TWO

SO AS BY FIRE

BY JEAN CONNOR

CHAPTER XII THE WILD WEED'S BLOOM

The two years had passed. It was winter, and Allston Leigh's growing actice had drawn him to Washing n where "the season," social and litical, was at its height.

Committees, conventions, night dances, functions of every dinners. kind, until the gay city seemed to scintillate with electric life, in which the brilliant young lawyer held place with the careless ease of one "to the manner born."

There were more than a dozen in vitations claiming his attention this morning as he lingered over a late breakfast at his club.

Dr. John Vance, rapidly gaining name and fame in the University Hospital over which he had been called to preside, and who had pulled Mr. Leigh through a spell of typhoid Mr. Leigh through a spen of typhola six months ago, sat opposite him, having dropped in for a cup of the "club" coffee after a trying night. "If you're going to keep that up," he laughed, with a glance at the

"I'll have you on my hands again, Leigh."

danger," was the answer. "Most of these must go to the waste basket with regrets." But his eye suddenly brightened as he picked up an envelope from the heap. The careful elegance of the seal, the faint breath of sandalwood, the slight tremor of the old Italian handwrit ing, were tenderly familiar to him He broke open the envelope to read the few lines within.

"I am chaperoning a party to the Embassy Ball to-night. Be sure to

look for us. "ANNETTE VAN ARSDALE." "The dear old mondaine," he said, softly. "She will never give it up, i she lives to wind out her century." "Aunt Van ?" said the doctor

miling He had made the old dame's ac quaintance during her nephew's ill ness. "I'd like to get her anti-toxin for Time, Leigh. In some racket with the other young folks, is she?" "Yes, she will be down to night

with a crowd to the Embassy Ball. That means work for me, I know. A dozen girls to provide with partners and ices—and Southern girls at that. A Northern girl will accept three

dances with complacency, and spend the rest of the evening in happy wallflowerhood—but for a Souther ner to sit out a dance partnerless is tragedy indeed. Vance, you will have to bring over some of your young medicos, and help me out.

can't promise for the medicos but I'll drop in, if possible, myself," said the doctor, rising. "Miss Mil-dred told me she would be there

"Ah, she did !" Mr. Leigh lifted his eyebrows significantly. "It seems to me she keeps you pretty well in-formed as to her whereabouts, Vance. You were at the Rosecrofte house party Christmas and at her dinner dance two weeks ago, and, really, I think I ought to be made a party of the third part and allowed to felici-tate. Milly has been like a sister to me, you know, all her life.'

sister ?" echoed Vance, face brightening cordially as he leaned over the other's chair. "Only a sister, Leigh? I am so glad to hear that. I was afraid that perhaps perhaps you were cutting the ground from under me, old chap." "Not at all, not at all ! Go in and

win. Frankly I could not wish

errand, I guess. That poor little girl's father is pretty low down, and for her sake, Judge, knowing she'd ask it if she were here, I'd like him to die free. He waan't a bad lot at all-just flery and quick, I've heard, and, like Weasel, didn't have no chance. I am trying to work things with our Congressman for a pardon. Our Governor won't meddle. You see they draw gung pretty quick out tell of the battle of life. The wide squares, green yet despite the ad-vanced season, were filled with pretty children and their nursechildren and their nurse-that gave an added holiday air to the scene. As he took a short out through one of these charming opens Leigh came across a band of these little tots dancing gleefully to the music of a street organ that was undoubtedly under generous and unsee they draw guns pretty quick out our way, and he says if he begun to usual pay, while leaning back against one of the stately old trees, "boss-ing" the *al fresco* ballet, was a stal-wart young gentleman, who, though let down the bars, they would draw them quicker. So I've come to head quarters." "Good," said Leigh, cordially. "It's dressed in the very latest "cry" of sartorial art, had the unmistakable

and in my line, but if I can help you any, Mills, call on me at my office." And shaking hands as they reached the end of the square the two men "rustic woodland air" of Woods-worth's immortal heroine. "Don't stop, dago-give us another quarter's worth. That's right, kids -keep it up. I can stand it a long as you can; it's a dum sight better parted.

