BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER X

the next morning Martins tapped on Teresa's door.

"I scarcely expected to find you up and dressed, as young girls are proverbially fond of their morning pillow," she said, as she kissed

ing pillow," she said, as she kissed the ivory cheek.

"Early rising is counted among Loretto's cardinal virtues," replied Teresa. "I practised it continually for nearly fifteen years—often from necessity, I admit," laughing—"and we cannot break from the habits of that period of time in nine months.

Moreover, I remembered the fields of Moreover, I remembered the fields of landelions and the orchards."

"There was a delightful shower last night, and the world is radiantly beautiful this morning," exclaimed the lady, as she clasped the girl's hand and went with her down the broad stairs and out to the long plazza. They crossed the lawn, and then the trees were passed, Teresa ttered an exclamation of delight as her eyes rested on the long field, thickly gemmed with Lowell's "dear

"High hearted buccaneers, over joyed that they An Eldorado in the grass have found.'

This field, heavily set in blue grass, was somewhat narrow, and skirted the lawn, separating it from the woodland pastures that stretched out for miles toward the west. One ycamore, somewhat stunted in eight, but with a remarkable large bole. Its strange growth gave it the appearance of a white tent, capped with green, and when the view was from the west this appearance was strengthened by a door-like aperture which disclosed a dark cavity, fash-

ioned by the teeth of decay or the sharp tomahawk of the red man. "Is not this a picture to charm the eyes!" exclaimed Mrs. Martins. "George laughs at my enthusiasm, but respects it, and never a four-footed creature is allowed here until the dandelions have bloomed and

blown away."

But Teresa's eyes had wandered from the pasture's cloth of gold to the tree, standing white and lone in

the world's Maytime beauty.
"You think that an odd-looking lowing the direction of her guest's eyes. "Few fail to observe it. It is the one object that mars the loveliness of my field, while the thoughts it suggests sadden my happiest mo-ments. It was in the hollow of that tree they found our cousin, Gerald Martins' wife, who, as you have heard, was lured into the forest and slain. There seems to be a super-stitious dread of the tree among the people, for when George began to clear away the wood, when the clear away the wood, when the property came to him by the death of little Amy, the above Amy, the choppers would not it. When I heard of this, I begged that that tree should remain unharmed by axe of ours. He yielded

to my wish, but unwillingly."

Teresa shuddered. Was there no escape from the silent reminders of that fearful tragedy? She marveled that the Martins could be happy in this haunted place. Her eyes left the tree and went down the gold-strewn glade, but its charm had dethe smiling faces of the parted; the smiling laces of the dandelions were over shadowed. In the inheritors of the sycamore's an-Mrs. Martins suggested that they way led them through the "Quarters" and as they were passing one of the white-washed cabins, Mrs. Martins excused herself to her guest and entered the low door to inquire for her sick servant. As Teresa stood in the white yard, the morning sunlight falling on her uncovered head. a negro woman, on her way to the house, paused abruptly, with an exclamation of surprise. Teresa glanced around and seeing the wo-

Good morning, Aunt Dilsey." "Good—maw—nin'—Miss."
The words seemed to be dragged from the lips, which had turned

peculiar ashy color. Your name is Dilsey, isn't it?" asked Teresa, surprised at herself because of the readiness with which she had addressed the woman whose

face was strangely familiar.

"Yes. Miss. dat am mah name." She had drawn nearer. Her eyes devouring the girl's face, the

while her own light-brown countenance was showing a sickly hue. "How did yoh know dat am mah honey?" she asked, in low "I just guessed it, I suppose," re-

turned Teresa, smiling, and she noticed that the woman's eyes grew large with horror, for Teresa's smile her father's. Mebbe, honey, yoh knowed me

w'en?yoh wuz a leetle gal. I's frum

Where was it she had heard some one saying "Ferginny?" the girl asked herself, and she lifted her right hand to press its fingers against her brow, for a wave of strange memories was sweeping over her brain. At the gesture, the woman threw her checked apron before her tage saving brokenly: "Mah God! face, saying brokenly: "Mah (She's got mah po'r chile's han'!"

Teresa looked at her in surprise. "I don't think that I have seen you before, Aunt Dilsey. I was never in Virginia, at least I don't remember

ever having been there."

