A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

L -CONTINUED.

"She wrote to you," repeated Ordotte in those same slow, significant tones which made Mrs. Brekbellew feel like strangling him, "and you, no doubt, re-plied, comforting her and sympathizing

She could endure no more; she felt that if one word further was to reach her fromh lips, s. could scream or faint, or do so e other startling thing so she rose, masing some remark about the intense heat of the room, and taking the arm of the Count de Chamont, who had also risen to assist her, she went into one of the adjoining spartments. Ordotte was secretary delighted. He

had settled in his own mind, beyond the reach of any further doubt, the fact that Mrs. Brekbellew was the wife of Mackay fact that Mrs. Brekbellew was the wile of Mackey, and not Mrs. Carnew; and he felt assured that when he should send the next morning a request for a private interview with Mrs. Brekbellew, he would not be refused, he might have been, had he not touched so keenly her sense of safety that even-ing; so, with the happy air of a man who ing; so, with the happy air of a man who has won an unexpected triumph, he addressed himself to the rest of his little audience, and interested them so much that they forgot to comment upon Mrs.

Brekbellew.
That lady had requested to be left alone, and retring to a part of the house where no sound of her gay company could reach hear, she strove to calm and re-assure herself.

assure herself.
That Ordotte believed she should have been the one accused, instead of Ned, she had read unmistakably in his eyes, but had read hamistakasiyin his eyes, but how did he know, she asked herself over and over. Had Ned then broken her oath, and told him, and had he come to Paris to beard her with her guilt? But why take this roundabout course, if such was his object? Why not openly and briefly accuse her? Did her father know? Had Ned told him also? And then sh remembered how particularly cold and short was Mr. Edgar's last letter.

She beat her foot into the carpet in her rage, and clasped her hands together, un-til the nails cut into the flesh; but all brought her no help. On every side she seemed to see a confirmation of her fears that Ned had broken her oath and told everything, and that nothing she could do would avert now the guilt from her

own shoulders. own shoulders.

Then she reverted to Ned's letter, which had been so explicit and so touching; Mrs. Carnew had detailed every link in the circumstantial evidence agains Brekbellew was in full possession of every particular, from the arrival of the woman Bunmer with the child, and the statement of the minister, to Ned's own departure from Rahandabed. And as she thought of it all, etili beating her foot and clinging her hands, she strove to reassur

olf by saving "Why am I such a coward? Since every one of them, from Banmer to that dolt Hayman, took Ned for me, why canif ace all this out? My word, my if necessary, will have as much that with my father as Ned's will. do I let his random remarks in this manner? And I shall not. shall send word to these people below that I am indisposed, and then I shall have him up here, and extract the worst and show him my scorn and for what he has had the

effrontery to say to me."
Thus Ordotte found himself privately requested to go above stairs, and a prud-ent servant conducted him to Mrs. Brek-

was seated, and in the subdued

She was seated, and in the subdued light of the room he could hardly tell the difference between the color of her face and the white hue of her dress.

With a motion, she desired him to take a chair near her own, and then she said in a tone of cold, and offended dignity:

"I have sent for you, Mr. Ordotte, to

give you the opportunity of explaining what you said to me this evening: why the mere fact of my resembling Mrs. Car-new should make it possible for me to be ed of what she may have done?" Ordotte answered with the easy manner of one replying to the most ordinary

only explanation of what I have said is to access you boldly, madam, of what has been visited on poor, slaudered Mrs. Carnew; you were the wife of Mac-

kay, and you are the mother of his child." She rose then, in her haste and anger

upsetting her chair, and he also stood up, but in the same calm, easy way in which You forget yourself, sir; you transcend

every privilege that admission to my presence has given you, and I can only regard your statement as proceding from a brain disordered by wine or by a made strove hard to speak with the same

cool dignity with which she had first addressed him, that she might the better impose upon him, and force him at least to a partial retraction of what he had said but in spite of all her efforts, her voice

and her form trembled.
Ordotte, looking at her sharply, deemed it as well to come to his point at once.