Perhaps it was the pain, the rest Perhaps it was the pain, the rest-less yearning, the stifled hope in his own heart that made his client's story haunt Allston Leigh so persist-ently. Such a poor, pitiful, painful little story as it was, without any touch of grace or charm except the as you can; it's a dum sight better than that disrespectable high kicking I paid \$ 3.00 for last night. Why, Judge!" the speaker turned two honest, astonished eyes on Mr. Leigh, and held out a broad, horny hand. "Good morning good morning! You see I'm taking it for and easy hear like be read" simple love glowing through the humble pathos, a love that neither poverty nor disgrace nor even death could dim. A convict's daughter! Of course, such things did not count in the same way in the far West, still Mr. Allston Leigh's high-born, high-bred interestingt

gay and easy here—like the rest." "So it seems," said Mr. Leigh, re-cognizing with a cordiality not en-tirely professional, one of his most remunerative clients. "Fortunately for us both, you have every reason to take it easy, Mr. Mills." "I have, Judge, I have, thanks to

bred instincts recoiled. Perhaps he found himself coldly reflecting that it was inst as well for you," was the emphatic answer. "If I hadn't had the goldarn good luck Mills, good, honest fellow, that this undesirable inamorata had been reto put my business in your hands, them air confounded shysters would moved from his upward way. And with this conclusion, Mr. Leigh shook off the softening touch of Daffy's have smashed me and my machine finer than my Graystone Grinder humble romance that night, and pro-ceeded to the Embassy Ball. It was to be one of the most brilli-ant functions of this brilliant season can smash stone. But we did them up, didn't we? We came and fit, and

conquered, as the schoolbooks used to read, though I sin't much on he knew, the regal atmosphere, diffused by centuries of stately pre-cedent met the guests at the wide open doors, where lackeys glittering schoolbooks, I must say. I once turned a pretty gal dead agin me by talking schoolbooks to her instead of talking schoolbooks to her instead of plain nat'rel common sense. Yes, we made a good thing of it, you and in royal liveries stood on guard, and the great hall and staircase blazed me Judge, a good thing of it, you and me Judge, a good thing. The way the money is piling in fur that Graystone Grinder, I don't feel as if you had been paid enough." with color and crest on a background of tropic bloom. Through the gorge-ous rooms, with their rich draperies and glancing mirrors and coruscat-ing lights, surged a tide of life at its

"Oh," quite enough, Mr. Mills. My fee was all I could ask—a bargain is most sparkling, dazzling height. There was a glitter of brilliant unia bargain, you know." "Land, I hevn't kept store at a

forms and court costumes, the blaze of jewelled stars and orders, the flash cross roads ten years without larn-ing that," answered Mr. Mills showof diamonds on snowy throats, the shimmer of splendid gowns, all that ing his fine white teeth in a friendly smile. "But this here's different, tells of human pride and power and beauty in its most triumphant hour. Judge. This here business you did fur me tuk brains and book-larning. Accustomed as he was to such I'm close at a bargain as anybody you'd find in a day's hunt, as every scenes, Allston Leigh was conscious of an unusual thrill to night as he one knows Daffy Mills will say, but I've got the double headed gold end was caught on the sweep of this da zling wave of life and bore forward this business, I kin see. I'd like Bright smiles and glances, grad to make you out a check for another words, friendly greetings, met him five thousand, Judge." "Thank you," said Leigh, laughon every side. Here on the high

tide the brilliant young barrister had already made for himself name and ing. "That is real appreciation I know, Mills; but I've had my fee place and that's enough. Luckily, I don't After due greeting to his hostes need to fleece my clients. Money coming in too fast for you, eh?" he felt it behooved him to remember Aunt Van's mandate and " look out "

