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The New Man at Rossmore.

CHAPTER XVIII. GOING TO CHURCH.

One Saturday evening just about this time, Mr. Southmead created a flutter at the Tievina tea-table by informing the family there would "be church" in the village the following morning.

The village was the county-seat, situated on the other side of the lake from Tievina, at a distance of three or four miles. As there was no other assemblage of houses, large or small, within a circumference of twenty miles on its own side of the water, it needed no more accurate designation than "the Village." During court term it teemed with the life and activity incident upon such occasions, but its normal condition was that of semi-stagnation.

The flutter of pleasurable excitement which Mr. Southmead's news threw the family into is not easily explainable to those to whom divine service is an integral part of the life of the day. "Can we all go?" Carl asked in childish eagerness, turning a pair of anxious eyes from his father's readily consenting smile to where his mother sat behind the tea things.

"What say, mother?"

Mr. Southmead was never known to issue a mandate or utter a denial at first-hand. His universal tendency was toward doing what every body, from Carl up, would best like to have him do, but, doubting the wisdom of this wholesale acquiescence, he shirked responsibility by leaving all momentous decisions to his wife. Mrs. Southmead proved propitious on this occasion.

"I should think it could be managed by taking the blue wagon and a pair good stout mules," she answered. "The child is growing up in such heathenish ignorance that he absolutely mistook the picture of a church-steeple the other day for a pigeon-house."

"Shocking!"

Mr. Southmead rolled his eyes solemnly in the direction of the curly-headed little heathen. Ignoring her husband's levity, Mrs. Southmead continued: "I suppose, Sula, you are not about going to church in a plantation wagon. It is not very stylish, but I have long since ceased to hope for anything beyond the bare necessities of life. Yes, we will all go."

Nine o'clock on the following morning, therefore, a morning that was soon to scorch its way into the noonday heat of a July Sabbath, found the Tievina family seated on splint-bottomed chairs in a springless wagon, bumping their way over the dusty highway to a point opposite the village, where they would embark in the ferry skiff for their final destination.

The rusty-coated, harness-scarred mules shuffled lazily along, sending up clouds of dust in placid indifference to their destination or the comfort of their palpitating cargo. An irritated flapping of their long ears, accompanied by a defiant switching of their stumpy tails, was the only response vouchsafed by them to Mr. Southmead's decidedly amateurish "Git up, mules!"

Even when invested with the charm of novelty, the road from Tievina to the village possessed nothing to arrest the eye, and to those who knew every foot of the dusty roadway, every rod of the grass-green levee, every clump of dust-laden Jamestown weed and rankly intrusive wild indigo, there was nothing to beguile the absolute tedium of the ride but an occasional demand for friendly greetings by a group of colored "ladies and gentlemen," gorgeous in Sunday apparel and redolent of musk, trotting by to "meetin'."

Viewed from the opposite side of the lake on a bright morning, with the sun shining full upon it with kindly effect, and to those who knew every foot of the sparkling waters of the lake lapping its shores close to the garden fences, the village was a pretty enough object, but a closer approach dispelled every pleasing illusion.

Approaching from the north, the village was a failure. A row of straggling negro cabins, belonging to the plantation out of which the little hamlet was scooped, offered thriftlessness and slovenliness as first impressions. As a matter of