"Mrs. Brekbellew" — his voice had changed to such a deep, firm tone, it seemed to be like another person speak-

ing:
"All your dissimulation with me is wasted. I know what you have done, and had you not sent for me to-night, I should have sent to you to-morrow morn-ing for the purpose of saying what I shall I desire from you, over your own signature, a statement to the effect that you were the wife of Mackay, that you are the mother of his child, and the cessive steps by which you contrived have Mrs. Carnew accused of all that you have done. I desire this statement in order to show it to Alan Carnew. As have been the cause of his separation from his wife, so you must effect their reconciliation. I also desire this statement to show to Mr. E. gar."

"Pray," she said with tremulous sar-casm, "is there any one else you desire to show this statement to?" she said with tremulous sar-

No," he answered, in the same deep, firm voice; "I shall spare you any fur-ther disgrace. As my object alone is to prove Mrs. Carnew's innocence to those who are nearest to her, I shall be satisfied in attaining that. Your husband and your husband's relatives shall be left in ignorance of your prior marriage

she fairly hissed his Mr. Ordotte. "I regret that you have come upon foolish errand. If I had forgotten such a foolish errand. If I had forgotten all that I shall tell them, they will be myself so far as to marry in secret a gardener's worthless son, and if I had from them. The only source you will

given birth, also in secret, to his child, I say, if I had done these degrading things, do you think I would be so unjust to my own interests as to grant what you so coolly request? You certainly have own interests as 16 grant who you couly request? You certainly have reckoned most insanely, and since that alone, to use your own words, was the object of your intended call upon me, we shall consider this interview ended."

shall consider this interview ended."

She crossed to put her hand upon the bell, but he intercepted her.

"Although," he said, with an air and tone which she could not oppose, "the sole object of my desire to see you was, and is, to obtain the proof of Mrs. Carnew's innocence, still, I have something more to say and as that something more more to say, and as that something more will be rather lengthy, I advise you to be

He drew a chair forward for her. it disdainfully away.

bowed, and resumed:

"A gentleman was once placed, through
the ill-feeling and spite of his brother, in such circumstances as not to know his own infant daughter from the infant daughter of his brother, whose wife was a low woman of ill-repute. The brother asserted that he knew, having privately marked the child with a certain subtle essence that had been obtained from India in some way by one of his rictous companions. The peculiarity of this marking essence was that only for the few moments which it lay upon the flesh could be detected whatever might have been imprinted there, and as the brother refused to say where he had marked the child, but that somewhere upon her per son were the letters E. E., and that he alone had the secret of reproducing these letters, the father was unable to tell which was his own child. The brother, ast his wife shortly after the birth of the children, departed of the children, departed to some foreign country, and the unhappy father, fearing to do injustice to his own child, took both

the infants."

He paused abroptly because of the labored breathing of Mrs. Brekbellew. With a vague dread of she knew not what, she was linking his story with the what, she was linking his story with the senseless marking scene of an hour be-fore, and the very gleam of his eyes— those eyes that even in Rahandabed seemed to be constantly reading her through—now acting upon her like a painful probe, made her almost uncon

sciously breathe hard and heavily.

"You had better be seated," he said again attempting to place a chair for her. she waved it away as she had done

The brother went abroad, and a length to India, where he met some on who became in time his most confidential friend. To this friend the brother in his softened moments, which only cam when his health was broken, and mind was filled with regret for the hap piness that in his earlier years he had thrown so ruthlessly aside, opened his heart. He told the story of what his own malice had accomplished with re-gard to his brother's child, and at the same time confessed that he could not conquer himself sufficiently to take any steps of reparation; but he said that after his death his friend might tell all he knew, and he told this friend in wha part of India this marking essence had been procured.

"Strange, very strange circumstances sent this friend to the very house which sheltered two young girls marvellously alike in appearance, bearing the same alike in appearance, name, and in every particular corroborating the story told by this brother. Th friend marked it all, and waited. knew that his lips were sealed until he should hear of the death of this brother From the time that he had left India he had heard nothing directly of the brother and only very indirectly, that the latte had disappeared no one seemed to know

"At length, when a time came in which one of those young girls was vilely accused, and, the friend thought from his careful observation of her character, unjustly so, he conceived the idea of going to India and searching for some trace of this brother. He did, but found nothing more than that he had left the country in an exceedingly feeble condition of health, shortly after the friend himself had gone, and it was supposed he must have died in some foreign hospital. That informa-tion the friend deemed sufficient to free him from his oath, and having secure the marking essence, he came to Paris test it first on one of the young ladies whom he had referred. He did so he came to Paris t night, and by it he has made the discovery that she who passes for Mr. Edgar's daughter is not sustained by any proof.

