BY AN OXFORD MAN. CHAPTER XIII.

DEATH'S SHADOW.

In the spacious mansion of the Comte de Blois, in the Avenue de l'Impéra-trice brilliant lights were glimmering. For the many windows, and in the terraced garden, the echo of joyous festivity

raced garden, the econol loyer broke the still hours of night. The gay world of the city of pleasure, Paris, and turned out en masse to the last grand ball of the season given by the Comtesse

de Blois.

Eighteen months had elapsed since and now Ed they were in Belgium, and now Edwarp Lascine was a frequent visitor at the house. Mrs. Lascine had been the house. Mrs. Lascine had been staying with the countess sone time, and all her old beauty came back under and all her old beauty came back under the stay of th the influence of Edward's presence, so that she held her shrine, at which so

ciety bowed low.

Amélie and Edward were great friends; a brother-and-sister friendship had sprung up between them; they both loved everything Catholic dearly, and and were seen in company together with the Countess at most great functions. But that love on Amélie's part had strengthened and deepened into some-thing stronger; she had fallen in love irrevocably with her graceful compan-

Her mother saw it, the world saw it but Edward Lascine had plighted him-self to another Love; his soul was wrapped up in the Church, and daily he groaned over the rash promise given to his mother. He only saw in the fair girl something purer than most of the society he came across, and he studied that she should remain different from the artificial crowd around her.

As the traveler at times witnesses the blue gentian peeping up through the snow-wreaths in the heights of Alpine passes—a child of summer, where Winter holds his icy diadem—or as the antiquary at times discovers some rare bit of carving or tracery nestling amid the wreck or debris which encircles the old ivy-clad, loop-holed tower, so Ed-Lascine saw this pure flower blooming out in the desert of the world, where all was fickle, heartless, artificial,

and self-loving.

It was only this that made him treat slightly different from the other les of his acquaintance; as to forsaking his vocation for one moment, the saking his vocation for one moment, the idea never entered his head. The whole household knew that in eighteen months he would enter a Seminary again. He had been candid with them; they accepted him on his footing, and

he was content.

Mrs. Lascine had said: "Let it be so; his foolish ideas will soon melt away before your daughter's beauty."

A week before the ball, Edward strolled in with the Marquis of Marle.

The ladies were discussing their dresses, as they had just arrived from Woerth's Amélie there was a costly sheeny green silk, almost white, with a rich ereamy tint, Honitonlace overskirt, looped up with aigrettes of emeralds, newly reset for the ball.

'Are you going to wear that, little ter?' said Edward. (He called her now.) 'little sister' "Yes, Edward; maman chose it, and

Don't expect me to speak to you with that robe on. It may be costly

It is not what I would wish my little sister to wear, though. And jewels—O

"What shall I wear, then, Edward?"
"If you will follow my advice, I will give it 'I will, indeed!"

"Something white, pure white—mus-lin, if you wish—and lace. I will send you the flowers for your hair—no

So the conversation dropped, and the countess was only too pleased that Edward should suggest something.

A lovely Brussels-lace overskirt, with

a soft, fleecy underskirt of some white material, which fell in soft waves over the long train. Very beautiful she looked, as she

stood waiting for the flowers Edward had promised. Her maid came in with box upon a silver tray. Breathlessly she opened it. A bouquet of passion-flowers, of the largest and most beautiful kind, and worked in with them, so that each flower should stand out, were odorous white violets. For the head a simple cluster of the same.

Mrs. Laseine came in to inspect the "How beautiful you are to night,

Amelie! melie!"
"Yes, indeed," said the Countess de
lois. "Your son has more taste than

Blois. "Your son has more taste than we have. She will surely be the belle of the room to-night." A buzz of admiration rose around the

three beautiful women with their costly toilets. At Amélie's feet were the youth of Paris, each seeking some dance, to hold her handkerchief, her fan, her bouquet.

Edward Lascine stood by his mother

he and John had come in late.
"Amélie is very beautiful to night

mother.' "Yes, indeed; and you have no

spoken to her?" spoken to her?"
"No, maman, not yet. I have to bid
her good by to-night. To-morrow Trev
and myself start for Florence and Rome

y; so I must get some rest."

And you disappoint Queen Isa-"I have already made my excuses to

her majesty, and she has decorated me she was so pleased to have me go."