"Oh, I ain't complaining of that," answered Daffy, with his genial smile. "I know how to salt it down to keep, Judge. I just want to do the fair thing all around." "You've done it," said Leigh, corfor her and her pretty flock-for Aunt Van never chaperoned anything else. The matches this charming old mon-daine had made during her forty odd years of matronly maneuvering would have filled a modest marriage register.

dially, "and you will continue to do it I am sure. So salt the rest down, but she knew her limitations. "Blood or beauty, my dears I don't under-take any girl without them. Person-ally, I like clever women, but, as we my friend. There will be a Mrs. Mills, no doubt, some of these days, and kids of your own to pay the pipe

for." "I dunno 'bout that, Judge," was to the inevitable, Mr. Leigh passed on into the great ballroom, prepared the answer, and a shadow fell on the speaker's smilin' face. "When you're lost the one girl you've cared for, like to do his duty to Aunt Van's prote gees at any cost. The dance was on the wide stretch of polished floor was I did, somehow you don't hanker after double harness." a kaleidoscopic whirl of light and life "You've been through that, eh ?"

and color that pulsed in rhythmic said Leigh, a note of new sympathy in his voice. They had turned away st waves to the thrilling music of a stringed band. As Leigh skirted the from the dancing children, and were walking slowly down a path trimly bordered with evergreens. "Yes, I've been through it, Judge -or I can't say that either. Seems as if I couldn't never get through it and come out clar the other side. Lord, if she were only here to get some of this loose cash! I wouldn't window, where some supreme queer of this gay hour was holding court. ask nothing from her that she didn't want to give—not a look, nor a smile, nor a promise. I'd just let her take

tered. "A boy to see you, sir," said Brooks. "I gave orders not to be dis-turbed."

Mr. Maxwell eyed the boy who en-tered with anything but friendly glances; any other boy would have lost confidence and faltered. Well ?"

"You want an errand boy, sir." It was a statement not a question

"Bud Fisher, sir. He says you have fired him."

Yes. sir.' Mr. Maxwell with one quick glan

noting particularly the clean fact and hands, freshly blackened boots boots and threadbare clothes.

"Where did you work last ?"

No place, sir." You have no reference, then ?"

As the boy knew not what this neant he answered : 'No sir."

" Bring me a reference to-morroy from your teacher. Mr. Maxwell turned to his desk

The incident, in so far as he was concerned, was closed. When he looked up ten minutes later the boy's clear blue eyes were still upon him. Well?

"I can't bring you what you said just now, sir; I haven't been to school for two years."

I must have a reference. Try me, sir, without that.'

What are you worth ?' If you mean wages. I don't know

Fifteen dollars a week ?" No sir.

Two ?"

More than that, I think, sir." Huh! Four ?'

About that, sir." The boy went to work, and did this, that and the other thing which a boy could do in and about the build. ings of the Maxwell Silk Mills. He was not idle. Each week he received \$4, and to his honor be it said that this entire amount came into his mother' hands. This greatly lightened her burden, for there were two more chil-dren besides the boy, and the father

A few months later one morning when the air was keen and frosty Mr Maxwell found a boy putting on his shoes on the office steps.

Who are you ?" ' Sandy, sir

Sandy ? Huh! Sandy who ?" MacPherson. You hired me, sir in October."

Sure enough. I remember you now. Why are you putting on your shoes here?

Sandy colored deeply for a minute. "They are the only ones I have,

'That's no reason why you should be putting them on here." "I think, sir, these are the only

all know, men don't." And with philosophic submission ones I'll get this winter.' " Huh !" "And Mr. Maxwell passed within

but for all that a vision stared up from his desk. He saw a sandy. haired boy walking barefooted in the frosty morning, and thought of colds and pneumonia, and a little boy tossing on a sick bed, because the boy wished to save his shoes. Finally

The finest as steps, sir."

