THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

welcomed him. Too late the elder girl found that

her young sister was hopelessly in love with the young captain; Consulting with Mr. Trevor, they agreed that the

narriage should take place in two years, when Emily would be twenty—as it

the captain was about to start on a long

and she consented to it-she promised

her sister that she would not think o

marrying for two years. She pron

Emily was told of the

who was passionately attached

Herndon paused : Rachel was so

motionless and so white, he was begin-ning to fear for the effect of his story,

vere intelligible to her ; he fancied from

"It will not be well," he resumed

' to dwell upon the scene between Mr.

Trevor and the elder sister when he

told his tale, only that when he found her growing like a tigress in her rage

at the utter ingratitude with which all

fice had been treated, he thought

her affection, devotion and self-sacri-

marriage, and she turned upon him, her

cut from her memory her sister and her brother, and even Trevor himself-that

threw herself before him, bidding him

"The elder girl kept her vow she re

under the pretence of devoting herself entirely to her father, who began to fail

rapidly after the departure of his son

and daughter, she shut herself away

old man died, and all of his wealth was

left to his elder daughter, with a dying request that she would share with her

sister and brother-a request to which

"Shortly after, the city property was

old, and with part of the proceeds this

she returned no answer.

from everybody. In a few months th

dead. When Trevor would h taken her father to the vessel,

she

would regard them all

with ungovernable fury. She

Trevor would have

as

was, her education was not finish

voyage.

AN ORIGINAL GIRL. By Christine Faber.

2

CHAPTER LXXII.

"Poor fellow !" It was Herndon who spoke, and there were tears in his eyes which he did not attempt to hide. He was speaking to Notner in the

library of that gentleman's house, and they were talking of the man who died in Miss Burram's carriage-house.

"It, was a strange dispensation of Providence which drove him to his death in Miss Burram's presence. went on, "and a stranger one still "----------" this voice taking a sadder tone----" that brought him to die in Rachel's arms. But good has come of it all-Bedilla will have dropped forever her mask of selfishness and heartlessness, and Rachel has done it."

"Rachel did not recognize you?" said Notner. "No; she had not time to do so;

Bedilla's recognition of me was so ter-rifying that it sent her into a swoon, and from the swoon into a fever that has left her as weak as Miss Burran. To-morrow, however, she will be able to leave her room.'

"And to-morrow," said Notner, "Dr. Burney says Miss Burram will be able to sit up. Truly, Herndon, your com-ing has done more in a fortnight than all the skill of the physicians has accomplished in four mo nths.'

"Do you wonder, knowing every-thing?"

"No, I do not. But about Rachel-I confess I am anxious to have every-thing explained to her. It is all very well to assure her of the lies of Herrick but I think in justice she should know what her family relations are." Rund

"So do I, Notner; and so she shall, just as soon as Bedilla is strong enough to approve of what I think ought to b told her. And now for the writing of that letter you have suggested; sup-pose we do it at once in order to relieve Mrs. Hubrey's mind.'

Notner assented, showing it to Herndon when he hnd finished :

" MRS. HUBREY :

"This is to inform you that your co fidential friend on this side of the Atlantic, Herrick, is in prison, awaiting trial for having embezzled the moneys of the town, and consequently he is un able to carry out your concerted schemes for the humiliation of Miss able to carry schemes for the human Burram and her Charge. "Yours sincerely, "I. NOTNER."

Within a fortnight Notner had a re ply, short and sharp :

"MR. NOTNER :

"Not recognizing you, I do not understand your letter, and not under-standing your letter, I do not trouble myself about its contents. "KITTIE HUBREY."

Mrs. Hubrey did trouble herself about its contents, however; they told her so plainly that her relations with Herrick had become known ; and now that Herrick was in prison, they seemed to suggest that unpleasantness might resuit thereby for herself.

"No," she soliloquized, "my plan will be to get away from London, and that without letting Gasket know-he might compromise me in some way.

