

A FAIR EMIGRANT

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CHAPTER IX

ENEMIES
"What a nice sort of hotel this steamer makes!" said the brown-faced, dark-eyed man who called himself Somerled.

He broke off abruptly, and, as Bawn did not answer, began to whistle softly an air which she knew well, one of the Irish melodies with which her father had early made her familiar.

"Come o'er the sea,
With an' with me,
Mine through sunshine, storms, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes."

"Are all American steamers as nice as this one?" asked Bawn, interrupting the whistling at the end of the first part of the melody.

"Well, the only other one of which I have had any experience was not at all nice. It was an emigrant ship, and perhaps you do not know all that is included in those two words."

"You came out to America in an emigrant ship?"
"I have succeeded in getting you to ask me a question at last," said the Blue Cap, smiling genially.

"You need not answer it unless you please. My organ of curiosity is not a large one."
"I have noticed that you are a remarkable woman. But I am willing to be questioned. I have been hoping you would ask me many questions about myself."

"I cannot do that because I am not anxious to make confidences on my own part."
"As I have said, perhaps more than once, I am well aware of it. At present I am not disposed to molest you. I own I should be glad (as, I think, I have also said before) if a large amount of confidence on my side were to purchase even a small scrap of yours. But that shall be just as you please. It is a breach of good-breeding to ask personal questions, nevertheless I tell you plainly I shall not be willing to shake hands and say good-bye to you when this voyage is over without knowing where and by what name I am to find you again. I do not make friends and drop them so easily as that. I should not say so did I not perceive that you have made up your mind that I am a gentleman."

"Where I not satisfied on that point, I should not sit here day after day talking to you."
"Then, having accepted me as a friend, why be so exceedingly reticent with me?"
"You always speak of our being friends, while in reality we are only chance acquaintances."

"But life long friendships are begun in this way."
"Must I tell you downrightly that there are reasons why we can never be friends after we leave this vessel?"
"I will not believe it without explanation," he answered after a slight pause, and in a low voice whose earnestness contrasted with his hitherto gay, careless manner. A slight flush had risen on his brown cheek. Bawn grew a little paler, but silently continued her work, her heart throbbing with the consciousness that the thing she most dreaded had happened.

any little experience of my own that you will think worth listening to."
"Good!" said Somerled. "That makes me feel better. I have been savagely cross for the last half hour. How I wish I had a longer story to relate to you! It will be told too soon. I simply went out to America with some hundreds of emigrants, that I might know by experience how they are treated on the way; we hear so many complaints of the sufferings of the poor on their voyage out to the New World. And I had reasons for wanting to know."

"I see; reasons like mine, that are not to be told."
"Exactly. Not until I see my way more clearly towards selling them at a profit."
"I can guess your easily enough. And so you made common cause with the poor. Mr. Somerled, I will shake hands with you without waiting for the moment of leaving the ship."

"Even though we are only chance acquaintances," he said, with a brilliant change of countenance, taking the firm, white hand that had suddenly dropped the needle and outstretched itself to him. Bawn's eyes were turned full on him, glistening with moisture and overflowing with a light he had never seen in them, and though he had never seen anywhere, before.

"I shall always remember you as a friend," she said, carried away by enthusiasm, and with a kind of radiant solemnity of face and manner.
"Will you? Perhaps among your dead?"
"If you knew how precious are my dead," she answered, with a sudden darkening of all her lights, "you would be proud to be admitted into their company."

"That may be, but I would rather be in the company of your living," he said, dropping her hand which he had held. And Bawn, wishing she had been less impulsive, picked up her needles again and became busier than usual with her work.
"I want to hear more of your emigrants," she said presently, as serenely as ever. "How were they and you treated, and what have you been doing for them?"

"To the first question I answer, 'Badly.' To the second I must admit, 'Not much.' I hope, however, to be able to say something about the matter in Parliament one day."
"Are you in the English Parliament?"
"You are surprised at the suggestion that so dull a fellow could hope to get admittance there. But sometimes it is easier to please a nation than a woman."

"Do you expect to please a nation?" asked Bawn, elevating her eyebrows slightly.
"Not exactly, perhaps, though I hope to get on pretty well with that small section of one which will be made up by my constituents."
"Are you not satisfied with your life before you afterwards?"
"Perhaps less than that may content me, though I have my ambitions. However, I am not in Parliament yet. And now, having confessed so much, it is time for me to receive some small dole from your hands."

