TWO

PRETTY MISS NEVILLE

BY B. M. CROKER

CHAPTER XXXV

MRS. ST. UBES BRINGS US SOME NEWS

Yet the first bringer of unwelco

news but a losing office; and his Hath tongue Sounds ever after as a sullen bell

Remembered knolling a depar friend.—2 Henry IV.

One morning our party at chotah hazree was unexpectedly re enforced by Mrs. St. Ubes and Colonel Gore, who rode into the compound just as we were sitting down to table. Mrs. St. Ubes was in exuberant spirits ; beamed on every one (Major the beamed on every one (halof Percival especially) as she drew off her gloves, and helped herself to a piece of buttered toast. I knew by her air of supreme satisfaction that she had something unpleasant to say, and my augury proved perfectly correct. For a time an afternoon correct. lance the previous day was the only topic discussed, and Mrs. St. Ubes ted between uncle and Major Percival, was, as usual, pitiless in her criticisms. Two unfortunately stout young ladies were cruelly dislaws to speak of ! They were in themselves," she declared, "amply sufficient to make up a set of sixteen Lancers, there being sufficient substance each for at least four couples. If I were them I would starve myself sooner than attain such elaphantine proportions; and it is positively wicked to allow them to ride. Where is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? where are the police? It is really melancholy to see two young women of such monus dimensions.'

"I do not think they are so particularly stout," said auntie, apologeti-cally; " at any rate, their handsome faces go a long way toward redeem ing their figures.

An acute and ill-regulated loveaffair might have a happy effect. Love is a very thinning malady," remarked Colonel Gore, plaintively.

Hardly worth while to break their hearts for the sake of their figures," observed Mrs. Vane, in her usual off hand manner.

Talking of broken hearts," exclaimed Mrs. St. Ubes, addressing herself pointedly to me, and accom panying her remark with a steady significant stare, "I had a letter from Florry Thompson yesterday She is at Cheetapore, you know." "Is she? I did not know." I re

turned, indifferently. "Captain Beresford is there too,

she pursued, with an emphasis that downright rude. I again answered; but Is he?"

this time my face was a beautiful flame color. He has quite got over his un

lucky love affair. Men are all the same—easily consoled !" still direct-ing her remarks remorselessly to

'You will be glad to hear that he has made a miraculous recovery, and is engaged to the general's daughter, ss. But, of course, you have already heard the news.

little conversational bomb had quite the intended effect. It produced an awkard and embarrassed pause. Auntie upset the sugar-basin, uncle scowled at me, and I be came of a still deeper and finer shade of crimson.

An A 1 polo-player, and a good looking fellow, Beresford," ejacu-lated Colonel Gore, reflectively. 'Is he not ?" returned Mrs. St.

Ubes ; "but Florry Thompson says he is greatly altered and has become

" No, not always," responded Mrs. "Well, what am I, according to Vane, as if somewhat dubious, only half convinced. Mrs. St. Ubes ?' 01 The greatest flirt in Mulkapore, "Well, I must say that I like India,' said uncle, rubbing his hands cheer he returned, with provokingly dis tinct utterance. Story number two," I replied, fully, " although I was not born out cornfully. here Oh, you are a regular old Anglo Well, at any rate, you are credited Indian," returned Mrs. St. Ubes, con-temptuously. "You have been out

with a vast number of proposals. Come, make me your confidant ; contemptuously. "You have been out here so long that you have forgottsn fession is good for the soul," hitching what Europe is like." his arm chair closer to mine. "Not in this case," I answered th a laugh. "I shall not satisfy Pardon me, I do nothing of the

with a laugh. "I shall not satisfy your curiosity. Suppose you go on looking at the photographs; you have not seen half. You should not listen kind. I have a soft corner for my native land, but, all the same, in my opinion, the gorgeous East is not half a bad billet. In the first place, I nd to your notice the rupeer to gossip.' "What rupees can compensate for being broiled alive ?" But you had half a dozen propos

als, Nora. I'm not at all jealous. I admire their discrimination, and am Well, in these days of punkah

ice machines, thermantidotes, and hill stations, I do not think there is sorry for your rejected admirers." I could see that he was rather proud of my victims; he considered that they adorned his chariot wheels, so much to complain of," said uncle firmly. "Can any European climate surpass the hills ? and why should he having carried off the conquero of the slain. the natives of foggy England, frosty