And off to one of the suburbs she set. hiring there a house immediately, and transferring thence her household oods, and her husband-since his unlucky speech in Rentonville he was always but a secondary part of her house hold effects—so quickly, that the little man, having breakfasted in London with no hint of a change of residence. found himself supping in Chelsea amid London home. Why the change was She bowed her head, not being able London home. Why the change was made he did not dare to ask.

During that fortnight a marvelous

when none of them cared for her-no one, only poor, ignorant Hardman—and for a moment there rose within her a wild wish to be able to go away somecareful that no one should be introduced to that house who was not of good where — somewhere, where Hardman would live, and she could be his adopted family, found on investigation that the daughter, his little housekeeper, and where she could forget that she was Rachel Minturn, Miss Burram's Charge; young captain was of unexceptionable family, only reduced in circumstances,

on the cushion of the big armchair, and

losed her eyes. She was tired of hearing of them all,

forget all that Herrick had written to her; forget everything save "Tom." Sarah, seeing that Rachel's eyes coninued closed, thought she wanted to deep, and she went softly from the room. But Rachel was far from feeling sleep. She had wrought herself nto a most melancholy spirit, and dis vering that she was alone, she let the grief that was raging within her burst orth in a succession of sobs. At that instant the door opened and some one ame so quickly across the room that Rachel had time neither to stille her

" My poor little girl!"

and the very next day she was married secretly to the captain. He was to sail that afternon, and she going with her brother to bid him good-by on board of his vessel, the parting was too much for here the herbed at all times the solf. It was Herndon, speaking with the voice that she now suddenly and per-fectly remembered. The voice that her-she lacked at all times the self control and devotion to principle which her sister had—and when the captain, brought with it a sudden and perfect recollection of the little humble home in which he and "Tom" and she sat, forgetting in his passionate attachment what should have been his duty, proposed an immediate marriage, so that giving and she listening to inhe could take her with him, she forgot structions about her future life with her promise ; she forgot everything Miss Burram. The sudden and perfect recollection of both taking her by the her violent love, and she consented. Mark advised against it, and he pro-tested, but it was no use, and he was hand between them, and entering a veyance which brought them a long distance away, to where long lines of one of the witnesses of the ceremony. pufiling, noisy cars stood. The sudden and perfect, but heart-breaking recol-tection of her good by there, to "Tom" When it was over they sent for Mr. Trevor. His indignation at all parties amounted to little. The deed was done and husband and wife were determined -how Mr. Terry went a little aside, not to view it, and how, when it all was over, and "Tom" was walking away, Mr. Terry himself was crying; to cling to each other, and to take Mark, to his young sister, with them. how she then took Mr. Terry's hand and went with him into the car and only thing they wanted, should the alder sister refuse to forgive them, was how the car went until the next morn-ing, when Mr. Terry took her to have to see their father, and Mr. Trevor was deputed to bring the old man to the

some breakfast, and how she couldn't eat till he told her "Tom" would be displeased, and after that how Mr. Terry had taken a car with her and brought her to the depot at Rentonville;

but she said quietly enough: "Go on, please!" and he wondered, as he resumed, whether all of the story there he had kissed her good-by, re-peated all that "Tom" had said, and, putting her into the hack which brought ter to Miss Burram's door, had left the look in her eyes that it was. her ;-she recalled it all. Yes, all these things Rachel so sud-

denly and perfectly recollected, that it seemed as if she were living them all over again, and she threw her head down on the arm of the chair and sob-

bed without restraint. "My poor little girl!" Herndon re-peated, and then he added:

better to rebuke her. She construed the rebuke into an abetting of the secret "Cry as much as you will—it will do you good." declared in his presence that she would

CHAPTER LXXIII.