Bawn's face fell. "What can I tell you? I have seen a prairie on fire; I have spoken to an Indian chief—"
"All my experiences pale before adventures like those," said the Blue Cap, trying to read the changes in her face.
A great change had come over her, for, in thinking of her past, events of one and year had suddenly arisen before her mind.

"I have aroused painful memories," said Somerled, gazing remorsefully at her colourless cheeks and troubled eyes.
"You would drive me back upon them."
"Do you mean that you have experienced nothing in your past but what is painful?"
"I do not say that," she said, brightening up again. "But what is there in the company of happy days? They slip through our fingers like soap bubbles, glistening with all the colors of the rainbow. How can we tell what has made the days so happy or the soap bubbles so beautiful? Common things—mere 'suds,' as the washerwoman calls them—catch a glory from the sunlight and vanish. And when they have vanished, what has any one to say about them?"

Somerled sat gazing at her with a slight frown, observing how cleverly she always contrived to give him a ready answer without enlightening him at all, to talk so much and convey to him so little. Without saying more he got up and walked away, and after a while she saw him down at the other end of the deck playing with some children, hoisting the little ones on his shoulders and setting the bigger ones to run races along the deck. She heard his merry laugh among theirs, and noted the fact that her disoblighing had not the power to annoy him. Why, she asked of her common sense, should she allow herself to be bullied or wheedled into running risks for the sake of momentarily gratifying the curiosity of an idle and inquisitive fellow-traveller? She would do it. Let him stay among those children and their lady relatives (there were one or two pretty girls among them) His doing so would certainly be an unexpected relief and advantage to her.

Having finished playing with the children and conversing with their mother and young aunts, the Blue Cap pulled a book out of his pocket and threw himself on a bench to read. What he read was a very unsatisfactory chapter, and all out of

his own head. He did not like that girl, after all (his reading informed him). There was too much mystery about her, too deeply rooted and watchful a reticence for so young and apparently simple a woman. She must have some strong, almost desperate, reason for closing her lips so firmly when he tried to beguile her into speaking, for changing colors so rapidly at times when he pressed her, as if she feared he would perceive the very thought in her mind.

He turned the pages of his book impatiently and owned that he would give much to see the thoughts lying behind that wide, white brow, which seemed expressive at once of the innocence of the child and the wisdom and courage of a woman experienced in life. What was the story, what were the scenes in the background of her youth which were accountable for that sad look starting so often unawares into her eyes? With what sort of people had she lived, and whether and to whom was the traveling now in the great, giddy world of Paris? Well, what did it matter to her? He had no intention of falling in love with her. He had never fallen thoroughly in love in his life, and he was now thirty years of age. Two or three fresh, pretty faces of girls he had known floated up from his past and smiled at him as he made this declaration to himself, and yet he persevered in the avowal. He had liked them, flirted a little with them, been very near falling in love with them, but either he had been too busy setting his little world to rights, or they had lacked something that his soul desired, for he had certainly never as yet given the whole heart of his manhood into the keeping of any feminine hands.

As yet he had not seen the woman to whom he could give up his masculine liberty; and still, while he emphatically stated this to his own mind, he distinctly saw a vision of Bawn sitting knitting at his fireside, the light of his heart shining on her fair face, into which colour and dimple would come at the sound of his voice, and his care and protection surrounding her with a paradisaical atmosphere. When at the end of his chapter, he found this picture before his eyes, he flung away his book in something like a passion, and got up and tramped about the deck.

No, he was not going to fall in love with a nameless, secret, obstinate, temper, wilful woman. His wife must be open as the day, transparent in thought, and with all her antecedents well known to the world. She must be of a particularly yielding and gentle disposition, and have exceedingly little will of her own.

CHAPTER X MISLEADINGS

"Do please tell me more about Paris," said Bawn, with a sweet beseechfulness in her eyes and voice, and her lips curling with the fun of leading him further and further astray in his speculations concerning her. "If you knew how impatient I feel to see it!"
Which is true enough," she thought, "only I am not at all likely to gratify my desire."

"It is not the place for a person of your disposition."
"How is that?"
"The French are a nation not remarkable for frankness."
"Are you think my natural reticence may increase in Parisian society? Now, that is not kind. I have heard the French character charged with untruth rather than reserve. I have told you no falsehoods, and I might, if I would, have satisfied your curiosity with a dozen."

