A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER XI.

THE EXAMINING MAGISTRATE. Day broke at length. The first rays of the sun, rising in all its rosy splendor behind the heights of Brignolles, lit up a Spring landscape of rare loveliness. All the numerous villages and homesteads lying in the valleys be tween the hills, were encircled with plum and peach trees in full bloom, like a bridal wreath. Amongst the delicately-tinted blossoms the bees were already busily at work, while thrush already busily at work, while thrush and blackbird filled the air with their song. Here and there a churchbell announced to the villagors the hour of Mass, and a few aged parishioners and groups of school children might be seen wending their way towards the church; the laboring population went in com-panies to their accustomed work in the

gardens or vineyards.
In Ste. Victoire, however, the wheel of daily life stood still. Scarcely had housedoors been opened at dawn of before the tidings of the murder spread throughout the village like wild-

fire. "Have you heard the news, neigh bor? Poor Mrs. Blanchard has been murdered, the dear old lady!" an aged crone called across the street. You don't say so! It cannot be

true !' "It is true though, and the worst of the story is, they say Father Mont-moulin stabbed her with his bread moulin stabbed her with his bread knife," said a voice from another win-

"My God, how can you say such a horrible thing! Do you not know that horrible thing! Do you not know that you are committing a mortal sin?"
"Why should it not be true? The

"Why should it not be true? The clergy are not a bit better than any-body else. Was not a priest guillo-tined some years ago, for stabbing the Archbishop of Paris in a church? Besides I heard it from the maid at the Rose; she had to take up breakfast to the convent in a hurry and the lawyers. The mayor notary and the town-clerk—she was his sister you know—spent the night up there and found out every.

Let her talk! You will not make "Let her talk! You will not make me believe that our pastor, such a good and pious and kind gentleman as he is, could be guilty of such a crime. Not one of those Government officials ever goes to Mass, or to his Easter duty. No doubt they will try and fasten it on him, he has been in their way for a long time." So snoke a stout, sturdy time." So spoke a stout, sturdy matron, doubling her fist, and shaking it ominously in the direction of the

mayor's residence.
"Take care, do be quiet," urged a timid looking little woman, who had stood by in speechless horror, "if what you have been saying were repeated, you might get put into prison by the

He had better try that on, a villain

like him, who cannot even keep a faith-ful to his wife, who—" The good woman's indignant speech was cut short by the exclamations of those around her, for a small body of mounted police appeared, coming down the street, besides a carriage drawn by two horses, in which some important looking personages were seated.

looking personages were seated.
"Look, look, those must be the
magistrates! The police are going to
arrest our pastor! Well, there must be something in it after all. Let us run up to the convent, and see what is

Go on then, you silly fools. I do not want to see the poor man dragged to prison. And nothing will ever con-vince me that a dear good priest who does so much for the sick and the poor, has murdered anyone, not if the mayor himself swore he saw him do it " Thereupon Father Montmoulin's lusty defender threw her window to with a bang, and hastened into the scullery where she vented her annoyance on the pots and pans, and confided to them

her opinions.

A crowd soon collected on the terrac before the convent, discussing the sad event, after the wont of the excitable ontherner, in loud and animated tones Though his window was closed, the voices reached Father Montmoulin's ear, and he heard several, to whom he had shown nothing but kindness, passing a harsh verdict upon him. Thus i with unstable human heart; always more prone to believe evil than to be good of their fellow men. multitude love a scandal, especially when it emanates from a class above them, and whoever the supposed cul them, and whoever the supposed ent-prit may be, the populace now as of old is ready to cry "Crucify him." Men of education, who in such times of ex-citement would put in a word for the accused, and who would be grieved by the fall of one who till then had enjoyed a spotless reputation, do not mix amo the multitude on such occasions.

"String him up to the olive tre here, before the police come from Aix," a stalwart youth, looking about with complacency. "If he gets him with complacency. "If he gets oily tongue. Here too, we could all see him kick better than if he were to be guillotined."

answered a butcher, " neve fear, they have such proof that the first barrister in the land could not get him off. His cassock is soaked with blood, and the carving knife is all stained too that he stabbed her with. I should not have credited the little man with as much pluck.'

