

"You sacrifice two good hours of sleep for a dip in the lake! I know you too well for that! You can't deny me, Eric Fremont; you are bent on some mischief!"

"I know you are disappointed," I grumbled. "You wish I were doing something romantic—fighting a duel for you, or something of that sort. I am more likely to die in the gutter here, more likely of you, Nita, but I haven't any fancy for adventures, and I do your great deal for my good name, do you realize that you are jeopardizing my reputation by keeping me here in this position? Just think of the scandal in the position if a pair of wakeful eyes should happen to glance out at me from your window."

But I had no further need of artifice. With a little squeal of dismay she sprang back and closed the blind, she snuck at my success. I was quickly sidled off the roof, slipped on my shoes, and ran lightly down the hill in the freshness of a summer's dawn. I found myself humming and whistling as I found myself sweet air as if I were gayly to my lady love instead of going to meet a summer's dawn. I was an angry rival. It was an old French-Canadian love-song that came into my head, and it struck me as irresistibly funny that I, Eric Fremont, should be beautiful and fighting duels with little Etienne, Chabert, little black-eyed Etienne, that used to sit on my knee and make me tell her stories. "A la Claire Fontaine," I sang:

By the crystal spring
I wandered wearily;
Under an oak-tree's shade
I lay me down to rest.
Long have I loved thee,
N'er can I forget thee!

Under an oak-tree's shade
I lay me down to rest.
While from the topmost branch
Sang the nightingale,
Long have I loved thee,
N'er can I forget thee!

Under an oak-tree's shade
I lay me down to rest.
While from the topmost branch
Sang the nightingale,
Long have I loved thee,
N'er can I forget thee!

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HONOR OF SHAUN MALIA.

Of the terrible periods of starvation that swept over the famine of '48 will be remembered as the most destructive and devastating. It was in the small hamlets and among the isolated tenant-farmers that the famine wreaked the greatest havoc, for among those people there were no philanthropists to give aid.

The cabin of Shaun Malia was situated on a barren tract of land, in the mountain region, some twenty-five miles northwest of Cork. There he lived with his wife and child for the five years that had ensued since the death of Captain Sanderson. This death marked an epoch in Shaun's hitherto uneventful life; for the old captain, and his ancestors for generations back, had been lords of the broad domain that surrounded "Squire" Manor. A typical country "squire" of that period, the captain was a heavy drinker and an ancient sportsman, and a poor business man. His estates were so heavily incumbered at his death that his son despaired of reclaiming them, and consequently they passed into other hands.

With the passing of the old family Shaun lost his position as gardener, for the manor house was boarded up after the sale and the Sanderson family moved away. Many a time afterwards, while tilling the soil of his stony farm on the mountain-side, he sighed for the good old days of the easy-going captain.

It had been a weary enough struggle since the first famine year, to keep starvation away, but now, with the failure of the potato crop through the blight, the captain seemed very near death. For awhile they managed to subsist on the half-decayed potatoes that they dug from the ground; but Shaun knew that they must soon be made ill by the decaying vegetables.

Even this source of food was nearly exhausted when little five-year-old Mary fell ill. The first day of her sickness Shaun sat by her bedside, motionless, a despairing glare in his eyes, and his pale, bearded face haggard with both mental and physical anguish. Maggie, his wife, sought to comfort him with words of hope as the night wore on; but in the gray hours of dawn, when she thought he was sleeping, she softly stole out of the cabin. When he followed her, he found her leaning against the window-ledge, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Come, Maggie, machree," he said; "sure I'll do ye no good to be acting this way. I was thinkin' of a plan just whin ye went out, an' whin the daylight comes I'll thray it."

Drying her eyes confusedly, she allowed him to lead her back to the cabin, dwelling while he eagerly unfolded his plan.

"A good many years ago," he said, "I had a good chinee to do a favor for a great man—a priest now he is, in the City of Cork. At that time he told me if I ever needed a friend to write to him, maybe he's forgotten me, but it'll do no harm to thray an' see. So, whin the daylight breaks, I'll walk to the village, an' although God knows it'll go against me to do it—I'll beg the price of the paper an' postage, an' write to him."

"It's a long way to the village—a good eight miles," she, dubiously; "an' ye're not strong."

"Yes," he answered wearily, as he sat on the side of the bed where the sick child lay tossing uneasily, "it's a long way, but it's our last chance. We must thray and save her."

With the first glint of the rising sun he made ready to depart, and he kissed the child before leaving. Maggie followed him to the door and laid her hand on his coat sleeve with a little pathetic gesture.

"Are ye sure ye have the strength, Shaun?" she said. "Ye know Pat Murray, the old man, started for the village two days ago, an' an'—"

Shaun looked at her curiously as he noticed her hesitation.

