TWO

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER

CHAPTER LX-CONTINUED But Robinson had accomplished his aim ; he had announced his engage. ment to Miss Burchill, and that an nouncement, accompanied by the statement that it had come from his own lips, would be speedily all over Eastbury. Further, now that he in. tended to resign business, he wante himself in his native to popularize village. While he had been accum lating money he had neither time nor thought to cultivate the feelings of his neighbors. Their friendship was not necessary to him, and the very fear in which they held him was perhaps an element in his own prosper-ity; but now that he was boundlessly tich, and also about to possess a wi whose gentleness and charity had long made her popular among the se to whom she was known, there and come to him a new and strange yearning to be, at least, no longer disliked by his Eastbury neighbors. He would silence also the stories which he knew were in circulation about him, -- stories the

net.

chief interest of which lay about his dead child-wife. He wondered some times if Mildred had heard them, and if it were due to them that she could never learn to love him. This plan of resuming his visits to the hotel, and treating those whom he found there, had presented itself to him as the first and most feasible mode of winning something of public favor, and though the role was not at all in accord with his feelings, he determined to assume it for a few weeks at His first effort convinced him least. -and the conviction was accom-panied by a savage bitterness-that wealth of his could purchase an iota of that friendship which was so spontaneously given to other men.

The news of the approaching marriage was discussed in almost every him to save her uncle, Chester Hor home in the village before sunset of ton, to whom Robinson has given a home at The Castle, and employment the next day, but in none with such doubt and astonishment, the latter feeling amounting almost to dismay, as in the home of the Hogans. Hogan himself at first refused to believe it; loathes him, I know she does, but when on going out that evening, ae found the rumor confirmed by one | marry him, -and I feel that she loves who had heard Robinson's announcement the preceding evening, he could no longer doubt, and he returned to to look upon her misery, to watch bis wife as dejected and gloomy as her after she has married that horrid though some calamity had befallen old map, and to see in her face tokens himself.

I thought Miss Burchill little less sweet in comparison. So, spare you than an angel," he said, his brows pity, Barbara; I have accomplished contracting with the old look which my aim, and I shall revel in the Mrs. Hogan used to dread so in the gentle, the charitable, the good And then he added, bitterly, I little dreamed she could be so tempted by money.

His wife, though full of doubt and face as Mrs. Phillips had never seen sadness also, refused to allow herself there before, and it at once somewhat alarmed and subdued her. Without being able to divine what mischief to become distrustful. She could not for one inexplicable act on the part of Miss Burchill forget all the lovely her impetuous words might have of Miss Burchill forget all the lovery has a might be world a to traite of character which had endeared done, she would have given worlds to the young woman to her, and she and in anxious the young woman to her, and she answered now, while her eyes ran over with tears she had been trying to came from the tightly set lips of the repress :

Don't condemn her like that. strange expression which conveyed such indefinable fear to the widow. Dick; sure it's little we know what igs may be in her heart." Helen at last. But Dick was not to be turned from some of those caustic things that

his gloomy line of thought. his gloomy line of thought. "She's ,not been here lately," he said.—not since Wiley left here; and "Because I don't choose to," an-

he came the other night he when another word she took her way past never dropped a word of this affair. They're all alike,-true to the human nature that's in them." her own room. There, however, her His speech found an echo in his face assumed a different look. She

whe's thoughts, but she still tried to defend Miss Burchill, even to the verge of exasperating her embittered husband. So the news of Robinson's ap- a sealed paper. Then she made other

proaching marriage reached even preparations, filling a satchel with Barbara Balk. She heard it in one of such articles as one might require on the village stores where she stopped a journey and changing her dress for to make a purchase, and she so sharply and suddenly interrogated the shop-That afternoon, while M

widow. The widow did not lose a particle of her smiling effrontery. She even affectedly posed, as if to invite a Eastbury. He took it and turned it to find the superscription. There was none. "It is sealed, madam," he said, longer look, and resumed as Barbara made no effort to speak : What right have I to open it ?

