THE FOSTER-CHILD

23

By Katherine Tynan

It was a long, long time ago since Jimmie Brady had been carried out of the Union, snugly wrapped in Jane Brady's shawl, to be made a nurse-child of. It was so long ago, and Jimmie had been so young when it happened, that he had only the remotest memory of the stars in the purple sky, as he lay among the hay in the little cart while Jane drove the old pony up the Glen. But he did remember the change which had come upon his little lite in the transplantation, from the walled-in workhouse and the nursey wards, with their high walls and barred windows and hardly a peep of sky, to the Glen and the mountain cottage, and the strange special love which was suddenly lavished upon him, who had been hitherto only as a cog, a very small cog, in a machine.

He knew—perhaps it was not memory but something he had learned from Jane Brady, his nurse—that he had not known how to play nor how to kiss nor how to receive kisses. He was ignorant of the very commonest things. He did not know a horse nor a cow when he saw them; he roared lustily when Shep, the house-dog, came to inspect him in a quite friendly manner. He had never seen a daisy—and he was quite sure he remembered his amazement at his first sight of a rose, one of the pink, monthly roses which grew in great profusion all over the Brady's cottage.

There was an old brother and two sisters of the Bradys, and they had never married. John and Sally and Jane, they would never marry now: and strangely enough in Ireland, of the long families,

married. John and Sally and Jane, daey would never marry now: and strangely enough in Ireland, of the long families, they had neither kith nor kin. They had a little mountain farm of about twenty acres, with the cottage and a horse and cart, a couple of cows, a few calves and pigs, altogether a nice little property.

operty. It was Jane who had applied for the nurse-child. Jane was, as John put it, a fool about children. She ought to have been married and the mother of a

a fool about children. She ought to
have been married and the mother of a
household; but she had set her heart
on a showy sooundrel, who had gone
away to America and forgotten her.
Now she took the workhouse child to
her heart with a starved avidity. John
and Sally had been rather against it in
the beginning. They were too proud to
stomach the idea of a workhouse child
the start when the plant of the same the beginning. They were too proud to tetomach the ides of a workhouse child on their hearth; but when Jimmie came in with his head of shining, curly hair, als blue eyes, his soft, somewhat wan-dering smile, his gentle manner, they capitulated to him after a very short

resistance.

He grew up a very simple boy. He kept his innocence and simplicity beyond the allotted age, because he never associated, or desired to associate, with other boys. His mammie, as he called Jane, his unofe and aunt, were enough for him; with the calves and the pigs and the fowls; with Bob the old house and the page grown quite anglent; and Shep, now grown quite ancient; and fields and the hills, the kind winds

the fields and the hills, the kind winds, the warm auu, the sweet rain.

If it were not for an occasional visit from Miss Keenan, the lady guardian through whom Jane had procured her nursling, they might have forgotten that Jimmie did not belong to them. Her characteristics were entirely mascaline, but the masculine exterior covered a kind woman't heart.

but the masculine exterior covered a kind, womanly heart.

Miss Keenan was especially interested in Jimmie and his foater-parents. She used to give glowing accounts of Jimmie's well-being to the other members of the Ladies' Committee. "The old woman has reared the child in her bosom," she would say, with a touch of poetry; and she looked forward with confidence to Jimmie's adoption by the

Bradys.

Jimmie knew many things which are Jimmle knew many things which are not to be learnt at school: intimate-secret things of the fields and the streams, of the birds and the trees, the animals and the flowers; but he was very slow at the "ould a-bay-say," and the higher walks of learning which he entered upon when he had conquered the alphabet. the alphabet.

He was a bit of a post, and he could read the passion in the boy's wistful glances as they wandered from the heated schoolroom out to the shining country beyond. He was patient with Jimmie. He even devised messages which would give Jimmie an escape from school for a while. He bore with trom school for a while. He bore with the boy's slowness, his difficulty in learning. It was a bad thing for Jimmie when, somewhere in his thirteenth year, the old schoolmaster got "an impres-sion" in the chest from a drenching re-ceived in a Winter storm, and died of it