"True. That is something. How many days have we yet to live?"
"On board? Four, perhaps, or five, I think."
"Four will finish the voyage for those who land at Queenstown."
"Is what part of England is Queenstown?" asked Bawn, demurely.

"It is in Ireland—the first British port at which we touch. But for you and me, who are going on to Liverpool, their remain five whole days to enjoy each other's society."
"Do not let us quarrel away our time, then," said Bawn, persuasively. "Five days would be very long if we were to keep making ourselves disagreeable to each other all the time."
"Five days are but a short space for happiness out of a lifetime," said Somerled, brusquely, with an ardent, angry glance at her downcast eyelids.

"Yes, they would be," she said quietly, "but let us hope that few lives are so unhappy as not to possess a larger share of happy days than that."
She heard him shift in his seat impatiently, but, being busy with a dropped stitch, she naturally could not see his face.
"Do you intend to travel on to Paris alone? I hope there is no offence in a gentleman's asking such a question as that of a lady. The journey from Liverpool to Paris will be a troublesome one. Perhaps you will allow me to give you some hints for its safe accomplishment."

"Certainly," said Bawn, raising her eyes and looking at him straight, while she controlled the corners of her lips with difficulty. "There will be no one to meet me at Liverpool."
"I will write out a little memorandum of what you are to do after you have got out of my reach," he said. "I suppose, as we shall both be going on to London, you will allow me to see you so far."

another, unless, indeed, you want to smoke—"
"We call them carriages in England."
"Thats nice. Carriage sounds so much more like a private conveyance."

The Blue Cap was silent. His imagination played him a sudden trick, and showed him a certain well-known private conveyance drawn by certain favourite horses, within which were seated a man and a woman, and the man was taking the woman by a certain well-known road to his home as his wife. The man who held the reins was himself, and the woman was this golden tressed, aggravatingly unimpressible Bawn.

"In London I shall certainly have to bid you good bye," he grumbled. "Until we meet again in Paris?"
"Is it likely that I should find you?"
"—asking about the streets for a person of the name of 'Bawn.'"

"In Paris as nice a place as they are for buying pretty things—clothes and jewellery I mean?" said Bawn, in the most matter of fact manner.
"O! yes; first-rate for all that kind of thing. And so this is what your mind has been running on for the last ten minutes?"
"Why should it not?"
"Why, indeed? For no reason. Only I fancied you were not the kind of woman to let your mind get totally absorbed by clothes and jewellery."

"Men are never good judges of the character of women."
"Probably not."
" In my case, you have had ample material from which to form your conclusions. Why should a young woman come all the way from New York to Paris, if not to attend to her wardrobe and general personal decoration? Have you not heard that American women pine for this opportunity from their cradle upwards? Now, I feel sure that the very first morning I awake in Paris" (she paused, thinking that such a morning would probably never dawn, or that, if it did, the hour was so far away as to be practically nowhere in her future). "I shall make a rush to the shops before breakfast, just to see what they have got for me. And I shall probably spend the half of my fortune before I return to my hotel."

"I am really disenchanted by him now," she thought. "How disgusted he looks."
"Your hotel! Do you mean to say that you intend to stay alone at a hotel?"
"I certainly did not intend to tell you so. You betray me into forgetting myself."

The Blue Cap looked pale and displeased, and Bawn bent over her knitting and bit her lip, thinking with a sting of regret, that she would rather he had not obliged her to shock him so much.
"Do you not know," she said, "that American women go where they please and do what they have a mind to?"
"I have heard a great deal that I do not like about certain females of your nation. But I did not expect to see them looking like you."

"Why?"
"Your face, your manner, your gestures, your slightest movement, all express a character directly opposite to that which you are now making known to me."
"Is it always so with us," said Bawn, gravely. "Our appearance is the best of us. We are not half worth what we look."

"So it seems, indeed. With your peculiar brow and eyes and glance, I did not expect to find you harbouring the sentiments of a French grisette."
" My stepmother was half French," exclaimed Bawn.
"Your stepmother! That does not give you French blood, I suppose," he said impatiently.

"Neither does it, when I think of it. But might it not have taught me French ways?"
" And opened up the path to Paris for you."
" You are so quick at guessing that I need to tell you nothing."
" And so you have been dreaming all the time about clothes and jewellery," he reiterated contemptuously.

