

dreamy that the world might tumble to pieces under your very nose and you would never notice it. But it makes no difference. Every one will think you knew, and it will bring all the family into bad odium just the same."

Now, as a matter of fact, if any one had had a fancy for Major Cunliffe I should have said it was Louise herself—not that I thought of her any more than of Missie Watson in writing the story which really was planned before either of them had met Major Cunliffe at all.

"Yes, that's just it," said Adelaide, chiming in with Louise's last remark. "It is what the country will say of us that I cannot forget. We shall all be talked about and looked upon as so peculiar."

"No one has ever called us that before," said Dolly, who had now joined us, and who always went with the majority in any discussion; "and now it will always be said that one of us writes. Sophie Mortimer told me a story about some one she knew who knew some one who wrote, and one day a man came to the house, a very nice man, good family, lots of money and everything, I believe, and Sophie happened to mention that they were expecting a woman who had written a book, and he said at once, 'Then I'm off.'"

"What a solemn warning," I could not help saying. "I see that you are afraid of the effects of my scribbling on the matrimonial prospects of the family."

"Really," cried Adelaide, "you might at least spare us your vulgarity."

"I am sorry if I am vulgar," I retorted; "but does it never strike you that it is a little dull to be always exactly like every one else?"

"Surely," said Marianne, "one must be a lady before anything else."

"Even before a nice woman, I suppose," I said.

"Why, certainly," she said; "one's cook may be that."

"You are very flippant," replied Adelaide. "I wish you would try to remember your family."

If by remembering was meant not forgetting, there was not much chance I should not.

And next afternoon my Aunts Sarah and Ellen appeared, and I could see at a glance that they too had read the story. After a few frigid remarks Aunt Sarah plunged into the subject. "Dora," she said, coldly, "is it indeed true that you have allowed your full name, your family name, to appear in this month's *Morris*?"

"It is my family name, of course," I said. "You see I have not any other."

"It is then, indeed, true that the name which was also that of your sainted grandmother, and which can be seen any day on our family tomb, actually appears after a story in a magazine?"

"I fear it is," I said.

"Well, all I can remark is, that I blush to think that any niece of mine should have come to this," she replied. Here my Aunt Ellen's self, cooling voice chimed in.

"We should not mind it so much—at least, I think not, should we?" she said, with a depressing glance at her sister. "If the story were rather different—how shall I say? rather different in tone—and yes, not quite so unmanly—was not unmanly the word you used when speaking of it, Sarah?"

"I believe it was," said Aunt Sarah; "and I must confess that, in addition to every other consideration, there was a touch of immodesty about it which pained me very much as coming from so near a relative. In my young days it would have been considered a shock to see any young lady to give away her heart unasked."

"From this statement I felt sure that I might conclude that Aunt Sarah had never given her own."

"It was indeed," she continued, "considered bold and forward for the idea of love even to occur to a young lady until an actual proposal had been made. But your heroine, Dora, given her affection when the man has not even asked her father's consent to paying her his addresses, cannot think where you can have come across such an idea. Certainly my tendency in that direction is inherited from the Gwentlions side of the family."

"I may not seem strange after this if I mention that the Gwentlions family has always been noted for the number of its unmarried women."

"So much for the aunts; but I knew the worst would not be over until I had faced my rather. This, however, was not as bad as I anticipated. His language, as usual, was forcible, but, at the same time, it was brief. Our conversation on the subject was as follows:

"So I hear you have been writing a story, eh?"

"Yes, papa."

"And under your own name?"

"Well, I'm afraid my own name has appeared."

"Well, mind this: if I hear of any more of this to-day, I shall pack you off to your Aunt Sophia for a six months' visit."

Aunt Sophia was my father's only married sister, and a visit to her was among the most painful of our duties, and never, as he knew, extended beyond the regulation fortnight if we could possibly help it. After this interview with my father I began to breathe more freely, but I found even more trying experiences were in store for me. The next day a great friend of mine, named Laura Chorlister, called, and after chatting pleasantly for some time managed to make an excuse to get me to herself in the garden.