course, these cabins were tumble-down, windowless, steeples, and dirty, with the usual environment of old shoes, empty and battered tin cans, neckless whiffy flasks, coon-skins stretched against the outer walls in token of the shot-gun within; rows of empty pickle pork barrels, with slanting planks for gutters, studding the rickety galleries as makeshift cisterns, and other such "properties." A small, unpainted wooden edifice, with a canvas sign, flapping loose at one corner, pointed out the essential grocery; but as the loosened corner concealed the letter S that proclaimed the "Saloon," the patent reading was a *loom*, which sounded very much like *grin* in season on its frequenters. The inevitable blacksmith-shop occupied a prominent position on the lake front. Its big black doors were closed this bright Sunday, and the horse-rack was tenantless. There was the one public "stopping place" a few steps beyond, pretentiously called the tavern. It was kept by a meek little widow who walked through life burdened with the funeral appellation of Koffin, and with a crushing sense of responsibility touching other people's digestive organs. One languishing Gentile store devoted to "general merchandise," and two prosperous Jew shops, like miscellaneous tendencies, comprised the commercial circle of the village. A few residences, laying no claim to distinction of any sort, were scattered about the confines of the little town, affording shelter and a modicum of comfort to such citizens as an over-ruling Providence or unexplainable individual choice had doomed to spend their lives in social ostracism and mental stagnation. The one redeeming feature of the village was the brick court-house toward which all eyes were turned this Sunday morning. The village boasted of no church proper. It is hard to conceive of a thing for which it had greater need or less desire. How to have a church without putting the entire community under bonds to keep the peace was a problem yet unsolved. So few were the creedsmen and so many the creeds that no two or three could possibly be gathered together in the spirit of unity on this subject. Hence, on such rare occasions as the present, when any expounder of the law and the prophets found it convenient to throw crumbs of spiritual sustenance to these starvelings, the court-house furnished ample accommodation.

"They do say," said Mr. Southmead, pausing on top of the bank, after landing his cargo of would-be worshippers, to give a pull down to the vest his corpulence rendered rather refractory, "that one of these parsons is uncommonly eloquent. Something clear out of the ordinary run—sort of Cotton Matherish and Spurgeonistic, you know."

"Two of them!" Mrs. Southmead repeats, dismayed.

"I am afraid, Mrs. S., you don't hunger for the most after righteousness," said her husband, gallantly offering his arm to assist her up the steep steps to the court-house.

"I was just thinking of those horrid chairs in the court-house yoked together, to deprive one of the poor satisfaction of hitching up a little! Stiff-backed horrors! I suspect we will all hunger, and thirst too, before both of those men get through."

"Likely! They get a chance at us so seldom that they doound us pretty vigorously. Here, Carl, you rogue, I want you to learn the difference between a church and a pigeon-house today; do you hear, sir?"

"Cozy's learnt me already," says Carl, in ungrammatical boastfulness, clinging to Sula's hand and leaning in an ecstasy of enjoyment at seeing something which was not Tievina.

"The mutability of all things here below receives practical refutation within these dusty precincts," says Mr. Southmead, comfortably locating his crowd on the yoked chairs. "To my certain knowledge that is the same rust on that old stove, the same cigar stumps and ancient pindar-hulls ornament its sand-box that were there before the war. The very flies walking on those opaque window-sashes have a reminiscence look about them."