¹ My poor Barbara, perhaps you are also in the dark about other things. Do you know that Mr. Thurston has gone from Eastbury, from the factory? Gone for good? Perhaps, in Miss "The right which I give you. was I who sealed it long ago." tones sank and trembled a little. He opened the paper. The pe manship was in a large, legible, Burchill's mortification at losing Mr. manly hand, and covered a or more; but before he had half Thurston, she was glad to whe Mr. Robinson into her matrimonial it his face flushed and paled, and his Miss Balk found her voice

thands shock so that he could scarcely steady the paper sufficiently to read it. When he had finished, a single "Gone for good, is he? My Mrs. Phillips," imitating the la tones as nearly as she could, imitating the latter's exclamation escaped him, "Good God !" Then he looked at Barbara. have you survived his departure? It Her eyes were flaming, and the shadow of a smile seemed to play must have been the harder since you have failed also in making a conquest about her thin, compressed lips. of old Robinson, but I suppose Miss Is this true ?' Burchill's superior claims to truth The lawyer leaned toward her in and general goodness of character left your paltry charms no chance. Poor his eagerness, and spoke in a husky whisper

Mrs. Phillips ! 'Is not there a notary's name The look and tones of the speaker appended on the other side ?" she were particularly provocative, answered. And then she continued. Helen felt for the moment as if she as she put her finger on the name had sufficient strength to crush the of which she spoke. spinster. In her temper, which rose was summoned and requested to sign with such heat and fierceness that it left her no control, she did not stop his name, not as a witness to the document itself that he could certify for an instant to consider the pruits contents, for he never knew dence of her words.

'General goodness of character, them,-he was not permitted to read them .- but simply to testify that he she repeated, using no longer the coo-ing accents in which she had first had heard from the writer's own lips spoken, but hissing her words out. that he, the said writer, did draw up and write that document." "Where is this notary now ?" She springs from nice stock to have general goodness of character. Her uncle is the notorious escaped con-vict Chester Horton, and, regarding

"Living in Salem. I have never lost eight of him, not knowing when he might be needed. And Miss Balk's shadow of a smile

my failure in the way of conquests. as you put it, I have not failed at became a real one, expressive of imleast in getting my revenge. It is I who have come between Gerald and Miss Burchill, if, indeed, he ever in mense satisfaction. But the date of this," resumed the lawyer, glancing again at the paper," is thirteen years ago. Why have you not brought it forward

Miss Buronin, it, indeed, he ever in tended to marry her." In her ungov-ernable excitement she was spurting out the words. "I did it. Do you understand, Barbara Balk? And it is I who have been the means of before ? Because it didn't suit me to do so." answered Barbara, with an exmaking Miss Burchill consent to marry old Robinson. She will marry pression of face and asperity of tone

which warned the lawyer that he probe no farther in that nust direction. She drew another paper from an at the factory, on condition that Miss Burchill will give him her hand. She old fashioned bag on her arm, and placed it open before the lawyer:

Here are all the facts you require losthes him as I would do if I had to wrote them down to save myself the time of giving them to you by Gerald. So she will be wretched as I word of mouth. You'll find there all the addresses you need, and also You'll find there am, and I am staying here in Eastbury something else that I thought had better be told.' Then she prepared herself for departure. 'We under. of such misery that death would be stand each other now, Mr. Rodney, and I shall say good by.

She extended her hand. Good-by, Miss Balk," having learned her name from one of the documents; "and if I should need

you, where am I to look for you ? Anybody in Eastbury will tell you. She had gone before he could even summon a clerk to attend her out, and he turned to the mysterious documents as if for proof that the recent scene was not an hallucination. But another perusal of the papers convinced him of the real character of their contents, and also of the necessity which existed on his part for prompt and rapid action. Other business was put aside, and the remainder of the day spent not alone "Why don't you speak ?" exclaimed elen at last. "Why don't you say in the desk labor entailed by those strange documents, but in visits to many of the civic authorities. When

night came he was on the road to ewered Barbara dryly, and without Salem, and the evening of the fourth day from that of his interview with Mrs. Phillips to the stair and up to Miss Balk saw him signaling for entrance to The Castle. TO BE CONTINUED

> ROSE OF A BROTHER'S LOVE

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

her little old-fashioned trunk in He was for the moment unable to grasp the full import of the words: "To enter a monastery?" He grap-pled with them till his mind reeled and his body swayed, for he knew well that his brother habitually meant just what he said, and this Tt