" Huh !" times light, lofty and bright, like the Thas afternoon Mr. Maxwell's auto mountainous ones that roll on the summer sky. One day in June Sandy mobile stopped in front of the Mac-Pherson home. Father Martin was came to Mr. Maxwell in the office. "What's wrong?" said the latter, just descending the steps. Mr. Max-well looked much relieved, and called the priest aside. "Here is some money," said Mr. "What's wrong?" said the latter, looking at the young man's face. "There is something I must tell you, sir, and I dislike to, because I fear you will be offended." "It is best to get disagreeable things off your mind as soon as pos-sible.

Mr. Maxwell was silent some tim

"Sandy, this is unexpected. Have you thought well over this step ?"

work for another man who will do more for you than I will, or who will

pay you better." "I will never work for any man

for God. I am going to be a priest

business success? Yo What of your mother?"

support her, sir."

me to leave.'

You surely aren't going to quit

No, sir; but I am going to work

"I have saved enough money t

business was to be yours some day.'

"I had hoped as much one day, sir long ago; but now I must be a priest

God calls me. But believe me, Mr Maxwell, that I am so thankful to

I can't understaud it, Sandy."

the greatest man in all the world.'

But there are others who can

priests, others who need not leave

behind the chances that you leave.

God calls. For some years I have known that I must be a priest, and I have studied at night. I put off tell-

ing you until now, because I knew you would feel this way."

Mr. Maxwell used every plea, ever

argument that he knew, without avail. He went to Father Martin; Father Martin explained to him

"I believe I do understand you

for you. Sandy, truly, is a fine young man, but God wants fine

Mr. Maxwell went to Mrs. MacPher

"But, please God, my Sandy, my boy

is to be a priest-my boy a priest !" Mr. Maxwell said to himself over

and over again, many, many times : "I can't understand it!"

The day came, however, when

did understand as fully as Sandy, as

Father Martin, and Sandy's mother

Catholic .- Pius Leo Staub, in the

PRAYER

did. It was the day he became

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

inderstand my feelings."

feeling," said the priest.

young men in His service.'

with him.

be

" I'm sorry

"I believe I must follow when

Sandy, I have no sons. This

"Yes, sir."

but you, sir."

working ?"

Maxwell when he finished telling Father Martin of what Sandy was "Do for these people what d. By all means get Sandy doing. sible another pair of shoes, but don't let him know that the money came from "I'm afraid you will feel hurt, sir. I am going to leave you in Septe

me, or he'll work himself sick.' The priest smiled, and took the money, saying : "Your story of Sandy sounds just

like the lad. God bless you, sir, for

this kindness. When Mr. Maxwell was gone Father Martin said to himself :

"And this is the man who the people say does no good, gives no charity." A few years passed on. Sandy

grew into a tall boy. He made him self more and more necessary to Mr. Maxwell until, the employer, seeing the possibilities in the boy, took him into his office. Sandy objected. He didn't like the confinement of the office. But Mr. Maxwell told him that it would be only for a time, and was to enable him to learn the terior workings of the business. At about this time the large brick chim-ney, 90 feet high began to lean so far to one side at the top that there far to one side at the top tall upon was grave danger lest it fall upon the surrounding buildings. Mr. Maxwell called the head carpenter and foreman together. All were of one opinion. The chimney would have to be taken down and rebuilt. Sandy was at this meeting, and lis tened with marked attention. He summed up in his mind the expense necessary to rebuild the chimney, taking into account at the same time how much the mill-hands would lose through the enforced idleness. The men were all poor, and he knew how keenly the loss of wages would be felt. Before he went to sleep that night he did what he had been accustomed to do for years, prayed to the

Blessed Mother of God for help. Next day he examined the chimney, and formed a plan. That evening he spoke to Mr. Maxwell. I don't think the chimney

to be taken down," he said. If a what a dignity was to I Sandy's. Mr. Maxwell finally said : row of bricks can be taken out on the longest side, and a wedge-shaped "I looked upon him as a son, sir. The Maxwell Silk Mills were to be his portion of bricks on two of the sides, and no bricks on the smallest side, then the chimney will regain its straightness."