" My poor little girl !" A third time Herndon said it, when Rachel at length lifted her head and looked at him, her tears making such a mist she could not well see his features ; then he held out his arms : choose between her who had devoted her life to him, and the daughter who "For Tom's sake, my little girl,

had deserted him-the poor, old, tremblcome to me." "For Tom's sake," it seemed almost ing man could only choose to re but sent his blessing privately by Trevor to his absent children. as if Tom were by her side as in the olden time, and without hesitation she obeyed, and she cried upon his fused absolutely to seen Trevor again, and

We have been cruel to you," he said. " all of us-but it was Miss Burram's wish - poor Miss Burram who needs all your pity, all your charity, all your *love*, Rachel." She raised her head and he put her graph had inter the day and he put her

gently back into the chair she had left en he drew another in front of her and seated himself. "I have a story to tell you, Rachel;

to trust herself to speak. "A great many years ago there lived

elder sister, now a woman of thirty-five, bought a great tenement-house, one of to Miss Burram; she was able to sit up the kind in which the very poor make their homes"-Rachel started, but Herndon, without seeming to notice it, This daughter had ver ent on-" and advertising for an agent she put into his hands only the busine of evicting the tenants when their rents she said to him; "tell line minds alone, and she was violently were not paid promptly—the collection of the rents she made herself. She also she was sixteen years old, a bought property in a comparatively isolated spot and made for herself a home thore, bringing with her strange domestics who knew nothing of her past his-tory. All this time Mr. Trevor did not sight of her : knowing the good ones—a charge which the girl lovingly accepted and solemnly promised to falthere was in her character, he trusted to time, and perhaps even opportunity, fil-and to give to her a number of valand besides, compel her return to her natural virtues; and besides, he had never ceased to love her. He managed uable jewels; they had been heirloom in her own family and she bequeathe them to be divided by the elder girl apprise himself of almost everything when her infant sister should become

the sea, had become acquainted with and sorry sight. Emily, the pretty the sea, had become acquainted with him, in fact fascinated by him, and he had brought him to the house. Every-body was more or less won by him, he was so gentle, manly and so well edu-to be constinued. To be constinued. To be constinued. cated, and when Mr. Trevor, jealously

A FLOWER OF YESTERDAY. Story of a Beautiful Soul-Legends of St. Francis.

Catholic Columbian. An autobiography of Sister Therese

His heart was large and tender;
He loved the be.sis and birds;
His twittered swallows listened
Silent to his wores.
The cruel wolf of Gobbia
His genite glance could tame,
And to his wores.
Before the muderous brigand
Wich prayers and tears he fell—
On thice own soul have mery'—
And he saved that soul from hell." of the Order of Carmel, called "The Little Flower of Jesus," is a remarkable little book in every way, and the beauty of it is that it is a life lived in our own times—a nun who died at the age of twenty-five in 1895. Its sweet simplicity has a charm all its own and teaches? a holy lesson in a more con vincing way than many a learned volume on ascetic theology. It tells us that God showers His graces and privileges on holy souls even in our own day in a most remarkable manner.

This child of God, refused permission Worldly Interests and Cares Prevent account of her tender years (fifteen) enter a convent. carries her case to Holy Father, and her description of the interview is most touching. ount of her short life was written at the command of her superior and only

He is one who clearly recognizes that he "has not here a lasting city," that published after the saintly child had been called to heaven. Here and there are most beautiful passages, teeming he is a mere bird of passage, a pilgrim wending his way along the dusty, thorny with charming comparisons and figures. When she was quite a child she asked read of life to the great City of God. Although he may have many earthly and mundane duties to fulfill, as judge, an elder sister why God did not grant equal glory to all the blessed. She reas magistrate or as a member of one o lates that her sister sent her for a large the learned professions or as a savant, shopkeeper or artisan, yet he knows tumbler, and setting it beside her own little thimble, filled them with water and asked which was the fuller. Writthat he has also other and infinitely

more important and pressing duties to fulfill toward God and toward his own ng of some of her trials and sorrows, soul. Possessing an immortal soul, as well as a perishable body, he is fully she says : "Nature seemed to be sharing my bitter sorrow; during those three days the sun was hidden and the rain poured I have noticed that at any important crisis in my life nature narmony with my feelings. The sky ept with me and was cloudless when joiced." Here is another beautifu must he feed his soul. ejoiced.' thought: "How many souls, if properly though: "How many solis, it properly directed from the first, would go very far in holiness! I know God needs us helper in the work of sanctification but as He reserves to Himself the giv ing of life, and yet grants to the gar-dener the requisite skill to rear deli-cate and rare plants, so it is, too, with other practices — not all, indeed, of equal obligation, but all of great im soul culture. A clumsy man might spoil his trees in trying to graft them ; and an ignorant one, attempting to get oses to blossom on a peach tree, might do much harm.

