## LUNCHEON FOR TWO

He was a tall old man, with a slight stoop and thin gray hair. His garments were shiny with wear, the sleeves of his coat being fairly slippery in their threadbare state. But there was little trace of the infirmities of age in his strong features and the sharp glance of the gray eyes beneath the shaggy brows. Those sharp gray eyes turned towards the dingy old clock over the dingy old mantel. It was just noon. There was a door that opened into the counting-room and its upper half was glass. Through this transparent medium the old man could keep a watchful eye on his employees. It saved sudden incursions into the outer room. Those clerks and bookkeepers never knew when the sleepless eyes of the grim old master were turned in their direction. There was no loltering or any other form of relaxation in the three country counting room. no loltering or any other form of relax-ation in that busy counting-room.

From the clock the old man's gaze turned to the door. The desks were de-serted. It was luncheon hour. He arose from his creaky swivel chair and crossing the room, pulled down a shade that covered the glass. Then he turned back to his desk and reproducing a small parcel wrapped in a newspaper, opened it and disclosed an apple and a few bisouts. He spread them out on the paper and fell to munching them. He was gnawing at the apple when a light rap at the counting-room door drew his attention. At first he was inclined to believe that his ears had deceived him. Then the rap came again—rat, tat, tat.

"Come in," he cried, and there was nothing suggestive of hospitality in the peremptory tone. "Come in."

A hand fumbled with the knob, and

then the door swung open. A child was standing on the threshold, a little girl with sunny curls and a dainty pink

" How do you do?" said the astonishing vision. "Are you pretty well? So am I, thank you." And she made him a little bobbing courtesy and threw him a

fascinating smile.
"Where did you come from?" growled

fascinating smile.

"Where did you come from?" growled the old man.

"I comed from out here," replied the little maid. "I peeked through the glass under the curtain an' I saw you." She laughed merrily. "An' I thought you was a big ogre eating all by yourself. You don't eat little girls, do you?" He yielded for a moment to the witchery of her smile. "Not when they are good little girls," he gruffly said.

The child laughed merrily.

"You's a splendid ogre," she cried, and clapped her hands. "Much better'n papa. "What's you eatin'?"

He hastily pushed the biscuits and the remains of the apple aside.

"My luncheon," he answered. "But you haven't told me where you came from."

om." He was surprised at himself for show ing this interest in the child. "I comed down to see papa," she answered. "Mamma brought me an' left me here 'cause she's goin' a shoppin,' an' there's big crowds an' little giris might get hurt. An' I brought papa's lunch, and mamma will call for me. An' I'm to keep awful still, 'cause the man papa works for is very cross, an' he can't bear to have children 'round. Please can't I come in a wee bit further?"

wee bit further?"
"Come in if you want to," said the

"Come in if you want to," said the old man, a little ungraciously. She smiled as she slowly advanced. "It always pays to be polite," she said. "That's what mamma tells me. If I had said, 'Can I come in?' without any please, you might have said, 'We don't want no little girls 'round here today; they're such a nuisance.' An', besides, I was a little tired of stayin' out there all alone. 'Cause you see. out there all alone. 'Cause you see, papa had to go to the Custom House 'bout somethin' pertickler, an' I'm most sure I heard a big rat under the desk brushin' his whiskers."

leaned against the ancient haircloth chair that stood by his desk.

He's a very nice man."
"Yes, I know him. And did he tell you to come in here and see me?"
"Mercy, no!" cried the child. "He didn't say nothin' about you. He just said I was to keep very quiet an' he would be back as soon as he could. An' would be back as soon as he could. An I said, 'Ain't you goin' to eat your lunch, papa?' An'he said no; he didn't have sime. An' I said it was a shame to waste such a nice lunch, an'he laughed an' said, 'You eat it.' But after I heard that rat I didn't seem to deal huneau."' feel hungry." She looked at him and her dark eyes sparkled. "Please will her dark eyes sparkled. "Please will you watch through the door very close for just a minute? If the rat sees you lookin' he won't come out. Just a minute," and she turned and trotted into the counting-room. In a moment she was back again with a long cardboard box. "Here's the lunch." She looked at him and half closed her eyes. "Let you and me eat it," she said. He shook his head.

He shook his head.
"Eat it yourseff," he muttered.
"I can't eat it all," she cried. not greedy. It's very nice. Mamma took such pains with it. Let's divide. What's yours?" He hesitated. Then he pushed his apple and biscuit into view. She looked at the display grave-

"My paps had it once," she said.

' Had what?'
' Dyspepsy. He couldn't eat hardly ythin' neither."

anythin' neither."

"I eat quite enough," the old man dryly remarked.