The negress was studying her face, and then she asked, in tones so low to it; a pink ribbon, which she had

that her listener could

catch them: "Scuse me, honey, but isn't yoh Miss Amy?"
"Miss Amy!" It was the name, spoken by this voice, that used to echo through her dreams, the name she had so often tried to remember when the Sisters would ask her who she was. "Miss Amy! Miss Amy! she was. "Miss Amy! Miss Amy!" she seemed to hear this voice, loud yet ever tender, calling after her as she chased butterflies across the she chased butterflies across the green field. But the woman was waiting for an answer. The girl turned her perplexed eyes on the quivering light brown face and said slowly, "No, I am not Miss Amy; my

name is Teresa."

The light faded from the eyes, a shadow fell over the face. "Please 'souse old Dilsey's 'quisi'vness, Miss Greecey," she said, and with a low courtesy she turned back to her cabin. In due time the carriage was brought around to convey Mrs. Martins, her guest, and son, to church. The coachman drove first

to the Episcopal church, and, after escorting his mother to her pew, Preston Martins returned to the carriage, which was then driven to the Catholic church. Teresa was conscious of a certain embarrass. ment as she passed down the aisle to her seat, with Preston Martins fol-lowing. She seemed to feel the surprise on the faces she did not turn her eyes to see, the exchange glances, or significant lifting of eye-brows, and a tinge of red warmed up her ivory like face. She thought in that seemingly endless walk from the door to her place that Preston Martins had taken an unfair advantage of her interest in his spiritual affairs. But her sense of duty came speedily to her rescue, and re-proached her for her cowardly fear of the opinion of the world; and on reaching her pew she sank on her knees and begged God for the gift of faith for this soul. Finishing her devotions, Teresa took her seat. It was then Mr. Worthington entered the pew across the aisle. Teresa had turned slightly to take her prayer-book from Preston and she met the eyes of Worthington, and they seemed to smite her soul. He recognized her with a smile, faint and fleeting as the gleam of a star from a cloud swept midnight sky, then he turned his face toward the altar. Preston, noting his companion's pro-longed gaze, glanced too, across the aisle, and as he saw St. John Worthington, a flood of thought poured in upon his mind, bewildering him rendering him, oblivious to his surroundings, until he heard Teresa's whispered request for her prayer-book. He handed it to her, and leaned back in his seat while the gray came into his young face and settled there.

CHAPTER XI

That Sunday afternoon, contrary

to his custom, St. John Worthington

went down to his office. He closed

paced the narrow room, his hands clasped behind his back, his head bent so low that his chin rested on his breast. Then he threw himself into his chair, and leaning his elbows on the desk, rested his brow on the palms of his hands. Twice a sigh that was half a sob broke the silence of the room. When finally he raised his head there was the stain of a time for nearly fifteen years that he had thus stood face to face with his past. From his waistcoat pocket he took a tiny key and fitted it into the lock of one of the small drawers, and the odor wafted to him from dead violets was like a blow from a strong key, his mind flew back to the just. And shall I permit that girl, night he had wandered out to the though innocent of all evil, to benight he had wandered out to the new grave in the "clearing" to pour out his soul's agony through long lonely hours, while below in the log house slept the husband and child of the woman he mourned. When the song of the earliest bird warned him of his vigil's close, he gathered a few of the violets which covered her low bed, and these he had scattered over his grave in the little drawer. He now took that drawer from its place and putting it efore him on the desk, looked upon it as a father might look upon the face of his dead child. There was a slender package of letters, tied with a blue silk ribbon. The ribbon was faded, the writing was dim, but the fragrance of the violets breathed from every page, as he opened the dainty envelopes and reread their hastily, or carefully, penned lines. There were notes in a childish hand and as his eves went over the words he saw again his grandfather's old house and Unc' Isaac, the trusted messenger of Amy Howard, crossing its lawn to lay these precious notes in his eager, boyish hand. There were other notes and letters until the last was reached, one that his tears, and, perchance, hers, had blis tered, her letter of farewell. He bound the letters together again with the faded blue ribbon, and lifted from the drawer a ringlet of flossy hair. A ray of sunlight, that had found its way into the room through a broken slat of the shutter, fell on the curl and warmed its chestnut into pale gold. Then he took up her picture, and gazed on hair and por-trait until the sunlight crept from the desk, across the floor, and made a streak of white on the dark wall. A withered red rose which had died on her breast one sweet, long-past June day, and which he had claimed as his reward for rowing her home, when the sunset was making a sheet of crimson of the smiling James

