

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

By ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER IX

It had been years since the Park had been the scene of any festivity, and the invitations to the fête, on that evening toward the close of June in the year 1860, were everywhere accepted. Expectation and curiosity ran high. The old, gossiping over the affair, were strong in their disapproval of Mrs. Powell's again seeking society's recognition, and declared it was a piece of effrontery quite in keeping with her unenviable past; for it is a noticeable fact that the further away we get from the follies of our own younger days, the more tenacious is our memory of the faults of our friends and the more straitlaced our notions of what, for them, is right and wrong. Those who were passing under the meridian of life, whose garments were soiled with the dust of the way, who had only to look to yesterday for a temptation yielded to or withstood in the great conflict, felt pity for the woman who, it appeared, had come back to another generation for the sympathy her own had withheld. The young were more expectant than curious. They might not pierce the mystery enveloping the great, dark, lonely house and its owner, but they would find what they preferred—enjoyment in dancing and feasting.

As Clay Powell and the master of Willow wild turned in at the Park gate that afternoon, a bright crimson light was cleaving its way through a host of purple, heavy clouds. It poured itself over the dark green of the oaks and elms with an effect as peculiar as it was weird, and its burning reflection on the windows made the sheets of fire. As they reached the curve in the avenue which gave them a full view of the house, Mr. Davidson drew rein and watched in thoughtful silence the great, solemn pile of red brick, with its many flame-lighted windows. Clay Powell stopped also, but glanced around without any quickening of his pulse, for the history of the mistress of the Park and its effect on his life and fortunes were to him a sealed page.

"What do you think of the place?" asked the older man. "It is beautiful," said Powell. "It seems to me like a haunted place, sleeping beauties, and the like, you know," and a light expression, for he was a man who smiled rarely, crossed his handsome young face. "Is it more beautiful than Willow-wild?" questioned Mr. Davidson. "Willow-wild is your home," said Clay Powell, courteously. "That need not prevent your making a comparison and giving an honest reply," returned his host.

"Yes," then said the younger man, "this is a more beautiful place; but Willow-wild shall ever be to me the one homelike spot on earth, and, consequently, in prosperity or decay, the dearest." The elder man mused in silence for a few moments; then, fixing his eyes on the great house, he said, slowly: "What unmade Willow-wild made the Park. But justice is as much an attribute of God's in His ruling of individuals as of nations. There is no one too insignificant to escape His sitting; I read in yonder windows, flaming under His unfalling light, a meaning—He has not forgotten. Come, my friend, let us ride on."

From one of those windows, that were like gaping mouths of fire in the dark front of brick, a pair of burning eyes watched the approach of the horsemen; and as they rested on the proud features of the young rider the lids closed hard as if to shut out a memory. The watcher sat motionless, listening to the tread of feet and the murmur of voices below. She heard her slave open the doors, then ascending the stairs, but only his knock aroused her from her stonelike attitude. She arose, but her limbs shook under her and her face quivered anxiously; then she lifted her wooden bands, and gazed at them, saying: "These will steel you, old woman!" The mouth hardened and the eyes grew fiery, like a tiger's seeing its victim.

She welcomed her guests with stiff formality, and immediately sent word for Clarisse to come to the parlor. But that young lady was making her toilet, and the message came to her at the moment when she discovered that her waiting-woman had neglected to press out the creases in her pretentious evening dress. "Let her entertain her guests herself," she muttered. "Clay Powell's nothing but an insufferable prig, anyhow, and as poor as a church mouse. Only that this old house is as dull and gloomy as a morgue I wouldn't see down at all. I haven't seen a soul since the day I spent at Cardome, except Mr. Dallas once."

Half an hour later, when the creases had been carefully removed and her good temper was restored, she went at her snail's pace to the parlor. To her surprise, she found it dark and deserted. Horrors! Had the guests taken their departure, and had she spent two hours on her toilet for the benefit of the slaves who served her at her solitary meals? The library was unlighted, and meeting the butler in the hall, she said, stiffly: "Why do you keep the place in this darkness?" "I've obeyin' my mistress' orders," returned the old gray-headed negro,

with a quiet dignity that should have put the girl to shame.

