

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FARRER.

XLIV.—CONTINUED.

When the hour of his departure came, Mrs. Doloran would accompany him to the station, and what was her surprise to see her nephew there; he had just stepped from his carriage, and was giving some order to Macgillivray. Regardless of all propriety, she leaned from her own conveyance, and called to him.

He was obliged to go to her, but he bit his lip with vexation; he had the strongest objection to being questioned on his intended journey—an objection that was not lessened as he caught sight of Ordotte's face.

But Mrs. Doloran for once was not so anxious to seek information as to give it. She began with impressive volubility:

"How strange and how delightful! both of you going to New York; and when I tell you, Alan, that Macsar is going away for the purpose of unravelling a mystery, an awful—she stopped short and suddenly, for the gentleman she had mentioned, finding no other way to remind her of her promise of secrecy, brought his foot heavily down upon her own; but even that did not improve her memory; it only extorted from her another 'O-oh!' Macsar, you were very awkward just then. You have hurt my foot dreadfully," and then she went on with all that she knew of the motives for Macsar's journey, while he, with a most expressively amused look, muttered something about attending himself to his ticket, instead of allowing the footman to do it, and left the carriage.

Mrs. Doloran, in the full tide of her account, did not observe him, as she would have done at another time.

"Isn't it all very wonderful, Alan?" she still continued, when she had repeated every word that had passed between Ordotte and herself; and if he could only have taken you and me, as I wanted him to do."

"I should certainly have declined the privilege of accompanying him, if he had consented," retorted Alan ironically.

"Then may I ask where you are going now?" she retorted angrily.

"As you have already guessed, to New York."

"And what are you going to do there?" she questioned in the same angry tone.

"Nothing that concerns you."

And after that there was no further time for conversation, for the train was in sight, and all of Mrs. Doloran's feelings were absorbed in her parting with Ordotte. She cried upon his shoulder in spite of all his efforts to prevent her, and she even managed to get her arms around his neck, from which embrace he was obliged to use violence to release himself, or he would have missed the train.

All that she home she cried to herself; being alone in the carriage, there was no one to help her if she went into hysterics. But she soliloquized upon her aggravated trials, how unprotected she was left, Macsar and her nephew both gone; and then she called her nephew a brat, and otherwise stigmatized his treatment of her. She did not dream that his treatment of her was due to her own harsh judgment of Ned.

Had she expressed one pitying word for Mrs. Carnew, had she uttered one doubt of her guilt, Alan would have gone on his knees to serve her; but the more severe she grew to the discarded wife, the more the young husband felt like being cold and insolent to her.

Promises with Mrs. Doloran were most unstable things. She kept one only so long as it suited her; and thus it was with the promise of secrecy which Ordotte had exacted from her. No sooner had she returned to Rahandabad, than all the guests were regaled with the mysterious object of Ordotte's journey. And by that time, her imagination having had time to work, her account was so mysterious it would have amazed Ordotte to recognize even the bare elements of that which he had said to her.

XLV.

"On the train, Carnew selected the most retired seat he could find, even drawing his hat over his eyes, and thus it was with more unmistakable desire for his own companionship. But as he neared New York, he felt some one drop into the vacant seat beside him; even then he did not remove his hat, nor make any motion, not until a familiar voice pronounced his name. He looked up to meet the tawny, smiling face of Ordotte.

"Pardon my intrusion," he said in his cool, easy manner. "I have not done as you say. I had the last moment; and I would not do so, only to clear some undefined notions about my journey which your aunt may have left in your mind."

Carnew roused himself a little.

"I really have not given myself a thought about my journey. I scarcely heard what my aunt said."

"Then so much the easier to explain myself," with a manner that was prof against any rebuff. "You see, my dear fellow, when I found Mrs. Doloran to secrecy, I did it knowing perfectly well she would repeat everything I said to her, just as she did to you, despite my painful reminder of stepping on her foot. And when you return to Rahandabad, you will find upon all sides of you such a version of the mysterious causes which led to my journey that you will hardly recognize me, or your worthy aunt. In order, then, to clear up beforehand these mysteries that await you—"

Carnew interrupted him.

