

congratulating himself upon the treasure he had discovered almost accidentally. One month later Dorothy arrived in Billington. The very first evening at home a long discussion took place between Dorothy and her father and mother. It was a case of two to one, but Dorothy won easily, and the next day a cablegram went flying to England, addressed to Signor Lamperti, it was composed of only a few words, and read: "Will sign contract for a six months' tour grand opera."

"DOROTHY FAIRFAX." Several months later the young singer joined the other members of the company.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HELD IN DERISION.

Rafter was in a very bad humor. A much-abused hand-organ had disturbed his siesta, and, as with intent to add insult to injury, had continued its murderous machinations despite his entreaties to be left in peace. He was in the attitude of magnificent gestulation when the door suddenly opened to admit a visitor.

"Go down and kill him, old man," said the newcomer, laughing at the plight of his friend.

Rafter turned, amazed at the new intrusion. "Well, well, Peters," he cried, forgetting all about the harmonies that still floated persistently from the street below. "Is it you, really you?"

So physical was the welcome Peters wondered if Rafter had mistaken him for the Italian organ-grinder. "Is it I?" exclaimed Peters. "Have you the idea that you are clutching at my ghost, instead of breaking my arm?" "Sit down," said Rafter; "your hat. Well, why shouldn't I have doubt as to the reality of this vision? Here I have been practicing over two years and you never came near my office. And as to letters, I always fancied that you were the sleepless secretary of some great trust so concise were your answers to my verbose letters."

"Well, Raf, you know I was never very eloquent with either voice or pen, but—well, I'm mighty glad to see you. It's been a long time since college days—these eight years. You've done well though."

"Extremely well, Peters. The ordinary doctor, they tell me, has hard work to make ends meet the first few years, but with the exception of my first year I may say that my nets have been cast in pleasant and fertile waters. No need to ask of your success, Peters. The papers, keep tabs on you. Why, I read something yesterday saying that you are the most finished organist in the country."

"Well, I daresay I can't deny it, since the papers have it so. However, the papers are right for once. I am certainly the most finished organist in the country. I have finished."

"Finished? You are going abroad, I suppose. All you fellows do sooner or later."

"No, you misunderstand. I have finished my musical career forever. I am going—horror of horrors!—to the Trappist monastery."

Rafter jumped from his chair. "Trappist!" he exclaimed, with a look of astonishment. "Horror in reality! You are not serious, boy! What have you done or what has anybody done to you to drive you to such a jail?"

Peters laughed. "Well, what a ridiculous speech," he said. "Have you that silly idea that all men who leave the world have committed a great crime and are looking for obscurity to atone for it, or again, that unrequited love furnishes the vocations for monasteries and convents? Shame on you Rafter!"

"Well, I hardly believed you were trying to escape the electric chair, but it is all so remarkable to me. Why, I could no more think of giving up my practice and its position for that silent, sacrificing life—why, it would kill me. And as to you, the reputation, the position in society you are giving up—it really beats me. Come, Peters, own up its a joke."

"Not quite, to me. Its serious. I'm not going out there for a good time. I have had plenty of good times, and they don't count for much in the long run. I've seen so much of the world's vanities already—but don't think I'm a bit sour, I'm not. I enjoy life, nature's glories, art, and as to music, you know I adore it. It broke my heart almost when I sold my piano. But I expect to get a golden harp in exchange, some day. So what's the use of complaining?"

"What illusions to be sure. Peters! Can't do anything to wake you? How many days have decided you as to this romantic move?"

"Three hundred and sixty-five, tripled, which means three years—long enough to find out if one is troubled with illusions."

"But what will people say? Imagine it, the idolized Adonis of every young lady, the envied musician of every pianist and organist. Why, man, they'll say you're crazy."

"I daresay. The Catholic Church is famous for all the supposed crazy members it has. But it was so pretty far back. There are some lines in the Bible about such crazy people. They run something like this: 'These are they whom we held some time in derision. We fools esteemed their life madness. Behold how they are numbered among the children of God, and their lot is among the saints.' It's quite consolatory, eh? But how do you feel about your position?"

"Pshaw! Peters, it isn't everybody that's called to lead such a life. I'm sure I'm not. I'm hardly pious enough. A poor admission from a Catholic doctor who ought to be a shining light."

"Yes, very well, Peters, but if a man has no faith. To be candid with you, I have little or none. Why, I had more than you once. You remember how mad I used to get when you laughed at some legend to which I staked my life. Well, I'm above legends now. All Christianity is more or less a legend now. You would find it out if you had gone more deeply into literature instead of music."