"Can you tell me, then, where your mistress and her guests are?" she asked.

"My mistiss is at her suppah; de gent'm'n in thar' rooms. Mistiss says will Miss Clarisse please wait in de sec'nd pahlah till de gent'm'n come down, an' tak' huh place at de table?"

"Doesn't she come to the table even when she has company?" "Dat was huh message to yuh, Miss Clarisse," said the butler. The girl, however, did not understand the fine leeks that the old man, whom she looked upon as an ignorant slave, had given. She groped her way to the appointed room, which was lighted by many soft-shaded lamps, and there impatiently awaited the coming of the gentlemen. She had her hand on the bell to summon one of the slaves to inform the guests supper would soon be ready, when a step on the carpet made her turn quickly, to see Mr. Davidson's tall, erect figure almost at her side.

"I have the pleasure of speaking to Miss Sears?" he said, in his low voice, though his eyes made her experience an uncomfortable sensation. "I am Miss Sears," she replied, her tones unconsciously growing icy, and you, I presume, are Mr. Davidson?" He bowed over her extended hand, and as she withdrew it, she said: "I have always heard it was only ladies who consumed time at the toilet table. I have been waiting fully a quarter of an hour, and still Mr. Powell has not put in appearance."

"Perhaps he is retaliating for your absence on his arrival," returned Mr. Davidson. She laughed, pleased at the implied compliment: "Was he aware of it? He seems such a superior person, one of those who would miss only the great requisites of life, such as light air, sleep, and food."

"Man never becomes so superior, Miss Sears," said Mr. Davidson, "that he finds himself indifferent to the presence or absence of fair women, nor so old," he added, bowing. "I was going to say, nor too old to forget how to flatter," said Clarisse, looking at his gray hair and beard. "I knew you were, and forestalled the uncomplimentary epithet," returned he, smiling the mysterious smile which she found more uncomfortable than his eyes.

"How did you know it?" she asked. "Are you a mind reader?" "Between some minds there is so true a communication that speech is not necessary, at times. Such a communication does not necessarily imply congeniality," he added, somewhat hastily, she thought: "on the contrary, they may be as opposite as the antipodes."

"If such a communication really existed would not one mind be as cognizant of thought as the other?" asked Clarisse. "I should then have known you intended forestalling me in the remark; but I did not know it." "Few would, Miss Sears. Mr. Davidson is a wizard," said Clay Powell, who, unseen by either, had entered the room and had heard the latter part of the conversation.

"I am glad of the explanation," said Clarisse, after gazing at the young man. "I shall be careful not to think too much when I am in Mr. Davidson's vicinity."

The mysterious, uncomfortable smile again flitted over the latter's face, but before he could reply the servant entered and announced supper. Clarisse was surprised to find that Mr. Powell could unbend sufficiently to help along conversation, though he proved utterly impregnable against all pretty feminine devices to draw him into personal trivialities or complimentary expressions. He appreciated the fact when she brought it to his notice, that she found her position that evening, because of the absence of her cousin, a trifle trying, but she could not yet him to say that she filled it admirably; and more than once, seeing through her kitchen wiles, and observing their failure, Mr. Davidson's smiles flitted over his face.

Analysis interested him, whether of flowers at Willow-wild, or, as now, of a woman; and he admitted, as he listened to Clarisse, that in forewearing the world of society he had put from him a never-falling fund of amusement. All his attention, however, was not given to the rich viands and to the words passing around him. The eyes Clarisse found so uncomfortable had a way of travelling with lightning haste to places and people; and once, leaving his plate, they caught another pair, small and glassy like a snake's, peeping between the heavy portiers, which draped one end of the room. He gave no start but went on with his supper, taking his part in the conversation, seemingly unaware of the baleful glance that throughout that hour was fixed upon the face of Clay Powell.

