

THE LIGHT THAT DID NOT FAIL.

—JESSIE READER, IN THE "MESSENGER MONTHLY MAGAZINE," NEWYORK.

III.—Continued.

It was not long before little Leo found his way on to the terrace again; he gave Sir Philip a long and full account of the choir practise with some interesting details thrown in as to the reflection of negus and gams, and the color of Miss Cecily's frock. Then he sang the Antiphon all through, and promised to bring the music of it next time he came, so that Sir Philip could play it on the piano. This was the beginning of a real friendship, and as the time went by Leo rarely passed to and from school without a little chat, if only a few words over the terrace balustrade. In him Sir Philip found a new medium for communication with the outside world, and by degrees, his interest in his estate and his people began to revive. Every day seemed to bring him new duties and he found the hours go by with lighter feet. He was conscious of a new spring welling up within his being, from which, it seemed to him, he drew in deep draughts of life and inspiration, of energy and strength; the joy of living had returned to him and he knew that she had brought it to him, who came in fairest vision—Mary the Mother of Christ, who had leaned down to him, that night, in his dream, and stretched forth loving hands to draw him out of the slough of misery and despair, where he was sinking out of reach of human aid. Every night the remembrance of that vision returned to him, to fill him anew with its sweetness; and ever his thoughts went out to her in unconscious prayer and praise, while Leo's Antiphon, now known by heart, was often on his lips. He was learning other forms of prayers, wherewith to invoke her. In the library, amongst some valuable illuminated missals, were some old Catholic books of devotion. Looking through these, and handling them with a strange reverence, he found a beautiful book of "The Hours of Our Lady," which had belonged to one of the Queens of England. It was richly illuminated, and bound in velvet, with gold clasps—a real treasure from a collector's point of view. This, Sir Philip took away with him, and he kept it always by him. And yet another token of love he offered to this sweet mistress. In a great gallery, in the western portion of the house, partially closed, and lighted only by one large unshuttered window of painted glass, there was an exquisite picture of the Madonna, by Titian, brought from Venice by a bygone Ralston with a taste for art. Sir Philip had himself wheeled into the gallery several times, to feast his eyes on the fair image, but he found so much to depress him there, in the silence and semi-darkness, with the furniture all swaddled up in Holland covers, that he gave an order for the picture to be removed and hung in his own sitting-room. Then, placing himself before it, he registered an unspoken vow, that he would never part with it. He knew it was of great value, and already his agent had been making hints that some of the more valuable of the pictures and cabinets might, with great advantage, be converted into ready cash; but the thought pained him greatly—he felt he would rather break up his home altogether than see it go to pieces by degrees. One day Leo came to him in a great state of excitement, with a story of a fight with poachers, and the capture of one of them, in one of his game preserves. Poaching had been very rife of late on the estate. The staff of keepers had been so reduced that the game was not properly looked after, and poachers had multiplied their numbers, and had become very bold. Leo was in a greatly disturbed state because one of them had fired at Daddy—he had not hit him, "but he might have done, you know," and the boy pressed up close to Sir Philip and trembled with apprehension. Sir Philip looked distressed.

"Daddy says it's a dreadful pity that there is so much game left to tempt them," said Leo, "he has never known the pheasants so plentiful or seen such great coveys of partridges; he does want you to get better and see about it." He went on, then, throwing his arms round Sir Philip, he cried impetuously: "Oh, do get better soon, Sir Philip; I am praying to Our Lady every day to make you well, but she is a long time." Sir Philip's eyes grew dim. "She is making me better, Leo," he answered gently, "but I don't know that I shall ever be able to go out shooting again. I expect I shall

