

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

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CHAPTER XXV

Preston Martins despatched his father's business and then rode home, under the magical light and shade of the tree-edged road.

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.

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

"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 you, pain you, cause you lasting sorrow."

"It has not," he replied, in his gentled tones. "But mother," he continued earnestly, "this will make no difference between you and me? Continue to be a mother to her in 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."

"Preston, you are not going away from us?"

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misery, lifted pleading hands, piteously asked how it, alone, could go through that conflict which would cease only when death approached. It made him look upon the humiliation, the sacrifice, 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.

There was a gasp, 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?"

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

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that once before had dyed her face was now crimsoning its paleness, "in my sorrow for him, hatred of myself, I threw on you a cruel suspicion. I thought—No! hear me out!"

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had not appeared. "Was it fate, or rather Providence, that caused him to meet Miss Bessie Wafford at a social held at a friend's house?"

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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.

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

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A NEW THEORY OF RELIGION

By the end of the nineteenth century, the thinking world seemed weary of the cold theories of Spencer and Taylor, which plucked the supernatural out of religion.

The prompt action of His Holiness stemmed the great wave of Modernist error, so far as the Catholic Church was concerned. But around the rock of Peter immovably continued to swirl, lashing the pillar of ecclesiastical authority.

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 basic thought of Mr. Schroeder's theory is, of 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"), there must be 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 present extravagance of inversion.

A MIRACLE OF GRACE

A TRUE STORY By Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the Missionary

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."

That he was respectable, estimable, had a good position, could support her in comfort, made no difference. The girl's tears, remonstrances, defiance even, were of no avail.

Herbert had given her a little 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 Herbert was saying it at the same time.

"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 to him."

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