

BY CARDINAL G. ... Religion is the bond ... which duo honor and ... to God. It embraces a ... mental truths that ... sovereignty over us and ... pendence on Him. I ... religion here in its ... comprehensive sense, ... existence of God; His ... knowledge; His ... as; the recognition of a ... moral freedom and respon ... the distinction between ... the duty of rendering ... God, and justice and ... neighbor; and, finally, ... a future state of res ... ment.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER LXXII.—CONTINUED.

"My wife does not know what I have to tell you," he said to Trevor, "and she must never know. She is aware that we are poor to starvation, but she does not dream that I have brought it about. I gambled in Monaco and lost my vessel, but the man who won it allowed me to return in it. After that I had nothing; neither Mark nor I; but we hoped for better times, and in our pride we would not let you know. We sought work, Mark and I, anything that would provide for Emily and our child, and one day, out together, we passed a bank with which I once had been familiar. A temptation came to me, but it was only for a moment. Gambler as I had been, thank God I did not listen to the tempter then, but that evening I spoke of it to Mark. I told him how tempted I had been for the moment to commit forgery on the name of a shipping firm with which I once had been employed; how the devil brought before me the many checks I had formerly presented at that bank, and how he reminded me of the ease with which a check could be forged now. The same firm was still in business, for I had applied to it for work and had been put off because of the pressure of the times. The devil even reminded me of my signature to letters which I still held; and all this I told to Mark, and I even showed him one of the letters. It was at hand, being in my pocket from the day on which I had taken it as a passport for an interview with one of the firm. I noticed that Mark lingered over the letter, asking me for it again when I had put it away; but I had not a thought of what was in his mind; not a thought, till the next evening he came to me with money. I wondered how he had obtained it, but I wondered still more when he begged me not to ask him. His manner was so strange I had to ask him, and at length I constrained him to tell me. My temptation, which I so thoughtlessly revealed to him, became his—he had done all that the devil had tempted me to do. His suffering was great, but mine was worse, for I felt I was the guilty one, and I had but one thought: to get Mark safely away somewhere and to proclaim myself the forger. I was confident the forgery would be detected—I wondered that it had escaped detection at the very moment of his presenting the check, for, clever imitator of all sorts of penmanship as I knew Mark to be, he had forged the signature from memory alone, not having my letter before him. "I did not tell him I intended to proclaim myself the forger; I only told him of the necessity of hiding him, and I got him to consent to go to the home of one of my former sailors. This sailor had been much attached to both Mark and me, and I knew that he was at home, having heard from him only a few days before; he lived several miles away, and I felt that Mark would be safe there in case they sought for a man of his description. He was obliged to take some of the money so terribly gotten, in order to pay his way, and he thought I would use the rest. It was hard not to use it, but I could not; instead, to get means to keep us alive for a few days, I took Emily's wedding ring—her finger had grown so thin during her illness that she did not wear it—and I pawned it. It was the only thing in our possession of any value, and returning from the pawnshop I bought a paper. The forgery had been detected and a description of Mark's personal appearance was given, the supposition being that the forger was a man calling himself Captain Minturn—Rachel started now so violently that Herndon felt obliged to pause, but she said again, as quietly as she had spoken before:

"Go on," and he resumed: "Captain Minturn, who had visited the member of the firm a day or two before, and who had presented a letter bearing the signature of the firm. I was thankful for that, that it was my name which appeared, and not Mark's; for I was the cause—but, God knows, the unintentional cause—of Mark's guilt, and were it not for my wife and child I would gladly give myself up. For them I had to take immediate means for my own safety, and I managed to get them down here where I am living under an assumed name. In my desperation I have written to the man who won my vessel, telling him my disgrace, my shame, my poverty, inclosing the paragraph of the newspaper which tells of my forgery, and appealing to him for help—for I could not bring myself to let any of my friends know. Had Gasket answered, I should have paid the amount obtained by the forgery, and have fled to South America. But he has not done so, and there was nothing left but to send for you."

