

with zeal like vast infidel pow...

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Knowing Catho Church by, we rely...

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CHURCH SOCIETIES.

How They May Assist the Spouse of Christ.

Father Fulton, the well known Paulist, on the occasion of a foundation of a men's sodality in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, gave utterance to some remarkable thoughts.

This cry was the effect of a well-concerted plan on the part of the enemies of the Catholic Church to destroy her, under the impression that she was nothing more than a mere human institution.

On these give you The princip carried on in manner. Catholic Christianity only a mig God, but the human poi and intel understand with her it that conce There are under the objects, hav motive the...

But, my dear friends, has the Church ceased to exist? Has that mighty institution lessened her power over the minds and hearts of men?

The children of the Church understand well that, while she uses human power, she is strengthened by power from on high.

Yes, my dear friends, while we recognize that our Holy Catholic Church is a divine institution, never without God's special help guarding her, history tells us (and it is well that we should remember the lesson history teaches) that in every exigency she has met her enemies on their own ground, and she has always defended herself according to the exigencies of the time.

In her earliest days, when her members were remarkably small in number —when her power, looked at from a merely human standpoint, seemed exceedingly weak—God in a most marvelous manner helped and sustained her. Then with the termination of her persecutions and the dawn of a brighter era, in the days of Constantine, the Church adapted herself to her surrounding circumstances. She waxed strong. She became a most formidable power even from a human point of view. She then could meet her enemies by human means. She opposed her own mighty strength to their brute forces, and she conquered and triumphed over them.

Again, when the power of intellect was brought to bear upon the Church and an attempt was made to crush her out of existence by the pen of the philosopher, she opposed intellectual powers to her intellectual enemies. When the Moslem sought to overturn Christianized Europe, to place the crescent where the cross had been, she called upon her children to stand up as one man, and under the guidance of and led on by a Bernard and others

to himself; "they are all beside themselves, and so, I think, am I. I wonder if Mary has thought about the dinner? Thank heaven, there's the dog cart."

The vehicle in question at that moment appeared; and in it the three gentlemen having taken their seats, Geoffrey drove from the door of Swinburne Park, carrying with him its two most illustrious guests, to the wonder, and possibly to the envy of more than one he left behind.

CHAPTER VII.

AT LAVENTOR.

The arrival of Geoffrey with his two companions made some little stir in the home circle of Laventor. Julian was expected, but the appearance of the illustrious stranger, whose claims to respect were somewhat more keenly appreciated by the ladies of the party than they were by Geoffrey, could hardly fail to cause a sensation.

There is a certain magic possessed by really great minds which has, perhaps, in their power of communicating themselves. The shyness and embarrassment which render intercourse with some of our fellow-creatures so painful a penance may on examination be traced to the fact that no real intercourse has at those times taken place, and that we and they have simply stood in each other's presence, like so many violin cases, imparting no music to one another, and perhaps having none to impart. But let one be in the company of richer capacities, and it needs but a touch to call out some melodious notes; and if, as in Paxton's case, the gifts of intellect are linked with unusual powers of sympathy, the great mind finds ways of giving itself forth to little ones so pleasantly, that whilst the charm is sensibly felt by all, the vast superiority of the master intellect is scarcely guessed.

Not a little curious were the looks which some of the party directed towards the two gentlemen as they entered together. They seemed such strange-matched companions, and what was to Mabel the most extraordinary feature of the whole, Geoffrey Houghton appeared so wholly unconscious that there was anything remarkable about it.

"A thousand pardons," began Mr. Paxton; "I had no intention of keeping you all waiting; but Mr. Houghton beguiled me into a talk on the terrace, and I believe we both forgot the time."

The two sisters exchanged glances. "Do you really mean that you have been walking out before breakfast at this time of year?" said Mabel; "it gives one the shivers to think of it."

"Yes," he replied, "I do actually mean that before you had opened your eyes to 'Phœbus' tardy beam,' Mr. Houghton and I had taken several turns on the terrace, and got deep down into all manner of knotty questions."

"How delightful!" said Lady Annabel; "what would I not give to have had a fairy taking shorthand notes on the conversation!"

"Uncommonly glad you had not," thought Geoffrey, remembering the Dresden china.

"But now," she continued, "you never give us the benefit of such delightful talks. What was it all about, Mr. Houghton? You know we are all envying you; somebody once said that all Mr. Paxton's thoughts were golden."

"On this occasion the thoughts were entirely furnished by Mr. Houghton," said Paxton; "and I was little more than *tabula de chambre* to his ideas, trying to clothe them in well-fitting garments of words."