"I assure you, Mr. Ordotte, I have not the slightest interest in anything you mention. I must get to be excused from listening any longer."

Once more he drew his hat over his eyes and leaned back in his seat.

Ordotte leaned over him and whispered, if that could be called a whisper which had to be spoken loud enough to drown the noise of cars:

"Will you make me the same reply when I say that you are most deeply concerned in this mystery I am going to have explained?"

Carnew sat bolt upright.

"I do not understand you, sir."

"Nor can I explain myself further; but that perhaps is sufficient to win your attention for a few minutes."

Carnew looked cold and haughty still, but he did not make any attempt to release him from his former position, and Ordotte continued, with an expression of face not at all in accord with the serious words he was saying; but that was his rise to make the people about him think he was only holding a light and bantering conversation.

"You have never given me much friendship, Carnew, and you have done

your best to make my stay short in Rahandabad. You have been most dissatisfied and worried about your aunt's preference for me, fearing that she might do the desperate thing of marrying me; not that you would lose anything by her marriage, but because you did not want the family disgraced by her union with such an Indian mountebank as you regarded me. Nay, don't disclaim my assertion yet; I have not finished," as he saw Carnew about to speak; but the latter would interrupt with:

"Instead of being about to disclaim my assertion, I was going to say that you certainly had read correctly my feelings toward you."

Ordotte laughed so that his exquisitely white teeth were quite visible for a moment, and resumed:

"Well, I am leaving Rahandabad now, without having married your worthy aunt, and if it be decreed that I should never return, then will be dashed for you one of those singular joys which only come once in several generations. I have watched you, young man, as I watch everybody with whom it is my lot to be thrown, and despite your unfriendly feelings toward me, I have liked you. Not knowing that I should meet you on the train, I had some intention of seeing you privately before I left Rahandabad, in order that I might say a little of what I have just now said; but your good and worthy aunt really left me no opportunity. Come now; are we friends?"

He laughed again, as if he had been telling a good story, and had with an effort restrained his mirth until it was finished. And he did not give Carnew time to reply, for he resumed immediately that his laugh had gone back to a smile:

"Do not take the trouble to protest your suddenly acquired friendship for me, nor to display your penitence for your treatment of me in the past. I should be over-careful if you did; but think of me as one who has gone abroad in your interest; and should success reward me and enable me to restore to you something that you now deem lost forever, why then overwhelm me with your contrition and your friendship. Until the arrival of that time, farewell!"

He glided away before Carnew could stop him by word or motion, and as the train was just then roasting in the heat of the sun, he was unable, in the bustle that ensued, to catch even a glimpse of him.

The young man regarded it all as the senseless vagaries of a man who, now that he was leaving Rahandabad, wished to create in his favor a diversion on the part of one whose dislike he had so clearly read. What could he, a foreign stranger, do toward restoring that suddenly vanished happiness? Oh, no; the mystery of the past, that he had seen with the singular conversations in which Ordotte always indulged, and that so easily won foolish, credulous Mrs. Doloran. For him they had neither truth nor charm, and his lip curled with scorn as he reflected upon the recent attempt to enlist his interest and curiosity. Even the suspicion that he once had of Ordotte's secret knowledge of something pertaining to Ned and that now recurred to him, no longer affected him.

His mind was irrevocably made up. Ned was guilty beyond the mere shadow of a doubt, and doubly so since she had chosen to desert him, and flee to the protection of Dyke; and with an inflexible will he executed his plan of the settlement for her. But when it was all concluded; when he had signed his name to the last of the documents required in the case; when he knew that the cold, hard legal announcement, unaccompanied by any softening word from himself, would go to Ned—a strange film came over his eyes, that made him hasten his adieu to the lawyer, and almost stagger forth into the sunshine. After that, he tried to mature his plan of going abroad, but it was useless. Every impulse of his heart pleaded for a return to Rahandabad, and he tried to excuse his indecision by thinking that his presence was necessary to protect his aunt from being victimized by her own follies; but that was only a species of self-deception too flimsy for even his willfully obscured vision; for he knew that the secret and all-powerful motive was the fact that Rahandabad was redolent of Ned's presence, and not after all at such a great distance from her; to go abroad would place thousands of miles between them. So back to Rahandabad he went, leading a more secluded life than ever, with his books and his solitary rides that always took the direction of Ned's mountain home, and daily increasing in petulance and irony to Mrs. Doloran.