Herndon paused again, for Rachel looked so very white, but as before she said, "Go on," and in so beseeching a tone that he felt it would be more cruel to stop than to proceed. "Trevor had to bestir himself in order to save the captain, and in that his friend the millionaire helped him. In reply to the telegram which Trevor sent, came a letter of credit for as much money as he needed, and a letter of introduction that enabled Trevor not only to settle matters with the firm in whose name the forgery had been committed, but to obtain for Captain Minturn the command of another trading vessel that would sail in about a fortnight. "During that fortnight Mrs. Minturn recovered sufficiently to accompany her husband. In the meantime Trevor went to see Mark. There he found a strange change. Mark felt he had been branded by the crime he had committed, and not all the joyful information which Trevor brought, nor all the arguments which he could urge, could make him relinquish his melancholy. He begged Trevor to let him remain in the humble home in which he found him; he was actually earning his bread by working in a blacksmith shop in the village, and living with his sailor friend and his latter's old mother, and as the sailor was about to ship again

for a foreign port, to be absent three years, Mark declared he would remain with the old mother for that time. "I can not fit to enter society again," he said to Trevor, "not even to see my sister and her husband, and as they are happy now, leave me to my choice. Perhaps, when the three years have passed, I may feel differently." And the utmost he would accept from his friend was a present of books on navigation, which he said he intended to study. "Much of this Trevor wrote to the unforgiving woman living in lonely state, but it brought only her usual hard, scornful reply. "At the end of two years Captain Minturn and his wife were both dead—the wife first; she died on shipboard, where her home had been continuously from the time of her husband's appointment, and the captain followed her in a few months. His death, however, took place on the land; he died in Boston, with Trevor and his little girl, not quite two years old, at his bedside. To Trevor the dying man left the charge of the little one, and to Mark, when the funeral was over, Trevor took the child and her colored nurse. To the silent, melancholy Mark the coming of the little one was like a ray of gladness from heaven. He immediately became, as it were, another person, and he besought Trevor to let the child remain. He would not even have the nurse; in fact, the ten school old mother who had become almost as much attached to himself as she was to her son, could attend sufficiently to his wants, and he himself would educate her, the sweetest task of his solitude. Trevor consented, only stipulating that his support should be charged for the child's support. The sailor's old mother became childless after a little, mistaking Mark for her son, and calling him by her son's name, Tom—Rachel gave a slight scream, and then she trembled so violently that Herndon said: "I do not think you are able to hear any more of this story now."

"Yes, yes; please go on; I could not wait—indeed I could not." He resumed: "Somewhat the neighbors got to calling him Tom, and the little girl herself knew him by no other name. And so attached had the old woman become to him, and so sure, in her increasing dotage, that this Tom was her Tom, that when her Tom from his voyage never came back, she was not troubled. She became blind at length, but Tom and little Rachel remained with and cared for her to the end. When that came, Rachel was nine years old, too old, even Tom felt, to lead longer the isolated life she had lived with him. She herself wanted no change. To her, the plain little home was heaven because it held Tom—Tears like rain were streaming down Rachel's cheeks, but he and Trevor thought a change would be better. Tom agreed even better for himself, and it was planned to send her to the lonely, and still unforgiving woman, Miss Burrum—to send her for five years, during which Tom would try the sea again—his old longing had returned, but he insisted on going as a common sailor—he said the hard work would do him good. "Trevor wrote to Miss Burrum of the child's coming—in a manner which he felt could not fail to make her consent to take the little girl. He threatened, if she did not, to make an abode for her in Miss Burrum's vicinity and to make public Miss Burrum's injustice and heartlessness. Both he and Tom had some fear for her treatment; the child, best it might be, but Trevor knew that he could find that out and if necessary he could remove the little one. It was deemed best also to give the child such instructions as would show Miss Burrum how entirely she was committed to her care. For that reason, hard though it was on Tom, Herndon purposely used that name, and he seemed to linger in his pronunciation of it—and cruel to the little girl to leave her without any news of him for all these years, it was thought to be best for the end in view. Miss Burrum might be the better woman if she were made to feel that no one would interfere with her did she permit herself to love the child. And both Tom and Trevor felt that five years spent with this little girl, who during her childhood had shown remarkable truthfulness and obedience and affection, must melt the crust of hardness Miss Burrum had put upon her heart. "Trevor at intervals wrote to Miss Burrum—he wrote whenever informed, as he managed to keep himself, of his current gossip in Miss Burrum's vicinity, she seemed to be about to do something not advisable with regard to her charge. He wrote, knowing she would do the very opposite of what he suggested, and in that way Miss Burrum's Charge was sometimes saved from disagreeable things. After a little, Trevor's millionaire friend decided to make his home in Miss Burrum's vicinity; he did it because of what he had heard of Miss Burrum's Charge, and because he fancied being on the spot he might be of assistance to Trevor. That he was of assistance to him and also to Miss Burrum's Charge has been proven many times. "Whenever there was an opportunity, Trevor heard from Tom, but his letters were brief, he had so little news to write. One day being like another with him, and the purpose of them all was the little girl he had promised to return to in five years. Of course Trevor left no letter unanswered, and no letter without full news of the little one. But one letter had a tone of dismay! From some source he had heard Captain Minturn spoken of as a forger; he feared the report might sometime reach his little girl, and he begged Trevor by all his affection for him, should the rumor ever reach the child, to tell her from him that she was not to believe it. "Yes," Rachel broke forth, unrestrained sobs coming now with her tears, "he told John McElrain," she said, "on the night of the shipwreck, to tell me I was to believe no ill of my father."