The gratified mother gazed at the decoration. "She will be here anon, then we

shall know.' Just then the group around Amélie

opened, and she beckened to Edward with her fan. He passed to her side, and saluted her coldly.

"Mr. Laseine, will you take me to your maman? I wish to speak with her

a moment.

"Yes indeed, if you wish it."

The tiny gloved hand trembled on his arm. Thank you for this beautiful bou-

"And can my sister be worldly, and forget she has the typical flowers of As he turned his back, Trevyllian followed his taste.

Christ's passion resting in her hand, receives so many compli

while she received ments?"

"I knew your meaning in sending them. I shall not dance more than is absolutely necessary. I will keep the spirit of recollection you told me of as much as possible. Does my dress please you."

I never flatter, little sister. What can I bring you from Rome? Trev and myself start to-morrow."
"Only one thing I ask—the blessing

of Christ' s Vicar. That you will obtain. Now I must leave you with my mother. Good-by, little sister.—Good-by, maman." He raised his mother's gloved hand to his

ps, and then placed it in the arm of Amélie, and was gone.

The color had faded from her face.

the enthusiastic expression also; the the enthusiastic expression also; the lips were colorless.

"Amélie, remember how many eyes are on you," Mrs. Lascine said. "Silly child, he has only gone for a little

A proud flush returned to her cheeks as she imagined another knew he

She was brilliant through the even ing, but Mrs. Lascine saw beneath the surface, although her mother's eye could not.

The Count sat in his library, the following day, in a recess, reading. The door opened, and in came his daughter. Her face was flushed with She sat down on a low chair, erying. She sat down on a low chair, put her head on her hand, and was motionless a long while. The Count was just thing of going to her, when a ow wail burst from her:
"O Eddy, Eddy! je l'aime, le l'aime,

tait possible—mais—non—non— Léglise est votre épouse, et pour moi—je serais—seulement— —petite sœur."

The lace curtains waved softly in the gentle breeze, the rich exotics lent their sweet perfume to the suite of apartments occupied by the pale, suffer-ing girl, who was dying to all appear-ances; languid and spiritless, her ances; languid and spirituality what it lost in its richness. Very lovely was she in her pale-blue wrapper, with the rich flowers of Italy in her hand. They were in Florence, trying what that atmosphere would do toward the restoration of their daughter. Amilio do ation of their daughter. Amélie de Blois, for it was she, hod been ill since the night of her great success in Paris
—hardly ever had a success been so

thorough as hers. To all the offers of marriage that had ome since then, she had turned to the Count with these words: "O papa,

And he did not, for that scene in the And he did not, for that seels in the library was before him; day and night he heard that low wail of sorrow.

"Change may save her — change only," the physicians had said. When that had failed—"Some secret malady

which is not fully developed yet. Italy

which is not fully developed yet. Italy may save her."

To Italy they came. She was no better; and the world spoke of the beautiful girl in low tones. She was dying—sinking slowly from that lovely land to a land unbound by sky, bound in only by the immensity of God.

All the gifts and pleasures that

an only by the immensity of cod.

All the gifts and pleasures that wealth and rank could give were lying at her feet unheeded. Mrs. Lascine at her feet unheeded. tended her as though she were already her daughter, and her mother would turn to Mrs. Lascine and ask, with tears trembling in her beautiful eyes, "Will she die?" And Will she die? will she die?" each day as the mail came in with the many scented Parisian letters-in each one that question would be asked, until Countess's heart sank within her, and she gazed at the pale, uncomplaining girl with a tender yearning-knowing who, by one word, could give her a

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new existence.

LONDON-FLORENCE-ROME.

Id the brilliantly-lighted readingroom of the "Oxford and Cambridge University Club," the Honorable Ernes Trevyllian was patiently waiting the arrival of Edward Lascine. Impatiently he took out his handsome

ratch, and glanced at the hour. "Sixthirty; what can detain him "Can it be Mr. Trevyllian?"

"Can it be Mr. Trevyillan? a solemn voice croaked out at his elbow. Trevyllian looked hastily up.
It was the so-called "Father Enson," of the Established Church of England.

nolding a living in the city of Oxford.

Ernest Trevyllian bowed to him.

"Mr. Enson, I believe?"