This little book is so delightful and evating, without the slightest tinge continually assailing us is God of some portion of the due to God, in order to of Jansenism, that it can be heartily God of ommended to all devout souls, in fact to every sinner and saint. It will raise the reader above the earth and leave after it the perfume of a rose, not faded and gone. One can hear the farecho of the melody of heaven way when he lays the book down, and e religious will enjoy it-those faithful whose prayers are the unseen souls arms that wage the great conflic rainst evil and whose noble, heroic no railroads, and no steam engines and nd self-sacrificing lives are the bright spots in this wretched, sinful world of

day. " LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS." were no daily newspapers and no weekly magazines, no postal service or telegra phic facilities, news was scarce and is a translation from the Italian, and the translator says it has never before appeared in English, though many a traveled slowly and men and women stayed more at home, had more leisure, lived quieter and calmer lives and were life of this glocious saint has been pre-sented to English readers. St. Francis far less anxious and preoccupied than s at least one of the Catholic saints at present. that has appealed to the love of modern

literate us. all bustle and heat and confusion and excitement. We live in a state of In this present work are contained certain little flowers, miracles and dehigh fever. Formerly we had to be yout examples of that glorious poor folsatisfied to watch what was going on lower of Christ, St. Francis. The translator, Abby Langdon Alger, says n the narrow precincts of our own vi these little flowers are a series of leg ends which were collected some two hun open before us and we have, so to speak, dred years after the saint's death havdred years after the saint's death hav-ing been handed down by word of mouth until that time. They form an excel-lent biography of him and his disciples, told with quaint simplicity and grace. The little work of some two hundred pages is replete with unique legends of he wonderful saint of Assisi's labors, his preaching to the birds, his taming of the fierce wolf, his control of the wild turtle doves, his conversion of the three thieves and murderers, and a host of other examples, any one of which would draw attention to the wonderful graces God gave to this gentle saint, who like the Saviour was born in a stable on a bed of straw. e translator quotes this descriptio of the saint from the pen of Thomas of Celano, an early biographer and a Franciscan Brother and dear friend of the saint. "He was of middle stature, rather under than over, with an oval face and full but low forehead, his eyes dark and clear, his hair thick, his evebrows close, a straight and delicate nose,

so fills our time as to exclude the supman is the Ark of the Covenant and the vehicle of the Holy Gospel.'" Father Matthew Russell sings ernatural from our lives, it has serve he devil's purpose. It is here that his subtlety and cunning weetly of St. Francis of Assisi that

in

one cannot refrain from quoting a

St. Francis of Assisi is glorious now

STARVATION OF THE SOUL.

Spiritusl Nourishment.

BY RIGHT REV. S. VAUGHAN.

portance and of immense utility

Now, all these things occupy

at last God is practically driven o

iety in the past, when there were

people could not travel and move about

o incessantly as they do now. There

Now all is changed. Life has become

very nation under observation. We may watch the war in Africa,

ge or city

elegraph

it altogether. To realize our more clearly, we have but to

His heart was large and tender; He loved the beasts and birds

stanza or two:

