## BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

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BY ANNA C. MINOGUS

CHAPTER XXV CHAPTER XXV

Preston Martins despatched his father's business and then rode home, under the magical light and shade of the tree-edged road. Sometimes a rabbit hopped leisurely across his way, or a gray squirrel's bright eyes looked down upon him, from an overhanging bough, while an occasional bird chirped a languid summer note from its mystic world of leafness. His dogs were waiting at the gate to welcome him, and bounded up the avenue by his side, barking out their loyal hearts' joy. The negro workavenue by his side, barking out their loyal hearts' joy. The negro working on the lawn, and the boy, waiting to take his horse, greeted him with the smiling freedom of friends. To him these were not the insignificant things of the world, but its sweetest, and he paused in his deep reflections to give the gratitude of thought to this comradeship of fellow creatures.

low creatures.

He passed up to his father's room where he found Teresa reading to the invalid. She rose at his entrance and he noted that her beautiful eyes had lost their brilliancy, and that her face was wan and grief drawn. "You are killing yourself," he said, in low tones. "I am going to see my in low tones. "I am going to see my mother and ask her to insist upon your taking more rest. You will obey her wish, if not my command," and the shadow of a smile crossed his face. At sight of it, Teresa sobbed convulsively, and hastily quitted the apartment. After a brist statement apartment. After a brief statement of the business matter, Preston took the book which Teresa had laid down and began to read aloud. So the morning passed to afternoon, when the entrance of one of his father's friends gave him an opportunity to withdraw from the sick chamber. At the foot of the stairs he met his mother, to whom physical exhausmother, to whom physical exhaus-tion had brought a long sleep after own calm, fair self once more in her stately silk, but trouble gathered into her eyes and shaded her counten-ance as she saw his sadly altered

Preston, my dear son! What has changed you so utterly? You are troubled—what about?"

He took the soft hand which she laid upon his arm and led her back

to the parlor.
"Mother," he said, as they reached that room, "your patience with me has never failed, I ask for its continuance, though I must now disappoint pain you, cause you lasting sor-he paused for a moment, then d: "Mother, I cannot give you Teresa for a daughter.'

He saw that she gave a little gasp, but further expression of astonishment or grief there was none. She was not the woman to cry out her loss, even to the ears of her son. Moreover, she knew that hers was a passing shadow compared to his deep night of misery.

"May I ask one question?" she

said, after a pause, and a slight flush colored her cheeks. "Has this change in you been caused by, or has it followed from the change in her

position?"
"It has not," he replied, in his gentlest tones. "But mother," he continued earnestly, "this will make no difference between you and her? love and devotion, if you cannot be such in name. She loves you. Oh! she proved her love nobly, nobly! I leave her to you mother—all I have to leave—the best I could leave. Her face showed the cruel white of

anguish. Preston, you are not going away

"I do not know. . . . I have not yet decided. . . But whether I go or stay, promise me that Teresa shall never need a mother while my nother lives!"

The misery of his heart worked it way up to the face and made it quiver piteously. She lifted her arms and drawing down his head, hid that tortured face on her boson boy! My boy!" and she pressed lips to his soft, wavy hair; then added, "I accept your sacred charge Henceforth, I have two children."

Henceforth, I have two children."
He let her hold him thus for another long moment; then he gently disengaged himself from her embrace.
"My own good mother! Thank you," he said sottly and kissed her, and then knowing that he wished it, she turned to find Teresa. And Preston went out to fight his last text to be a serious or the little grayward. battle alone in the little graveyard. He stood by the wall, his arms resting upon it, until the summer sur went down in a sea of amber glory went down in a sea of amber glory— and still the decision had not been made. The power and fascination of a public life held, for one moment, his soul : in the next it was destroyed by the knowledge of its demoralizing influence, to withstand which calls for great continuous struggle, and should be choose the harder and more dangerous combat when victo would be the same? He saw Worth ington's words realized; saw himself nding under the glare of the orld's cruel light and the world's cruel light and the own conscience, bravely performing his duty no matter what foes in assailed. For this victory he must struggle through the heat and dust of life's long, lonely, highway. In the great world of the weak and the powerful, he must be the support for the helpless, the menace for the