Her

That notary

sudden thought of parting was more that he could bear. Surcharged with the conflict of remorse, loneliness, and affection, he pressed his hands hard against his head and implored tremblingly: "No, no! Basil stay! I need you ing swallows terrified by signs of a

here. But Basil, having steeled his heart for the sacrifice, was resolute. No word from him mingled with the ominous sounds of far off storm. mutterings or the scothing splashings of fountains near by.

was surely a mystic thing. Oreste's spirit battled desperately. He struggled with one emotion after round and round, up the yawning chasms and over the mountain crests, dashing frozen spray over its another until at length he was master of himself. Then afire with determination, he promised to reform and to persevere always if tortuous path. Indoors, Brother Uriel paced his cell, telling his beads Basil would give up his resolve. At last Basil yielded to the extent of for safety of the travelers among the giving his brother a month in which to prove his sincerity and strength of will. in the tempest, he heard Rex's familiar bark announcing his arrival

'Remember," said Basil encouragingly, "that Oreste means a moun-taineer and that Mother gave the the door to the dog. The animal, covered with a coat of tiny icicles, name to you. You must be a real mountain er; then, in spite of the many pitfalls in your path, you can finally reach the heights if you will," about his neck. Other and bestowed a vigorous slap on his frozen man, and in response to their brother's shoulder.

Oreste's chest heaved as he wrung the hot soup and wine, he gradually Basil's hand. "You are a kingly fellow, old chap. I'm yours to com mand. I will reach for the heights, he vowed with upflung head and sparkling eyes. "May God help you!" said the climb

brother fervently. Thus with mutual understanding

he gasped. "Tell my brother-I've reached the heights!" and a confidence horn of childhood "Who may your brother be?" trembled Benedict, asaintly old Monk. "Basil—Don't you know Basil?" piety, the Samaritan and the prodigal, baring each his head, stepped silently into the church. Its vast-There was no reply, for the good Brothers had forgotten the name ness was permeated with a hush as of awe, shrouded in compelling rev. long years before, but they listened Here, indeed, was a fittin erence, place for creatures to commune with their Creator ! Here troubled hearts, unaware of its gentle approach, were recognize him at first. always soothed by a mysterious Here, too, faith and hope and peace. trust flooded the souls of the two lone worshippers as, kneeling within the glow of the sanctuary lamp, they Deo Gratias !"

prayed mutely. Comforted and strengthened, they returned to the with a sigh. Brother Benedict understood and portico where after a gripping hand clasp they parted without a word, walking in opposite directions into he led the others silently away. He knew that Uriel's gentle ministerings would soon completely restore the darkness and the storm-Basil the wayfarer's strength and gain his going to his father's home and the other to his lodging in the Rue de

"You've had a hard climb, poor Rivoli. man," said Brother Uriel as mother-like he stroked the white, damp fore-For a week Oreste fought a heroic fight and all went well; but at the end of that time Basil learned that head

his brother was drinking heavily again. The heart-sickening news stunned him. When he had partially recovered, he became perplexed as to whether it might be better to carry that I am ! out immediately his resolution to enter the monastery or to yield to Oreste's pleading that he would

stay. He battled heroically between his seared and pallid face. The world has never seen the like strong natural yearning for brotherly of Basil's heroism." the stranger de companionship and the resolution to clared ; then stopped suddenly to sacrifice all in the religious life. listen, for the chanting of the Monks Finally be sent a letter to Oreste, saying: "I go to the monastery of in chapel reverberated through the corridor : "Laudate pueri Dominum ; corridor : St. Bernard among the mountains of alais up from the valley of Aosta. laudate nomen Domini." "Let us praise God, our Father too. There I will watch and pray. Come Praise Him for the gift of grace and to me when you have really conof brotherly love. Oreste," pleaded quered-triumphed.'