have to let Ralston to somebody who can afford to keep it up, and keep the poachers in better order." "Then you would go away! No, don't do that, please, Sir Philip." Sir Philip put his arm around him and drew him close to his side. The child's affection was very precious to him; he felt he owed somewhat to little Leo. It passed through his mind how, of old, Jesus Christ had placed a little child in the midst of His disciples, when He wished to illustrate His teaching about the Kingdom of Heaven; and this was what He had done for him! He had sent him a little child that he might learn of him a truer lesson of life; learn of Faith and Hope and Love—virtues far-reaching and all-embracing, linking with the infinite, drawing down the Spirit of Life to move and work in man's being, in that more abundant life wherewith the Gospel spoke. "Be a little more humble," the doctor had said to him; but God had been before him—"humble yourself as this little child," and the child had shown him—Mary. "All right, little man," he said, tenderly, "I won't go away; I'll stay and make a big fight of it, even though my debts and mortgages pile Ossa on Pelion—you don't know what that means? It means rather a big thing in piles. But I'll tell you what I will do, and that at once; I'll have some big shooting parties; I'll invite all my neighbors and friends and raise every available gun. I didn't know game was so plentiful."

"Daddy will be pleased," said Leo. "He is coming to see you to-night about the poaching—I heard him say so."

The sportsman spirit having been aroused in Sir Philip, he soon had his invitations out for a large shooting party. They were all accepted, for the Ralston covers were the finest shooting in the county, and all were pleased to see a sign of life again in the old place. Colonel Waring, of Risworth, was one of those who accepted; Sir Philip only knew him very slightly, as the Waring had been "new people" in his father's lifetime, and had been abroad a good deal. The Colonel had bought an estate and built a splendid mansion on it, about ten miles from Ralston; he was enormously rich, and a good fellow in every way, so the county had taken him up, and made much of him. There were several daughters, but they were still in the school-room when Sir Philip had gone to the war. Evidently they had "come out" since then—at least "Miss Cecily" had; Sir Philip smiled as he remembered the worship Leo paid at her shrine. The Waring were Catholics, and the Colonel had built the little church and school in the village to which Leo trudged twice daily in the pursuit of learning. The shooting party was a great success; Sir Philip joined his friends at lunch, and it warmed his heart to see the manifestations of kind friendliness with which they greeted him. After all, he was one of them—he had not become a stranger and an outcast because a Mauser bullet had smashed his thigh—yet he had fancied as much. How pleased they all were to see him again! It was a very merry party, all were in excellent spirits. "By the way, Ralston," said Colonel Waring, before leaving, "I am charged with a message from my wife. She has some friends staying with her who are great devotees of the fine arts, and she would like very much to show them your old tapestries in the south suite, also the picture gallery, if you would be kind enough to allow it. She says she will not ask for you, as it might tire you to see strangers; if you will just tell Kitson to show them round, that would do very well, and she would be most grateful."

Sir Philip said he would be delighted for them to come, and he was sure Mrs. Waring would excuse him, if he did not feel equal to seeing them. They came one sunny afternoon that same week. Sir Philip heard them arrive, but Kitson had his orders, so he was not disturbed in his favorite place on the terrace, which was close to the house wall now, for the sake of warriath and shelter. After about half an hour the sound of voices reached him, the visitors were leaving the gallery and passing through a room with open windows just over Sir Philip's head. One voice fresh and clear reached him distinctly. "I did want to see that Titian, mother," it said, plaintively. "Nora Grey said it was the most

beautiful picture in the gallery; and it is not there—Do you happen to know where it is?" (this evidently to Kitson) Sir Philip rang his bell sharply; "wheel me inside," he said when Kitson appeared, "and ask these ladies to be good enough to favor me with their company there; and bring tea."

When Mrs. Waring introduced "My daughter Cecily"—Sir Philip's eager look of interest made the girl's color rise; but there was more than interest in her own soft, grey eyes as she gave him her hand, there was sweet sympathy and friendliness shining in their clear depths. After a little general conversation he turned to her and said, "I heard you asking for the Titian. I was on the terrace below you—there it is!" He pointed to the picture, over the fireplace.

"Ah!" said the girl. She rose and went over and stood before it, her hands clasped loosely behind her back; she was a beautiful picture herself, fair, young, and of a gentle and modest demeanor—Sir Philip suddenly remembered his wound—he smothered a sigh, and began talking of Titian and pictures with one of the strangers of the party. "Does it come up to your expectations Miss Waring?" he asked as she resumed her seat. "It exceeds them," she answered, "it is almost too spiritual for a Titian Madonna." As she spoke she turned away slightly, and her eyes fell upon the gorgeous "Book of Hours" lying on the table; "Oh what a beautiful book," she cried, "may I look?" In a moment the whole party, with various exclamations of delight, were bending over the volume, and Cecily, turning to Sir Philip, asked softly, "do you read, that?" "Yes," he answered briefly in a low tone.