Do you now recognize the characters my story. Mrs. Brekbellew? T my story, Mrs. Brekbellew? The gentleman of whom I spoke is Mr. Ei-gar; his brother is your father, and the friend is your humble servant:" bowing

"I refused to use any more of the seence to night, lest there might not be ufficient to make the test upon the wrist

of Mrs. Carnew."

Ha stopped, but his listener did not answer him. She seemed frezen in her horrified amazement, and he fancied that hereyes, beautiful as they were, resembled the wild eyes of frantic animals he had seen in the jungles.

But, at last her voice came to her-s broken, husky, and utterly changed

voice.
"I do not believe you. This tale is an invented Indian story, like those you told in Rahandabed."

I howard as he replied: He bowed, as he replied

Thank you for the compliment to my veracity, but you shall have the proof of the truth of my story in a few weeks, when not only Rahandabed, but Paris and London shall gossip of the downfall of Mrs. Brekbellew, who had been a usurp-

er all her life."
She turned from him and wrung her O God! how her cruel wrongs to another were about to be visited upon her own head. Then she turned back and extended her clasped hands to him in

Have you no pity for me? I never you a wrong. What will you gain by did you a wrong.

exposing me? "Had you any pity for her whose hap-piness you have blighted? And you ask what I shall gain by exposing you? I shall gain the approval of my own con-science for having unmasked evil. No Mrs. Brekbellew, I have no pity for you further than to refrain from proceeding t the extreme measure of acquainting your husband with what you did prior to your marriage to him, and that you are not the daughter of Mr. Edgar. And, further, I shall guarantee that Mr. Edgar and Mr. and Mrs. Carnew will preserve the same silence. I know, that in consideration

have to fear will be the gossip of Rahand-abed, for, in justice to Mrs. Carnew, the whole truth must be told, not alone to the mistress of that place, but also to each of mistress of that place, but also to each of the guests. However, goesip so distant may not be wafted here, and if it should be perhaps your fertile brain may find some means of depriving it of its effect. This is the utmost I can do for you, Mrs. Brekbellew, and this I pledge myself to do, if you will give me the clear, written statement for which I have asked."

He retreated a little, as if he considered all argument at an end, and she turned away as if to reflect upon his proposition; but she was unable to think. Her head seemed to be on fire, even while her limbs were trembling as if from a chill, and she had a sort of wild desire to clutch at something, like a person falling from a height. At length she compelled her thoughts to fall into something like order. What if she still braved it all by a firm denial? Since Ned had been mistaken for her by the very persons who alone could what proof of her guilt could be obtained

what proof of her guint count be obtained apart from her own admission?

There was indeed one, Annie Mackay, who she feared could be got to testify against her, if she had not become the crazy, though harmless creature her brother's suicide had made her. And that she still remained demented Mrs. Brekbellew was well aware, for in every letter she wrote to Mr Edgar, she requested to be informed of Annie's condition, and he as often answered that she still with her aunt in Rochester, and was still harmlessly, but entirely and in-curably insane. So, with that one, fierce defiant impulse uppermost, and forge ting for the instant the other sword pended above her, in the fact that Or-dotte would prove she was not Edgar's daughter, she turned, and said quickly: "You have no proof of what you assert of me in regard to this Mackay, and I deny it all; and I shall continue to deny

She had forced to her aid a courage the reaction of which she knew would sickening, but its present help was wo it enabled her to stand very firmly, and very erect, and to speak with

something of her own old voice.