Accordingly Basil slipped away from Paris and from France and journeyed to the far-off monastery. Uriel, bending over him. "Basil!" exclaimed Oreste in sudden recognition. He locked his arms about his brother's neck, buried his Then a desperate struggle shock Oreste's soul. For a time he head on Uriel's breast and sobbed. Finally he looked up into Basil's shunned all temptation and kept his glorified face which radiated a benign promise not to touch wine or liquor. smile that was a real benediction.

was drawn in tense anxiety as he stood within the shadow of the por-tico of the Church of La Madalaine nunciation and of sacrifice always the basic store of the shadow of the porthe purple vail of the twilight surg. to struggle on. the purple veil of the twilight surg-Mr. Rodney, more than usually "Intertime dragged away and Basil absorbed in intricate legal business, was rather startled from the same At last he thought he recognized by the abrupt and unapproprised on the thought he recognized by the abrupt and unapproprised on the thought he recognized by the abrupt and unapproprised on the thought he recognized by the abrupt and unapproprised on the thought he recognized by the abrupt and unapproprised on the thought he recognized by the abrupt and unapproprised on the thought he recognized by the abrupt and unapproprised on the thought he recognized by the abrupt and unapproprised on the thought he recognized by the abrupt and unapproprised on the thought he recognized by the abrupt and unapproprised by the abrupt and unapproprised on the thought he recognized by the abrupt and unapproprised on the thought he recognized by the abrupt and unapproprised by the thought he recognized by the abrupt and unapproprised by the abrupt and unapproprised by the abrupt and unapproprised by the thought he recognized by the abrupt and unapproprised by the abrupt and unapproprised by the thought the thought he recognized by the abrupt and unapproprised by the thought the thou Meanwhile Basil, ever mindful of that I did not." his brother's salvation. He seemed never to be forgotten dream. I think illumined by sanctity, and the Brothers of the community called it was a vision." "Tell it to me, Oreste," Brother Oriel entreated. him "Uriel," Light of God.

tenance radiating affection and grati and hope that his prayer would be answered lived steadily in his heart. | tude. Brother Uriel tried to speak He persevered unfalteringly in trust-ful patience with ever a whispering in his inmost soul, "He will come, soul kept him mute.

A tap on the door of the cell broke the solemn silence. Brother Bane-God only bides His time for the miracle of grace." One evening at sunset when the dict had come to escort Oreste to a guest chamber in the other wing of snow capped mountain was purpling in the golden light, Brother Uriel heard a strange flapping against the the monastery, for the retiring ball The brothers em had sounded. and bade each other good night. Laft windows of the corridor. Looking out, he saw a great flock of migrat-Looking alone, Brother Uriel, with tears of joy coursing down his pallid cheeks, swift gathering storm. He lost no time in opening a casement to admit knelt beside the narrow bed, clasping his crucifix with reverent hands. "Deo Gratias!" he sobbed repeatedly. them to shelter, and lo, a white swallow led the flock ! until the dark night shadows crept away, and rosy dawn stole into the cell. At last, murmuring "Laudate "What may this strange bird portend or symbolize?" Uriel asked himself. To his religious mind it Laudate, Gloria, Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto!" his weary head sank low and his spirit fled to its eternal

And now the angry wind swirled res! An hour later Brother Benedict was awakened by the twittering of the lost of swallows in the corridor, restless to escape into the clear, calm air and to be off on their southward journey. Scarcely had he opened the mountains, till, during a sudden lull window than they flew away on eager wings, just as the rising bell pealed out its summons to the sleeping with a rescued wayfarer. Brother Uriel hastened to open Monks. The ringing ceased, but afte a few moments the bell began to toll 'Ah." said Benedict to bimself

making the sign of the Cross, stood panting and exhausted with a limp human burden half clinging brother has died in the night. quiescat in pace !", When the monks entered the chape monke

hurried to help in reviving the halt for Matin. Brother Uriel's coffin stood without the alter rail, and Oreste, crushed with grief, knelt beside it. fficient treatment, strengthened by Years have passed and Oreste, now an eged, palsied man, living with the flickered back to consciousness. telling in incoherent fragments of Community at the Hospice, spends his long journey and of the struggles his days cultivating white roses of exquisite beauty. Mountain climbers and hardships in his mountain are amazed to see them growing 'At last !-at last !- the heights ! bundantly in the little graveyard

beside the glacier, their only com panions stunted edelweiss and other small Alpine flora.

