PALMS

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"TANGLED PATHS," "MAY
BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX. CONTINUED. BY THE WAY OF THE CROSS THEY WIN THEIR PALMS.

Camilla, being one of the ladies of the camilla, being one of the ladies of the imperial household, heard almost as soon as it happened of the Emperor's discovery that Nemesius was a Christian, and of his mad fury on the occasion. She lost not a moment, but was on her way to the villa on the Aventine before the order for his arrest was promulgated.

Having reached it, she went straight to
Symphronius, informed him of what had appened, then, in her usual energetic with his assistance, dispersed and d in safe keeping Claudia's orin safe-keeping Ciaudia's or-pensioners, and had the sick phaned pensioners, and had the sick and disabled adults removed to the sheep-farms and olive lands, that lay the sheep farms are since the back among the e distance farther back among the Her precautions were well-timed for that very night the villa was sur rounded by soldiers, whose orders were not to molest the daughter of Nemesius, meaning her to be the decoy-bird that should lead the fond father, anxious and uncertain as to her safety, to his home by night, or through secret ways by day; and it eventually he were discovered,

both were to be arrested. Thou wiit see him again, dear child; until then meet him at the foot of the Cross with Mary, our Advocate, who Cross with Mary, our Adversely consoles and delivers all who suffer for the love of Her Son," said Camilla, when, having accomplished what present the constant of the constan dence suggested, she had gone in Claudia, to acquaint her, as gently the cruel facts of the case admitted, with the cause of her visit and try to sweeten the bitterness of her grief by the consolations of faith.

Shedrew in the weeping child tenderly to her hear her had such to the consolations of the consolations

ly to her bosom, but sought not to check her tears, for she surmised—and truly—that it was the pain of separa-tion from her father that most grieved her, and that she longed only for his presence to suffer with him.

she answered, presently, a brave effort to compose her-that is where his thoughts will and there, too, shall mine be—at feet, with His Holy Mother. O

Camilla! is it sinful to weep?"

"No, my little maid, not tears like The divine Christus often wept; He was acquainted with all human sort is His way to let affliction visit his dearest ones, that they may prove by their patience and resignation they loveHim how blindly they trust Him, knowing that His ways are the best. And, after all," she said, as if answering some thought of her own, "there's but a breath between this land of exile and heaven."

The faith of this noble woman, sure and steadast, ever rested on Christ as unwaveringly as an eagle's eye upon the sun; rie was her celestial Sun, in those light she lived, moved, and had her being, fearless in whatever she undertook for His honor, and willing to suffer death for His glory—a brave

onder, heroic spirit.
Camilla remained until the little girl grew more tranquil—until her sorrow and its mist of tears were glorided by es of Him on hope in the eternal promis Whom her innocent soul rested; then the lady left her, with great pity and love surging together in her heart for the human desolation that had, all at once, talien upon the child. It is true that Zilla was there; but what had her poor, grieved, pagan heart to offer her idol, except endearments? what to give except vigilance and devotion, and the hatred and revenge that inspired her towards those who had brought mourn-ing and weeping into this beautiful and

volved the duty of his arrest, with the comfortable assurance that they suffer in his stead in case they failedstrained every nerve, and were ceaseless in their vigilance and zeal to secure their object. And there was yet another - the wily Cypriot - who unyet another—the wily Cypriot—who un-known to them, and with greedy eyes on the reward offered by the prefect, was stealthily, patiently engaged in hunting down the noble Christian.

The spirits of the two cruel Consuls began to flag, and the ardor of their pursuit to be dampened, as time sped on and there was yet no sign of their on and there was yet no sign of their victim; they almost believed the cul-prit had slipped away from Rome, else how could be have so long eluded their search? But Nemesius had not left was in the Catacombs, ever Rome; he was in the Catacoms, ever engaged in ministrations of mercy, and daily sent and received loving messages from his little daughter on the Aventine, by Admetus, who, as lithe as a lizard, and as active as a squirrel, had ways of slipping in and out of the ex-tensive gardens in the most surprising manuer, elading the vigilance of the soldiers on guard day and night, who if they heard a rustling in the thought it was the birds darting in and out; or a tremulous stir among the long grasses and under-growth at night, though it was a hare, the sound was so slight and passed so

