breath. "Well, then, I' You wanted to see me in particular?" "Well, Father — " s hesitated and blushe dropped her eyelids, a fingers, nervously. "I getting married.' "That's good news," Laurence laughed outri, married? Well, now !

the young man be? A parish ?" No, Father." Where does "He lives uptown, F want to get married a we

"A week from child, the following F mas Day." "Yes, Father. W

"Yes, Father. W married before Christn "This is the forbidd you know that? Mar solemnized in Advent should be filled with pr 'I'd have to get Father?"

You would, certain "Would the one disp "The one dispense mean-what?"

"He isn't a Catholi Father Laurence dr looking at her as if he

hend. " That's pretty bad What religion d he? " Oh, none, Father. every religion." Sh with her bright eyes, l of animation. "He be brothers. He belief

brothers. Oh, he is so very cler world he can like me. "But of course y

with him ?" "In what way, Fat "Believing in eve

"Oh ! I am very very liberal. A gr than most Catholics every day. I think in his own way, all roa Father Laurence eyes seeking the gas "Why did you con quietly. "Why did

quietly. night ?" She did not unders Why-because w

ried." "Oh, you do? wish to join you in b

"Why, you, Fathe "I? I am a Ca

child. The point was lost The point was lost "Yes, Father. H olic religion all righ course, the meanin things—he calls the all that. But he ha

it.' "That is kind of Father Laurence. own mouth, admit th him." You don't

religion !" "Oh, Father I a tainly, I'm a Cath fession every three ceive-" Why, why, why

ently. "Since eve God why bother ab ligion—the idolatr ous? Why are you She looked at hil

We are all Ca "My mother-my

But why are y She hung her h know how to reply.

"Have you eve school?" "Yes, Father."

"How long?,' "Until I made Father." "Of course."

ourself. I am leading you to a coffin. " Until she mad "A year of relig That is your bloated

a life time-to ou buffets of the un wonder, what won come to pass?" He roused hims

"It is against e to bind together

on, addressing are aware that

to bring up all your union in the ''I-I though looked. Father mean,'' she added I would not very

I would not perr

of your faith.

on his part such

template is peru

last resort. Die

Father-" "Priests, chil

Your great, wi

who loves each

so dearly as t every hand from paths. You ar

from your own I Christ, when I Day, came to lea

you are doing weeks from no

that day when

to earth a help cold of Bethle

world, the agon lish this Church

vour dear sak

are you doing a priceless Chris

You are puttin making His h

when the spea

named after I

won't do that

not want to go try beyond the

unbelief a

show you what

prove to you

relinquishing-Christ's Mot

surely as yo man will neve "Yes, Fathe

"Can you

I knew p

"You are ign

such a man as y

the

PALMS

ANNA HANSON DORSEY, AUTHOR OF "COAINA," "FLEMMINGS," "TANGLED FATHS," "MAY BROOKE," ETC., ETC., CHAPTER XIX.

BY THE WAY OF THE CROSS THEY WI THEIR PALMS.

"I have come, dear child," Camilla, as they entered the cool, shaded atrim, 'to stay until the sun gets low; then thou wilt come with me to my old villa out near the Via Latina, where thy noble father and my husband Tertulias will meet us. The holy Pontifi has signified a wish to see thee. Wilt thou come ?" "Oh, joyfully! I have thought con-

stantly of the holy man, and that won-derful day that seemed to be the first day of my life. And his face was the day of my file. And his face was the first I saw when my eyes were opened. Thou art very kind, dear lady, to a foolish child," said Claudia, kissing the hand she held.