"Mr. Enson, I believe?"
"He, he, he! yes, it's me. It's a
long time since we've met."
"I have been traveling with Mr.
Lascine, whom I dare say you may

"Yes. Mr. Trevyllian, I remember him. "Yes.Mr. Trevyllian, I remember him. How could I forget," said the reverend gentleman, sighing deeply, "one of my former penitents—the one who gave me my beautiful Easter chasuble? I wore linen ones until that came—to accustom the people, you know, Mr. Trevyllian. Now, you would be surrised at the advances we have made daily Mass, sir, daily Mass—the colors kept in altar-cloth and chasuble

-and so many penitents—confessionals rected in our church." rected in our Indeed! we have not been to

Oxford lately."
"And, Mr. Trevyllian, how proresses your soul ?' "You are neither my confessor nor

director, sir, and must excuse my answering that question." "You are not, I hope, sir, about to follow the mistaken policy of Mr. Lascine—to leave the Church of your baptism for the corrupted Church of Rome ? Would we were one, I say, but we cannot be so, so long as we see the pernicious errors intermixed with the faith once delivered to the

saints.'"
"We may end this discussion, Mr. Enson, by my telling you I believe no longer in the sacramental system of the Church of England."

The reverend gentleman was silent for a minute, then, holding out his hand to Tyevyllian, said: "Be assured

good-humoredly. "And I shall assist at Mass smiled morrow," he said, softly, to himself, as he again glanced at his watch. He " Seven o'clock! what can detain him?"
"Trev!" It was indeed a pale face

that met his gaze, but it was the face of Edward Lascine. "Have you dined, Trev? " No, not yet ; that confounded old

Enson came and talked to me until I felt like kicking him." Tash ! be charitable." "Only for your sake, old man."
"Come to Brook's—let's dine there.

It's quieter, and I have something to "All right; my 'hansom' is waiting below; but we mustn't disappoint Cecil de Grey."
"Two hours before nine yet."

"Lascine, what is the matter?" asked Trevyllian, as they bowled by St. James into Pall Mall.
"Wait a moment, Trev — sorrow enough—wait until after your dinner."

"Poor Eddy, must it always be in your life that 'tears are akin to

laughter?"

No, Trev; I am always glad when
I have you near me. Your clear head
gest me out of many a scrape."

The dinner was over, and still they sat in the dining-room at Brooks's The light from the lustres gleamed and glittered in the cut-glass and over the

ilver plate.

Garcon, une bouteille de Pouilly et d'autres verres.'

"Tres-bien, monsieur."
"Et, garcon, deux demi-tasses et deux petits verres de cognac.—And now, Ed, for the details, after fortifyng ourselves against fainting.

Edward Lascine said nothing, but taking from the pocket of his dress coat two coroneted envelopes, passed them ver the glittering plate to his cempan-

"From Florence, eh?" He opene one. It was from the Comte Eugéne de Blois, giving that scene in the library in Paris, with the graphic description of a Frenchman. The doctors' opinions. "Would Edward join The doctors' latest immediately, and bring his friend, the Honorable Ernest Trevyllian?"

The second letter, from Mrs. Lascin pleading with all a fond mother's skill, to the heart of her son for the ful girl who was dying. "Only Edward' presence could save her," she ended only you, my son, can give life bac beautiful girl who loves yo dearer than her own life. You only can give joy to your mother's heart. The count and countess will gladly re-ceive you as their son-in-law. Come to

receive your mother's blessing. Poor Trevvy, you look pale, too I saw my confessor at Farm Street that's what made me late coming to you at the club. We must start to-mor row early.'

Les chevaux shnt-ils arrivés, gar-"Qui, monsieur; je les avais

mandés pour huit heures et demi. Te est pret; vous n'avez qu'a monter We must make short work of Lady de Grey's grand 'A Home,''' said Las-cine; "we must start at daybreak;" and no other word passed until the elegant "brougham" dashed up to the

stately mansion of the De Greys.'