was choleric. He was very keen about his school, and impatient of slackness on the part of the scholars. Jimmie by this time was in the Fifth Class. He had really attained by very slow dethe part of the scholars. Jimme by this time was in the Fifth Class. He had really attained by very slow degrees a measure of learning, of which he and the old people were inordinately proud. But he was slow. He had a mild placidity like that of the cattle. Ask Jimmie a question from a sohool book, which he was quite competent to answer, and he would look at you with a wandering gaze. He would have to recall his spirit with a great effort from the mountains and the fields, where it was wandering, before he could answer. Mr. White the old schoolmaster, had recognized this, and given Jimmie his time. Mr. O'Laughlin, the new master, would watch Jimmie with a lowering eye while the boy tried to recall his

would watch Jimmie with a lowering eye while the boy tried to recall his straying thoughts. He had a sharp tongue, with a sting at the end of it. He began to make a butt of Jimmie. At first Jimmie did not understand. Satire was a weapon beyond him. When he realized that the master meant to be hurtful, when the other boys laughed and copied the schoolmaster out of school hours, he began to understand. The blood would come to his cheek by and by on slight provocation. It became a base pleasure to the master presently to bring that hurt and uncomprehending flush. Let him be excused! He was not a bad-hearted man, but his nerves were often strained to breaking point after a day of the school. He was a brisk, eager, energetic person. presently to bring that hurt and uncomprehending flush. Let him be excused! He was not a bad-hearted man, but his nerves were often strained to bresking point after a day of the school. He was a brisk, eager, energetic person. Jimmie's slow eyes—there are beautiful eyes by the way—turned on him in that uncomprehending manner made him want to strike the boy.

The day came when he struck Jimmie: not only struck him, but beat him about

fourteen, He would be beyond the age for compulsory school attendance. If all was well, if no complaint had gone to the guardians, if Miss Keenan was back—she had, just begun to creep back to life slowly and painfully—they could apply to the board for permission to adopt Jimmle. He would be theirs; no terrible and capricious monster of a board, that might at any moment snatch the child from them, to be found any longer, but their own—to take up the work on the little farm which he delighted in; to comfort them in their old age; to succeed them when they should be gone.

gone.

Jane dissembled. She was not as meek as she looked, and she stored up a good many things that she might relieve herself of next year, when the boy was unchanigably hers. She listened to Miss Synnott patiently, and made promises for the boy's amendment, which were received with an air coldly discouraging. She paid a visit in her simplicity to Mr. O'Laughlin, with an intention of propitisting him, offering him gifts, which were too nakedly a bribe to serve their purpose. She coaxed and persuaded Jimmie to return to school, and having achieved so much, Jimmie, in blind terror of the schoolmaster, let slip whatever of learning he possessed, and was degraded not only to the Fourth Class, but to wear a dunce's cap for the remainder of the sitting.

That dunce's cap was the last straw. Jimmie's endurance was at an end. Doubtless the man who inflicted the punishment had no idea of how it seared a young and sensitive soul. A work-house hast! Was it likely a workthouse Jane dissembled. She was not as

a young and sensitive soul. A work-house brat! Was it likely a workkhouse brat could find unendurable the dunce's or to be learnt at school: intimate ecret things of the fields and the treams, of the birds and the trees, the nimals and the flowers; but he was ery slow at the "ould a-bay-say," and he higher walks of learning which he intered upon when he had conquered he alphabet.

The old schoolmaster understood. He was a bit of a poet, and he could describe the endured tortures wearing the ridiculous pointed cap, which Mr. O'Laughlin had hastily concocted out of a brown paper, grocer's bag. To be set up there for the little world of asbeet to most as for the little world of school to mock at was worse to Jimmie than the degrada-tion to the Fourth Class, although that would be und enough, presently, when he came to think on it : he has seconded

he came to think on it; he has secended by such painful degrees.

He arrived home with the fixed determination to go to school no more; and this time no one could move him. Father Meredith, brought into the matter for the first time, came on hearing of Jimmy's contumacy; but the culprit was out of the house at the first wind of his coming and up on the mountain side. Jane, in bitter grief and trouble, did not present the most favorable side of the question. Father Meredith, a young priest newly come to the Glen young priest newly come to the Glen which was his first mission, knew nothing of Jane and her nursling. A mass of incoherent and rambling accusa-tions against everybody in general and nobody in particular; so Jame's story seemed to Father Meredith. Father O'Connell, who had lived in the Glen O'Connell, who had lived in the Glen forty years, would have known more about its The young priest, new from the seminary, left the Brady's cottage with the opinion that Jane, a wrong-headed and doing old woman, was in danger of spoiling the boy beyond redemption. Discipline must be upheld. Jimmie must submit to lawful authority. All the priest had seen of Mr. O Laughlin had impressed him favorably. He could sympathize with the difficulties of his position, and was quite determined to uphold him.

