TWO

CARDOME

A BOMANCE OF RENTUCKY BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER XXXV

Clay Powell succeeded in reaching Nashvills, where he joined General Morgan, who, collecting a few sol-diers of his own and other commands, proceeded to Richmond. On his arriv al in that city Morgan was made the idel of the day. For weeks he was the city's guest, and military and civilian authority vied in doing him honor. In the spring following he was sent to southern Virginia to take command of the troops stationed there. He again proved his worth as a soldier and a general, and some of his most brilliant and daring exploits were performed during those last months of his life.

But the close had come. The man who had escaped the bullets of gal-lant enemies, who had passed danger in a thousand disguises, fell at length a victim of treachery the blackest t can stain a human hearthery against an unsuspecting Marching somewhat ivance of his command, which he was leading against the Union forces at Bull's Gap, General Morgan, with Major Gasset, made his headquarters in the town of Greenville. Under the cover of darkness the younger Mrs. Williams harried to the Union nder at Bull's Gap, and to him betrayed her mother's guest and her country's dauntless defender. Abody of cavalry, a hundred strong, was sent to capture the defenceless When at daybreak they dashed into sight, a soldier, who was among the first to return to his General in Nashville, sped toward the headquar. ters with the intalligence. A bullet from the Union leader brought him to the ground. He staggered to his feet, and with almost superhuman strength ran on and succeeded in reaching the General's apartment. who had risen early that morning, was pacing his small room, impatiently awaiting the hour set for him to start with his men for this battle, which, if victorious for him, would break the strength of the Federal forces in east Tennessee. The door was wrenched open, but on seeing his General the man stopped, drewhimself upand saluted. Morgan, who never forgot a face, after first glance recognized the soldier who had deserted from the command during the first Kentucky raid sconer than accept the punishment h incurred for attempting to steal Lucy Menefee's gray horse.

"Sir !" gasped the soldier, and the blood came with the words from the blue lips, "the enemy is coming ! Fly ! Hide yourself !" With that h dropped to the floor. Morgan was instantly beside him, and lifted the dying man's head, while Major Gasset cried :

"For God's sake, General, come on There isn't a moment to be lost !"

Even as he spoke, the sound of horses' galloping feet broke upon the morning stillness. The soldier made an effort to repeat Major Gasset's warning, but his voice failed him. He lifted the General's hand to his He lined the General's hand to his lips, smiled and died. The humane Morgan laid the dead soldier gently on the floor and followed Mejor Gasset, who had leaged from the window. But the garden and house were surrounded. Escape was im-possible, resistance vain, and Morgan urrendered. Then and as this was the work of American soldiers all Ameri must ever recall it with shame sorrow-the Federal soldiers and slew the defenceless prisoner. Breaking down the paling that sur-

"I was even now thinking of those words of yours," was the reply. is very strange." "Not to me," replied Dupont. "God can not fail to make good His everlasting word. He has given His promise to the righteous that they shall prevail over their ensmise. That woman werked all her life to destroy your father's happiness, and insisted she wrought unsteerable woe to inherit her stolen property, who despair-all, all lost !"

to inherit her stolen property, who only helped to make her misery greater, more overwhelming." "What has become of Miss Sears ? asked Powell.

all we had—and gained nothing." "Yes, gained much!" she answere "Gained what men hold dearest, the esteem of all who love Liberty. Were we defeated in our efforts? " She is the wife of Howard Dallas What brought about such a union I can not say. Probably it was inter-cet on her part, loneliness on his. His place is offered for sale. He It was not only we who suffered lefeat, but Liberty with us. And the tuture shall learn this in a bitterness intends to leave Kentucky.' and humiliation compared with which ours shall be as a passing shadow. "What of the Todds ? " then asked

Powell, and his voice was muffled, while a film hid the fire of his dark eyes, for the death of Hal was, and Nothing is left us," sadly, notwithstanding her words. 'Hope, courage, ambition, home, friends, fortune, and—oh ! saddest, would remain, an unhealed wound in his loyal heart.

