NE 3, 1905.

cheques to back

looked out wistalcade as it flashed an, Tom's cousin erbert's projected v Isabel Moore had t of his mind. The no disposition to or two of her own ed to complete the

JUNE 3, 1905.

had fallen like a e sensitive face as told but half the Saint Agnes. De-the fact that Herhings," her liking nd had grown into slight of his presr like a blcw; yet to meet it, and tak-ifix, stole into the

neighboring cathe. reighboring cathe. re in vain to formu-w should she win u to a lost love and the silence, that

e cry of her heart ous one of St. Fran-y God and my All 1 let the most sweet Thy love absorb my thing beneath the y die to the world re, who for love of haafe to die on the , my God and my

form of words, this of her heart, but a hly love and earthly

ham swept along in ud of himself, proud e, Brown Bess, and, the graceful rider at iet comment was exwo quiet old gentle pass. One was his ham, an aged barris enabled the young ery reasonable long-y, childless man his very dear. He was lad's fine face and the fell over him now. retired stockbroker. 's guardian. " My show on horseback; hrinks a little. I am my best with it, but ate. I hope she will

arry well." nctuated with a keen nilip. ys are an anxiety," r. "I am worrying

I am worrying le has spent far too nd of wheeling, golf

g, too, wine suppers down his allowance, t at once. Then we i he is made of." ous enough, Ralph, if mean. He will have on one of these days, ay he will find moun-hat's his notion now, es not know life yet. s line, Ralph ? Yes,

summits of great pain

Holy Church.

was a solemn moment to the

tion. So he sent for Father Lanigan.

upon the invalid. Agnes, too, came

their slippery floors of pine needles, where the warm sunshine threw slant-

where the warm sunshine threw slant-ing orange glows at sunset. He began to enjoy the novelty of it all. He amused himself with taking to the children of the poor "cracker" famil ies, wondering at the universal shift-lessness and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evi-dence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Mac-millan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance balked

poverty and dense ignorance balked his efforts.

lreaming eyes seemed d of remembered sor sensitive man, more elf in many ways than

day was so delightful ellow could not resist o go again ; so next ted Brown Bess for a Tom could not go this e had to help balance father's store. So the rocky road, fancy-

e high Alps, enjoying tness of his horse and n hard at work in his room. t like Swiss scenery, a turn in the road re-ge with a brook at its spoke some wild anti-a thicket by the roade thought, like a wild. d Brown Bess. She then dashed like lightsharp edge of the pre-self with swift animal ing off her rider in the himself flying through d with violence against After this he lost con-

awful fear. "If I only had religion," he cried, "a religion like Tom's! Any religion, no matter what kind! It would be a comfort now, something to eling to, something to rest upon in face of that awful sky "—he shuddered as times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered. Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would supplement his already fine education —and then his dreams flew on. He ching to, sometaning to rest upon in face of that awful sky "-he shuddered as he spoke. "It is awful, that bright, blue eternity !" would do wonders when the chance finally came, rise to honors and dig-He tried to hide his face in contrition, nities ecclesiastic, becoming a college president first perhaps, then a Bishop, and so on. Everything looked pos-He tried to nice instate in contrition, but found he could not move his shoul-der. No, he must go on gazing up into it, into the Divine silences, as hurt soldiers do on a battlefield. Harvard and so on. Everything looked pos-sible under that warm sky-even to skepticism was a poor pillow now. "Lord be merciful to me, a sinner !"

sible under that warm sky-even to climbing the rosy peaks that serrated ambitions had merely changed form, as a serpent his skin. They were am-bitions still. One day's experience had, indeed, media a server that the serve Him in all best total his story, but her answer rang clear as a silver bell. "If the Lord calls you to this work among His poor, do not falter or fail Him. The archangels serve Him in all "Lord be mercinal to me, a sinner 1" he cried, helplessly. He could not pray, he did not know any prayers 1 Then a light came to him. "Yes," in Tom's church. Holy Mary, Mother of One day's experience had, indeed, made a penitent of Denham, but in no wise a budding saint. God, pray for us sinners, now and in hour of death !"