To kneel once more at the holy Pon-tiff's feet and feel his benediction, like a perfumed flame, penetrating her heart, well with Him forever and forever. while it glowed and sang its new song fully than she had yet done the to Him whose name was graven upon it, and to know that her father would be there to share her happiness, was almost too much; only the language of Heaven could voice her felecity; and, in the divine Sacrifice of th although she made no attempt to give its expression, it irradiated her counter ance, scintillated in her eyes, smiled upon her lips, and crowned her altogether with a strange, spiritualized loveliness, of which she was as un-conscious as is a flower when the glory of the sunshine rests upon it. "I thought it would make thee glad,"

said the noble matron, noting the celestial expression of her countenance, while she thought: "How near the while she thought: highest wisdom is the foolishness of a

eter

ares

tender interest

Him into my heart !"

she be

"It is not usual, dear child, for

rotest against the inhuman crueltie

nght.

pure and innocent soul !" Two of the household slaves now Stephen will judge. I think I may give thee hope," answered Camilla, feeling almost sure that an exception would be Two of the household slaves now entered, each bearing a tray, one of which held crystal cups of snow-cooled orange juice, light, sweet cakes, great golden pears, and clusters of white and made in favor of this child of many graces, over whose head the sword of martyrdom hung suspended ; for it wa purple grapes; on the other were broidered napkins of fine Egyptian linen, two small gold basins containone of those unusual cases in which years do not count. The day passed happily and swiftly, heaven had seemed so near, and at sun-set Camilla, accompanied by Claudia, drove out of the city gates, along the inen, two small gott basis contain-ing perfumed water, and garlands of summer lilies and Damaseus roses. After arranging the refreshments on a malachite table, whose green, highly-polished surface gave beautiful effect viands, they withdrew; and Claudia, always a gracious hostess, in-vited her friend to the light repast, which the summer heat made especially grateful. Camilla had arisen at an early hou

that morning, to assist at the divine Sacrifice of the Aitar in the palace of a friend who was a recent convert to Christianity-a widow, whose two halfgrown daughters received baptism the same time as herself. She gave secret shelter to a priest, and one or two converts of the patrician class, on whom the authorities determined to take signal vengeance as soon as they could be hunted down. Many of the ancient palaces of Rome had been constructed vith concealed places of refuge within which their inmates their walls, to could fly for safety in times of invasion and violence. This and one or two others like it had become not only niding-places for the persecuted priests but sanctuaries where the mystery of the Holy Eucharist was often celebrated.

When the Divine Sacrifice was finished, and each devout soul had received the Bread of Eternal Life, and offered fervent thanksgiving for the mystic feast, the little congregation silently rose to depart. In the corridor Camilla Nemesius, who had been present. She warned him that there were whispered rumors afloat-none could tell whence they came—that his child had been cured of her blindness by the doubtless venial shadows, from which it and that suspicion and surmise were rife. Some declared that famous Eastern physician had given her sight, but others preferred the more sensational side of the storymore that it was by the sorceries of Christian Pope, who was well known to be a magician, that her blindness was "Discovery is inevitable. I do not seek it, and will not evade it. My will will of God. I have preis the holy pared my little one for that which is in prospect, and she is willing to suffer for Christ. Nature has given her a brave heart; divine grace will give her strength and constancy in the hour ial. She knows the voice of her Shepherd, who will deliver His of trial. lamb from the fangs of the wolves seek-ing to devour her; and He will bear her in His arms to His own heavenly pastures," answeard N communing with himself. Nemesius, as i Camilla's eyes filled with tears. "1 oing to her this morning," she "The holy Pontiff has asked to am going to see her, and with thy consent, I will take her with me to my villa, where we will spend the night. Tertullus will be there, and, if it be possible, wilt thou not join us? In the morning our Holy Father offers the Divine Sacri-