"D'ar old Dora!" she cried, "how I feel for you!"

"Feel for me!" I said in bewilderment.

"O yes," she said. "I have read your story, and I assure you it went to my heart. Other people may not see beneath the surface, but it has that touch about it that I, as your friend, cannot mistake. I know it is your own inner experience that you relate."

In vain I tried to assure her that she was mistaken. She only shook her head and smiled.

"It is no use, dear, trying to have concealments from me," she said. "I knew as I read the story that it came straight from your own heart. How you must have suffered, and I never knew."

Hardly had Laura left me when an other intimate friend, Geraldine Barton, called.

"Dora," she said, almost at once, in her blunt way, "we have read your story, and think it very clever and all that, but, at the same time, I must tell you that we are very angry with the way you have made use of that unfortunate experience of Sydney's. It is very unjust, and he never encouraged the girl a bit, as your horrid hero does."

"I don't know what you mean?" I said. "I never knew that Sydney had an experience."

"But you must have known," said Geraldine, "or how could you have described it?"

After such logic as this I felt powerless to say more. The climax of my literary experiences was, however, reached the next day, when Adelaide came to me in great excitement.

"I have just been to see Cousin Susan," she said, with what I could not help thinking an air of rather malicious triumph. "She is very angry about the portrait of herself in your story, and says you are an impudent puppy, and that you shall not have a penny of the £100 she was going to leave to you in her will."

When I added up the results of my story I found I had gained much respect, some misplaced sympathy, several enemies and £5. Against this I had lost £100 left me by Cousin Susan. I came to the conclusion that it was hardly good enough.

"This was how I didn't become an author,"—Noriey Chester, in *Temple Bar*.

THE QUAKER CREED

The Quotations of Eccentricity, Victims of Fierce Persecution.

Weekly Register, London, Eng.

In these closing days of the nineteenth century, when Quakerism is thrust upon public notice in no more prominent manner than in the general broad-brim from the boardings bids us "eat Quaker Oats," only those who have studied something of its past history can realize how very vigorous and widely influential a creed Quakerism once was. William Penn defined it "a new nickname for old Christianity," or primitive Christianity revived. In particular, they argued the unlawfulness of military service, and encouraged that stoutness from the duties of citizenship, traces of which are to be met with in the apologetic writings of Tertullian and Cyprian, Origen and Lactantius. The Quakers were further characterized by stubborn resistance to the common customs and courtesies of society. They disliked the paying and oak-taking; had a deadly hatred of hat honor and a singular aversion from the use of the plural number. They spurned sacraments as certainly useless, and possibly Satanical; and the ordinary Protestant rule of faith—a corruptible and corrupted Bible—had to yield place among them to the immediate, incommunicable revelations of the Holy Spirit to the individual soul. Thus in brief, the Quaker creed may be regarded as Protestantism in its final stage of emancipation from ecclesiastical guidance.

Any species of religion in which enthusiasm can live, move and have its being may become an asylum for fanatics. But a religious system deserves not the epithet of fanatical unless the excesses of individual members be directly, or indirectly, due to its own principles. In Quakerism, unhappily, such a plea does not hold good. Though the simpler and more sober-minded among the "Friends" bewailed and disowned the extravagances prevalent in their midst, the Quaker creed was the quintessence of eccentricity, and Quaker queeriness the direct product of their leading doctrine, which bade men look for sudden flashes of heavenly light as the inward guide of individual belief and conduct. When the Quaker tailor mounted a parish church pulpit during divine service on Sunday, and in full sight of the congregation fell to work on a piece of cloth, he was moved thereto for a sign that the steeple house was not the house of God, nor the special observance of one day above another pleasing to the Divine Majesty. When Solomon Eccles—whom, according to the Quaker historian Sewall was "not mad, but a man of strange zeal"—entered a Catholic chapel in Galway, stripped to the waist, and carrying on his head a bristling dish of coals and burning brimstone, he told how the Lord had sent him to show those idolatrous the portion awaiting them in the world to come. So, too, when Quakers, male and female, strode stark naked into public assemblies, they alleged a like commission as Isaiah; and when James Nayler, proclaiming himself the Son of God, rode into Bristol attended by Quaker and Quakeress adepts who sang a loud his praises, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God, of Sabotta!" these were but obedient to the supposed promptings of the Spirit.