"When you were sitting looking out to sea, as I first saw you, with a peculiar expression in your eyes which I had never observed in any eyes before, and yet seemed to recognize when I saw it, I must conclude now that you were merely pondering the fashion of a new necklace or of a colour of a gown."
" You recognised the expression of all that?" said Bawn, in a tone of keen amusement. " This leads me to think you have sisters, or cousins, or a wife."
" I have no wife" (crossly).
" How fortunate for her! A man who would fly in a passion because a woman gave a thought to her dress would not be a pleasant husband."
The Blue Cap scowled. " I hope you may get a better one, madam."
" I devoutly hope so—if ever I am to have one at all, which is doubtful."
" I dare say you would rather continue to go shopping about the world alone."

suppose I should walk into them in my travelling dress?"
And seriously, madam, why have you changed so much for the worse since you first allowed me the privileges of talking to you? Then you had the face of an angel, with the thoughts of an angel behind it. You have still the face—"

"But the thoughts, translated into words, have proved to be the thoughts of a—"

"Milliner."
" I thought you were going to say 'dread,' but it is the same thing, since bonnets and gowns are anathema."

"How shall I make you feel that you have bitterly disappointed me?" he said, looking at her with a mixture of anger and tenderness.
" It is," said Bawn, gravely, " silly in a man to expect to meet an ideal woman—that is, an angel—in every female fellow-traveller he may chance to encounter."

While she said this her grey eyes took an expression he failed to read, and a pathetic look which he could not reconcile with her late conversation crept over her mouth. Perhaps the thought arose almost unconsciously in her mind that, under other circumstances, she would have been pleased to have encouraged that delusion of his with regard to the angel that might possibly live in her.

Yet when she lay down to sleep that night she congratulated herself on her success in lowering the inconvenient degree of interest which this stranger had so perversely taken in her. Why could he not have devoted himself to the children and their pretty aunts, who always seemed so ready to bestow their attention on her the trouble of baffling his curiosity? For that curiosity alone was the cause of his devotion to her she was resolved to believe, electing to herself that any genuine liking for herself strong enough to influence him could have sprung up within the limits of so short an acquaintance. And then certain looks and words of his which galled this belief occurred to her memory, insisting that there was a good man who was waiting to love her if she would let him. If such was indeed the case, then had she so bound herself to a difficult future that she could not turn her steps and allow herself to be carried on to a happier destiny than she had dreamed of?

Ah! of what was she thinking? Forget her father and her determination to clear the stain of guilt from his beloved name? Confess the whole story to this stranger, merely because he had assumed the position of her guardian for the moment; because he had eyes that could charm, now by their grave tenderness, and now by their electric flashes of fun, and was also the owner of a sympathetic voice and a thinking forehead? Was she to own that by merely putting forth his great powers to attract, he had been able to overturn all her plans, and that she was ready to wait his disposal of her heart and fortune? Oh! no—not even if he, being the gentleman she took him to be, could continue to interest himself about her, once he knew of the cloud that rested on her father's memory.

TO BE CONTINUED

ON THE STROKE OF THE HOUR

One summer morning, at so early an hour that few save the poor were abroad, a man, whom the most casual observer would have dubbed both rich and distinguished, walked distractedly through the streets of Chicago, drifting at length into one of the most squalid of its many squalid quarters. On every side of him were evidences of extreme poverty; huddled, dirt, rags, misery. Ill-dressed, half-intoxicated men brushed against him; ill-kept women scurried past him, some scolding; others, tired and meek, hurrying silently to a long day's work; sickly babies whimpered in the arms of too little older than themselves; boys quarrelled, swearing, in the gutters.

Unfamiliar as such surroundings were, the man was hardly conscious of the dirt and sad humanity until, at last, sheer fatigue forced him to pause in his mad walk. Then, only, did he look about him. Sym pathetic but aloof, he stared at the people and at the wretched buildings. The world in which he found himself was not of his world, and he had begun to feel strangely out of place, when a glance to his right revealed the fact that he was standing at the door of a small Catholic church. He seemed startled, and his white face became, if possible, whiter that before; but after a moment of indecision, he entered it genuflected awkwardly, as those do who are not "to the manner born," and sank into the nearest seat. At that instant the clock in the tower of a nearby school building was striking 7.

