

A Climb To The Skies

Herbert Denham was a product of Harvard—a piece of porcelain of finest finish bearing the well-known mark of that famous institution. He was tall, rather handsome, his features sharp enough to be unmistakably those of the New Englander of pure race as contrasted with the foreign admixture. He was well aware of these excellent points, held himself high in the matrimonial market, had ambitions of the vaguest sort, was true as steel to his friends and also to his Alma Mater. In short, he had every advantage which his present comrade pointedly lacked. He was strolling along the beach at a seaside resort within easy reach of Boston, and the young man with him, poor fellow, stood by contrast at a hopeless disadvantage. Tom Macmillan favored the Scotch-Irish type, had a snub nose and irregular features, only redeemed from positive plainness by a pair of dancing blue eyes and a smile few could resist.

Worst of all, he was very lame, the result of an untoward accident in his childhood; so that the strong difference between the two youth could not fail to strike the observer. Yet Macmillan's good-humored face was full of content. He seemed to have some fund of inner peace to draw upon which never failed, so quietly did he take the many slights that fell to his lot. To do Denham justice, however, he was never disagreeable to Tom, but rather courted his society.

Just now the unlucky lamaster was holding forth on the delights of mountaineering. He had recently returned from Switzerland, having this one advantage over his friend Denham, whose foreign travel was still in prospect.

"I could not climb as I should have liked, you see," he was good-humoredly explaining, "because of my unaccommodating leg; but the young Englishmen at our hotel in Chamounix did wonders! And you will, too, when your turn comes. They would mark splendid records on their alpenstocks, and come back, oh! so hungry. Nothing like Swiss air for the appetite. They simply devoured their French dishes at the table d'hôte dinner. Those young giants were a terror to the waiters."

Denham's eyes shone as his friend rattled on, and he suddenly stretched his athletic frame. "Yes," he said, "I will try to show the John Bulls what we can do in their line—yes, before very long. Mountain work is scientific, though, and takes experience. That is what the English seem to have had every time."

"I was glad enough to see them come in safe, though, at night. I made what the French call an action de grace for them, in my heart," Denham looked up curiously.

"Why, Tom," he asked, after a moment's thought, "is it dangerous?"

"More so than admitted. Accidents frequently pass unmentioned for fear of alarming visitors. A party got lost on Mont Blanc one day while I was there, and the anxiety was universal. Crowds gathered in the public square gazing up at the mountain, to catch sight of them, if possible, while others peeped through a small telescope. The hotel people were uneasy, and it was a relief when we learned in the morning that the missing men had been found and brought in by a rescue party of guides setting out from the Glacier House. That is up on the snow line. They could not waste hours of precious time starting from Chamounix, in the valley. No, if a party does not return to the Mountain House by four in the afternoon, they go out after them."

"Why so?" asked the other, carelessly.

"Oh, stop and think, Denham! It is pure glacier ice. There is no camping possible near the summit. Too low a temperature and rarified air. It is worse, even, than polar ice. Parties have no fuel and not even sleeping bags. If they fall asleep on that ice they perish—that is all!"

Denham's face fell. That vision of dead men, asleep forever on the crystal ice, awaiting eternal judgment, loomed up before him clear as light. His terror startled him. How could Tom speak of it? he concluded, mentally answering his own question.

"Tom is a good Catholic, at peace with God, so nothing upsets him."

With a sharp effort he threw off the paralyzing thought, as the English may be "spelled" himself together.

"Well, Mac, I mean to practice mountaineering little here in the States before I challenge Mont Blanc. Mountain, let us have a ride. There's a splendid way Black & Smith's stable which you can get for a mount, and I'll ride Brown Bear."

Macmillan gazed at him soberly. It was a sharp temptation.

"We can ask Leath to go," and Agnes Macmillan, "I love to see Isabel ride. She is magnificent on horseback, so steady and perfect in form."