Ned had received at last the anxiously looked-for letter from Dyke; every day, since his departure the morning man had gone down to the post-office in Santerville, but only to return empty-handed until Dyke had been gone five days.

Then he bore a packet with the well-known superscription. She tore it open, and read:

"DEAR NED:—My news is so unsatisfactory that I have scarcely the heart to write. Still, into the blackest darkness may come a ray of light, and I feel that it will be so in your case. My little plan of your behalf has quite failed. I thought perhaps to learn from somebody some bit of good news, but I have not. I have learned only that your husband intends to settle upon you a large amount yearly. Use your own judgment about accepting it, but remember, dear Ned, that if you, heart should shrink from taking any support from one whose trust has named to doubt, my home is yours as it used to be in your childhood and my means are ample for your support. Nor need you hesitate to accept what I offer, through a proud fear of being dependent, for, my business demands my constant presence. New York, where I am, is a very poor place, dear old Ned? Anne McCabe is good. It is true, but in dear Ned's present mood, you would make me very anxious to know that there was only Anne McCabe with her. So you see, dear Ned, what a charity will be your acceptance, at least for the present of the proposition I submit; that is, in case you think it better to release your husband's offer. But even should you accept the latter, your present home can continue to be so, can it not?"

"I shall be unable to return to you, as I remain bound to my present home, and you shall have no more of me, and now, dear Ned, no matter what occurs, do not lose heart nor hope. Remember that the clouds cannot always lower, and that your innocence, and trust in Heaven, will win at last the reward that Heaven alone can give."

"Yours," "DYKE."

He had been very careful not to say of whom he had tried to learn something that might cast a doubt on the cruel charges; not to hint that he had called upon Mr. Edgar and upon her husband, and not to intimate that his sudden and premature return to business was due to his resolution to keep away from his home while it sheltered Mrs. Carnew.

And none of these things dawned upon his mind as she read the letter; nothing but the desolate fact that her husband had indeed repudiated her, when he in-

tended to make a settlement upon her; in her misery she never questioned what Dyke's plan had been, and though she recognized his noble soul in the gentle, generous, and delicate wording of his letter, still it took nothing from her wretchedness. She went to her room and sobbed over the letter, until its neatly written page was a mass of blisters.

That same evening, when she had begun her answer to Dyke, thanking him for his offer and accepting it, since she could be useful to dear old Ned, one of the neighbors, who lived a little further down the mountain, and who had been to Santerville that afternoon, brought up another letter addressed to Mrs. Carnew, in the care of Mr. Dyke Dutton. It was the letter from the lawyer, announcing the settlement that her husband had made upon her. Not a word from Carnew. Just a few brief, legal lines, and nothing more. Her old temper rose, and for the time, indignation supplanted every other feeling. He might at least have sent one kindly word. She was convinced that, if an hundred such charges had been brought against him, she would not have doubted, and with that fiery spirit still sustaining her, she pushed aside her half-written letter to Dyke, and wrote to her husband:

"MR. CARNEW:—Since you evidently consider our marital relations ended, I cannot see the settlement you have made. I do not need, nor shall I touch one cent of the amount."

She was determined to be as brief and cold as possible, and she swallowed the gold in her throat, and brushed the film from her eyes, resolved to give way no more to her unhappy feelings. But that was so easy to resolve, and so hard to do; when her letters were finished, and addressed and sealed, and she retired to the darkness and solitude of her own little room, where Carnew's image came tender and trusting as he once was, and the dreary future spread before her, in which, perhaps, she was to know that he no more, her feelings again gave way, and she lay down upon which she rested her head was saturated with her tears.