The child looked at him curiously. "You're pretty thin," she said.
"Maybe I'd be pretty thin, too, if I lived on apple an' biscuits. An' now it's my turn. See this." And she whisked the cover off the box and showed the neatly packed contents.
"Now," she said as she drew out a

sandwich, "I'll give you this for two biscuits. I don't much care for biscuits but it will seem more fair."

but it will seem more fair."

She held the sandwich toward him. He hesitated again. A frosty smile stole across his wrinkled face. He gravely extended the two biscuits and took the proffered sandwich. Then he bit a goodly plece from it.

"Very good," he said.

"Mamma made 'em herself. Papa says she's a dabster at makin' sandwiches. But, then, I think mammas

always makes things better than any-body else can. Don't you find it so?" He paused with the remains of the sandwich uplifted. His face grew more

gentle.
"I believe it's a fact that's generally admitted," he said.

The child looked at him with a quick

The child looked at him with a quick laugh.

"That's just the way papa talks sometimes," she said, "an' I don't understand a word he says. But ain't we havin' a good time, jus' you an' me?"

"Why, yes," said the old man. "I think it must be a good time, although I'm afraid I'm a pretty poor judge."

The child regarded him critically.

"You do look pretty poor," she said.
"Have another sandwich? Oh, do! An' here's some cheese an's nice pickle. Yes, you must. Papa says it isn't polite to refuse a lady. That's when mamma offers him the second cup of coffee."
The old man took the second sandwich, but he frowned a little at the cheese and biscuit.

"Rather extravagant," he growled.
"That's just what papa says to mamma.

"Rather extravagant," he growled.
"That's just what papa says to mamma sometimes," cried the child. "An' mamma says she knows he'd have hard work to find anybody who could make a shilling go further than she can. We have to be awful careful, you know. There's clothes to buy, an' what we eat, an' the rent. Why, mamma says she's always afraid to look the calendar in the face for fear rent day has come round again. Where do you live?"

"I live in a house away from town," he answered.

he answered.
"Can you swing a cat in it?"

"Swing a cat?"
"You can't in our rooms, you know.
They're the teeniest things. We're on
the fifth floor, but the porter's a real
nice man. He asked me to ask my papa if he'd exchange me for two boys. An' papa said to tell him that he might do it for the two boys an's couple o' pounds of radium to boot. An' I told the porter of radium to boot. An' I told the porter an' he said he guessed papa wasn't very anxious to trade. An' I told papa what Mr. Ryan said, an' he pulled one of my curls and said he wouldn't part with me for all John Ramsey's millions twice over. That's the man papa works for. Do you know him?"

The old man had frowned, and then anddenly smiled.

addenly smiled.
"Yes, I've met him," he replied. "He's very riob, papa says, an' he lives all alone in a great big bouse, an' he hasn't any little girl, an' he needs somebody to take care of him, an' all he thinks about is money, money, money! It's too bad to be as rioh as that, ian't

The old man looked hard at the child.
"Money is a pretty good thing, isn't

"I suppose it is," the child replied "I suppose it is," the child replied.
"But mamma says it's only good for what
it will buy. It's good for clothes and
what you eat, an' the rent. Then it's
good for helpin' those that need helpin'
like lame Joe, an' when people is sick.
An' it's good to have a little in the bank
for a rainy day, though I don't see what
difference the rain makes. Ain't this
aponge cake good?"

difference the rain makes. Ain't this sponge cake good?"

"Money is very useful, then?"

"Tis sometimes. When mamma's mamma died, way out in the country, mamma couldn't go to the funeral 'cause papa was just gettin' over a fever an' all our money was gone, every penny, an' we owed the doctor an' the rent. Mamma cried and cried all day."

There was a little silence.

"And what would you do if you had lots of money child?"

She looked up at him with her eyes sparkling.

sad said, 'Can I come in?' without any please, you might have said, 'We don't want no little girls 'round here today; they're such a nuisance.' An', besides, I was a little tired of stayin' but there all alone. 'Cause you see, papa had to go to the Custom House bout somethin' pertickler, an' I'm most sure I heard a big rat under the desk brushin' his whiskera."

She looked up at him with her eyes sparkling.
"I'd give most all of it to mamma and papa. But I'd keep a little myself." She smiled at him in her bewildering way. "You don't know what a lot of things you can buy for a shilling! An' then I'd keep some for a chair—the kind you wheel around—for lame Joe. He's a little boy that lives near our house, an' he can't never walk any more. An' he sits on the steps an' makes faces at us when we run by. An' mamma says it's too bad somebody who has the money to spare can't get him a chair like he needs, 'cause it would be such a happiness to him. An' mamma says maybe Mr. Ramsey would buy it, and papa

laughed in such a funny way. Mr. Ramsey is the man he works for, you remember." remember," said the old man. "I remember," said the old man.
"An' mamma said she guessed she'd
come down some day an' tell Mr. Ramsey about lame Joe, and papa said she'd
better not. An' mamma said she was
only joking. Funny kind of joking,
wasn't it?"
"It sounds so to me," said the old man,

dryly.