"I know what ye mean," he said. "They found him along the road yesterday. But don't worry, I'm strong, an' I'll be back tonight, with the help of God. Good-bye!" She stood at the door and watched him until he was swallowed up in the hazy mist of the dawn that covered the valley and made the landscape a nebulous blur. A cry from the sick child drew her into the cabin. She smoothed the little sufferer's tangled auburn locks and moistened her fevered lips with water. Then, taking her in her arms, she crooned a soothing air until the child slept.

It was night when Shaun returned, dragging his feet after him as if they were weighted. He stumbled toward the bed, and lay on it with a long-drawn sigh of weariness, closing his eyes to enjoy the sense of rest that came to him. Maggie came close to him with evident anxiety to hear the result of his errand. After awhile he opened his eyes and spoke:

"I sent the letter on the first mail. I met Squire Bagley—him that used to visit at Sanderson's—and I told him that I wanted sumpence to post a letter. He gave me a shilling, an' I bought this for her."

He pointed with his thumb towards little Mary; and Maggie noticed for the first time that he held a package in his hand. She opened the parcel and found a sixpenny loaf of dark bread, and then she broke some of the loaf into water, treasuring the mixture to the child. Before feeding the mixture to the child she offered some to Shaun; but he would not eat any, and turned away to gnaw the sodden potatoes that were on the rude table.

Another day dawned with no change in the situation. Towards evening a gale began to blow, followed by a cold, peeling rain. The scanty nourishment that had been given to the little Mary seemed to feed the fever that was consuming her, for after nightfall she commenced to rave violently. Towards midnight the air grew chilly, and Shaun put a fresh piece of turf, of which he had a plentiful supply, on the smoldering embers in the huge stone fireplace. The wind wailed miserably down the chimney, and, as if in answer to her unexpressed thought, Shaun shook his head dejectedly, saying: "No, there's no use thinkin' that any one would venture out to-night."

A few minutes later there was a contradiction to his speech in a guarded knock that came to the door. Shaun looked at the door, and his feet and hand and Maggie both rose to the door.

"Shaun! Shaun!" she cried. He buried his face in his arms, and a half-mothered sob was heard. The soldiers looked on curiously.

Suddenly Shaun rose to his feet, and shouted hoarsely: "Search the place; don't tempt me any more, I can't tell ye anything!"

It took but a few minutes to examine the hut. The cloak worn by the fugitive, still wet with rain, was taken from under the bed. Shaun looked on in then stolid face. Preparations were then made to start a roaring fire in the fireplace, so as to smother the smell of the fugitive in the chimney. Suddenly several shots were heard, and a soldier in full uniform, saluting the commanding officer, said:

"Sir, a man on horseback has just ridden through our lines on the road just below. We fired on him, but did not succeed in wounding him."

"Curse the luck that had him now among these mountain roads. But to your saddles and after him; we must do our best."

Then he addressed himself to Shaun, saying: "The finding of the criminal's cloak here in your dwelling looks bad for you, my man; but in view of your unfortunate condition, and the your unfortunate honor you have been consistent sense has decided to overlook manifested of its unbecoming visitors; and Shaun and Maggie uttered prayers for the escape of the unfortunate who had harbored, sat down to await the coming of daylight. But weariness, coupled with the exciting events of the night, proved too much for them, and after awhile both were streaming in through the window when Shaun awoke and found his last song before flying south. The sound of strange voices blended with the song of the bird, and Shaun, throwing open the door, looked out. Two gentlemen were on the path leading to the cabin. One of them was from the road; but in the other, a gray-haired, kindly-faced man in clerical garb, he recognized his friend of long ago—the man to whom all Ireland turned in the dead years of famine—Reverend Theobald Mathew.

"Thank God! Thank God!" was all that he could utter as the priest came towards him and grasped his hand.

"I was afraid that you had forgotten me, until you sent word last night," he managed to say at last.

"No, indeed, Shaun," said the priest; "I have often thought of you, and often prayed for you since that time when we met in Cork."

Turning to his companion, then he said:

"Dr. Burnham, this is Shaun Malia, or of whom you have heard here in Cork. He was a gardener in Cork when I was a young priest there, and one day I asked him to do some work on the grave of a dear friend of mine, Father O'Neil. I was away for over a year, and when I returned I learned, quite by accident, that he had been cared for by me at that time. And he thought that I might have forgotten him!"

Shaun laughed—a merry, Father Mathew laughed—a merry,

contagious laugh it was; and the doctor said:

"Father Mathew does not forget friends in a hurry; he only makes them in a hurry."

"Won't ye step inside?" said Shaun. The two visitors entered, and the doctor made an examination of little Mary while Father Mathew learned from Shaun and his wife of the escape of the mysterious visitor. Then, the doctor having finished his diagnosis, they awaited his decision.

"It is a condition of malarial fever brought about by improper food and exposure," said the medical man, "and there is no fear of an unfavorable prognosis if she receives proper treatment and nourishment."

"That's the point," said the priest. "Now, Shaun, I have made arrangements with Dr. Burnham to have your little girl taken care of at his hospital until she is entirely well. The doctor needs a hostler and a gardener, so, if you can come to terms with him the position is yours."