worn, a white glove, a momento of one of the happiest parties they had attended together—these treasures were lifted out one by one. The little drawer was empty now, says little drawer was empty now, save for the dead violets and a purse of alligator, ornamented with pearls. When Worthington's eyes fell on that purse, he sprang to his feet, as if an adder had lifted its head from among

the withered flowers.
"My God! I had forgotten thatthat it was there!" he muttered, and for fully five minutes he stood, motionless, with blanched face and motionless, with blanched face and dilated eyes, as before him passed the memory of that long night's search in the forest, and the morning that had followed. He returned to his chair and taking the purse, closed his hands over it, and buried his face on the desk, among the reminders of his lost love. The white light had gone from the wall when he again raised his head, and the red rays of the recomposition of the gray of the recomposition. evening lay on the gray of the room like a long, crimson dyed sword. He leaned back in his chair, folded his arms, and looked again at the contents of the drawer, from the blood-stained purse, to the little packet of

letters.
"No! no! no! It cannot benever be! The past holds me. I be-long to it. I can make no new garden in my heart, for there is not a spot that my old love has not walked over and claimed as hers

forever! Forever!" Thus he cried out, with his eyes on the ruins of his youth. Then Memory, with one of her cruel flash lights, showed him Teresa Martinez' face a showed him Teresa Markinez race as she had looked toward him that morning with Preston Martins be-tween them, and again he sprang to his feet, and began to pace the floor. In the gray light his face was hard as stone, his eyes were cold as steel and the ashen hue of grief had given place to the white of hate. As he walked, he thought: "Again am I to that a Worthington could yield to and feel no shame over his defeat.

and reel no sname over his deteat.

But this one! His son! To lose again and to him!"

He paused in his quick walk:
"Lose? Would I lose? If the hoice were offered me, would I not rather take Gerald Martins' place by dead Amy's side, than Preston Mar tins' place by the living Teresa?"

Why do you hold me?" he asked taking up the picture. You were not cruel living. Why has death made you relentless? Why will you rise from your wifely grave and walk through my heart with your maider grace, defy me with your maider smile? All my life, I paid you hom age. Living you gave me nothing, nothing; now dead, you reassert your claim upon me, return to dispute place with this other love. would take her into my lonely life ove her for her love, her grace, her beauty, only you come back with your blue eyes and brown hair to for bid me.

"And to lose to him, to the son of his father! Must I stand by and see that girl duped by him? What his motive is I cannot fathom, but that there is something not right prompting it, I am certain. He expected his son to take a wife of wealth and high station, yet he is encouraging his attentions to a poor music teacher.

Again he crossed to the desk, but now he lifted the blood stained purse and for a longer time than he had regarded the portrait he studied the

pearl-ornamented case.
"Oh, to undo it all!" he moaned half aloud. half aloud. "To have again one brief hour of that time of indecision and my share of the weight of this crime should not have lain on my ars! But—God is come a partaker of the suffering that will follow when retribution falls, as fall it must? Would not inaction now be as great a crime as it was then?" TO BE CONTINUED

THE ONLY ANSWER

Mr. Orthwein leaned to one side and peered over his spectacles in an effort to see around the half open door of the president's office. Ascertaining at last that Mr. Burton was writing busily, he resumed his work,

but after every two or three laborously careful entries in his book, he lanced again towards the private office. All around him a hundred or omee. All around min a hunted or more men and women were toiling, trying to forget their fatigue and that their work was accumulating faster than they could dispose of it. There was no sound save now and then s low voice dictating a letter and the monotonous click of typewriters, or, when these were hushed, the slight scratching of an old pen and the frequent long drawn sigh which characterized one of the book keepers, a

cadaverous, melancholy fellow. For half an hour Mr. Orthwein kept watch upon the president, surprised that he was working so long after his usual time for going home. He had looked at the clock and found that it was almost 5 before Mr. Bur-ton rose and closed his desk—a certain indication that his day's work was done. At once, Mr. Orthwein climbed down from his high stool, and, after a knock that was wholly perfunctory, passed into the elegant inner office.

