

what he required. Bravely she had assumed the burden, and bravely she carried it through. Almost like a dream had become the past when the young Union officer had wooed her so eagerly.

In 1885 Colonel Adair died, leaving his daughter alone save for a young niece, her namesake, and her dead brother's only child. Born in 1880, little Emily Adair was three years old when she came to live with her grandfather and aunt. With the passing away of the Colonel, his beautiful estate was put on the market and was bought for a generous sum by a real estate firm in the North. With this money Emily Adair purchased a small cottage in the neighborhood; and, investing the rest of the money, she found that with strict economy she had enough for herself and her niece to live on. One old servant, formerly her mother's refused to be parted from her; so the little household was able to live in comfort and peace.

Here, in the vine-clad cottage that stood on a spur of the Blue Ridge, pretty Emily Adair the second grew to womanhood until the year 1898, when she was eighteen years old, and when Emily Adair the elder was fifty-two. Then something happened.

Reaching New York after leaving Virginia, John Gardner had gone at once to his mother's home, where all that a son could wish for in the way of a loving welcome awaited him. But, although he adored his mother, he told her nothing about his brief experience as a lover. Was it because some latent pricking of conscience told him that she would say his conduct had been actuated by pride?

Almost daily he accompanied his mother to early Mass at a convent a few blocks from their home, there being then no Catholic church in the sparsely settled region where their house stood; but, curiously, he would not admit even to himself that he had done anything wrong, or that he needed a change of heart. His mother noticed his indifference to society, and very gently one day she voiced her regret that he was still unmarried.

"I think I have a vocation," he said. "Perhaps later I will put it to the test."

She understood; and, because her religion was dearer to her than aught else, she prayed that her beloved son might indeed have a vocation to the priesthood.

So the years rolled by, while John Gardner, devoted to his profession as a lawyer, was apparently indifferent to all women except his mother, until the day came when she, too, left him. It was then that he put his long-cherished idea into action. His beautiful house and grounds he gave to the Church, to use as a home and farm for young boys; and then he himself entered the novitiate of a strict religious Order.

In six months he was back in the world.

"It is not your vocation," his superior told him very decidedly; and then, with that gentleness and candour that distinguish an experienced guide of souls, he had added: "The underlying motive with you, my son, has been a wrong one. To embrace successfully the religious life requires a very pure motive. Disappointed pride should never be the compelling force that brings a soul hither."

He had stiffened with a feeling almost of anger. This good Father had surely been too long out of the world to understand. Ashamed to stay in his own country and meet old associates, John went abroad, traveling hither and thither, until he finally settled in Rome, making it his home.

In 1885 he saw in a New York paper the advertised sale of the Adair property; and, obeying an overmastering impulse, he cabled to his lawyer to buy it at a generous price, and to keep his name out of the transaction. Then he settled down to enjoy literary and artistic Rome until the January of 1898, when neglected business matters called him back to New York. He would go for a few months, he said, and then return to his pleasant apartment in the Berberini Palace.

The day after he landed in New York came the news of the sinking of the "Maine" in Havana Harbor, and before he could return to Europe the United States and Spain were at war. In the end of June he engaged passage for Havre on "La Bourgogne"; and then at the last moment, on the morning of July 1, some details about the care of his Virginia property obliged him to cancel his passage. Three days later "La Bourgogne" went down in a collision due to fog, with the loss of nearly all on board.

In the soft gloaming of a warm summer evening, Emily Adair sat on her little vine-clad porch, watching two young figures that stood near the gate at the end of her garden. What love and passionate grief and high exaltation were in two young hearts that were bidding each other farewell. For John McSherry, having wooed and won pretty Emily Adair the second, was about to go to war. Only that the morning he had enlisted in the Rough Riders, regarding which he was most enthusiastic.

How they would miss him, this fine, clear-eyed, handsome boy, so full of patriotic ardor, so deeply in love with his young fiancée! Watching them, the woman on the porch breathed a prayer that their future might turn out more happily than had hers. Presently the lovers opened the gate and began to walk

slowly down the road; they had yet a little time to spend together ere he must take his train for the North.

Left alone, the watcher on the porch still lingered. The night was beautiful; her tasks for the day were done; now was the hour for soul and body to relax and let themselves drink in all the deep mystery and repose that come with twilight and the dark. Very beautiful she looked in the soft dusk, for time had dealt lightly with her. Her figure was as graceful and slender as in her youth, her hair scarcely touched with grey, and her skin still fair and fresh. It is the fret and worry of soul and mind that makes for age. The ones who bow to the storms of life, preserving their serenity and faith, are the ones who are externally young.

So the heart of Emily Adair had never grown old, nor had that first pure love of her youth ever left her; enshrined in her heart, and entwined in her prayers, it had lived.

Strolling down the beautiful moonlit road, the young lovers espied a solitary figure coming toward them; and presently they made out a tall, handsome, middle-aged man who walked with a soldierly carriage, and who, pausing, inquired pleasantly if they could direct him to the home of Miss Emily Adair.

Stepping out into the moonlight the young girl faced him; and, seeing her, the stranger started, as with amazement and deep emotion.

"Miss Adair is my aunt," she said. "We live—she and I—in the first house above here, on the right-hand side of this road. A five minutes' walk will bring you there."

"And Miss Adair is at home?"

"At home and alone. I left her sitting on the porch."

"Ah! Thank you!"