misery, lifted pleading hands, piteous-ly asked how it, alone, could go through that conflict which would cause only when death approached. It made him look upon the humilia-tion, the sacwifice, the death in life of the Indian teacher as a degree nearer happiness, and demanded, if it were required of him, that he should tread the winepress of existence until the last red drop were bruised out. The last red drop were bruised out. The question narrowed down until it stood thus: which was the higher way, the public life which called for the crucifixion of the soul, or the private one which meant crucifixion of the body? Which was the way of the Divine Will? Which was God'sseer, the words of St. John Worthington or the example of the Trappist monk? the example of the Trappist monk?
He was utterly exhausted. He could not reason, he could scarcely think.
But his decision must be made during one hour of this night and once as he saw, gleaming like a white star on a world of darkness, a message

the fair acceptance! There was a creeping stir in the light. . . . It slid forward like a snake and came up behind the unconscious man. . . . Paused. The right hand was lifted, thrown back. . . There was a swift forward movement. . . the gleam of a long, sharp knife; then Preston Martins fell back upon the child's grave. . . This was death! the death he had said he could not enter the could be said to the sai dure—death by a savage hand. His eyelids quivered before they unclosed. the knew what they should behold—the smiling, fiendishly exultant face of his father's Indian son. Awful sight for dying eyes! Awful picture for the soul to carry with it into eternity! But he held back strong death for a moment, opened his bloodless lips, and with his eyes pouring the radiance of God-like orgiveness upon that terrible coun-tenance, said, with his last breath

"My brother!" The yellow light faded from th west. The fleecy clouds lost their gold trimmings and were welded to gether into a wall of gray. Over it, like a watchman on a battlement, shone the evening star. One by one, the other stars began to look out from the purple upper world. Then the harvest moon rose in her pride from the belt of eastern woodland. The voices of the summer night took up their monotonous song and the day-barred creatures stole out from their hiding-places. It was a night no different from many such nights that spot had known, save that he who was wont to lean over the low stone wall, alive to all the deep stone wall, alive to all the deep beauty of the scene, now lay there wrapped in death's strict yet not un-tender embrace. All that night, moon and stars poured down their soft beams on the unsesing eyes. The insects chirped their dittles on his unheeding ears. The dew bathed his beautiful cold face and hung its damp on his soft, wavy hair; b chill could not make more rigid the set features, nor send a shiver through the pulseless frame. So the hours of the night passed, while in the white house beyond, his mother and Teresa, watching in the sick room, wondered at his absence.

At daybreak, a negro sent to the pasture to bring in the work horses, passed the graveyard, and sent up such an unearthly shrick of horror that George Martins awoke and sprang up to demand its meaning. Teresa, hurrying down, met the crazed servant, who hurled upon herears the tiding of this awful die ears the tidings of this awful discovery. When the household surged into the little graveyard they found her lying at the feet of the dead, as white and cold and lifeless.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

For two years George Martins lived, ministered to by his loving wife and Teresa. They were years of penance and humiliation of spirit, of grief, which the sight of his childless wite made the sharper. It was his work, all, all. Then he would turn from the sight of the graveyard on the lawn, where his victims slept, to ask himself what had become of his

not you who slew Preston, not you, but your father and his!"

But this was not to be. Twice the opportunity had been his, and twice he had spurned it and as he had passed unheeded the cry of that other soul, so against his the ear of God was deatened.

was deafened.

In the little burial-ground on the western lawn they laid him down for his dreamless sleep, and here also they carried his gentle lady when her