01: 3003

come in. What engrosses us may be study, reading, professional duties harmless intercourse with our friends and a number of wholly innocent occupa tions-even their very innocence de ludes us. We forget that the most innocent things will bring us death and damnation if they preclude and exclude the due and proper fullfillment of or duties to God. I have been told one the methods of executing a criminal Japan is to place him in a receiv fitted with glass sides, and then to e Heaven, And een on earth has genius its richest tri-bute given To him the poor and lowly who only loved the haust the air. No violence is do the body, no blow is dealt, no wou inflicted. Death is brought simply and solely by excluding th Cross. And looked on wealth and honor as fieldshness and dross. Brave warriors, bright maidens, soon dead, forgotten long. But Francis still is living in our hearts and in mon air and by preventing its entr and filling the lungs. Yet death is as certain to follow as if his head been struck off or a dagger into his heart. In an analogo the world destroys thousands souls and drives them to et perdition, not by direct inciteme sin, not in, not by causing actual gross rimes, but by filling and occupying A Christian is one who may be in the world, but must not be of the world. and possessing in some way of other every minute, year, every stant of their lives. Life is far to to do a hundredth part of what we w like to do. Our days are too full, hundred things are crowded into the A thousand more clamor for our atten tion. We are pulled in fifty directions at the same time. We want to visit a do different people and to travel in a do different countries and to see this and that, and would gladly divide on were it possible into a hundred so as get in every thing. The laint nowadays is: "I have not " No; we have not time even for

APRIL 5, 1902.

the demands of the world. Nor could we satisfy it, even though aware that it is his duty to provide for both, though of the two the soul is imour weeks were weeks of years instead measurably the more important and the of weeks of days. But many of u it the whole of the little time that more desiring of consideration! As he must feed his body lest it perish, so ur disposal, the whole of the she Time must ent of of life. We began, pe set aside for prayer, for examination of conscience, for Confession and Holy Communion and for Masses of obligadedicating a reasonable portion of our day to God. We say our morning and evening prayers. We say them regul-arly and devoutly as well. Indeed it no more occurs to us to miss or forget tion. Then, in addition to Masses of obligation, there are Masses of devoion, special religious services, meditaour prayers than to miss or forget ou tions and spiritual reading and many akfast or dinner.

We also have the habit of reciting the Rosarv and will hear Mass daily, and we spend some little time thoughtfully in spiritual reading. But the worldly effect on our spiritual life and health and not to be lightly dispensed with. interests and occupations increase pressure of more pleasant things begin to tell upon us. We shorten our pray and out time is very limited and very precious. Another temptation ers. Sometimes we neglect them alto-gether. They get thrust aside to make to rob of the time room for business or for pleasure. world possesses our heart, and se it upon the world. In proportion as the world makes greater and greater possess it even to the exclusion of al lse; and when the world has achie demands upon us we are inclined to give it a larger section of our life, until this conquest the soul is in a very bad way. It loses its supernatural life; it is ked for want of air; starved for want To realize our peril the of food. The soul is dead, dried up, shrivelled away, dead. our present social state with the state

A PRIEST PLAY-WRIGHT.

The Rev. John Talbot Smith, of New York, has written an historical five-ac drama, founded on the romantic story of Elizabeth Patterson, the young Am can girl who was married in 1802 to Jer Bonaparte, by Archbishop Carroll, of Baltimore, a marriage declared nul by Napoleon two years later, but al-ways upheld by the Catholic Church.

A Baltimore marriage," is the fortunate title of this play, which has been accepted by Maurice Campbell and will produced if not this season early year, by Henrietta Crossn Father Talbot Smith says of his new city or country. Now the has laid the entire world

" My object in writing this thing was to give half a dozen capable actors all they could do in the way of portraying human emotion and passion. fore, I took Mme Patterson-Bonaparte and her history as the theme of the play. She was a dashing girl, full o

APRIL 5, 1902.

"SHAKESPEAREAN

Rev. Hugh T. Henry's Re vard Professor Who Ar; Existence.

Philadelphia Catholic Stand Rev. Hugh T. Henry, Catholic High School, h the auspices of the Knip bus at Witherspoon Hall evening of last week.