Tom Macmillan still wore his serious look. He had an engagement with Father Jones that afternoon to visit

himself lying among the rocks with his face upturned to the sky, with the intense blue full of sunshine bending down over him, it seemed, although so far away. He was in severe pain, badly injured, he knew—perhaps near unto death—and that was heaven! He was afraid of both, and still more afraid of that unseen God, whose are the forces of life and death, who opens or shuts the gates of Paradise. He thought, too, of the dead men on the glacier—he would also die like them. No one would find him in that lonely place! Then he would have to meet God! And what should he say? What could he say? He had not loved Him, had never served Him. The blue oppression his eyes like a pain. This everlasting face to face with God! How could he bear it? Yet how had he borne it all his life? "It is no more now than it has always been, really," he murmured. What did God think of him? What had He been thinking of him all along?

His Harvard smarts were only another jangle where should have been music. He thought of his classmates, the boys he knew, recalling their laughter and light sneers at religion. He had done his share of this—shame covered him at the thought—and an awful fear. "If I only had religion," he cried, "a religion like Tom's! Any religion, no matter what kind! It would be a comfort now, something to cling to, something to rest upon in face of that awful sky"—he shuddered as he spoke. "It is awful, that bright, blue eternity!"

He tried to bide his face in contrition, but found he could not move his shoulder. No, he must go on gaining up into it, into the divine silence, as hurt soldiers do on a battlefield. Harvard skepticism was a poor pillow now.

"Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!" he cried, helplessly. He could not pray; he did not know any prayers. Then a light came to him. "Yes," he cried, "I do! I know what they say in Tom's church. 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and in the hour of death!'"

Then the blue quivered before him and he fainted away.

He recovered from this last swoon to feel a hand bathing his temples, a soft shadow had interposed between himself and the blue. It was the form of a good Samaritan, in priestly garb, who was bending over him with utmost tenderness.

"My poor boy!" the stranger spoke in a voice like music. "I know you are badly hurt, but keep up your courage! I have sent for help. A man on the upper road found your horse," he explained, answering the sufferer's bewildered glance, "and then I found you. Lie still!" he added quietly, noting Herbert's uneasy effort to move and the pallor of pain it brought.

"Poor fellow! He still in God's hand! Suffer like a hero. God intends all this for the best—only say 'Thy will be done!' God is all mercy and forgets the sins of youth and ignorance when we turn to Him with a contrite heart. God's Holy Mother has sent me to help you. She will intercede for you at the throne for mercy. She knows our weakness and her Blessed Son will hear her pleading."

The comforting words fell like dew on the poor boy's soul. The priest understood his uplifted gaze.

"You have been baptized?" the priest gently asked.

"Yes," faintly murmured the injured man.

"If you are penitent, my lad, and believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, He will shield you with His love and comfort you forever with His presence. Behold the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world!" And the priest held out a little silver crucifix. Herbert clasped it with his quivering fingers, as if real help came with it.

"Try to make an act of contrition." The lad's dull eyes showed his lack of comprehension. "You do not know? Well, repeat the words after me; do not tire yourself," and in feeble accents came the cry of penitence. "Oh, my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee, I detest my sins most sincerely, not only because by them I have lost the right to heaven and deserved everlasting pains of hell, but especially because I have displeased Thee, oh my God, who art deserving of all my love. I resolve by Thy holy grace never more to offend, and henceforth to amend my life."

Then the stately priest took from his pocket a small purple stole, placed it about his neck, and in a low voice pronounced the conditional absolution of Holy Church.

It was a solemn moment to the young penitent; he knew what he was doing, knew that this was a turning point in his whole life. The noble form of the priest, standing there with his purple stole in his blazing sunshine, was full of strength. It dominated his own weakness, and he was grateful. The Blessed Virgin had heard his prayer, had sent a powerful deliverer—"Tom's Church" had come to his rescue. "She is my own Church now," he whispered, "and always shall be."

"The good God spare your life," answered the other in soft benediction. "He has work for you, my son. May He bless and keep you! Do not weary in well-doing! Work for God!"