Teresa was again alone. Her step-grandmother in Virginia, who had, on the statements of George Martins and Mr. Worthington, acknowledged her right to the great property left to her by her aged husband, urged the girl to make her home with her. Teresa had considered the invitation, but when she saw the consternation that thought of her departure caused the slaves, she dismissed it, realizing that the duties of her strangely restored property were not to be thus cast aside at her own wish. Life's work could be no more disregarded But his decision must be made during one hour of this night and once made it was irrevocable. His eyes went over the scene, now bathed in the yellow glory of departing day; but it gave back no answer. Then they returned to the graveyard, also illumined by that golden radiance; but no voice came from its low bads. He was alone. He must be his own advisor, decide his own destiny. But his eyes continued to rest upon the grave of the child covered with the long, pointed green leaves of the lillies-of-the-valley. "O little soul that I loved and love! can you not whisper one word of advice?" he oried. The sudden fancy took possession of his brain that he might find her answer hidden among the green leaves, the white answer of a flower. He crossed the steps and bending over the grave sought for the bellshaped blossom to reward his faith. One plant remained. He had set it out that spring, and with a sensation he could not have defined, he turned back its blade-like leaves. A cry of joy escaped him. The old smile broke the frozen surface of his face, as he saw, gleaming like a white star on a world of darkness, a message on the saw relation that thought of heaver and considered the invitation, but when she saw the consternation that thought of her debugging that the duties of her strangely related the slaves, she dismissed it, realizing that the duties of her strangely related the slaves, she dismissed it, realizing that the duties of her strangely related the slaves, she dismissed it, realizing that the duties of her strangely related the slaves, she dismissed it, realizing that the duties of her strangely related the slaves, she dismissed it, realizing that the duties of her strangely related the slaves of the old Martin's house than by the over worked music eacher. It was not less arduous, the lower worked music eacher. It was not less arduous, the looked upon the long, lonely future with a heart that qualled. She had seen St. John Worthington but once alone in all those years. It was the winter following Preston's d memory, as she knew that they had broken his heart. From that hour they had stood apart; but the snow was sprinkled beavier on St. John Worthington's hair than it had been the night he first met her dark eyes across Mrs. Halpin's hospitable table; while a sorrow, that the loss of friends, however, dark could not bring. from his dead. He gathered the flower, and laying it on his lips, turned to the west, as if he expected to see her standing there in radiant while a sorrow, that the loss of friends, however dear, could not bring, stamped itself deeply on Teresa's ivory-like face. Reflection made her see that if St. John Worthington had proven so false to his manhood he could not have instantly become the whiteness among the sun set clouds. Then there fell upon his soul a new light, and it showed him the highest sacrifice grown into friend who mourned Preston Martins' untimely death with the grief of a brother. Her maturing thoughts led her to divine the truth that Preston's suspicion having being aroused, he forced the knowledge from the lips of the man, who rose by that admit-tance from the rival to the loyal friend. She had wronged the living by her suspicions as she had wronged the dead by her foolish deby her suspicions as she had wronged the dead by her foolish de-ception. Of the seed which she had sown in ignorance, she was reaping the full harvest in bitter knowledge. Still she made no com-plaint. She schooled her heart to endurance and went her way, gather-ing over her young life that love and reverence which is the crown of gold reserved for worthy old age.

But one evening, in the April following Mrs. Martins' death, Teresa sitting alone on the piazza, experienced that inexplicable tender call which leads of times against our intentions, to the grave of a loved one. She drew the scarf over her head and crossed the path which she had often walked with Preston. She had never felt his presence so perfectly since he had quitted the flesh, as she did during that walk; and a great glad-ness came to her. Was the time of her own death near? she wondered. Would she soon lay her tired young head down for eternal rest under the edar tree where they reposed? She reached the steps, at the thought, and lifting her eyes, uttered a cry of lear on seeing a man standing by Preston's grave. He turned sharply and the evening's roseate light fell upon the face of St. John Worthing-ton. She leaned against the wall for

support. Teresa !"

Oh! how soothing was the old name from his lips! Then:
"I beg your pardon! I fear I have alarmed you. I should not have come—but I am leaving Kentucky and I wanted to say good bye

him. A silence fell. On the grave of A silence fell. On the grave of Preston and the child, the lilies of the valley bloom, making for their lowly beds a snowy drapery. The violets, which he had once said were to him the emblems of an unhappy destiny, were spreading their royal purple over the graves of his parents and hers. Above the graves rose the solemn cedar tree, type of the eternal, as the flowers were of the mortal. as the flowers were of the mortal.

Over the dead stood the living gazing at each other. Teresa knew that as she had been the offender, she should make the atonement: so she crossed the steps, and said to him.

" And were you going without say ing good bye to me ?"