Mr. Burton glanced over his shoulder and, seeing who had entered turned about with a friendly smile Mr. Orthwein and his father had been

had fallen into a position in his friend's office, which he had filled fatthfully during many years. He was a short man, inclined to be stout, and his sedentery life had encouraged the inclination. His round face, with its insignificant nose, had a flat look which was practicably but the ook which was unattractive, but the crown eyes that smiled from behind his glasses were as modest as a child's and as friendly. In the office he was on equal footing with his colleagues, who tormented him a little because they loved him a great deal; but he had always been a frequent and welcome the second seco quent and welcome guest at Mr. Bur-ton's fireside, and if father and son patronized him somewhat, they were all unconscious of the fact. How-ever, since his friend's death, two years before, Mr. Orthwein and seem less of the son, who, ideally handsome, gay, rich, was much sought after. Not that the young man had lost his affection for Mr. Orthwein, lost his affection for Mr. Orthwein, but his life had become full to the brim fascinating pleasures to which the staid, slow old man was alien, and of tain, would consider him tiresome and unquestionably pleblan.
"What is it, Orthwein?" George

Burton said, smilingly, when the for mer carefully closed the door behind im. "Did you promise to intercede for some other poor fellow?"

No, no, George. I want to remind you that it is this evening that you agreed to go with me to the meeting of the St. Vincent de Paul society," and catching a look of annoyance, as it passed quickly over the young man's face, he added, a little hurt, "You hadn't forgotten?" "I must confess that I had, Orth-

wein. I made another engagement. I am very sorry." Buthe was touched by the old man's evident disappoint ment and after a moment's consider ation he asked, "At what time could get away from your meeting?

Oh, by 9 o'clock." So early ?" and he laughed a lit. "Then I can go. I'll call for you. But I don't promise to join that society. I have no time. I told you o when you mentioned it before. 'I know you did, George, but I hoped. At any rate, it won't do you any harm to see what we are doing, and who knows?" There was a humorous twinkle in his eyes that made the light hearted Mr. Burton laugh again.

Oh, I understood from the first that you hope to rope me in!" he

There are so many poor,

Orthwein pleaded in excuse, "and we aren't rich, most of us who are trying to help. Besides, George, you have too much. Something of this kind would keep you from becoming spoiled," and he looked anxiously into the bright, winsome, self-satis fled face that smiled down upon him. Mr. Burton's heart, a big and ten der, though self-centered heart, was touched by Mr. Orthwein's solicitude. He was reminded of his father. He laid both his hands on the old man's shoulders, as he said "I'll gladly go with you this time, and who can tell what-" He did not finish, being interrupted by a knock at the door. One of his managers entered when he said "Come in," and Mr. Orthwein went back to his stool with so broad a smile upon his face that the weary clerk at the next desk leaned towards him and whispered, What's up

Did you get a raise ? It was a little late when George Burton's auto reached the shabby boarding house which had been Mr. Orthwein's home for a year. onsequence they were the last to enter the meeting hall, and droppe into seats behind the other men. At first Mr. Burton paid scant attention to the business being transacted; bare room and the men assembled there. To his amusement he saw (side by side with a few bright faced medical students, a shabby German music teacher and a little man whom he recognized as his grocer) two or three men who stood for all that was best in X—, not only mentally and morally but socially.

"If these men are interested in this

affair, it must be worth while," he thought, with the deference, only half conscious, which the new-rich teel for those whose grandfathers and great grandfathers were of some importance, and at once he began to listen with interest to the reports simple, matter of fact echoes of sublime charity. They impressed him deeply. He quickly forgot the social standing of some few of the members. He forgot, too, that his time was absorbed by business and pleasure to the exclusion of all things else and before the meeting adjourned he gave in his name and was told to make certain visits in company with Mr.

But, deep though it was, the im pression made upon Mr. Burton was immediately following the meeting and he was annoyed when Mr. Orth wein told him one afternoon that it was time they made one of their

" I want to go to the club this evening. I hope it won't take long," he said, not very graciously, wondering how he had been so weak and so foolish as to allow himself to be inveigled into the St. Vincent de Paul society. Evidently it was going to prove a nuisance. But afterwards he was ashamed of his semi-rudeness to Mr. Orthwein, and in an effort to make reparation was most friendly cessantly — apparently to himself rather than to his companion as he early that evening.