Father Henry's discou "Shakespearean Religio outset he disclaimed an attempting to prove the was a Catholic. Geor American writer, has de deal of space to proving but Father Henry state marks would be a criticist that there is an absence charge Shakespeare, a charge Santayana, of Harvard U

This author stated: asked to select one monu civilization that should s future age or be transpor planet to bear witness t ants there of what we earth, we should proba words of Shakespeare. cognize the truest por memorial of man. Yet t st of that future age or t ers of that other part of after conscientious study pearean autobiography, ceive our life in one imp They would hardly under

ad had a religion." His first argument der ligious vocabulary of Sh is curiously restricted to of one single word, bloc and that an oath occurri in Shakespeare and used In the mouths of men

an oath does not argu either in the character but it certainly witnesse of a religious belief that not have passed away Although Christian, J utter with profane lip which every knee should is no witness against the and devotion founded or Name. Oaths as a rule through the curious per eads men to toss most ps what they have hel their hearts, witnesses rather than a past belief prevent the archaeologi age from recognizing in that "man had had a rel ing the idea of an incar

RELIGIOUS EXCLA

The dialectician who his position always selec ng the instances mi among the instances in his thesis, and by demoli further battle unnecess: Santayana selects the w ing disposed of it to his instance his back calmly turns his back stronger opponents that to enter the lists with h rather have discussed re ations and invocations Hamlet when the Ghost him on the platform "Angels and minister fend us !" or that of Riwhen the phantoms suc up in his guilty soul a ta remorse, "Have mercy of Friar Laurence as his over the graves in his te ward the tomb of the C Francis be my speed." invocations the soul r ious purpose in mom They are recognitions prtunity in man's ext dition to this they are the mercy of Christ, angels, the intercession serted in them as effica and devotional facts. Referring to religion of traditions in Sh

Harvard professor sa monks, bishops and can

even mention of saints

is ever presented to us

clergy if they have any earthly one. Friar La

herbs like a more ben Cardinal Wolsey flings

with a profoundly pag robe and his integrity

cold comfort to him.

shrift to arrange her

Ophelia should go to a

get hers. Even the cha has little in it that w out of place in Iphigen

Our criticis certainl ice the absence of reli

Coleridge, speaking o accorded to priestly

Shakespeare as contr

given by Beaumont and

In Shakespeare they with them our love and

critic says : "There an and cardinals." T

there was a religion of

-as, by the way, they tionaries and witnesses

argument, built on the

it will be discovered had a religion" embra

an incarnate Deity, a and that this religion of the monastic life of

bacy and religious exe ed also the idea of a l

admissions. The cler ans like Friar Lauren Cardinal Wolsey; in s

men of the time: the

cular confession was ineries opened their

innocence. But the better than a merely the little homily Frian

itual science enables l text suggested by his

The future archaeo

e additional ideas

priestly

and even to walk, with the assistance of the nurse, about the room, and to the lies — she determined beyond most almost irritated perplexity of Dr. Burney, she refused to see Rachel. f(x) = 0 for sex, she had a passion for studies which are supposed to attract masculation of the supposed t ney,

Rachel to forgive me, and to be willing strong in her likes and dislikes.

to wait." Rachel forgave, but she wondered, and at length she grieved, as she re-fleeted that Miss Burram, to whom dur-ing the past long weeks she had been so necessary, now, after the lapse of many days, to be still unwilling to see her; it comotimes becurft hot torars to her to be a mother to the little ones—a charge which the girl lovingly and solution to be a state of alotimes brought hot tears to her eyes, but she did not let anybody know. Her own strength was but slowly reso slowly that she had yet left the house for even a talk with Hard-

Nor had she seen Mr. Terry since woman the night of his first visit, though Sarah told her he came every day, and that he sister a model in her management of the always asked about her, as well as Miss ways asked about her, as well as Miss arram. She wondered why he did not ask to house, her care of the two young members of the family, Mark and Emily. At the same time she did not neglect her own Burram.