Yes," he replied. "I did not think that you cared to see me. She moved forward a few paces, to bring his face to the graves, and said:

"Once in this place, St. John, he who sleeps there told me that he would rather have justice done to him than sacrifice made for him. But I was foolish, blind, wicked, and vain, vain, vain! I thought God had called upon me to be the instrument for His divine purposas! Oh! for His divine purposes! Oh! I thought that I was called upon for sacrifice—yes, even the sacrifice of truth! Was I not blind, foolish, In the great world of the weak and the powerful, he must be the support for the helpless, the menace for the strong, by living out the painful though true life of the soul. And the poor humanity cried out in its

that once before had dyed her face my sorrow for him, hatred of myself, I threw on you a cruel suspicion. I thought—No! hear me out?" she cried, as he attempted to interrupt her, "I thought that you told him that night, not only all that paper contained, but also of that miserable confession I made in Mrs. Boyle's parlor: told both at the promptings of jealousy. Oh! I hated you then and that was why I sent you away, with those bitter words. I know now that I was wrong, that what he learned of the secret which the paper contained was wrung from you, and by my own guilty conscience my secret At first he tried to shake off the

my own guilty conscience my secret was betrayed. He forgave me my wrong to him. Can you forgive me my wrong to you?"

Forgive her! Never had he thought that she, this last idol of his affection, could do aught that would call who had wronged him, she had dealt him the cruelest blow: she had doubted his honor! Then he stooped and took her small hands in his.

"Teresa, that word must not even be thought of between us two, for-

lilies of the valley and the purple faces of the violets a cloud of fragrance rose to mingle with the cedar's strengthening odor; and the peace of the dead, the peace of forgiveness, tell upon the souls of the living.

THE END

## A MIRACLE OF GRACE

A TRUE STORY

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Mis It was summer time; and, by the sea where the moonlight fell in a long silver pathway, the man and the girl walked and talked, and told the same "old story." Both were young and both thought they loved each other. The man was clean, honest, and sincere—a fervent Catholic The girl was sweet and pure and true. She was a fervent Methodist It was not their first walk; they had no desire to be clandestine, and so when the girl's family woke up to the fact that the friendship was growing, and they demanded whether she really cared for this man, she frankly acknowledged the truth; then, like a thunder clap, came

the command:
"Drop him at once. We will have no Roman Catholic in our

That he was respectable, estimable, had a good position, could support her in comfort, made no difference. The girl's tears, remon strances, defiance even, were of no avail. The doors of her city home whence she had returned, were closed on Herbert. He bitterly resented this treatment, knowing he was beloved, but he tried to console Alice, and impressed his faith on the girl, when he told her to pray to God with him, that circumstances might with him, that circumstances might change, and she might still be his. It went far towards revealing his character, when, becoming desperate, Alice wrote him she would leave home to become his wife, he refused to listen to the idea which he considered dishonorable, and counselled her to obey her parents, and wait for "God's good time." Alice was deep-"God's good time." Alice was deep ly moved, knowing his affection, and being a girl of good sense and in telligence, could not help respecting him the more, because he held to his convictions. Her own Methodist faith troubled her very little in the case. But she grieved intensely over the state of affairs, and although her parents, brothers and sisters saw was so great that they had little pity

for her mental sorrow. Herbert had given her a printed prayer which he asked her to say often. It was a favorite of his own, and, he told her, he constantly made use of it. Alice treasured the prayer, and it was a sweet joy to her as she recited it many times during the day, to think that perhaps Her bert was saying it at the same time Over and over again it came to her lips even while she thought of Her-

"Sacred Heart of Jesus, I place my

She grew to love the words, and gradually their meaning filtered slowly into her sore heart, and gave

Alice had a brother James wh business involved frequent trips into other States. He was a handsome other States. He was a handsome young man of twenty-eight, while Alice was scarcely twenty. James was very devoted to his sister, and often reasoned with her about her "infatuation," and counselled her to forget the young Papist. There were plenty of other good men who would jump at her! Alice would grow angry at his counsel, and reproach him for his hardheartedness. She would tell him she would turn Papist herself some day, and then She would tell him she would turn Papist herself some day, and then she could marry the man of her choice. At this James would assume a look of horror, and tell her he would rather see her dead at his feet. But this sister and brother loved each other, and James did all he could "to eura her of her fancy." as he phrased it ; but all in vain.

Not long after a conversation of this kind, James was obliged to take an extended trip to Ohio where he was to remain several months. He was a fine young man, fairly well-educated in the common schools, but having intelligence and wit; and

had not appeared. Was it fate, or rather Providence, that caused him to meet Miss Bessie Wasford at a social held at a friend's house? Bessie was just twenty-four, a brilliant, educated, witty, yet wholly modest and unassuming young lady. Her quiet self-poise, and dignity attracted James Dalton, and after being introduced to her, and listening to the charm of her conversation, he found he had lost his heart.

