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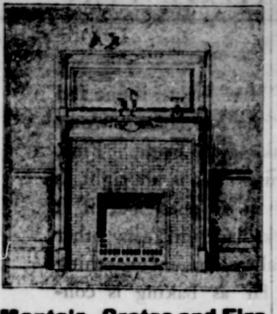
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In the Red o' the Turf
 They were kind neighbors to the one were the Lees. Kind ever to the lonely old woman who never had man or child of her own. And the reason for that same, God knows—and Mark Lee—never another. But Mary was good to me, too, and I don't begrudge her what her money got her. She's had him these twenty years and more; but I know well 'twas never Mark's heart that chose her. Maybe that's why I can love the boy that's hers—and his.

I never had but the one secret all me life long, now I have another, and I'll keep it, too, God willing, for it's no manner of use to talk of such things.
 Only, I think the Lord Who let me do it. The rain was drivin' over the bog last night in sheets, and the wind howled on the face o' the hill. There was no light in the room but the glow o' the fire, and all at once that dimmed with the cloud o' grey ashes that swirled up fro' the hearth.

"Lord save you, whoever you are, and out o' sich a night," says I, "Close the door, you onadhwana, unless you want to send me clean up the chimney."
 Then, when the ashes fell, I saw it was the lad Dan Lee, from over the way.
 "Well, Dan," says I, "and what's brought you out this night?"
 "May I sit by the fire to-night, Honor?" says he; "I'm off to America in the morning."
 I'd never heard that voice on him before, but many's the time I told Mark, aye, and Mary too, that they were too hard on the lad, and he their only one, and now he taken they'd learnt it for themselves.

"That's sudden," says I, quiet-like, for I could see that 'twas more than talkin' that would be needed to check him now. "And why isn't it beyond you are, the last night ever you'll see the old folk?"
 He gave a start at that.
 "I've broke with them, and that's the truth," he lets out. "You may quit your talkin', for I've me mind made up. I'm goin' to America, and you'll waste your time, Honor, if you go talkin' to me. You'd do better to be sayin' your prayers," and he took up the prayer-book that lay on the edge of the hearth, and commenced turning over the pages. "Is it reading this you are to-night?" he says, showing me that it was not of himself he was going to speak; and humorin' him, God gave me the great thought.
 "Times I do," says I, "and more times 'tis in the fire I do be readin'." Lord forgive me that same, and true enough many's the picture I've watched fallin' to ashes in the red o' the turf.
 It caught his fancy, well I guessed it would, and he asked me to read what I saw there to-night.
 "You must give your word," says I, "that you won't speak to me till I've done, that you'll hear me to the end."
 "Ay, then," says he, "I'll listen, never fear."
 "On your faith?" says I.
 "I see a big city," says I, "with folk hurryin' up and down, and all busy wid their own concerns. I see a lad walkin' amongst them. He is alone. No one cares what he is about, or what comes to him. There are miles and miles o' streets in the city, and more folk live in it than you or me have ever seen, yet there's not a soul to bid the lad the time o' day or to care if he's cold or ill, if he's starvin' or dyin'. Now I see some folk beginning to look at him, but they all have bad faces, wicked bad faces. The good folk pass him by, because there are little devils sittin' on his shoulders, and they drive everybody away that hasn't got other devils on their shoulders too. The devil o' disobedience has a seat close to the collar o' the lad's coat, and near by is the devil o' disrespect to parents."

I saw Dan look up as if he was going to speak, and I reminded him o' his promise. "There's obstination, too," says I, "and ill-temper, and pride, and others quite at home, and they keep callin' to their friends on the other folks' backs. Drunkenness, and idleness, and gamblin', stealin', and all badness come round the lad, but when honest men look at him, his devils pull him away from them."
 "I see this goin' on, only the coat where the devils are sittin' is gettin' shabbier. It's wearin' into holes, but there are so many devils on it now that I can't say if it is the same coat at all. So it is. But now the figure o' the lad is fadin', and I see nothin' but the flames, burnin', burnin' all before them, except the little devils dancing for joy in the heart of them, for haven't they got more fuel for the fire o' hell?"
 I looked up at Dan, but his head was down on his breast, and never a bit of his face could I see.
 "Here's another picture," says I, and I stir the turf. "It's in another country, it's nearer home. I see a house, a lonely house. There's no one in it but an old woman with white hair, and a sad, patient face. It's a poor place. Want and misery show

out upon the walls. A cup o' black tea stands on the hearth. There's no milk, for the last o' the three fine cows was sold long ago. A crust o' bread is on the table, but the old woman only looks at it with hungry eyes. It's the last thing that's left to eat in the house, and maybe there is some one comin' who will want it more than she.
 "After a while an old man comes in. He's bowed and bent, God help him, and terrible thin. He eats the bit o' bread and drinks down the black tea. I see him lay his hand on the old woman's shoulder and speak to her, and, oh, the sad sight! the tears are fallin' down his cheeks. I see a gomben man come in. He goes around and tosses the bits o' furniture about. They are poor things, but they are the old mother's treasures. I see the old folk alone again in the bare kitchen, but far away I see the poor man's van comin'—to carry them away to—the workhouse. I see them look around, to choose what little thing they can take away with them to the place they're goin' to. The old woman goes to the cupboard and takes out a bundle o' clothes. Her own? The old man's? No. Just the outfit o' a gossoun, before they put him into suits. There's a pair o' socks among them, a pair o' baby's socks. The old man is lookin' over her shoulder, and his face is drawn and grey. She lays one sock in the hand that he puts out to her. Is the boy that used to wear that sock dead an' gone? Surely he must be, or his parents would never be in such straits. The sound o' wheels is heard outside, and the old father slips the baby sock into the breast o' his poor coat. Oh, I can almost hear the words he mutters, 'God forgive me me share in what is past.' The other sock? It is in the mother's keepin'. It is pressed to her lips. It is wet with tears. Their home is taken from them. They have lived in poverty and hardship. They are too old to work, and they are alone. Everything is gone from them, everything, only the two baby socks that were worn long ago by the son who has deserted them. The sound o' wheels draws nearer. Tremblin', heart-broken, shoulder to shoulder, with the baby socks restin' on their hearts, they totter across the threshold."