Help soon arrived and Herbert Denham was borne home to his sorely agitated uncle. For many weeks he lay wavering between life and death. Besides his bruises and dislocated shoulder, some obscure but serious internal injury made his case hard to deal with. His head ached—a result, the physician thought, of spinal lesion—and a teasing cough followed.

Through this period of suffering, he had time for much thought. The gentle priest had vanished like a shadow, no one seemed to know who he was—a stranger, in all likelihood, from some distant field of labor. Denham had not even thought to ask his name but his words lingered as if written in fire.

"Work for God!" Yes, yet the first thing was to work out his own salvation. So he sent for Father Lanigan, the parish priest, who found in him a penitent of excellent dispositions. Tom Macmillan rejoiced sincerely over all this and was unwearied in attendance upon the invalid. Agnes, too, came once with her mother to visit him, and her sweet face shone down on him like a benediction. The brilliant Isabel failed to give any sign of regard, no message from her reached the sick room, and rumor already credited her with a new cavalier.

September came and the cough showed its real abatement, so the family physician ordered his patient to the pine region of North Carolina, Tom Macmillan going with him as general caretaker and nurse. Here, in the health-giving air, he gained strength, and was soon equal to short rambles in the resinous woods over their shivery floors of pine needles, where the warm sunshine threw slanting orange glows at sunset. He began to enjoy the novelty of it all. He amused himself with talking to the children of the poor "cracker" families, wondering at the universal shiftlessness and degradation. The misery of the negroes was still more in evidence. He emptied his purse for them, but effected no perceptible good. Macmillan organized a catechism class and tried to teach religion; but hunger, poverty and dense ignorance balked his efforts.

Denham's lonely strolls became times of serious thinking. He must "work for God" in His Church, which he had now entered. Well, he would be a priest—a few years of study would supplement his already fine education—and then his dreams flew on. He would do wonders when the chance finally came, rise to honors and dignities ecclesiastic, becoming a college president first, perhaps, then a Bishop, and so on. Everything looked possible under that warm sky—even to climbing the rocky peaks that serrated the dim distance. His New England ambitions had merely changed form, as a serpent his skin. They were ambitious still.

One day's experience had, indeed, made a penitent of Denham, but in no wise a budding saint.

Yet another eventful day arrived. The end of a prolonged stroll brought him fresh to the home of misery, a cabin whose dilapidation was more than wretched. An ill-manned silence hung over it, and softly peering in, he found himself face to face with death. An aged negro, neglected, untended, the prey of some frightful disease, was passing on swiftly to the Golden City of rewards and retributions. It was too late for any aims save that of prayer.

In that utter loneliness, which he felt as a physical oppression, Denham knelt to ask grace of God. A spot of blackness had shut out the wide, benignant sunshine. The miseries of God's creatures on earth, their ungodly needs, the neglect of souls, struck him with power. What if he had been left alone, a little while ago, to die in his sin? He had, indeed, been mercifully spared, but what of such as these? "Lord, pity Thy poor!" he prayed, "the outcasts of Thy bright world. Be, Thyself, their salvation! They have only Thee!"

"Not so, my son!" answered a familiar voice. "Behold the Church of Christ, sent out to minister here and now—ever as once upon a time."

Looking up, he again beheld the stately priest who had rescued him in his hour of darkness. The purple stole again brought its strange color into the yellow sunshine, then the solemn form entered into the shadow to administer the sacraments.

When it reappeared, one story of suffering had ended. "God rest the parted soul and receive into His Kingdom," said the priest, making the holy sign. "That poor man was a Catholic—of scapular and rosary. I was sent to him in time, thank God! But not to you, my son! Not at all. What are you doing here?"

Herbert told the facts in few words, barely hinting at his future. How could he voice his ambitious yearnings there in the awesome presence of death? At the first word the stranger's eye began to flash and his lip curled.