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prophecy was on him; he knew what he who had given glorious testimony, even prophecy was on him, he know has no knew, but held his peace. That might two youths, wrapped in sober-hued togas, met in the shadow of a stately palace in the neighborhood of the Forum Trajano, evidently intent on some appointment. There was a fog, through which filtered a soft drizzle of the dirity of the store decoversing nto death, for their Faith. Here, sitting together, Camilla and her young neophyte held long, sweet converse, aud the noble Christian matron discovered, as the latter laid her heart bare to her, that her dispositians were singularly perfect; that her faith, love, simplicity of mind, and through rain; and while they stood conversing a movement, a low-voiced stranger drew directness of purpose were in advance of the brief period of her Christian life, ear, and, having courteoasly saluted he had accidentally and were supernaturally combined with an utter, childlike humility which perthem, said that overheard them while standing under the arched door-way close by, where vaded all. They talked much of the from the rain, and had taken shelter bitter ordeal by which the martyrs won adging by their words that they their palms, but Claudia was presently Christians, he besought them to guide him where he could be baptized and insilent, then at last she gave expression to her feelings. "Their terrible sufferings do not last tracted, as that very day at the Temple long," she said, "and when all is over they fly like doves to the dear Christus; which had opened his eyes to the

then their joy begins, never to end. The wicked ones may frighten me by Zealous but inexperienced, as well as Zealous but inexperienced, as well as credulous, the young men invited him to accompany them; they were only catechamens, they said, but would in-troduce him to a holy deacon, who The wicked ones may right a we have their violence when they take me away to kill me, and I may cry out with pain for I am cnly a child; but my tongue shall never deny Him, and my soul, that came from Him, shall cling to Him vould give him the instruction he de sired. He expressed his thanks with and praise Him until my flesh and my proper humility and gratitude, and body are torn to pieces; then He will bring me alive out of their hands, to they proceeded on their way together.

Had they only known that this plaus Camilla now explained to her more ible wretch was a miserable apostate how swiftly they would have avoided Sacra But there was taily than she had yet uone the back ment of the Holy Eucharist, having several times before only approached the august subject; she told her that Jesus Christ Himself was really present his companionship! But there wa none to tell his brief, infamous histor -how once, in a moment of excitement, and ungovernable curiosity to penetrate the secrets of a mysterious afterwards barter them for gold Altar. sect, t afterwards barter them for gold, he had declared himself a Christian and been and that His faithful ones received Him whole and entire from the hands of the baptized; but having been arrested soon after, with several of his new compriest, in the Holy Communior, as their Food and their Guest, to strengthen and sustain them in life, and as their panions, and confronted with the rack and flame, had denied and cursed Christ Viaticum in death, to defend, console as required, burnt incense to Jupiter, and give them safe passage from time to accused his friends of having de ity. 1 tell me how soon I may receive luded him by their sorceries. He witessed their sufferings, and, to prove nimself a true servant of the gods, de so young as thyself to be admitted to rided and jeered the holy martyrs until this great mystery ; but our Holy Father heir souls passed to their eternal re-

ward. Having thus saved his worthless life, and being without means to sustain it, averse to honest toil, and a stranger in Rome, he was without friends, with-out shelter, and perishing for food. At this crisis of his fate he was approached by the emissaries of a lady of rank who wished to hire him on conditions which she alone would im-part; and there were not mistaken when they counted on his necessities for his abject and unqualified assent He had no scruples ; his price was proowery stretches of the Agro Romano where all the beauty of the peaceful miling scene, touched with the flickertection and good pay; hence he be-trayed no hesitation when he learned from the lips of the beautiful woman, to ng gold of the sunset, made eloquent o whom he blindly swore unconditional y which mortals marred the divine obedience, that he was to assassinate a

armony of nature. Within an hour after their arrival at certain profligate young patrician whose love she had trifled with, encour he old walled villa, Nemesius and Teraged, and rejected, and who out of revenge had threatened to blazon abroad cullus came, and, after brief but cordial reeting, they went together down into secret that involved her honor, which Catacombs, to present themselv by some means he had possessed himself to the Pontiff, and receive from him certain instructions in relation to meas A few days later the body of the infortunate youth was found under the for a more extended distributio of aid to the needy, suffering Church. main entrance to his own palace, with a single wound, so small that it scarcely left a mark, inflicted by a keen, slender Early on the following morning Clau dia was summoned to the chapel of the weapon, which penetrated his heart through and through. (In mediæval times in Italy, the hired professional assassins were known as "Bravos.") ruined tower. Following her guide, she was ushered into the prese the holy Bishop, who regarded with tender interest the graceful, innocent Do we recognize in these two partchild, as with glad yet 10 rerent step ers in crime Laodice and the wily she approached and kneit at his feet. Giving her his blessing, he questioned Cypriot, and at last understood the hold she had on him? For, although her, leading her by gentle steps from one point to another, until her pure heart, with all its faith, fervor and as guilty as himself, he well knew there would be none to believe or defend him courage, lay open before him, and he discerned her spirit so clearly as to be ssured that she might indeed receive the Sacrament of the Body and Blood

conclusive.