But Ordotte answered, almost as if he

had expected such a speech, and was quite prepared for it: "Then, Mrs. Brekbellew, I have only course to pursue: to night, I shall see ir husband—I am well aware of his nightly resort-and acquaint him with all that I have told you; in the present state of his reduced fortune, it will con-cern him a little to learn that you are not the heiress he supposes you to be. Immediately after that, I shall write to a England who will make it his business to acquaint your husband's uncle, the weathy old bachelor, Mr theory Brekbellew, with the fact that the wife of his nephew is but the portionless niece of Mr. Edgar. And my third proceeding shall be, to cause it all to become common gossip in every club-room in Paris and London; not alone the fact of your being no heiress, but the fact also of your secret marriage to Mackay, and you inmotherly treatment of your own child I have ways and means to circulate such news rapidly, and scandal-loving people will believe all, despite a thousand denials from you. Good-night, Mrs. Brek-

He turned away, and had reached the door. She glared after him like a mad-woman, but she seemed to have no power to speak. His hand was upon the knob of the door. With a gasp she rushed to

him "Stay," she cried, "give me a moment

He turned back, but still kept near the

"O Mr. Ordotte! have some pity upon me. To do what you say will deprive me of everything. My husband is his uncle's heir, and if his uncle should hear these things about me he may insist upon a separation between us. If my husband should hear them he may become indigthere are the helpless as an infant in the helpless as a new the helpless as an infant in the helpless as a new the helpless and helpless as a new the help nant enough to sue for a divorce. Then, what means of support should I have? O Mr. Ordotte! listen to me. Let your heart be touched!"

Let your

fears water and the state of the state o

Tears were streaming down her cheeks, and were he not fortified by the thought of Mrs. Carnew, away from her husband, and suffering for the wrong Joing of this very suppliant, he might have been touched, and have actually yielded to the frantic place but as it was, he agswered frantic plea, but as it was, he auswered

By agreeing to the plan I propose, Mrs. Brekbellew, you may preserve your hus band's affections and those of his uncle I can do nothing else for you.

"Nothing else," she moaned, and then seeing how cold and determined was the tawny face above her, she rose, gasping: "Come to-morrow, then; I shall have the statement for you."

"Pardon me, Mrs. Brekbellew; to-morrow will not do. I must have it tonight

To night!' she repeated, and again feeling that there was no appeal from that hard, determined man, she said, through her tears:

"Come into the library."

He followed her, and as they went, stray sounds of the music and mirth below floated up to them, causing the wretened woman to shiver and groan in-wardly. Would she ever take part in the

same again? Ordotte dictated the statement, and she attempted to write, but her hand trembled so she could not form a legible letter. She took a second sheet of paper, but the result was the same; then a third, and so she continued, until the first page of five successive sheets was blurred and spoiled. 'I cannot write it to-night,' she said; you see I cannot. Come in the morn-

"Oh, no!" he answered coolly, throwng himself back in his chair. wait until you become calmer, wait until morning if necessary."

Finding that there was no escape, she forced herself to the task at last; wrote from his dictation a clear, confirmatory statement of all of which he had accused ner, at the end singing her name and

ating it.
She was rising from her chair then.
She was rising from her chair then. Wait a moment, Mrs. Brekbellew said quietly; "you have not done all yet. I require a letter from you to Mr. Edgar, stating what you have done to night, and explaining how you were able to escape from his espionage long enough to con-tract this secret marriage, and longenough afterward to give secret birth to a child. This statement," taking the latter from This statement," taking the latter from the table, "would scarcely be sufficient without something of the kind to con-vince Mr. Edgar, and if necessary, to convince Alan Carnew.'

"Such a letter is outside of your pro-position, sir," she said, aghast at this new require it now," he answered

quietly.

If only she could have strangled him as he sat there; and for an instant she glanced down at her small white hands and then at him, as if she might be

suring her strength for an attack. e arranged himself more comfortably in his chair, as if he expected to have to wait some time for her compliance with this additional demand, but his face pre served its cold, hard, determined expres-