At first he tried to shake off the feeling, but it had all at once gripped him, and he realized that, at last, fate held him without hope of release. He began to visit Miss Wafford, and as there was no doubt of his earnestness, or his intentions, the young lady announced to him one day that she was a Catholic, and she would never truth her life or her turns to one who was of a different future to one who was of a different faith. James saw she made this announcement with an effort, which gave him hope he was not disagreeable to her; and he determined to persevere and win her. He told her that his whole wish in life was to win her, and that he would never

ease trying.

Bessie smiled — but becoming grave at once—she told him serious-ly that she would never marry one

"And your Catholic religion is the one obstacle, nothing else?" said

James.
"My Catholic religion," said Bessie,
"is my life. What happiness can
married people expect whose roads
separate on the most vital of all
questions?" "Isn't that a narrow
view of God?" said James. Must we
not believe His pleasure is in the
heart's motives, not in lip service?
What difference does the outward What difference does the outward form of religion make if our hearts ow in sincere worship before Him. Bessie shrugged her shoulders im-

"You are just like the rest of men who do not know the first principles of who do not know the prespirators of the worship of God. You would argue forever, and then be unconvinced. If you are sincere, I will give you a book or two to read, and you may see for yourself where you are mistaken. You tell me you have never touched a Cathoilc book, and you pretend to denounce our views as 'narrow.' Will you read the books I shall lend you or shall we say 'Good-bye' forever.'

James would do anything sooner than say "Goodby" to this fascinat-ing girl. He accepted the books, and returning home wrote a long letter to his mother, telling her he thought he had found his destiny, but that she was stubborn on religious matters: he hoped by patience and gentleness to overcome that obstacle. He was liberal and broad, and she should be whatever she wished; he would never interfere with her religion. He sai he had accepted some reading matter about the Catholic Church, to oblige the young lady, but there was nothing in that to cause his mother

His mother wrote a reply in an guish of heart, warning him that his sister Alice had made herself and the family unhappy by her friendship for a Roman Catholic, and bidding him beware of the snares and traps that Rome was perpetually setting for the unwary. But her eldest son, at the age of twenty eight was a man, she said, matured in mind and body and she counted on his strength of char-acter, and his virile personality to scorn all allurements that might tempt him from his childhood's faith. James smiled as he read the letter;

he knew his mother well, and realized the pang his announcement had cost her, and told himself she was a dear old foolish mother to worry out him, for he determined he would keep to his Methodist Church —in name anyhow and win the girl his heart coveted. He become a Catholic? Never! But Bessie he would have! if she loved him, as he loved her.

In this spirit he carelessly opened "The Faith of Our Fathers" and tolerantly turned the pages. He was mazed when he looked up to find he had spent an hour over the book. A new feeling took possession of him Was it possible he could have been mistaken? Had he been instructed wrong? He closed the book, but his mind was full of what he had read. The next day he read more.

He paid a visit to Miss Wafford, and she saw something was working in his soul. Was it the beginning of of her books, and no further mention was made of religious matters. Bes sie found that her heart was praying for James. Two months passed, and James wrote to his mother a letter that produced consternation in the family. He said he was becoming interested in the Catholic religion, and had bought a copy of the two books he was reading, viz; "Faith of our Fathers," and "Catholic Be-lief," and was sending them to the house, begging his mother to read them also. On hearing this terrible news, she became hysterical, and it took all the efforts of her daughters to calm her. The books came by mail, and without being divested of their wrappers were thrown out on the ash pile. Their very touch would

But Alice, whose heart was given to a "Papist" stoutly defended her brother. She reproached her mother and sisters for not giving the books a chance. What harm could they do? In fact she declared she would go out to the rubbish heap and rescue them, and indeed she did so. The two books had not suffered by their ignominious punishment, and when they were placed upon the table, curiosity impelled mother and daughters to wherever he went always made friends. He was very good-looking; and it was often remarked that it was strange he never married. He would smile and say the right one