"Most undoubtedly the same people

were scattered on the yoked chairs that were always on hand at these spasmodic services. Old Judge Pounder, in the front row of chairs, whose austere dignity and grizzled over-hanging brows filled Carl's small soul with such abject terror, held his fine head with that sterner judicial erectness that it was hard to imagine even the most eloquent of parsons persuading him to the humility of genuflection, more especially upon the very spot where he was wont to fulminate the thunder of his own wrath over the heads of admiring counsel and quaking criminals. Little Mrs. Koffin was there in the placidly clad body, but her spirit was in the kitchen, had deserted for this soul refreshment, and it was only half-hearted devotion she could render for thinking of the wrath to come if the boarders' dinner should suffer for her church-going; Mrs. Paine, the tailor, with her sandy-haired boy by her side, her one hope and pride—who knew but that some of these days he might not blossom out into a parson himself? She meant to give him every chance for it, anyhow. The Tievina crowd filled one lot of chairs respectively, and Lawyer Harris's family filled another with equal dignity and gentility. After a skip of three blank rows came Stirling Denny and Manton Craycraft, one on either end of a bench, as if they were trying to impose a fiction of fullness upon the casual observer. A smattering of lads and children supplemented this sparse showing for a congregation. There was no one else to come. The rest of the white settlers were either too far away or were hardened into indifference which the most eloquent divine could not pierce. The flies buzzed audibly on the opaque window-sash. The restless rustling of the cottonwood trees in the court-yard suggested a coolness not felt. The sound of oars from the ferry skiff smote upon the stillness, where the few worshippers sat mute, expectant, and uncomfortable. Two heads, or rather two sections of two heads, had been long visible to the first comers from behind the cushioned ledge of the judge's stand. Carl inquired of Sula, in a hissing whisper, "who them heads belonged to," at which a decorous smile stole its languid way from face to face. The heads were respectively a light red and a dark brown. Presently, without other signs of animation than a preparatory cough and a visible occultation between the red and the brown heads, there arose from the invisible throats of the invisible preachers the first lines of "All my doubts I give to Jesus," and so it went floating in nasal melody over the heads of the congregation; then uprose from the seat behind the judge's stand, like two sober-minded Jacks-in-the-box, the men belonging to the heads.

The song ended, prayer followed, and while every head was bent, there stole into the room and noiselessly seated herself a lonely figure—the squire's wife, unattended. A slight air of surprise pervaded more than one pair of eyes when this addition was discovered. No one from Thorndale had ever been seen at "church." Serene dignity sat enthroned on the placid brow of the woman, who was unconscious of her own isolation.

She had come there to day in hopes of gathering some crumbs from the Master's table. One glance at these self-constituted stewards of His, satisfied her that they had no comfort to give her. Of similar height and like meager build, the one stood revealed in all the motony of universal sandiness from the crown of his close-cropped head to the pointed tip of his thin goatee. The other offered an equally exhaustive exhibit of dull browns. If genius burned in either one of those narrow-browed heads, the flames did not escape through either pair of lack-luster eyes. But as there is one glory of the moon and another glory of the stars, so is there one gift of the mind and another of the lip, and still another of the muscles. As soon as he of the sandy hue delivered his text with a fierce energy of eye, tongue, and lip, bounding the dust out of the judge's reading desk cushion with a regular house-cleaning frenzy, Agnes discovered how vain her pilgrimage in search of comfort was destined to prove, and sat through the long, meaningless harangue listless and self-absorbed. It was with an actual start that she discovered the congregation in motion for departure. She stood irresolute a moment. Her inclination was to advance toward the Tievina people and give them cordial greeting. She had seen none of them since that morning when Sula had rushed in upon her and sunk hysterically upon her neck. Such lapses of intercourse were the rule of the neighborhood, and had no special meaning. But Mrs. Harris, the lawyer's wife, had rushed up to insist that the Tievina people must not think of going home in that hot sun. They were all to go home to dinner with her. An instinct of shyness kept Mrs. Thorn aloof from the little group. Surely Sula would come to her. Mrs. Harris had never called upon the squire's wife. She lifted her eyes to Mrs. Thorn's pale, passionless face with some curiosity, then gave her a little stab: "They say she is very fond of gentlemen's society. I hear that Mr. Craycraft lives at Thorndale, almost. Come."

The three women moved toward the one. Mrs. Harris's eye-glass was raised scrutinizingly. Mrs. Southmead's greeting was simply polite. Sula stood still, to offer her the only woman's hand she had clasped in a month.

"I wish you were not going home in that hot sun," she said, softly, but meaning Mrs. Harris to catch the words and act upon them. "I am afraid you have hardly been compensated for coming."

Agnes held the little gloved hand with hysterical tenacity. She felt the tears must come if she spoke or moved. "Well, Mrs. Hulston!" Mrs. Harris looked back over her shoulder to call. Sula gave one more little squeeze, and moved on to join her crowd.

