

A red flame of anger flared across the powerful old face, the strong, nervous hand was raised in a passionate gesture.

"I paint, Monsieur, because if I did not the energy that is in me would burst forth of me and kill me."

His angry eyes roamed round the table when, suddenly catching sight of Nathaniel for the first time, his anger changed to delighted surprise.

He made a quaint fiery gesture of recognition in his direction, and then addressed the table eagerly.

"Messieurs the presence of an old pupil of my studio at this table recalls to me that there is a great painter in this city."

If Madame Nathaniel L'Estrange still paints, there is a great artist among you. And he bowed delightedly towards Nathaniel.

Every eye was riveted on the embarrassed Nathaniel who grew still more embarrassed when he caught Butler's whimsical amused glance across the table.

Butler was scornful about Revell, but the younger men present were hanging on every word that came out of the old artist's mouth.

It was one of the peculiarities of Nathaniel and Butler and the little clique they guided that they were extremely appreciative of movements in art, and easily recognized talent of all degrees, but in presence of real genius they were baffled.

They not only failed to understand genius in their contemporaries, but they considered Titian, Velasquez and Leonardo de Vinci unaccountable.

They were limited, whereas it was Revell's limitation never to understand anything but genius.

When the buzz of conversation took up again Nathaniel felt less awkward. He knew that his wife was being discussed.

There were one or two present who knew of her as an artist who did not now paint, but whose pictures some five or six years before had been bought up at an exhibition by an American dealer, who had also gone on a hunt round the city for other specimens of her work.

Nathaniel recovered himself after Revell's sensational statement, his topmost feeling was pleasure, he was glad that the woman praised so highly was his wife.

His anger of the morning died away and she began to take an importance in his eyes. When the mood seized him he admired her greatly, and he had always had moments when remembering her success in Revell's studio, he admitted to himself that she might have painted extremely well, but that her life was taken up with household drudgery.

This kind of mood was generally followed by one in which he was angered by what he called her unreasonableness, and his own misfortune in having married young. It was one of the opinions held by his set, that an artist fared badly in the marriage relation—that the artist nature got a year or two of ecstasy and no more.

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lying very pale on the white pillows, a woman in nurse's uniform handing over her, and rubbing her hands and arms vigorously. The doctor was standing by. None of them took any notice of Nathaniel. He ran over and knelt down beside the bed.

His wife turned her eyes toward him slowly, and a look of terror came into them as she saw him. The nurse, in a low voice, requested him to leave the room. The doctor followed him outside the door.

Her vitality was very low—her strength was broken—this last child was too much for her. Some hours will decide one way or the other.

Nathaniel sat for hours in bewilderment in the studio, hardly conscious of anything. His youngest child came sobbing to him in the middle of the night, and for the first time in its small life crept into his arms. The child awoke him sharply to a realization of the struggle that was going on upstairs.

Towards early morning, as he went to lay the child on a sofa, he found to his hand the letter that had come from the Art School—the letter they had quarrelled over yesterday morning. It seemed an eternity since then. In agony of remorse he wrote straight off accepting the offer, and rushed out bareheaded in the night in pouring rain to post the letter.

When he came back he begged to go up and tell her that he had done so, to remove the terror from her eyes. All night the light went on. Towards early morning, he found to his hand the letter that had come from the Art School—the letter they had quarrelled over yesterday morning.

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might possibly be hoped for, and lawfully retained, in the way of endowments."

MAGNIFICENT LOYALTY TO THE POPE

The Pope saw the menace to the Church hidden in the specious plan of Associations; he spoke with the voice of authority, and the Church of France obeyed. The Countess tells the Bishop that what he deplored as "the complete subjection to Rome" of the Church in France, "is the key to the whole situation—the magnificent loyalty" was to the Pope.

At his bidding the Church in France gave up 331 millions (francs). Continuing, the English woman declares: "To me that loyalty is all the more truly magnificent, and that heroism all the greater, because very many among the French clergy, as well as the laity, hoped the Pope would decide otherwise. All realized to the full what beggary would mean to themselves, and still more in the crippling of their work at a time when the need for temporal means was ever increasing. By beggary to themselves I mean not only their working stipend, but their old age pensions for, in addition to that provided by the State almost every diocese had its own fund for retiring pensions; all of which was robbed by the State."