There was no particular pluck led. The old woman would not needed. offer much resistance. Besides, all the lot of money he took from her would have given many a man courage for the They say it was upwards, of

More than that ! More than that! Two thousand! Four thousand," one and another of the bystanders called

out.
"I tell you what," whispered the cobbler, "it is a fortunate thing for the sacristan, that he went off to Marseilles on Sunday evening, and the handkerchief, and the place where had not come back. Had he been there, they had been discovered. "It seems

suspicion would certainly have fallen on him, not on the priest."
"Oh yes, you say that because you hate the man, and would like to have been made sacristan instead of him,"

been made sacristan instead of him,"
retorsed a neighbor.

"There is something though in what
our cobbler there said," answered the
butcher. "I should sooner have
thought that Loser would have done it;
he learnt that sort of business in the
war. I heard him say he put an end
to a couple of dozen Prussians with
his own hand. Had he been there—"
"Universal to the boddy Carillon is

"Listen to what Daddy Carillon is saying," was at that moment shouted on all sides. For the host of the Golden Rose had appeared in the doorway, and all present pressed forward to hear the news from him, and if possible, to get inside the building, which was locked against intruders. "Stand back, my good friends," the innkeeper began. "No one will be allowed to cross this threshold until the officers of Justice have thoroughly investigated and examined all which we have dis covered and searched into this night—this night, the most terrible I ever passed through! I say we, because I too, my friends, have done my little part towards avenging innocent blood and punishing crime, and our mayorand punishing crime, and our mayor
a man of uncommon enlightenment, of
whom we may justly be proud—insisted
on my humble name being added to the
protocol we have drawn up, which unmasks the atrocities of which the clericals are guilty, pillories them publicly and one may say, brings these wolver in sheep's clothing as a class within reach of the hangman. For if our priest, one of the best in the land, is capable of committing this bloody deed, what may not be expected from the others? It is well that this should have occurred before the election, for now the veil of hypocrisy wherewith they shrouded their evil deeds is rent asunder. The whole county, the whole country will hear of this. The light kindled in our village will be seen all over the land, and will illustrate the truth of what the great Gambetta said: Le clericalisme, voila l'ennemi! These clericals are what we have most favor at the approaching elections is a traitor to his country. Down with the Priests !

The glib tongue of the loquacious inkeeper would probably have run on sometime longer, for the benefit of his hearers, had not the officials from Aix at that juncture appeared upon the scene. The mounted police drew up on seene. The mounted price draw up on each side of the doorway, and the carriage stopped in front. Mr. Carillon hurried forward instantly to open the door. A gentleman dressed in black with blue spectacles and a white moustache alighted first. He raised his hat slightly in acknowledgement of the profound obelsance of the inn-keeper, and asked: "Have I the onor of speaking to the mayor?

"No sir, my name is Carillon, at your service, the landlord of the Golden Rose. Your worship will see my name among those who signed the protocol. The mayor is upstairs, with the accused, I might rather say the convict. Your Worship will find we have pre-pared all the preliminaries. Allow me to show you the way upstairs. Meanwhile the police will prevent the people, who are naturally exasperated, from entering the convent, lest in their just indignation they should lynch

the murderer. examining magistrate was accompanied by an agent of police, a clerk carrying a large portfolio. Without answering a single word to Carillon's speech they followed him to the priest's apartments, where the mayor introduced himself and his companions. Then the magistrate, who name was Mr. Barthelot, expressed his wish to be briefly acquainted with the acts of the case. request een complied with, the mayor added

" At first we thought that the lady had met with an accident as she was leaving this rambling old building, and backward in assisting us, when we proposed to make the necessary examination of the corridors and necessary ination of the corridors and passages. It only dawned on us, when we found the body, that the priest might be the guilty party, our suspicion being aroused by his strange manner, and also by the fact that there was no one else in the convent at the time of the murder. Then we found him furtively engaged in washing great spots of blood off his cassock, and soon after, the basket belonging to the murdered lady came to light, as well as the knife with which the crime had evidently been perpetrated and a handkerchief or which it had been wiped, all secreted

in the kitchen."
"That is undeniably very weighty, almost overwhelming evidence. Allow me to congratulate you on having discovered so much. What does the covered so much. What accused say for himself?"