"Yes, I think so, too. When a man's got as much money as Mr. Ramsey it wouldn't be any trouble at all for him to buy a chair for a little lame boy,

He did not answer her.
"How old are you?" he presently

asked.
"I'm six. How old are you?" He laughed in his unaccustomed "I'm seventy—to-day."
The child gave a little scream of

light.
"Mercy! It's your birthday! Oh, I wish I had known it! Mamma could make you such a beautiful birthday cake. Would't it have to be a big one? We think a lot of birthdays at our house.

"Not one."
She looked at him with startled eyes.
"Why, that's too bad. Did you folks

"I haven't any folks." The pity on her face deepened.

"I'm so sorry for you," she said. Her little hand pushed the pasteboard box towards him. "You shall have the other piece of cake." Then her face brightened. "Couldn's-you buy some

presents for yourself?"

He shook his head.
"No," he answered. "I don't believe could." Her glance fell on the half-eaten apple

nd the biscuits. "Perhaps you are too poor ?" she softly

"Yes," he answered, "I am too poor." Her little heart was touched.
"Have you worked here long?" sh

"Nearly fifty years." "Mercy that's a long time." Her quick glance traveled over his thread-bare suit. "Maybe Mr. Ramsey would give you more wages."

He laughed again.
"He seems to think I'm worth only my oard and clothes."
"Dear, dear! An' he's so very rich."

"Dear, dear i An' he's so very rich.
We went by his house once—papa an'
mamma an' me—an' it looked so big and
dark. Mamma said she'd just like to
have the care of it for a while. She'd
let in the air and sunshine, an' drive out
the dust an' the gloom, an' she'd try to
make life really worth livin' for the
lonely old man. That's what mamma
could if anybody could. You know Mr.
Ramsey. What do you think about it?"
He suddenly laughed.
"It might be an experiment worth
trying," he said. Then he stared into
the cardboard box. "Why, look at
this!" he cried. "The lunch has all
disappeared! I'm sure I ate more than
half of it. Come, now, how much do I

alf of it. Come, now, how much do

"It was the best luncheon I have eaten

for years," said the old man.
"I'll remember an' tell mamma that.
She will be pleased. An' how she'll laugh when I tell her you asked what you owed me."
The old man put his hand deep in his

The old man put his hand deep in his pocket and drew out an ancient leather pocketbook. From this he extracted a banknote and smoothed it on his knee. "There is a lame boy whose name is Joe," he slowly said. "He needs a chair Do you know anything about the price of these things?"

The child's eyes sparkled as she stared at the note.

at the note.

"Yes, yes," she answered. "Mamma went an' found out. You can get the kind of chair Joe wants for \$15.. An' a real good chair, too."

"Here's \$25. said the old man.

"Get a good one, and tell Joe it's a present from you. What's your name?"

He watched her with an amused smile as she quickly drew a tiny purse from the pocket in her frock and tucked the note into it. Then when the little purse was restored to its place, she looked up at the old man.
"Now," she said, "if you please, I'm goin' to give you a kiss. I always give papa a kiss when he's nice."
The old man flushed a little.

"Just as you please," he said.

He stooped, and she touched the wrinkled cheek with her lips.
"You're a very nice man," she said.

Then she hesitated. "But didn't you

ed that money for yourself?" He shook his head. He shook his head.
"I think I can spare it," he answered.

"It's paps," cried the child.
The old man looked around. "Well, Fenton?"
"I trust she hasn't bothered you

"We haven't bothered each other s bit," cried the child.

The old man shook his head.

The old man shook his head.

"No," he answered, "not a bit." Then he looked back to the man in the doorway. "Fenton," he said, "when your wife comes for the child tell her, please, that I want to have a little business talk with her. I'm thinking of opening no my buse."

up my house."

The eyes of the man in the doorway ouldn't conceal their wonderment.
"I'll tell her sir." 'And, Fenton !"

"Yes, sir.' "You can leave the child here until the mother comes."—Mount Angel

## WHITE NARCISSI

"I am a cosmopolitan, Louise." "Yes, I know; but what has your having been born in Ceylon and having been a globe-trotter to do with your

numdrum life in Maryville for some years. Eric has punctually gone to his business, punctually grumbled if his chop has not been done to a turn and if his morning rasher has been too salt, and (let me do him justice) punctually been Father Ephraim's right-hand in all his punctually have undertakings. You, on your part, have ably rewarded him; you have been a good wife, a good Catholic. But you've been mosses—I won't say fostis—and Mary's Town has been your tree. You've never cared to go about and see the world; and, until I came to live with you, I'd never spent a year in the same place. Now I'm tired. I'd like to see life under novel conditions—to be in the hub of the Flowery Land which I can be as Li-Hung's wife; and, besides, I like him."