Was there no way out of this horrible blank, nothing which she could do to help herself? Yes, there was something; something of which she had thought before, but had not done. She could write to Mrs. Brekbell, making her appeal so strong that a heart of stone must be touched by it. But that came the thought, would Mrs. Brekbell be willing to take any steps in Ned's behalf, when so doing must expose herself? "But why should I suffer so bitterly when she is the guilty one?" mused Ned.

"And her husband may not think it so dreadful if the story comes to him from her own lips. At all events, it is her duty to clear me; to release me from my oath. To-morrow I shall write to her father for her address."

And on the morrow she did so, a brief, polite note, containing no more than the request for Mrs. Brekbell's foreign address.

The three letters went forth together, the hired man starting early with them in order to be in time for the first mail from Santerville.

Mr. Edgar received his first, and he smiled a little scornfully, wondering if the note was Dyke's prompting, remembering the latter's insinuations against Mrs. Brekbell, and what he or Ned could expect to gain by writing to his daughter. However, he answered it, but saying respectfully and briefly that, as Mrs. Brekbell was travelling upon the continent, preparatory to an extended stay in London, he could not give her exact address; but any letter addressed for her, to Brekbell & Hepburn, Strand, London, would be forwarded to her.

A little later in the day, Carnew received Ned's communication. He was indignant at her rejection of his settlement, and divining that her independence was due to Dyke, he was more violently inflamed than ever against that individual. He tore the little note into pieces, and set a quart of water to boil in a large empty vase that rested against one side of the fire place. He would not answer it, and the settlement should remain.

The day after, Dyke received his reply, and when he had read it, he put it away with a sort of satisfaction; he was glad that Ned had refused the settlement, and it was a joy for him to work for her; but he was bitter feeling for Carnew. As it was the bitter hatred him for his distrust and doubt of Ned.

XLVI.

"Ordotte, old fellow! where did you come from, and how do you do, and where have you been, and what have you been doing, and when did you arrive, and where are you stopping, and—"

the numerous questions were cut short by the speaker's positive inability to contain them. He was a short, thick-set man, with a very red face and puffy cheeks, and a mouth that seemed always on the point of blowing something away. He had little light blue eyes, however, which had a certain trusty winning sparkle, and a way of clasping a friend's hand that went right to the friend's heart. He was still shaking Mr. Ordotte's hand with a vigor and significance that quite atoned for his loss of speech, when that gentleman good-humoredly broke in:

"You swoop down upon me with so many questions at once that it will be an hour's task to answer you. I came yesterday from Liverpool, where I landed from New York, the day before; I am in excellent health; I have been, as you have been aware from my letters, sojourning with Mrs. Doloran, of Rahandabad. My present mood would make me very anxious to know that there was only Anne McCabe with her. So you see, dear Ned, what a charity will be your acceptance, at least for the present of the proposition I submit; that is, in case you think it better to release your husband's offer. But even should you accept the latter, your present home can continue to be so, can it not?"

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And none of these things dawned upon his mind as she read the letter; nothing but the desolate fact that her husband had indeed repudiated her, when he in-

might impede your style. Now don't be out up about it. Of course, I did not read anything pertaining to private affairs, only your amusing descriptions and your capital hits at the different characters you met. For instance, that imbecile fellow Brekbell, whose uncle I wrote to you was in business on the Strand with the father of one of our fellows, Hepburn. The fellows in our club laughed about him till the tears ran down some of their cheeks."

By this time Ordotte had either been quite appeased, or he deemed it best to appear so, and both had resumed their talk to the Piccadilly, Ordotte's friend continuing:

"Didn't he make a lucky marriage, though—a beautiful girl and an heir. When they came here on their wedding trip, they stopped at old Brekbell's for a day or so, and Hepburn, of our club—his the youngest and the richest man in it—saw her. He raved about her for a fortnight afterwards. Whatever induced her to marry such a man? Why, his uncle says he hasn't the brains of a calf, and what with his idiosyncrasy and his capacity for being gulled and victimized, and his insane desire to create a princely income for himself, even his large fortune will dwindle in a little while; but then his wife is said to be immensely rich."

By this time they had reached The Piccadilly, and Mr. Manson's volubility was inspired afresh when an appetizing lunch was placed before him and his friend.