She resumed herseat, and tried to think that a letter such as he required would make her fate no harder than would the written statement she had already given. And what difference could it make, since she was after all not Mr. Edgar's daughshe was after all not MI. Engars daugerer! She felt, somehow, that having angered him so much by marrying Brekbellew, he would have little difficulty, perhaps even he would be rather glad of the excuse to cast her altogether out of his paternal affections. Then, she thought, what it whether a tory were not true; but what if Ordotte's story were not true: but there was so much within even her own experience to convince her of its truth the strange resemblance between hersel and Ned, the similarity of their names and Mr. Edgar's interest until recent years and Mr. Edgar's interest until recent years in Ned, all these circumstances tainly strongly corroborative of his tale But, what if the essence should fail to produce any more mark upon Ned's wrist than it had done upon her own? Even, not doubting that the letters had been ingrafted, might not—despite what Ordotte had said of length of time making no difference—the twenty-three years that had elapsed since the time of the marking have obliterated them beyond even the power of the mysterions essence to recall? And, in that case, Mr. Edgar would be in as much doubt as ever, and she could still claim to be his daughter. But, somehow the could not get herself to adopt doubt, and looking back again at the tawny face reclining against the crimson cushion of the chair, she seemed to read in every line of it a sort of undeniable as surance that everything he said was true -it was almost as if some one had told her that he had already tried the essence

in secret upon Ned, and that it had worked as he expected it to do. She turned back to the table and resumed her pen. But what or how should she write to him whom he was access tomed to addrest as "My dear father?" She could not say that now, neith she bring herself to write Mr. Elgar, or even Sir; and at length, in desperation, she determined to begin without addressing him at all, and to write it in a brief, business-like way. So, she drew the paper to her, and wrote with nervous naste a mere repetition of what she had written at Ordotte's dictation. announced that she had finished, he rose

and stood beside her while he read it.
"This will not do, Mrs. Brekbellew, with stern determination, as he returned her letter to the table, "it makes nothing clear; you do not give a single explanation of how in any instance you contrived to escape from Mr. Edgar's espionage sufficiently long to further your plans. I shall have to dictate this letter, have already dictated your state

He drew his chair close to hers, placed another sheet of paper before her, and said as he resumed his seat: "Please state there how you first be-

came acquainted with young how, when, and where you were married to him, and by what means you deceived him into believing that you were Miss Ned Edgar, and not Miss Edna Edgar. When you have done that I shall dictate

the rest to you. Even if the circumstances about he were not the desperate ones they were, she could hardly have resisted the stern determination of the will opposed to her own; something in the keen, glittering eyes, which never turned for an instant the toils of her own making. She wrote as he had commanded her to do, and thus it was with the rest of the letter. thus it was with the rest of the letter. Ordotte compelled her to disclose every link in her hidden chain of guilty facts; it seemed at times, from his sharp dictation as to what she should write, as if he must have known of those secret events from some marvellous intuition, and often she stopped to look at him with a sort of ghastly surprise, but his face, with its team pullivative and presented no other keen, glittering eyes, presented no other aspect than that of an indomitable resolu-

It was finished at length, and as she looked at the closely written pages, and thought how fully exposed in them was every circumstance of those acts which even were she E lgar's child, must fill his heart with anger and loathing for her she bowed her head involuntarily on the

table and sobbed aloud.
Ordotte merely pushed back his chair a little and waited.
While she sobbed she had some wild

desire to append a few words of penit desire to appear a less words of penic ence; to beg her father, or uncle, which ever he was, not to east her memory en tirely out of his heart; but, when she lift ed her head and dried her eyes, sh thought half scornfully that such an ap pendix would only be an additiona bumiliation, and productive of no benefit No; her letter might go as it was, and would put out of her heart every remembrance of the past. Not even a throb of motherhood for her abandoned offspring came to her. It was Mackay's child and the hatred which she had for him as the cause of her present trouble an disgrace extended itself to the neglected

"Do you wish to write anything more?" he asked, when her emotion had quite ceased, and he had assured himself that her letter was completed, so far as regarded the facts which he had re-

little one. Its future was nothing to he so long as it was kept out of her way

and that. Ordotte had promised her should

quested. "No," she answered sullenly.

"Then direct it, if you please." He folded it for her; and when she had written Mr. Edgar's name, he sealed it with the wax at hand, and put it together with her statement, into the leather case, a compartment of which contained the vial of essence. Then he said a respectful good night, to which, if she heard it she was quite indifferent. she heard it, she was quite indifferent, and he left the room, guiding himself to the port-cochere, where he met some of the other guests also taking their departure.