NO COMPETITION OF "CHURCHES" IN FRANCE

Having shown the need of a Pope to command the situation, Bishop Gore then points out to Broughton that in France there is no competition of churches.

"Protestantism represents an insignificant stationary minority. The competition is simply between Christ and anti-Christ. The Church in France receives all the blows because it alone is the organized, living medium of the Incarnation in France. The only influence it has lost by the Separation is in the means of influence. Remember that the situation in England is far more complicated owing to the competition of sects."

THE "GREAT REVIVAL" IN FRANCE

The great spiritual revival in France—for which Bishop Gore expressed such admiration—is clearly attributed to the fact of Separation, declares this writer. Recent books and articles dealing with the issue favor this impression. "There is more vigorous life and energy," the Countess asserts. "The line taken by Pius the Tenth as to Modernism has had as one result the concentrating of energy in practical work."

The connection with Rome has been tightened, while the spell of State officialdom has been broken. Energy and organization are extending the influence of the Church in Paris and big towns, and the younger clergy everywhere are working with a freedom denied them, when "the State jumped to the Cure for too much zeal."

THE PARISH SYSTEM

The Parish system is next taken up. "The parish is the 'foyer' of the whole Church to each group, and keeps the sacred fire alight throughout France. In the last diocesan conference, Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, insisted on the importance of nurturing and using the parochial spirit. In all this, as in the question of endowments, one hears none of the nonsense one now hears in England.

This practical writer then discusses the question of support—a support so meagre in many places that the Cure would starve if his scant stipend was not helped out by contributions "in kind" from his parishioners. She reminds Bishop Gore: "That the Church of England has no Pope, not only to lead and command, but sure of obedience; and that the parochial system of the Church of England is mainly worked by a married clergy.—Sacred Heart Review.

DEBATE ON SOCIALISM

FATHER RYAN AND MAURICE HILLQUIT

Announcement has just been made of a forthcoming event which will be of great interest to Catholics all over the country. The event in question is to be a joint debate on the merit or demerit of Socialism. The debate will be conducted through the columns of "Everybody's Magazine," beginning with the October number and will constitute one of the most important and distinguished series of articles ever published in that magazine, as well as most notable contributions to the pros and cons of Socialism. The champions chosen for the opposing side are masters of the subject and their statement of their respective positions, answers and rejoinders, from premises to conclusions cannot fail to be both satisfying and enlightening to all who desire a clear and comprehensive understanding of every side and every angle of this vital question of the day.

THE SOCIALIST CHAMPION

The side of Socialism will be taken and its principles defended by Morris Hillquit, a distinguished practicing lawyer of New York. He is a native of Riga, Russia, but has lived in this country since 1886. He is the author of "History of Socialism in the United States," and "Socialism in Theory and Practice." He has been a delegate to the national conventions of the Socialist party since 1899 and to the International congresses and conferences at Amsterdam, Stuttgart, Copenhagen and Brussels.

THE OPPONENT OF SOCIALISM

As is befitting, the opponent of the Socialist champion will be a Catholic priest, Rev. John Augustine Ryan, D. D., for the last twelve years Professor of Moral Theology and Economics at St. Paul Theological Seminary, St. Paul, Minnesota. Rev. Dr. Ryan is a native of Minnesota, studied theology in St. Paul, and continued his post-graduate studies at the University of Washington, D. C. He has given much study to economic subjects and his book, "The Living Wage," has been accepted as a standard in two hemispheres.

WHERE THE CHURCH STANDS

It making the announcement of the debate the Editor of "Everybody's" says: "The comment often heard will be familiar to many readers that by the Catholic Church is the chief bulwark against Socialism. Many people outside the Catholic church have spoken thus, and many Socialists have recognized that the Catholic church represents the most definite organized expression against their cause. Unquestionably arguments based on the teachings of revealed religion will be a factor in Dr. Ryan's discussion, but he will not rest on inspiration or authority for weapons or armor. Yet it is true by the undertaking of this task he has become the inevitable representative and contender for the position of all Christian churches in so far as they are in opposition to Socialism with opposition based on religious argument."