Herndon waited, and she did not ask him to go on; she could not, till her grief had somewhat spent itself; and he, without any word from her, drew his chair closer and resumed in lower and sadder tones: "It is a harrowing tale, Rachel, but I must finish it for the sake of the suffering creature up-stairs—must finish it that you may complete the good you have already done. Your obedience to Miss Burrum's wishes was the first thing that made her wonder a little, but she did not believe in it, and she thought to smother the good in you with her own coldness—I have this from child of her faithless sister, and she would prove no better. Once, she told me, her own heartlessness was brought strangely back to her. On the night when the madwoman who had wronged her sister, forced her way to Miss Burrum's house—you remember the scene?"—Rachel nodded. "It was a strange counterpart of her own injustice, and she was stung to the quick by your charity to the tenement-house dwellers—it was a severe rebuke to her own hard-heartedness—but she would not yield. Once she had been as pitying as you were, but her trust had been bitterly deceived and henceforth she would be hard to everybody; and since her pest-house as her tenement-dwelling eventually became, was such a source of aggravation, she was the more decided to do nothing to abate the sufferings of its victims. "Little by little you were winning her, however she might fight against it, and the invitation to the Club reception was accepted to gratify you—to gratify you she got the jewels she had once owned, and which, because of her broken promise to divide them with her sister, she could never wear—she could not bear even to keep them in the house. "She knew that the Tom she had forbidden you to mention was her young brother, Mark, but she did not suffer herself to think about him—till she saw him dying. His look has never ceased to haunt her. "Your illness after his death told her how dear you had become, and your instant obedience to her wishes in the matter of renewing Miss Geddling's acquaintance—wishes that were for the sole purpose of testing you—made it hard for her not to reveal something of the change that had come to her; but not till her own dread sickness, caught from her disease-stricken tenants, was she made aware of the depth of your devotion to her. That shattered the wall of her hardness and her unbelief, and when Herick forced himself into your presence and she overheard him trying to compel you to listen—you who must have pained for an explanation of the mystery about you—and she overheard your answer proclaiming still further your devotion to her, the wall fell never to rise again. When her consciousness returned, that much consciousness which recognized so much but could make no answering sign, her soul was burning to tell you everything, but her tongue was dumb, and Trevor, who knew it all, and could speak for her, was absent. She tried to form his name with her trembling hand, and she looked the feelings of her struggling soul, believing that some one must comprehend her. When Terry came, the prison of her senses was broken open, and all that she craved was given to her. "She has refused to see you, Rachel, because she wished, before meeting you again that you should know her history—her sin and its consequences, and if knowing all, you can forgive her treatment of your mother, and your father, her treatment of your uncle who was more to you than anybody else in the world, if you can forgive her sufficient to still love her a little, then, she, who is waiting for you, Rachel, will be glad to see you. The girl got up instantly, but she staggered so when she went from the chair that Herndon hastened after her. "I am better now," she said when she reached the hall. He watched her ascending the stair and he listened till he heard the door of Miss Burrum's room open and close. TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.