Late that night, when all had retired to their rooms, Powell was disturbed in his letter-writing by the entrance of a young slave with a tumbler of wine and a plate of biscuits.

"Certainly my step grandmother is thoughtful of my comforts," he mused, taking some of the refreshment before beginning a new letter. As he was putting down the glass, Mr. Davidson entered, and gazing quickly to his table said: "Writing letters, Clay? So am I, and ran out of paper. I suppose you can spare me a sheet?" And without waiting for a reply, he reached his arm across the tray, and in so doing overthrew the glass of wine.

"Well, I've spoiled your midnight luncheon!" he exclaimed, "and ruined Mrs. Powell's handsome carpet!"

Clay Powell looked on the red wine dripping from the table to the floor, and said: "I wish she had sent me a bottle with the tumbler! That was wine to make a poet out of its drinker!"

"Or, in other words, a madman," remarked Mr. Davidson. "You remember what Seneca says of the thief who enters at the mouth to steal away the brains? Do you know, my boy, your grandfather died mad—mad from wine? Perhaps this is some his widow brought away with her from Willow-wild."

Clay Powell had never heard Mr. Davidson speak so strangely and bitterly. "I know little about my grandfather," he replied, "but I have no respect for the man, as I could not reverence his memory, who is not strong enough to overcome his appetites."

"I've heard young, untried men talk like that before," said the other. "However, we will not enter into a temperance discussion. You are sleepy, or is it that your wine is taking effect? Don't mind the old man," he added, hastily, for as he expressed that crossed the young face hurt him. "Good-night, my boy!" and he laid his hand affectionately on the black head.

When the door closed behind his visitor, Powell, for a time, sat pondering his words; then his thoughts began to grow confused and a dullness to creep over his brain. He tried to write, but the words escaped him like so many slaves; then, his thoughts began to chase each other, and in the realm of his intellect all was jumble, mad confusion, until even the thread of consciousness was lost, and a stupor stole over mind and body. As he leaned on the table, with partially closed eyes, it seemed to him there bent over him one of the most hideous negro faces the wildest imagination had ever conjured up. The small, serpent-bright eyes held a light so diabolic in its vividness and hatred that they seemed to scorch his, while the grin, making more unnatural the shony face, was such as a demon might wear when it gloated over the first sin of a young soul. This creature began to dance before him, muttering incantations that sounded like blasphemy, when a man, whose voice and face were like Davidson's, laid a heavy hand on her shoulder, and said:

"You she-devil! I thought you were dead, until I caught your eyes peeping between the portieres this evening. Then I saw through the game. You outwitted me once, but you will not again. I saw the wine and biscuits come up. I let him drink a little, for I wanted you to show yourself. Now go and tell your mistress that she forgot one of her bottles of wine when she left Willow-wild—and you know I have seen your biscuits before! Tell your mistress I am here. Tell her I have her in my power, as well she knows. Tell her not to force me to act, for I am willing to wait for God's wrath to smite her, not man's. But if one hair of this boy's head is harmed, her lost hands will not save her this time. There will be no John Todd to plead for her; no Lewis Castleton to throw his vote in the scale of mercy. It will not be with grief-distracted Walter Powell she will be dealing, but with one who, when he makes a vow, keeps it. Tell her I've registered my vow that Clay Powell's father shall know no second grief from her hands, and if she break that vow, she shall bear the bitter consequence."

The man and trembling slave faded away, and after a time Clay Powell drew himself back from that semi-conscious state, and as he glanced around, he thought: "What a horrible nightmare!" Then he went to bed, not noticing that the tray had been removed from the table.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SIGN

The early spring day was drawing to its close. The air was damp and heavy with approaching fog, but inside the little cottage of the Vincents everything looked cozy and snug. The scene was replete with happiness—no shadow over any part, except on Mrs. Vincent's face.

"Does your head ache?" Mary asked. "Or are you especially troubled over something?" Mrs. Vincent shook her head. "No, dear one," she answered gently. "Just the same old burden. Perhaps it feels heavier to-day because your father and I had another argument over it last night."