However, to get Jimmie to go back to school was no easy matter. Seeing that

the head and face with his cleenched flats is an uncontrollable fit of rage. He was been controlled for the property of the controlled fit of the property of the controlled for the property of the property

He stared at the disordered, dishevelled appearance old Jane presented. She had struck him as a singularly decent-looking and tidy old woman, and he had wondered at her abetting the boy in his evil doing. Now the snow was on her white hair. She had come out without a bonnet, and had run fast, and she was breathless. For a few minutes, while he tried to compose her, her words only came in sobs. Her apron was awry, and she had an air of being blown about and beaten by the wind. He hardly thought of these things for the bleached pailor of her face.

"Did ye hear?" she asked, "did ye hear that shey're goin' to take the boy from us; him that I nursed in my bosom; that was the delight of our eyes; that was to take care of us in our old age? They're comin' for him to-morzow. I'll never see him sgain. Don't I know it? Didn't Biddy Neal have the foster-child took from her, an' didn't she lie on the read in her agrony whin the Union was

took from her, an' didn't she lle on the road in her agony whin the Union van rowled away wid him, an' didn't she die

that. The boy must be brought to see some sense, and the whole matter will blow oyer. I'm afraid Mr. O'Laughlin was unduly harsh with him. Poor man, he was hardly accountable for what he said or did. His boy is very bad tonight. I doubt that he'll see the morning."

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"Do you know what they'll do with Jimmie?" Jane Brady asked, sternly waving away the question of another's grief. "They'll put him in the reform atory school. Maybe ye know what that's like and maybe ye don't. Three months'll destroy him: there won't be a disgraceful wickedness he won't know, him that's as innocent as wan o' them young lambs, the crathurs, sbelterin' by the side o' their mothers from the cruel blast. Oh, I'm not sayin' that ye'ro not kind, that ye won't help us, if you can. But the board doesn't move in a day. The van 'il come for him to-

He'il never be my Jimmie any more, in this world or the next."

Father Meredith was at wit's end. It was quite true that the board was Lot to be moved in a day. It had moved, and it could not undo its work for, at the very least, a week. Probably there would be arguments, discussions. The thing might drag itself out over several weeks. He remembered the Reformatory School; the boys sitting on the benches in the workshops, furfive-eyed, charged to the lips in many cases with the evil knowledge of the slums. Poor Jimmie! A soul might be murdered in less than a week. Absolute innocence is more easy to corrupt than inno-

dered in less than a week. Absolute innocence is more easy to corrupt than innocence tempered by experience. A week,
even less, of such company might mean, as
the old woman had said, the murder of
Jimmie's soul. He was their shepherd:
the one answerable for the lambs!

Wild thoughts came to his mind of
kidnapping Jimmie, of siding and abetting his escape from that stony-hearted
stepmother, the State. He was humble
before the little old woman's accusing
eyes. He did not excuse himself. He
could be very rigid with himself; and
now perhaps he was a sterner judge of
his own actions than Jane Brady herself.

had not realized that he was so close to the schoolmater's cottage.

He turned in at the little garden gate. The trim flower beds he had often admired, were blotted out by the falling snow. He fumbled for his hand-kerchief to wipe his glasses, and did it insufficiently. The window was a blur of light when he had put on the glasses again.

There's nothing you can do. Willied at five o'clock."

"My poor fellow?"

"I've nothing left now," said the man

closing the door upon the night, and opening the door of the little room be-

yond.

There, on a small bed, lay the dead boy. Someone had already performed for him the last offices. He lay in clean linen, his hands crossed on his breast, his golden hair smoothed, his eyes closed, in the strange majesty of death. "He was a beautiful boy," said the man, in a dull voice. "He took after his mother. I used to wonder why she ever looked at a rough fellow like ""."

young lambs, the crathurs, shelterin' by the side o' their mothers from the cruel blast. Oh, I'm not sayin' that ye'ro not kind, that ye won't help us, if you can. But the board doesn't move in a day. The van 'il come for him tomorrow, an' if it takes him I'd rather he'd lie where Willie O'Laughlin' il be lying to-morrow. I'd rather he'd be dead in his innocence. It'll be murder done on the white soul of him. He'll never be my Jimmie any more, in this world or the next."