"What rose is this, blooming at such a height?" they ask, and Oreste with a faraway, dreaming look an

swers with a pathetic tremor : "'Tis the rose of a brother's love. in wonder as Uriel bent over the I'll tell you the story. There is buried here a holy Monk who loved his waystranger, so changed by stress of time and struggle that he did not ward brother better than himself Uriel Because of this love he sacrificed all clutched his brother's feverish hand worldly wealth and pleasure. When murmuring as he caressed it rev-erently: "The miracle of grace! Brother Uriel's requiem was sung a golden-hearted rose with snow-white petals bloomed on the altar in front "Deo Gratias!" echoed the stranger of the tabernacle door. The wayward brother alone of all who were mourn. ing saw the wondrous rose glistening with diamond light. There are those who will tell you 'tis but a fancy, a mystic dream. But 'tis not given them to understand-not given them to understand!"

> "But how come the roses in the graveyard ?" the eager listeners ask.

"Although the others failed to see Yes, a hard climb-a desperate the rose, they were filled with wonder to see a pure white swallow fly into the chapel and perch on the crucifix struggle-but its nothing, for I came to find my good brother. He gave everything for me-most unworthy above the tabernacle. When we bore the coffin to the grave, the white Brother Uriel stroked the cold perswallow, with a rose in its beak, hov ered over it. Dropping the snow-white rose into the open grave, the spiring brow of the self-accuser soothingly, but tears he could not keep back, trickled down his own bird soared far up into the blue of heaven-and never came again."

"But the roses ?"

Later a beautiful rosebush grew up from Brother Uriel's grave-up m the golden heart of him. His fre brother cut off little twigs and planted them hereabout. They took root, as you see, and they flourished through the years. To me the graveyard is sweet, very sweet, with their fragrance.

Oreste's eyes grew misty. Their far-off gaze seemed to penetrate beyond the mountain tops, beyond the ethereal blue, beyond the Heavenly gates, even to the throne of the eternal King. Forgetful of his eager listeners, with a deep sigh and a shaking of his hoary head, he Ah me !-- it is, murmurs brokenly: "Ah me!—it is, indeed—the rose of a brother's love —my Uriel!"—Mary E. [Sullivan in

A RECORD ANALOGY

Our Protestant contemporary, the

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T. Louis Monal George Keogh

keeper, who was retailing the news to another customer, that the man became a little affrighted. He recovered sufficient courage, however, to give her the report as he had heard it.

Stuff and nonsense!" said Miss Balk, with asperity.

a vulgar, withered old hulk as Robin-

separated the lawyer from the clerks powerful factory owner, and he hastened to repeat that the announce-many here the announce-many here the announce-many here the separated the lawyer from the clerks in the business chamber without, she had swept by them without even answering their question as to her in good even with the source the separated the lawyer from the clerks the direction of the Place de la Con-corde. Welcome relief caused Basil to close his tired eyes while quiver-ing soul exclaimed : The man was a little aghast at the ment had been made unmistakably by Robinson himself on the previous night.

Stuff and nonsense !" said Miss Balk, again giving her head a toss that sent her hat awry. "We'll wait and see. Old Robinson mayn't be so sure of his own words sometimes," and she departed, leaving the shopkeeper suffering from the intimida tion with which she had inspired him, for half an hour after.

Her thoughts were not the calmest as she pursued her stiff, angular way through the village streets, and she hardly waited to be well in the house before she screamed to Helen, who was just vanishing into the parlor :

Do you know that old Robinson is going to marry Miss Burchill ?"

Helen came out of the parlor, and stood facing Barbara with one of her old, soft, silvery ripples of laughter.

Didn't you know it?" she said, in her cooing voice. "My poor Barbara! you are quite behind the age; and I thought you kept yourself so wellness, were very shrill. informed of all that concerns Miss Burchill."

Barbara's thin lips came together identity : with the snap that betokened intense though smothered anger, and sho though smothered anger, and she glared, without speaking at the the scaled paper she had taken from Oreste jerked backward, stunned.

That afternoon, while Mrs. Phillips was secretly visiting Robinson at The Castle, Miss Balk was taking her way

speaking with mocking emphasis-"Miss Burchill's wretchedness."