"Nothing like our London porter," he said with a blow of satisfaction as he put down his empty glass, and refilled it. "You have gotten into American ideas, as he saw that Ordotte had scarcely touched his."

"You people over there don't know how to breed bone and muscle as we do," touching with a gesture of pride his own short, stout arm.

"You forget," answered Ordotte, laughing, the effect of my Indian friend. Remember I have been ten years in that ghastly country with not much opportunity for making bone and muscle."

"That's a fact, old fellow," speaking with his mouth half-full. "I remember when you came from India to get all that money that was left to you; you were even more of a scrawny, tawny-looking being than you are now. And then you went to Italy, didn't you, and met that queer Mrs. Doloran there?"

Ordotte nodded.

"Ordotte, how are you going to stay? and how did you come to leave Rahandabab? I take the name? You didn't say anything in your last letter about coming to London."

"I didn't know it myself at the time; something happened shortly afterward to make me decide on the journey, and I am not going to stay in London longer than to make arrangements to go to India."

"To India again!" Mr. Manson's glass, on its way to his mouth, was stopped about a foot from that capacious receptacle, and his little sparkling eyes were transfixed with astonishment.

"What the devil are you going to do there?"

"A little business bordering perhaps on the occult. You know there are jugglers there, and persons having the gift of second sight, and people who approach you visibly in spirit, and converse with you, and tell you mysterious things, but whose fleshy bodies may be at that precise time fifty miles distant."

"Don't, Ordotte, don't tell me any more; you are withering the marrow in my backbone," and in order to restore the vigor of the said marrow, he emptied his glass and called for another, making the third measure of porter.

But Ordotte, without noticing the interruption, continued:

"I am going to see one of these persons, an old man who dwells in the Terai, and with whom I have had, when I lived in India, more than one mysterious conversation. If I can find him, I shall seek his help, and I do not think he will refuse. If I cannot find him, I shall search for another of his kind."

"Upon my soul, Ordotte, you talk as if you had been studying the black art."

"Perhaps I have—the black art of reading other people's hearts"—and then he finished at a draught his first glass of porter.

Manson ate on in silence, looking as if he were strangely divided between his desire to satisfy his voracious appetite and his wish to ask more questions. At length the latter prevailed, and as the grease from his well-battered chop trickled smoothly down his ample chin, he inquired how long would Ordotte's stay be in India, and whether he would return to England, or to New York.

"I cannot tell the length of my stay in India, as my errand may require more time than I think, and I shall not return to New York from there unless I can learn that Mrs. Brekbell has also returned to that city. I have quite a desire to see her for the sake of old times; you remember what interesting accounts I gave of her, and if she should remain abroad, I shall certainly make the effort to meet her somewhere."

"Well, old fellow, I think I can keep you posted as to her whereabouts. You know her husband writes to his uncle regularly. I guess he does it as a stroke of policy. He may be his uncle's heir, and, anyhow, every letter directed to them comes to Brekbell & Hepburn first, and the firm forward it to the young couple. There's in Paris now, spending lots of money, and Mrs. Brekbell's beauty and accomplishments are the theme of every salon. I shouldn't wonder if her poor idiot of a husband hadn't by this time become like most French husbands of a certain class, a sort of figure-head."

And having finished his chop and his porter simultaneously, and his companion also having finished his sallyer gastronomic operations, both sallied forth, after a little, taking leave of each other, and Ordotte walked slowly back to his hotel, ruminating on all that he had heard about Mrs. Brekbell.

That evening he sent a note of excuse to Mr. Manson, pleading fatigue as the cause of his inability to be present at the club meeting, and expressing deep regret that he should be obliged to forego the pleasure. And while Manson, having read the note to the assembled members, was discounting upon his own unexpected meeting with the writer of the same, and the mysterious object of his journey to India, Ordotte was panning a letter to Mrs. Doloran. It was the first he had written her since he left Rahandabad, and he filled it with the items which he knew would most please her. In an incidental way he mentioned what he had heard of Mrs. Brekbell's triumphs, and he pro-

posed to write again as soon as he reacted India.

XLVII.