And at daybreak they were on their

The hot sun was gleaming over Floronce. The rich vegetation, brilliant flowers, and stately trees in the garden of one of its beautiful suburban villas breeze swept along, and carried its

seemed to have been attended to with more than ordinary care, and as the rich burden of perfume through the al-most closed lattices of the French windows, an insensible feeling stole over one of laziness, and a desire to throw one of the many comfor able lounges in the morning-room, and inhale the pure, cool air, and "do the Italians do "in those soft, sunny days —dream over the beautiful on earth, in air, and sky. Two soft voices were

"Why this, my son?" heard in the long corridor of the house
—those of the Comtesse de Blois and

her daughter. "He telegraphed to say he was com-

ing, maman Yes, my darling; Mr. Lascine and Mr. Trevyllian will be here to-night.'
The pale color left her cheeks, and The pair color left the cheek, and it soft, crimson flush of joy took its place. The eyes shone joyfully as the glad mother supported her into the morning-room. Already she seemed to perceive the new life of health clothing once

more the beauty of her child.

Mrs. Lascine came in, the long black train sweeping the floor, and in her hands a basket of white violets.

"Where did you get those lovely violets, Mrs. Lascine?"

violets, Mrs. Lascine?"
"I ordered them some weeks back
for Eddy's room, dear Amélie."
"Do let me see them, dear Mrs. Lascine," and she took the basket, and
buried her face in them. "May I have
some for my hair to-night, and enough
for a tiny bouguet?."

for a tiny bouquet?, "Yes, dear, if you like; but color be comes you so much more."
"Oh I would rather have these vio-

lets-they are so lovely, and he likes

"Take what you wish, dear, and send the rest to my rooms later on."

The sun was sinking in its beautiful couch of crimson cloud-land, touching with soft tints of crimson, gold, and purple, as it only does it Italy, the surrounding scenery, when the carriage of the famify drove through the beauti-

ful garden to the front entrance. Its occupants were Edward Lascine, Ernest Trevyllian, and the Comte de

Blois. "Now, straight to your rooms, gentle men; dinner in twenty minutes. one word to a soul-no, not even to the

Mrs. Lascine was waiting in Edward's

"My darling boy!"

"Why, manan, you are getting more beautiful than ever." As he said this, he held her at arm's length, and gazed lovingly at her. The soft tulle dres of black gave her complexion a whiter tint, and the red japonica in her hair and at her breast showed him she had

"Now I must run away, my boy; I shall see you alone to-morrow.'

What a hearty welcome those two
travelers received in the drawing-room.

Amélie eyes were fixed on the door until Edward appeared. She did not rise as he entered. er, you have been ill?"

"Yes, Mr. Lascine. "I must congratulate my little sister on her taste in dress," said he, as he glanced at the white violets in her hair, and the simple white muslin with its costly lace. She was very beautiful in deed that evening; the excitement her wit gave a strange charm to that first evening at Florence. She was running her white fingers over the harp, and her sweet voice rang out in the quiet Italian night in those words

The French windows were open wide, nd the soft strains came to Madame la Comtesse de Blois and Ernest Trevyllian as they were walking in the piazza. The night air had drawn out the scent from the lemon-trees, and the whole atmosphere was flooded with its delic-

"I should grudge giving him up any but madame's daughter; what influence I have, though, I will use in your favor, but to me it seems hopeles hat such a thing should ever be

"Thanks for your candor, Mr. Trevy but we may number you among He bowed in silence.

"So you go to the Vatican this morn-

ing, Edward?"
"Yes, maman. Trev is to be presented on his reception, and, as I have been before, and am his friend, Monsignore de Merode suggested I should go with him.' Two days before, at Santa Sabina, by

one of the good Dominican Fathers Ernest Trevyllian had been received into the bssom of our Holy Mother, the Church. This day he had made his first Communion, and was to be pre-sented at the Vatican at the private audience which had been arranged some

days before.
A large suite of apartments had been taken in the Via del Babuino for the Comte de Blois and his party. At the breakfast-table that morning the talk was of Rome.

'In no place in the world is there to be found so much liberty with so much security, my dear mother. Every one doesn't here make a dogma of his own ideas, and a Church of his own party. as in dear old England. Uncle Treven writing to me from Treven Manor, says the same. He says he once heard Pere Lacordaire, the great Dominican preacher, talk of Rome, and he said: 'Passions roused at a distance, when they seek to glide in here, die away like the foam on the sea-shore.

"Vous avez raison, mon cher ami? said the Count. "We are going to the Catacombs when you return, to show them to Mrs.