I have read almost everything, and done almost everything, and that will convey to you much faith I have left. As to that text, well, I think it is silly. Why should a man make life miserable and make believe that he relishes misery? I'm sure of this life, and I enjoy it. I'm not so sure of a future one."

"But I am, Rafter. There's the difference. Heaven and hell are as real to me as the earth. I am illogical if I don't accept conclusions in keeping with my promises. I do accept them. Hence my determination to make myself surer of salvation."

"Well, it's your choice, not mine. As for me, it's life and love. Ah, Peters, if you had met the charming Mona Blair, you would stick to the organ and the world. Don't you think it's high time I married?"

"It's not too early, provided you get a good wife."

"Good as gold. A true Catholic, convent-bred, weekly communicant, and all that. I like religion in a woman."

"But why in woman more than in man? Man claims to be the superior being. If religion is true at all, he ought to excel in that also."

"Don't preach, Peters. It's as bad as the hand-organ. Mona and I have one point of religion in common, we love each other. But really, Peters, religion is not an agreeable topic of conversation. I don't feel at home in it."

"Which tends to explain the old adage about a glibly conscience, and so on. But as you wish. What do you think of the Democratic chances this fall?"

And so the topic was changed. It was two hours later when Peters rose to leave, after listening to his friend dilating upon a dozen different subjects with which he showed great familiarity.

"So I suppose we will never meet again," said Rafter, as he held the hand of his old college chum. "You to the solitude and I to the thick of the battle."

"Never?" echoed Peters. "That's rather long, isn't it? I hope we'll meet again—at least in the hereafter."

"Well, if not till the hereafter, I'm afraid it won't be at all. He all looks for you now, but if it were not for your sempiternal pertinacity I would predict a speedy meeting with you even in this sphere. But you're so dogged I think you would die under the lash rather than give in."

"I hope so," said Peters seriously. "Well, good by, Raf, and let me add, God bless you!"

"Good by, old man, and—well, if you want you can pray for me."

Society was astounded at the news of the defection of the celebrated Peters. How could he do such a thing? He was with so much to live for; brilliant, handsome, a genius—and now to sacrifice all for a sentiment of religion. The world could conceive the sanity of such a course no more than could Doctor Rafter, and yet in the depths of his heart it had an admiration, even if only an artistic one for a man who sacrificed so much for an attachment to the spiritual. Such a proceeding had the real Middle Age flavor. It stamped Peters as the true poet, a really romantic genius.

"I think he is a hero," said Mona Blair hotly, in reply to a sneering remark from her lover "All sacrifice is heroic. Has he not been a genius in sacrifice?"

"You think so?" questioned Rafter. "Why, everybody says he's a fool."

"But can everybody judge in such a case? The world has often failed in judging."

"But there is duty. A man has a duty to the world," said the doctor. "And also a duty to himself," she replied. "His first duty is the salvation of his own soul. If he feels that this world is too much for him, and God calls him from it, he is doing his first duty in answering the call of his heart, and therefore right."

"That's very well in those saints of the Middle Ages."

"God and the soul are the same to-day," she answered. "Different dress, different customs do not change the relations of God and man."

"It is easy to moralize in the abstract," he said. "You approve of the course of Peters because it has a tinge of the romantic. His leaving the world has no practical influence upon you. Suppose you were his sister?"

"There is no place I would rather see him than in religion," she answered. "Suppose, further still, that I received that so-called divine message, would I be justified in leaving you?" he asked, earnestly gazing at her.

She bit her lips at the strange turn the argument had taken. She knew he was watching her intently.

"If God calls, no one should interfere."

The words came after a pause, but they came firmly.

He had expected her to say something else, and her words hurt him deeply.

"Then you would be willing to see me leave you," he said, "upon a mistaken notion that I could save my soul better elsewhere than you?"

She said nothing. She knew from his tones that he reproached her. She had spoken the truth from her heart; she could have said nothing else.

There was a moment's pause, painful to them both, and she was induced to resume the argument.

"John," she said, "you may think it a strange kind of affection, but as your betrothed, much as I love you, I would be willing to sacrifice it all for the return to you of that simple faith of which your pride has robbed you. By the side of you Mr. Peters is blessed a thousand-fold."

version of Peters. Then I realized that it is not time for a man to lose his faith voluntarily, and I could not be happy with—"

"With a criminal, you mean. Very well, as you say."