"I wonder if I shall please Will?" "The question came from the lips of a young woman in a white ball dress, but her happy smile showed that she was sure of the answer. She was standing before a mirror fastening her jewelry where it would have the best effect. Her maid was kneeling on the floor, pulling at the folds of the gown and smoothing out wrinkles. "Where can he be staying?" murmured the young woman. The door bell rang. The maid rose, but her mistress checked her. "I suppose it is my husband, Emma. Stay here; I'll open the door and surprise him." She tipped-toed and opened the door. "Well, Will!" She stopped suddenly. The man before her was not her husband. He was dressed like a poor day laborer. "What do you want?" she asked. The man did not answer at once. The dazzling figure in the doorway confused him. At last he managed to say: "Good evening! Is the doctor in?" "No!" answered the doctor's wife curtly. She did not care to have her husband, who was late as it was, detained any longer. "That is too bad," grumbled the disappointed man. "What do you want with him? His office hours were over long ago." "I did not come for myself," he replied. "Mrs. Anderson, of Centreville, sent me. Her baby is very sick." It was now the young woman's turn to be surprised. Centreville! Why that was five miles from the city. The clock had just struck 8 and the entire trip would take almost three hours. That would mean she must give up all hope of getting to the ball. "Is the child very ill?" she asked. "I don't know," answered the man. "Mrs. Anderson told me to go for Dr. Brenner." "Very well; I will tell him as soon as he returns." "Thank you! But don't forget—Mrs. Anderson, of Centreville, who was killed by a horse last summer. She lives just behind the hotel." Mrs. Brenner nodded and locked the door. As she turned away tears came to her eyes. Since her marriage to Dr. Brenner, eighteen months before, the young woman had had very little enjoyment suited to her age. The conscientious, hard-working doctor never had any rest. Scarcely a third of his nights had passed without a call. If they planned anything at a time when there was little to do and all appeared favorable, some one was sure to send for the physician and spoil the design. Of him, it was very noble of him, and Edith was proud to be the wife of so well loved a man. However, she was still so young to give up all harmless enjoyment. Mrs. Brenner had been looking forward to this ball for so many weeks, and her husband had promised to accompany her. At the last moment this laborer from Centreville had to appear and mar the pleasure of the entire evening. "These miserable children must always be ill," sobbed the young woman, turning her face to the door so that the maid would not notice her tears. "Why did I ever marry a doctor? It is a terrible fate to be the wife of a—" Frightened at her own thoughts she checked them and assured herself ten times over that she was not in earnest. The doctor was her dear, good husband whom she loved above all things. Suddenly Edith hit upon a saving plan. "Every time they call Will to a great distance or out of his bed, it is usually not worth the trouble. I'll not tell him. The poor man needs a diversion. Why, he scarcely knows his living. It is my duty as his wife to look after his health and comfort." Trying to persuade herself of this—that she was acting for the good of her husband—she opened the door slightly and listened for fear the man might have met her husband. However, all was safe. Then the young woman hurried to her room to add the last touches to her toilet. Again the bell rang. "Will!" she murmured starting. It was indeed the doctor. Lively and amiable as ever he entered and embraced his wife. He looked her over from head to foot and then said proudly: "How beautiful you are, Edith, and how beautifully you are dressed!" "We are really going?" she asked. "I'll be ready in ten minutes," he replied, going toward the door. Then with his hand on the knob: "Has any one asked for me?" The young woman started. Turning away to conceal her flushed face she answered in a forced manner: "I do not know. No, I think not. No, dear." "So much the better then. But hurry, Will; it is getting late." When he had gone Edith sighed heavily. She had lied for the first time—not in her life, for who of us as a child has not—but indeed since she had come to understand what it meant. However, was she not acting in her husband's interests? Edith brought all her philosophy into play to put down her better nature. At one time she fully resolved to tell the doctor everything. The young woman went to his door and said in a tone as unconcerned as possible: "Will, suppose some one were to send for you now, would you go?" Dr. Brenner hesitated for a moment, and then replied: "Well, that depends. If the case were very urgent—"

"Could you not send some one else?" "Edith, you know that the strength of a remedy depends to a great extent on the patient's confidence in his physician. If a person had placed his hope in me, he would not look upon a substitute with the same confidence." "I cannot tell him," she thought, and closed the door. The young woman struggled with her conscience till the ball room was reached. Her cheeks grew red and pale by turns, her breast

THE PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.