TO BE CONTINUED

WHAT WE NEED. Mgr. Conaty's Address at a Recent As sociation Re-union.

Said Mgr. Conaty in the admirable ermon which he delivered at the twenty fifth anniversary celebration of the Young Men's Catholic Association

in Boston recently: ness, the means by which true mera development may be assured, and I have no hesitation in asserting that greatness, as well as the means of all true moral development, is in C: r stianity. What the century needs is Christ; what the individuals and the nations need is Christ, and there should be no doubt in our minds as to these truths.

"The new century, as our great Pontiff, Leo XIII., has recently said needs more than anything else the restoration of Christian disposition and the virtue of old times.' The life plood which the nations need is the blood of Jesus Christ, and the culture that saves mind and heart is the culture which finds its soul in the truth of God Ramove Christ from the world and you renove its salvation.
"At the beginning of the new cen

tury we must look back to realize that it was the birth at Bethlehem that changed the face of society. It taught mankind the meaning of liberty, equality, fraternity. It made Christian charity possible. The present age indeed is drifting away from the

moorings of Christiani y.

"The spirit of unrest and rebellion prevails largely among the children of men, with all our vaunted civilization. Class is set against class ; the masses antagonize the classes; the rich and the poor are in conflict, and why Bacause men have abandoned the Saviour of Bethlehem.

"In the name of humanity much error creeps into the lives and minds of men, because it is a humanity with out Christ. It drives men into doubt and infidelity, leads them into false socialism, sensualism, anarchy; inposes all yokes but the yoke Christ. Ecrors as to the nature of Christ must necessarily lead to cor ruption ; for it is in the light of Carist's true nature that virtue, right and duty take the proper meaning.

" From this direction, therefore, may expect the power that will make for good in the new century. It will not be confined to material advancement, social progress, national pros perity. All these will surely exert in After all, the essential force fluence. that makes nations truly great is in the moral characters of the people.

"If the vital force in society found in the supernatural life of the people, we must conclude that the real danger in society is in materialism expressing itself in commerce ; in human culture, in humanitarianism, put for ward as the pure and simple objects of individual and national life. All of this divorced, as it is, from religion, s Twentieth Century paganism; a Christless and creedless intellectualism and benevolence. Its agent is a so called education which make religion an elective study, thus practically gnoring religion altogether; an educational system which aims at what is called general morality without a divine Christ, and religion without a divinity constituted teacher. Its great cry is liberalism, but it is a

"We, indeed, need morality, but it is not the morality of a Confucius or a Buddha or of a Mohammed or Morcus Aurelius, nor of all combined, but the morality taught by Christ, the Son of the living God. We need religion, but not a mere subjective religion built on the whim and caprice of men and changing of the fashions, but the religion pure and undefiled in spirit and in truth which Christ brought into the world, the religion which has made the world Christian.

"If, then, we attempt to locate the cause of the failure of our modern civilization to achieve results for goodness in men, we are pretty near the right in asserting that it is largely due to the systems of education which do not aim to make and preserve us Christians. 'Men are awakening to the danger,

and on all sides we hear cries for greater moral development as a remedy tor the evils of our modern society. In a comparison of the present condition f mankind with that which met the first mercies of the Saviour we will find little to make us proud. In material things, tremendous advance; in spiritual, society is sick at heart from

sin and defiance of God.
"Twenty centuries have worked out the solution of many social, polit ical and industrial problems, but the family and the state are drifting away from the sweet bonds of Christianity divorce is ruining the home, politica atheism is ruining the state, and mer are intoxicated with material prosper

'' How expect to form Christians in systems of education which are built upon a philosophy without God, and a psychology which is ignorant of the immortal soul? How preserve Christians through educational leaders who poast that the science they know leas is the science of God and Jesus Christ? It is not surprising that indifference, irreligion, agnosticism and naturism result

"Let the cry for a regenerated manhood be heard throughout the world. Let it be the shibboleth of the century. We must not let the faith and traditions of twenty centuries b weakened. No maudin liberality should allow us to sacrifice the rights of God while battling for the rights of There are too many people who like to tell men. Let the manhood of the Twen-

tieth Century to be a manhood of conscience and heart, as well as of intellect. a manhood not suffocated with traffic, or wealth, or political success, but one which knows the value of life and estimates the spiritual beyond comparison with things temporal

"This development must come from Christian schools, in which the divine family of Nazareth forms the model of true family life, for the family is the foundation upon which the state is built.