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you say? I'll have a fire and a cup of something hot in a minute or two. Come and change now. By the greatest of good luck I've a suit I never put on my back."

He led the priest into the little bedroom beyond, sud found him the necessary clothes. When Father Meredith returned to the outer room be found that the fire had begun to burn briskly. The schoolmaster on his knees before it was watching a kettle, which was already singing. already singing.

"You were talking of the Bradys," he said after a silence. "A queer thing happened in the night. Willie was dozing and waking, dozing and waking. He'd start if there was the slighest sound inside or outside the house, and

"I know. Willie showed me the spot.
"I know. Willie showed me the spot.
Don's blame yourself, Father Meredith.
It was my fault. I couldn's bear to see him strong and Willie dying. I hated all the strong children, God forgive me: and this poor lad opposed me. I ought to have remembered that he was good to Willie last summer, when they went up the Chimney together. The little cave was full of dead leaves. The snow would be blown in at the mouth of it with this wind."

"He might be safe enough in the cave

with this wind."

"He might be safe enough in the cave
if Willie's dream was true," said the priest.
"If Willie's dream was true," as

"If Willie's dream was true," assented the father, "Jimmie's face was whiter than the snow and he asleep. If he was to die it would be at my door."
"We must have search-parties out as soon as it's daylight," Father Meredish said; and remembered that he had not eaten for hours and was faint, despite the hot tea which the schoolmaster had noveled.

"I think I'll be going," he said,

getting up.
"You won't be going out of it to-night," returned the schoolmaster, with a rough kindness. "I'll get you a bit to eat; and then I'll step down and let your housekeeper know. You can say your Office by Willie when you've eaten a bit

I'll be back as soon as I can.
Father Meredith dozed in his chair.
The schoolmaster had heaped on fuel
before he went, but the fire was all but

the chance that Jimmie might come back, or might be hiding somewhere nearer home than the mountains. He left them at last on their knees, saying the Rosary, and started out on the walk home, refusing to be driven. He was too wet to face the drive in the open cart in bitter weather. It would be better for him to walk, so as to keep warm on the way.

He faced steadily down the valley; his head bent before the wind and the snow; his hands deep in his overcoat pockets. He was really very cold. His teeth chattered in his head as he went. He said to himself that he must get into bed as d have hot bricks rolled in flannel—the hot-water bottle proper was unknown in the Glen—to his feet to get the frozen feeling out of them. He would drink a cup of hot tea, and pile all the available blankets on his bed. He did not want to be laid up with a chill.

A bright light flashing in his eyes made him aware that he was near a cottage. He looked about him. He had not realized that he was near a cottage. He looked about him. He had taken his lantern, with an additional candle in case he should not dive which would give him purchase in the sohoolmaster's cottage.

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He turned in at the little garden gate. The trim flower beds he had not realized that he was so close to the schoolmaster had heaped on telefore he went, but the fire were all but out, and the room turning chilly, when the priest woke with a start. He recognized that he must have slept for some hours, out and that he must have slept for some hours, out the priest woke with a start. He recognized that he must have slept for some hours, out the priest woke with a start. He recognized that he must have slept for some hours, out the priest woke with a start. He recognized that he must have alept for some hours, o he went quietly so that he should not waken the priest, who was nodding in his chair before the fire. He had a took from her, an' didn't she lie on the road in her agony whin the Union van rowled away wid him, an' didn't she die widin the year, the poor woman, an' she callin' out on her dyin' bed for the little boy they'd robbed her of? Och, God help the poor! 'tis them that is helpless and trampled on! Sure there's no pity in earth or heaven!"

Father Meredith was horrified. His beautiful little edition of a classic fell from his hands. He had never imagined that Jimmie's contumacy was going to have such results. He stammered before the little distracted old woman who he feet, had arraigned him.