Lascine," said Amélie. "San Callixtus. Very well; we shall

not be gone long. In the private apartments of His Holiness our two friends were received. The language spoken was French. The interview was almost at an end, when the Pope laid on the table three crosses. One of gold, with a rich reliquary, which he blessed and gave to Trevyllian; taking a similar one and placin it beside the two others-one being o silver, also with relics, and the other of iron—he said to Edward Las

" My child in Christ, my dear son, we have heard of your endurance in R We would wish to give you some mark of our affection. Choose which crucifix you will, my son, and I will place i on your neck with my own hands, to

Without one moment's hesitation, he stepped forward and chose the iron

"Why this, my son?"
"I am going to be a Jesuit, my Father—this is why I choose it; otherwise I must give it up in the novitiate."
The tears glittered in the eyes of His

Holiness as he gave his benediction to those two children of the Church. His arting words were: Saviour wore His crown thorns. Rome's Pontiff wears them in is tiara, and you, the children of the Church, wear yours; but you shall triumph even though you have heavy crowns of thorns to bear; and remem-ber, it is written: 'Qui perseveraverit usque ad finem, hic salvus erit. He only who perseveres to the end shall be

saved. So the weeks glided by in Rome Now that the invalid of the party wa so much restored, they spoke of leav-ing for England, and resting a few quiet weeks at Treven, before the season

should commence in Paris.

Once more, then, the immense man sion in the Avenue de l'Impératrice was to be occupied again—occupied by gay life—occupied by the great king who comes alike to prince and peasant the King of Terrors, Death.

TO BE CONTINUED. Converted Unto Love.

Our Lord in the tabernacle is the same God who will one day be our Judge. Let us go to Him with contrition and love. His heart is full of mercy and compassion for the penitent sinner. Does He not Himself say? "I desire not the death of the sinner, but that not the death of the sinner, but that he be converted and live?" By a holy and penitent life, especially by fre-quently coming to importune Jesus for mercy and pardon. His just anger will receive us with the smile and benedic-tion of a loving and merciful Judge.— Eucharistic Gems. be converted into love and He will re-

How to Get up an Appetite How to Get up an Appetite.

Distaste for food often follows Grippa, and fevers, and is associated with a general weakness of the system. To impart a real zest for food, and give power to the stomach to digest and assimilate, no remedy can equal Ferrozone. This is a new and startling discovery, It strikes at the root of disease and by removing the cause, cures quickly and permanently, Ferrozone will quickly enable you to eat and digest anything. All druggists and medicine dealers sell Ferrozone

AN OLD PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY FOR NEW DISEASE.

The medical profession of our day has traced out the causes and supplied remedies of many common diseases. When the professor has succeeded in discovering the bacillus, the practitioner finds a way to kill or expel it and the patient escapes the plague its consequences. Our surgeons go a little farther. They amputate, not the bacillus, but the organ causing the trouble. It is said that certain authorities advocate as a precautionary measure the excision of such organs as appendix, even in healthy people; thus anticipating the danger of disease by removing the seat in which it is apt to fasten itself. All this is well so far as

Similarly radical methods are being adopted to banish from society, by means of various new methods of pedameans of various new methods of pedagogy, "the pestilence of ignorance," which, as the progressive preacher tells us, is the "hot-bed of superstition." Our colleges know how to educate. They convert the sons and daughters of explore lines of dynamics in the period of ancient lines of dunces into regular prodigies, masters of sciences and arts, nventors by scores, and virtuosos; and what will not enter the brain by the pedagogical method, may

ected by hypnotic suggestion.

Thus disease of the body and disease of the mind are being abolished, either by antiseptics, which destroy the microrganisms of disease, or by prophyla tics, which keep the poisonous germs at

a distance. All this shows that we are great, and hence we ought to be safe and con-tented. Nevertheless there are eviences that, with all the glory that encompasses us round about, to the ex-clusion of ills which flesh and spirit were supposed to be the legitimate heirs of, we are not quite satisfied.

THE NEW DISEASES.