"Religion has to meet the intellectual and scientific character of the age, and Catholics should be thoroughly well equipped for the battle. It is no longer a question of warring sects, whose tenets fail to satisfy the de-mands of life. It is now at battle beween faith and unbelief, between authority and individualism, between revealed religion and the purely natmo Dj wh ton

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"Among men, the Catholic college man has a tremendous responsibility in this work of saving society to Christ. He has had the training to fit him for life, he has obtained the knowledge by which he is able to understand the re lations between man and man, between man and society, and between both and God.

"Oar hope for the future is in the Church of God. It is in the lives of men of faith. It is in organizations like your Young Men's Catholic Asso ciation. Our congratulations to your association upon your work of twenty Our congratulations to your five years. Our prayers for you that the work may continue, that you may lead men to know the one true God, and Jesus whom He has sent, for this is eternal life."

A CHILDLESS PEOPLE.

The Rev. W. G. Puddefoot, of Boson, secretary of the Congregational

Society, said in a recent interview : "I was surprised to find that there has been a lamentable falling off in the number of children among the towns of New England. I visited one only a short time ago, and when I asked why there was no Sunday school there, I was told there were no chil-I took pains to get figures, and I found that in sixty families there was not one child. There were cats

and dogs, though, in quantities. Barreness was considered among the Israelites as the heaviest punishment with which the Lord could visit a

woman. What impressed the reverend gentleman is not new. There is evidence abundant that the childless of New England are so by their own choice and procurement. The town of which he speaks must have been composed of native New Englanders almost exclusively, for Dr. Nathan Allen states that 'The arts of destruction and prevention of human life are comparatively

unknown among the Irish, English and Germans of New England. cians should publish what they know on this subject it would make a shocking disclosure." And the Rev. Breing disclosure." And the Rev. Brevard D. Sinclair, paster of Old South Presbyterian Church, of Newburyport, Mass, said in a sermon preached in that city and reported in the Boston Herald of Nov. 9, 1891: "The prevention of offspring is pre-eminently the sin of this city of Newburyport and New England, and if not checked it will sooner or later be an irremediable license with the things which belong calamity. Society, the (Protestant) to God, and over which man has no Church and the public conscience is dead in this matter. bid that I should eulogize Romanism, but the Roman Catholic Church is the one church which is a practical fee to this hell born sin which has fastened

its fangs and death venom in the vital heart of marriage.
"New England is lifting up her hands to-day with pretended horror at the thought of Catholic domination. Ws are told that the Roman Catholics are going to possess New England. Through your sins they are. And they ought to. One thing is of paramount concern to God - He intends to fill this world with righteousness, and he will see to it that the people who violate His laws shall perish from the earth, and that those who obey his precepts shall occupy the place of a disobedient people. If the Romanists will obey God in this matter and rehabilitate the crumbling, decaying, rotten wrecks of home. State and England Church by obliterating this sin, then

they will and ought to possess the land of New England. I do not fear but God will biot it out, as He did Sodom and Gomorrah!"

If we judge from the sixty families without one child, sixty homes that never echo to the patter of children's feet and laughter, the warnings and exhortation of the pastor of the O.d South Presbyterian Church at Newburyport have died out and left no sign.-N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

WON WITHOUT TRYING.

A minister was one day walking siong a road, and to his astonishment he saw a crowd of boys sitting in front of a ring with a small dog in the centre. When he came up to them he

put the following question:
"What are you doing to the dog?" One little boy said: "Whoever tells

the biggest lie wins it." "On, said the minister, "I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie There was a stience for a while until

one of the boys shouted : " Hand him

up the deg !"-London Labor Laader. Rather do what is nothing to the pur-

pose than be idle, that the devil may find thee doing. - Quarles.