Cheered by hearing from her father, and the certainty that he was in a place of safety, Claudia's thoughts in her loueliness were drawn nearer and nearer to the Celestial Land; closer and closer did her innocent heart cling to the divine Christus and His Virgin There was such an atmos phere of purity around her, that, now and then, when a rough, half-barbarian from his covert of espial, eaught a glimpse of her white-robed, graceful figure as she passed fearlessly through the garden-alleys to the places she loved, he would draw back with an involuntary movement of reverence

But at last, when the soft September sun lay golden on the beautiful landwhen on the slopes of the hills and over the undulating, flowery stretches of the Agro Romano were seen processions of

peasants in holiday attire, bringing home the grapes from the vineyards to the wine-vats, with Bacchic songs and choral lays, accompanied by the musi-of double flutes, zithers and pipes of reed, their wagons loaded with baskets, in which the great and and purple in which the great red and purple clusters of the delicious fruit of the clusters of the delicious rate of vine were heaped up, covered with blossoms; while the sleek oxen, garlanded with scarlet poppies, vetches, and corn-flowers, moved lazily along and corn-flowers, moved lazily along -the end drew near, and the events that followed, given in the "Acts of the Martyrs" and by tradition, succeeded each other with such rapidity that we may not linger.

One gloomy, lowering night Nemesius had left his underground "City of Refuge" to carry aid and consolation to ertain sick and destitute Christians, who were living in concealment in the cellar of a hovel in the old southern uburb of Rome. Having accomplished his charitable purpose, he was return-ing, his thoughts so absorbed by celes-tial meditation that he did not observe the direction that he did not observe the direction he had taken, until a strong light suddenly glared athwart his eyes. Startled, he halted, looked around, and saw that he was at the Temple of Mars, where at that moment Quirinus and Maximus, with others, were offering their idolatrous and unworship to the marble statue of the god. His soul revolted at the posture, which was an insult to the supreme and only true God. Singlehanded he had no power to stay the im-pure rites; but, knowing the efficacy of faith and charity, he knelt on the stone flagged road, and, lifting up his heart in strong appeal, he besought Our Lord by the operation of the Holy Ghost to enlighten the minds of these doubt to enighten the minds of close idolaters, that they might know they were worshipping devils instead of divinities; and so bring them to a knowledge of the Faith as it is in Christ.

At this moment, while Nemesius is beseeching God's mercy on their benighted souls, the Consul Maximus. cruel persecutor of the Christians, was possessed by the evil spirit, and suddenly cried out, in the hearing of all present: "The prayers of Nemesius

re burning me!"
The Cypriot who had been stealthily behind Nemesius for some stance, having accidentally creeping behind Nemesius for some short distance, having accidentally caught sight of his majestic figure at a for a wonder, he was moment when, for a wonder, he was not thinking of him, and convinced when the light from the Temple shone out upon him that it was indeed he, ran in and informed the Consul Quirnus that Nemesius had fallen into hands, and was ou side invoking his Deity, and working Christian sorceries for their destruction. They rushed out to seize him, but had no sooner laid hands upon him, than Maximus gave forth a shrick such as lost souls in the depths of perdition may be sup-posed to utter, and, to the horror of all present, was lifted several feet in the air, then hurled down upon the stone pavement, dead. (It is so related by the Rev. A. J. O'Reilly, D. D., in his "Victims of the Mamertine.") This swift judgment of God on the hardened persecutor of His suffering Church was one of many manifestations of His almighty vengeance on His enemies; but they did not impute them to Him, the sorceries and magic arts of the Christians.

Nemesius made no attempt to escape in the temporary panic and confusion caused by the terrible death of Maximus, but suffered himself to be bound and led away to the Mamertine, where he was cast into one of the lower dun-When his capture was reported to the Emperor, the latter cried out:

Now shall the gods be avenged Torture and death will be nothing to this man; we will reach him and rend him through his child, the pretty, lately happy home? The woman was dainty maid! Bring him before the tribunal in the morning, and if he redainty maid! Bring him before the Days passed, and Nemesius had not yet been taken. The two Consuls, Quirinus and Maximus—on whom devolved the duke of his around the days of his around the duke of his around the duke

and his lowd pleasures.
Fabian had confidential agents in his
pay employed to find out and report to
him everything they might learn concerning Nemesius; and the morning after his arrest the first news he heard on leaving his bath was that the commander of the Imperial Legion had been iken and cast into the dungeons of the The sun was barely risen Mamertine. The su but, ordering his ut, ordering his horse, he dressed uickly, and, without breaking his fast, as soon galloping along the road to

the Aventine.
The scene that greeted him when he The scene that greeted him when he reached the villa, although not entirely unexpected, verified his worst forebodings, and kindled in his breast a beginning of rage and grief bodings, and kindled in his breast a concentrated fire of rage and grief which for the moment held him speechless; for on the portico, surrounded by rough soldiers, who had been sent to bring her away, stood the beautiful child, attired in a dainty, silverbroidered tunic and white silken robe had a consider (C. wills, it a heart for she had expected Camilla to breakfast with her—her face like purest marble, her fine abundant hair falling in golden ripples over her shoulders. A clasp of pearls confined her tunic on the shoul pearls confined her tune on the der, and around her neck she wore the fine chain of gold to which was sus pended the crystal medallion of the Virgin Mother, Advocata Nostra, that now lay close against her wildly-throb-

hing heart. This was the first scene of violence Claudia's innocent eyes had ever beheld. Did she think, as she gave one frightened look at the stolid, coarse, merciless faces of the soldiers, of what Fabian had once said to her when she was blind—that "there are in the world human monsters and beings so frightful as to make one rather wish to have been born blind than to see them? If she did, it was but a flash of memory: for her heart swiftly turned towards the divine Christus at the moment He was betrayed into the hands of His enemies, and she remembered her words to Camilla when she heard how they took Him away to crucify Him: asked them to kill me, and spare Him;' and now she did not falter, but offered herself again to Him, although shrinking in all her nature from the cruel,

brutal wretches in whose midst she stood. Zilla and Symphronius had pleaded and wept in vain for her reease, but were driven away with curses and threats, and now from a distance watched through their fast-falling tears for the end, which they were powerless to avert.

The soldiers were preparing to lead their victims away, when Fabian, dismounting from his horse, pushed his way through then, and, reaching her side, took her hand and drew her to him.

"What does this mean?" he cried, his voice stern, his countenance frown ing. "Lay not a touch upon her, ye base hounds! or there'll be but a short

step between ye and hell."

They hesitated, for as soldiers they were accustomed to yield instant attention to the tention to the voice of authority; their lieutenant, an old, grizzled veteran, commanded them to close in and

obey orders.
"Whose orders?" demanded Fabian. "The Emperor's. And who mayest thou be to gainsay them?" was the curt, angry reply.
"A friend of the Emperor's,"

Fabian's quick response. As a Roman, well versed in the laws, he knew the weight of an imperial order, and the penalties attached to disobedience. There is some mistake. Why should the Emperor order the arrest of a child

like this?"
"She is a Christian," answered the lieutenant, with a grim laugh.
"Yes, Fabian, it is true: I am a Christian," outspoke the child, in clear,

weet tones.
"Oh! foolish lamb, to run thy head into the shambles!" he whispered, knowing but too well how helpless he "How wilt thou convey was to save. "How will thou enter hence?" he asked the officer.

Our prisoners walk. "What are thy instructions in this

"We have none." "We have none."
"Then it will not matter. Symphronius," he cried, "come hither, old man, and bring out thy dead lady's litter for her child. And here, ye fellows, I will give ye silver for a carouse when off guard to night," he said, with a forious scorn, as he threw his purse

mong them.
The once elegant litter, its ric ilken curtains now faded and dust covered, its splendors of gilding and fine decorations mildewed and nibbled to decorations influewed and tatters by mice, was brought forth, and, after arranging the cushions for her comfort, Fabian tenderly lifted Claudia in, leaned over and kissed her orehead, drew the curtains together,

and moved away.

"If questioned," he said to the astonished soldiers, "as ye go through the city, answer that ye are conveying noble Roman virgin to be sacrificed to the gods, and guarding her as Roman soldiers now guard innocence."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CULTURE OF LILIES.

