

Is the Best too Good?



O Gerald Moore has sacrificed a brilliant career to bury himself in the novitiate," sadly remarked my friend, Luke. "It's a great pity. He would have made another Webster.

"But now he may turn out another Lacordaire or DeRavignan," I suggested.

"That's not at all likely!" exclaimed Luke impatiently. "It's pounds to pence he'll just become a humdrum priest, whom few of us will ever hear of again.

Well, it's the Church's way," he continued, with some bitterness. "She robs the world of its best and fairest and then makes no use of their talents and abilities. Another instance in point is that of the beautiful Mildred Ennis, who went off to the convent the other day, I hear, to be a shepherdess or something."

"So you consider the best too good for God?" I innocently enquired.

"No-o-o-o. Not that exactly," answered Luke, with some hesitation. "But hadn't Gerald just won that celebrated libel case, and what scope will his exceptional talents have now? As for Miss Ennis, everybody knows she had her choice of a dozen rich suiters. I can't help feeling that her virtues and accomplishments will be wasted in the convent."

"Say, Luke," I asked as if I were changing the subject, "do you recall the famous incident that happened in a supper-room of Bethany! As Our Saviour reclined at table, you remember, Mary Magdalene came in with a box of 'ointment of right spikenard,' the most precious thing she had, and poured it over His sacred feet, then dried them with the crowning glory of her beauty, her