Father Mathew smiling expectantly, looked from Shaun to his wife. The little woman, who was sobbing hysterically, while Shaun, with a lump in his throat and his heart beating as if it would burst, could only say:

"God bless you! It's more than I deserve."

One afternoon in the early autumn, about a year after these events took place, Shaun was trimming the hedge in front of the servants' quarters. One of the servants handed him a letter. It was addressed in a bold hand and bore an American postmark. A thought of the fugitive he had harbored and saved a year before came to Shaun's mind.

"It must be from him," he said; "now I'll had out the envelope open and find enclosed two slips of paper. One of them was a draft for \$100; and on the other, written in the same bold handwriting, were the words:

"A birthday present to the little girl, from one who has had reason to know and appreciate the honor of Shaun Malia."—J. A. Foote in the Catholic World.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE AUTHOR OF THE IMITATION.

The century in which Thomas Haemerk of Kempis, commonly known as Thomas a Kempis, saw the light (1380-1471) was the transition period between the medieval and the modern world. The Crusades had done their work; the Gothic Cathedral had been built; the Miracle Play had ceased; the finishing Thomas of Aquin had put the finishing scientific monument worthy of his genius and the age; Dante had crystallized the faith and science, the fierce hate and the strong love, the politics and the theology, the whole spirit of medievalism in his sublime breaking up and in the awakening of the new, much anarchy of institutions, the general crumbling seemed bewildered, the human intellect seemed bewildered, the intellect seemed to be groping in the dark; there was a yearning of men after, they knew not what, for the night was upon them and they were impatient for the coming of the dawn.

Where were they to seek the light? This was the period of the Brothers of Common Life. The mystical spirit entered into their rule of living, but in earnest and practical a form that they became known as the Brothers of the New Devotion. It pervaded the books they wrote; its spirit was in the very atmosphere of their schools. The children attending them became imbued with it. Amongst these children was Thomas a Kempis. He afterwards became a member of the order, was ordained a priest, and lived to the advanced age of ninety-one years.

We read nothing eventful in his life. Like the venerable Bede, of his youth up he had the sweet yoke of religion. Like Bede also, it had been a pleasure for him to read and teach and write and transcribe what he found best and sacred and profane literature. And that the intellect might not grow barren through the mechanical exercise of transcribing the thoughts of others, it was made a rule that the Brothers should cultivate for themselves and according to their taste, some of the beautiful sayings and maxims of the Fathers and saints, and add thereto pious reflections, and in a labor of love for the souls of men, forming it to the child of his genius.

Another source of inspiration for that book was the beautiful example of his brethren. His convent was a spiritual garden in which were tended with great care all the virtues of the religious life. He need only remember and record. Not only in his great work but in the numerous lives of the Brothers that he has left us, he never tires of expressing his appreciation of their devotion, regularity and spirit of faith. And they were equally edified by his amiable character and great humility. They held him in honor and esteem and his influence among them was great.

Nor was he less appreciated outside his convent walls. The Cistercian monk, Adrian de But, stops the chronicle of political events to say how he is edified by his writings, especially his masterpiece, which the good monk not inappropriately styles a "metrical volume."

And so his fame has continued to grow broader, ripple after ripple, till it fills the whole world. And yet he shrank from notoriety; he loved retirement; he dreaded gossip. On, on, through the rigor of youth, through the maturity of manhood, through the gathering shadows of old age, he plied his pen and scattered broadcast devout thoughts.

Figure to yourself a man of less than medium height, rather stout in body, with forehead broad, and a strong Flemish cast of features, massive and thoughtful, bespeaking a man of medi-

tative habits; his cheeks tinged slightly brown; his large and lustrous eyes looking with a grave and far-off look as though gazing into the world of spiritual life in which his soul dwelt. This is Thomas a Kempis as he appeared to his contemporaries. We are not surprised to learn that a great many, being attracted by his reputation for science and sanctity, flocked around him to cultivate his acquaintance and pursue their studies under his guidance.

What was the inner life of this attractive soul? What were the trials, the struggles with self, the temptations through which he passed? Surely, he who is both philosopher and poet of the interior life in all its phases must have traversed the rugged path leading up to perfection with an observant eye for all the dangerous turns and treacherous pitfalls that lurk on the way. Above all he must have loved much. Above all he must have loved much. Above all he must have loved much as the object which he seeks; grand as the world which it forsakes. And in this love he found strength to overcome every obstacle.

Such was Thomas a Kempis. He had learned to repress every inordinate desire or emotion, until in his old age he was content with solitude and a book. "I have sought rest everywhere," he was wont to say, "but I have found it nowhere except in a little corner with a little book."

Leo was Fatherly.