"Concerning Paul?" asked Mary, with a note of anxiety in her voice. "Yes, usual," answered her mother, sorrowfully. "Paul and religion are the only things upon which we disagree."

"Mother," asked Mary, timidly, "will you tell me how it happens that father is so bitter against our faith? I have often wondered over our divided belief. It seems strange—not right, somehow."

"Mary, my child," the mother said gravely, "you are fast approaching young womanhood, and it is time that you understand just how things are. Your father and I were married twenty-five years ago this month, and in all that time we never quarreled, save on two topics. We were married before the Church so strictly forbade mixed marriages as she does now, and in spite of the advice of my parents and our good priest, Father

Simmons, I married your father, who was a free thinker. We loved each other dearly then, and we love each other now. I have never regretted my choice, for he has been a kind husband and father, but when I think of Paul my heart aches. I knew that your father's belief was not mine, and that the Church did not approve. But I thought such sorrows were nonsensical and unworthy of notice. Now I see only too plainly that in this as in every other thing, the Church knows best. I felt sure that my husband would in time grant my petition, and become a Catholic, but his early training, or lack of training, was too strong. The years passed, and the distance between our faiths was as great as ever. Then Paul was born. I had agreed, during the glamor of courtship, that if a son was born to us he should be raised according to his father's belief—and if a daughter, she should be a Catholic, as I was. When I held my little first born in my arms, God knows how bitterly I repented of my promise. But your father was obstinate, and my pleading was of no use. Our first quarrels began when I had to see my little son instructed in a faith in which I had no share. I tried to teach him on the quiet—made him say little prayers—and as he grew older I tried to make him feel as I did about God and our Church. But his father's influence was too strong. He taught the child that belief in any faith was womanish, and that one's own will was the ruling power. Paul would listen to me respectfully, and then with a toss of his handsome head, would walk away leaving me with the miserable conviction that my words were mere empty sounds."

"Then you came, my Mary, bringing a fresh ray of hope to my tired heart. From the very first you seemed to absorb all the beauty and impressiveness of our faith, and I had no doubt that your little hands would lead your brother into the way of right thinking. But you, too, failed. Not through any fault of yours, my dear one, but because Paul had grown completely away from us all, and is wrapped up in his own egotistical belief. It was of his headstrongness and independence that I spoke to your father last night, but he was tired and cross, and accused me of always harping on one subject—religion. Surely God has dealt bitterly with me for ever having put worldly love before the love and approval of my Master. I have prayed, I have done penance. I have done everything which lay within human power, but have accomplished nothing. If it were not for you, my Mary, my whole life would seem a waste. The poor woman covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly."

Mary threw her arms around her mother's neck. "Dearest mother," she whispered, soothingly, "don't give up like this. God will surely listen if we only have faith in Him."

"Oh, Mary," sobbed the mother. "I am losing my faith in spite of all I can do. Whenever I plead with your father, or try to convince him of the surety of our belief, he says: 'Show me one little sign—just one—why your faith is the true one, and I will adopt it as my own. If your God is all-powerful ask Him to send one sign that I may know Him.' He has said this time and again, and though I have prayed with all my strength, I have no sign to show him. Does it not seem dead?"

"Yes," admitted Mary. "It does. But we are only mortals and the power of performing miracles belongs only to God Himself. Let us have patience just a little longer, and He will surely send the sign in His own good time."

"Oh, Mary—well named—what a comfort you are to me! God has blessed me beyond my deserts in giving me a daughter like you!" The soft shadows of twilight closed around them, and mother and daughter sat buried in thought, till a well-known step sounded on the porch. Light on both faces, a kindly faced man stepped into the fire-lit room. He gathered both women into his arms, with wordless affection, and they formed a loving circle around the dinner table.

The meal was served by a trim little maid. Mr. Vincent picked up the carving knife, then hesitated, glancing at the one empty chair. "Where is Paul?" he asked suddenly.

Mrs. Vincent hesitated, then—"He must be with young Morgan, or in Foley's place," she said. "He has not been home all day."