"No! no! no!" The lad sprang up, and the hot tears splashed on to his knees. "Never that, never that. God forgive me!"
 The storm was passed; there was no rain now, and the moon came in through the window and fell across the floor. He'd forgotten me, but, thank God, he'd forgotten his plan for to-morrow, too.
 "You'll get home before they've shut up for the night, Dan," says I.
 "I will, Honor, God helpin' me," says he. And he went. I watched him till he was swallowed up in the shadow of his own house, away there on the hill. No one knows why he went back to them, no one only God and him, and me, a lone old woman.
The English Bishops and the Education Crisis
 The Archbishops and Bishops of the Province of Westminster have issued the following Pastoral Letter on the Education Crisis:
 The Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of Westminster to the Clergy and Laity of the said Province.
 Health and Benediction in the Lord: Dearly Beloved Brethren, and dear Children in Jesus Christ,—The clear, simple, and perfectly just claims, which we put forth last Lent on behalf of our Catholic schools, have been disregarded and rejected by his Majesty's Ministers and by the House of Commons. We claimed that, because Catholic parents are equal in all things to their fellow-countrymen, as ratepayers, as citizens, as subjects of the same Sovereign, as sharing all the privileges and burdens of the same nationality, they possess the right in justice "to have their children educated in the elementary schools of the country in conformity with their conscientious religious convictions." The hopes that were then legitimately entertained, based as they were on many assurances publicly and privately given, have been shattered. The inequalities created by the Act of 1870 are perpetuated and extended; and if the present proposals become the law of the land, they will impose upon the Catholic Church in this country religious disabilities greater than any form which we have suffered for a very long period.
 We asked for three things: "Catholic schools; Catholic teachers; effective Catholic oversight of all that pertains to religious teaching and influence." All three alike have been denied to us.
 In the case of about half of our schools all public aid is refused, though rates will still be demanded, of us, part of which will be devoted to a religious teaching alien from, and in many things opposed to, the teaching of the Catholic Church. These schools will be starved to death by the action of the Liberal Government, in defiance of all the principles

to which it owes its appellation. Then in the areas where, under these circumstances, no Catholic public elementary school can any longer exist, Catholic parents may be left under the compulsion of the law to send their children to non-Catholic schools in opposition to the dictates of their conscience. The Government is thereby creating a situation of peculiar difficulty and delicacy, in which Catholics may be obliged to disregard a law which is manifestly unjust, and to obey, rather, the law of God, which no Legislature has power to abrogate or set aside.

In those schools in which it may, according to the provisions of the Bill, be possible to teach Catholic doctrine to Catholic children, no guarantee whatever is given that the teachers shall be Catholics. We are told to trust to the goodwill and fairness of the local authorities. Such assurances are unworthy of serious legislation.
 Lastly, the oversight which the Catholic Church has always claimed in connection with the religious teaching and influence to which her children are entrusted, receives no recognition of any kind; but, like the appointment of teachers, it is left absolutely to those who, if they are candid, would be the first to acknowledge that they are not competent to deal with matters of this character.

It is unnecessary to state the position at greater length. Our claims are well known to all who care to know them. Their justice is clear to all who will cast prejudice from their minds. They have been set forth on many occasions and on many platforms, and nowhere more eloquently or more forcibly than by the Catholic members in the House of Commons. Our public appeal now lies to the House of Lords, and we call upon the members of that House to prevent the injustice which is contemplated, and to see that fair treatment is meted out to all parents alike, without violating the religious convictions of any.

But in this most grave crisis, while we feel the need of bringing home continually to all who have influence in the country our sense of the unfairness of the proposals of the Government, we are conscious that our appeal for justice must first be to God Himself, "by Whom kings reign and law-givers decree just things." The month of October which has been dedicated for so many years to special prayer for the needs of the Church, through the intercession of the Blessed Mother of God, under the title of Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, gives us a fitting opportunity for more fervent and united prayer. Exhort your people, dear Brethren in Jesus Christ, to greater earnestness and devotion. Make known to them clearly the gravity of the issues which are involved, and awaken in them a spirit of strong and trustful supplication, that the Divine Spirit may guide us all in our resistance to the wrong which may be done to our children, and in our efforts to avert it.

For this reason we enjoin: first, that the usual October devotions be this year celebrated with more than ordinary care in all our churches; secondly, that, throughout the month, the prayers "Pro congregatione et familia" (No. 8) or other Imperata, as directed by the local Ordinary, be added in Holy Mass and Benediction, whenever the rubrics permit; thirdly, that the faithful be exhorted to receive Holy Communion on Sunday, October 21, which immediately precedes the reassembling of Parliament; and fourthly, that, wherever possible, the Blessed Sacrament be exposed throughout the day.

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