heaved uneasily. The doctor could not fall to notice her agitation. "What is the matter, Edith?" he asked. "You are excited." "Excited—I?" "I presume you are happy at the prospect of going to a ball." "Yes, Will." "You women are all alike," he went on, playfully. "I can't see how you find so much enjoyment in a few hours of dancing." Edith did not answer. She only tried to smile. Then came the moment she had been looking forward to: they stepped into the ball room. How different the reality was from the day dream! The atmosphere seemed close and oppressive, the glare dazzled her eyes, but it could not stifle her conscience. For a moment she was undecided whether to go on or turn back. Then the strains of a waltz reached her ears. A smile came to her lips and she followed her husband to the dance. While sweeping along with him her cheeks glowed, her eyes sparkled. The influence of the music and dancing took hold of her, and before it the unwelcome thoughts fled. For a time during the pauses a vague remembrance of the affair came back to her. By the eighth dance, however, she had forgotten the sick child entirely. Her pulses beat faster, her eyes sparkled more and more. She felt free and happy. Her husband read the keenest enjoyment in her pleasure in the ball. Edith had thought that she had driven away the torturing thoughts, but as the last strains of "Home, Sweet Home," died away they came back stronger than ever. The dancing, music, magnificent gowns, all disappeared, and her conscience began to prick her anew. The young woman was silent on the homeward ride. That phantom was still before her, and—did it not have the face of a child, the lips drawn as if crying, the features furrowed with pain? Was not that the unfortunate mother behind it, who looked at her so reproachfully? The doctor sat back in a corner more fatigued by the unaccustomed enjoyment than by his heavy duties. He was half asleep and his wife's agitation escaped him. Suddenly she seized his arm, and he awoke with a start. "What—what is it?" he asked. "Did you not hear the bell ring? Some one wants you." Just then the cabman drew up before the house. Dr. Brenner listened. "By jove, you're right!" he said. "That's too bad. I was never so tired in my life." He assisted his wife to alight and then approached the door. A man was pulling at the bell with all his strength. "Are you looking for Dr. Brenner?" "Yes, sir!" "I am here. What do you want?" "I was here several hours ago," answered the man reproachfully. "Why didn't you come, doctor? Mrs. Anderson is almost beside herself. The child may die at any moment." "Die! The word went through the young woman's head like a knife. What had she done? What had prompted her to do it? "You were here this evening?" asked the astonished physician. "At what time?" "About 8." "With whom did you leave the call?" "With a lady in a white dress. She promised to tell you." "Wait a moment," said the doctor with a slight tremor in his voice. "I'll go back with you at once. I only want to accompany my wife upstairs." After Dr. Brenner had engaged the unwilling cabman for this new service he followed Edith into the house. "Edith, did you receive this man?" he asked at length. "Yes, Will, I—forgot to tell you." "You forgot it," he asked with meaning. Edith drew herself up, "I'll not lie, Will; I did not forget it." Then the young woman sank into a chair and buried her face in her hands. Dr. Brenner stood irresolute for a moment and then pulled himself together. "I hope nothing serious will come of this, Edith," he said, gently, and without taking time to change his clothes, was gone. The young woman was left alone in a fit of deep despair. She wept bitterly and accused herself of being a light, frivolous woman. She did not think of taking off the ball dress, but the chill air of the night had no effect on her. At length morning broke. Anxiously Edith listened for the sound of wheels. The doctor might return at any moment. She opened a window and looked down the street. From the distance came the rolling of a carriage. Then it died away, and she sank into a chair. The cold was making itself felt and her slender form shook violently. Again came the sound of wheels, and once more disappointment. Once Edith in passing glanced into a mirror, but shrank from that image so pale and worn, the eyes red and swollen. At last her husband entered. Mrs. Brenner did not dare to look at him for fear of the tidings he might bring. He sat down without saying a word. The young woman was unable to bear the strain any longer. "Will," she asked, "is it alive?" "No!" A loud cry came from her lips. Slowly she raised herself and turned her pale, haggard face toward her husband. "It is dead, and my reputation with it," he went on in a gloomy tone. "Now every one will say that Dr. Brenner went to a ball while a poor woman was waiting for him at the death-bed of her child." "Could it have been saved if you had gone out early last night?" "Perhaps." "Perhaps? No; it could surely have been saved. Is it not so, Will?" She read the affirmative in his silence and with a cry started for the door. Her husband caught her and drew her down on the sofa beside him. "Where are you going, Edith?" he asked, gently. "To the unhappy mother. I want to tell her that you are not to blame; that it is all my fault." "She tried to break away, but he held

THE PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.