A Rome correspondent thus tells of the reception given Governor Taft, his wife and children by Leo XIII:

"The Pope was most kind and fatherly. He had little Miss Taft stand beside his chair, and placed the interlocking of her shoulder while the interlocking of the Roman Catholic Church showed particular interest in the little ones. He asked them which they liked the better, Rome or Manila.

"They both answered that where they wanted to go was back to the United States. Their settled view on that point greatly amused the Pope."

NEURALGIC PAINS
Are a Cry of the Nerves For Better Blood.
DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS MAKE RICH, RED BLOOD AND DRIVE THESE PAINS FROM THE SYSTEM—READ THE PROOF.

A high medical authority has defined neuralgia, as "a cry of the nerves for better blood," and to effectually drive it from the system the blood must be made rich, red and pure. For this purpose there is no other medicine so prompt and sure in result as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new, rich, red blood with every dose, and impart new life and new vigor to the person using them. Mr. John Dermott, Bond Head, Ont., writes a strong proof of the certain results obtained from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind. He says: "A few years ago while working as a carpenter in Buffalo I got wet. I did not think it worth while changing my clothes at the time, but I soon began to suffer from my neglect. I awoke next morning with cramps and pains throughout my body. I was unable to go to work and called in a doctor, who left me some medicine. I used it faithfully for some time, but it did not help me. In fact I was growing steadily worse and had become so reduced in flesh that I weighed only one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. As I was not able to work I returned to my home at Bond Head. Here I placed myself under the care of a local doctor, which had taken a thorough hold upon my entire system. Misfortune seemed to follow me, for the doctor's treatment did not help me, and I think my neighbors at least did not believe I was going to get better. I had often read and heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in this emergency I determined to try them. I had not used more than three boxes before I felt that the pills were helping me. I felt that on I gained day by day, and after I had used some ten or twelve boxes, I had fully recovered my old-time strength, and have since been able to work at my trade as a carpenter without any trouble. I have no pains or aches, and I now weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an invaluable medicine and shall always have a good word to say for them."

When the nerves are astrung, when the blood is pure or watery, or when the system is out of order, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the medicine to take. They cure all troubles arising from these causes, and make weak, despondent men and women bright, active and strong. Protect yourself against imitations by seeing that the name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper of each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Ringing in the Ears.
This is an unending sign of deafness, and if not checked will ultimately result in deafness. The simplest remedy is Catarrhine, which is a cathartic condition from spreading. Catarrhine is a few times daily, prevents the ozone quickly from the ringing in the ears, and gives permanent relief to the sufferer. For Catarrhine in any part of the system, Catarrhine is a specific. Catarrhine is a powerful purgative, and is guaranteed to permanently cure or your money back. Large size, \$1.00; trial size, 25c. Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation.

They Drive Pimples Away.—A face covered with pimples is unsightly. It tells of internal irregularities which should long since have been corrected. The liver and the bowels are not performing their functions in the healthy way they should, and these pimples are the result of the blood poisoning. Pimples on the face will drive them all away, and will leave the skin clear and clean. There will be another witness to their excellence.

FOR INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES.—Among the many remedies which Pimples on the face is a specific. It is called forth many letters of recommendation from those who have been cured of their eyes. It is a powerful and a blood purifier, and is guaranteed to cure the eye and the result is almost immediately seen.

THE HONOR OF SHAUN MALIA. (Continued from page 2)

Shaun looked at her curiously as he noticed her hesitation.

"I know what ye mean," he said. "They found him along the road yesterday. But don't worry, I'm strong, an' I'll be back tonight, with the help of God. Good-bye!" She stood at the door and watched him until he was swallowed up in the hazy mist of the dawn that covered the valley and made the landscape a nebulous blur. A cry from the sick child drew her into the cabin. She smoothed the little sufferer's tangled auburn locks and moistened her fevered lips with water. Then, taking her in her arms, she crooned a soothing air until the child slept.

It was night when Shaun returned, dragging his feet after him as if they were weighted. He stumbled toward the bed, and lay on it with a long-drawn sigh of weariness, closing his eyes to enjoy the sense of rest that came to him. Maggie came close to him with evident anxiety to hear the result of his errand. After awhile he opened his eyes and spoke:

"I sent the letter on the first mail. I met Squire Bagley—him that used to visit at Sanderson's—and I told him that I wanted sumpence to post a letter. He gave me a shilling, an' I bought this for her."

He pointed with his thumb towards little Mary; and Maggie noticed for the first time that he held a package in his hand. She opened the parcel and found a sixpenny loaf of dark bread, and then she broke some of the loaf into water, treasuring the mixture to the child. Before feeding the mixture to the child she offered some to Shaun; but he would not eat any, and turned away to gnaw the sodden potatoes that were on the rude table.

Another day dawned with no change in the situation. Towards evening a gale began to blow, followed by a cold, peeling rain. The scanty nourishment that had been given to the little Mary seemed to feed the fever that was consuming her, for after nightfall she commenced to rave violently. Towards midnight the air grew chilly, and Shaun put a fresh piece of turf, of which he had a plentiful supply, on the smoldering embers in the huge stone fireplace. The wind wailed miserably down the chimney, and, as if in answer to her unexpressed thought, Shaun shook his head dejectedly, saying: "No, there's no use thinkin' that any one would venture out to-night."