Rev. Dr. Joseph H. McMahon, rector of Our Lady of Lourdes church, and director of the Catholic Library Association of New York, who was instrumental in bringing about this momentous discussion, has this to say in a statement which he has just issued regarding it: "When Everybody's Magazine asked me, now more than a year ago, what was the exact reason of the opposition of the Catholic Church to Socialism, my answer was that their principles were essentially contradictory and mutually exclusive."

Appreciating the importance of setting before so great a body as Everybody's readers a clear, succinct yet adequate statement of the attitude of certain definite social institutions of these two recognized world-powers, the Catholic church and Socialism, the proposition was made that a representative scholar from each of these bodies should be asked to enter upon this discussion in some respects unique in the annals of journalistic debate."

Dr. McMahon details the arrangements for the manner of presentation of both sides of the debate and concludes as follows: "The selection of Dr. Ryan to conduct the Catholic side of this discussion will commend itself to all. He is a recognized authority on social, logical questions, and his sound theological training, as well as his practical knowledge of the economic conditions and problems of the American world of to day give assurance that the case of the Catholic church is in his hands."

All intelligent Catholics will welcome a statement from him on the fundamental differences between the Church and Socialism."

TWO ANECDOTES OF CARDINAL NEWMAN

In reviewing the Hon. Stephen Coleridge's Memories, recently published, the Guardian (Anglican) quotes some of Mr. Coleridge's reminiscences of Cardinal Newman. Here is one: "He was often very humorous in a gentle, winning way. I remember once him telling us after dinner about some High Church Anglican, whose name I have now forgotten, who traveled to Italy, and when he got to Rome went to a service in one of the churches, and being an advanced churchman, essayed to participate in the ceremonial, kneeling when the priest knelt and standing when he stood; and just at the conclusion of the service he noted on looking round that he was the only man in the congregation—all the other worshippers kneeling women. 'He had been churched,' said the Cardinal. 'And here is the Cardinal in yet another unfamiliar aspect: He came on one of his periodical visits when my boy Johnnie was about three years old, and about the middle of breakfast, according to custom, he was brought down and sat as usual on my wife's knee, who was just opposite the Cardinal at table. I do not think the old man saw any little children very often in an intimate way. After gazing at them silently for a little while he became visibly moved, and rising from

the table he murmured in a low voice, half introspectively, as it were, 'I think I must bless him.' He came round the table, and laid his hand on the little child's head, and said a few inaudible words of benediction. I think every one present was touched, and glad to have been present at so beautiful a moment."

ALONE WITH CONSCIENCE

I sat alone with my conscience, In a place where time had ceased And we talked of my former living In the land where the years increased; And I felt I should have to answer The question put to me. And to face the answer and question Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions Came floating before my sight, And things that I thought were dead things Were alive with a terrible might; And the vision of all my past life Was an awful thing to face, Alone with my conscience sitting In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning, Of a sorrow that was to be mine, In a land that then was the future, But now was the present time: And I thought of my former thinking, Of a judgment day to be: And sitting alone with my conscience Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there were a future, To this land beyond the grave; But no one gave me an answer, And no one came to save. Then I felt that the future was present, And the present would never go by: For it was but the thought of my past life Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming, And the vision passed away. And I knew the far away warning Was a warning of yesterday; And I pray that I may not forget it In this land before the grave. That I may not cry in the future, And no one come to save.

And so I have learned a lesson Which I ought to have learned before, And which, though I learned in dreaming, I hope to forget no more. So I sit alone with my conscience In the place where the years increased. And I try to remember the future, In the land where time will cease; And I know of the future judgment, How dreadful soe'er it be, That to sit alone with my conscience, Will be judgment enough for me.