ALMS GIVING.

By Father Pardow, S. J.

Our Lord in the Gospel says: "Come, ye blessed, possess the Kingdom prepared for you; because I was hungry and you gave Me to eat, I was naked and you clothed Me." Now, whether I give the bread and clothes directly, or not having these, give the money to procure them, the argument is the same. Possess the Kingdom because you gave the money! Why, this looks not only like the sale of Indulgences, but the sale of the Kingdom of Heaven itself for money.

Does Christ, then, mean that a man can go on committing sin after sin, and then at the close of a life of sin, without any true interior repentance, give bushels of bread to the poor, and be loaded with the reward promised? "Come, ye blessed, possess the Kingdom." No one could dream of uttering such blasphemy. Yet the words, as they stand, seem to say that. What, then, does Christ mean? He means that almsgiving—that is, giving money for charitable purposes—diminishes the penalty due to one's sins, provided, of course, there is true interior repentance. This is what the sale of heaven means. The sale of indulgences means the same thing—nothing more. True sorrow always being supposed, if you will give alms

for works of mercy, for the feeding of the souls of men by means of instruction, for the feeding of the bodies by bread, then the Church in the name of God, offers you what Christ offered, the mitigation of the penalty due your sins. The Church, in the name of Christ, accepts the alms deeds as part of the penalty, and then Christ gives you something more than you would have otherwise deserved in the possession of the Kingdom of heaven. The Catholic Church, in granting Indulgences, is altogether acting according to the teaching of Christ and the Bible.

SPACE, REAL AND IMAGINARY.

A constant reader sends us the following letter and asks us to give our impression of it:

Nov. 27, 1900.

Dear Sir—We are in receipt of your favor of the 17th inst. There is no reason to suppose that the universal space is limited. If it is, what is on the other side? No reputable scientist believes that it is limited.

Yours faithfully,
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The Scientific American is an ably conducted paper whose field is the physical sciences. Hence we assume that what Munn & Co say of space is said from the physical science point of view. We do not think that space comes within the domain of the physical sciences. It is not something that can be scrutinized under the magnifying glass, or measured or weighed, or melted in crucibles, or analyzed in chemical reagents. It does not come within the range of any of our sciences. Before it, then, the tools of the physical scientist fall from his hands, and his attempt to deal with it in the light of his science is a mistake. Space belongs not to the physical, but the metaphysical order and must be dealt with in the light of that higher science.

Before one can say anything valuable towards the solution of the many problems involved in the consideration of space it is necessary to know what space is—in other words, to have a definition of it.

Just here the magnitude and difficulties of the question become apparent. The great philosophers since and including Aristotle do not agree on what space is. After studying their various speculations about it, and finding oneself groping as helplessly as a child reaching for the rainbow, one is apt to come to the conclusion of Balzac, who says: "Space is one of those profound mysteries which the natural order presents to man's weak understanding. The deeper he examines it the more obscure he finds it; the mind is buried in darkness which we imagine to exist beyond the bounds of the finite, in the abyss of immensity. We know of it if what we behold is an illusion or a reality. For a moment we seem to have found the truth, and then we discover that we have stretched our arms to embrace a shadow. We form arguments which in any other matter would be conclusive, but are not so here, because they are in direct contradiction to others equally conclusive. We seem to have reached the limit which the Creator has put to our investigations, and in endeavoring to pass beyond it our strength fails, for we find ourselves out of the element which is natural to our lives. When certain philosophers pass rapidly over the questions relating to space, and flatter themselves with explaining them in a few words, we can assure them that either they have not meditated much upon the difficulty which these questions involve, or else they have not understood them. It was not thus that Descartes, Malebranche, Newton or Leibnitz proceeded."