A few minutes later there was a contradiction to his speech in a guarded knock that came to the door. Shaun looked at the door, and his feet and hand and Maggie both rose to the door.

"Shaun! Shaun!" she cried. He buried his face in his arms, and a half-mothered sob was heard. The soldiers looked on curiously.

Suddenly Shaun rose to his feet, and shouted hoarsely: "Search the place; don't tempt me any more, I can't tell ye anything!"

It took but a few minutes to examine the hut. The cloak worn by the fugitive, still wet with rain, was taken from under the bed. Shaun looked on in then stolid face. Preparations were then made to start a roaring fire in the fireplace, so as to smother the smell of the fugitive in the chimney. Suddenly several shots were heard, and a soldier in full uniform, saluting the commanding officer, said:

"Sir, a man on horseback has just ridden through our lines on the road just below. We fired on him, but did not succeed in wounding him."

"Curse the luck that had him now among these mountain roads. But to your saddles and after him; we must do our best."

Then he addressed himself to Shaun, saying: "The finding of the criminal's cloak here in your dwelling looks bad for you, my man; but in view of your unfortunate condition, and the your unfortunate honor you have been consistent sense has decided to overlook manifested of its unbecoming visitors; and Shaun and Maggie uttered prayers for the escape of the unfortunate who had harbored, sat down to await the coming of daylight. But weariness, coupled with the exciting events of the night, proved too much for them, and after awhile both were streaming in through the window when Shaun awoke and found his last song before flying south. The sound of strange voices blended with the song of the bird, and Shaun, throwing open the door, looked out. Two gentlemen were on the path leading to the cabin. One of them was from the road; but in the other, a gray-haired, kindly-faced man in clerical garb, he recognized his friend of long ago—the man to whom all Ireland turned in the dead years of famine—Reverend Theobald Mathew.

"Thank God! Thank God!" was all that he could utter as the priest came towards him and grasped his hand.

"I was afraid that you had forgotten me, until you sent word last night," he managed to say at last.

"No, indeed, Shaun," said the priest; "I have often thought of you, and often prayed for you since that time when we met in Cork."

Turning to his companion, then he said:

"Dr. Burnham, this is Shaun Malia, or of whom you have heard here in Cork. He was a gardener in Cork when I was a young priest there, and one day I asked him to do some work on the grave of a dear friend of mine, Father O'Neil. I was away for over a year, and when I returned I learned, quite by accident, that he had been cared for by me at that time. And he thought that I might have forgotten him!"

Shaun laughed—a merry, Father Mathew laughed—a merry,

contagious laugh it was; and the doctor said:

"Father Mathew does not forget friends in a hurry; he only makes them in a hurry."

"Won't ye step inside?" said Shaun. The two visitors entered, and the doctor made an examination of little Mary while Father Mathew learned from Shaun and his wife of the escape of the mysterious visitor. Then, the doctor having finished his diagnosis, they awaited his decision.

"It is a condition of malarial fever brought about by improper food and exposure," said the medical man, "and there is no fear of an unfavorable prognosis if she receives proper treatment and nourishment."

"That's the point," said the priest. "Now, Shaun, I have made arrangements with Dr. Burnham to have your little girl taken care of at his hospital until she is entirely well. The doctor needs a hostler and a gardener, so, if you can come to terms with him the position is yours."

Father Mathew smiling expectantly, looked from Shaun to his wife. The little woman, who was sobbing hysterically, while Shaun, with a lump in his throat and his heart beating as if it would burst, could only say:

"God bless you! It's more than I deserve."

One afternoon in the early autumn, about a year after these events took place, Shaun was trimming the hedge in front of the servants' quarters. One of the servants handed him a letter. It was addressed in a bold hand and bore an American postmark. A thought of the fugitive he had harbored and saved a year before came to Shaun's mind.

"It must be from him," he said; "now I'll had out the envelope open and find enclosed two slips of paper. One of them was a draft for \$100; and on the other, written in the same bold handwriting, were the words:

"A birthday present to the little girl, from one who has had reason to know and appreciate the honor of Shaun Malia."—J. A. Foote in the Catholic World.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE AUTHOR OF THE IMITATION. (Continued from page 2)

The century in which Thomas Haemerk of Kempis, commonly known as Thomas a Kempis, saw the light (1380-1471) was the transition period between the medieval and the modern world. The Crusades had done their work; the Gothic Cathedral had been built; the Miracle Play had ceased; the finishing Thomas of Aquin had put the finishing scientific monument worthy of his genius and the age; Dante had crystallized the faith and science, the fierce hate and the strong love, the politics and the theology, the whole spirit of medievalism in his sublime breaking up and in the awakening of the new, much anarchy of institutions, the general crumbling seemed bewildered, the intellect seemed to be groping in the dark; there was a yearning of men after, they knew not what, for the night was upon them and they were impatient for the coming of the dawn.