"That sounds reasonable," said Mr. Maxwell. "I'll send for Burke." When Burke, the head carpenter,

came, Sandy proposed his plan. "It sounds reasonable, Mr. Sandy, but it can't be done."

The matter was dropped by all son. She thanked him for all he had but Sandy. He lay awake nights thinking of it, and praying. One done for herself and Sandy, and was sorry that Sandy couldn't remain day he took Burke out to the chim.

ney. "Mr. Burke, I still believe it is unnecessary to tear it down.

I can see no other way.' Can't you remove a row of bricks

there," said Sandy, pointing up to the middle of the chimney, and fill in wood as you take out bricks? Can't you take out of these two sides, instead of a complete row, a wedge-shaped row, and fill in with wood?" "Easy enough, lad; but how get

the wood out." "Burn it out. But first suppor the chimney with scaffolding. As the wood burns away the chimney

Much thought has been given should become straight. If it can't be burned out, then take the wood out, the consideration of the subject of prayer, its usefulness and purpose putting in smaller pieces. Take out during the past few weeks. The proclamation of President Wilson the smaller pieces, putting in still smaller ones. Each time you take setting aside Sunday October 4. as **NOVEMBER 28, 1914**

feel, but give spontaneous expression to our feeling of admiration and joy. And our intellect reasoning back from effect to cause concludes there is a God. It cannot comprehend him or fathom his nature, but it knows a first cause there must be. If there is such a being He must be infinitely perfect, infinitely powerful, infinitely wise, infinitely good, infinitely beautiful. It knows that itself and everything that is has come from God. Under this con-sciousness the intellect cannot resciousness the intellect cannot re-main unmoved. Having mounted up to God it bows down in adoration, does homage to the Creative Power from which everything springs—the source of all that is true, sublime and beautiful. This is the prayer of adoration. Now, the heart of man cannot re-

There was silence again. When Mr. Maxwell spoke the tremble of his voice showed that he was affected. "I don't believe that you will ever main unmoved. The intellect sees the goodness of God ; it is manifested the goodness of God; it is manifested in the creation and preservation of everything that exists. And there is an innate persuasion in man that ingratitude should not find a place in the human heart. As the knowl-edge of God and His attributes calls forth from the intellect of man the prayer of adoration, so gratitude for the blessing of creation and preser-'And throw away your chances of siness success? You are foolish. vation and the gifts dispensed in life by Divine Providence call forth from the heart the prayer of thanksgiving. The intellect knows that mercy is an attribute of God and we are natur-ally moved to ask pardon for our faults. We know that goodness is an attribute and we are moved to ask Him to manifest His providence in granting us spiritual or temporal you, I like you so much, it is hard for favors, or in averting from us spirit-ual or temporal evils that we fear. "That's because you're not a Cath-olic, sir. To a Catholic a priest is

This is prayer of petition. Those who repudiate prayer as a thing absurd or at least useless have in mind generally prayer of petition. Of course atheists and pantheists assert prayer of any kind is illogical and meaningless. The atheist, be cause he admits no God; the pantheist, because he asserts he is himself an essential part of a necessary whole which therefore it would be whole which therefore it would be folly to adore or praise, and useless to petition for good or against evil. It is not our purpose to answer the objections of those who do not admit a personal God, but to justify Christians who practice prayer of petition.

The objections raised against this form of prayer reflect the objectors' notions of Divine Providence and the unchangeableness of the Divine nature. Prayer is incompatible with the unchangeableness of God, is the some day. He is the finest young man I know, and I can't make you first objection. Disbelief in any interference on the part of God with the course and order of the world. embodies the second objection.

