

events, he appeared at once to have recognized the danger which threatened him, and evidently realized, at the same time, how utterly useless would have been any attempt on his part to try to explain the friendly nature of his visit to their camp. What are words to an excited mob? So, they said, he just stood there, regarding them with a calm unflinching gaze, and waiting, motionless, for whatever might happen next, very much, perhaps, as the early martyrs waited in the arena or at the stake.

"Just at that moment, it seems, Gil had come strolling into the camp, and, on making inquiries, was told that the trouble was that some seditious stranger had come, trying to stir up trouble in their peaceful midst. Not, perhaps, that they may have expressed it in just those terms, but that, at least, was the import. The news of Gil's arrival naturally spread rapidly among them, and the fight was soon on in earnest. The rabble, as if by common consent, began to give way before their leader. One of them, in an attempt to make room for Gil, gave the man in front of him a shove so violent that it landed him against the young priest with a force that, had he not been so hemmed in by the crowd, he surely must have been knocked to the ground. Some one from the rear had seized the priest's hat, and amid the endorsement of loud cries, and a fusillade of epithets from the others, was brandishing it aloft on the end of his rifle.

"What?" exclaimed Father Norris.

"Barbarous," said the bishop.

"Yes; agreed Father Darcy. Then Gil, with both arms thrust out before him, his heart aflame with his innate love of fight had, by that time, made his way through the crowd, and having reached the priest's side, had seized that amazed little man by the arm, wrestling him from the grasp of one of the mob, and turning him halfway round with the sudden violence of his action.

"Then, in a voice full of righteous indignation, he cried out, 'Ye will—will ye? as, tightening his grasp upon the priest's arm, he glared down into that helpless little man's face. 'Ye will—will ye?' he repeated thunderingly, as one who would have it known that he was there to defend that peace-loving little man from any invasion of every enemy.

"About that time, some one from farther off being, it seemed, inspired with the memory of a familiar classic slogan,—whether gained from earlier instructions, or from the more recent Methodistical visit,—had apparently decided to contribute it as something eminently befitting the occasion, for, lifting up his voice above the noise of the rabble, he cried out, 'Down with Rome! Down with Rome and Popery!'

"The cry was immediately taken up, as always happens in such instances, and was echoed and re-echoed with the variety of rhetorical embellishments added here and there; and some one, standing near by,—presumably the one from whose grasp Gil had wrested the priest, and who, having been foiled in his first work of defender of the camp, and evidently determined to seize the first opportunity to make good in his line, raised his strong right fist, and aimed a blow at the young priest's nose.

"The priest, in an instinctive endeavor to evade the blow, had thrown back his head, exposing as he did so, the full white line of his Roman collar, while, at the same time, the assailant's fist missing its aim, landed heavily against the priest's throat.

"It all had been but the happening of a moment—Gil's first rough seizing of the priest's arm, his 'Ye will—will ye?' the cry of 'Down with Rome and Popery!' and the ruffian's blow, all had followed in such swift succession. In fact, the cry of 'Down with Rome and Popery!' had hardly penetrated Gil's ear and reached his understanding when his gaze had fallen upon the exposed Roman collar.

"Then it was that Gil's voice rose in one of the loud oaths for which he had made himself so famous; and following it with another terrible resounding, 'Ye will—will ye?' he suddenly released the priest's arm to seize that of the assailant, throwing that astonished mortal violently backward into the arms of the nearest bystander. 'Ye will—will ye?' he thundered again, glaring down not upon the priest, this time, but upon his assailant. 'Strike a priest—will ye?' he demanded with awful menace in his tones. 'I'll show ye how to strike a priest!' and his last words trailed off into a kind of roar as if he might be searching for a more adequate phrase than was yet in his vocabulary. Then, with one swift motion, he placed an arm protectively around the little priest's shoulder and smiled—yes, he did,—they say he actually smiled down upon the little man who by that time must have been stricken wholly dumb with amazement. It was as if he might have been praying for a miracle to happen, and it had happened.

"Then Gil, drawing a little nearer to the priest, turned and faced the speechless gasping crowd. I don't know just what happened next, nor just how the crowd regarded such a queer twisting of their promise of a Roman holiday, but, at any rate, no one appeared to

question Gil's ultimatum, however, disappointed they may have been in the outcome. Questioning any decision of their leader had never been a part of their camp philosophy. In a few minutes, it seemed that Gil, having demanded the restoration of the priest's hat, was steering him safely through their midst straight to the hospitality of his own shack, and to the sympathetic ministrations of the reliable and competent Lally. She knew how to bathe and to bind up wounds.