Where were they to seek the light? This was the period of the Brothers of Common Life. The mystical spirit entered into their rule of living, but in earnest and practical a form that they became known as the Brothers of the New Devotion. It pervaded the books they wrote; its spirit was in the very atmosphere of their schools. The children attending them became imbued with it. Amongst these children was Thomas a Kempis. He afterwards became a member of the order, was ordained a priest, and lived to the advanced age of ninety-one years.

We read nothing eventful in his life. Like the venerable Bede, of his youth up he had the sweet yoke of religion. Like Bede also, it had been a pleasure for him to read and teach and write and transcribe what he found best and sacred and profane literature. And that the intellect might not grow barren through the mechanical exercise of transcribing the thoughts of others, it was made a rule that the Brothers should cultivate for themselves and according to their taste, some of the beautiful sayings and maxims of the Fathers and saints, and add thereto pious reflections, and in a labor of love for the souls of men, forming it to the child of his genius.

Another source of inspiration for that book was the beautiful example of his brethren. His convent was a spiritual garden in which were tended with great care all the virtues of the religious life. He need only remember and record. Not only in his great work but in the numerous lives of the Brothers that he has left us, he never tires of expressing his appreciation of their devotion, regularity and spirit of faith. And they were equally edified by his amiable character and great humility. They held him in honor and esteem and his influence among them was great.

Nor was he less appreciated outside his convent walls. The Cistercian monk, Adrian de But, stops the chronicle of political events to say how he is edified by his writings, especially his masterpiece, which the good monk not inappropriately styles a "metrical volume."

And so his fame has continued to grow broader, ripple after ripple, till it fills the whole world. And yet he shrank from notoriety; he loved retirement; he dreaded gossip. On, on, through the rigor of youth, through the maturity of manhood, through the gathering shadows of old age, he plied his pen and scattered broadcast devout thoughts.

Figure to yourself a man of less than medium height, rather stout in body, with forehead broad, and a strong Flemish cast of features, massive and thoughtful, bespeaking a man of medi-

contagious laugh it was; and the doctor said:

"Father Mathew does not forget friends in a hurry; he only makes them in a hurry."

"Won't ye step inside?" said Shaun. The two visitors entered, and the doctor made an examination of little Mary while Father Mathew learned from Shaun and his wife of the escape of the mysterious visitor. Then, the doctor having finished his diagnosis, they awaited his decision.

"It is a condition of malarial fever brought about by improper food and exposure," said the medical man, "and there is no fear of an unfavorable prognosis if she receives proper treatment and nourishment."

"That's the point," said the priest. "Now, Shaun, I have made arrangements with Dr. Burnham to have your little girl taken care of at his hospital until she is entirely well. The doctor needs a hostler and a gardener, so, if you can come to terms with him the position is yours."

Father Mathew smiling expectantly, looked from Shaun to his wife. The little woman, who was sobbing hysterically, while Shaun, with a lump in his throat and his heart beating as if it would burst, could only say:

"God bless you! It's more than I deserve."

One afternoon in the early autumn, about a year after these events took place, Shaun was trimming the hedge in front of the servants' quarters. One of the servants handed him a letter. It was addressed in a bold hand and bore an American postmark. A thought of the fugitive he had harbored and saved a year before came to Shaun's mind.

"It must be from him," he said; "now I'll had out the envelope open and find enclosed two slips of paper. One of them was a draft for \$100; and on the other, written in the same bold handwriting, were the words:

"A birthday present to the little girl, from one who has had reason to know and appreciate the honor of Shaun Malia."—J. A. Foote in the Catholic World.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE AUTHOR OF THE IMITATION. (Continued from page 2)

The century in which Thomas Haemerk of Kempis, commonly known as Thomas a Kempis, saw the light (1380-1471) was the transition period between the medieval and the modern world. The Crusades had done their work; the Gothic Cathedral had been built; the Miracle Play had ceased; the finishing Thomas of Aquin had put the finishing scientific monument worthy of his genius and the age; Dante had crystallized the faith and science, the fierce hate and the strong love, the politics and the theology, the whole spirit of medievalism in his sublime breaking up and in the awakening of the new, much anarchy of institutions, the general crumbling seemed bewildered, the intellect seemed to be groping in the dark; there was a yearning of men after, they knew not what, for the night was upon them and they were impatient for the coming of the dawn.

Where were they to seek the light? This was the period of the Brothers of Common Life. The mystical spirit entered into their rule of living, but in earnest and practical a form that they became known as the Brothers of the New Devotion. It pervaded the books they wrote; its spirit was in the very atmosphere of their schools. The children attending them became imbued with it. Amongst these children was Thomas a Kempis. He afterwards became a member of the order, was ordained a priest, and lived to the advanced age of ninety-one years.