"He stoutly denies his guilt. In fact he boldly asserts his innocence and has the effrontery to call God to witness. Do you wish to see him? He is in the next room under the surveillance of a constable."

"Not at present. The next thing will be to look through the report which I am told you have drawn up, with the Inspector of Police. Then we with the Inspector of Police. Then we must make a thorough inspection of the scene of the murder, and all the other parts of this building. Has the medical officer been called in? Very well, we shall hear what he says. And the money the sum that was stolen, has that been found?"

been found?"
"Unfortunately it has not been to the pries found. Our surmise is that the priest has concealed it in some part of this spacious structure."

"That is not improbable. rate a strict search must be made from garret to cellar. Mr. Pecard, you will have the goodness to undertake thi mportant task, with your men. will meanwhile inspect the spot where the crime was committed, and all that is connected with it."

When the magistrate had concluded his attentive perusal of the minutes, the mayor conducted him into the kitchen, and showed him the knife and

very remarkable," the magistrate observed, "that these things should have been so badly secreted. It looks as if they had been thrust in there purpose-ly, in order that they might be found. Certainly one has met with instances in which the culprit acted in this way, ntentionally, in order to say: Had been guilty, I should not have been so imprudent as to incriminate myself Did the clergyman say anything of that nature when the knife was found "I think not. He feigned astonish

The next step was to examine the bloed stained cassock. "How does the priest explain the presence of these priest explain the presence of these stains?" the magistrate inquired. And when he heard the mayor's answer, he added, shrugging his shoulders: "The man could not have done a more foolish thing, if his explanation was the correct one. Had he left the cassock alone, it would have been easy to ascertain whether the spots were congealed blood; now that he tried to wash them out, it will he altried to wash them out, it will be almost impossible to decide whether they were fresh blood or congealed."

The mayor then conducted his companion through the dark corridor to the tribune, informing him that, according to the priest's own testimony, the mur-dered lady was in the habit of going out that way, in order to pay a visit of adoration to the Blessed Sacrament, and then descend by the winding stair case. He lighted a taper, and showed him the way down to the landing place, on which the inner sacristy door opened. This is the spot where it was done he said. "The assassin must have stood in this corner, behind the half opened door, awaiting the coming of his

But how could the priest have got here, if according to his own declara-tion and your supposition, he parted from her up there at his own door ?

"By one of two ways: either by go-ng down the principal flight of stairs and through the cloisters and coming up by this staircase, or by quietly stipping past her while she was praying in the tribune, by the way we have just

"Or he might have accompanied her, and attacked her in this very favor able spot," added the magistrate,
"One thing is however certain: no one
who was not perfectly familiar with the
plan of this house, and with the habits
of the deceased lady, could have com-

He must also have known that she would be passing this way at that particular time with a sum of money in her possession. Who but the priest could have known it?"

"You are right. These are undoubtedly strong grounds for suspecting him. Would you open the door, if you please?

The magistrate stood in the doorway and contemplated the body as it lay concealed under the pall. "Of course you spread that grave-cloth over it," said to the mayor.

No, no; that is precisely how we

found it; we only lifted up the pall sufficiently to enable us to identify the deceased and make sure that life was

'That is very remarkable. An ordinary murderer would scarcely have done that. I think the priest betrays himself there," rejoined the magistrate. "Leave it just as it is, until the doctor has seen the body, and the inquest has been held. Now tell me, how did the clergyman behave, when you discovered the corpse ?'

"I believe I told you he took us down another way first, though he knew all the time that this was the way Mrs. Blanchard went. When he was obliged to pass by here with us, he gave a very peculiar, timid glance at this door; I am certain of that, for it was that open the door-and at that same moment his lamp went out."
"Did he blow it out?"