should a person of her wealth and consequence denounce him. As her slave, she protected and learned to confide in him; while he, as patient as he was wily, bided his time. Thus the tie that united these two in the bonds of iniof Christ, and that in her angelic heart Our Blessed Lord would find an abid-ing place in which it would delight Him quity is explained. The true motive of the Cypriot in

absolution; for, although her life was addressing the two catechumens was that he heard them speak of the noble without a stain of mortal sin, there were were Deacon Nemesius, whom they were going to meet, and he felt that his op-Then he portunity to win a rich reward, and re-

narrow door in a wall which enclo

us met in one of the lower apartments

of his own palace at stated times, where

he instructed them in the mysteries of the Christian faith. He was now standing before his eager

Baptism, where his eyes met those o

sence and the manly, spiritualized

stood with downcast eyes, listening to

ently the most humble and absorbed attention. The instruction closed with

a fervent invocation to the Most Holy

Trinity for the grace of enlightenment

and perseverance, the Pater Noster, and a prayer to the Virgo Mater Salva-

The strange neophyte was then led

rward and introduced to Nemesius,

involuntarily

own height. With an heredity of the eruel blood of Egypt, the craity blood of Greece, and the hot blood of Italy mingling in her veins, is it a wonder that her passionate pagan heart now hated as intensely as it had loved? When she heard all that her slave

had to report, and that revenge was at last in her power, a sudden thrill, as if a cold snake had suddenly glided down her back, almost arrested for a brief instant the functions of life-but it was only an instant-then followed reaction, with flery impulses kindled at the altar of Nemesis; her face glowed, her eyes flashed, and, commending the vile Cypriot for his vigilance and faithful purse of gold and dismissed him; for

she would lose no time. Then, array-ing herself with splendor that rivalled Esther's, when, glowing and superb in her dark, queenly beauty, she appeared with a far different object, before King Assuerus, Laodice entered the Em-peror's ante-chamber, asking audience with him, which he readily granted, hoping that she brought him It would be vain to attempt to depict

Valerian's rage when he learned that Nemesius had become a Christian-Nemesius, the only man whom he had found incorruptible, in whom he had placed implicit trust, and for whom he elt such friendship as a nature like his was capable of. Laodice herself re-treated precipicately from the diabolical tempest she had raised; and the Emperor's attendants, as well as many persons of rank who were awaiting udience, fled or concealed themselves est in his maniacal fury he might slay The moment he recovered possession

of his reason, an order was issued for the arrest of "Nemesius, late commander of the Imperial Legion, now a traitor to Rome, and a detamer of the gods." Before noon the infamous acusation was placarded on every wall in Rome, causing a sensation from palace to camp, and wherever the noble comwas known. Swiftly the new penetrated the Catacombs, and reached the ears of the Pontiff Stephen, who dispatched messengers to summon Ne-

mesius to his presence. The holy deacon was found out on the Agro Romano, aiding and consoling the destitute families of several feverstricken quarry workers. When in-formed of the edict for his arrest, he straightened himself to his full stature, ooked heavenward for a moment with a grave, sweet smile, and an exultint ight in his eyes, as if the glory of things unseen had shone upon them, then without a word returned to his ministrations of mercy. When he had done all that was poss of the suffering ones, he hastened away and quickly reached the dilapidated wine-shop of Galeotto, in the cellar of it will be remembered, there which, was an entrance to the interminable galleries of the Catacombs. Happily Admetus had gone with him to the huts of the quarrymen, bearing wine and food, and now accompanied him as his guide through those tortuous, subteranean passages, with every winding of which he was familiar. The Pontiff awaited him with anxiety,