It was usually recognized by those ualified to judge that John Veridden had a complex nature, and this not only in the sense in which all human nature is complex, but in an unusual kind and degree. The man had certain theories of life, high sounding and far theories of a lofty forcefulness The man had certain reaching, and a lofty forcefulness which raised him above the average ortal and caused friends to prophesy him a brilliant and splendid career Whereas, on the other hand, he pernitted himself to be drawn into correpondingly low depths, amazing to his

dmirers. forehead was massive, his eyes stern and self-centred under bushy brows, his mouth hardened into rigid ines, which told of thought and effort. His was a countenance, in short which spoke of the flerce strife of the years, of the storm and stress through which strong nature had passed. There became, as it were, electrified by the lashing of a luminous thought and a smile about the mouth grew at once human and tender, resembling that glacial flower of the Alps which blooms

glacial flower of the Alps which blooms a untoward places and brightens amid an all-pervading desolation. Now it was that particular expression which John Veridden's face were when Father Harvey first encountered him in an east-side tenement. The place was foul with odors, blended from many ources; the close rooms on either side of narrow passages fairly swarmed with aman beings, who passed day after day up and down the creaking stairs; too often with evil words on their lips and evil thoughts behind the mask of heavy and stolid countenance. Yet here John Veridden, forever seeking amongst the dark places of great cities, had found a lily.
Snowy white it gleamed through the

Snowy white it gleamed through the gloom, and golden was the heart within as the stamens of that queenliest flower. On the top floor of that tenement, truly a "bad eminence" in the darkest and most squalid of its apart-ments, this young girl, Belinda Morris, existed. For she lay upon a couch crippled. Her delicate, pearly skir crippled. was framed in shining hair; her eyes were blue, and should have been, in John Veridden's opinion, tragically, They should have been mournful blue. They should have been weighed down by the sorrows of humanity, by the despair engendered of such a life and such surroundings; instead of which there was a deep calm in their luminous depths and a joyousness, as of sunny childhood, in their smiling.

As Father Harvey entered, John Veridden sat beside the invalid's couch, reading from a poet, the poet of nature, who has the magic gift of turning the blue of the cornflower, the yellow of the primrose, the tints of an evening sky, or the glint of sun on a city pavement, into words that burn. He had what John Veridden called a He had what John Veridden called a message for humanity; and most certainly the crippled girl's pale face was aglow with pleasure. Perhaps its light was reflected in part from that which shone in the aspect of the man beside her. John Veridden was at his best, and his purged country as a proper section. and his rugged countenance was trans

Father Harvey paused and regarded the two with astonishment. He knew figured.

the man as a cynic and a scoffer, an enemy of revealed religion, a trampler upon conventionalities and upon other obligations far more sac-red, while he enjoyed a certain prestige among his fellow-men. And here was he at the bedside of this innocent the cynic. lamb, whom it was the pastor's mis-sion to watch over, in these pastures far from green, wherein its lot was

But the priest was a man of experience, and after regarding the scen for a few moments he advanced quietly to Belinda's couch and addressed her in

his ordinary voice with a courteous salute to the intruder: "Well, my child, how did you find yourself this morning?" he asked of

Belinda.
"I'm doing splendid, Father!" an when doing spiendid, rather: and swered the girl, and there was no mistaking the joyous recognition and the intuitive respect and reverence with which Irishwomen regard the "priest." John Veridden saw and resented peculiar shade of manner. This was what he called being "priest-ridden," and he was angry that this special favor and he was angry that this special avor-ite of his, Belinda Moris, should be guilty of the weakness. Hence it was not merely the curt, formal, unsym-pathetic John Veridden known to business acquaintances who arose from his chair at the priest's approach. There was something of evil, a positive malig-nity in the expression of his face as he grudgingly returned the salute. felt, indeed, as near an approach to hatred of the priesthood in general as it is possible to feel for a class of men, ollectively.

entleman's been readin' me beautiful things, Father," said the girl
"Indeed!" assented the priest, "that he added is surely kind; especially," he a with a glance at John Veridden beauty is not indigenous to his soil."

" It grows here, nevertheless!" growled Veridden, indicating the girl

growled Veridden, indicating the girl by a slight gesture.

"The human soul blooms every-where," assented the priest, "and when it can be preserved unsullied it is al-ways of exquisite loveliness."