"My son, we are called to a priesthood of sacrifice. You say but do not. You say you would 'work for God'! Yes, I comprehend, but thus you view of a Bishop's mitre, of a Cardinal's red! God pardon us all! His blessed Son came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life, a ransom for many."

The piercing eye turned away from Denham, as if the speaker had forgotten his presence. Its power was uplifted to the dazzling blue.

All at once he moved about with a magnificent gesture, pointing to the cabin.

"Is there no work here, my son? No royal claim of sin and poverty? These are the call of God; I know no other! I till the darkest corner of His field, and bless the grace that sets me there."

The younger man caught his spirit. The great boy worker had been conquered by the Cross. Therefore he stood in the sun, eager, commanding, consumed with a thirst for gratitude. Life had shown Denham nothing like this. How true from all his Harvard ideals! Yet the new grandeur was

SEVERE PAINS IN LEFT KIDNEY

Three Years of Suffering Before a Cure Was Found—All Credit Given to

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

Before reading Mr. Gallant's letter, which is quoted below, look over these symptoms and see if your kidneys are in a healthy condition. Scores of people attribute their sufferings to stomach troubles or indigestion, when the real cause of the discomfort is in the failure of the kidneys to properly filter the blood.

When poisonous impurities are left lurking in the system, disease of the most painful and dangerous kind is bound to show itself some day. Later it is possible that you have kidney disease and have not recognized it as such.

The symptoms are, pain in the back, and over the kidneys, sediment in the urine after it stands for 24 hours, unusual desire to urinate, pain in passing water, gradual loss of flesh and weight, pains in the limbs, not unlike rheumatism, dry itching skin and brittle hair, fulness under the eyes and dropsical swelling of the legs, sleeplessness, indigestion, and constipation.

If you have any of these indications of kidney disorder, it is time for you to begin the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, the most thoroughly reliable treatment for kidney and liver disorders that is known to science. Many of the best people in the land take a pleasure in recommending this great remedy of the famous doctor, because it has cured them when other remedies failed.

Mr. Ellis Gallant, Paquetville, Gloucester Co., N. B., writes: "I feel it my duty to write you, as I have received much benefit from the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I was taken three years ago with a pain just below the ribs of the left side, and right over the kidney. At first it did not cause me much suffering, but a year ago the pain, at times, was very severe."

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KUBELIK'S VISIT TO THE POPE.

The musical world is just now in raptures over Kublik, the young Bohemian violinist.

Although but twenty-one, Kublik's march through Europe, England and America has been one of triumph—triumph that is continued here. Speaking of his visit to Chicago The New World says:

Every performance has tested the seating capacity of the Auditorium to its very limit. At each recital many were forced to stand. The young Bohemian artist left our city with nearly \$22,000 for his four concerts and declares it the best city he ever visited.

His heart is set on making his fortune in the next few years and returning to his native land. He has long planned to establish some sort of an institution in which the struggling musician will be encouraged, and he says that Chicago has helped him more in his plan than any other city he has played in.

And yet this brilliant young artist prizes above all honors paid him his interview with Pope Leo XIII. He was only twenty when it took place and in spite of his experiences as a favorite artist it is not surprising that this hour passed in the Vatican should seem the most wonderful of his life.

"We were shown into a small room and there waited for the Holy Father. After awhile the doors opened and a tall spare figure in white walked in. His wrinkled face was lit up by a friendly smile. His two kindly eyes almost gleamed with the light of his religion. This was the great Pope Leo XIII. A powerful impression was made on me by this good man."

"I know you, my dear Kubelik, as 'Il Paganini Redivivo,'" were his first words. He spoke in Italian, with a thin, far-away voice. "Cardinal Vasary asked for a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Gregory for you," he went on, "but it seemed to me you were too young to merit such a distinction and I put him off. Vasary answered that you were young in years, but not in art. So I resolved to grant you this decoration with my best wishes for your success in the career you have started and I hope you will continue to be an honor to your country and your art."