We read nothing eventful in his life. Like the venerable Bede, of his youth up he had the sweet yoke of religion. Like Bede also, it had been a pleasure for him to read and teach and write and transcribe what he found best and sacred and profane literature. And that the intellect might not grow barren through the mechanical exercise of transcribing the thoughts of others, it was made a rule that the Brothers should cultivate for themselves and according to their taste, some of the beautiful sayings and maxims of the Fathers and saints, and add thereto pious reflections, and in a labor of love for the souls of men, forming it to the child of his genius.

Another source of inspiration for that book was the beautiful example of his brethren. His convent was a spiritual garden in which were tended with great care all the virtues of the religious life. He need only remember and record. Not only in his great work but in the numerous lives of the Brothers that he has left us, he never tires of expressing his appreciation of their devotion, regularity and spirit of faith. And they were equally edified by his amiable character and great humility. They held him in honor and esteem and his influence among them was great.

Nor was he less appreciated outside his convent walls. The Cistercian monk, Adrian de But, stops the chronicle of political events to say how he is edified by his writings, especially his masterpiece, which the good monk not inappropriately styles a "metrical volume."

And so his fame has continued to grow broader, ripple after ripple, till it fills the whole world. And yet he shrank from notoriety; he loved retirement; he dreaded gossip. On, on, through the rigor of youth, through the maturity of manhood, through the gathering shadows of old age, he plied his pen and scattered broadcast devout thoughts.

Figure to yourself a man of less than medium height, rather stout in body, with forehead broad, and a strong Flemish cast of features, massive and thoughtful, bespeaking a man of medi-

contagious laugh it was; and the doctor said:

"Father Mathew does not forget friends in a hurry; he only makes them in a hurry."

"Won't ye step inside?" said Shaun. The two visitors entered, and the doctor made an examination of little Mary while Father Mathew learned from Shaun and his wife of the escape of the mysterious visitor. Then, the doctor having finished his diagnosis, they awaited his decision.

"It is a condition of malarial fever brought about by improper food and exposure," said the medical man, "and there is no fear of an unfavorable prognosis if she receives proper treatment and nourishment."

"That's the point," said the priest. "Now, Shaun, I have made arrangements with Dr. Burnham to have your little girl taken care of at his hospital until she is entirely well. The doctor needs a hostler and a gardener, so, if you can come to terms with him the position is yours."

Father Mathew smiling expectantly, looked from Shaun to his wife. The little woman, who was sobbing hysterically, while Shaun, with a lump in his throat and his heart beating as if it would burst, could only say:

"God bless you! It's more than I deserve."

One afternoon in the early autumn, about a year after these events took place, Shaun was trimming the hedge in front of the servants' quarters. One of the servants handed him a letter. It was addressed in a bold hand and bore an American postmark. A thought of the fugitive he had harbored and saved a year before came to Shaun's mind.

"It must be from him," he said; "now I'll had out the envelope open and find enclosed two slips of paper. One of them was a draft for \$100; and on the other, written in the same bold handwriting, were the words:

"A birthday present to the little girl, from one who has had reason to know and appreciate the honor of Shaun Malia."—J. A. Foote in the Catholic World.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE AUTHOR OF THE IMITATION. (Continued from page 2)

The century in which Thomas Haemerk of Kempis, commonly known as Thomas a Kempis, saw the light (1380-1471) was the transition period between the medieval and the modern world. The Crusades had done their work; the Gothic Cathedral had been built; the Miracle Play had ceased; the finishing Thomas of Aquin had put the finishing scientific monument worthy of his genius and the age; Dante had crystallized the faith and science, the fierce hate and the strong love, the politics and the theology, the whole spirit of medievalism in his sublime breaking up and in the awakening of the new, much anarchy of institutions, the general crumbling seemed bewildered, the intellect seemed to be groping in the dark; there was a yearning of men after, they knew not what, for the night was upon them and they were impatient for the coming of the dawn.

Where were they to seek the light? This was the period of the Brothers of Common Life. The mystical spirit entered into their rule of living, but in earnest and practical a form that they became known as the Brothers of the New Devotion. It pervaded the books they wrote; its spirit was in the very atmosphere of their schools. The children attending them became imbued with it. Amongst these children was Thomas a Kempis. He afterwards became a member of the order, was ordained a priest, and lived to the advanced age of ninety-one years.

We read nothing eventful in his life. Like the venerable Bede, of his youth up he had the sweet yoke of religion. Like Bede also, it had been a pleasure for him to read and teach and write and transcribe what he found best and sacred and profane literature. And that the intellect might not grow barren through the mechanical exercise of transcribing the thoughts of others, it was made a rule that the Brothers should cultivate for themselves and according to their taste, some of the beautiful sayings and maxims of the Fathers and saints, and add thereto pious reflections, and in a labor of love for the souls of men, forming it to the child of his genius.