Life in Rahandabad moved at its old gait; indeed, it was faster and more vivacious than ever, owing to Mrs. Doloran's desire, now that Ordotte was away on such a mysterious journey, to fill up the time with excitement so that it would pass the quicker.

The house was so constantly crowded with guests that it presented more the appearance of a hotel than a family country mansion, and excursions by day and parties by night continued without intermission.

Carnew was disgusted with it all, but as no one, not even his aunt, dared to invade his solitude, he was not disturbed further than by seeing occasionally a little of the lamentable folly. He knew it would be useless to attempt to check it, or even to remonstrate, as Mrs. Doloran's self-will was now roused to such a pitch that even the restraint Alan used to exercise upon her seemed to have lost its power. In one thing he did interfere, and by so doing called down upon himself the real or seeming animadversions of pretty much the whole house, for the entire society of Rahandabad was formed around the mistress, and possessed their souls only through hers. It was, when she announced her charitable intention of keeping the woman Banner and her baby charge, in Rahandabad. For Mr. Dickson she had actually obtained through the influence of her friends, a very lucrative position in New York, and to Mr. Hayman she had sent a handsome donation, with the promise of renewing the same annually; but for Banner and her child, since Mrs. Carnew had so shamefully discarded her own offspring, it became "her duty," spoken in accents of the most ardent virtue, to provide for them in a tender manner. So, in the servants' hall was Mrs. Banner installed, with a very comfortable apartment entirely to herself, and no labor required of her but the careful nursing of the baby.

Alan swore when he discovered all that, but his aunt assumed a greater appearance of virtuous indignation than ever, and went into such hysterics that the whole house came about her, and her nephew was glad to retreat to his own solitary and secluded apartments.

When the letter came from Ordotte, she read it to everybody, and insisted upon sending it to Carnew, for that purpose respectfully declining the proposed pleasure, as he had no interest in Mr. Ordotte.

"But he shall hear it, for all that," persisted Mrs. Doloran, and straightway she went to his apartments. He was in his own room, and that was locked against her. Down she went on her knees, so that her mouth could be on a line with the keyhole.

"My dear Mrs. Doloran—"

"Good God!" said Alan to himself, as the words, fairly shouted through the aperture, made him start in his chair, and sent into convulsions of subdued laughter some of the servants who were surreptitiously listening in the next apartment, "how shall I rid myself of her?"

"I have had a most pleasant voyage," pursued the stentorian tones, "and one that I should have enjoyed exceedingly were it not for my regret at leaving Rahandabad and you—"

"Thank Providence, some one appreciates me," thrown in from herself by way of a respectful parenthesis.

"When I arrived in London, I met a dear old friend, Mr. Manson by name; but what the use of reading the whole of such a nice letter to you; you wouldn't appreciate it. I'll just go on to what it says of that lovely Mrs. Brekbell; she's in Paris, with the Emperor himself at her feet. If you had married her, now, as I wanted and begged you to do—she had never asked him to do anything of the kind, but that didn't make any difference in the present instance—"

"Instead of that shameless, brazen, good-for-nothing Ned—"

She was cut short by the sudden opening of the door, so sudden that, as the door opened outwards, it sent her flat on her back in a most ungraceful sprawl.

The hot words on her nephew's lips could come no further as he saw his aunt's position, and if they could, they would not be heard, for she set up a succession of screams that brought the whole corps of listening servants into the room. Alan, seizing his hat, fled from the apartment, and ordering his horse, dashed away on a frantic ride.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE CHURCH AND THE BIBLE.

From the London Catholic Times.

One of the most notable events of the century which has just closed, so far as Protestantism is concerned, is the change that has taken place with regard to the theory of "The Bible and the Bible only." That well-known Church of England organ, the Guardian, frankly avows that the theory has broken down. "The old unheated belief in the Bible as a literal, infallible, easily interpreted guide, the only guide needed in matters of faith and conduct, has," it says, "given way, not perhaps universally, but very widely, in some cases to mere uncertainty or to neglect, in others to theories of inspiration and authority of which our grandfathers never dreamed."