It was no use begging or coaxing, l Scotland, and rainy Ireland be so ex would not confess, so he resumed his occupation of acting the part of cessively fastidious? Then look at our scenery," waving his hand to ward our sandy avenue ; " what a critic to all our friends and acquaint field for painters and artists ! and fo nces. Most of them fared but ill at sportsmen, what a country !"-wax-ing enthusiastic-" large and small game, from an elephant to a snipe, his hands, till he came to Maurice-Maurice taken in half-length cab inet size, and in all the glory of his uniform. I would fain have skipped from a bison to a quail, and no game him : but Major Percival intern a firm white finger, and gazed at the

Oh, if you are going to talk shikar, I have no chance; and I shall go," said Mrs. St. Ubes, making a feint of photograph critically. "Now that's what I call a thor searching for her whip and gloves.

oughbred looking fellow," he ob-served impressively, as if the orig-Well, shikar has no charms for ladies, but it has verydgreat@attrac-tions for most men. However, you inal had now received a kind of nonorable mention, a cachet that my fair friends, have every reas would distinguish him for the rest of Who is he? Don't know speak well of India also. You his life. his face." are social divinities out here -

"He is Captain Beresford - my -queens of society, with noth cousin," I answered, with all the composure I could assume. to do but dress and dance and flirt, and receive universal atten "Oh, indeed. He was rather *epris*, was he not? One of the victims?

Boysie, how dare you say so ?"

"You have nothing to repea

him ere Major Percival con

'Now, Nora," he said impressively.

me, standing erect with

I don't agree with you at all. for one, deny that we are one Come, come, my little Nora, your face more thought of than we are in Engtells the tale your tongue refuses to land," returned Mrs. St. Ubes, sharply What tale !" cried Boysie, aroused And, at any rate, you must admit hat your beloved India is the hot by the magic word, and walking on his knees to Major Percival's side. that your be bed of scandal and gossip," she con Oh, that's Captain Beresford, Nora's

cluded, triumphantly. "Not a bit worse than its neighother sweetheart ! Awfully spoony bors," said Mrs. Vane, metaphorically on her-he was !' seizing a weapon and striking into the conversation. "Take any small cried, with cheeks like flame. country town. Take an English colony abroad, you will find gossip "I heard mother say that he was in love with you, so there !" retorted and scandal just as rampant, nay, worse. I don't attempt to deny that the imp, folding his arms and glaring at me defiantly; and it's true, too I saw you myself that night at the picnic—shall I tell? Do you dare there are wicked people in India as well as elsewhere. There are mischief makers and snakes-in the grass me?" continued this malignant ur chin, looking at me with his head on in every country," she concluded. looking fixedly at Mrs. St. Ubes, one side, an air of keen, malicious in

"Well, I must say that I think quiry. "Tell what you please; it is all the same to me," I answered, reckpeople get on together out here capitally. They are more drawn tolessly. ward each other than at home. about me, or-or-Captain Beresford auntie good humoredly that is of the smallest consequence. Look at the wonderful kindnes An impudent closing of his left eye nd hospitality one meets with. Why, in this large station there is not on was the only responsive Boysie vouchsafed, and, leaning heavily on otel, none being required. Anglo-Indians have some good points, you Major Percival's knee, he raised him self to an upright position, yawned stretched, picked up "Gulliver," and will allow ?"

'I allow that India has very eloquent defenders, and very fine foliage then found speech. plants, and that you have a superb collection, Mrs. Neville. Come, Major rise out of you, old girl. Keep your Percival," said Mrs. St. Ubes, rising, " come, and I will introduce you to Mrs. Neville's black caladiums. nearly ready. I think I'll go and see. You So saying, Master Boysie, having made a frightful face behind Major are nearly as great a fern maniac as am myself.

Always at Mrs. St. Ubes's serv-Percival's back, put his book under ice," he replied, bowing with an air his arm and lounged out of the room of great gallantry, and escorting her The purdah had scarcely swung oward the garden with deferential behind alacrity. fronted party thus broken up dis-The thumbs in the armholes of his waist

persed, leaving Mrs. Vane tete-à-tete coat. with me. She scored off you this morning,

Nora,

if he had been a dog.

rate.'