Mr. Orthwein took him to a tene ment house and led the way up three flights of steep, narrow rickety, stairs to a door at the rear of a long corriboys together and close friends then and ever of the rear of a long corriand ever of the rear of a long corriand ever of the rear of a long corriand with heartfelt exclamations and Mr. Orthwein, not succeeding,

of joy and affection, while George Burton, standing unobserved behind him, noted the details of the place in

a few covert glances.

There were two small rooms, clean but with little and poor furniture, and only a feeble imitation of a fire. In a corner of the one which they had entered a young man lay upon a co-even to Mr. Burton's inexperience eye it was evident that he was seri ously ill. A child about three years of age was sitting on the floor, a ing himself with bits of unpainted wood by way of building blocks, and a little girl, a couple of years older, was crouched beside her father, and, from time to time, patted his face with a chapped and grimy hand. The mother gave Mr. Orthwein the mother gave Mr. Orthwein the one chair and Mr. Burton found himself a seat on a box in the corner. There ne sat, unobserved, throughout the visit. Those poor people, face to face with life in its grimmest aspect, had no thought to spare for a strang-er; it was evident that they considered Mr. Orthwein a trained, a true

Will they hold Tim's place for him?" the little worn wife asked anxiously, before Mr. Orthwein had time to say a word.
"Yes, Mr. Burton was very kind.

He said at once that Tim will find his place waiting whenever he is well enough to come back."

And George Burton, sitting in the background, blushed flery red. With

a sharp pang he understood that this was the man for whom Mr. Orthwein had interceded a few days before begging that his position be saved for him no matter how long he might be ill. He had been getting \$40 a month, as did many another in the factory, and this, Mr. Burton saw, this was what \$40 meant when sick ness came.

"And how is Tim to day—any bet-ter? Mr. Orthwein asked. His voice could not have been more tender if he had been addressing his own

sister.
"No better. Can't you see for yourself? It will be a long time before he's fit to go back to the factory.
If I could get work I'd send him to the Charity hospital and put the children in the day nursery each morn ng, though I'd hate to do it. I'd rather take care of him myself, and he'd miss the children terribly. But what are we going to do? The dochad saved, and we owe for rent and

We'll send you coal to morrow,' ety told me to tell you so."

Thank God!" she ejaculated with a glance at the handful of small coals in the bucket by the stove—the last

of their store.

There was a short silence. The sick man groaned faintly; the little girl left his side for a seat on Mr. Orthwein's knee and the baby upset his blocks, making a horrible noise. Soon Mrs. Shea turned to Mr. Orthwein and said despairingly, in a low tone, that her husband could not hear:

"I'm at my wits' end ! I don't know where to turn ! I've tried every way and I can't get work. Three or four different times Mrs. O'Leary stayed vertisements. I walked from place to place until I was ready to drop, and everywhere the result was the same. They looked at me and thought wouldn't be fit for much. But I could work, Mr. Orthwein, if they'd only give me the chance. I'm thin, I know, and little, but I'd work, work I'd do any drudgery for

money !' The child on the floor, a pale, puny boy, began to whimper piteously, and as his mother gathered him in her Burton for the first time, and he saw hat worn though she was, she was ittle more than a girl and that her age would have been fair had her ife been more so.

"Mamma, I'm hungry. Give me something to eat," the baby whined.
As she soothed him there was a look of agony in her eyes, and when he begged again she said—and the words burned themselves into Mr. Burton's soul—" Hush, baby dear! I have nothing for you. If I give you the bread we shall have no breakfast," and the tears poured over her cheeks.

Then the sick man spoke for the first time. "Those fellows from the Industrial Workers of the World were here again this morning." he said 'Again!" Mr. Orthwein exclaimed

with indignation, looking anxiously but compassionately at Mr. Shea. But Tim wouldn't join them.

Mrs. Shea hastened to say.
"And you never will, Tim!" Mr. Orthwein pleaded. 'No, God help me!" he answered

solemnly; "but it is a temptation, sir, when things go like this. It makes a man angry and bitter to be in my fix and know that, a mile away, people are living in luxury and don' care what becomes of us poor devils!"
"I know, Tim; I know, but there's heaven coming. What of us do but for that?"