"N. no, at least I did not see him do so. I think it was draught that extin-guished it. But what struck us all was that he at a single glance recognized the body, while we saw nothing more than that ghastly pall. Then before we could get another candle he knelt down by the corpse there and began to

recite some prayers."
"He seems really to have knelt in the blood on the floor here, so perhaps we may accept his explanation of the bloodstains as correct. But that does not establish his innocence. Lock up the room for the present, and let us go

upstairs again."
As they mounted the stairs together, the magistrate inquired if it was quite certain that the sacristan was not in the house at the time of the murder. The mayor replied that there was no question about it, that even the priest admitted it. There could not have been any one at all in the house at the time, between 10 and 11 a.m. but the clergy man and the unhappy lady. The old servant had been sent away before the visitor arrived, on the pretext that her master was unwell and wanted rest; she was not to return until the next morning. And the old man who rang absent, only came to the house a few minutes before noon, and departed again immediately after.

"If that fact can really be substanti ated," the magistrate answered, the evidence is very strong against him. I must examine the servant and the man who rang the Angelus - let them be summoned immediately. The motive commit this crime remains to be considered. It could not be revenge. jealousy or anything of that sort—it must have been for the sake of the money. Is he considered to be very avaricious ?'

"Quite the contrary. I must do him the justice to say that he gives away more than his means would warrant. " Perhaps he got deeply into debt?

"Not to my knowledge. But poor, and his mother is very poor. But he is some time past he has wanted to have her to live with him. She was here on Sunday, and did not leave until the next morning, scarcely an hour before the murder was committed. She resides in Aix, in embarrassed circumstances,

I believe. Ah, an idea has just struck

"And me too," interrupted the magistrate sharply.
"You mean she may have taken the money with her, and so there is no chance of our finding it here."
"That might be so, if we had not the receipt here, signed by the unfortunate lady."

the receipt nere, signed by the unfortunate lady."

"What, he made her give him a
receipt? That strengthens the case
against him. He could easily get her
—a goodnatured old soul—to put her
signature to the paper by some little
stratagem, such as for instance, saying
he had the money locked up in the sacristy and would put it in her hands
when she got down stairs. You told
me the winding stairs led down to the
sacristy? Well, Mrs. Blanchard would
sign the receipt upstairs, to avoid sign the receipt upstairs, to avoid having to go back, and on her way down got a stab in the side instead of her money. What What do you say to such a

supposition?"
"I admire your acuteness, sir; it all fits admirably !

Experience teaches one that sort of thing. When a man has been on the bench as long as I have, he makes acquaintance with the dodges of criminals. Now, thanks to your able assistance, we have what I may call a solid basis of operation. Now we have to act upon it. The first thing is to send a telegram to Air, to enjoin the police to keep their eye upon Mrs. Montmoulin. You know her address." 'Unfortunately I do not. Nor do I

know anyone who could inform me of it except her own son himself."

"He will tell it us, no doubt. Now we must, for form's sake, hold a brief examination of the servant and the old nan who rang the bell; then comes

turn of the accused. TO BE CONTINUED.

A HUMBLE INSTRUMENT.

Miss Gilmour had invited a few of her special cronies, the pleasant, jolly, little coterie nearer her mundane heart, to dinner, and to "go on" to a sermon at St. Peter's to be preached by the world renowned Father Hayward, who had been delighting congregations all along the line, leaving behind him ardent converts in the various towns in which he had preached.

Katherine Gilmour, though no longer in her first youth, was not, nor those who knew her expect her to fond of sermons—which were in direct antithesis to all the pleasant memories of her daily life—but this was to be a fashionable event. Not to have heard fashionable event. Not to have heard father Hayward would be counted very nearly as great a worldly sin of omission as to have missed the last opera, so thoroughly had he been stamped by that mystic hall-mark of social approbation

which attracts the great world.

So that, though it was a Friday evening in Lent, one must dine, and, Miss Gilmour's guests being persons worthy of her cookery, the dinner was in direct opposition to the lonely vigil in the wilderness—albeit the soup was, after all, in as apparent accord with

after all, in as apparent accord with
the teachings of the Church as the
common bean soup of the poor.