Some say that with the access of remedies against physical ailments, there have come nerve-troubles, and a propensity to insanity, and sterility; whilst we know how to ward of the old diseases, we have got quite a host of new ones. So, too, with the spread of educational facilities, crime in the domestic circle, and discontent selfishness, oppression of the minority municipal fraud, excessive freedom o speech in press and assembly, and a multitude of other evils have grown up with astonishing rapidity and enlarge nent. Sensible people complain of the nonstrous imposition of faith curists who, in spite of the progress of medical science, follow Mrs. Eddy's shallow doctrine and allow children to suffer and die under the plea that disease of the body is a mere notion of the mind. Even more alarming, in view of what is being done to preserve life, is the enormous spread of the practice of that other kind of infanticide which prevents he complete development of human life before any guardian can lodge a protest against this method of depopulating God earth. Aside of these evils there is the socialistic burrowing and the anarchistic uprising against all authority, which inclined citizens, and which sow discord among the different classes of the commonwealth. There are the monopolies of the wealthy, and the

enters and deluges the remotest confines of the land, and drowns every germ of religious or moral growth in the young who are taught to read.

oppression and opposition of the poor. There are the slanders and scandals of

an iniquitous press, teaching vice through the criminal columns of the

illustrated newspapers in a way which

of the poor.

ADVERTISED REMEDIES. Against this horde of undeniable evils, swelling continually, and threatening to engulf modern society like a monstrous tidal wave, we are busy busy writing treatises and books, and devis ing schemes of legislation which would help us forestall or evade the inevitable destruction. These endless plannings to build up a legislative bulwark against the encroaching rise of social revolu-tion seem to be, if not idle—for they may ward off the destructive force at least for a time—yet lamentably inade-quate. Indeed they suggest no remedy when we consider the permanency the danger. They are, moreover, far less efficacious than the precautions and plans that we already possess in very ancient codes. I wish to direct attenancient codes. I wish to direct atten-tion to one of these, a digest of legislative principles, and of recognized authority, which deals with the proper way of averting these very social evils about which we are troubled and concerning which we continually write and read. As we are dealing with diseases of the social body I should call this

ancient codex

AN OLD PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION.

It was written by a native Palestinian Jew, who subsequently became a Chris-tian, and it is well known as the Epistle of St. James. It is a sort of encyclical or pastoral letter addressed to the converts from Judaism through Asiatic provinces. The early Fathers of the Church, who give testimony re-garding the inspired character of this letter, class it with the other writings called "Catholic Epistles" because of the universal application of its teachings and exhortations. The writer speaks with the authority of an Apostle; and whatever we may hold regarding the views of the later Biblical critics, who are divided as to whether St James knew enough or too little Greek, it is very well known that the venerable first Bishop of Jerusalem, who wrote the "Epistle," was respected among Jew and Gentile as "a just man." and would never have found his death as a martyr among his own people but for the jealous calumnies of the priests at the Temple. In this he followed his Divine Master. What remains undisputed is the fact that the essons of this Epistle have been for over eighteen centuries regarded as an expression of divine wisdom. They expression of divine wisdom. They are, even to those who see in our Lord only a great and virtuous Reformer, whose philosophy supersedes all the wisdom of past ages, the truest interpretation of right living both for the individual and for the congregate. Even when Luther, finding the doctrine fault is largely in our attitude. At all

of the necessity of good works set forth as a condition of right faith, wished to discard this Epistle of St. James as lacking the character of divine inspiration, the other so-called "Refo opposed him; and the Epistle of St.

James is to be found in all the present.

day Bibles, whether Catholic or Pro-

of the saintly son of Alpheus, the "brother" of our Lord, whose very close association with the Holy Family close association with the trop, from childhood up must have given him from childhood up must have given him and and power of understanding and interpreting the spirit of Christ is not this spirit conceded by all who profess the Christian faith to be the panaeea in truth, as it was meant to be, of all our earthly ills? The lamb and the lion would meet at peace; there would be no longer any pain or sorrow without such compensating co solation and joy as to make the martyr's lot more enviable than that of the conquering tyrant. "Beati qui lugent" Blessed are they that weep-the poor in spirit—they that suffer persecution—the clean of heart.