He rose then, gave Mrs. Shea a lit-tle money, divided a few apples be-tween the children and left the room, collowed by Mr. Burton. In silence they groped their way, single file, through the hall and down the stairs, but when they reached the street Mr. Orthwein took Mr. Burton's arm and as they walked homeward talked in-

never paused to hear any comments Mr. Burton might wish to make.

were neighbors in Ireland and lovers after a childish fashion. And then they came here, she first, and learned stenography; he followed after a few months and got a place with us.
She lived at my boarding house;
that's how I chance to know her.
Such a pretty girl, a sprightly imp
with roses in her cheeks and music
in her laughter and endless mischief in her bright eyes. But who would

guess it to see her now?' He looked up into Mr. Burton's face as he continued more slowly. I was the first person who knew Mary st a circus, they told me with shrieks of laughter, and they were both so happy when she said 'yes' that when the show was over they didn't discover the fact and kept their seats until a man asked them to go the only people left in the tent. Of course, I had guessed long before how it would all end. Even crabbed blind. And I was at their wedding. How happy they were! Full of life and hope. And now — God help

He and Mr. Burton parted a minute later. George said nothing more than a crisp "Good night," and hurthan a crisp "Good night," and hur-ried on his way, and Mr. Orthwein stood and looked after him as long did not turn in at the club house miles to his own home, his head bowed, miserable to the depths of his

yet 6 o'clock and still dark, when he stole into his garage with his arms full of bulky packages. Without waking the chauffeur he tumbled everything into one of the automobile then squeezed in as best he could. quarter of an hour later he stumbled up three flights of stairs and knocked at Mr. Shea's door. When Mrs. Shes opened it she did not recognize him

"I was here last night with Mr. Orth wein," he explained. "And—and I came back to bring some things." Then, to relieve his embarrassment and hers, he laughed and added, "I stole these odds and ends out of the refrigerator at home. I don't know what the cook will do with me!" So saying, he deposited his bundles or the table and tore off the papers, dis playing some oranges, half a chicker about adozen eggs, a couple of pounds of butter and two grape fruit.

Mrs. Shea's face beamed. She was

very hungry. "Oh, how nice!" she cried rather tremulously, trying to keep the tears back, and while she divided an orange between the chil-dren and peeled a second for her husband, Mr. Burton was summoning up courage to say what was in his mind. At last he began, looking at Mr. Shea rather than at his wife.'

"I must tell you something that for the first time in my life I am ashamed to tell. It's my name. I'm George Burton, president of the Burton Manufacturing Company but I didn't know—I had no idea—and I'm awfully sorry! Truly it never oc-curred to me that \$40 a month is starvation wages these days, and—and, Tim Shea, you worked for that for seven years, so I owe you a good deal. You'll have to let me make up a little bit. I've been desperatel miserable since I was here last night had not understood before. I am going to raise the \$40 men to \$60. It's the least I can do, and hence

forth they must be paid just the same when they are ill."

He talked fast and incoherently, perhaps, but with intense earnes ness and his listeners understood Mrs. Shea ran to her husband, and forgetting that he ought not to be agitated sobbed convulsively on his

a big, weak hand.
"I'll soon be well now, Mary," he whispered and when she was quieter he added: "Didn't I tell those men from the I. W. W. that the rich don't understand? It's never come home to them, poverty hasn't. That's the

trouble. He put out his hand then, and George Burton clasped it. Both men's eyes were full of tears, both hearts full of good will and of respect. Each had confidence in the other; each recognized the other as a child of God. Between those two the problem that so fiercely clamors for a solution had found the only safe and sane one. -Florence Gilmore in Home

FRIENDS OF SINNERS

There is in truth a sort of reverence due to sinners, writes Father Faber, when we look at them not as in their sins, but simply as having sinned, and being the objects of a Divine yearning. It is the manifest-ation of this feeling in apostolic men which lures sinners to them, and so leads to their conversion. The devotedness of Our Blessed Lord to sinners transfers a peculiar feeling to the hearts of His servants. And when the offenders come to repent, the mark of Divine predilection in the great grace they are receiving is a thing more to admire and revere and love than the sin is a thing to hate in connection with the sinner. In all reformatory institutions it is the want of a supernatural respect for sinners which is the cause of failure, the abundance of it which is the cause of success. When Our Lord strove to convert, it was always by kind looks, by loving words, by an indulgence which appeared to border upon laxity. He did not convert by rebaking. He rebuked Herod and r. Burton might wish to make.