Mrs. Thorn walked forward alone, past the little group of men collected on the gallery, who stood with hats held respectfully aloft in the presence of the woman, down the long stairs unattended, then with quickening steps across the short intervening space to where Jim Doakes lay sleeping the waiting hours away in the skiff that had brought her from Thorndale.

"I am going to beg a little access to your presence acceptable by using this big umbrella."

The voice was so like Manton's that she turned with withering intent; instead, Stirling Denny's fine, frank eyes were smiling down upon her.

She felt effusively grateful to him for being himself rather than the other one. She would have been more so if she had known this sudden move on the major's part was the only device he could hit upon to thwart Manton's declared intention of doing the same thing.

She placed her hand in his, to be assisted into the rocking skiff. He followed, and Jim, taking the oars, soon put the water between them and the shore.

It was but a short walk from the court-house to the Harrises. The Southmeads and the Harrises were very dear friends whenever chance threw them together. Mrs. Southmead and her hostess had "oceans to tell each other." Sula laid off her bonnet, and walked out on the ivy-covered gallery, to see the master of the house, who had not been at church.

She found him standing, with his field-glasses pointed toward the lake, gazing through them so intently he did not notice her approach. "What is the object of interest?" she asked, at his elbow.

"Ah! you there, bright eyes! I was trying to make out the parties in that skiff yonder. One looks like a lady. Surely wife would never have allowed a lady to go home in this hot sun across that water. It looks as if it might be old Thorn's handsome wife."

Sula took the glasses, but returned them quickly. "It is Mrs. Thorn. The other one," she said, "is Major Denny. He is protecting her from the sun with his umbrella. Her ride home will not be so very uncomfortable."

Then she hoped she hadn't sounded unamiable. She wished she could say to herself that she didn't feel so either.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, OTTAWA.

A Neglected Field.

ESSAY READ BY MR. J. A. J. M'KENNA. That no good work is foreign to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul is one of its axioms. Its founder never contemplated its becoming a mere dole out of alms—an institution for the relief of only corporal necessities. At the very first meeting of the eight young men whom Ozanam gathered together to begin the work of our society, Mr. Baily, their mentor, who acted as President, declared that if the work was to be really efficacious it would have to be made "a medium of moral assistance." And the circulars of the Presidents-General, which embody the spirit of our institute, teem with references to the desirability, nay the necessity, of distributing sound literature among the poor. "Do not do enough," asked President-General Baudouin in 1849, "do we do enough for the religious instruction of the poor?" The poor, said he, "are much more in need of truth, of the words that come from God's mouth, than of bread and clothing." The men who sowed and watered the seed from which has sprung the great tree of which we are a branch were so impressed with the necessity of putting in the way of the people, sound, cheap reading matter, that they undertook the publication of a series of *Illustrated Short Readings* on instructive and amusing secular, as well as religious subjects, which were sold at a very low figure, and which could buy, and no doubt, were given gratis to those who could not spare even a penny. Libraries too were established, and the Brothers were urged to purvey for the minds and the hearts, as well as the stomachs, of those whom they visited.

Now let me ask, in the words of Mr. Baudouin, "Do we do enough for the religious instruction of the poor?" Looking backward, have we not lapsed in this regard? For, remember that our charter breathes, in addition to making the religious instruction of their proteges a leading feature of their work, devised and successfully carried out a scheme for putting within the reach of the masses, an instructive, edifying and low priced literature. Of a surety, the need of liberally supplying wholesome mental food has not vanished with the march of time. Every day the number who can read increases; every day the taste for reading becomes more general. The products of the press enter the homes of the poorest among us. All sorts and conditions of man read, and the printed page has become, especially in our own time and country, the most potent of human agencies for good or evil. Yet our conferences expend their energies almost wholly in catering to the material requirement of the very poor, seemingly forgetting that "man liveth not by bread alone," and oblivious of the example set by Ozanam and his associates.