Another source of inspiration for that book was the beautiful example of his brethren. His convent was a spiritual garden in which were tended with great care all the virtues of the religious life. He need only remember and record. Not only in his great work but in the numerous lives of the Brothers that he has left us, he never tires of expressing his appreciation of their devotion, regularity and spirit of faith. And they were equally edified by his amiable character and great humility. They held him in honor and esteem and his influence among them was great.

Nor was he less appreciated outside his convent walls. The Cistercian monk, Adrian de But, stops the chronicle of political events to say how he is edified by his writings, especially his masterpiece, which the good monk not inappropriately styles a "metrical volume."

And so his fame has continued to grow broader, ripple after ripple, till it fills the whole world. And yet he shrank from notoriety; he loved retirement; he dreaded gossip. On, on, through the rigor of youth, through the maturity of manhood, through the gathering shadows of old age, he plied his pen and scattered broadcast devout thoughts.

Figure to yourself a man of less than medium height, rather stout in body, with forehead broad, and a strong Flemish cast of features, massive and thoughtful, bespeaking a man of medi-

contagious laugh it was; and the doctor said:

"Father Mathew does not forget friends in a hurry; he only makes them in a hurry."

"Won't ye step inside?" said Shaun. The two visitors entered, and the doctor made an examination of little Mary while Father Mathew learned from Shaun and his wife of the escape of the mysterious visitor. Then, the doctor having finished his diagnosis, they awaited his decision.

"It is a condition of malarial fever brought about by improper food and exposure," said the medical man, "and there is no fear of an unfavorable prognosis if she receives proper treatment and nourishment."

"That's the point," said the priest. "Now, Shaun, I have made arrangements with Dr. Burnham to have your little girl taken care of at his hospital until she is entirely well. The doctor needs a hostler and a gardener, so, if you can come to terms with him the position is yours."

Father Mathew smiling expectantly, looked from Shaun to his wife. The little woman, who was sobbing hysterically, while Shaun, with a lump in his throat and his heart beating as if it would burst, could only say:

"God bless you! It's more than I deserve."

One afternoon in the early autumn, about a year after these events took place, Shaun was trimming the hedge in front of the servants' quarters. One of the servants handed him a letter. It was addressed in a bold hand and bore an American postmark. A thought of the fugitive he had harbored and saved a year before came to Shaun's mind.

"It must be from him," he said; "now I'll had out the envelope open and find enclosed two slips of paper. One of them was a draft for \$100; and on the other, written in the same bold handwriting, were the words:

"A birthday present to the little girl, from one who has had reason to know and appreciate the honor of Shaun Malia."—J. A. Foote in the Catholic World.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE AUTHOR OF THE IMITATION. (Continued from page 2)

The century in which Thomas Haemerk of Kempis, commonly known as Thomas a Kempis, saw the light (1380-1471) was the transition period between the medieval and the modern world. The Crusades had done their work; the Gothic Cathedral had been built; the Miracle Play had ceased; the finishing Thomas of Aquin had put the finishing scientific monument worthy of his genius and the age; Dante had crystallized the faith and science, the fierce hate and the strong love, the politics and the theology, the whole spirit of medievalism in his sublime breaking up and in the awakening of the new, much anarchy of institutions, the general crumbling seemed bewildered, the intellect seemed to be groping in the dark; there was a yearning of men after, they knew not what, for the night was upon them and they were impatient for the coming of the dawn.

Where were they to seek the light? This was the period of the Brothers of Common Life. The mystical spirit entered into their rule of living, but in earnest and practical a form that they became known as the Brothers of the New Devotion. It pervaded the books they wrote; its spirit was in the very atmosphere of their schools. The children attending them became imbued with it. Amongst these children was Thomas a Kempis. He afterwards became a member of the order, was ordained a priest, and lived to the advanced age of ninety-one years.

We read nothing eventful in his life. Like the venerable Bede, of his youth up he had the sweet yoke of religion. Like Bede also, it had been a pleasure for him to read and teach and write and transcribe what he found best and sacred and profane literature. And that the intellect might not grow barren through the mechanical exercise of transcribing the thoughts of others, it was made a rule that the Brothers should cultivate for themselves and according to their taste, some of the beautiful sayings and maxims of the Fathers and saints, and add thereto pious reflections, and in a labor of love for the souls of men, forming it to the child of his genius.

Another source of inspiration for that book was the beautiful example of his brethren. His convent was a spiritual garden in which were tended with great care all the virtues of the religious life. He need only remember and record. Not only in his great work but in the numerous lives of the Brothers that he has left us, he never tires of expressing his appreciation of their devotion, regularity and spirit of faith. And they were equally edified by his amiable character and great humility. They held him in honor and esteem and his influence among them was great.

Nor was he less appreciated outside his convent walls. The Cistercian monk, Adrian de But, stops the chronicle of political events to say how he is edified by his writings, especially his masterpiece, which the good monk not inappropriately styles a "metrical volume."

And so his fame has