Breakfast went on, and so did the conversation, and not one of the company but evinced a certain change of manner towards Geoffrey Houghton to what they had previously shown him. A simper, who had been chosen for the coveted distinction of an hour's *à la table* with the most distinguished man of letters all England could produce, and who could furnish ideas which the greatest master of the English tongue should think worthy of clothing with language. It was a wonderful state of things, and bid fair in an hour or two to lift our simple hero himself into the place of the lion.

"Are you really leaving us?" said Lady Annabel, addressing herself to Paxton, who had alluded to his speedy departure. "We had hoped to have kept you safe out of the London fogs for one more day."

the running after great people and geniuses, and the trying to make everybody stand in an attitude and assume a character—well, all that is worldly, too, and quite as unreal, though, perhaps, it can put on a better show. But you are right in your principle, which, I take it, is this, that all worldliness is vulgar."

"My stars!" cried Geoffrey, in irrepressible surprise, "what a thing it is to have the use of one's tongue! I didn't know I had said that; but it is as true as the Gospel, and that is why Julian Wyvern can never be seen to advantage in such an atmosphere. He has not a spark of the world about him."

"I am sure of it," said Paxton, "only when he is a little older, and has knit himself together a little more tightly, he will come to understand that in every atmosphere a man should venture to be himself. He need not assume one sort of affectation to escape another. You don't do so, Mr. Houghton, if you will excuse the freedom of such a remark."

The passing reference to himself escaped Geoffrey's notice: he was considering how he could put in a good word for his friend, whom he sincerely believed that Paxton did not appreciate.

"Wyvern returns with me to day," he said, "and I would lay any wager we shall not have got out of the park gates until he will be himself again. I wish you could see him as he is at Laventor! you would not know him for the same fellow."

"Thank you," said Paxton, "I should like immensely to accept your invitation. I hardly know anything I should like so much."

Geoffrey was startled, and began to wonder what invitation he had given. It seemed to him that his companion possessed a wonderful gift of making him say a great deal more than he himself was conscious of saying, or even of thinking; but there was no time for explanation, as at that moment the breakfast-bell sounded, and they hastened back to the house.

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"I am not returning to London to-day," replied Paxton. "Mr. Houghton was good enough this morning to ask me to accompany Julian to Laventor, and I really had not self-denial enough to refuse."

able critics no doubt would have despised, but which has proved so attractive to Aurelia Pendragon. Geoffrey was leaning over a stone balustrade, gazing at the slopes of the park, and considering within himself whether south downs or short horns would be the best quality of animal to put upon such a bit of land, when the unmistakable whiff of a cigar came upon his olfactory senses, and a step on the gravel behind him warned him that he was not alone. He turned and recognized without dismay the black bush of hair owned by Mr. Paxton. Without dismay, for wholly indifferent to that gentleman's pretensions as the literary dictator of the age, and perhaps not very accurately posted as to his claims on that position, Geoffrey had remarked him only on the previous evening as one whose conversation he could understand, and who seemed to say precisely what he meant without using any roundabout expressions. Such would have been Geoffrey's criticism on the greatest word master of the day, had he ever dreamed of passing any criticism at all on the subject, nor is it to be doubted that Paxton would have appreciated his judgment as a far better compliment than many lavished on him by editors and reviews. For himself, he was so habituated by long custom to the study of characters and of contentances, that after passing through a score or so of drawing-rooms, all filled with specimens of humanity, masculine and feminine, who seemed finished off to order in three or four models, all more or less artificial, to come upon this unsophisticated bit of honest English nature, looking so out of harmony with the men and women around him, he was not displeased with the chance meeting which gave him an opportunity of further examination.

"A bad habit, I am aware, Mr. Houghton," he said, as he threw away the remains of his early cigar; "but what is one to do in a household where the idea of the breakfast-hour oscillates between nine and eleven?"

"It's amazing," replied Geoffrey; "why, the afternoon would be beginning before they have ended the morning. How could one get through business that way?"

"I fancy," replied Paxton, "that business is, perhaps, the last idea that would intrude itself on the mind of any resident at Swinburne."

"I don't see why," said Geoffrey; "not business, perhaps, in the way of shops, or— or— anything of that sort; but every man has his business."

"You mean," said Paxton, delighted to disentangle the thoughts of his companion, and assist him to find a tongue, "you mean that a man's business is his work, and that no man is worthy of being called a man who has no work to do, or who does not do it?"

Geoffrey was greatly astonished to find that he had meant to say so much, but on reflection he agreed in his companion's interpretation of his thoughts, and expressed his agreement by the brief ejaculation "just so."