her fast; and then said in a softer tone: "Edith, I won't torment you any longer. The child lives, or at least was living when I left it." "It lives?" she cried. "It will recover?" "I hope so. The poor thing was very low. Another half hour and it would have been too late, if it were not too late. The next few hours must decide it. I shall know by noon, and will go out again this afternoon." "Oh! Will I shall have no peace till I know that the child is out of danger. Save it for my sake. And—and—" her voice broke and began to sob—"forgive me, Will. Or will you—will you hate me—after this?" "Far be it from me, dear, to hate you. I forgive you with all my heart, and only hope that all will turn out well." "Thank you, Will! thank you! I'll never, never, never do such a thing again." "I know it, Edith. No doubt you did not fully understand what you were doing. The mistake would have cost me far more than it would you—or it may still do so. If that child should die, public opinion would hold me responsible. And then—oh! Edith, it is hard to bear when one has tried to do his duty as faithfully as I—they would say that I neglected poor people because they could pay nothing. Now, dear, try to sleep. I must have a few hours of rest. I've had none since yesterday morning." The fact that the child lived lightened Edith's burden somewhat, but she could not sleep. Her imagination pictured all kinds of results to her thoughtlessness. The young woman scarcely dared to leave her room because she dreaded the curious glances of her maid. Only when the door bell rang, she rushed out in the fear and hope of hearing something of the child. The news came at last. With a cry of joy Edith ran to her husband, who had just dismissed the last patient. "Saved, Will, saved!" The physician seemed to breathe easier. "Thank God!" he murmured fervently. "Mrs. Brenner wept again, but this time with joy. "Only think, Will," she said, when she had gained control of herself, after taking your medicine the child fell into a sound sleep. It is breathing regularly and the fever is almost gone." Her husband answered with a caress. "When are you going out again?" he asked after a short pause. "At 10 o'clock." "You'll take me with you, won't you, Will?" "Why?" "I want to beg the mother's forgiveness and clear you—"

"No, no," he returned resolutely. "Leave well enough alone, Edith. The woman might misunderstand you and start gossip about us. I have excused my lateness by saying that there was a mistake." "But I may at least go with you and take something to the woman. You said she was poor. Won't you take me?" "Yes, if it will make you feel better." Edith packed a large basket with clothing and food and accompanied her husband. On the way the young woman was suddenly struck with the fear that the child might have suffered a relapse and died in the meantime. However, when she entered the poorly furnished house and saw the child resting easily in the cradle a great weight fell from her heart. Mrs. Brenner could scarcely control her feelings. With moist eyes she stood before the cradle, the small, thin hand in her own, looking at the pale face with an expression of great joy. "The lady would probably like to have such a little thing in the cradle," prattled the mother, not understanding the cause of Edith's emotions; "there's nothing dearer in the world, and even though one is poor, children are such a comfort. Oh if you only knew how I felt last night and how I feel now!" "I can imagine," said Edith, softly, bending over to kiss the child. Then she unpacked the basket. There were things the like of which had never been seen in that house. "Much too pretty and expensive for us," Mrs. Anderson admired again and again. Neither she nor her husband wanted to accept them. At last, however, they gave in, and one could easily see how happy the gifts made them. "The poor woman, your dear lady!" cried the good woman, pressing Edith's hand; "you are an angel. May heaven bless you in your children!" The young woman's face grew red. She could not meet Mrs. Anderson's eyes. No reproaches could have cut her so deeply as Mrs. Anderson's grateful words. Harsh words bring out stubbornness, but shame leaves a deeper mark. In no physician's household is the call slate more carefully attended to than in that of Dr. Brenner. No one receives even the poorest patients more kindly than the beloved physician's pretty young wife,—Notre Dame Scholastic.

Advice of Saint Francis de Sales

St. Francis de Sales, writing about detraction, gives the following advice: "When you hear any one spoken ill of, make the accusation doubtful, if you can do so justly; if you cannot, excuse the intention of the party accused; if that cannot be done, express a compassion for him, change the topic of conversation, remembering yourself, and putting the company in mind that they who do not fall owe their happiness to God alone; recall the detractor to himself with meekness, and declare some good action of the person in question, if you know any." If these words of the saint were only heeded and followed, the saint calls it, would soon disappear, together with the host of sins which spring from it. "He who would deliver the world from detraction would free it from a great number of sins."