and was overjoyed when he appeared and was overjoyed when he appeared. The interview was affecting and consol-ing. "The time approaches for our deliverance from our prison-house of clay, to reign with Him Who by His Barrier and Deut on and Death made us His heirs Passion and Death made us His near Thou art said the holy man. "Thou patient for the final victory by the shedding of thy blood for the love of Him ; but, Nemesius, He had set sapreme law of charity above all Chrisian virtues; therefore be patient, for His persecuted Church needs thy help. and in serving His Spouse thou wilt best serve Him. It is more glorious t be found working His will in holy obedi ence than to rush unbidden upon the sword. Show thyself no more in the streets of Rome by day; I can not yet the mean the youth Admetus will be thy meslease from Luodice's service—she had promised it—was at hand; for, could they be persuaded to let him accompany senger. The military habits of Nemesius had taught him the importance of obedience as an auxiliary to martial success, but would see with his own eyes and be able at last to report something he had never yet waited to be attacked by the enemy; and it not only irked his heroic nature, but grieved him, by The youths now stopped before a delaying the eternal and ineffable vicone of the palace gardens; a single low tap was responded to inside by the withdrawing of a bolt; the door was for which he sighed. Still, tory submitted with docile spirit to the divine authority invested in the visible cautiously opened, and the three entered. Groping through long, dimlyead of the Church, Christ's Vicar on earth, putting self and every human lighted corridors, they joined the little assembly of the catechamens, old and young, who at the invitation of Nemesconsideration entirely aside

erecting an edifice built upon her little more bowed. The compactpride of soul and not upon its meekness. a fittle more borker with beady black eyes and florid cheeks, noticed none of these things. She stood waiting, tapping her foot impatiently on the floor. Her time was precious. Father Laurence seemed much slower even than usual, and "dear knows he pacer hastens" she was saying to herman, short of statu with and the memory of that dream stayed with her.

DECEMBER 26, 1903.

' No. Father." he said.

be able to do it.

No. I ain't

" Only

wife worse

Wait. Mebbe some day

" Only for Christmas week ?" asked

and the church ! I always respect my

When were you to confession last

You do ?" asked Father Laurence

What good is it to say you

your life shames the faith you pro-

And why ? Oh, man, with your

religion. I always stick up for being

Catholic.

Mebbe, so

He heard the bell again, and waited to finish the last Hail Mary of the decade before coming back to the sa never hastens " she was saying to her-self with a frown. She extended her cristy. " Is it you, Mrs. Lewis ?" he asked. hand when he came in.

"And you have brought-How do you do, Mr. Lewis ?" He held out his "Ah! Father Laurence !" She was brisk, business-like. "Glad to Only have a few minutes, but " Glad to see you. hand to the man who, red and ught faced, stood before him with head sunk. I'd run in and let you know how things en, his old hat in his fingers. "How d'yd do, Father ?" he mumbled. He gazed at the priest's ook for Christmas."

" Brighter, I hope, than they did ast week," said Father Laurence. outstretched hand a moment. he straightened his shoulders. last week," said Father Laurence. "Yet. Er-Seems to me you are not looking well."

a man now-I'm a beast an' a beast ain't fit to touch what belongs to " No ?" said Father Laurence. " No. indeed. Don't break down until after Christmas. You should be like me. I am never sick, never. Al-God. Father. day I'll ask you to let me shake hands Always ways well. Always on the go. "God be praised !" said Mrs. Lewis, God be praised ! Amen hustling and bustling, and striving and stirring." "Yes," said Father Laurence. "Yes.

sobbingly. "God be praised. Amen. He's come to take the pledge, Father, for Christmas week." I know that." " Mrs. Lennox says she does not understand how I do it. She is actually, I think, envious of my good health." Father Laurence smiled a little wear-Father Laurence, sorrowfully.

for Christmas week?" "I dassen't trust myself beyond "Anyone in Mrs. Lennox's position that," said the man, in a low voice. "You dare not trust yourself not to might well envy another who is as strong as you," he said. "She has a heavy cross to bear. We must pray for make your home unhappy, miserable your children poor, your wife worse than widowed ? Oh, man, man, man.