Weeks passed by, and a wonderful change came over the family. In Ohio, James Dalton had placed himself under instruction, and Miss Bessie's heartfelt prayers for him seemed to have brought the grace of conversion. She had never weakened in the least particular, always upholding by precept and example the pure doctrines of the Holy Church of which she was a fervent member. Strange to say, she gave to James the same little prayer Herbert had given to Alice, and, unknown to each other, brother and sister had continually on their lips: "Sacred Heart of Jesus! I place my trust in Thee." place my trust in Thee."
By this time Bessie had learne

from James Dalton all about the pre-judices of his family, all about his sister Alice's Catholic friend, Herbert, and her separation from him, ar she truly sympathized with the girl, and fervently prayed for her. She often asked James, as the days passed by, is he heard any signs of the effect by, is no neart any signs of the check on his mother and sisters. But they had kept their feelings entirely to themselves. At last James wrote home that he was going to be bap-tized and enter the Catholic Church, not because he was in love with Miss Wafford, but because his honest convictions told him it was the only true Church, and he meant to be square and fair with his conscience. This was James' character, as all the family knew, and it had great in fluence with his mother and sister in strengthening the impression made by the Catholic books which they had read through, with surprise and in-terest. Much of the Church's doc trines they wanted to have explained more fully, and so after a family council, Alice and her mother plucked up courage and came to me, the only Catholic priest they knew, and laid their doubts before me, after men-tioning the extraordinary fact of

James' conversion.

It was not hard to answer their difficulties and they were amazed at the simplicity of the explanations. Mother and daughter began a course of study and instruction, and I had the happiness of seeing them advance in perfect faith and assurance of happiness. There was one drawback. Gertrude, the second daughter, de-nounced the whole thing, in deep in-dignation. She was astonished at the way things were moving, and rated her mother and Alice and James in emphatic terms. They told me about it, and I was interested enough to wish to meet this young lady, and try to save her soul in spite of herself. She had a horror of a Catholic priest, and never had spoken to one, and all the accounts that Alice and her mother gave of their hours of instruction were exaggerated into a fancy that I had bewitched them. If he saw me approaching the house she would disappear, or show such evident dislike that there was no doubt about her sentiments. One day, how ever, I met her squarely and as sh was too polite to show her feelings, I had the chance I wanted, and tactfully drew her into a pleasant argument, which ended in softening her prejudices, and made her desirous of accepting me as a friend.

Later on, Alice told me she found

Gertrude poring over the little catehism. And at last, this sincere, upright girl. told them both, she would like to join them, and actually accom-panied them to receive my instructions, and showed every desire to be-come also a fervent Catholic. The sincerity and uprightness which were characteristic in all of them were the most pleasing traits that they evinced I grew extremely interested in this good family, and spared no trouble to clear their doubts away and make their entrance into the Church a momentous and be meantime Bessie Wafford, many miles meantime besse waterd, many miss away, was praying for her flancé, and helping him to understand the doctrines of the blessed Church which had been her consolation and her support. She had heard from James of the wonderful events that were happening athome, and rejoiced with him in the joyful news.

Weeks passed by, and James an-nounced that he was going to be bap-

tized the following week. His mother told me; and I suggested she should write and tell him if he would return to his home town I would baptize him with his mother and two sisters, and two little brothers, all the family, except the father, who had held off, although tolerant of the

rest.

Bessie advised James to do so, and on the day appointed he arrived home, and I had the inexpressible happiness of baptizing his mother, himself, Alice, Gertrude and the two little shed tears of joy. Six happy souls were given to God that day, and clothed with innocence for they had never been baptized before in any Church. They all made their fire Holy Communion (except the little boys) the following first Friday at my Mass and Miss Wafford knelt be-side James Dalton at the Communion rail.

The conversion of this family made quite a sensation in the little town and stirred up much bigotry, but serene and happy the new converts did not trouble themselves about what people said.

All this year Herbert West had never written to Alice, in the distant city where he went to try and forget her. But the longing to see her once more overcame his resolution and he determined he would spend the "week's end" at the town of X——. He arrived late Saturday night, went to a hotel, and next morning went to Mass. He was petrified with aston-ishment to see the girl he loved, with ishment to see the girl he loved, with her mother and sister assisting devoutly at the Holy Sacrifice, and at appreciate the fundamental teaching

the Communion time all three kneel

the Communion time all three kneeling at the rail and receiving the Bread of Angels.

He could scarcely believe his eyes. He could not but dash away the tears of joy. Had the Bacred Heart of Christ heard his prayer? He had not long to wait an anawer.

