should be, his sole rule of belief and action.

Is the Bible founded on the Church? In a sense it is, as the latter guarantees the genuineness of both the Old and New Testaments and has authoritatively pro-

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DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER. Rev. John Price in the Pittsburg Observer.

My wife is dead. I am anxious to marry my deceased wife's sister. Is it permitted by the Church, or can a priest marry me? Catechist. 1. The Church has forbidden such a wedlock, and has established an impediment of affinity that invalidates any such union. 2. No priest can validly unite you, because he has not the power to remove the diriment impediment that obtains in your case. 3. As the Church is the authority which placed the impediment, I can remove it in a case where very strong and sound reasons, justify the dispensation. We say very strong and sound for the Church is hard to move in this case. If you are convinced that you have such reasons lay them before your pastor and he will subject them to the Bishop for judgment.

GET THE HABIT.

The Bishop of Salford, England, recently declared that "no matter how learned and eloquent a preacher might be, no matter what multiplication they had of platforms and pulpits, the spoken word could never reach the same distance as the written word, which penetrated into all classes, to all distances, which remained when the spoken word had long since passed away and had been forgotten." And commenting upon these words, the Catholic Times points out the moral to be learned from them: "When the truth of this remark has been realized perhaps we shall begin to cultivate our Catholic press more largely, and make an effort to create among our people the habit of reading Catholic journals. The latter is the most important point of all. The creation of that habit is an object worthy of our most eloquent and learned preachers and speakers, and the absence of it is a decided weakness in our position, a flaw in our armor."—Boston Pilot.

Joy can give liberty of spirit, that holy supernatural freedom which alone can unite the seemingly incompatible qualities of the spiritual life, giving the rein to the familiarity of love while the hand is firm on the curb of fear, associating with ready charity a faithful subjection to rule and obedience.

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