My fiance was lazily turning over

auntie's large photographic album, and making remarks on its contents

back in his chair and half closing the

"Oh, dear no," I answered brus

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

tie, collar, and tout ensemble were entirely to his satisfaction, he took up his hat and gloves, and with an easy farewell to me set off to join a whist party at the club. Hardly had he left the house when Boysie came stepping into the room on tiptoe, a large lump of cocoanut rock in either hand, and a general stickiness pervading his appearance.

'Well, has the old fellow gone?' inquired this artless juvenile. "Yes, there he goes," he added, and good riddance of rubbish! I say Nora, wasn't to be wasn't I a brick, eh? What are you going to give me for not letting the cat out of the bag? and such a thundering big puss !"

"Cat ! Puss !" I echoed, crossly ; at do you mean ? " Has softening what do you mean? of the brain set in at last ?"

"You remember the night of the picnic to the tombs ?" I nodded. Had I not good reason

to recollect it ?" "Well," putting a huge morsel of rock into his mouth, and buttonholing me by his now free and most uninviting fingers, "I was strolling about before supper, and I came to the big pool, and I looked over the edge, and what do you think I saw ?" accompanying the question with a diabol-ical wink.

I turned perfectly cold. Why, that fellow, Maurice Beres ford, with his arm round your waist Now !

TO BE CONTINUED

THE GREATEST THING

"Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Ralph read the words and smiled. Yes, that was the condition of the world at large, and the little world of the village of Morceau had no reason for thinking itself exempt from general rules. Ralph had never been outside his native village any further than down to the river, about ten miles away. He had gone to th Sister's school, had completed the grammar grade and had started to work. For a long while he had earned his pittance at odd jobs in the office of a factory, and had finally won the lucrative position of bookkeeper in that establishment.

He has always shown more intelligence that the average boy in the village, so much that the Sisters urged his parents to send him to a Jesuit Boarding College to finish his education. But money was needed at nome, and Ralph's greater good was sacrificed to the absolute demands of his younger brothers and sisters.

His twenty-first summer was now at its height. The office was closed for the afternoon, and here he was, pondering over a little book of maxims and wise sayings. He had long been thinking-thinking seriously. He felt within him the craving and yearning of a noble heart to do and dare-to go out beyond the confines of his native village into the great world that was always beckon. ng him onward and upward, and to do the greatest thing man's powers Never mind. I was only taking a could attempt. He felt within him the longing to be the center of a self cool! Your auntie is making some cocoanut rock. I wonder if it is circle that would revolve about him ; to stand aloft, the cynosure of all eyes; to sit upon the throne of great-

ness to be adored by all whose intellects were keen enough to recognize and whose wills were strong enough to reverence his undoubted superior. Strange to say, mingled with all

this desire for eminence was a dis-tracting, disheartening thought, Ralph was a good Catholic. And Sunday after Sunday as he knelt at

been preparing a long while for it. and if you stop me I may explode. "You'd better begin. You're ex hausting all your steam on the prep aration," she answered playfully. "Mary, as far back as I can re member I have lived in this little town, working and slaving to earn an honest penny for my younger brothers and sisters. They are old enough now to look around for them elves, and I intend to follow the longing of my inmost soul. I have never told you, Mary, that I loved you. I did not know it myself at We have been playmates to first. gether, we have sat in the same schoolroom together, and we have grown from childhood into the sun shine of existence, hardly knowing that we were growing more and more into each other's lives. If that were all, Mary, it would be easy enough. would take you out beyond this vil lage and set you on the throne of the world to be the queen of womanhood.

But at present—at present, I don' know what to do." He paused. She looked at his quiv-ering lips, his tear dimmed eyes. His left hand clasped the back of the rus tic bench, his right was hanging idly at his side. She did not dare to in terrupt; she saw as once that his mood was a passionate one. And besides, she was afraid of her own

tongue betraying a secret she had never dared breathe to a single soul. ' I don't know what to do,' hecon tinned. "There is God. calling me calling me, calling me, and my heart says, " Nay, I do not want to come. I know it is all strange to you Mary, and I suppose you would think me blasphemous if I said I am now at the parting of the ways, where stand two pedestals. On one is God, on the other-you. Don't start so, Mary ; I don't mean to be irreverent. And now the time has come for me to choose True, if I take you, I shall not have to abandon God altogether. But I am not sure that I would be doing the greatest thing. When I kneel in the church and listen for the voice of God, I seem to hear within me the secret calling to abandon all, even you, Mary, and follow Him in the priesthood. Oh! If I could know, if

could have the courage !" She waited for him to continue out he did not. She looked at him,

as his eyes wandered away over the lawn toward the house. If there was ever a look of heaven on a woman's face, it was on hers then. There was no hesitation, no doubt in her voice Down, down, deep down in her noble heart, so far down that it almost made her scream with anguish, she crushed her own bitter torture, and came, like an angel of light, to this wavering soul. Thank God for such women as these! They are man's quardian angels and his true protect ors. Mary touched Ralph's tightly hand and restored him to lenched the reality around him.