For Miss Gilmour was a Catholic,
the worldly daughter of a saintly invalid mother; and with all her faults
would allow nothing but fish to be
eaten in her house, though of the most
delicate dressing and perfect cookery.
So that none might cavil.

So that none might cavil. worldly party assemble than this lit-tle group gathered about the orthodox shaded lights and flowers of the dinner table, and a listener might, for all the moral sentiment expressed, have fancied himself back in the days of

Pagan Rome. was necessarily early, the service beginning at half past seven: lutions of that day - fine, brave, noble tha gay party was on its way to the resolves — so badly kept. He thought church, where already the frou-frou of of the touching little recital of this silks and delicate breath of perfumes indicated the presence of society, giv ing to the front pews the appearance o

first night at a smart theater. Miss Gilmour had, as was her custom, placed beside her Basil Stockton, whom she was pleased to call (knowing the absurdity of a dearer title) her best friend, a distinction which he accepted with amused tolerance and kindly ing born of old acquaintance and pleas

ant association. But he, Basil Stockton, was to this somewhat elderly maiden a link with that only endurable time, the past, the man who had remembered her as she had been, and who realized, as none other of her circle could, that he and she were not entirely of the godless world they affected, but bore within them, as results of their Catholic training, the germ of that something called conscience, which was to save them at the

In no other could she find the quali ties that so attracted her to this distinguished, weary man of the world, so truly tolerant, so delightfully companionable, so appreciative of that art and culture which her soul loved. She looked forward with real pleasure to night to listening, in his company, to what promised to be an intellectual treat

Meantime the more pious of the con gregation said their beads in the more scure parts of the church, and the bored and to wonder at the unusual delay. At last the sacristy door opened, and little, insignificant priest came out

and mounted the pulpit, after a pre-paratory prayer at the altar.

The congregation held their breath.

How disappointing? It was evident
that there was some mistake; and the
preacher's first words confirmed the
impression. moression

Father Hayward had become rather suddenly indisposed, and would be, he regretted to say, unable to preach; herefore the superior bad requested him, the preacher said, to speak a few words of his and his confreres' work among the Indians, and to ask their aid

in this great work. "I am, I well know, a poor substitute for the eloquent preacher who was to have addressed you. But some, at least, among you may be interested in hearing of the wonderful piety and sublime en durance of these religious of the missions who are fighting a bitter battle

weather against the fierce winter weather against every kind of privation, against heartrending discouragement, to win these souls which they want for God.'

Most of the congregation listened perfunctorily as people who had been enticed into church under false pre-tences. A great many, weary of a tences. A great many, weary of a twice-told story, looked as bored as the felt, and a very perceptible under-current of whispers crept through the church.

But-some listened Miss Gilmour turned to her companion with lifted, protesting eyebrows—but found him, to her surprise, gazing up thoughtfully at the preacher and with profound attention.

It was not a new story he was telling ; nost of the listeners knew, vaguely at any rate, of the sufferings of the missionaries abroad on their work of salvation, while they slumbered in ignoble ease : and were content to accord them all the praise such usefulness deserved, and carelessly derided themselves for

their lukewarmness.

But into this plain, simple little priest an angel seemed to have entered to night, and to be speaking with his voice—an angel who called on some souls at least to hearken, and to take

souls at least to hearken, and to take up their share of the cross.
"Ye sluggards!" it seemed to say,
"why not ye, as well as these?"
The little service over, the congregation streamed away homeward — Miss Gilmour pausing to rally her party at the church door, and to invite them home to a tiny fast night supper; just an oyster or two over the chafing dish, so as to make up, she said, apologetically, for the disappointment they had had and the penance they had gone through in listening to that tiresome

All gladly accepted the invitation with the exception of Basil Stockton who, making some excuse, went quietly homeward, thus unconsciously taking his first step in that path of grace which he was henceforth to tread, while Katherine Gilmour grumbled not a little over her supper, and merely drank a cup of coffee, looking so bored and tried that the company were glad to get away, feeling the evening to have been a failure from first to last. To Basil's silent, brooding figure at

the fireside had come that supreme moment, a cross-road which beckened two ways—the old path, pleasure, cus tom, ease; and another, straight, thorn set, step.