PROTESTANT MINISTER DEFENDS PURGATORY IDEA

Defense of the theory that provides between heaven and hell an intermediate state for the springing of sin-stained souls was made by Rev. H. Page Dyer in a sermon in the Protestant Episcopal church of the Ascension last Sunday. The utter injustice of a divine procedure that would provide for the repentant evil soul as quick as entrance into the land of the blessed as is accorded the spirit of the pure and godly formed the basis of Mr. Dyer's argument.

"Almost everybody believes there is a heaven, but there is a diversity of thought as to when the saved shall reach there. Of course, it is evident that the bodies of all the saved will be reunited to their souls at the time of the Resurrection, but not until then will they have risen from their graves. But what about the entrance of the souls into heaven? The Protestant belief is that every soul that does not go to hell goes to heaven at the moment of death. One difficulty about this is that it takes no account of the quality or character of a man's mode of life. A man whose life has been so low and bestial that he barely escapes damnation, according to this theory goes as surely and quickly to heaven as a man who has lived a careful, holy and beautiful life.

"The ancient belief of God's Church is one of holy common sense. Few souls are so pure that they are fit for heaven, where nothing that is defiled may enter. And yet there are many millions of people who are too good to go to hell. This vast body of immortal beings will at death go neither to heaven nor to hell, but to an intermediate state, a sort of vestibule to heaven, an ante-chamber, where their stains will be removed, and where a divine process of purgation is mercifully provided by Almighty God"—From Philadelphia Record, April 28.

"TELL YOUR BEADS"

"Tell your beads," as they say in Ireland, particularly during this month of October, when the family gathers around the hearth and the head repeats the rosary. Yes, "tell your beads," you here in America, and remember during this sweetest devotion to pray for the conversion of the negro race in America. It is just as important as the prayers for the conversion of England, to which the great Cardinal Manning devoted his life. The soul of the negro is of equal value in the sight of God. There is a big harvest to be gleaned right here in the big cities. Away down South the conditions are pitiful. The poor negroes are crying out for Catholic missions and schools for their children.

So "tell your beads" and be assured that the great Mother of God

will not forget you, in your last extremity, when death beckons to you and you must go. You in the prime of life "tell your beads." You young girls and boys do likewise, and let baby voices be lifted in the grand refrain: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."

Sweet, consoling words that have come to us through the ages since the time that the angel announced to Mary that she was "blessed among women." You cannot repeat the divine prayer too often, and remember when you are saying it to pray for the conversion of the negro race. If you can help materially, do it. There are many ways. One is to write or send to the Rev. John E. Burke, Director General of the negro missions, 1 Madison avenue, New York city. He will instruct you how to gain the best results. In the meantime "tell your beads."—Shiela Mahon in Catholic Standard and Times.

ANGLICAN BISHOP UPHOLDS INVOCATION OF SAINTS

SERMON BY DR. INGRAM, OF LONDON, SHOCKS EXTREME PROTESTANTS

A special cable dispatch to The Sun (New York) dated London, September 30, says: "Extreme Protestants are shocked at a sermon by the Right Rev. Arthur Ingram, Bishop of London, delivered at one of the services of the annual Church of England Congress at Southampton to-day, in which he dealt with invocation of the saints. He made a plea for the restoration of that aspect of the communion of saints to which every Christian reciting the Apostles' Creed is pledged.

"The Bishop said it was a mistake to regard the invocation of the saints as a question which merely divided the Roman and Anglican churches. It was, he said, a matter which concerned what was deepest in human nature, and which was agitating the minds of many people at the present moment and also occupying the attention of men of science. It would have to be reckoned with as much as anything else, said the Bishop, if there was going to be a reunion of Christendom.

"Bishop Ingram said he knew men to whom the invocation of the saints meant everything in life next to belief in the Trinity. He suggested that the proposed supplement to the prayer book should contain some form of commemoration recognizing fellowship in prayer between the living and the faithful dead. Nevertheless he did not wish to incur the risk of leading any from good in

order to give comfort to those who would receive a wider vision through realizing more completely the communion of saints."

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