Such a look came into Miss Balk's

spinster, nor a look save the one

trance into his private office of Miss Balk. On learning that the parti-tion of translucent glass was all that "The runor is just the offshoot of people's crazy imagination. Miss Bur-chill wouldn't think of marrying such

separated the lawyer from the clerks in the business chamber without, she corde. Welcome relief caused Basil answering their question as to her desire to see Mr. Rodney, or their Thank God ; Oreste comes !" request to her to wait while they would give information of her pres-A moment later Oreste, a youth

just out of college, stepped doggedly into the portico, and greeted his brother with assumed indifference. ence. They were too bewildered by the suddenness and boldness of her action, as well as by her strange and At sight of his brother's bloodshot somewhat awe-inspiring appearance, to attempt to prevent her entrance eves and bloated face an icy chill swept over Basil and he whispered into the legal sanctum. "Are you Mr. Rodney ?" chokingly: here. I asked you to come because

I am.'

dazed both by the absorbing charac-ter of his recent occupation and this estate—" share in father's apparition — for, with how this was perhaps for a moment hardly swred in a bewildered, uncertain

"Explain yourself, then," pleaded curious and sobered by Oreste. sort of way :

Uncesse, curious and sobered by Basil's decisive tone. "I want to help you all I can, and since every other effort to persuade you has failed to draw you from the description and the set of the set " Are you the Lawyer Rodney that figured in the case of Mr. Phillips' contested will, counsel for Mr. Thurston in that case ?" And Barbara's downhill pathtones, slightly raised in her eager-

Rodney was recovering himself and beginning to be quite sure of his 'I am, madam."

guipingly ; his hand trembled on his

Brother Uriel was, however, no more renowned for his spirituality than for his physical heroism. He often plunged undaunted into the

blasts and angry gales that uttin tore off the crusted snow, whipped it into sleety particles, and whirled it into his face like a shower of needles: thus he rescued many a

storm-beaten traveler on the rugged mountain. He was wont to brave I'm so glad you're the swirling tempest when the alpentheir hands like slippery cels; when the jagged rocks tore the skin from half frozen fingers of the men clim stocks of mountain climbers were coated with ice and "slid through

his good dog, Rex, bringing them to pared softly. the shelter and hospitality of the "The rose, trembling with ecstacy, the shelter and hospitality of the

broken. He went out no more to battle with the winds and snows. Now he merely answered the sum-mons when travelers knocked on the door of the Hospice, welcoming the

"The rose now enveloped into effalgent glory, replied rapturously, 'Rescued Soul, you have said aright." Oreste ended his story with counslow-circling years slipped away one by one and Oreste failed to come. Although at times Basil grew sick with yearning, he prayed unceasingly

The Grail.

Record, makes a singularly clumsy and ineffective attempt to score off the Holy See in connection with the recent pronouncement on the "V Conference of Faith and Order."

As

riel entreated. "I dreamed that my spirit went to Heaven and saw there myriads of fra-grant blossoms before the throne of God. Every time a good deed was men of goodwill to strive for Chris-tion units, but cuits another thing performed on earth a new flower tian unity, but quite another thing burst forth radiantly into bloom. The to suppose that he could possibly peculiar beauty and fragrance of each typified the deed for which it blos-somed. something in the one way of approach, namely, submission to the Church. In desomed. "Most beautiful and fragrant of all,

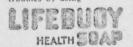
"Most beautiful and fragrant of all, claring, therefore, that Catholics as and nearest to the throne was a white and nearest to the brone was a white rose, as fragrant and as beautiful as ten thousand earthly roses all in one. A pure white swallow hovered over it, ciple of Catholic consistency, and the their hands like slippery cels; when the jagged rocks tore the skin from half frozen fingers of the men cling. ing to them for life always winning of the men cling. deed, sweet rose, I pray you, caused attitude, on the ground that "just as ing to them for life—always winning deed, sweet rose, I pray you, caused attitude, on the ground that "just as in the struggle, and, with the aid of you to bloom in Paradise?" I whis- Germany cannot yet be admitted to the Lorenze of Nations en Bonne

the League of Nations, so Rome cannot be admitted to a Conference abor till, in consequence of long years of exposure, his health was broken. He went out no more to battle with the winds and snows the mental perception of the Record writer that whereas the temporary exclusion of Germany by the League of Nations, so far as that body is as yet a concrete reality, is a decision by the League itself, the matter of Catholic inclusion in the World Con-ference has been decided, not by the Conference but by the Pope, after a very definite and direct approach had been made to His Holiness by the) promoters of the meeting. The idea

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downnill path-"You preach to me!" "I leave tomorrow to enter a monastery. I shall spend my days there praying God to save you--" Basil's voice wavered and broke