Mr. Vincent frowned, but all further conversation was checked by the entrance of Paul himself.

"Have you no apology to offer for your tardiness?" he said.

"Why, no, pater," answered Paul smilingly. "I was just having a game of cards with the bunch at Foley's, and did not notice the time."

Mr. Vincent shook his head, but looked vaguely relieved. Mrs. Vincent's eyes were full of pain. "Will you never leave this idle life, Paul?" she questioned. "Surely it is time you settled down in life."

will come into the business with me."

Paul shook his head decidedly. "Nix on that noise!" he answered rudely. "I never will do that. Your business is too slow for me." "Oh, Paul," gasped his mother, "how can you speak to your father that way? His business is an honest one and well paying, and you know how anxious he is to have you with him."

"It's too slow," repeated Paul, impatiently. "I am going to start up a place like Foley's some day, and make piles of money."

"A gambling den?" asked Mary—scarcely believing her ears. "Surely you are joking, Paul?" "Not a bit of it," replied Paul. "I will open one just as soon as father will advance me the money. I intended speaking to him to day about this very thing. You will let me have the money, won't you, father?" "Never!" Mr. Vincent's answer thundered out. "No son of mine will ever run a gambling den with my money or consent!"

"No one calls it a gambling den in these days," burst out Paul, hotly. "It is just as honorable a profession nowadays as any so-called respectable one, and surely pays better."

"But, my boy, think of your name—think of your soul," pleaded his mother. But Paul interrupted her with an angry laugh. "My soul!" he said harshly. "Why, no one but Catholics and a few other fanatical religionists believe in soul these days. And even granting that I have such a thing, it is mine to do what I please with it. I am answering to no one but myself for it. If I lose it, it is of little consequence. Life is at best a shallow, meaningless thing—a jumble of guesswork in all spiritual matters. So I intend to get as much pleasure out of it as I can regardless of such troublesome things as souls."

Mr. Vincent sprang to his feet, fairly shouting: "Paul! For God's sake, stop!" "Why should I stop?" Paul questioned coolly. "And why do you use God's name to me? Do you pretend to believe in Him? Have not you yourself taught me that my own will is greater than any God's?"

"But, Paul, there is a God as surely as there is a heaven above us," sobbed his mother. "I believe in Him with all my heart."

Paul nodded. "Of course you do," he said gravely. "All women do believe in Him in some way or other—especially those who are under priestly rule, like you and Mary. But the heavens above us are only empty atmosphere, and your God within them is only a myth."

Mr. Vincent broke in excitedly: "Paul, Paul, what has hardened you like this?" Paul rose angrily to his feet, and pointed an accusing finger at his father. "You—my father—have done this thing. Who was it that tried to break down every religious belief brought forward by my mother? You—with your superior knowledge! Who was it that taught me that all religion of any sort, and especially Catholicism, was fit only for women or weak-minded folks? Again you, with your new-fashioned reasoning. Who taught me that my own will was the only guide I required through life, and that I should stand free and independent of all conventional restrictions? You—and only you! Yet now, when my will clashes with yours—when my choice of paths does not agree with yours—now, when I am following out the desires of my own will and inclinations, according to your teaching, you profess to be shocked with my newer, bolder ideas. Yet they all sprang from the grains of doubt which you planted in my breast. If I will to become a gambler, who shall stop me? Whether you are proud of me or ashamed of me, I am what you made me, and what my will chooses to me. So don't try to hold God before my eyes at this late date. When I see Him I shall believe in Him. Until then, my will rules. And turning abruptly away, Paul left the house."

The three who remained sat in strained silence. Mr. Vincent looked dazedly from his wife's stricken face to Mary's, down which bitter tears were flowing. "God forgive me!" he muttered. "What have I done?"