"Do what you will," says the first class of objectors, "you cannot take away from God His attributes of unchangeableness and eternity. Prayer brings no other good than to bring us nearer to God by mediation and love. God is all-seeing. He knows our de-sires and our needs and if it be good for us He will satisfy our wishes and provide for our needs. The theory of prayer implies either that we may have wants God does not know, or knowing them His goodness may not provide for them without the impor tunity of prayer."

There are two phases to this objection. One regards God as an un-changeable being. "He cannot be influenced to change His will. That would be weakness." To this we may answer in the words of St. It is one thing Thomas Aquinas: to change the will, it is another thing to will a change in anything : for anyone, his will remaining un-changed, may will one thing now and its contrary afterwards." The now and the afterwards, it will be ob-

ved, refer to the object, not to th

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

SANDY

Mr. Maxwell looked up from his etter strewn desk when Brooks en

Yes, sir ; but he insists, says he's sure you want to see him." "What is his name?"

'He won't give it." Send him in."

Who told you."

'And you have come for his place ?'

took in the entire figure before him from the light reddish hair to the shoes,

"Are you honest?" "Yes, sir."

"Thanks," said the young doctor, Of course, his fine face flushing. how I stand I can't say-yet-but well- There has been no other woman in the world for me since we met at her cousin's bedside nearly three years ago, at Bixby Creek. It was the hope of being somewhere near her that drew me to Washington.

Yes. I know something of that sort of magnet," said Leigh, dryly. It defles all scientific investigation Vance. I was drawn over to Paris myself about six months ago to find polar star glittering in a strange

sky billions of miles beyond reach." "Was it the Undine of your fever-dream, Leigh?" asked the other softly.

Undine! Did I talk about her when I was ill ?" asked Leigh.

" The night when you were at your worst," answered the doctor. "Inever spoke of it-such things ought to be sacred to a physician, I think. That shadowy passageway between life and death is to me always holy ground. But it was the one thought that seemed clear to you when you were lost to all else, and I wondered a little who-what she was.'

"A dream," answered Leigh, with a forced laugh, "only a fever dream, Vance, nothing else."

" Let it go at that, then," said the doctor. as with a kindly, comprehend. ing nod he turned away.

And Allston, lingering listlessly for a few moments longer over the dainty meal that seemed to have turned into apples of Sodon on his lips, arose too, and flinging a tip to the

waiter who helped him on with his great coat passed out into the bright vintry sunshine. that in this coquettish clime never quite loses its summer smile. The broad streets were already gay with well dressed crowds. Carriages, automobiles, light, graceful equipages of every

were skimmering over the a sephalt; but there was no smooth asp roar or rush of traffic, no struggle hesitating answer. "The fact is, I for passageway, no din or turmoil to am sort of hanging round on a fool's

everything she wanted and be happy For she, this poor little girl of mine never had nothing, Judge, nothing. Father doing a life term in State'

prison, mother dead of a broken heart, grandmother as fierce an old catamount as ever had its claws in a young critter, half-clothed, half-starved. That's the way poor little Weasel had it from the time she wa diamonds gleaming upon her rich lace draperies, a fine old dowager that would honor any court. knee-high. But Lord, she was gritgrit straight through. Stood up to her hard luck like a man." "And she died, you say ?" "Yes, she died. It was worse than

that, Judge. She was killed." "Great heavens !" exclaimed Leigh, in a shocked tone. "There don't talk talk any more about it, It's too—too tough on you." "I can't talk about it, somehow

Judge," Daffy seemed to swallow a big lump in his throat. "It was one of the—railroad wrecks," the speaker' swept clouds. diectives were too forcible to repeat "that some one ought to hang for. Poor little Weasel was just born for

roor little Weasel was just born for hard luck straight through. No, I can't talk about it much, Judge—only you can see now why I am not hanker-ing after any Mrs. Mills—just—just yet."