"I do not mean to hurt you, John. But you do hurt, deeply. Not so deeply, however, as to drive me to a monastery. One fool a week is enough."

He was sneering again. "You speak of duty, John, a marry since. It is my duty. I couldn't marry an avowed agnostic. Our sympathies are entirely different. Religion is all to me. I should not have encouraged your suit. I did not realize."

"Oh, it makes no difference, I suppose. Better to discover the incompatibility now than later on."

"You will think kindly of me," she said, "if I am daring to look at him. She was suffering, and she knew that he, too, in spite of his bravado, was suffering."

"How otherwise?" he said. "But I suppose I must seek solace among the agnostics?"

She did not answer. She knew that he was indignant and she dreaded his anger. But he restrained himself. Slowly he arose and whispering a goodbye, without looking at her, he hurried from the house.

The doctor gave little evidence of any pain which the breaking of the engagement might have caused. He rather seemed more jovial, threw aside the learned books he had delighted to delve in, and took in exchange for them the boon companions, who, like himself, found God an inconvenient burden. He tried to forget Mona Blair. He was angry with her at first, angry that he should be cast aside on such a slender excuse as religious barriers, and he sought to persuade himself that he cared nothing for her. But the task was a hard one, amid the rollicking, sporting life he thought was alone fitted to bring forgetfulness. At times his better nature claimed to be heard and a suspicion came to him that perhaps Mona was right; but inevitably the self-pride was stronger, and unconsciously he sought to himself that he would face the possibility of damnation rather than relent.

So had he concluded again and again, but especially to-night, three months from the day he had parted with Mona. The sound of the telephone bell broke in upon his feverish meditations, and he took up the receiver languidly. Another call! He was getting tired of the life of a doctor.

"Could Dr. Rafter come to the City Hospital immediately? A crazy man had shot Father Bryant while he was preaching. The bullet had not been extracted. The patient was very low."

Certainly. He would go immediately. He was soon at the hospital and in consultation with the other doctors. It was a serious case. There was very little hope for the innocent victim.

"It is an interesting case," he said to the other doctors when they had finished. "I will stay by him for the night." So he sat long into the stillness of the night, broken only by the breathing of the priest and an occasional moan from the adjoining ward, noting the various phases through which the sufferer passed.

Hush! The priest was speaking. He was beginning the sermon wherein he had met his death. He was giving out the feast, the text which the doctor had sneered at as it came from the lips of his friend Peters.

"These are they whom he held some time in derision—and their lot is among the saints."

Doctor Rafter, who quailed not before the most trying surgical case, winced under the words of the unconscious priest. Could he not escape from that text? Everybody assailed him with it. But, as if compelled by a superior power, he gave ear to the words of the saintly man who knew not that he was trying to attract an attentive audience the words of eternal life. It was a simple sermon, unrhymed, but it was the word of God, and the word of itself preaches better than the eloquence of man. The vanity of life, of human glory, of riches, the blessings of the soul that sacrifices self for God, that was the sermon heard by the agnostic in the hospital room on that November night.

It seemed a new doctrine to him, and yet he knew that he had believed it all long ago. He had sneered at first out of habit, then became stolidly indifferent, but soon, under the pleading voice, the indifference gave way to rapt attention, and then—

To Rafter it was not an abrupt change. It seemed like the gliding from darkness into light and he knew that faith had returned. Gently he took the hand of the priest. His eyes went peering into the past, beholding a world's genius in the monastic garb, a beautiful woman with the light of faith in her eyes, and he blessed those whom the world held in derision.

Bad Catholics.

The Catholic who conforms to the bare letter, and not to the spirit of the obligations laid upon him by the Church, is a poor specimen of a member of the household of the faith. Sometimes the conduct of his daily life is not at all affected by his frequentation of the sacraments; and this shows that his confessions are "bad," for the proof of a good confession is the amendment of conduct. There are so-called Catholics who go regularly to Mass on Sundays and approach the sacrament of penance and of the Eucharist, and who, nevertheless, continue to lie, to cheat, to pilfer in their dealings with their fellow-men; who devote six days of the week to idling away, scheming for the sole purpose of accumulating money, and who are as mean as disagreeable, as unneighborly, as disobligeable, as uncharitable as if they were pagans. The scandal which such Catholics give to all who are acquainted with them or who have dealings with them is incalculable. They would be a disgrace to any religion.—The Tablet, Brooklyn.