God and His guardian angel watched

the silent struggle.

He saw himself — a little boy againsitting near his mother while she sewed

listening to those pious stories she had meant to influence his life. It was only to night that he had remembered them; then his college life, its warning lessons, its feasts, its retreats, and the great preparation for his first Communion.

Twenty years ago !—years how spent? Strange how distinctly the words of the preacher of that day came back to

"Ye are henceforth enrolled, my dear boys, in one of two armies—that which follows Christ, or that which opposes Him. There is no half-way course. He Himself has said so. And which of you will wish to be the recreant soldier who leaves the battle to the others and is ever the sluggard in the rear?

"Men's souls kindle at the thought of the soldier toiling up the mountain side, in the teeth of shot and shell. gasping out his life, as he falls on height, beside the banner he has died

to save.

"Oh, promise to day, like that soldier, to follow your leader, Jesus, upward, through temptation, discouragement—martyrdom, if need be to the gates of heaven."

Basil Stockton remembered his reso-

evening — the pitiful, terrible struggle of the missionaries in the awful loneliness of the forest — cold, hunger, un cared illness, exile perpetual from all that life held dear—but with their eyes fixed ever on that Banner of the Cross

fixed ever on the value of the and its glorious motto.

"It is not too late, dear Lord," he broading down. "To said, humbly kneeling down. "To Thee, henceforth, I offer my life." Society talked it over at Miss Gil-

mour's next Thursday at home. One was sure to hear the latest news there. But, after all, there was little to tell, though the hostess knew more of the

affair than most.
Yes; he was going to be a priest—a
Jesuit—and had looked very happy and serene—as she had never seen him look before; and, after all, there was no doubt that one should follow one's con-victions. Yet, it seemed sad, they should miss him indeed. He had asked her to say good-bye to them, and to ask them—to pray for him.

Pray! They! For him, who was going to be a saint? "Perhaps even canon

ized," suggested a mocker.
"It is always possible," Miss Gilmon said, with a shaking of her head. "H

always had it in him to be spiritual. But our circle is diminishing," she added, sadly.

She did not tell these chosen friends of a book Basil had given her a "Fol-lowing of Christ," with these words

written on the fly-leaf: "Do not weary yourself with long reading in this precious book. Just a verse or so at a time; and I trust it will render to you as great service as it has done to your friends and well-wisher, B. S."

The testing years passed, and Basil Stockton's vocation endured. He, too, following his mission, climbed the mountain side, and fell at the summit, in the thick of the battle. And Katherine Gilmour tells the story to new comers, the children, mayhap, the old set who congregate about h wheel chair in which she is spending her latter days, pious, resigned, forever done with that world of which she was so essentially a part; and managing to do a great deal of good in the narro there which God assigns her.

And the little preacher lives, and

works still, unconscious of the great work he did on that night on which he replaced the illustrious Father Hayward. - Mrs. Francis Chadwick in the Messenger of the Sacred Heaat.

SUPPORT OF PASTORS.

SERMON DELIVERED IN ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, GRAND HAVEN, BY REV. Michigan Catholic.

. And Tobias, called his son and said to him: What can we give to this holy man, who has come with thee? And young Tobias said to his father: Father young Tobias said to his lather: Father what wages shall we give him or what can be worthy of his benefits? He hath conducted me to kages, the city of the Medes, he bath brought me safe home again. He hath caused me to have a wife, he gave joy to her parents.

Myself, he delivered from being devoured. Thee also he hath made to see what, indeed, can we give him sufficient for all these things? But I be-

cient for all these things? But I beseet thee, my father, desire him to accept a half of all the things that have been brought." (Tobias 12.)