" My prayer lies more in the doing of God open your eyes!" "It's but a little drop I'm able to "My prayer ites more in the using of what good works I can find at hand to accomplish." said Mrs. Duncan, who had perused several books on theology. "Yes?" said Father Laurence. He did not feel able for argument totake, Father; a little sets me off; 'taint as if I was a hard drinker," said the man, half-apologetically. "There's worse crimes than that in the world. I know its's wrong, but I'm not as bad as them that sneer at religion, the turncoats, and talk about the priests

n'g Yes," said Mrs. Dancan. " Mr. Dodson has promised to contribute \$25 toward the fund for the orphans.

Mr. Dodson, Father !" "Yes ?" again asked Father Laur-ence. "That is good." ence.

Mrs. Duncan looked disappointed. "You know how hard it is to reach Silence. "When-were-you-to-confession -last ?" insisted that calm, compelling Mr. Dodson," she said in a slightly aggrieved tone. I've been working him up for the last three weeks." "God has rewarded your efforts, "Two years since, Father."

"Two years!" said the priest, and again his voice was sorrowiul-and when Father Laurence took that tone "It seems so," said Mrs. Duncan, with a sigh of satisfaction. "You're too easy-going. Father. You should too easy-going, Father. You should get after them. They'll listen to you, it was harder to resist than any com-mand. "Oh, what good is it to boast get after them. They it listen to you, and give more, perhaps. You should be more strict on the money question." "Yes-perhaps I should," said Father Laurence, absently. "Perhaps - I of your religion when your heart is far from God ? What good is it to sa are a Catholic when when every Laurence, absently.

should.' "But when you have a few good ittle, innocent children clinging to you or support and help, for guidance and workers it is not so bad," she went on, encouragingly. "I never begrudge any time I give to the church—or any trouble or annoyance. In fact, I think I like the bother. That's why I say I or comfort, how can you vile a thing as that which steals away all sense of right and wrong?" Silence still, save for the woman's bitter sobbing. "You would not touch my hand be-

like the bother. That's why I say I elieve in the prayer of good works." "Dear child," said Father Laurence, umbly. "Good works are well—suc-sess in them is well, and God approves, cause I am a priest of God," went on Father Laurence. "Ah, let me touch yours, because you are a wandering son humbly. cess in them is well, and Goa approves, since faith without works is dead. But, oh ! my dear, dear woman, the humility of the bended knee, the outpouring of the heart alive to its own weakness, the rising up of the soul striving after perfection—" of God. Come, come with me, my friend, let me hold yours and lead you

by it." He took it even as he spoke, and he'd it. "How long will this last, think yet? How long can your brain and your heart and your body stand the decaying process? The end will come. Sooner or later you will go as all other wan on Bat you hefore your perfection He hesitated, remembering that pure soul, that brave heart, that humble woman who had loved him so as to all other men go. But you before your time. You will go. Five years, ten years, what matter? At most it will bring his name with her to the very brink of the grave. His voice failed him.

be a very short while. And then-"God bless you," he said brokenly. He made the sign of the cross above her, and she bent her head, a sense of will die. In mortal sin . . . You will be damned, for drunkards shall never see the face of God. It is promshame compelling her to cast down her eyes. " God bless you, and keep you, and reward you for your kind efforts to ised — it is written. Drunkards shall never see the face of God! Look at help my poor little orphans. I will pray for you." Mrs. Duncan did not say another