Fortune does not change men; it merely unmasks them.

CONVERTING A CATHOLIC.

THE EFFORTS OF AN EARNEST METHODIST MINISTER AT ARCHBISHOP, KANSAS, HAS SET HIM THINKING.

The following, taken from the Atchison Globe of a recent date, gives the experience of the Rev. Mr. Twine, a Methodist minister:

"For a good many years, as a pious Methodist, I have found fault with the people for not accepting my doctrine. I have often quoted St. Paul, who ranks heresy with murder and idolatry, and who declares that the authors of sects shall not possess the kingdom of heaven. I have believed, of course, that Methodism is the truest doctrine. When Christ said, 'I pray for them also who through their word shall believe Me'; that they all may be one, I believed that; that He prayed that His followers might be united in the Methodist faith. Our Saviour said: 'Upon this rock I have built My Church.' He said nothing about the Baptist, Presbyterian or Lutheran Churches, but of His Church; the Methodist Church, we Methodists have intended that His Church should have one common doctrine which all Christians are bound to believe, and I have always urged not only sinners to join the Methodist church, but Presbyterians, Baptists, Lutherans, etc., as well, to the end that we may agree with Cor. xiv. 33: 'God is not the God of discussion, but of peace.' I have always regretted that there are five different kinds of Baptists, two different kinds of Presbyterians, etc., and I have always been in favor of church union. I admit that I believe that a general move with this end in view would result in all Christians becoming Methodists as our doctrine has been considered so sound that to investigate it must bring conviction."

"I have become so full of church union that the other day I approached a Catholic neighbor, and suggested that we all go together in the near future and agree on one doctrine, and sweep the world with it. I have never thought much of Catholics, but I was feeling to take in everything. Well, the fellow sat down on a dry goods box and wanted to talk the matter over, and, as I have always been rather good at arguing, I thought I would begin the work of a universal church by showing him that he could not get away from the Methodist doctrine. We talked for an hour, and instead of converting him, he about made me believe that I am a heretic of the worst kind. In the first place, he said that his Church was founded only thirty-three years after Christ died, while mine was founded over seventeen hundred years later. His Church, he said, was founded by St. Peter, who received his authority from Christ Himself. He claimed that the vicar of Christ, was the first Bishop of Rome, and that there is not a link lacking in the chain which binds the humblest priest in the land to the prince of apostles. Jesus said to His apostles: 'As the Father sent Me, I also send you.'"

"The man explained that Peter was the first head of his church, and he rather stamped me. 'I agree with you,' said my neighbor, 'that there should be a universal church. That is the meaning of the word catholic—universal. For sixteen hundred years the Catholic Church was accepted as the Church of Christ, the Church founded by Peter, of whom our Pope is the legitimate successor. Our faith has always been the same; we receive our doctrine from the apostles, who receive it from Christ Himself. When you accept the Bible as the Word of God, you receive it on the authority of the Catholic Church, which was the sole guardian of the Scriptures for fifteen hundred years. Peter himself tells us that no prophecy of Scripture is made by private interpretation; but mark you, since what you call the Reformation, those four words of the gospel: 'This is My Body,' have over four hundred interpretations. Jesus said to Peter: 'I will give to thee the keys of heaven, consequently the true followers of Christ, all Christians, must be in Communion with the See of Rome, where Peter rules in the person of his successor. Peter's name always stands first in the list of apostles, while Judas is invariably mentioned last. Peter is the first apostle who performed a miracle. Peter is called the first Bishop of Rome, because he transferred his See from Antioch to Rome, where he suffered martyrdom. John Calvin does not hesitate to re-echo the universal voice of Catholic history that our Church descends directly from the apostles.' 'Therefore,' continued my neighbor, 'the Universal Church is already established. It has been established over eighteen hundred years, and all that is necessary is that you heretics come back, after your little excursion of the sixteenth century. Catholics have made many mistakes, but their doctrine has always been the same; we are teaching to-day just what Christ taught and the head of our Church is His legitimate successor.'"

"Then my neighbor went his way. I have been thinking of what he said. Is it possible that I am a deserter from the true faith? Is it possible that I have lacked the true religion all these years? Is it not a little odd when I started out to convert a neighbor that I am accused of walking in the broad road myself? I have looked upon Catholics with scorn and pity a good many years; I wonder if the Baptists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, etc., have the same scorn and pity for me that the Catholics have?"

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