see her : she wanted to see him to speak studies, and because of her conversato him of "Tom"-to him who had been Tom's" friend, thinking at length that he refrained from seeing her because she was still so weak. That decided quire knowledge, she became the won-der of society. She idolized her brother her at once to do all that she could to get quite well quickly, and she aston-ished the nurse by the quantities of nourishment she began to demand, and the affection. Trevor, from being a friend became the floree but unsuccessful manner in which she attempted to take them all. One day, however, Sarah told her that

Mr. Herndon had been three mortal hours up in Miss Burram's apartments, duty to make every sacrifice for them, and she did it well and nobly. and the air of ludicrous perplexity with which Sarah delivered that information at any other time would have made and he never ceased to hope that one Rachel laugh. Now, her own sad, perplexed thoughts kept her from seeing day the humor in anything, and she only hand. tened somewhat curious but more indifferent.

"Three mortal hours," repeated means to schemes that "for I let him in, and I was in Sarah. -the crowded, disease-making tene-ment-houses-and into these schemes the hall when he went out, and he was so full of what I guess he'd a-been talkin' about to Miss Burram, that he this elder girl went heart and soul. "There came a time when suitors ap-peared for the hand of the little Emily. didn't seem to see me-and he always sees me, Miss Rachel; he just appears to take pains to spy me out, and to speak to me, for he's the pleasantest She was no longer little, but a tall and very attractive girl of eighteen. One gentleman there couldn't be any mitor in particular, a handsome young captain of a trading vessel of which he pleasanter. But Rachel-she was in the library, was the sole owner, seemed to be especi-

, and occasionally he sent her brief letter so that she might know he "Ten years passed, finding the elder had not ceased his interest in her. Her replies were always short, hard, and ornful.

"About this time chance threw into Trevor's way a most fortunate and use-ful acquaintance : a young millionaire who, by a strange contradiction of human nature, was interested in the tional powers and her wide ability to acsame benevolent schemes which took up so much of Trevor's time and means. He had already agents in different suband sister, and they certainly returned About that sime she beurbs of the city negotiating for the purcame acquainted with some one whom chase of property on which to build and to let for a nominal sum suitable sanitfor the present I shall call Trevor. Mr. ary houses to the laboring classes. Further information discovered some of suitor, but she, though returning his affection, would not marry because of her young charges ; she felt it to be her this property to be in the vicinity of the abode chosen by the woman whose story I am telling, and further acquaint-"Her devotion to duty increased the ance developed into a warm friendship etween Mr. Trevor and this young admiration and affection of her suitor, millionaire.

"Trevor was also in receipt of occahe should be rewarded with her sional letters from the absentees—a let-ter from any port they happened to touch; and the news was always that He continued to be her intimate friend and often, her adviser. He was peculiar man, devoting most of his had for their they were happy. The three bein 1g to object the abolition of tenement houses gether and having sufficient for their present wants, the anger and unforgiv-ingness of their sister did not trouble them. For the old man, their father, they mourned; of his wealth, a portion of which should have been theirs, they did not even speak. For three years there was no change in the tone of their letters : then came a letter urging Mr. Trevor's presence in a little suburban town of Boston. He went, surprised at

voice soft yet keen and fiery; close, equal and white teeth; lips modest yet subtle; a black beard not thickly grown ; a thin neck, square shoulders short arms, small hands and feet, deli-cate skin and little flesh."

In perusing these legends and quaint incidents, one is transported back to the "ages of faith" and one unconsciously conjures up a scene of mediae-val surroundings, when the Church and her saints guarded and protected the poor; when a St. Francis ruled the birds of the air ard a Saint Anthony fed the hungry from the abundance of the rich; while St. Francis spoke to the swallows. St. Anthony preached before the Pope and his cardinals-"so devoutly, so clearly and so plainly

that all who were present, of whatso ever divers tongues, clearly under stood all his words distinctly, even as he had spoken in the language of each man among them : and stood all his they were all struck dumb with amazement and it seemed as that ancient miracle of the apostles had been renewed, when as at the time of the Pen-tecost they spoke by virtue of the Holy Ghost in every tongue ; and they said one to another with admiration and awe; 'Is not he who preaches come out from Spain? And how do we hear in his discourse every man one speech of