No word of reproach fell from his wife's lips. She saw that his suffering was almost greater than he could bear. Rising, she took his hand and led him gently back to the fire-lit library, where they sat together in dumb, gloomy silence. Mary left them and, going to her room, prayed as never before for help and guidance. Long minutes dragged into hours and still the two sat, unable to speak. Then Mr. Vincent whispered hoarsely: "Your God is avenged, Hannah." "Not my God," his wife replied, hesitatingly, "but our God—Mary's and—"

Suddenly the doorbell pealed stridently through the silent house. There was the sound of hurried steps, and of many shuffling feet. Mary came running in, her face white with alarm.

"Mother! father! Paul!" the girl gasped. "Paul! Was this Paul? This crushed and helpless man, stretched so limply between the hands which bore him in? What had happened?"

"He was passing the street," one of the men volunteered, "and an auto struck him. He is pretty well done for, I guess."

Mr. Vincent knelt down by the boy's side. "Great God," he muttered, "is this your sign?" Paul stirred feebly, and his eyes opened.

"Dad," he whispered, haltingly, "there is a God—I saw Him—in a flash of fire—as I went down. He is glorious—wonderful!" He tried to raise himself, but sank back weakly. "Tell mother," he gasped, "tell mother—" he stopped. His mother bent over him. "Oh, Paul my son—my baby! God have mercy on you!" Paul raised one hand and waveringly crossed himself—then—

"Lord, I believe," he whispered. "That was all—but three hearts felt the Great Presence among them. And the sign? Do you see that mother and father coming out from Mass with their son and daughter behind them? There is the sign of God's unfailing tenderness and mercy. The father and son are in business together, and the joy of Mary's face is reflected with added peace on her mother's brow." Eugene T. Finn, in The Missionary.

WHY DOESN'T THE POPE INTERFERE?

Of criticisms of the Papal attitude towards the present war and its warriors we have had an abundance. Some who would in normal circumstances scout any message coming from the Vatican as an invasion of their personal liberty, and an attempt to revive an extinct and discarded dogma, have now been clamoring for the Pontiff to throw the weight of his august influence into the scales on the side of right and justice, which is, of course, their side. Others closely scan every real or alleged utterance emanating from the Vatican, and eagerly appropriate anything that might make for their own side, or might appear to compromise the Papal claim to the strictest neutrality. Among the latest critics of the Pope's position is that eccentric and stigmatizing Irishman whom we have grown accustomed to hear dogmatizing about whatever is or is not knowable, Mr. George Bernard Shaw. In his latest pronouncement Mr. Shaw says:

"The Pope's clear duty last August was to excommunicate all combatants with bell, book and candle and tell them with a voice thundering through Christendom that they would almost certainly be damned for the sin of Cain unless they laid down their arms and submitted their dispute to the judgment of God through His Church."

This is decidedly refreshing from one who has so often written with fine scorn about the Church's attempts to fetter the freedom that is the modern man's most prized prerogative.

Does Mr. Shaw really mean what he says? Could the Holy Father, knowing that schismatic Russian and Protestant Tauton and Briton, not to speak of the priest-baiting Gaul, would turn deaf ears to his excommunication, thus have attempted to bind the hands of Catholics? If the Pope should do that, he would expose the faithful, in cases where they were subjects, to the charge of disloyalty and treason, and where they were in authority, as in Belgium and Austria, to inactivity in the midst of impending disaster. Only in the case where all would or could be expected to hear his call would the obligation arise for the Pope to cry out. Moreover, the days when the Sovereign Pontiff as the common father of Christendom could summon the world to united action are long gone by. But the peculiar fact remains that they who to-day lament and even condemn the Papal silence in the present crisis of civilization are oftentimes the very men who most bitterly inveigh against those great medieval Pontiffs who to great purpose did exercise the tremendous powers of the Roman See. As Mr. Chesterton somewhere points out there was once a United States of Europe, and once an international and effective court of arbitration, a Christian Commonwealth, a Republica Christiana, a Roman Pontiff of world-wide sway, who could interfere, and often effectually did interfere, to put an end to internecine strife. Yet the Popes ultimately failed because the forces of selfishness arrayed against them under the guise of nationalism were too strong and a hostile posterity has since been taught to call these praiseworthy endeavors of the Popes "Papal usurpations," and "Papal aggressions," and "Papal invasions of the civil domain." The very Pontiffs who with greatest gentleness and integrity of purpose fought the battles of humanity, of morality and of civilization, have been pilloried in our popular histories and literature as greedy and arrogant priests.