In it lies the body of one who has died in fearful agony—who has died a drunk-ard's death. Look upon that face. It word. She had never felt as she did now-never in all her self sufficient life. "He is really a saint," she whis-pered. "He is a saint." She had not is you, you, you! countenance. See your wife. Your children. They weep a few tears—tears She had not learned that God's gentle finger, trac re customary. ing human sorro nan's soul, makes it broader of compreman's soul, makes it broader of compre-hension, more loving, more tender. "I lack something," she said, within herself. "I lack something, and Father Laurence knows what it is. How can I ask him such a thing? Where shall I find what I am lacking in ? Where shall I find the light that in ? shall lay bare myself to me ?' Father Laurence could have told her, indeed, had the proud woman stooped to question him. She did not. She to question him. She did not. She wentaway, and Father Laurence, movsoftly, went into the church ing very softly, went into t where the dim light burned.

fice in the old tower-chapel." "It is my turn to serve him at the altar. I will be with you this evening. Tell my little maid to expect me," answered, and they parted.

And so Camilla had come on her loving errand to the villa on the Aventine, the explanation of which brings herself and Claudia to the end of their light repast. Rising from the table, the little hostess led her friend up to

the beautiful summer room where was born, and in which her fair young other had died, since which sad event no changes had been made in it, except to remove a shine on which had stood a statute of some deity, to which formerly divine honors had been daily offered. and certain images of the Penates that had for many years looked down from with stony smiles of their pedestals which they are powerless to

fulfil. In their places, carved in ala-fulfil. In their places, carved in sculptor baster by a young Christian sculptor baster by a young Christian sculptor in the Catacombs, were small statues of Christ the Good Shepherd, the Virgin Mother and Her divine Babe, the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, who had sul-fered martyrdom in Rome, and others

bade her go in peace; and her face beamed with joy and happiness when she joined her father and Camilla, and them that she was invited to the wedding feast. "It will be her Viaticum," thought

Camilla, whose eyes were dim with tears; "but oh! supreme selfishness! oh, human weakness! ye shall not have ower to make me for a moment wish to

dwell. The Pontiff gave her

keep such a soul from heaven !" Camilla had prepared the altar, draping it with precious embroideries of gold, not the cast off finery of her orldly life, but new and costly fabrics thinking nothing too rich or priceless for His temple-throne. She had brought orth her jewelled vases, and arrange them, filled with flowers, on each side of the tabernacle, and placed among them golden lamps, which contained perfumed oil, and gave a clear, brilliant

listeners, explaining, in simple, logical, fervent words, the Sacrament of holy light. And now the saintly Pontiff, in vestments of white, with silver-broidered ross upon the back, attended by his the new-comer, who involuntarily shrunk before the dignity of his predeacon, Nemesius, ascended the altar and celebrated the Divine Sacrifice with singular devotion, knowing that beauty of his countenance. But the thought that at last he had the noble for all there present, including himself, this might be their last, and the Com-Christian in his toils quickly restored the vile creature's self-control, and he munion their Viaticum. The same thought was in every mind, and so with the words of divine truth with appar-

adoring faith, exalted love, and sole joy, they received their Lord and the benediction of His ineffable presence. Their interview with their heavenly Guest was so full of fervor that in pour ing forth the ointment of their lov upon Him, they forgot their needs and all they had meant to ask for; but He

toris, Advocata Nostra. knew-He would remember, and they were satisfied. When the moment of departure came, who welcomed him with Christian charity, asked no questions, but said a the Pontiff blessed them individually and with deep emotion. "Pray for me, my little Lucilla," he said, laying his few words of encouragement, and invited him to come again; but this, it is need-

hand on Claudia's golden head. "Let us remember each other, my children, Let less to say, was his last appearance. Laodice was sunk in the depths of : our prayers; pray for your in our prayers; pray for your old Bishop, that when proved his gold may not be found to be dross; and pray for gloomy, retrospective mood, when the Cypriot, with his usual stealthy step, came into her presence to report his the persecuted Church. As often as I celebrate the holy mysteries I will have success. She

deceitful and shallow was the sparkle of life, how swiftly it had vanished, and how worthless and bitter it had been

TO BE CONTINUED.