"I proved, however, that the priest had been practically unharmed, save for the soil on his garments where some of the stones had struck, a slight dent in his Roman collar, with a burning red spot on his throat from the assailant's blow; and, of course, slightly shaken nerves from the experience. After due lavations outside the shack, he was soon himself again, so that Lally's ministrations consisted only in serving the very appetizing and abundant supper which she had already prepared for Gil.

"Then, naturally, explanations followed and understandings took place, the priest explaining why the bishop had sent him to the camp; and Gil telling, with more astonishment to himself, it may be, than to the priest, that, with the cry of 'Down with Rome and Popery!' together with the first sight of that Roman collar, there had returned to his memory with a kind of vivid rush, some far-off, almost wholly vanished picture of another Roman collar worn by another priest, back in the nearly forgotten days of Gil's early childhood. That other priest had been Gil's pastor, so Gil had explained, and Gil, himself, it proved, had been a Catholic. He had even made his first Communion, though, soon after it, he had drifted into the churchless west and had subsequently forgotten all about his religion, and had soon begun upon his wild western career.

"Yes," said the bishop, as Father Darcy paused.

"Well, there really isn't much more to tell," said Father Darcy. "Of course, you know that the story is going to end in quite the satisfactory manner, with Gil coming back to his Faith and every body beginning to live happily ever after, in quite the approved fashion. The young missionary remained in their midst full more than his allotted time; and with Gil for his champion and most fervent convert, his apostolic work was really a great success. Besides, it appears that they had taken a great fancy to the little priest. His show of brave spirit, and his undaunted attitude of fearlessness and Christian heroism in the face of that mob, had won for him their everlasting admiration and respect.

"And, oh yes; I mustn't forget another important part of the story, which is that, one day, Gil caused Lally's heart almost to stop beating by announcing to her that she was to get herself ready to be baptized that evening and to be married next morning—to him?—why yes, to him, of course—who else, he would have her tell him—because the Father was going away next day, as soon as the wedding was over. You see the little priest had done his work well. He was as zealous as he was brave; and he left those parts in the character of a great and admired hero.

"It is, indeed, quite a splendid little story," commented the bishop. "An example, as you say, of the spirit of the early martyrs."

"Why I," interposed Father Norris, hesitatingly, "I wouldn't consider the priest the hero. To my mind, Gil was the brave one, the real hero of the story."

"Why no?" returned Father Darcy, a little surprised. "On the contrary, Gil could hardly have been accounted brave, since he had nothing to fear, you know. It was not his life that was endangered by the mob. It was the priest's."

"And yet," said Father Norris, "it might have been real courage after all, on the part of the priest. He might have been—well, you see he was most likely sort of paralyzed, as it were—paralyzed with fear, I mean. He was,—that is, he might have been so frightened that he couldn't have moved nor spoken even had he wanted to. There are instances of fear like that, I have heard, a fear which induces a kind of temporary paralysis of motion and speech, and of the will, too, so that the victim is rendered practically unable to speak, and incapable of any motion whatever. Such a condition might easily have been mistaken for courage, you know."

"I assure you that those who told me the story remarked repeatedly on the brave demeanor of the priest," said Father Darcy, defensively. "They told me that there were some about the camp who held that it was the show of courage on his part, rather than the sight of the Roman collar which had moved Gil to turn so suddenly to the priest's defense. Gil, you see, had the ruffian's usual unbounded admiration for physical courage in the presence of danger, whatever motive might inspire that courage."

"I quite agree with Father Darcy," interposed the bishop. "You must admit that the priest showed an admirable degree of genuine Christian fortitude in the face of the fact that his life was in danger, and that he was wholly defenseless in the hands of that excited mob."

"No," said Father Norris, shaking his head. "No; Your Lordship;



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**"LET ME NEVER BE SEVERED FROM THEE"**

In two of the most solemn portions of the Mass, namely at the *Hanc igitur*, when the sacrificing priest suppliantly spreads his hands over the oblation, and again during the second prayer he repeats shortly before Holy Communion, it is worthy of note that he uses words which seem at first sight to be hardly in keeping with the thoughts the priest should be dwelling on at just that time. For as he makes an offering of the bread and wine so soon to be changed into the Body and Blood of Our Divine Saviour, the priest humbly prays: "Do Thou establish our days in Thy peace, and deliver us from everlasting damnation," and later in the Mass, when about to receive the Holy Eucharist, the priest utters his Lord and Master, present there before him on the altar, to "Make me cleave to Thy commandments and suffer not that at any time I be separated from Thee."