Mass was about to be said. Scattered here and there in the semidarkness were men and women, shabby and toll-worn, but reverent, and children whose grimy faces were sweet and innocent, as well as reverent. Intense stillness reigned there; deep peace. It was hard to believe that a few yards away fumed the turmoil of rebellious poverty. The silence and the calm rested the man's tired body and soothed his weary soul. As the Mass proceeded, solemn, awesome, for him the things of earth faded into insignificance and heaven showed her face; and there in that old church, among the poorest of God's poor, he reached his goal after years of reluctant journeying toward it.

The last prayers had been said, the lights extinguished, the last worshipper had limped away long before search of a priest. He found the parochial house with little difficulty, a tiny place, only less dilapidated than its neighbors, and after he had waited for a few minutes in a bare parlour, the pastor came to him.

Father O'Malley had for many years lived among the wretchedly poor, close to their hearts, working for them, protecting them, loving them as his children, and had, all unconsciously, grown to think the rich frivolous, proud, selfish; so, though the kindest man in the world, his manner was gruff and intolerant towards men of the upper classes on the rare occasions that any such crossed his path.

When he appeared his visitor rose, saying courteously, "I ventured to call, Father, though I have no right to infringe on your time. I am—"

Father O'Malley interrupted him with a gesture which signified that his name mattered not at all, and seating himself, he motioned his guest to the best of the chairs, asking in a business-like way, "What can I do for you?"

The man was taken aback and a little humiliated. Under any circumstances he would have found it difficult to state his case; it was doubly so now; nevertheless, he replied, haltingly:
" Well, Father, I—to begin at the beginning—I was raised with no religious faith except a shadowy belief in a far away God. After I had grown I lived much in Vienna, and there fell into the way of going to your churches; not that I believed, only because their grandeur and the beauty and solemnity of your ceremonial attracted me. I heard sermons; often they were learned, sometimes eloquent as well. I was interested and—and entertained. I admired the evident faith and sincerity of the preachers, but marvelled that they could believe it all!"

He paused, not knowing how to explain what must come next. All this time Father O'Malley had been gazing out the window, his face interest and showing less. His visitor, glancing at him, found no encouragement. Had he not been so deeply in earnest he would have cut short the interview and gone his way with his story untold; as it was, before his head had grown long, he found courage to continue:
" So much is simple enough. I hardly know how to make clear the rest. I want to be a Catholic, Father. I have fought against the light month after month, but it's no use. I made up my mind at Mass this morning. You see—that is, Father, during the past three years I have been pursued—hounded—by thoughts about the Catholic Church. Proofs of its truths have forced themselves upon my mind, and into my heart have come longings, intense longings, for its sacraments, especially for the greatest of them all."

He stopped again, caught his breath sharply, and stammered:
" Father, I know you will think I have been imagining things. I have often tried to think so myself, though all the time I have known, in my heart, that it was not so; but—it has been happening now for nearly three years that these inspirations come to me exactly on the stroke of the hour. Often—literally, in hundreds of instances—when I have heard no clock chime, and have not known the time, a holy thought has crowded itself into my mind, and looking at my watch I have found, invariably, that it was exactly 2 o'clock, or 6, or 10. Day and night it has been the same. I—I can't explain it. I can't imagine an explanation. I know that it sounds like an hallucination, but it is the simple truth!"

Again he found courage to glance at Father O'Malley, expecting to meet an amused smile. Instead he saw that the priest's rugged face, still turned toward the window, had softened into wonderful sweetness. After a moment he looked directly at his visitor.

" You say that it has been on the stroke of the hour that God's grace has come so forcibly, so tangibly?"
" Yes."
Father O'Malley beamed on him now, as warmly as if he had been the dirtiest and most disreputable of his parishioners. " Then—then you are Jacques de Roux!" he exclaimed. Jacques de Roux was world famous, acknowledged to be the greatest singer of the age.

" Yes, Father, I tried to introduce myself in the beginning. You gave me no chance. But now—"
The priest cut short his query to ask him a few questions on points of Catholic dogma and practice, all of which M. de Roux answered easily. He was silent, then, for a long minute, during which he once more stared at the dreary panorama outspread before his window. The smile still hovered about his lips, and his eyes were shining, but suddenly, with hardening face, he turned sharply.