"Yes, I can see," answered Leigh, gently. "I can see, and I am glad you told me this, Mills." The speaker's voice had the deep music in it that won and held his friends. "I would rather have had this morning' confidence than any check you could sign. Will you be in Washington long?"

"I can't say, Judge," was the The

Mr. Maxwell pr led th swaying crowd looking out for the chaperones enthroned in palm bowers on either side, he became conscious of an eddy in this brilliant sea. Its oor. Send me young Sandy MacPher

glittering wave-crest seemed swaying, breaking, about a deep embrasured Sandy came a minute later. "Here, boy; buy some shoes. You will become sick if you go barefooted

these cold mornings." Mr. Maxwell handed Sandy a \$2 "Wonderfully lovely, isn't she? An odd kind of beauty. And that

gown in Parisian perfection." 'I can't take this, sir, unless I 'Her picture was in the salon last work extra for it. year, you know. And they say the Duc do Lausanne is at her feet."

those shoes.' Leigh started forward with quick drawn breath at the words.

There in the palm shaded reces with the imperial arms wrought in flowers above her, stood Aunt Van her gray hair piled high upon he stately old head, the Van Arsdal

ting it in on the office." But this granddame of another

Brooks ?' generation paled into a mere shadow of the past in the light of the radian On Saturday Sandy's envelope con-tained \$5 in place of \$4. Two weeks later, Mr. Maxwell, vision at her side. A girl whose aureole of red-gold hair seemed to fling its own glory upon the delicate ethereal beauty of her face, the sea coming one morning earlier than usual, discovered Sandy putting on shell bloom of her cheek, the wonder his shoes on the office steps. Perful eyes that changed from light t

shadow like the water under wind Her gown, of some silvery, gauzy fabric, floated round her like an opalescent mist, its only ornament one flashing diamond star. A cluster

of orchids swung by a pale green ribbon to her wrist, and trailing down the shimmering folds of her dress, seemed to hold her to earth, so

light and graceful was her airy poise. All round her men were pressing forward for the word, the glance, the some startling information. sparkling, gracious smile, which she scattered lightly as the waterfall

scatters its foam spray, while she chatted in charming French with the much be starred diplomat at her side. The two years had done their work.

wild weed " of Rosecrofte was in full and perfect bloom. TO BE CONTINUED

Finally, there needed." will be button. Brooks appeared in the

"Mr. Sandy," said Burke, "let m shake your hand."

Next day work on the chimney be gan. Two days later the chimney was straight. When the last wood had been removed, Mr. Maxwell, amid the cheers of the mill hands, took Sandy into the office, and ex. tended his hand.

Sandy, do you realize what you have done for me Work extra if you want, but get

'I'm only glad I could do it. sir." "You have saved me at least \$5,000 Soon after this Mr. Maxwell noted The expense of a new chimney, and that his desk was cleaned each morning, also the chains and floor of the office. When finally the office winthe loss of orders through the en forced idleness of the hands would have amounted to that."

dows glistened as they had not done in years, Mr. Maxwell called Brooks. "Who has been cleaning up here ?" 'I'm sorry I didn't really think so much of you, as of the men being thrown out of work." "Sandy. He says you gave him permission to work extra; he is put-Which was better than thinking

of me. Here, this is yours.

Huh ! What sort of a boy is he. It was a check for \$1,000. 'I can't take this, sir; I haven't earned it.

You have earned it, Sandy; and I want you to take it.'

"All right, sir; but I don't know what to do with it. Keep it for me." After a moment's thought Mr. Maxwell said :

"Suppose I invest this money in the Maxwell Silk Mills for you." ceiving that he was not seen by the boy, Mr. Maxwell waited until the

lad was gone in before he himself entered the building. At the earliest Yes, sir, if you please. When the necessary papers were irawn up and signed, Mr. Maxwell opportunity he glanced at Sandy's leet and saw very much worn shoes, said :

"Now, Sandy, you are part owner of all this," and he motioned over very much blackened. Brooks was sent for. Brooks, young MacPherson walks the extensive silk plant.

here barefooted through the cold, and puts on his shoes at the office door. I want to know the reason." "Thank you, sir," is what Sandy answered.