Let us see what some of the philosophers thought about it.

Descartes made space, body and extension identical. According to this view there can be no space where there are no bodies, no extended things. In the opinion of this great French philosopher of the modern school space is limited by the limitation of created, extended things. Where bodies have length, breadth and thickness do not exist there is no space. Yet Descartes is considered by the enlightened world as a reputable philosopher.

Newton held that space was nothing else than the immensity of God. Kant held that space had no objective reality; that it is only a subjective condition, a priori, no real thing external from the mind.

Leibnitz held that space is "A relation, in order, not only between things existing, but also between possible things if they existed." Here in making space a relation or order between things he denies it any real extension distinct from and independent of extended things. Since it is only a relation between things it does not and cannot exist where related things do not exist.

Aristotle, like Descartes, Kant and Leibnitz, denied the existence of space as something distinct from bodies capable of existing by itself.

Balzac, the great Spanish metaphysician after devoting a whole book to his Fundamental Philosophy to the subject, comes to the following conclusions concerning space:

1 "Space is nothing real distinguished from the extension of bodies." From this it follows that where there are no bodies, extended things, there is no space. Consequently, beyond the limit of corporal things there is no space. 2 "Where there are no bodies there are no distances. 3 The idea of space is the idea of extension in the abstract."

That is, we derive our idea of space from considering extension as we see it in extended bodies, and by generaliz-

ing and considering that extension without reference to limitations. Of course, the result of such a process gives us no real space; at best it is only potential or possible space. 4 The imagination of an unlimited space is only an attempt of the imagination to follow the understanding in the abstraction of extension."

Sansverino, after examining the various theories on space, concludes that "Space is nothing separate from bodies, and therefore before creation, had no existence; but was created by God in creating the world. This capacity, then, of receiving bodies which exists outside the limits of the universe and in which we conceive the universe to be created is not real, but imaginary space; namely, a phantasmal substitute of real reality, which the imagination pictures to itself, and which St. Augustine calls 'Speciosus nothing.'"

Sansverino does not here mean that space is positive and direct creation of God, but that it followed from the nature of creation. God created extended and finite things, and extension and limitation came into being as a consequence, just as, when He created light and opaque objects, shadow followed as a concomitant. Space, then, is the result of secondary causation.

Tonghergi came to the same conclusion that Sansverino reached, that absolute (or what Munn & Co improperly call universal) space is not anything existing outside the mind. Rosenthal says actual, that is, real, space is the relation between actual or real things and possible space is the possible relation of possible things. And he concludes that space (absolute is nothing more than the possibility of extension. From all that has been said the conclusion seems to be: (1) That actual, real, existent space is limited to the limits of extended things. (2) That absolute space, that is, space distinct from and independent of extended things, has no existence outside the mind, or, rather the imagination.

We hope we have said enough to prove that the problem of space cannot be solved in a few words.—New York Freeman's Journal.

A GOOD WOMAN.

A good woman! Heaven holds nothing sweeter. Not even the whitest asphodel that grows upon the heavenly hill is purer. To know a good woman in the serenity of her excellence is to stand within the presence of God's angels. She is tender, sympathetic, true, infinitely loving and without guile. Her heart is a pavilion wherein one hides in the time of trouble. Her wisdom is a shield and her devotion a strong and staunch deliverance. She is never loud, nor ribald, nor coarse; as well might a flute become a fog horn. She is full of merry conceits, yet never boisterous. She is brimming over with joy and mirth, but her laughter never springs from a source that works harm or discontent to any one. She is sensitive to the wrong of others, eager to redress wrong, quick to champion the weak and defend the cruelly oppressed. Children love her, women trust her, men adore her. Her humanity keeps her near to earth, while her purity draws her evermore toward heaven. There are a few types of her kind left on the sordid old earth, and God be thanked for it. Amid the preponderance of the other sort of womanhood the sweet beneficence of her presence is like the growth of an occasional rose in a plantation of nettles.—Le Courtois.

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