"But what can we do?" you will ask. Undertake, I would suggest, the work of disseminating the publications of the Catholic Truth Society.

Like our own institute, the Catholic Truth Society, which was organized some years ago, was brought into being by a few men, "who," one of its honorary Secretaries tells us, "were almost entirely unknown outside of their own small circle." They saw the crying necessity of bringing within the reach of the masses popular expositions of the Catholic faith and other works permeated with a true Catholic tone, they determined to make an effort to supply the want, and they have met with marvellous success. They have brought out a host of penny publications—biographies of the saints and others whose lives are a light to the feet of their fellows; articles on matters of faith which enable those who read to give a reason for their belief to Protestants and skeptics; short stories for the young; compilations of selected poetry; short treatises on devotional subjects, and brochures on scientific topics which show forth the fallacies of some who set themselves up as teachers. They offer for sale, at prices ranging from a half-penny to a shilling, a series of books and booklets on a variety of subjects. An excellent little life of our patron is sold for a penny; and Cardinal Newman's classical lectures on "The Present Position of Catholics in England" have been reproduced separately and offered to the public at two-pence a piece. In a penny pamphlet of twenty-eight octavo pages is published Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe's presentation of the teaching of the "Church truly Catholic, to whom," as he says, "nothing of humanity is alien" and "the universal brotherhood has not been an empty name but a world-reforming fact and law." Mr. Costelloe is in touch with the times; and the wide circulation of this little series of books and booklets on a variety of subjects. An excellent little life of our patron is sold for a penny; and Cardinal Newman's classical lectures on "The Present Position of Catholics in England" have been reproduced separately and offered to the public at two-pence a piece. In a penny pamphlet of twenty-eight octavo pages is published Mr. B. F. C. Costelloe's presentation of the teaching of the "Church truly Catholic, to whom," as he says, "nothing of humanity is alien" and "the universal brotherhood has not been an empty name but a world-reforming fact and law." Mr. Costelloe is in touch with the times; and the wide circulation of this little series of books and booklets on a variety of subjects.

Encourage, spread the circulation of the Catholic Truth Society in and lend them to change those lent cheap pictures of a for the decoration of the reading of antiques.

Now I will make that, by way of making the Particular Cost \$25.00 of its funds selected lot of the Catholic Truth Society. The Catholic Truth Society sold at cost price to and others distributed poor visited by our very babyhood our as to undertake well as the sale, matter. In the sun is little or nothing way of extending the poor. Why should when there is so another direction devised for the that the excellent Catholic Truth Society not only within the way of the people Mr. James Britten Secretaries of that that to scatter boot and leaflets is have but a grain parable of the sea. The soil is ready

The Orange Drum.

A "Member of Parliament," writing to the *Boston Pilot*, says: "The approach of the general election, whose distance now appears to be measurable by weeks, is bringing out each day more plainly the desperation of the Tory position. Nothing indicates this state of things more strikingly than the frantic efforts which the Tory politicians and newspapers are making to work up an Orange boom in Ulster before the election. This is not their last and greatest hope of defeating Home Rule. If they can get the Orangemen to risk and threaten sufficiently on the eve of the election, they think the English elector will be frightened. But the English elector has been carefully prepared in advance for such a manoeuvre as this. The picture of the Orangemen threatening to kick the Queen screw into the Boyne if the Protestant Church was disestablished in Ireland, and settling down as tame as a household cat, has been familiarized to the English voter by the Home Rule propagandists during their last and greatest hope of defeating Home Rule. If they can get the Orangemen to risk and threaten sufficiently on the eve of the election, they think the English elector will be frightened. But the English elector has been carefully prepared in advance for such a manoeuvre as this. The picture of the Orangemen threatening to kick the Queen screw into the Boyne if the Protestant Church was disestablished in Ireland, and settling down as tame as a household cat, has been familiarized to the English voter by the Home Rule propagandists during their last and greatest hope of defeating Home Rule. 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