Yet another eventful day arrived. The end of a prolonged stroll brought hour of death i Then the blue quivered before him and he fainted away. He recovered from this last swoon to feel a hand bathing his temples, a soft shadow had interposed between himself and the blue. It was the form of a mend Sameritan, in priestly garb who him afresh to the home of misery, a cabin whose dilapidation was more than wretched. An ill omened silence hung over it, and, softly peering in, he found himself face to face with death. An aged negro, neglected, ungood Samaritan, in priestly garb, who was bending over him with utmost tended, the prey of some frightful dis-ease, was passing on swiftly to the Golden City of rewards and retribu

tenderness. "My poor boy!" the stranger spoke in a voice like music, "I know you are badly hurt, but keep up courage! I have sent for help. A man on the upper road found your horse," he ex-plained, answering the sufferer's be-wildered glance, "and then I found you. Lie still," he added quickly, note-ing Herbert's uneasy effort to move and tions. It was too late for any alms save that of prayer. In that utter loneliness, which he In that fitter ionentiess, which he felt as a physical oppression, Denham knelt to ask grace of God. A spot of blackness had shut out the wide, be nignant sunshine. The miseries of God's creatures on earth, their un-God's creatures on earth, their un-pitied needs, the neglect of souls, struck him with power. What if he had been left alone, a little time ago, to die in his sins? He had, indeed, been mercifully spared, but what of such as these? This poor soul was but one of thousands. "Lord, pity Thy poor !" he prayed, "the outcast of Thy bright world. Be Thyself, their salvation ! They have only Thee !" "Not so, my son !" answered a familiar voice. "Bahold the Church of Christ, sent out to minister here and now-even as once unto thee." you. Lie still," he added quickly, note-ing Herbert's uneasy effort to move and the pallor of pain it brought. "Poor fellow! lie still in God's hand! Suffer like a hero. God intends all this for the best-only say "Thy will be done!" God is all mercy and forgets the sins of the head ignorance when we turn youth and ignorance when we turn Him with a contrite heart. God's Holy Mother has sent me to help you. She will intercede for you at the throne

of mercy. She knows our weakness, and her Blessed Son will hear her plead The comforting words fell like dew ne comforting words tell like dew on the poor boy's soul. The priest understood his uplifted gaze. "You have been baptized ?" the priest gently asked. "Yes," faintly murmured the injured now-even as once unto thee.

now-even as once unto thee." Looking up, he again beheld the stately priest who had rescued him in his hour of darkness. The purple stole again brought its strange color into the yellow sunshine, then the solemn form entered into the shadow to

man. "If you are penitent, my lad, and believe in our Lord Jesus Christ He will shield you with His love and com-fort you forever with His Presence. 'Behold the Lamb of God, Who taketh away the sin of the world !" And the wise theld out a little silver crucifix. emn form entered into the shadow to administer the sacraments. When it reappeared, one story of suffering had ended. "God rest the parted soul and receive it into His Kingdom," said the priest making the holy sign. "That poor man was a Catholic—of scapular and rosary. I away the sin of the write. In the the priest held out a little silver crucifix. Herbert clasped it with his quivering fingers as if real help came with it. "Try to make an act of contrition !" The lad's dull eye showed his lack of comprehension. "You do not know? Catholic—or scapular and rosary. I was sent to him in time, thank God ! But not to you my son ! Not at al! What are you doing here ?" Herbert told the facts in few words,

barely hinting at his future. How could he voice his ambitious yearnings Well, repeat the words after me; do not tire yourself," and in feeble accents cont tire yourself, and in feeble accents there, in the awsome presence of Death? At the first word the came the cry of penitence. "O my God, I am heartily sorry for having stranger's eye began to flash and his