But in putting the foregoing prayers in the mouth of her priests at the time she does, the Church is of course guided, as always, by her heaven born wisdom and prudence. Moreover from her age-old study of human nature she well knows how weak and frail in the hour of temptation are all of Adam's children, so she reminds even her anointed priests, and that too at the moment of consecrating and of receiving, that without the effectual aid from on high with which the Holy Eucharist and the Sacrifice of the Mass so abundantly supply all devout believers, no one can secure a stronger assurance that he will be delivered at his last hour from the peril of eternal death, and will never be separated by grievous sin from the friendship of Christ. It is because the Faithful, too, realize so thoroughly the value and importance of Mass and Communion as the best safeguards against temptation, and the surest "pledge of future glory" that the Catholics of our day, with a fervor unequalled perhaps since the Church's early ages, assist at Holy Mass and through the Sacred Table, "Deliver me from everlasting damnation," and "Let me never be severed from Thee," therefore, are two prayers from the Missal that should always be in the heart and often on the lips of all true lovers of the Blessed Sacrament.—America.

**THE POPULAR MIND**

Does the popular mind really crave the morbid the unwholesome, the trashy novel because, forsooth, it enjoys prodigious patronage when it is issued from the press? Do people actually prefer unwholesome and dangerous literature to that which is safe and profitable? Or is the fact simply this,—that because harmful books are written, published and disseminated broadcast,—they are therefore read?

The recent assertion of one who has wide experience in catering to the taste of readers, inclines to the opinion that trashy and unwholesome books do not represent the actual taste of those who read, but rather the inclination of human nature to fall for temptation whenever it presents itself.

In these days there is much talk of censorship. But this censorship apparently does not include books. Almost anything may be printed, whether it be fit for perusal or not. Consequently almost everything falls into the hands of the reading public. And people will read for curiosity, to keep afloat of the times, in order to be able to say that they have read such and such a book.

There are few nowadays who are willing to admit that they know nothing of the merits or rather the demerits of the so-called 'best seller.' Although the sane judgment of such persons tells them that they have no right to read dangerous or unwholesome works of fiction, they are unwilling to forego the anticipated satisfaction of finding out just what is wrong with a certain book. They legislate for their own consciences, although they know that there is One Whose eye searches out the secrets of hearts, analyzes human motives and requires a strict account of every thought and act.

During the past year the increasing stream of trashy and salacious novels has been unceasing. The mere fact of a book having been

condemned as unfit to read is sufficient reason for its accession to a place of prominence.

What is to be done when those who should know better confess to the deplorable inability to let such books alone? They must forsooth see what they are like. Such an admission in itself extends the influence of bad books throughout the world. The more people who can be induced to read such books, the greater the demand for them, the larger the sale, and the greater, in the mind of the author and publisher, their success.

The Church, viewing with sadness this wholesale pandering to what is basest in human nature, and ever mindful of the beauty and dignity of a soul, condemns this evil with vigorous voice. Dangerous and bad books, if they do not blight, besmirch the soul, dimming the radiant whiteness which makes it so perfect a work of the Omnipotent. No greater contrast exists between the blackness of the printed word and the stainless page, than the contrast between the innocent mind and heart and that which is soiled and besmirched by dwelling on the ignoble sentiments of bad books.

What is to be done? Since there is scant hope of establishing a rigorous censorship over the press, how shall this popular scourge be appeased?

A great French writer of the past generation spent the final hours of his life trying to repair the evil which in earlier times he had wrought with his facile but unwholesome pen. In order to reconstruct the ruins, at least in part, painfully and laboriously he set about re-writing all his books, omitting here, revising there, purifying this stagnant stream of poison, trying to set himself right with the world. Too late he realized the evil which his noxious writings had done.

The stimulation of a keen interest in worthwhile books is an essential need of the times. Librarians and those who sell books can and should exert their influence in the cause of good literature. By so doing they will have a considerable part in a grand apostolate which is sorely needed by the world today.—The Pilot.

The more we love Mary, the more we shall love God.—Fr. Vassall Phillips, C. S. S. R.

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Recollect you can not please all parties: you must disagree with some or other; you have only to choose (if you are determined to look to man) with which you will disagree. And, further, you may be sure that those who attempt to please all parties, please fewest; and that the best way to gain the world's good opinion (even if you were set up on this, which you must not be) is to show that you prefer the praise of God. Make up your mind to be occasionally misunderstood and undeservedly condemned. You must, in the Apostle's words, go through evil report and good report, whether on a contracted or a wider field of action. And you must not be anxious even for the praise of good men. To have the approbation of those whose hearts are guided by God's Holy Spirit is indeed much to be coveted. Still this is a world of discipline, not of enjoyment; and just as we are sometimes bound in duty to abstain from indulgences of sense in themselves innocent, so are we sometimes bound to deny ourselves the satisfaction derived from the praise even

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