Likewise the Pope, his own land?' But Rachel—she was in the library, was the sole owner, seemed to be especi-where she usually sat, when not in her own room—threw her head back wearily ately fond of everything pertaining to brought him, and there he found a sad fundity of his words, said : 'Verily this gree sinful in itself; nevertheless, if it Nazianzen.

the internal disturbances in China, the earthquakes in Mexico or the revolution in South or Central America-in a word, everything going on in every part of the world is brought before our minds, stirring up and creating a thousand new interests, new anxieties and new thoughts, and excluding others. Then there is the press, what mighy engine it is, throwing upon th world already too busy and absorbed, thousands upon thousands of volumes every month. In England and America ne thousands of new books are published every year, not to speak of new editions. Add to these the countless number of attractive magazines and il-

lustrated papers upon every conceiv able and inconceivable subject, each with the other to ieing

tract the public. Then the amusements and diversion and social gatherings, the theatres, plays, balls and dinner parties. The music hall and places of entertainment also join their forces to gether and wage war upon our leisure, and force us to yield up to them some share of our attention and of our life. In these and in a thousand other ways the world strives not only to retain hold on our hearts, but to fill and flood them to the exclusion of everything aiding and abetting the devil in his efforts to encompass our present discomfiture and final destruction

The devil, there is no use in trying to disguise the fact, is not only sworn and inveterate enemy, but also a most consummate general and tactician. No one can equal him as a master of strategy and attack. Now what is the problem he has to work out? Well, take a day of twenty-four -Boston Pilot. hours, and remember that the problem

the devil has given himself is to get his victim so to occupy that day that no time will be allowed for prayer and spiritual exercises. If he can lead his victim into sin and downright crime, he will be all the more pleased, of course. But that is not at all necessary, and might arouse suspicion even in the most thoughtless. It is quite sufficient that he deprive the soul, under fore ? any pretext whatever, of its spiritual and nourishment, which is every bit as essential to it as material food is to the body, and without which it must soon die. It matters little what the occupation

raise yourself to those treasures which shall never change. - St. Gregory of

good spirits and courage, and strong and brilliant fight for her rights s the wife of Jerom

She was assisted by the Pope, who pronounced her marriage a valid on and in spite of the efforts of Napole to reverse that decision remained un moved. Hence the rather novel and interesting spectacle is presented the Pope defending the marriage of : a Protestant girl against the attacks of a Catholic Emperor.

"As for the approval of the Church authorities, this is not the first time a Catholic cleric has written for the age. Lope de Vega and Calderon, the great Spanish dramatists, were riests of the Catholic Church."

The author of "A Baltimore Marriage " has already much excellent lit erary work to his credit. He has written several novels, the best of which is 'Saranac," and a collection of brilliant short stories entitled "His Hor nor the Mayor." Among his books of graver cast are "Our Seminaries" and "The Life of Brother Azarias." Since his able editorship of the late Catholic Re-view, Father Talbot Smith has been free of a parish charge ; and the duties of his chaplaincy being light, he has has time for literary work. His literhas time for literary work. ary life covers about twenty years, and his development has been ste dy and on original lines. Father Talbot Smith has already proved himself capable of dramatic intensity, picturesque brilliant wit, and natural dialogue. production of "The Baltimore riage" will be eagerly awaited. The Marriage '

Are we not walking, and with hasty steps, toward the tomb, following this one, preceding that one, weeping over some, being wept over by others, and receiving from our successors that tribute of tears which we have our selves paid to those who are gone be-Such is our life, mortals that we are, condemned to uncertain and perish-Fear then God, and able days. aspire to gather no other advantage from this life, than to make from these perpetual agitations, from this flux and reflux of everything human, a means to

Two such opposed Kings In man as well as herbs, And, where the worser is Full soon the canker dea His first words in jo " pair of sta are a recognition of sacrament :'

So smile the heavens upo That after hours with so From the humble to the humbled Card