"Ralph, you ought to be the' thankful person in the world."

He did not answer. He stood there as though hewn out of marble. Intinctively her nobler nature maniested itself and proclaimed its superiority in the childlike submission of the man before her.

"You ought to be the most grateful man in creation, Ralph. Do you know, I think that is the grandest thing in the world. I have watched Father Livingston day after day, and have grown to reverence the priest-hcod with the highest respect of my soul. God bless you, Ralph, if you have this vocation. What? You would dare to put me up against God and make your choice? Ralph Ralph, for shame! How could I re-Ralph. spect you, knowing that you had de

son, under God, that could satisfy my love. It was always I-I-I-I, and if there had been another who satisfied me better I should have cast you aside, totally disregarding your own anselfish love for me. I know it now;

I am not fit to serve you.' There were tears in her eyes, and when she spoke her voice was husky. "Ralph, there are things in this world that are great, and I should like to share them with you, if God so willed. But I should rather see you vretched, outcast, with every nerve broken, every hope shattered, every ambition crushed; I should rather see you wear your life away alone, ralded, unknown, if only you were living a holy priest of God.' "But you, Mary! What will become of you? Even now the thought that

some one else will come and claim you fills me with horror. There is no one fit to look at you, much less to have you as his bride.

She gazed out over the roof of her modest home. Her eyes, almost like those that painters give to beings of the celestial world, were clouded with a veil of moisture. "I—" she answered, "I shall pray for you and your work. My life is happy and contented in this quiet

village. I shall live among these dear, good people, and—and—when my time comes—die. That's the sum of most lives, isn't it, Ralph? Listen,

there's the Angelus." And the two knelt down on the closely cropped lawn to commemorate the mystery of the Incarnation. on me. Well, Mary, I shall say good-by.

Mother's waiting for me at home. didn't know I had stayed so long." ' Good by, Ralph.'

Try as she may, she could not say another word. He sauntered toward the gate and opened it. He looked down the street and up, hardly know ing what he was doing. At last he turned homeward, disconsolate, dejected

That night the gathering shadows closed around a sobbing maiden, trying to gain some little courage to face a life she now detested. Not for a single moment would she think of recalling one word she had uttered Her sacrifice was made, her decision given. Mayhap it was her own

bountless grief, undergone with the resignation of a martyr, that won the grace of final perseverance for the man she loved.

Years passed by, and Ralph became a well known priest orator. His name was on the lips of thousands. He was hurried from pulpit to platform, from platform to stage. All men seemed eager to listen to his words of wisdom. There was a look of peace and content in his eye, the peace and content of a man who had seen his duty and dared to do it. The dream of his youth had been realized. He had not been born great, he had not had greatness thrust upon him, but he had achieved it.

Every summer he journeys back to the little village and walks among the old familiar spots, talking to the men and women of to-day about the men and women of their yesterday. and he pats and fondles the little men and women of the coming morrow. As the sun sinks slowly behind the rolling meadows he turns

his steps down toward the village churchyard. He opens the iron gate and walks over and walks over to a sequestered corner, takes out his beads and be gins the Rosary. His eyes wander up to the tombstone and read " Mary, but he quickly closes them to shut out all thoughts that distract him from his prayers for her soul.

He has studied and suffered in the school of real greatness, the school of sanctity, and he knows now that the liberately cast aside a vocation to the greatest thing is not to do, but to be The world has never heard of her whose ashes lay covered in the grave before him, but he knew in his heart of hearts that her strength in his hour of weakness had made him what he was. And he knew that she not he, had done the greatest thing. -J. H. Stratford, in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

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ointing to a vacant chair, asked me "The word struck me curiously,

and I smiled. Then I raised my hat. "'No, ma'am,' I said: 'not if I can see well. May I offer it to you?" "She fluttered into it, and with a

fetching smile volunteered the infor-mation that she had been to New York shopping. I bowed, glancing at the little reticule she carried (about three inches square), but, of course, I believed her! Then she volunteered another confidence, impelled no doubt, by my elderly presence and tell-tale garb:

'Reverend sir, do you know that I was an inmate of a convent in Montreal for nine years? As a pupil of, of course!"