Truly may the Pope's reply to their critics: "We have piped and you have not danced; we have mourned

and you have not wept." Whether the Pope keep silence or speak, whether he passively endure or strike out from the shoulder, his is the heritage of blame, his it is to meet misunderstanding and misrepresentation, his to be maligned to the end.—America.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS

Do Catholics fully appreciate the importance and influence of the Catholic press? Do they realize that there are thousands of our separated brethren hungry for the truth, eager to grasp it, but ignorant of where to find it? Do they ever stop to think there are other people in this world not of our Faith honest, God-fearing, clean-living men and women, who would be glad to know something about the truths we Catholics believe and hold dear? We know there are such for we meet them in our social and business life. A chance word or expression will disclose a lurking desire to know the truth. It's not often a person will talk about religion or his soul or disclose to any one so intimate thoughts that may come to him of saving his soul or of his fate in the future life. But when one does drop such a remark you can tell by his manner that he is in earnest, that he is groping, that he wants light. Few Protestants who take thought of these things are really satisfied that the truth is to be found in any of the thousand and one sects. If put to the test few will admit that one religion is as good as another and that there can be two true Churches, each teaching and believing essential doctrines. If you want to be of the Apostolate of the Laity, don't let these chances to do good go by unnoticed. For you will have to render an account of it. Send your friend or inquirer one of the Catholic tracts you will find at the church door and grace will soon be working. All this is prompted by the story of a Protestant minister to whom some one handed a Catholic tract on a railroad train. It set him to thinking, made him uncomfortable, and he wrote the following letter, addressed it simply to the rectory of a religious community in New York:

"While on a train a little pamphlet treating on Christian doctrine was handed to me. It has made me eager to know more about the Church. Like most Protestants I know little or nothing about Catholicity. I am a Presbyterian minister, seized with unrest in my present religious belief. I know and feel there is something I have not got. I have studied every creed except the Catholic. Now, where shall I find the true Church and save my soul. Please send me some books explaining the Catholic religion?"

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ANNIVERSARY OF MORE'S MARTYRDOM

The 6th of July was the 368th anniversary of the execution of Sir Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor of England, who preferred to die sooner than acknowledge the claim of Henry VIII. to be head of the Church. A great jurist, who was long after remembered for the impartiality of his decisions and the despatch with which he disposed of litigations, an extensive writer and clear thinker, More stands out as one of the great men of the age in which he lived. But these abilities and the success which came to him could in no way detach him from the religious principles to which he firmly held. After seven years' study, he told the representative of Henry VIII. he could find no colour for holding that a layman could be head of the Church. His adherence to his belief in the headship of the Pope caused his fall from the highest place in the kingdom and his death. Leo XIII. placed his name among the blessed.

More's nobility of character has excited the praise of more than one non-Catholic writer. Sir James Macintosh, the well known British essayist, is among these. In speaking of More's character he says: "Of all men nearly perfect, Sir Thomas More had, perhaps, the clearest marks of individual character. His peculiarities, though distinguishing him from all others, were yet withheld from growing into moral faults. It is not enough to say of him that he was unaffected, that he was natural, that he was simple; so the larger part of truly great men have been. But there is something homespun in More which is common to him with scarcely any other, and which gives to all his faculties and qualities the appearance of being the native growth of the soil. The homeliness of his pleasant purities is from above. He walks on the scaffold clad only in his household goodness. The unrefined benignity with which he ruled his patriarchal dwelling at Chelsea enabled him to look on the axe without his being disturbed by feeling hatred for the tyrant. This quality bound together his genius and learning his eloquence and fame, with his homely and daily duties—bestowing a genuineness on all his good qualities, a dignity on the most ordinary offices of life, and an accessible familiarity on the virtues of a