I like him."

"Yes. But Clarrie, he is a pagan: and, though not one of the faithful, you are a Christian. Drop this thing, for God's sake and for mine! Tell me where will the ceremony take place?"

Clarissa's pretty face flushed.

"Well, as Li is a disciple of Confusion and I'm nothing in wartinglar.

cius, and I'm nothing in particular, we shall go to a registrar office. We shan't have any bridesmaids or fuse or honeyhave any bridesmaids or fuss or honey-moon, but shall go right off to Pekin. Rather different to the usual trip, isn't it? But I can't see why you should make all this 'to-do,'—you and Eric. Li ian't like a Chinese laundryman. He looks all right in English dress, and speaks our tongue, and is quite, quite chivalrous."

chivalrous."

I scarcely knew what to do. Clarissa Searle had come to us, as a paying guest, on the death of her father, who had lived much abroad; and, though she was flighty, I had grown very fond of the girl. She had met Li when on a visit to London, and now, being her own mistress, was about to wed

I made a point of seeing the China-I made a point of seeing the Chinaman, and begged him to leave Clarrie alone—to choose one of his own for a wife; but I found him as unimpressionable as marble. Miss Clarissa was her own mistress, and had already learned to eat with chopsticks; their union need not be for life; if the lady disagreed with him, she could take ship home, and

set sail for the Flowery Land. She had desired novelty, and had it in very truth. Even her trosseau was different from that of other girls. Instead of from that of other girls. Instead of pretty frocks and hats, she had the ugly Celestial dress made. One thing I felt I must do. My little Lulu was a year old, so I put her discarded baby things into the big trunk, in readiness for any small Li-Hungs who might make their appearance. Clarrie paled when she saw them.

"O Louise, how strange, how unusual, to put a 'layette' with my trosseau! And Li has made me promise that any children we may have shall be brought up in the Chinese way."

"Goodness! What a—" I was going to say "tyrant," but turned it into

"Goodness! What a—" I was going
to say "tyrant," but turned it into
"despot"; for, after all, she had married
the man. Then I began to cry, for I
couldn't help it. "Clarrie, for old-time's
sake, keep the things and use them if
ever they are needed; and tie this
round the baby's neck, underneath its

"This," was a tiny silver medal of Our Lady that my own child had worn; and Clarissa, smiling at my childishness, as she thought it, whis-

pered:
"I'll do it for your sake." Then she went downstairs; and Li-Hung, with an inscrutable look in his dark eyes, bore her away to his own land and people. And, I, with a heart full of pity and sorrow, walked up our street, passed Carslake Hospital, so the church.

It was May and the good prior had been presented with a famous Black Madonna from some foreign shrine for the love and veneration of his flock. It stood in a bower of lilacs, with waxen tapers and vases of white narcissi round it; and it could with truth be said:

Thou are black with the smoke o And yet, O Queen, thou art fair-

As fair as the wreath of roses
Thy clients have given to wear!
The golden lilies are tarnished On the mantle of faded blue, Cold fingers that once embroidered, Still hearts once faithful and true.

I poured out my soul at the shrine; told how I feared for Clarrie; in the words of the Saint of Avila, asked Mary's Son to have pity upon those who did not heed, to open to those who did not knock.

Paradoxical as it seems, one of the

Paradoxical as it seems, one of the few things certain is the thing unforeseen. Clarisas wrote to me soon after she reached Pekin, then came silence; and I murmured to myself: "Dead." But said Eric: "You know how volatile the poor girl was. "She'd be all right if she met us; but we're back numbers, and as such put on the shelf." I would not concur with him; and when I accompanied him to China, whither his firm had sent him as their agent, thought: "Now I'll find Clarrie!"

Eric and I were passing slowly along Eric and I were passing slowly along the street of Perpetual Repose in Pekin—and surely a name was never a greater misoner, for it was one of the noisiest thoroughfares in a noisy city. It was a strange and picturesque scene, vastly different from Maryville, with its gabled houses and Gothic churches. Brightly tinted paper lamps hung over the shops; there were travelling black-smiths, and itinerant tradesmen of all sorts, from the fish seller with his live fish, to the cook with a portable kitchen.

sorts, from the fish seller with his live fish, to the cook with a portable kitchen. Long strings to blind men and camels had right of way.

We were looking at a shoemaker's sign, on which was inscribed, "Look here for sho-mending, not for credit," when a voice said "Hist!" in my ear, and a hand was placed on my arm. I turned round hastily. Behind me stood a woman clad in the formless Chinese dress. All I could see of the face was two blue eyes, deeply sunken, and two blue eyes, deeply sunken, and dimmed with much weeping. Where had I seen eyes like unto those before? bered! They had smile

An, I remembered! They had smited marrying a Chinese interpreter, Clarrie?"