One of the ladies had gone into ecstasies over the prayer-book, and Sir Philip had to devote his attention to her for some moments answering her questions regarding it. He was about to have her conducted to the library to see the similar treasures which were reposing there, when Mrs. Waring interposed, saying that it was time they were going, and that she must not keep the horses waiting. "Will you come some other day and see them?" said Sir Philip eagerly. "I should be delighted if you would. Not to-morrow, as the workmen will be in the library doing a little repairing, but any other day that would be convenient for you."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Waring, "thank you very much, we will come the following afternoon," then she said good-bye.

As Sir Philip shook hands with Cecily, he said, "then I shall expect you on Wednesday, Miss Waring," and Cecily, feeling that this conveyed a wish that she should be one of the party, answered simply, "yes, I shall come on Wednesday."

Colonel Waring drove the party over on the day fixed; he left the ladies at the house and then went on to see John, the keeper, about a pheasant drive, which Sir Philip had asked him to arrange. The young people had a happy afternoon in the library, they overhauled all the rare books, and became quite merry and friendly over the tea-table, where Cecily presided. Before they separated, it was arranged that one of the ladies should have the opportunity of copying one of the pictures—an exquisite little "Turner," which had greatly delighted her. Sir Philip said she could come any time she liked, and Cecily added—"I can drive you over any afternoon when mother does not want me to go out with her."

Sir Philip looked grateful, these two had had so much interesting talk that afternoon, it would be a great pleasure to him to renew it.

But to a happy day succeeded a night of great suffering and misery. The old pain in Sir Philip's wound, which had been much better of late, returned intensified a hundred fold. Feverish and in great suffering, he tossed about through the long hours full of anguish in body and mind. All the fair hopes which had been springing up within him seemed to shrivel up and die like tender blossoms nipped by an untimely frost; his star had set, he thought bitterly—the light had failed him—here was the beginning of the end.

It was, but not in the way he feared. When Sir James Sawyer came down, summoned hastily by telegram, he brought an assistant with him, who carried a case of instruments and a bottle of chloroform in his bag.

"I have been expecting developments," he said, on arrival, or rather hoping for them; now, with your permission, I'll just see what is going on."

When Sir Philip awoke from the effects of the anæsthetic the first thing he noticed was the smiling aspect of the faces about him; the doctors were examining something, with pleased looks, and Kitson had a broad grin on his countenance as he busied himself about his master.

"They've got him, Sir Philip," said Kitson, "you're all right, sir."

"Got what?" "That there Mauser bullet, sir, it won't trouble you no more." "Yes, Sir Philip," said Sir James; "I am very glad to present you with this souvenir of 'Modder River,' it has cost you something; but I must say it has let you off much more easily than I could have hoped. A month ago, there seemed to be little chance of it working out, and while it remained just where it was, there was very little to be done. Now we can do a great deal; and I have every hope of seeing you on your feet again before six months are over."

Sir Philip could not speak, tears of joy and gratitude welled up into his dark eyes. "Mind you," Sir James went on, "I won't say that you will not have a limp, and need the aid of a stick for some years; but the lameness will tend to become less as time goes on, and I hope you will have a fairly serviceable leg for the rest of your life."

When, later on, Sir Philip found himself alone, in ease and quietness, in his darkened room his heart went out to God in a passion of prayer and thanksgiving.

"And I doubted," he murmured brokenly—"oh, ye of little faith!" Now, for a certainty he knew that she—Christ's Holy Mother—whom he had invoked, had really come to him and saved him; in her he had found "all hope of life," and he promised then to be her servant ever more, and praise and thank her all the rest of his days. If bankrupt in all else besides, he prayed he might never be poor in love and gratitude; she was the Star that had shone upon him in his darkness and desolation—whose light had not failed.

"I knew our Lady would make you better, Sir Philip," he said, "and I'm sure I asked her every day."