"Oh," he said, "it won't go so far as "falling snow. He fumbled for his hand its chair before the fire. He had a curious ides, as he strode through the night, that it was not Jimmie Brady, the boy who had fretted and worried him, that he must go out to seek and save but Willie, his own boy, whom he had left quiet and cold in the lit room. Willie and Jimmie Brady—it was not willie—it was the strange boy he had hated: no it was Willie. The confusion of his thoughts helped him as he from his hands. He had never imagined that Jimmie's contumacy was going to have such results. He stammered before the little distracted him on the glasses, and did it insufficiently. The window was a blur of light when he had put on the glasses the curious ides, as he strode through the night, that it was not Jimmie Brady, the boy who had fretted and worried him, that he must go out to seek and save but Willie, his own boy, whom he had left quiet and cold in the lit room. Willie and Jimmie Brady, the boy who had fretted and worried him, that he must go out to seek and save but Willie and Jimmie Brady, the boy who had fretted and worried him, that he must go out to seek and save but Willie, his own boy, whom he had left quiet and cold in the lit room. Willie and Jimmie Brady, the boy who had fretted and worried him, that he must go out to seek and save but willie, his own boy, whom he had left quiet and cold in the lit room be a single of the little di

tarn, beautiful in summer, but most desoiste in wild weather. There is no ascending the Chimney from the water-side, but it is easy enough, although a stiff climb, from the lend side. From the top it is possible, if you have a good head and plenty of courage, to climb some little way down the face of the Chimney. There is a cave which some people have cared to visit, because a certain famous outlaw found refuge there in the Rebellion of '98. But it would be a prasionate pilgrim indeed who would attempt it on such a night as Andrew O'Laughlin accomplished it, in the teeth of the famous blizzard.

No man perhaps could have achieved

No man perhaps could have achieved it in cold blood. But to a man halfit in cold blood. But to a man half-orazed with grief, possessed of only one ides, and that that the child of his love needed pity and help, was beyond there in the cave in the face of the Chimney, perishing of cold and hunger, it was possible. Andrew O'Laughlin could never tell afterwards how he accomp-lished the descent but he did it. He stood upright in the cave, holding above him the lantern which he had pushed before him as he wriggled along the narrow paths, and saw in the further the narrow paths, and saw in the further corner, with the snow creeping up to the bed of dead leaves, the form of a sleep-

ing boy.
At the same moment something can At the same moment something came wriggling towards him—a dog. Shep the Bradys' dog, the son of the old Shep had found the lost boy first. He had slept across the body, keeping it warm. It was no dead child, but a living one that looked at Andrew O'Laughlin out of the heap of dead leaves, looked at him with a blind terror that smote the man to the heart, as though his own dechild had looked at him like that.

"Whisht, Jimmie," he said, "don't look at me like that. "Twas Willie sent me to you. Poor Willie's dead. I've come to save you. You won't go back to the Union, child, not if I was to hide you from them myself. I think Willie meant us to be friends."

As a matter of fact the Union messen-As a matter of fact the Union messengers did not find Jiumie the next day, or the next. The Glen was snow-bound for some three weeks, during which both the schoolmaster and Father Meredith had been almost at death's door. When once more the Glen was in touch with life the menace was over. Miss Keenan had come back to affairs looking rather bleached, but indominable

his hand in my hand was as wet as water. 'Father,' he said, 'I had a dream.' 'And what was your dream,' be said, 'that Jinnie Brady was in the cave at the North Chimney, and that the snow was besting in at the door. I could see him where he lay asheep, and the snow wasn't whiter than his face.'"

Father Meredith, beginning to nod in the big armchair with the broken prings, roused himself.

"Willie said that, did he?" he saked in a tone of subdued excitement. "Supposing it was true! Jimmie Brady's run away. They were sending for him from the Union to-morrow, going to shut him up in the Reformstory School, the by that was always as free as a black-bird. We were wrong, you and I. 'We might have been more patient. He's gone. He and your Willie used to ollab up there together in the summer."

"I know. Willie showed me the spot. Don't blame yourself, Father Meredith. It was my fault. I couldn't bear to see him strong and Willie dying. I hated all the strong and Willie dying. I hated all the strong children, God forgive me: on this poor lad opposed me. I ought to have remembered that he was good to Willie last summer, when they went up the Chimney together. The little cave was full of dead leaves. The snow would be blown in at the mouth of it with the wind."