stranger's eye began to flash and fis lip curled. "My son, we are called to a priest-hood of sacrifice. You 'say but do not.' You say you would 'work for God.' Yes, I comprehend! but thus work in view of a Bishop's mitre or a Cardinal's red! God pardon us all! His blessed Son 'came not to be min-istered unto, but to minister, and to give His life, a ransom for many.'" The piercing eye turned away from Denham, as if the speaker had for-rotten his presence. Its power was upoffended Thee, I detest my sins most sincerely, not only because by them I have lost the right to Heaven, have lost the right to Heaven, and deserved everlasting pains of hell, but especially because I have dis-plesed Thee, O my God, Who are de-serving all of my love. I resolve by Thy holy grace never more to offend and henceforth to amend my life." Then the stately priest took from his pocket a small purple stole, placed it about his neck, and in a low voice pro-nounced the conditional absolution of nounced the conditional absolution of

gotten his presence, Its power was up-lifted to the dazzling blue. All at once he wheeled about with a magnificent gesture, pointing to the

young penitent; he knew what he was doing, knew that this was a turning young penitent; he knew what he was doing, knew that this was a turning point in his whole life. The noble form of the priest, standing there with his purple stole in the blazing sunshine, was full of strength. It dominated his own weakness and he was grateful. cabin. "Is there no work here, my son i No royal claim of sin and poverty? Those are the call of God. I know no other ! I till the darkest corner of the harvesting machine, or whatever it is that you are of the International line. But we try to make it easy buying, to be of the best possible value. His field and bless the grace that sets The Blessed Virgin had heard his

This neid and bless the grace that see me there." The younger man caught his spirit. This great fiery worker had been con-quered by the Cross. Therefore he stood in the sun, eager, commanding, consumed with a thirst for sacrifice. Life had shown Denham nothing like this. How far from all his Harvard "The good God spare your life," an-Life had shown Demain howing much this. How far from all his Harvard ideals! Yet the new grandeur was higher—yes, immeasurably greater i He bowed in spirit before the mission-

spiritual strength. "I shall not fear the vow of poverty he said within himself. "God has taken this way of making it easy. He feit that uncle Philip's wealth would only a snare to bin, a hindrance to his consecrated life. "If I am to

Him. The archangels serve Him in all humility; what are we, that we should refuse? I, too. have to make a climb for the skies. You know the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Herbert. I am to of the Sacred Heart, Herbert. I am to enter there in October for my novi-

tiate. ascent. The climb was harder than he dreamed. But a strange joy surged up in the young girl's heart. She saw how really he had forgotten Isabel Moore. The offered sacrifice would not be hers alone. The answering love, the yearned for love, had come to her in the very midst of her surrender, even as she was yielding it up. But quickly she suppressed this human feeling and failing, in an offering to God, whose Divine promise flashed zone. We did this after testing the

quivering lip-" one in our work here and together at last, if God so wills in His eternal and glorious Kingdom."

ham went into training for work among the lowliest of the lowly. It was a strange, unworldly success that he achieved. Father Sebastian found him a man of great power and wonderful versatility. The greatness came of his humility. Uncle Philip acknowledged in his way. "Strange about that boy, he would say. "A Roman Catholic. Well, I cannot help that. He has thrown away everything—money, edu-

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Dysentery-Diarrhoea	Skin Diseases
The area of The second	Stomach Troubles

cation and prospects—but, after all, I was never so proud of him as I am this day." Tom Macmillan, too, remarked to Father Lanigan, years after, in his modest way, "I could not enlist, my-self, you see, because of my lameness. But I brought you in a splendid are

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New York houses. Yet he met this news with a smile. He had gained climb mountains, I must not be weighted with money-bags," he cried, "it is all well."

tiate." Herbert's agitation was clearly painted on his face. Another sacrifice, the greatest of all, had met him—truly, renunciation guarded every step of his ascent. The climb was harder than he dreamed. But a strange joy surged no

God, whose Divine promise flashed upon her, "Whosever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

The young man had already found grace to meet the blow. "Then, Agnes, we shall be together still "—he spoke bravely, though with only sping ling." I then in the probability of the statement of