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A LENTEN SERMON

The seventeen Lenten sermons by Rev. Mr. Littledale, preached at the Cathedral from 10 o'clock, as usual, on the 17th and 18th of the month.

Is this a fast—
The last?—
And then
From fast of the world and flesh?

Is it to quit the flesh
Of flesh, yet stay
To fill
The platter with the flesh?

Is it to fast and
Or ragged to
Of ash, yet stay
A downcast look
Not to a fast
Thy bread of life
And not to
Unfit the hunger?

Is it to fast and
From old days
And then
To circumcise the heart?

To show a heart
To starve
Not but
An that's to keep the Lent

DR. LITTLEDALE AND THE JESUITS

(From The London Catholic Times)

Dr. Littledale, in the Encyclopædia Britannica, and Mr. Cartwright, his work on the Jesuits, quote a Jesuit author, Father Louis Wageman, as laying down the maxim, "Finit terminat prohibitionem actus"—"it end determines the righteousness of action," which they both interpret, meaning that the end justifies the means. Father Pollen, S. J., in the current issue of The Month, explains how the two authors came to misrepresent Father Wageman. They lied on a second-hand authority, compilation published by an "O Catholic" and an enemy of the Jesuit at Celle in 1874. But even the "O Catholic" intimates that the phrase in question occurs only in the index at the end of Wageman's book. It appears there is intended to refer the reader to the section where the subject is treated. Father Pollen has with some difficulty, secured a copy of the work, and what it says in the text of the morality of human acts is most unequivocal. "The goodness or badness of actions is chiefly to be sought under three heads—namely, the object (or action itself), the end, and the circumstances. For an act to be good, it is required that these three should all be good, for it to be bad it is sufficient that one of them be bad according to the principle, 'Bonum est ex intrinseca causa, malum ex singulari defectibus.' . . . All employment of an evil means is evil; but, of the other hand, it does not follow that all employment of a good means is actually good." This doctrine, it will be seen, differs very widely indeed from the principle enshrined in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," as a mark of the Jesuits, that the end justifies the means.

There are three short and simple words, the hardest to pronounce in any language (and I suspect they were no easier before the confusion of tongues), but which no man or nation than can not utter can claim to have arrived at manhood. These words are—
"I WAS WRONG"—Lowell.

CONSUMPTION

Prevented and Cured.

Four marvelous free remedies for all sufferers reading this paper. Free cure for Tuberculosis, Consumption, Weak Lungs, Catarrh, and a run-down system.

FREE.

Do you cough?
Do your lungs pain you?
Is your throat sore and inflamed?
Do you spit up phlegm?
Does your head ache?
Is your appetite bad?
Are your lungs dry?
Are you losing flesh?
Are you getting thin?
Do you lack stamina?
These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth—consumption.

Consumption, the banes of those who have been brought up in the old-fashioned beliefs that this disease was hereditary, that it was fatal, that once contracted it was once only clasped in its relentless grip.

But now know to be curable, made so by the new system of treatment for all diseases which has been brought to the world by the new system of treatment.

Now known to be preventable and curable by following and practicing its teachings.

The new system of treatment will cure you of consumption, even if all diseases which can be traced back to weak lungs as a foundation.

It is not a drug system, but a system of germ destruction and body building.

Not a secret, but a science.
Not a cure, but a cure.
The System System is a new cure for Consumption, Tuberculosis, Catarrh, and all diseases which are caused by weak lungs and a run-down system.

You are invited to test it. This system will do for you what you have tried to do for years in vain.

FREE TRIAL TREATMENT
and the Free Trial Preparations will be forwarded you of cost, with complete directions for use.

The System System is a new cure for Consumption, Tuberculosis, Catarrh, and all diseases which are caused by weak lungs and a run-down system.

Persons in Canada, sending \$1.00 for the free trial, will receive the System System and the Free Trial Preparations.

Persons in other countries, sending \$2.00 for the free trial, will receive the System System and the Free Trial Preparations.