Indeed ma'am! In your green salad days, no doubt!" "She smiled and resumed, nothing

daunted: 'I hold the same views as you do

in fact. I am a woman of advanced ideas, quite up to date. To tell the truth, sir, I run a church myself, and am on my way to Onset, Mass, to conduct a service the coming Sunday. am an apostle of the New Thought. Of course, you, too, are liberal and progressive; you are an educated gentleman."

For a certainty, ma'am," I re

plied. "'If so, as our service consists chiefly of the exchange of new thoughts, mayhap you could give me a new thought' she said beaming

"'Well, ma'am; I'll give you an old thought dressed up in a new way. Perhaps it may serve you!' "She did not notice the sarcasm in

my tone, so I continued:

"'Yesterday I was preparing an old man for death. He was disquiet ed, troubled in spirit. He said he had three enemies-his relatives, the devil and the worms!"

She gave a little shudder as I mentioned the last but I kept on.

'His relatives did not care for his body or soul; they wanted his money. The devil did not care for his money or his body; he wanted his soul. The worms did not care for his soul or his money; they wanted his body!'

"'How quaint!' she exclaimed. 'Why, that is a New Thought indeed!' "'Well, ma'am you are perfectly free to exchange it with the members

of your new Church! Sorry, being a priest, I can't give you my arm to the dining-room. Good evening!"

"She looked at me and fluttered off without a word. And that was the 'new woman.' Very advanced! Half-fraud and half fool! Making a penny by playing at progressive religion!" "Can it be possible?" the reader will exclaim. Yea, more than possible! such women live!

Let the nobler of the sex assert themselves in the face of such ab surd creations. Let them proclaim their choice of the antithesis of such beings by being content with home and husband and children and befriending all that is worth while in

THE STORY OF MY CONVERSION

BY ONE WHO WAS A PRESBYTERIAN If any one were to ask me when in all my life I felt most happy, I should answer that it was on the 28th day of April, 1912. Having been baptised and having made my first confession on the previous day, I was permitted to receive my dear Lord on the fol lowing more Such a ous privilege. Such a lowing morning. Oh! such a glori-Such a feeling of I knelt at the altar before our Blessed Saviour. I thought my heart would burst, so filled was it with gratitude, pity and love for my dear Lord, Who suffered so much forme. At that moment I wished never to leave the altar. but to remain there on my knees for the rest of my life, adoring and loving my Saviour. Perhaps you would like to know how a Presbyterian came to experience such great joy. Well, the be-ginning of the story dates back two years before, when I went to live in apartments immediately opposite a apartments initiation of the convent. Catholic Church and Convent. Every morning I was awakened very the men, women and children going to Church. I would jump up and look at them through the window. There they were swarming in as fast as they could. It puzzled me, and I wondered, "What is in that Church wondered, "What is in that Church to bring those people out so early?" could not understand how could lose their sleep, and leave their warm beds so early in the morning. When the weather was warmer and windows were opened, I could hear the singing, and even see the priest altar. And so I watched and listened day after day, and Sunday after Sunday.

quite thin and haggard looking."

"Then I suppose I am to infer that he has had a love-affair, and been taking a trial of the prescription recommended for the Misses Parr?" observed Major Percival, with all the "Oh, yes ; he has had a very severe

returned Mrs. St. Ubes; "he attack. was desperately in love with a cer tain young lady"-looking sweetly at me- "and she threw him over -at any rate, gave him his 'jawab most effectually. But Nora can tell you all about it far better than I can, an't you dear? You were in the secret.

What had I ever done to Mrs. St. Ubes that she should put me to torture in this manner, and hold me up to public shame? For my tell tale face was an ample explanation to any one. "Those who ran might any one. read.

Nora is a capital person for keeping a secret," observed Mrs. Vane coming to my rescue; "and if Cap tain Beresford has confided in her his secret is perfectly safe ; she will never divulge it to mortal. By the way, Mrs. St. Ubes, is it true that you en passant. "Nice little woman, Mrs. St. Ubes," he remarked, leaning are going home this hot weather ?'