It is not a very long dissertation; and yet it deals with all the great ques. tions and difficulties of modern so life, showing how little, after all, the world changeth in its bent toward sin, and how sin always brings the same retribution—reminders of the fact that corruption and death are the fruit of

transgression. St. James introduces his Epistle by referring to the sad conditions of life under which the scattered children of Abraham are laboring, as a trial of faith. It is an established law of ou present position that we should be under various temptations by which our fidelity and title to eternal happiness are to be tested. We must there fore accept as a fundamental truth against which no sane opposition is justly warranted, that

ILLS AS A TRIAL ARE A PROFITABLE

NECESSITY OF OUR PILGRIMAGE Now this trial is not to be regarded as a calamity. On the contrary. As the soldier looks to victory in the hardship which he undergoes, as the sorror of a mother in labor turned to joy because a man is born into the world, so temperal suffering bec to the right-minded a guarantee Apostle, "my brethren, count it all oy when you shall fall into diverse emptations"; he styles the trials temptations," because they

reality nothing else. Now that which fosters and strengthens in us this view of life's trials is our

It is upon this truth as a pivot that the Apostle's instruction and admonition to the converts turn. He bids them seize this gift of faith which turns temptation into hope: 'Knowing that the trying of your faith worketh patience.' In the thought of St. James as in reality, faith and wisdom are one quality of soul. ating from the Divine Sun, at once illuminating and warming. As such, man must draw it to himself by prayer. ity, which threaten the lives of "If any of you want wisdom, let him ask of God, Who giveth to all men abundantly—and it shall be given him; but let him ask in faith; nothing wavering." This twin thought forms the prologue, the introduction to the letter. In various ways it is repeated in the first chapter: man that endureth temptation, for when he has been proved, he shall receive the crown of life, which God hath promised to them that love Him. not err, therefore, dearest brethren, "every best gift, and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father of Lights with Whom the is no change nor shadow of alteration. This trust and confidence in God's Fatherhood is not, however, made fruitful by a mere passive endurance of we cannot sustain the hardships of earthly trial, unless by a restraining of those inclinations to which the weight of our corrupt nature draws us. The religion of Christ differs from the stoicism of the Pagan philosophers which taught them to endure the inevitable without complaint; but which also robbed them of the pleasures of hope. The realization of that pleasure

hope. Ti THE PANACEA OF A LIVING FAITH. And the insistence upon the proper qualities of a living faith forms the principal theme of the Apostle's ex-hortation, inasmuch as through them life is rendered endurable, nay even happy amid diverse trials. Conformity to this preordained plan of human life constitutes the law and guarantee of true liberty; and "he that hath looked into the perfect law of liberty, and hath continued therein—this man shall

be blessed in his deed." The Apostle St. James reminds us that faith cometh through receiving the words of the Gospel, as St. Paul assures us: "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ." (Rom., 10., 17.) In truth this whole Epistle is a comparation of the com mentary, an explanation of the teaching of St. Paul in his letter addressed to the Romans: He warns them not to misunderstand the doctrine Apostle of the Gentiles, who insists upon faith in Christ as the essential requisite of salvation.

THIS FAITH COMES TO US BY HEARING.

It is clear that the gift of faith received in our baptism as a germ capable of growth, must be fostered and nourished. St. James tells us that this is done by listening to God's word. "With meekness," he writes, "receive the ingrafted word, which is able to the ingrafted word, which is able to save your soul." (Chap. 1; 21.) Note the expression, "with meekness.
Perhaps, the preacher who speaks to us is not to our liking. His manner lack the persuasive faculty that would attract us; his reasoning fails to convince, not because truth is wanting in his argument, but because the acci-dental defects of his personality strike our sensitive and critical view, and repel us. We will not listen, from motives similar to those which prevent us from yielding to reasons tare in themselves convincing, times when we are irritated.

diction, surery in the inspired text. Here is one reason w possess the faculty and self-culture should, t reverently, study the furnish them with the view, and, as in the Epistle of St. James, here treat, show the afflict modern society MALARIA-AN Among the prima ost serious evils the society is the propulation which is made by the given it in the sens newspapers and the prints forced upon th public at every po The malice of a long plied a millionfold association that is go or by partisan spirit wish to gratify idl of fictition

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this St. James pre guised severity when vils of the tongu tongue is a fire, a w deflieth the whole the wheel of our na fire by hell." He meth the wheel if to say that it give nature. "The ton on, "is an unquiet poison. By it, we Father, and by it are made after the As the poisonou, infects the social a pestilential exhala be that the influence

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