The stranger lifted his hat and hurried away, his rapid stride taking him up the hilly road as quickly as if he were a boy.

"Who can he be, John?"

"Perhaps an old lover came back."

"Oh, I don't believe Aunt Emily ever had a love affair! And, besides, now they are too old."

"I'm sure about that! If war or anything else kept me from you till we were old and grey, I would love you just the same."

"And I would love you too, John."

Arm in arm they continued their walk, just as the dark, handsome stranger who had momentarily diverted their thoughts from each other, opened the garden gate and began walking up the narrow brick-paved walk towards the little cottage.

There are some people with whom time deals gently, changing them very little; hence the man of fifty-five had the same erect, soldierly figure, the same lean, clear-cut face as the boy. His grey hair, clipped close to his head, was still abundant, covering the head well. The chief change was in the added power and thoughtfulness of his face.

The woman who rose to meet the guest she saw coming up the path was clad, as was the girl of over thirty years ago, in a dress of soft white material, open at the throat. The figure, still youthful and well-rounded, had the same grace of movement that the man remembered. The face that he now dimly saw in the dusk had the same sweetness and purity of outline; and the still dark hair was parted and coiled lightly on top of the head where once two heavy braids had been twined over the ears. Save for this change in wearing the hair it might almost have been the girl of nineteen who came to meet him instead of the woman of fifty-two.

The recognition between them was instantaneous as he stepped up on the porch. Hand clasped hand as he stood before her, so handsome, so abashed in his humility. Surely she had much to forgive.

"Emily," he said, "for over thirty years my pride has kept me from you; but now I have come back to ask your forgiveness if, after all these years, you can grant it."

"I? Oh, John, I have nothing to forgive! You followed your conscience, as did I. Fate and duty kept us apart."

"You have really felt all this?"

"Surely, yes."

"Ah, then, my beloved, you are a saint, far above me! Now that you have forgiven me so sweetly, I am happy. And, if you say so, please God we will spend what is left to us of our lives together."

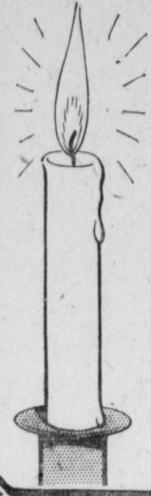
For an hour they sat on the porch and talked, and soon she learned that it was he who had bought her old home. Very simply he told her what it was that had broken down the hard wall of his pride after so many years.

"It was the loss of 'La Bourgogne,'" he said, "and the thought of the death I had so narrowly escaped. Some things tear down the false sophistries with which we encircle our souls; and what sermons, exhortations, and even retreats and failed to do for me, that accomplished, I had looked on myself as a good man, and was quite satisfied until this tragedy bared my soul, and I saw myself as I really was."

"Are you not very severe on yourself, John?"

"Well, no,—not more so than honesty requires. When I think of the retreats I made, and of how my pride, the last darling of my heart, kept me from getting all the good

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from these hours of solitude that might have been mine, I am deeply ashamed."

Her hand stole into his. "Let us forget the past now, John, except in so far as we need the remembrance to enable us to be happy in the future."

The garden gate opened as she ceased speaking, and the sound of two fresh young voices came floating toward them. Up the path came the second Emily and John, hand in hand, like two children.

"Auntie," called out a gay young voice, "we found a telegram at the station saying that the departure of John's regiment was delayed, so we are so glad!"

Two Emilies and two Johns faced each other in the moonlight; and then the two younger ones catching sight of the two older faces transfixed by their great joy, understood; and presently making some excuse, they stole away.

Down near a little brook at the end of the garden, they seated themselves on the soft moss that grew on the bank of the stream.

"I never knew your aunt had a romance."

"Nor did I, but sometimes such things happen. Only the other day I was reading in an old book that 'young love is passionate, old love is faithful, but the very tenderest thing in all the world is a love revived.'"

"I would rather have our kind of love," he said.

THE PAULIST FATHERS BEGIN CAMPAIGN FOR FAIR PLAY

Realizing that the Catholic points of view on many subjects have been sorely misunderstood and misrepresented, both inside and outside the Catholic Church, the Paulist Fathers

have announced what they call a campaign in the interests of "fair play." It is to be conducted by means of special lectures, sermons, and puppet dialogues to take place in the Paulist church, West Fifty-ninth street, New York, every Sunday morning and evening during the next three months, and by means of pamphlets and leaflets dealing with the matters in question, which will be distributed.

An important part of the campaign will be a continuous week of lectures by the Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., from Sunday, Oct. 21, to Sunday, Oct. 28. He will lecture every evening, his subjects being George Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Sigmund Freud, Conna Doyle, Friedrich Nietzsche and Ernst Haeckel.

The campaign includes the discussion of such popular topics as "Politics," "Secret Societies," "Divorce," "Science," "The Public School," "Miracles," "The Pope," "Evolution," etc.

In speaking of the campaign, one of the Paulist Fathers said: "It has come to our attention often, that despite everything already done in the way of instruction, a vast amount of ignorance and misapprehension exist as to Catholic teachings. Also at times there seems to be, if not wilful, at least unperdonable, misrepresentation. And occasionally Catholics seem to be weakened or overcome by the numbers of people or the prevalence of the ideas which distort our religious belief, or ignore our arguments."

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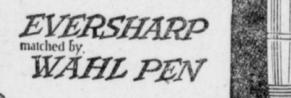
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