"Drop metaphysics," snarled Verid-den, "and come to the point. I have

een reading poetry to the girl, doing olence to my own nature."
Father Harvey looked up at him with bright, frank smile, which many a pardened sinner had found persuasive

nd made answer: I think not, sir ; we priests learn, you will concede to be at least observ ers, and the beauty of field and flower, the sunset sky and the moonlit v have found an echo in your own soul or

John Veridden was surprised, half pleased, a good deal nonplussed.

"Not that I'm a poet," we Father Harvey cheerily. "
youth I had a boyish love for n for nature spouted verses at school and wrote some under cover of my desk. Since then my lines have fallen in rougher places, looking for the ore in a streak of gray dirt, seeking a flower in barren soil or a sheep in sterile mountain sides, but I know when I see him, a man whose soul is alive to the beauty of the crea-

tion. Belinda was exceedingly puzzled by this discourse, so different from the priest's ordinary, homely words of ad vice. John Veridden's face softened in his own despite, while he answered almost roughly :

"I abhor your cloth, sir, with its formalism and its narrow boundaries, within which it would imprison all life, within which it would imprison all file, and reduce all things to the sorry limitations of right and wrong. I particularly regret to see you strive to compress in iron fetters the very lilies of the field.

"Or set them free in the true liberty of the children of God," answered the priest. "But I see you are about moving, and I am going to abandon Belinda for to-day and force my company on you for a few blocks. get at your meaning about—let ay—the culture of lilies."

John Veridden would not do other than assent, and he stood aside while Father Harvey addressed a few words to the invalid, which words to the man of the world. promised to come in on Saturday afternoon to hear her confession and to bring her Holy Communion early on Sunday morning. The priest then followed his ungracious companion down stairs and out into the street. At the door stood Mrs. Morris, the crippled girl's stepmother, in conversation with a group of women, as frowsy and untidy as herself. A silence fell upon thom and there was an intense deference in their manner towards the priest, an uneasy, deprecating self-consciousness which Veridden secretly indignant. John But Father Harvey had a everyone of the group, calling them by name and addressing a few pleasant sentences to each upon the weather or the children or some local happen-

ing in the neighborhood. When the two men, priest and cynic, had passed on they stood a few moments upon the pavement and looked about them. High tenement houses arose on either side of the street, shutting out the light of heaven. Old clothes shops, taverns or cheap groceries, with half rotting fruits and vegetables, aided the garbage barrels in polluting the air Grimy human beings swarmed at the windows, children in all stages of rags and filth sprawled over the sidewalks. drunken men reeled past, slovenly, un-kempt women gossiped in doorways with loud laughter and coarse speech. " Our lily has but a thorny setting,

observed the priest.
"Yes, but it is a lily," snapped John

Veridden.
"Granted," agreed the priest, "and as we have this common basis of agree as we have this common basis of agreement, I am presently going to ask you a searching question. I know you, Mr. Veridden, by name and reputation."

"You know me by name and reputation?" interrupted John Veridden.

Then you know me, sir, as the avowed enemy of all priest-craft, all shams, all factitious bonds by which men are held in restraint. And knowing all this,

own opinions as I to mine," laughed the priest, "and though I dissent from almost every one of your views, an honest foe can be met with respect and leference.

"Are you an honest foe?" queried

"Idle to say that I am no foe at all to you as an individual," smiled the priest, "and as to my honesty, why, if I be an honest man, in the words of the vorld poet, God keep me so. the subject of our discourse was to be lilies, their treatment and their

"Well, then!" cried John Veridden "putting aside metaphor, I say and repeat that that girl yonder has a beautiful nature, capable, if taught, of attaining the highest flights. I mean to educate her and place her where she belong—in the aristogracy of intellect." longs—in the aristocracy of intellect."
"She has, I agree with you, a beautiful nature," observed the priest, "in

tiful nature," observed the priest, "in the highest degree spiritual and susceptible to the workings of grace. And I mean, Mr. Veridden, as her pastor, and so responsible for her, to place her where she belongs—amongst the chosen of God." The two men stood and regarded

each other under the pitiless glare of the sun, with the sickening, fetid at-mosphere of the crowded thoroughfare about them. There was defiance the one part, a calm earnestness on the 'She is like," said the priest, break ing the stillness, "the snow as it falls from heaven, unsullied and free from

sin as human nature may be. "Do not mention sin, sir, in her congrowled John Veridden. nection,

Father Harvey laughed as he said Your poet of nature styles the Vir-

gin Mother 'Our tainted nature's solitary boast,' and he is right. But the question I wanted to ask you, Mr. Veridden, is simply this: How do you account for the marvellous preservation of this lily in such surroundings?'