In proportion as men have come to see that the Bible in its literal meaning needs interpretation, application, historical tradition before it can be taken as an authoritative guide to life and thought, the Church has grown in influence. The old individualism rested upon a theory of Biblical inspiration and authority which was the strength of the Evangelical movement, but which is now seen to be no longer tenable. The result has been to turn men's thoughts to the Church as a living authority, and to call forth and to reconstitute her almost latent powers of corporate action."

So time has proved that the Protestant position with regard to the Bible—the foundation of the whole system—is wrong and the Catholic position right. Why then not come back to the Catholic Church, whose powers have never been merely latent, instead of striving to imitate her?

THE CHURCH AND THE DYING.

The Catholic Church never ceases to watch over her children. From the cradle to the grave she never loses sight of them. By baptism she makes man a child of God, a co-heir of Christ; in penance she cleanses him from sin and she prepares him by the sacramental grace of Extreme Unction to enter on immortality. A great French writer, speaking of the Sacrament of the Sick, says:

In order to see the most beautiful spectacle that the earth can present you must see the Christian die. That man is no longer the man of the world; he belongs no longer to his country; all his relations with society have ceased. For him the calculation by time is ended and he dates now only with the great era of eternity. A priest seated at the pillow consoles him. The holy minister communes with the dying one upon the immortality of his soul and the sublime scene that the entire antiquity has presented but a single time, in the first of its dying philosophies, is renewed every day upon the pallet of the lowest (in station) of the dying Christians.

At last the supreme moment has arrived; a sacrament has opened the gates of the world to this just man, a sacrament closes them upon him; religion balances him in the cradle of life; its beautiful songs and its maternal hand still lull him to sleep in the cradle of death. It prepares the baptism for the second birth, but it is no longer water that it chooses, it is oil, the emblem of celestial incorruptibility. The liberating sacrament breaks little by little the earthly ties of the faithful one; his soul, half escaped from his body, becomes almost visible upon his countenance. Already he hears the music of the Seraphim; now he is ready to fly away toward those regions where that Divine Hope, the daughter of Virtue and of Death, is beckoning him. In the meantime the angel of peace, descending toward the righteous one, touches his weary eyes with his sceptre of gold and closes them delightfully to the light.—Baldmore Mirror.

SLAVES OF THE BODY.

With large numbers of men the body is the master, not the servant. To feed it well, to clothe it well, to give it all possible luxuries is their great business in life. They care more for physical enjoyment than for literature, or for art, or for morality, or for God. Everything is made to give way to the gratification of the flesh—the corruptible flesh, that without its skeleton of bones, would fall into a shapeless heap; the flesh, that will one day melt away into maggots and effluvia and foul gases. To pamper the body is their delight. They eat too much, they sleep too much, they yield to impurity in their youth and they indulge to excess in even what properly is lawful, after marriage. They steadily become sensual, heavy, coarse, passionate, irritable, moody and sad.

You can see the progress of their degradation. Their will grows weak. They can deny their body nothing. They would not think for a moment to put it in pain to conquer it. They will not fast in Lent. They will not take hard exercise. They would not use a discipline on themselves for anything. They hate to go to confession. The light of faith grows dim with them. Gradually, the body is fully surrendered to the sway of its passions. Peace departs from their conscience, hope abandons their heart, joy leaves their soul. They are like animals given up to beastly instincts. Their spirit is dead. Their body is their master.

THE CONFITEOR.

A General Confession to the Whole Court of Heaven.

Why do Catholics in the confiteor confess to the Blessed Virgin and all the saints, when we have sinned against God alone and not against any one else?

This practice of making a sort of general confession to the whole court of heaven is very ancient, forms of it being found in the liturgies of St. James, St. Mark, St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, etc.

The present form of the confiteor was adopted by the council at Ravenna as far back as the year 1314.

Why do we confess our sins to the Blessed Virgin and the other saints? First, because, as St. Paul tells us, the saints will judge the world.

We have sinned against God before angels and before men. It is well, therefore, that we should confess our sins against God before angels and before men. It is good for us to humble ourselves by means of this acknowledgment. It is right for us, who have, as it were, scandalized them by our transgressions, to now edify them by our repentance. It is expedient for us