"Everything, my stupid cousin! Listen! You and Eric have been living a humdrum life in Maryville for some where for you. Come back with us." where for you. Come back with ua."

"Hush!" she whispered in a terrified voice. "Do not betray me, and read this." (She pushed an ivory tablet into my hand.) "I may not come with you,

I laid hold of her. "Come!" I persisted. "You are not happy. The English Ambassador—"
"My baby! I have a little yellow lily," she whispered; then wrenched herself away and was lost in the crowd.

I went up to Eric and entreated him to find Clarissa; but our quest in the prowded streets was in vain; and as soon as we were alone I read the message on the tablet:

"For mercy's sake, leave China at once, if you can! I dare not say more. White Narcissi."

White Narcissi."

"Let us go now—go now!" I exclaimed. "I can pack at once."

Eric turned on me rather sternly.

"Louise," he declared, "Clarissa never weighed her words. At any rate, her warning is useless. I have to go into the interior to Samoy on business; and if I don't go, it's good-by to a future partnership. No, I'll go alone, leaving you at a treaty port. Boxers? Well, I'm not afraid; they'll show heels at sight of an armed foreign devil."

"I shall not let you go alone," I said firmly; and I accompanied him into the interior, where everyone was dressed a la Chinoise and pagodas were as plentiful as rice fields.

"China for the Chinese!" These

" China for the Chinese !"

were the hour's words, both in the Ver-million City and Samoy; and at the lat-ter place we were continually hearing of a popular leader called "Li of the Hun-dred Eyes," who was fond of waylaying Europeans, carrying them to a joss-house, and torturing them to death.

Eric, as usual, pooh-poohed "Li."

"Not going to be afraid of that beggar!" he said, contemptuously; and, true to his creed, he went boldly on his way with myself and Lulu, accompanied by two coolies only. It was a lovely day when we left the station—the first of Mary's month. The sun shone on the wide river, with its flower-decorated junks. When we came

The end of it all was this: Clarissa, looking like a Dresden China shepherdess, married Mr. Li, and then she

"The Boxers !" muttered Eric. "Let us give a greeting and pass on."
He put us behind him and walked on, with head erect. I said a "Hail Mary" and felt myself turn coid. We were in a terrible fix. Words are powerless to

describe it.

"Stop there, you foreign devils!"
thundered a voice in English.
Rude hands tore my dress, joss-sticks
burned; we were jeered at and taunted,
At last an unsexed Amazon tried to

At last an unsexed Amazon tried to wrest Lulu from me, and at that I screamed aloud.

"My child — our little Lu! Eric! Eric! They want to steal her!"

That scream was our salvation. From a bamboo-thatched hut some distance away came a woman with a babe, in long, white cambric baby clothes.

"Clarrie, Clarrie!" I cried. "Help me!" And the woman came on till she atood by my side.

stood by my side.
"Give me Lulu!" she panted. "Take

Yellow Lily !"
And I quickly made the exchangeor, as it proved, a minute too soon; or we were all going to be hustled off mmediately to the joss-house. The

immediately to the joss-house. The leader came up to me.

"Hey," said he—"hey, we meet again in my land, among my own people! That London, with its fogs and plots, is far away now. I hated it—I hate all England."

"Yet" said I "you loved an English."

England."

"Yet," said I, " you loved an English
woman, and took her away from every
friend she had." friend she had."
"That is different. Once in a life-time all men are fools."
He broke off suddenly; one of his

the broke of suddenly; one of his followers had almed a rusty spear at my husband's breast, and Clarissa had thrown herself as a shield before him. It had transfixed the poor, foolish, lov-ing heart, and she lay dying on the

ground.

Li-Hung knelt down beside her. His beady eyes were dim. He raised the poor head on his arm, and laid it upon his breast.

"What is it, White Narcissi?" he

asked, as he bent down and kissed her.
"This," she said brokenly. "Let them go free, and let my little babe go

with them."

And it came to pass. We took Lulu and the Yellow Lily to Canton with us; and the Yellow Lily to Canton with us; and when I found myself in a friendly merchant's house, I undressed the half-Chinese child and put it into a cot next my own; and, lol round its neck was a blue ribbon from which was suspended the small silver medal I had given to Clarrie; and a mission priest baptized her as Marie Providence.—By Nora Recemen in the Ave Marie Ryeman in the Ave Maria.