"I have heard Mr. Wyvern spoken of as a great worker," continued Paxton; "I have now spent three days with him, and I have not yet been so fortunate as to discover his line, unless it be water color sketching."

"Wyvern does not do himself justice," said Geoffrey, whose esteem for his friend was a motive powerful enough to drive him to find his English.

"He works, yes, certainly; is always at it, one thing or another; but, I fancy, he don't care to be well-mobbed, you see, and so forth."

"Yet he is called a genius," said Paxton.

"Yes," replied Geoffrey; "it's a word they are uncommonly fond of using nowadays. Julian Wyvern is a very good fellow; but it nettles me considerably to hear every silly girl you meet talk of him as 'such a genius!' What do they mean, I wonder! all the fellows I knew at school who were called geniuses turned out to be sad little dogs."

"And you don't think Mr. Wyvern deserves that reproach?" continued Paxton. "Well, now, since I have been here I haven't seen him even play a game of billiards as if his heart was in it. He lies on the sofa, or plays cat's cradle with the children, or turns over the contents of old Miss Abbot's work basket; but not two words of sense have I heard him put together."

Geoffrey stopped short on the gravel-walk, along which they were making their way towards the house. "It's with its plate-glass and its Dresden china," he said; "it suffocates one."

"Do you object to old china?" inquired Paxton.

"By no means," replied Geoffrey. "What I mean is that in a place like this whatever you look at, if it is but a soap-dish, sets you thinking what it must have cost. This is one thing. Then, you see, I don't mean to excuse Julian for trying to look like an ass when he isn't one; but when people are showing at him to show off as—as a peacock, so to speak."

"I see," interrupted Paxton, "the peacock is not to be blamed for declining to exhibit his feathers. But what is the connection with Dresden soap-dish?"

"It's all of a piece," said Geoffrey, floundering among the *debris* of his own ideas. "Just what Julian don't fit into—expensiveness, show-off, and talk about great people and geniuses."

URIEL; Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA," ETC.

"But who ever dreams of putting prophecies into plain English?" said Mabel, "or trying to get any sense out of them?"

"I beg your pardon, young lady," said Paxton, looking at her out of his great bush of black hair and beard, "but there must be sense in anything that is worth listening to; so we must try to get at what is hidden away in this."

Mr. Paxton was much too great a man not to be humored, as both Mabel and Mr. Lindsey were aware.

"The way I have always heard the prophecy explained," said the latter gentleman, "is simply this: that from the time of Caradoc the Wicked the good fortune of the Pendragons began to fall; that he, the heir of Merylin, and that he was succeeded by his younger brother, Michael, who was born when their father was hiding away as a fugitive from the Round-heads, disguised in a peasant's hut, and who, of course, bore the angel's name."

Paxton shook his head. "A very sorry interpretation, indeed," he said. "If this were so, the fortune of the family should have begun to flow again as soon as the younger son had filled his brother's place. It don't fit in. Either your Alice Spier the Span was a humbug, or there is more to come."

"I have not the least objection to your passing that judgment on old Alice's reputation as a seer," said Lindsey; "her rhyme is not exactly part of the canon of Scripture, and I have but told the tale as it was told to me."

"And exceedingly grateful we are to the teller," said Lady Annabel. "Let us hope, from the interest Mr. Paxton has shown in the narrative, he will some day give it to us in a poetic form."

Mr. Paxton laughed. "If I do, my dear madam," he said, "it will not be till I got the sequel, and with that Mr. Lindsey has not yet favored us."

The guests now began to separate; those who had to seek their homes gradually took their leave and disappeared; and as the family party also broke up, Geoffrey, was ushered to his own apartment, well pleased that the first half of his penitential exercise at Swinburne was happily over.

CHAPTER VI.

GEOFFREY IN AN UNEXPECTED POSITION.

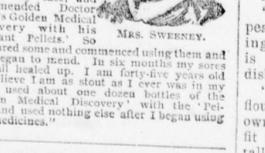
The breakfast-bell at Swinburne did not ring before half-past nine o'clock, a much later hour than any to which Geoffrey was accustomed; and, as according to his wont, he had risen considerably earlier, and on descending below had found no vestige of animated existence, he had sallied forth into the grounds to look about him, and enjoy the invigorating influence of a sharp frosty morning in the open air. Very different, indeed, was the scene presented, even in winter time, by Swinburne Park, with its rare and magnificent evergreens, its close shaven turf, and its acres of glass houses, to the old-fashioned garden of Laventor, which Geoffrey loved to keep in the trimmest order, but on which, as on everything else in the Laventor establishment, there was stamped that character of "homeliness" which fashion-

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when pimples, eruptions, boils, and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood purifier, that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

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