"Well, now you will have to teach me how to thank her," he answered. "Oh, you'll have to be a Catholic to learn that," said Leo, decidedly, because Protestants don't love our Blessed Lady."

"That is just what I was thinking myself, little Leo, and I am going to do something in thanksgiving; what do you suppose it is?" "I don't know."

"You remember what you told me the other day—your secret, you know?" "About wishing to be a priest?" "Yes, I have decided to send you to college, at my sole cost and charges," as the old documents say—so you can have your wish fulfilled, if you care for it; I owe you a great deal, little man!"

Leo's eyes shone with delight. "Oh, you are good," he said, "can I run home and tell mother?" "Yes; off you go," he said, laughing.

Sir Philip was soon able to move about the house on crutches, and he had many happy afternoons in the library while the picture copying was still in progress. There he and Cecily, bending together over some rare book which they were pretending to examine, had many long tender conversations; for the first time in his life, he had found some one in whom he could confide, and to whom he could open his heart. He told her amongst other things that he intended to become a Catholic as soon as he was well enough to take the necessary steps; "I shall go abroad," he said, "for some years, and let Ralston; I had hoped to live on here quietly, and try and get my finances into better order, but my agent says that things are too bad for that—and I must either sell, or let."

Cecily was full of sympathy; inwardly she was praying that God would show him some other way. "We go abroad every year," she said, "perhaps we shall meet."

One day she walked out on the terrace with him; it was the first time he was able to discard his crutches,

and hobble along with a stick, and the warm sunshine of a mild winter day tempted them out. He sat down, to rest a moment, and Cecily stood by him, leaning her shoulder against the grey stone wall of the house, and toying with a belated rose growing near her. They were silent for a few minutes, then, Sir Philip, taking note of the girl's attitude, said smilingly: "You look as if you were trying to prop up the old house."

A sudden inspiration seized her. Why should she not give her hand and her great fortune where she had already given her heart, and build up the fallen fortunes of a good and noble house?

"Do you think I could do so?" she answered; her voice was low and full of meaning. He looked at her a moment, his eyes alight with hope; then he bent his head and said, sadly: "I wish you a better fate."

"I desire no better," she answered, softly. Presently Sir Philip said: "Come inside and see our picture." And there, standing before the sweet image of the Blessed Mother, he told Cecily all that Mary had been to him, all that she had done for him; he said:

"No sigh ever went out to her from a more desolate heart than mine. That night, when all unconsciously, I turned to her, it was not I who spoke, but my soul that cried out within me. But she heard and understood—she, herself, the Mater Desolata—and I knew her when she came, and loved her. She came to me with full hands; she has filled me with consolations; and you, beloved, are her best and dearest gift, her crowning favor. One heart was not enough to thank her with—now I have yours; united, our hearts will praise her all our days. 'The Mother of fair love, of fear and of knowledge and of holy hope.'"

The Church of the Poor

Archbishop Farley preached at the Solemn High Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral on a recent Sunday morning, taking for his text the words of Christ (Luke vii., 22). "Go tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised and to the poor the Gospel is preached." The Archbishop described the Catholic Church as the church of the poor. He went on to say:

"Yes, beloved brethren, the Church, and the Gospel of Christ likewise, is unpalatable by reason of its simplicity, its humility, its morality, so difficult for human nature to live up to. The Jews rejected it because of its humility, and many have done so since. Even those who profess Christianity rebel at the word of law, and say 'this is hard and I cannot believe it.'"

"The law has decreed, 'Whom God has joined together, let no man put asunder.' And there are some who, because this is hard, will not believe. They go out of the Church because the law, which was not man-made, but was brought down by God from Heaven, is hard. The humility, the morality of the law is a scandal to them who bid fair to be scandalized by their own perfidion."

"And there are others of the house of faith by whom the religion it is hoped is loved, but who speak of it with bated breath. People are scandalized because the Church has not great millionaires in its fold and no rich marriages can be made for their children in its ranks. This is no secret to you, but is shown to us every day. These are they who if not touched by the grace of God will scandalize themselves. Let us stay close to the poor if you would have the merit of the faith. Let us learn to put the things of God before the things of man, the things of God before the things of Caesar, the things of the soul before the things of the body. Then perhaps this stumbling block will be removed from our path."