## THE SUPERNATURAL DESTINY OF THE IRISH RACE

From the Bulletin of the Œuvre Expiatoir

The age of Patrick was one of great The age of Patrick was one of great saints and illustrious doctors, writes Father Michael Phelan, S. J., in The Austral Light. While he was explaining the mysteries of the Blessed Trinity to our fathers at Tars, the imperial city of Constantinople was still thrilling under the magic of St. John Chrysostom's eloquence. St. John as a boy had the best of tutors to train his varied gifts. He surpassed all men of his time in the art of polished rhetoric—an art that afterwards, as a Bishop, he brought to such a degree of splendour as to earn for himself the surname, "John of the golden mouth."

golden mouth."

His education completed, he resolved to become a priest; and to prepare for that sacred state he devoted six years in the desert to prayer and austerities.

He was ordained and finally raised to
the second position in the Christian
world: he became Patriarch of Constan-

tinople.
A hundred years previously Constantine had transferred the seat of empire from Rome, and built his spiendid capitrom Rome, and built his spiendid capital by the sunny waters of the Bosphorus.

The known world was laid under contribution to enrich and beautify it. It was now the home of the Catholic Emperor.

Patrician nobles, mighty princes, and ambassadors from distant lands thronged its extent and parks. All the power and its streets and parks. All the pomp and majesty that the chief city of the empire could lend reflected a dignity on the See of Constantinople; but its chiefest and most lasting glory came from the life and talents of its illustrious Bishop. He found it a prey to many vices. From the pulpit of St. Sophia he cease-lessly hurled the bolts of a fearless eloquence. The fervour of his prayers and the majesty of his genius triumphed at last. Vice fled absahed and virtue flourabed. last. Vice fled absahed and virtue flour-ished. He finally crowned a career of aplendour by laying down his life for Christ. The three titles of saint, doctor, and martyr are united in his person.

Just two years after. St. Patrick's arriving at Tara the bells of Constantin arriving at Tara the bells of Constantin-ople are tolling, and sorrowing crowds are thronging out to bring back the body of their martyr Biahop.

The scene was striking. The new city

was at the zenish of its glory. The sun-lit waters of the Bosphorus reflected rows of marble palaces. The pennons from the glided galleys that rode at anchor were fluttering in the breeze. The squares of fashion and the marts of commerce were thronged. The blast of trumpets reminded you that this city was the home of an emperor who ruled the world. If there was a picture that promised immortality surely, it was

On that day, when the capital turned On that day, when the capital turned out to welcome to their last restingplace the ashes of St. John Chrysostom, fancy a person gifted with prophecy to address these citizens, saying: "At this moment a holy man is planting the faith in an island wrapped in the grey mists of the North Atlantic. The Church that to-day he founds will outlast your own." The polished dwellers by the Bosphorus would probably shudder at the thought of our chill fogs, and then smile at the childishness of the prophecy.

Well, almost fifteen centuries have rolled by since and look at Constanti-

nople now.

The Roman eagles have long since fied its walls. Swarthy followers of Mahomet are its masters. The crescent, and not the cross, now glistens above the dome of St. Sophis. And John Chrysostom, in his most despondent hour, could never imagine that the city made illustrious by his life and eloquence, sancti-fied by his prayers and blood, could so

forget the faith he taught as to be the stronghold of anti-Christian hate and the sink of Moslem pollution. Let us now took from the Eastern to

the Western Church.

Just at this period, too, the widowed See of Hippo was mourning the death of the great Augustine. About the time St. Patrick was receiving his commission from Pope Celestine, this intellectual giant was closing his wondrous career. For more than a quarter of a century he stood as the bulwark of Catholic truth against the fierce assaults of

olic truth against the flerce assaults of error. The ranks of heresy were shiv-ered, and the ablest foes went down before the crushing strength of his resist-less logic. North Africa in his day re-joiced in five hundred Bishoprics, and the splendour of Augustine's genius

the splendour of Augustine's genius shed a glory over all.
Where are they lnow? Alas! if grief could enter a sainted breast, looking down from the high heavens, he might sigh over the desolation of his native land—the land of Cyprian and Tertullian. The temples that once dotted it have vanished, and their scattered ruins recover of ford shelter to the wardening. ce afford shelter to the wandering

The day Patrick touched our shores The day Patrick touched our shores, these two sees, Hippo and Constantinople, exulted in populousness and majesty; adorned as they were by the twin stars, Augustine and Chrysostom, they formed the brightest jewels in the Church's crown. To-day they are vanished as if the world had never known them, while our pation's arcette looks ished as if the world had never known them, while our nation's apostle looks down on the little island of his love and sees her towering above the Atlantic breakers, a pharos of spiritual splendour

breakers, a pharos of spiritual splendour, with a faith as unshaken, as her rock-bound coasts, and her children carrying his banners into the most distant lands. "I look," says Newman, "towards a land both old and young—old in its Christianity, young in the promise of a future; a nation which received the faith before the Saxon came to Britain, and which have never questioned it; and church which comprehends in its history and which have never questioned it; a Church which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Can erbury and York, which Augustine and Palladius founded and Pole and Fisher left behind them. I contemplate a people that had a long night and will have an inevitable

ITS VITAL ENERGY.—THE PAST

In a healthy body we expect to see more than self-preservation. Now, each portion of the Catholic Church is incused by the spirit of Pentecost. Hence it is not satisfied with mere stagnant existence. It pants for conquest; hungers for the music of battle. This is strikingly illustrated in the early centuries of the Irish Chnrch, and in her life history to-day.