"IF DREAMS CAME TRUE." Grace Keon in Donohoe's Magazine. Father Laurence had received bad ews-exceedingly bad news for Christ-

as time. sat with his head bowed upon He both hands, his eyes fastened on the sheet of paper, his brows contracted as if under stress of keen emotion. "We did not write," they said, "be-

cause we knew you could not get here before the end. She died very peacefully—very peacefully, indeed, and your name was the last upon her lips—coupled with that of Our Lord and His Blessed Mother. Be comforted. Pray for

Pray for her !

Pray for her 1 Father Laurence felt a rush of tears that suddenly blinded him. His heart ached. Natural sorrow insisted upon recognition. Pray for his mother 1 Very for his life Was there ever a single day of his life on which he did not do so? Pray for

peal. A neat little girl came into the

room, with soft steps, hesitating at the door as if afraid to disturb or annoy

him. "What is it, child ?"

"Mrs. Duncan, Father." Father Laurence sighed. At best Mrs. Duncan's visits were trying-tonight more of a trial than usual. But he rose, and folding the letter with the

That night, sleeping, she dream she thought she stood in a beautiful meadow, green and glowing with flowers of many hue. She was striving to erect a little building in the middle of All about her lay this beautiful place. All about her lay blocks of crystal, shining in the sun,

touched with countless iridescent points of light. Filled with a keen sense of pleasure she knelt, lifting block after block of the beautiful stone. Under the touch of her finger they grew and shaped themselves, and her neart swelled with exultation as she noticed the glory of this building that was of her own labor and no one else's. But suddenly, without warning, a keen sense of dissatisfaction filled her. Her hands fell idle. She sat and looked a

the gleaming structure, at the material all about her. How cold it was, despite its shine and sparkle ! How could she ever have dreamed it beautiful? There was no life in it-it lacked something. What was it ? She The tears came to her eyes.

would not look at that of which she had been so proud, but bowing her head upon her hands sat there, weeping disupon her A low voice reached her-the voice

A low voice reached her—the voice of one in prayer. . It was the voice of Father Laurence. "I will pray for you," he had said. "The humility of the bended knee, the out-pouring of the heart alive to its own weakness."

they pray? God in heaven, man, can they pray for that miserable human being who has defied his Almighty being who has de Creator, who has-

Can they regret ?

" Man, are you following me?

You

Can

" Oh, Father, Father !" said the man, dropping on his knees. "Ol don't! Oh, Father, hear me-I swearhear me, Father, hear me, God ! hear me. Give me the pledge, Father

-now, now, forever-" The priest bent over him tenderly. "Yes, I shall, and my blessing with it. May my blessing go with you, overshadow you, keep you, this Christmas time and forever."

He listened to the faltering words of his penitent. When they were finished he took the woman's trembling hand and put it in her husband's. "Go, and peace be with you," he said. "Peace be with you, my children. I shall pray for you.

He ushered them to the door, admitting, as they left, a slender girl, who preceded him into the sacristy, a beautiful girl, with a face like a rose in

its freshness and delicate contour "You wished to see me?" ask asked the priest, courteously. "If you are Father Laurence-yes,"

she answered, in a musical voice. "I am Father Laurence," he said. "I do not seem to know your name, although your face is quite familiar.

do not belong to my Sodality band?" "No, Father, I—" she hesitated. 44T

do not do very much church work. "You are not compelled to do much church work to belong to the Sodality

of the Blessed Virgin," said Laurence, with a half-smile. is your name, my dear child ?" said Father " What

"'Mary Traynor." "Mary Traynor." "Mary — the sweetest name in the world! That was my mother's name —Lord have mercy on her," he added, as an after-thought. It was so hard to get used to that after-thought! "And the name of the Mother of God. You should be a good girl with that name, dear child."

"I don't think I'm very bad, Father."

"No ?" He laughed under his

although your face is quite familiar. You come to this church, do you not ?'' "Oh, yes, Father, to 10 o'clock Mass on Sundays.'' "I thought I recognized you. You