He waved his hand and the again. He waved his hand and the cynic was aware that this gesture included not only the ali-pervading squalor and

low level of living, but the drunken father and the slovenly stepmother. Yet he answered boldly. By nature's laws, preserving her

"By nature's laws, preserving not highest products."
"Wrong, Mr. Veridden, wrong," cried the priest "this exquisite nature has been preserved by the faith and the virtues springing from the faith of her Irish mother, dead a little more than a year ago, and by her own fervent practice of religion."

"You mean that she has been presented by the iron restraints of your

served by the iron restraints of your Romish Church, which have kept her in fetters, imposed iron restraints, re-stricted her already limited life into arrow bonds?" questioned John Ver-"Which has rather taught her bright

soul to soar above bonds into the eter-nal regions," corrected the priest; " has shown her the light beyond the prison gates."
He paused, and even the cynic be

him was struck with the expres sion of his face.
"Think you, Mr. Veridden," he went

on, "that without the living grace of the Sacraments, of prayer, of faith and the Sacraments, of prayer, of latth and practice, this girl (and mark you, numberless others) could breathe this atmosphere without becoming vitiated. To take lower ground altogether, could Belinda Morris have ever compre hended your flights of poetry had she not been prepared for it by the divine poetry of the Church?"

John Veridden was silent, unconvinced, but perplexed and too honest to deny what he could not controvert.

"One thing I ask of you before we part," asked the priest earnestly." and this has been my chief reason for de-siring this conversation with you; that you will not by word or glance seek to insettle the girl's untroubled faith. unsettle the girl's untroubled later. Believe me, it is her only comfort and solace in all misfortunes, but it is her safeguard. Remember the awful responsibility you would incur, and for which, be certain, you would have to answer at the bar of divine justice."

John Veridden glared. He was con-scious at first of a furious anger against the priest's impertinence. Then he the priest's impertinence. Then he rather liked his courage and evident earnestness and so stood still unde-cided, while Father Harvey held out ais hand with a frank smile.
"I should like," Mr. Veridden," he

said, "to see you occasionally, if only to discuss the best methods for the culsaid. ture of lilies."

John Veridden did not take the

proffered hand and turned away with a curt nod and a slight touching of his After that Father Harvey from time

to time heard many facts about John Veridden, his conduct, his startling lapses from conventional decorum, so that the priest looked grave when he heard from Belinda that "the gentle was still a frequent visitor to man " ne top floor of the east-side tenement The girl's artless talk about nature, the gleam of heaven's blue, above the dimness and dinginess, the flower in the cleft of the rocks, the daisy of the with its message to humanity, d not have been disquieting in would not have itself but for the unbounded admiration for her cynical visitor, which seemed to possess her. The only thing which seemed to reassure the priest even in a measure, was that one glimpse he had had of John Veridden's face transfigured. He therefore did not try directly to counteract the cynic's influence, nor even to decry his pantheistic love of nature

He, too, talked poetry to the girl, but he fed her mind unwards from the perfection of the flower to the infinite perfection of the Creator, from the perfection of the Creator, from the beautiful places of earth to the supreme loveliness of the Christian's abiding place, from the ideal happiness which John Veridden pictured, founded on unreal conditions, to the beatitude of the just made perfect. the just made perfect.

"Confound it all, sir, cried the cynic, meeting Father Harvey at the door one afternoon, "you have stuffed her head full of cities of pure gold and gates of pearl and walls of jasper, with founda-tions of precious stones, emeralds and you meet me on terms of courtesy, even friendliness."

"You are in one sense as free to your porphyry and sardonyx and hyacinth,

and Heaven knows what besides. She's

Yet with all John Veridden's sharp ness there was a whimsical gleam of humor in his eyes as he spoke.