"Yes, thank goodness! You can't imagine how glad I am; how charmed I shall be when I see the last of this hateful country !"

spect. After a pause he lifted his eyelids suddenly and said. "A great 'Hateful country !" echoed auntie friend of yours too, Nora, she tells "Why, I always thought you liked it so much.

' My dear Mrs. Neville ! how could quely. "Well, she certainly *said* so, at any you imagine any such thing? I loathe the very name of India. It has nothing but disagreeable associations for me.'

returned, hotly. Really, I am surprised to hear yo say so," put in Mrs. Vane (between whom and Mrs. St. Ubes a kind of brilliant guerilla twarfare raged), with a simple smile. "I always understood that you were born, brought up, and married out here." Plenty of people are born in India

and hate, the country. You may be born in a pigsty, but it does not fol-low that you are a pig."

said my companion, nodding toward me impressively as she stood up and shook some crumbs out of some explanation," he added, with a solemnity that was absolutely tragic. her pretty crewel apron. "She came here on purpose to fire that shot "What he said was perfectly true," I faltered, gazing intently at a certain about Maurice Beresford, and it cer tainly went home. My poor child pattern in a Persian rug. "I treated my cousin very badly— I never told can you not learn to control your blushes ?-they almost amount to a him that I was engaged to you until —until too late," I stammered. disease in your case. Mrs. Stubbs is now employing that wicked little

Too late ! What do you mean tongue of hers in retailing all your very sharply. "I mean he proposed to me. miserable peccadilloes to Major P Ere this he is quite au fait with your "Ah, and you refused him. Yes, ! have heard all that," put in my auddearest secrets, and has the history revised and enlarged, of your flirta tion with Maurice at his finger ends.' itor almost cheerfully. "You re-fused half a dozen, if all tales be true The same day after tiffin Major Percival and I had the drawing room but you did not encourage him, did

you-eh, Nora?" "I believe I did, Major Percival. You shall hear the truth. I encourto ourselves, with the exception of Boysic Towers, who was lying flat on the floor, supporting his head on his hands, and deep in "Gulliver's aged him, as you call it, but at first quite unconsciously. 1 always meant hands, and deep in "Gulliver Travels." I was well accustomed t to tell him I was engaged to you, and somehow I put it off and put it off, Boysie, and he was no more restraint on Major Percival's conversation than

and all the time he was thinking that I was free and that—and that I liked him. He will never, never forgive me. and I shall never forgive myself.' I added in a whisper, conveying the idea of mental sackcloth and ashes. " It was certainly a great mistake pleased with my humility-" you book. "Very agreeable, and lots to say for herself," shutting his eyes and enjoying some delicious retroought to have let him know that the -shall we say 'admiration ?' - was not mutual whenever you saw that his devotion was becoming too flagrant. I suppose his disenchantment A great asked

ance.

Busy, Mary?'

No doubt.'

What's the matter ?

whose advice he could follow."

"Mary, I've got something to say to you, and I don't know how to be

"Better begin right in the middle,"

is now quite complete ?" Major Percival, suspiciously. Quite, quite complete, most thoroughly complete !" I promptly an-"Well, well, then, if I grant you for

"Then she told you a great fib," I giveness and absolution for your little flirtation, I am sure he may. We will say no more about it," he added, re-"Well, never mind, my little Nora, you need not be so excited. I am sure Mrs. St. Ubes is the last person assuringly, "only be more guarded in future. Do not ensnare any more of

these good-looking gunners," conclud-ed my fiance, nodding his head impresin the world to thrust her friendship upon any one. I see how it is, she is a bit of a coquette, and you are in the same line yourself, eh?" pausing again and regarding me com-placently; "she says—she tells me" —and he hesitated. sively as he turned to a pier glass and began a most critical scrutiny of

his left—his favorite—whisker. Having satisfied himself that he

"I must insist on knowing what he the altar-rail to receive Holy Com-means. I allude to the little beast munion he had an unwelcome idea should despise myself and in time who has just left. I insist upon that God wanted him for the priestgrow to distrust you, lest you should meet another who could draw your hood. Unwelcome, I say, because Ralph had all but given his heart to love from me, as I had drawn it from

a pure young girl he had known al-most all his life. That was why Ralph was so moody to day. This Whence did she derive the courage and strength to say it? Her own old saying about greatness had always perplexed him. He knew it was the heart beat in discord to the strain her lips were uttering. Had she obeyed greatest thing to give his heart enher natural impulse she would have thrown herself between her Creator tirely to God. And Ralph was honest and this His vacillating creature enough to wish to do the greatest Where did she get the soul to help thing.