THE PHYSICIAN'S WIFE.

her fast; and then said in a softer tone: "Edith, I won't torment you any longer. The child lives, or at least was living when I left it." "It lives?" she cried. "It will recover?" "I hope so. The poor thing was very low. Another half hour and it would have been too late, if it were not too late. The next few hours must decide it. I shall know by noon, and will go out again this afternoon." "Oh! Will I shall have no peace till I know that the child is out of danger. Save it for my sake. And—and—" her voice broke and began to sob—"forgive me, Will. Or will you—will you hate me—after this?" "Far be it from me, dear, to hate you. I forgive you with all my heart, and only hope that all will turn out well." "Thank you, Will! thank you! I'll never, never, never do such a thing again." "I know it, Edith. No doubt you did not fully understand what you were doing. The mistake would have cost me far more than it would you—or it may still do so. If that child should die, public opinion would hold me responsible. And then—oh! Edith, it is hard to bear when one has tried to do his duty as faithfully as I—they would say that I neglected poor people because they could pay nothing. Now, dear, try to sleep. I must have a few hours of rest. I've had none since yesterday morning." The fact that the child lived lightened Edith's burden somewhat, but she could not sleep. Her imagination pictured all kinds of results to her thoughtlessness. The young woman scarcely dared to leave her room because she dreaded the curious glances of her maid. Only when the door bell rang, she rushed out in the fear and hope of hearing something of the child. The news came at last. With a cry of joy Edith ran to her husband, who had just dismissed the last patient. "Saved, Will, saved!" The physician seemed to breathe easier. "Thank God!" he murmured fervently. "Mrs. Brenner wept again, but this time with joy. "Only think, Will," she said, when she had gained control of herself, after taking your medicine the child fell into a sound sleep. It is breathing regularly and the fever is almost gone." Her husband answered with a caress. "When are you going out again?" he asked after a short pause. "At 10 o'clock." "You'll take me with you, won't you, Will?" "Why?" "I want to beg the mother's forgiveness and clear you—"

"No, no," he returned resolutely. "Leave well enough alone, Edith. The woman might misunderstand you and start gossip about us. I have excused my lateness by saying that there was a mistake." "But I may at least go with you and take something to the woman. You said she was poor. Won't you take me?" "Yes, if it will make you feel better." Edith packed a large basket with clothing and food and accompanied her husband. On the way the young woman was suddenly struck with the fear that the child might have suffered a relapse and died in the meantime. However, when she entered the poorly furnished house and saw the child resting easily in the cradle a great weight fell from her heart. Mrs. Brenner could scarcely control her feelings. With moist eyes she stood before the cradle, the small, thin hand in her own, looking at the pale face with an expression of great joy. "The lady would probably like to have such a little thing in the cradle," prattled the mother, not understanding the cause of Edith's emotions; "there's nothing dearer in the world, and even though one is poor, children are such a comfort. Oh if you only knew how I felt last night and how I feel now!" "I can imagine," said Edith, softly, bending over to kiss the child. Then she unpacked the basket. There were things the like of which had never been seen in that house. "Much too pretty and expensive for us," Mrs. Anderson admired again and again. Neither she nor her husband wanted to accept them. At last, however, they gave in, and one could easily see how happy the gifts made them. "The poor woman, your dear lady!" cried the good woman, pressing Edith's hand; "you are an angel. May heaven bless you in your children!" The young woman's face grew red. She could not meet Mrs. Anderson's eyes. No reproaches could have cut her so deeply as Mrs. Anderson's grateful words. Harsh words bring out stubbornness, but shame leaves a deeper mark. In no physician's household is the call slate more carefully attended to than in that of Dr. Brenner. No one receives even the poorest patients more kindly than the beloved physician's pretty young wife,—Notre Dame Scholastic.

Advice of Saint Francis de Sales

St. Francis de Sales, writing about detraction, gives the following advice: "When you hear any one spoken ill of, make the accusation doubtful, if you can do so justly; if you cannot, excuse the intention of the party accused; if that cannot be done, express a compassion for him, change the topic of conversation, remembering yourself, and putting the company in mind that they who do not fall owe their happiness to God alone; recall the detractor to himself with meekness, and declare some good action of the person in question, if you know any." If these words of the saint were only heeded and followed, the saint calls it, would soon disappear, together with the host of sins which spring from it. "He who would deliver the world from detraction would free it from a great number of sins."

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