As the collection was for the Cathedral debt, Archbishop Farley touched upon this subject. "The ordinary collection does not support the expenses of the Cathedral," he said. "This year there has been a debt of \$20,000. The Cathedral was built by every congregation in the diocese. It has been open twenty-five years and there is still a debt of \$200,000 on it, although the wealthiest Catholics of New York have attended here. This is without parallel in the history of the Catholic Church in New York, and the reproach should be removed. Look all over the land, where miracles in stone have risen without debt from purses and hearts of the poor. Let us take this lesson to heart, and before another year shall have passed wipe out this incumbrance."

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Catholic Orphans.

A Unitarian minister, Rev. Harold Rylett, writes in "Reynolds' Newspaper," for which he has been acting as a Press Commissioner in Canada. "The most interesting experience I had in Canada in this respect (the emigration of children) was at Prince Albert. Here I found the Catholics—how well the Catholics know how to do these things!—carrying on a home—St. Patrick's Home—for orphan children. On the occasion of my visit the venerable Bishop was visiting the school, and the children were to sing and recite before a company of visitors. Imagine my delight when one dark-eyed lassie stood forward to say her piece, and I heard that accent always so sweet in my ears, the beautiful Irish accent! I was told that in this small school-home, my Catholic friends had no fewer than thirty little children that had been picked up in the streets of that Great Babylon from which I had come—thousands of miles away! May God bless the work of those good Catholic priests and Sisters in remote Prince Albert. I found that the name of good Father Bans, of the Harrow Road Boys' Refuge here in London, was well known in that far-off spot, and I was convinced that the experiment there being made of taking the children at the earliest possible age and rearing them in the Canadian atmosphere was profoundly wise."

Prince Albert is the chief town in Saskatchewan, of which Bishop Pascal, O.M.I., is the Vicar Apostolic.

The Moderate Drinkers

The moderate drinkers in our city are numerous. One need only walk through our streets and note men of all classes entering saloons during business hours to realize this fact. Here is a warning note for them—That a man who was never intoxicated in his life, and whose only indulgence was a moderate drink of whisky in the morning and another before retiring at night, may die from alcoholism has been demonstrated by an autopsy made at Bellevue Hospital in New York. In the case of George Turner. To his wife, with whom he had lived for thirty years, and to his friends, Turner was known as a man of extremely temperate habits. He was suddenly stricken after a surgical operation, and was carried to the hospital and died in the alcoholic ward from what the doctors declared was delirium tremens. Mrs. Turner declared that the doctors had blundered, and demanded an investigation. After the autopsy and statements from attendants, the coroner's physician declared Turner's death was due to "refined alcoholism."

College Fire.

st in the wake of the ration that reduced to odd edifice of the O. y, the news of the de- that played havoc with Joliette, on last Sat- would seem almost earning to all large in- truction, telling their true it is that "eter- the price" of safety. of the principal cares and professors in all education is to see to comfort, the health of the pupils. Yet, good will in the world, rible enemy that we do too much and a- ve can never take too n—that is Fire.

o'clock, on Saturday our before the call to roke out in the study- illette College. While e able, after an hour's most heroic manner, to nder control, it was nder damage had been apply there was no here are about three erty-five students in and the staff consists priests and ecclesi- ased Sacrament, the ts, and the sacred ves- ved; but the chapel, of the most beautiful y, was ruined. None of longings of the pupils ll went up in v. Father Beaudry, rior of the College, or-General at the Or- teur, in the Province must have been a sad pectacle for that ven- oted priest, for his s in his college. In all is scarcely a college r equipped than that d its reputation as an igher education has one beyond the limits province, but of Can- heartily sympathize Fathers and the pu- e losses that they d, and we trust that ough which they have will serve as a stimu- activity in repairing not as a damper up- own courage and zeal says characterized the admirable establish- s need for discour- vidence has certainly in store for an insti- s done so much good but, we must repeat, intest idea of finding ay, that these sever- one on the other, s that where so many together under precautions that should e almost innumerable. v of a risk should ever d the buildings, espe- are of years stand- o too safely protected rnal menace of fire.

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