" No doubt," he said, " no doubt, you think this great grace has come to you because you have led a life rather better than that of many who, like you, are surrounded by temptation."
M. de Roux blushed. He was always frank, and so he answered, " Some such thought has occurred to me. I have kept straight, Father."
Father O'Malley sneered slightly. " Keeping straight" is all well enough. You have merited no miracle of grace!" " Come! I am going now to see a poor child who will soothe in heaven. I want you to come with me."
Meekly M. de Roux followed him into the street, through an alley-way,

up numberless rickety tenement-steps that creaked under them. Afterward, he was astonished that he had obeyed; at the time he did not hesitate for a second, although he considered the priest a little erratic.

On the fifth floor of the building Father O'Malley knocked noisily at one of the doors, and when a sweet little voice called, " Come in!" he entered the room, motioning M. de Roux to follow him, and well inside, with another gesture, bade him sit on a chair in the corner. He himself then went to the side of a girl who lay in a narrow bed near the only window. She was fifteen years of age, but looked younger, being very small, and her white face very childlike. To the most inexperienced eye it would have been evident she was slowly dying.

" I knew your knock, Father," she said, faintly but brightly.
" That's a sign, Mary, that I come often to see you, so don't scold me because I didn't get here yesterday!" he rejoined laughingly, and added, " I brought a friend with me to day."
Mary seemed not to understand that there was a stranger present.

" I'm very glad you came! Grand-ma has gone to the grocery, but she'll be back soon," was all she said.
Father O'Malley talked to her for a minute or two, gently and kindly, and she lay among her pillows and smiled up at him quite content. At last, speaking more seriously, he asked, " And what did the doctor say yesterday?"

" The girl's face grew red and ant."
" O Father, such good news! He said that I can last two or three days more!"
It seemed to M. de Roux a full minute before Father O'Malley broke the silence that fell between him and the child.

" And Mary, that is not all. I, too, have a joy for you!"
She laughed softly.
" O Father, what is it? Do tell me! Your joys are such a nice kind!"
" Mary, Jacques de Roux—Jacques de Roux is about to become a Catholic!"

As soon as his name was mentioned M. de Roux leaned forward to watch the girl, but almost instantly looked away, feeling that he was seeing what was too sacred for his eyes. But Mary's voice was as ecstatic as her face.
" O Father!" she said; and after a moment: " Isn't God good!"
" You told me long ago about your interest in him, Mary, and all your prayers for him; but tell me again, unless it will tire you too much. I like to hear the story."

" It isn't much of a story, Father. It began three years ago when I got sick. I was in the Children's hospital, then, and he came one day to sing for us. I was so bad that they had put me in a room by myself—and it was in the wards he sang—and I couldn't hear a sound. I felt very sad about it; I—I cried a little; but as he was going away he passed my room. The door was open and he saw me, and he came in and sang three songs for me, just for me! O it was so beautiful! Almost like heaven! I thanked him as much as I could, but afterward I kept wishing I could do something for him, because he had done something so very nice for me. One day I heard a nurse say that he had no religion, so I began to pray that he would become a Catholic. I've prayed every day since then; and after a little I got into the way of reminding the dear God of him, and of offering the pain in my back for him, and whenever I'd hear the school clock strike—and—and I've been awake so much that I've heard it nearly every hour day and night."

She paused for a while before she concluded faintly. " O Father, it's too much! This great joy—and only a few days more until I shall see Him!"
For the first time since they entered the room Father O'Malley looked at M. de Roux. He was no longer sitting. He had fallen on his knees and his face was hidden in his hands.—Florence Gilmore in the Catholic World.

THE MASS OR THE ROD

Some years ago, Gladstone paid a visit to an institution of Dom Bosco at Turin.
He was shown to the study hall, where five hundred young boys were at study. The visitor was amazed at their perfect silence and close attention to their work though they were without a prefect.

Greater still was his surprise when he was told that perfect discipline was sometimes maintained the year round in the school and that no punishments were inflicted through that long period.
" Is it possible," he exclaimed, " and how can you accomplish this?"
Turning at the same time to his secretary he directed him to take note of the answer.

" How can this be accomplished?" he again asked.
" It is a secret known only to Catholics," replied the priest.
" You are joking," replied Gladstone, " and yet I am quite serious about my question."
" And so am I," replied the Salesian, " but since you insist on knowing our secret here it is contained in the rule itself: 'Frequent confession, frequent Communion and daily Mass.' This simple programme is carried out with all the earnestness and ardour of which we are capable."
" You are right, Father. I must admit that such means of education