"And pray, Mr. Veridden, what has been the effect on Belinda's mind?"

asked the priest calmiy.
"The effect of a narcotic!" cried
John Veridden. "She bore pain, she
smiled through tears of agony, she an-

swered her drunken brute of a father like an angel and bore with that foultongued stepmother, because, as she said: What does it matter if only we're

happy in heaven one day?""
"And what does it matter, John

"And what does it matter, John Veridden?" asked the priest.
"Why, I say, what do you mean," blustered the cynic.
"Simply that I ask you, with your experience of life, of its light places and its dark, its so-called pleasures and intellectual enjoyments—what does it all matter compared with comething it all matter compared with something that is stable and permanent and that something complete happiness? entangle and

"Are you trying to confuse me with your sophistry? The priest shrugged his shoulders.

"Go home and think it all over," he said: "take every possible argument for and against my theory and tell me if I am doing wrong in striving to bring Heaven into the lives of the poor and

"If you believed it, sir, it might be different," sneered John Veridde A crimson flush arose from Father Harvey's chin to his very forehead,

he spoke quietly.
I pass over the insult; the Catholic priesthood take that as their daily bread, but I ask you as man to man, here face to face and eye to eye, do you believe that I am living a daily you believe that I am living a daily talsehood? Do you suppose that I have sacrificed home, friends, comfort, some measure of wealth, the career that I might have followed in order to teach systematically what I knew to be false. Have I no shining Paradise as my goal, no country of perpetual gladness to solace me for the heart-

breaks of this?" It was a strange scene, that squalid and dingy purlieu, and those two of different views standing thus enting each other. John Veridden yed the priest for an instant or two of tense silence, then he exclaimed in a

ntense sitence, then be excluded in proken voice:
"I spoke hastily; I believe you are sincere in your belief."
From that moment, when his belief in man was reconstructed, became posterior man was reconstructed. ible a still more tremendous resolution his ability to believe in God. He went home, his whole nature in chaos, but with its dark places prepared for the great light that was approaching. All that night John Veridden wrestled, prostrate on his face, upright, pacing restlessly, kneeling at length in sup-

The fruit of that terrible vigil was a hasty line to the priest: "I was wrong and you were right. You best understand the culture of lilies."

In a convent chapel was seen at least the alliest to the results of the results of the results.

length the climax to this simple story f life. A solemn impressive service taking place was the investiture of a novice with the habit of religion. The postulant was fair and slender, with eyes of luminous blue, and the hair that ell under the sacrificial scissors was of shining gold. A large slice of John Veridden's future had gone to a surgeon of international repute, who made the infirm whole and transformed the cripple of the east-side tenement into the prospective nun. While the arose triumphant in the "Te Deu the strong soul of a whilom cynic wrung with a fierce, human pain, which perhaps but one spectator guessed. John Veridden had given the gir given the girl health, the restored use of her limbs, the education of which he had once dreamed, Christianized under the guidance of Father Harvey, and perhaps in return he had hop with him, to give her a home and a name and a measure of earthly happi-ness. But, following the path traced out for her by her spiritual guide, Belinda had found her way into that losed garden where the lilies bloom orever, awaiting their transplanting to he eternal meadows.

Despite his conversion, it was not asy for John Veridden at first to undertand the meaning of vocation, but he was very humble in the ordeal and freely acknowledged that he was unworthy of Belinda and that she was secure in a sheltered home.

"She is safe now," whispered Father Harvey, when the ceremony was over, "and, believe me, for her it is best. Our lily will bloom now forever in the eternal gardens."
"But what will become of me? How

shall I ever find her there," the former cynic in deep anguish of

In our father's house there are many mansions," said the priest solemnly, "and in one of them, through aith and love and through what you have done for these, my little ones, you will some day find your lily."—Anna T. Sadlier, in The Pilgrim.

How Mary Loved God.

St. Bernardine asserts, that Mary, while she lived on earth, was continually loving God. And he adds further, that she never did anything that she did not know was pleasing to God; and that she loved Him as much as she knew He ought to be loved. Hence, according to Blessed Albertus Magnus, it may be said that Mary was filled with so great charity that a greater was not possible in any pure creature on this earth (L. de Laud Virg. c. 96.) For this reason, St. Thomas of Villanova has said, that the Virgin, by her ardent charity, was made so beautiful, and so enamored her God, that, captivated, as it were, by love of her, He descended into her womb to become man (Conc. 5, in Nat. Dom.) Wherefore, St. Bernar-dine exclaims: "Behold a Virgin who by her virtue has wounded ar captive the heart of God." Serm. 61.)