"To think that it has come to this not vouchsafe to try to convert them. for the Sheas—and in six years! Because He let them alone, therefore They were young—mere children—He spoke sharply to them. It is aland so happy and hopeful! They ways contemplative saints who have

oved sinners best, even more than the active saints who were wearing out their lives to convert them. It this the reason why the contemplaient in a complete apostle ?-True

A COMPARISON

WORK OF THE CHURCH IN MEXICO AS DESCRIBED BY THE REV. JOHN BUTLER AND CHARLES F. LUMIS

"The Rev. Dr. John W. Butler, who for nearly forty years has been a missionary in Mexico" and who has been for many years "the head of the Methodist Missions Board in Mexico City and dean of all the mis-sionaries in that district," has writsionaries in that district," has writ-ten a letter to the New York "Even-ing Post," which was published in the January 5 issue of that paper, answering the charges brought against the present Mexican "govern-ment" by Theodore Roosevelt. In the course of which letter, of course, the reversed destor proceeds to the reverend doctor proceeds to attack the Spaniards, who settled the reverent doctor process to attack the Spaniards, who settled the country, and the Catholic relig-ion, which they established there. "The rulers," he tells us, "the axis-

tocracy, which included military officers and the high clergy, who were generally foreigners, have always been against the best in terests of the masses. The priests from Europe were, most of them, too worldly and partook too largely of that 'lust for gold' which characterized the early conquerors, to have much concern in the uplift of the Indians, and generally played into the hands of the aristocracy." And he adds: "So here we find indigenous peoples of Mexico, who have been in control since, at least, a thousand years before the Christian era and part of them representing a civilization equal in some cases to that forced on them by 'military elo-quence,' compelled to live in ignor-ance, degradation and superstition, deprived of the ownership of their own God given lands, and then required to till them for masters from oversea, given absolutely no participation in the choice of their rulers. and then after 300 years of Christian civilization (?) told that they 'were born to be silent and obey.'"

All of which would serve as a serious indictment against the Spanish conquerers and the Church in Mexico were the statements at all correct. But sadly for the reverend doctor, they are eminently incorrect. Quite a number of years ago the distinguished writer. Charles F. Lumthe greatest authority on Spanish America, in his book on "The Awakening of a Nation," refuted exactly the same charges as have now been put forth by the dean of the Methodist missions. Because of the importance of the subject it would be well to quote Lummis at some length. In Chapter v. of his bool

he says : 'It has pleased that certain class of historians whose emotions swell with distance and the dark to depict the Spaniard as having destroyed some Utopian civilization of the Aztecs and replaced it with his in ferior own. To this amiable freak of prejudice and the armchair there is but one competent answer—go and see." We now, he tells us, thanks to the efforts of Lewis Morgan and his "know just what successors, "know just what the 'empire of Montezuma' was. It is in-structive to stand here in the heart of what was once the chief pueblo of the Nahuatl confederacy-of tribes banded together for immunity in robbing their neighbors-and look and remember.
"Civilization is measured by

Just yonder was the recking teocalli, upon whose pyramid five hundred captives in a day had their contracting hearts flung before Huitzilopo chtli and their carcasses kicked down the staircase to be ceremonially de-voured by the multitude—where stands now the largest Christian church in America, and one of the noblest. To the left, on the ground where dwelt the war chief-head of a government whose principal politics was to massacre, enslave and rob the neighboring tribes—is to day the venerable Mount of Piety, one of the most beneficent charities in any land. In front, among stores rich in every product of modern commerce, is the hall of a city government which has for centuries cared for the needy, restrained the rich and spent vast sums in municipal improvements for sums in municipal improvements for health, security, comfort and even aesthetic training. To the right is the palace, occupied for centuries by a central government which at its worst was far more merciful, more intelligent and more progressive than any tribal organization ever knew. Within revolver shot are the cradles of printing, education, art and organ-ized charity in the New World, for all these things came a century and a half to two centuries and a half earlier in Mexico than in the United States. Bishop Zumarraga set up here, in 1536, the first printing press in the Western Hemisphere; one did not reach the English colonies till

On every side, where were the squat adobes of the Indian pueblo, is now an architecture we have nothing to parallel, and only those who have never seen either could dream of comparing the brute bulk of Aztec architecture (wonderful as it was for man in the tribal relation) with the magnificent art which has succeeded it. Here is still, as Humboldt found it, 'the city of palaces;' possibly even yet, as he declared it, 'the handsomest capital in America.' And instead o immolating its outside Indians upon porphyry altars, the new dispensa-