"He night he eafe coungh in the cave

EDMUND T. SHANAHAN OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

"Wherefore it is said in the Scriptures: Behold, lay in Sion a chief cornerstone, elect, precious. An he that shall believe in him, shall not be confounded to you, therefore, that believe, he is honor; but it them that believe not, the stone which the builder rejected, the same is made the head of the corner and a stone of stumbling, and a rock of scandal it them that stumble at the word, neither do believ whereunto also they are set. (I Peter, I, 6-8^o) CONDUCT AND CREED

Jesus of Nazareth, Son of God and Son of Man, required of His apostles and disciples belief in His messiahship and disciples belief in His messiahship and divinity. He preached and taught among other saving truths, the uplifting ideas of the fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man, the redemptive character of His own death, the perpetration of this perfect self-offering in the Eucharistic sacrifice, the unity of the race, the value of each individual human soul, and the everlasting union of man with God in the world to come. All these great truths went back to one All these great truths went back to one
—the central dogma of all—belief in
Jesus Himself, His divine sonship, Jesus Himself, His divine sonship, authority, and mission. He organized His apostles into a Church, with St. Peter at the head, entrusting them in His own name and the Father's with the special, universal and perpetual mission of teaching this saving sum of truth to the whole world, and at the same time laying upon all men the obligation to believe it under pain of disobedience to God and their own selfdisobedience to God and their own self-condemnation. Teach all nations, He said, and teach them with my authority to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.

"Here are ideas with the stamp of

authority upon them, not man-made and the product of human reflection, but revealed and divine, the like of which, for dramatic setting, inspiration and effectiveness, the world had never seen; and so simply expressed, so conspicaously free from the labored utterances of
philosophers before and since, that the
anti-Christian thinkers of our day have
mistaken the absence of learned airs for the absence of dogmatic ideas, not being able to distinguish between human grandiloquence and divine simplicity, between she unpretentious wrapper of language and the sublime revelation of God to man, that lay beneath. CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE AND SOCIAL DE-

VELOPMENT

"Of all the truths uttered by Christ none had such inherent social signifi-cance of His doctrine of the religious equality of man, the stoic and other philosophers had stumbled upon the idea of human equality in the course of their speculations, but they never made the idea a practical principle of life and conduct. Christ's utterance of the and conduct. Christ's utterance of the truth that all men are of the same worth in the sight of God, whatev r be their social or racial differences, was practical, effective vital and reforming. His preaching of the idea of human brotherhood, human solidarity, social justice and fraternal charity was not the faint utterance of the classroom which the pagan utterances were: it the faint utterance of the classroom which the pagan utterances were; it went into the very souls of men and set them afire with charity. And what wonder? Was not the idea accomplished in the minds of the hearers by faith in the divinity of Jesus Himself and in his sovereign mastery over the souls and destinies of men?

"This fact of history contains its lesson. Anyone who wishes to see the

lesson. Anyone who wishes to see the signal failure of philosophical thought to redeem the world has but to contemplate the meagre results achieved in these our times by a man-made philosophy divorced from its great hisphilosophy divorced from its great historical and effective ally — dogmatic Christianity. We cannot inherit the past, nor remake the present, without inheriting the spirit that made the one, and would have left the remaking of the other an unnecessary task, has not infidelity raised its proud, unruly head in rebellion, and poisoned the springs of man's regeneration. Christianity man's regeneration. Christianity brought expansion of thought and of life into the aucient world. Would to God that the present generation could see all its horizons pushed back, all its beams of united endeavour come true by a profession of factor in the divinity of Christ Jesus, and in the Church Catholic which He founded for the individual and social regeneration

"The idea of the religious equality of men and their universal brotherhood in Jesus Christ thus came effectively into human life with the preaching of the Gospel. The seeds of the future social harvest were sown with the seeds of Christian faith and both grew together, alongside and not spart. The new docalongside and not apart. The new doctrine of man accompanied the presching of the Gospel from Palestine to the Roman Empire and the groves of disputations Greece. It bore its fruit early at Jerusalem in the community of goods which the faithful there established, not by compulsion, as the Socialist would now have us repeat the experiment everywhere, but freely, by an act of will which Christian faith had warmed with the additional glow of charity.

ing how narrowly they bad escaped losing him. All the Glen was inclined to make much of him; and a strange, touching tenderness had grown up between Jimmie and Andrew O'Laughlin since the night they had crept together for warmth, Shep making a third, in the cave or the chimney the night the great blissard began, waiting for daylight and a little ceasation in the falling snow to make the return journey. There was no more difficulty about the boy's going to school. If you had seen him stepping down to the school with a shining morning face any day of that summer, you would never have believed he was the boy whose enemy had been the school-master.