He waited at the church door, and the glad welcome Alice and her mother gave him told him of the miracle of grace that had been wrought. He went home with them for breakfast, and it is needless to say their friendship was resumed. The mother fair, and it is needless to say their friendship was resumed. The mother could not but admire the young man for his respectful deference to the family wishes, which had now brought its reward—and Alice told him of the wonderful miracle that had happened to her brother James, through the to her brother James, through the influence of Miss Wafford, also a Catholic, and how they all rever-enced and loved the Holy Church whose precepts and doctrines made such heroes and heroines.

The end is soon told. Before the year closed I married Alice Dalton and Herbert West with a Nuptial High Mass. And in a certain town in Ohio, Bessie Wafford and James Dalton were married a few weeks later in the parish church of the happy bride.

## A NEW THEORY OF RELIGION

By the end of the nineteenth ce By the end of the nineteenth cen-tury, the thinking world seemed aweary of the cold theories of Spencer and Taylor, which plucked the super-natural out of religion. The sign was consoling for the Catholic Church; but soon consternation set in. For, when the twentieth century in. For, when the twentieth century dawned, a new and equally erroneous explanation of religion sprang from the sparkling pens of Loisy and Tyrell. Whereas Naturalism had torn the heart out of religion, Modernism, at which the late Pope Pius was forced to hurl his powerful the properties of the period of the

Encyclical Pascendi in 1907, tried to behead it.

The prompt action of His Holiness stemmed the great wave of Modernistic error, so far as the Catholic Church was concerned. But around the rock of Peter immanence has continued to swirl, lashing the pillar of ecclesiastical authority. The leaven of subjectivism which old Kant slipped into philosophical thought is doubtless the primal cause of this seethe. Schleirmacher, back in the beginning of the nine. teenth century, began where the Konigeberg sage left off, by asserting that religion was neither a know-ing nor a doing, but a feeling. From his day until this hour, the subjectivistic view of the origin of religion has been climbing over difficulties to popularity. Consequently scholars were too evilly prepared to be shocked when Theodore Schroeder recently foisted, out of his studies of Mormon and sundry other religious documents, the unique theory that the "ultimate essence" of religion is naught but sexuality! According to him, the erotic emotions in man call for something extraneous, and are quite ready to pour themselves out upon human-made creeds as divine and superphysical. The mysteriousand superphysical. The mysterious ness of the "sexual urge" lends an air of mystery to the dogmas and rites on which it chances to expend itself. In a word, religion is utterly subjective in origin, and would hard ly have become objective if sexual emotion had not given it an egress. This erotogenetic theory of religion is amply presented by J. S. Van Teslaar, M. D., in the Journal of Religious Psychology. The writer, a physician, gives the theory his hearty endorsement.

Thus once more is naturalism riding to triumph, victorious by the very means which Modernists proudly asserted alone could safeguard religion from the onslaughts of science: subjectivism! Incidentally the keen wisdom and foresight of the simple and saintly Pius. X in condemning Modernism are superbly vindicated. The Church is now confronted with the duty of absterging this new and sordid error from the minds of men. Happily, the supporters of the recent error are not from her fold. But her mission is to all mankind: Catholic pens could not employ themselved better than in a duel with the ugly blunder of Mr. Schroeder. The death of this fallacy would likely mean life to many a truth-seeking but gullible soul.

The basic thought of Mr. Schroeder's theory is, of course, too much der's theory is, or course, too much subjectivism. Empirical psychology teaches that knowledge precedes emotion. Unless scientific psychologists are willing to be beguiled by the late William James's queer conceit ("we do not cry because we are sorry, but we feel sorry because we cry"), they must bear in mind this primary lesson. But Mr. Schroeder, like the deceased Harvard professor, would have us regard feeling as antecedent to cognition. Every one knows that James' pen was often too facile for his philosophical prudence. Likely enough an aptitude for the unusual betrayed him into the presence of inversion. ent extravagance of inversion. Modern theories of religion must look beyond Cambridge, Mass., for a first-class witness to their merits; they look in vain. Yet with such testimony lacking, the theories, which state that religion is completely woven out of man's "intimate ex-perience," can be esteemed for little more than mere twaddle. The ingeniousness of these explanations may be admitted and admired; but to the authors thereof the salutary