The deluge of barbarian invasion that rolled over the Roman Empire between the fifth and ninth centuries swept away, like broken toys, the fairest monuments of religion and civilization. When the waves subsided it was discovered that every country from Italy to the Belgian coast was left desolate.

Now Ireland never belonged to the Empire of Casars. She was, by her insular position, cut away from the rest of the world, and therefore saved from its corruption and final ruin. During this

the world, and therefore saved from its corruption and final ruin. During this period, too, the land was studded with religious homes, storehouses of apostolic energy. Not satisfied with educating and sanctifying her own children, scholars from every part of Europe found shelter in our great universities of Clonmacnoise, Bangor, and Armagh. From these, swarms of Irish missionaries poured into every land restoring religion and science, well-nigh buried under the tidal wave of barbaric fury.

England and Scotland, France and Germany, Italy and Switzerland were the theatres of our apostles' zeal. Each of these nations has embalmed their glorions deeds, and their canonised names live enshrined in the martyrology

names live enshrined in the martyrology

names live enshrined in the martyrology of every country of Western Europe.

As again we unroll the canvas of time what a saintly drama passes before our enraptured vision! We see Aldan preaching to the Northumbrians with a King for his interpreter. We see Vergilius proving to the astonished scholars of Georgean the retundity of the carth of Germany the rotundity of the earth and the existence of the Antipodes, eight centuries before Magellan doubled the Cape. We see Columbanus erecting monastic institutes from Belgium to the centre of Italy. We see John Scotus standing on the steps of the French throne, with a palace for his schools and kings for his scholars. Whether in the outpouring of martyr blood, in their triumphs in the domain of science, or triumphs in the domain of science, or in the fiery conquests of their zeal, they knew no rivals. Europe for four centuries rang with the fame of Ireland's sons; their names are the bright spots of our history, and their achievements more imperishable than the stateliest column of the proudest arch of triumph.

THE PRESENT Turn your eyes wherever you will to day, and two bold facts confront you— the same crying need for supernatura regeneration on the one hand, and the me marvellous activities of our race

in pursuit of the spostolic vocation on the other.

The religious revolution of the sixteenth century produced two disastrou results. It dethroned infallible author ity, setting up on the empty seat fickle human reason, constituting every man his own Pope, to retain or reject as much of the Bible as suited him. Secondly, it unbarred the moral restraints of the lower appetites, letting loose the wolves lower appetites, letting loose the wolves of human passion. Fasting, celibacy, confession, an unbroken marriage tie—every power that checked the rebellion of our baser selves was flung to the winds. Licence of intellect and licence of sensuality got free sport. Religious and moral anarchy was the inevitable result. Men to-day stand aghast when they see faith dwing the idea of God's they see faith dying, the idea of God's sovereignty and punishments vanishing, people openly scofing at the bare possi-bility of virtue, and nations and races perishing through systematised immor-

ality.
The Reformation was a sadder curse than the barbarian invasion. It blasted, not homes or fields, but man's dearest possession—his heart and intellect.

It is appalling to read of the millions in the late American census that have entered themselves as having no religion.

Nearer home, thousands retain the mere colouring of Christianity to conform with conventional propriety; but the cold heart of a dead faith lies within them.

The outlook would be disheartening, but see! just when the chilling milde of indifferentism and infidelity threat the world's faith with extinction, t Almighty Hand that guides the warm waters of the gulf stream by our western coast to temper with their genial breath the natural severities of our climate— the same Hand is to day rolling over de-

the natural severties of our climate—the same Hand is to day rolling over decaying Christendom the warm waves of Irish faith.

A little nation, enclosing within her own coast but four millions, sees twelve millions of her children carrying her name and faith into every land. They form the chosen regiments of the Church's frontier army that daily wrest-les with the forces of infidelity.

Yearly, swarms of priests and nuns and faithful laity leave our shores. In every corner of the English-speaking world they are to be found raising altars to the living God. The church spires that fling glittering crosses to the heavens over the broad stretch of world from Queenstown to Cape Horn are mainly monuments of Irish faith.