"I'll never make a scholar of him," Andrew O'Laughlin would say regretfully," bus he-is a good boy, a good boy. We can't all be scholars."

"He'll be more useful to the old people without too much scholarship," Father Meredith said, looking benignly at the man who had found courage to live because his dead son had made a pact of love between him and the child he had hated.

"ERMON PREACHED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW ST. JOSEPH'S, NEWPORT, R. L., SEPTEMBER 8, 1912, BY REV. DR. EDMUND T. SHANNHAN OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, WASHINGTON D. C. SHANNHAN OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY

cumstances, that the religious ides of human equality took centuries to be-come a social ideal. When at last social come a social ideal. When at last social man developed up to the stature of religious man he found that his faith had anticipated his social development, and stood awaiting to welcome him. Christianity had not retreated: man had simply advanced to meet it. The religious form under which the doctrine of human quality first appeared contained implicitly the civic and social ideas of equality that have since detained implicitly the civic and social ideas of equality that have since developed during the last two centuries into the fundamental first principles of republican democracy the world over. To Jesus of Nazareth is therefore due the credit, so often withheld from Him nowadays; of originating the idea of the solidarity of mankind in all its interests — political, moral, social and religious. Back to Him must we go, if we would trace to its first origin the tidal wave of social justice that is flooding to-day the minds and hearts of governments and of men.

"What better proof that practical consequences for society and for life are contained in a single Christian dogma, than this brief history just recited? Is it not the irony of fate that the social reformers of the day, who are loudest in reformers of the day, who are loudest in proclaiming Christianity a creed outworn, are none the less preaching it everywhere according to the letter and without the spirit which giveth life? Fraternity, charity, equality, social justice, are Christian ideas wrenched from their Christian context deprived of their original setting in Christian faith, and reasserted without the divine background of power that once was theirs. Why, there is not a single noble ideal now proposed for the betterment of man's human lot and the improvement of his material condition, that is not a surviving remnant of Christian, Catholic teaching. After de-christianizing man, the world has no effective language of its own in which to address him ion which it has repudiated. CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE AND INDIFFER

"But the cry of the day is for undog-"But the cry of the day is for undog-matic Christianity. It does not matter, we are told, what a man believes. Con-duct is the main thing, and conduct is independent of creed. Good men are the supreme need of the world, and a man may be good who does not accept the teachings of Christianity, just as there are evil doers among those who profess to follow the appointed ways of the Lord. Indifferentism thus chal-lenges dogmatic Christianity, saying: We can get along very well without you; what a man believes is of little or no im-portance, so long as he is good and his conduct above represch. What are we to think of this doctrine of religious into think of this doctrine of religious in to think of this doctrine of religious in-difference, this smart phrase of the day behind which the unbeliever seeks re-fuge? -What has history to say to it, and common sense, and human experi-ence? No emptier phrase was ever proence? No emptier phrase was ever proposed for the acceptance of an intelligent public. Those who use it and din it into our ears have not a very deep sense of the import of their words. They think they are making a profound observation of the motives of their fellow-men, whereas they are only making an act of self-revelation, unconsciously revealing that the Christian springs of cation have dried up within themselves. action have dried up within themselves. Reflect for a moment. The man who says it does not matter what one believes, presumes to judge all history, and to decide offnand that religious and to decide offiand that religious truths have had no influence on human conduct. Such a snap judgment of history betokens a benumbed moral sense and a corresponding high development of personal conceit. The indifferentists rush in whele angels fear to tread. Every man locurs moral responsibility when he exercises an act of judgment, and here is a case of irresponsible utterance calculated to make even the injudicious grieve.

"Has the indifferentist studied all history before coming to the conclusion

"Has the indifferentiat studied all history before coming to the conclusion that a man's faith matters not? Oh, no! A few instances are enough on which to base his pretentious verdict. And where has he made the experiment where has he found the good men who continue good without belief? In a Christianized world? The world in which we live is Christianized. Chris-