Days came and went until they Two hours later Brooks brought numbered a few more years. Mean time, Sandy left the office and became Mrs. MacPherson was sick ; the doctor had ordered better food, and Sandy's a foreman, loved by all the mill-hands because he was ever ready to new shoes had to go in order to ob tain it. hear and help all, and give justice to He had entwined "It was a long time before he'd about Mr. Maxwell's heart as strong about Mr. Maxwell's neart as strong. In pells admiration and respect. One it may be further objected that since some things happening are con-tingent on prayer, what would be the presence of the sublime and beauti-over Sandy now, at times dark, at ly as the tendrils of the mountain fern imbed themselves in their favtell me, sir. He said that he hoped Father Martin—the priest, sir—not his mother, nor you would ever find it out."

on which ll believers in God should repair to their houses of worship to offer prayers that peace might soon end the European will directing the change. That war called forth many editorials and sympathies in our daily press. Many were found to sneer at the efficacy of prayer; others ridiculed the spec tacle of Christianity here and abroad besieging the Throne of Mercy with petitions so much at variance with one another. To the reasonable mind the latter difficulty has no force against the usefulness or efficacy of praver. It only bespeaks the dispositions of men's minds and their prejudices. National prejudice blind. d some; God was not to blame neither should prayer suffer asper sion because of this seeming incom sistency. Man did not understand Religion has appeared throughout the ages under different forms. Grotesque, irrational those forme may have been, but there never yet has been a religion in which prayer of some kind has not been given an tion of God.

prayer implies limited goodness on the part of God is equally refuted by the words of St. Thomas: "God gives us many things without our sking them. But it is for our good that He requires our asking some things, for we thus acquire a confidence in Him. and at the same time acknowledge Him as the Author of everything we have." We know from experience that we are apt to forget gifts and benefactors unless we feel that we may need them again. If our every want, spiritual and temporal, were supplied by God as a matter of course, and without asking we would soon forget to remember them as favors, and would come to look upon them as our due. We would forget our dependence on God ; the requirement of prayer is our best reminder of it. Absolution from the duty of prayer would lead eventually to the neglect of adora

important place and admitted as an essential element. With Pagan and Christian, Jew and Gentile, it was The second objection to prayer denies its propriety, because it implies divine interposition or interference all the same. A fact so universal, with the fixed laws of the universe. so constant, must be accounted for This objection is merely specious It cannot be attributed to the choice The objection assumes The objection assumes that prayer had no place in the original design or caprice of individuals or peoples. We must go back farther and search of the world in the conception of for the reason of it in the nature of man. It will be found to be a want God. It implies that prayer takes God by surprise, as it were, and imof our nature; a craving that comes portunes Him to disturb the prearranged harmony of things. out spontaneously from the soul ; an office, that springs directly and at implies that divine interposition does not enter into the govern-ment of the world, whereas it once from conscience, teaching man his duty to pray even when the re-vealed law is not known. continually does. And God has de-Prayer is petitioning God as it is creed from eternity that this intercommonly understood. position would sometimes be in an-But it means

swer to prayers. He thus made prayer enter into and be one of the moreover adoration and thanksgiv ing. It is natural for man to admire laws that govern the world. Hear St. Thomas again : "We pray not the sublime, the beautiful and the true. The genius of an Aristotle or St. Thomas again: "We pray not an Augustine, an Alexander or a Napoleon, a Raphael or a Michel-has disposed, but to ask that what He has disposed would come to pass. Angelo, a Dante or a Shakespeare impells admiration and respect. One It may be further objected that