The Vatican Council of 1870 brought out a startling fact. Seven hundred and sixty-seven mitred heads clustered around the Chair of Peter. In that vast assemblage there were thirty different nations represented small provinces geographically larger than Ireland. Yet in that august body the Bishops of Irish blood out-numbered by twenty-four those of any other mationality.

When Cardinal Manning beheld the long array of Patrick's mitred sons sweeping in procession through the venerable capital of Christendom, he exclaimed; "If there is a saint in the high sanctuary of heaven to-night that has reason to be proud, that saint's name is Patrick!"

As in the early ages Ireland checked the anti-Christian forces of destruction.

As in the early ages Ireland checked the anti-Christian forces of destruction, so to-day we see her in deadly grip with the powers of infidelity.

With such a past and present it is not difficult to forecast the future. Analogies from the histories of other peoples not only render the task easy, but illumine and make transparent one evident destiny of our race.

Pagan Rome built roads through the world, she broke down the barriers that divided separate nationalities; she united Frank and Teuton, Spaniard and African under a common standard. She then completed her giant task by giving the world a common language.

All this God used for His own purposes. These roads facilitated the march of His Apostles with His message. Their presching was understood and wafted abroad through the common language of the empire; and the separate nationalities that were accustomed to unite under the Roman cross, to render allegiance once more to Rome—not to

unite under the Roman cross, to render allegiance once more to Rome—not to Coesar this time but to Peter.

The application to the life destiny of our race is startling. English commerce and enterprise are penetrating every land, and the English tongue is becoming the world language. These the Irish are consecrating to the service of Christ. In the wake of English enterprise is flowing the full tide of Ireland's Apostolate. The men who are flying in pursuit of gold are the precursors used by God to prepare the way for the men of higher mission, the men who fly in pursuit of souls.

The Jews who enlisted in Alexander's army were swept into every corner of

The Jews who enlisted in Alexander's army were swept into every corner of the universe. With them went their sacred books, holding the prophecies concerning the coming Messiah. Through their agency a knowledge of the Redeemer's advent was diffused the world over.

To-day God uses the tidal wave of English conquest and commerce for a second contract of the conquest and commerce for a second contract of the conquest and commerce for a second contract of the conquest and commerce for a second contract of the conquest and commerce for a second contract of the conquest and commerce for a second contract of the conquest and commerce for a second contract of the conquest and commerce for a second contract of the conquest and commerce for a second contract of the contract of the

To-day God uses the tidal wave or English conquest and commerce for a purpose like to that for which He em-ployed the army of the Macedonian conqueror—to transport abroad the scattered children of the chosen race with the priceless message entrusted to their keeping. This leads to the final

To the student of history one fact is clearly evident—that for nations, as for individuals, God has appointed a definite destiny. To one he gives commercial ness: to another military But for us the one bold fact that stands out is—Our kingdom is not of this world our ambitions are not measured by earth: they are limited by eternity alone. Hence we rejoice; for if history teaches any lesson, it is the vanishing nature of

all human greatness.

Proud Babylon has fallen; the sceptres Alexander distributed have moul-dered into dust, and his empire has vanished like a dream. Rome arose, and for ten centuries awed mankind. The same inevitable doom awaits the living kingdoms of to-day. Macanlay contemplates the time "when the sceptre shall have passed away from Eugland, when, perhaps, travellers from distant regions shall in vain labour to decipher on some mouldering pedessal the name of our proudest chief; shall hear savage hymns proudest onier; shall near savage hymns chanded to some misshapen idol over the gilded dome of our proudest temple; and shall see a single naked fisherman wash his nets in the river of the ten thousand masts." Over all this world's glory has gone forth the fatal sentence "Thou art but dust" here. -"Thou art but dust," hence we have nothing to sigh over in the loss of a greatness that dissolves with the breath

For if to-day the Irish wolf-dog For if to-day the Irish wolf-dog-guarded every harbour from New Zea-land to Labrador, if the ocean highways were dotted over with the green pen-nants from our masts, if our streets re-echoed with the martial tramp of vic-torious armies, and the roll of our war drum resounded through the world, all that greatness would rise and swell like the ways on the ocean's bosom and disthe wave on the ocean's bosom and dis-solve and vanish to join the shadows of

solve and vanish to find the shadows of things that were.

No! our empire is not of clay or iron.
It is something vastly nobler. It is the conquest of the supernatural, the triumph of the spiritual; hence it is mperishable.

God can call a nation as well as a man,

to the glory of the Apostolate. When He does, the strength of His right arm is by her side, and conquer she must even in rags. Mere human forces may dash themselves upon her and try to im-pede her onward march. In vain, for her strength is from above and when the strength is from above and when the Lord of Hosts places within her hands the consecrated banner of faith pours upon her benedictions from on high and sounds in her ear the trumpet charge,