Thus my friends, did young Tobias render the gratitude, love and esteem of his heart to the "holy man" sent by God, who conducted him to Rages, the city of the Medes and brought him safely home again. He recounts all the favors which he had received from him, and is very grateful. Then all the favors which he had received from him, and is very grateful. Then he asks: "What wages can we give him, or what indeed is worthy of all his benefits? I beseech you, father, desire him to accept a half of all the things which have been brought." I suppose my friends, after the sermon last Sunday, (in our last issue) on the last Sunday, (in our last issue) on the Fifth Precept of the Church, you said to yourself: "Thanks be to God, that finishes the money question! That sermon was quite enough." My friends this is an interesting and very pertinent question, I must ask your indulgence, just once more, on this important subject. What is our duty, what is our duty, what is one object. our obligation, in good hard cash, for the support of the church and its pastors? Last Sunday I spoke to you on your duty to the support of the the Church. This morning I wish to

speak to you on your duty to the sup-port of its pastors.

Some people, you know, are very hazy, misty ideas of how a parish is conducted—how all the expenses are defrayed. If they contribute \$5 or \$10 a year, sometimes less—sometimes nothing at all—they wonder where "all the money goes?" Bless their little hearts they cannot understand Fuel bills may run up to hundreds of dollars to keep them warm; school bills, to as many thousands to give their children a good Catholic education : improvements, repairs, may be going on at every side; the poor priest may be "toiling and moiling" to make ends meet—and I doubt if there is a more devoted lot of men on the face of God's earth—and yet you will find in every parish those who because they give \$5 or \$10 a year—sometimes less sometimes nothing at all — wonder where all the money goes." "They where all the money goes." "They cannot understand." I was talking recently to a gentleman of a neigh-boring city; he is a good, practical Catholic and employs a great number of men. He told me, while standing near by, he heard a certain Catholic severely criticise his pastor as being a "money man." "Father," he said, "to my certain knowledge that man has not paid a cent to the church in years, and even now has three children going free to school." I was ve angry and told him if he gave less I was very the saloons he would have more to give to his parish; that if he didn't have the honesty, manhood, to bear his share of the parish burden, at least to have the common decency to hold his tongue." I myself was once criticised for not having hardwood floors in a new house which I built up north. The man who criticised me had given but 50 cents. I suppose other priests could tell you much more. Friends, I you, it is not those who give generously who complain and say unkind things; it is those who should have the least to say.

But now, my friends, since priests are obliged sometimes to beg and entreat the people for money, Sunday

about the statement that priests are "money men?" Do they as a rule, have any? Do they work for personal gain? I venture to say there is not a class of men who personally care less for itmen who personally care less for 10— not a class of men who leave less be-hind. Not a class of professional men who are so poorly paid. The fact is that 99 out of every 100 die comparatively poor, unless they leave a little insurance to cover their debts they invariably die without a cent. I once invariably die without a cent. I once heard a dear, old saintly priest called a "money man" who, when he died, a few years after, they were obliged to sell his books to give him a decent burial. You are assessed each year to contribute to the "Infirm Priest Fund." Our own congressions Fand." Our own congregation pays the munificent sum of \$10. Friends, do you know what this is for? It is to keep poor, old, decrepit and sickly priests from starving. Those who have priests from starving. Those who have worked in your very midst, waited on all your spiritual wants night and day intellectual, brainy men, second to none
—after they have spent their lives for you, on the most meagre salary, when they can work no more, a fex little, paltry dollars, sometime ingly given, are doied out to them keep body and soul together. My friends, I have always maintained this shameful neglect of poor old priests is the crying shame and disgrace of Catholics here in America. We provide for the poor little orphans—God bless them! We find a place for the old people left homeless in the world; we have a harbor of refere for the we have a harbor of refuge for the tallen; we are agitating rooms for our young men. all very good; but, my friends, the poor old priest who has been the very backbone of all these charities, is all but forgotten. Whe spent his life at the altar When he has sacrificed himself for barely a living when he can work no more—to be cast aside like an old plough horse, unprovided and forgotten—i say this is a provided and forgotten—i s shame and disgrace. This is dition here in America to day. the con-

in spite of all this, you will find in

after Sunday, to meet expenses, what