The wind sighed softly through the this man before her in his wavering "Then you tell me, Mary—" "I would tell you to give yourself leaves. The birds flitted by him in chattering gladness. The sun wheeled

through an hour's space of heaven, and Ralph sat there, the book still and God a chance.

'And go away to school? Begin open and unread, his mind far down the labyrinthine ways of thought gain? I am twenty-one now. I from which he could not escape. With a look of stern determination should have to?study for a long, long while. 'But the cause is worth it, Ralph.

toward the house. His eyes were fixed and staring; his lips tightly And you would have time to ponder over it all, and prav.'

drawn. There was resolve written in every line of his refined counten-With every word she was tearing his very heart-strings. "Does she really care anything for me, after all ?" he wondered. "How can she He glanced at his watch-5 o'clock seem so cold ?" Once he was tempt-ed to ask her, but the word failed There was still time before the even ng meal. His walk lay down the aim. If he could have looked into village street some few blocks beow his own modest home. These her heart, he would have cursed the very thought. blocks he covered without looking to

Then, Mary, we'll say good bye ?' right or left. 'He opened a low wicket gate and slackened his pace as he enhe asked.

"Yes, good-by in the truest sense tered a well-kept yard and saluted a black-eyed, black-haired girl in terms for my only prayer is, Ralph, that of easy though respectful familiarity: God be with you.

He stood, the picture of despair. Beside him, every nerve quiv-ering and trembling with emotion, 'No, Ralph. I was just reading that story about Eric you said you liked. Do you know, Ralph, I think

stood a frail, pale girl. "Mary, then you—". He paused His lips pressed tightly together. No, he could not ask the question. what Eric needed was a real friend " But I see Balph, you're worried. 'Then I what, Ralph?'

"Oh, Mary, I'm a selfish, ungrate ful brute. I have been thinking only of my personal feelings all the time. village has always been so narrow that it has even narrowed my

own horizon until my world has grown to be myself. I did not think she answered with a laugh. "Well, I will. Now, don't stop me Having satisfied himself that he till I'm through, for I'm like a steam of you, so much as the angel you are had not seen a gray hair, and that his engine, all ready for a hard job. I've I thought of you only as the one per-

THE NEW-THOUGHT WOMEN Written for the Catholic Standard and Time

A recent editorial in the Public

Ledger (a well-written, thoughtful editorial it was) on "The Real man, set us to thinking. That edi-

torial, plus religion, ought to be read in every home. Perhaps it might set others to thinking, and perhaps the "real woman" who has been submerged by the

has been submerged by the waves of vote gathering public lecturing, club meetings and so forth would raise her graceful head and

stamp that expression of editorial wisdom with an "imprimatur" that would impress her neighbors and friends. All women should have good sense in various quantities as one of their physical and mental constituents-it is a gift of their Cre-

ator; but some of them aspire to such wild heights of absurdity that a man

gasps as he vainly tries to follow them. Talking with a valued friend the other day, a learned Jesuit, he gave an experience of his that is too

pulpit, enthusiastically loved by many and revered by all. He said to me as we sat together talking of the "New-Thought Woman?"

"I was on the Fall River boat

A PROVIDENTIAL MEETING

That summer I taught in the vaca-tion schools. Having nothing to do one afternoon, and as it was quite warm, I thought I would try to get which was very near. I walked around to find a bench by itself, in good to keep. This gentleman is a brilliant, witty, never-to-be-floored talker, as wise as he is witty, whose head is full of all sorts of knowledge, order that I might not be annoyed by whose society is sunshine for the weary intruders. Facing 18th street, I selected one, on which was sitting a and comfort for the distressed, a man of unbounded zeal for souls and very kindly looking old gentleman. I had not been seated beside him veteran worker in the Church and long when a crowd gathered im-mediately in front of us on 18th street. Turning to me he asked if I had any idea of the cause of the ex-

citement. I answered that really I this summer, on deck, and lo! she fluttered along. She looked at me, had been hurt. This was the be-and noted my Roman collar, and ginning of our acquaintance. It was