The die was cast, and Herbert Den-ham went into training for work among

quiring immense apparatus and 14 days' time. The result is a Liquid that does time. The result is a Liquid only does tool of the second second

been the constant subject of scientific and chemical research. It is not made by compounding drugs, nor with alcohol. Its virtues are derived solely from gas —largely oxygen gas—by a process re-Stomach Troubles

to again he found himthe rocks with his face sky, with the intense ine bending down over although so far away re pain, badly injured, ps nigh unto death-eaven! He was afraid Il more afraid of that se are the forces of life pens or shuts the gates thought, too, of the glacier—he would also No one would find him blace ! Then he would od ! And what should sould he say ? He had had not served Him. had not served Him. his eyes like a pain. face to face with God! his life? "It is no his life? it always has been, mured. What did God What had He been

all along ? smartness was only anhere should have been aght of his classmates, knew, recalling their sht sneers at religion. is share of this-shame the thought-and an

OR SALT is alt for Table -No adult. Never cakes. wered the other in soft benediction. "He has work for you, my son. May He bless and keep you! Do not weary in well-doing! Work for God !" Help soon arrived and Herbert Den-ham was huma to him sould Help soon arrived and Herbert ben ham was borne home to his sorely agitated uncle. For many weeks he lay wavering between life and death. Besides his bruises and dislocated

" I will try to learn of you the more excellent way. But consider, Father,

I do not yet even know your name." "I am called Father Sebastian. My "I am called Father Sebastian. My mission is to the black race, enslaved for generations, degraded and poor, yet the children of God and accepted of Him 'in the Beloved." "They had by this time reached a parting of the forest ways and Father Sebastian left him, not without a fershoulder, some obscure but serious internal injury made his case hard to deal with His head ached-a result, the physician thought, of spinal lesion -and a teasing cough followed.

-and a teasing cough followed. Through this period of suffering he had time for much thought. The gentle priest had vanished like a shadow; no one seemed to know who he was— a stranger, in all likelihood, from some vent benediction.

The new idea fought its way into Herbert's heart. Yet there were times when it seemed too hard for him. distant field of labor. Denham had not even thought to ask his name, but his Must his climb to the skies begin in "Work for God !" Yes, yet the first thing was to work out his own salvathis lowliest of valleys. How could he renounce the higher sweetness of life i renounce the higher sweetness of life? He had already sacrificed his Harvard ambitions; was he called to deeper re-nunciation? Was he to toil thence-forth in perpetual obscurity? Then he would again behold the Cross and hear Father Sebastian's thrilling word, "Behold the Lamb of God." Surely that searlifice was perfect. complete. the parish priest, who found in him a penitent of excellent dispositions. Tom Macmillan rejoiced sincerely over all this and was unwearied in attendance " Behold the Lamb of God." Surely that sacrifice was perfect, complete, without limitation. "The servant," he murmured, " is not greater than his Lord." Well, he would ask Agnes 1. He would return to New England forth-with, and whatever she said he would do. once with her mother to visit him, and her sweet face shone down on him like a benediction. The brilliant Isabel failed to give any sign of regard; no message from her reached the sick room, and rumor already credited her with a new cavalier. September came and the cough showed

Acting on this resolve he soon found himself in New York, where a sharp re-velation met him. His uncle Philip had lost the bulk of his family fortune September came and the cough showed no real abatement, so the family physician ordered his patient off to the pine region of North Carolina, Tom Macmillan going with him, as general caretaker and nurse. Here, in the health giving air he gained strength, and was soon equal to short rambles in the resinous woods over their slineary floors of nine needles.

through the simultaneous failure of two

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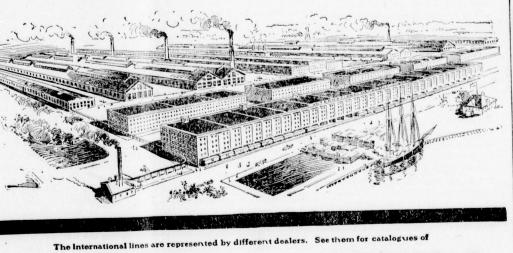
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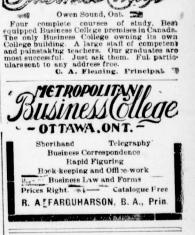


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