bisterest of all losses !-our country "The Judge had to sell over half of and her independence, all gone his estate to clear off the debt he had incurred during the war. He is one of the few who made no profit Nothing is left us !" "Not so !" she cried. " Honor still remains, and in saving honor we out of their patriotism. In the last battle in which his regiment was enhave saved all! He who sleeps yonder, the boy resting by his gaged, Thomas was wounded in per forming a heroic act. This won him mother's side in Georgetown, and the thousands and tens of thousands of a Colonel's rank, and he was on the straight line for promotion when our great Robert Lee stopped this fratri-cidal war. Thomas's conduct, which had added new laurels to the name, the South's valiant sons, lying in the South's valiant sons, lying in their soldier-graves: you, and your hero-comrades, who laid down your arms only at the command of your superior—these, living and dead, held this honor for us, and now re-turn it to us, the brighter for the blood spilled for it, the dearer for the blood spilled for it, the dearer for the had added new laurels to the name, is the only ray of light that new lies across my poor old friend's darkened path. Thomas intends to study law, and as he and Bassie have made up losses suffered for it, the holier for the defeat endured for it! The their differences, in time I suppos they will marry. My daughter in law lost all her wealth except her honor of the South, in this hour, is the whitest a nation ever lifted to landed property, and that you know is an expense to her now instaad of the view of the world. And con-quered, bleeding, crushed though she a source of profit. But I was for-tunate in investing in the Willow may be, she would not exchange this jewel with which her sons, albeit wild plantation. I think I shall buy the Dallas estate. I love Kentucky." with dying hands, have crowned her for the shameful victory of her foe "And-Miss Castleton ?" asked "And life still remains," she added Colonel Powell. softly, bringing her blue eves from

At the name, the elder man sprang the sky to his face. He took one of the small white to his feet, and said, with his natura hands that rested against her black impetuosity : 'In other, happier days, men stood

dress. at the name of Virginia Castleton to "I would make this life of mine pay homage to her they called 'The Fair.' Now, I stand to pay my tribute to her, 'The Good.' Other women deserve the reverence they what you would wish it to become," he said. "Virginia, will you help me do this ?" 'Yes," she answered.

receive. She commands it of us. Through trials that sent men to their And together they turned from the west, with its lost light, toward the mees, she stood unmoved, immov sast, over which another, perhaps a brighter, day would soon spread its able. In the face of danger that held her glory. THE END.

woman's weapon of steadfastness. In the hour of despair, her presence was the voice of hope. When anguish shook men's hearts and left THE MAN WHO FOUND HIS CHRISTMAS

them helpless, she was their succor, their solace, their strength. She has done for her friends what men would Had Reginald Van Cooves Throllop been told that he was blessed with a not do, and with them has sacrificed for her country all that she possessed. In this time of horror, fully as fear-Guardian Angel, no doubt he would have lifted his brows slightly and ful as war, smitten though her own heart is with the sorrow we are besmiled an incredulous smile. Mr. Throllop, who always prided himself wailing, she utters no complaint, but gives herself for the help and allevion being at least three months ahead of the fashions, surely knew that it ation of others. She is indeed the valiant woman of Holy Writ, whose was faddish to be skeptical. So, as he drew on his gloves impatiently with equal impatience for

price is beyond measure !' There was a gleamon Clay Powell's his valet, it never occurred to him dark face, as, standing also, he listened to this outburst of reverent that a heavenly spirit stood at his elbow eyeing him with sorrowful disaffection and admiration. When pleasure. Dupont ceased, he asked :

made men's hearts quail, she

entered with the air of a slave approaching his Rajah, "I'm going out "Tell me where she is. I must see her once more." "In Frankfort. She went over to

for the afternoon. the funeral and has not yet returned. Pierre, despite nearly twenty years I forgot to tell you," he added, "that the Judge had Phil McDowell's body of body service to the longest pedithe Judge had Phil McDowell's body grees and largest bank accounts in brought home. Phil sleeps his last New York had need of all his powers sleen in the place he loved so wellof dissimulation to hide an involun the Frankfort cemetery. And some tary expression of relief. Mr. Throllop with justice could pride himself on being possessed of a perfect valet. time." went on the old man, the light of prophecy on his face. we will "Shall I call your motor, sir?" asked the man, as one would beg a bring also to that hill top, from his unattended Southern grave, the sacred ashes of his chief, that glorirare privilege. 'Yes,—no, I'll walk,'' was Throllop's ous hero of two wars. And to the stainless name and dauntless fame of ultimatu "Shall I order dinner served at any John Morgan, Kentucky will raise a nonument to tell the future ages particular hour? "No," growled Throllop, petulantly; "I may not come back until late. The town must offer something that she still nurtures sons who when their country needs them, are ready to die in her service." more enticing to a man than a dinner The spring day was nearing its lose when Clay Powell's black horse

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

the scrimonious, almost defant, tone, pained him. Still, there was a gleam of hepe furnished, if not by the worde, at least by the well-filed worde, at least by the well-filed "All lost ! All lost ! In spite of our enthusiasm, our courage, our hepe, our determination, our last mad resistance that sprang out of nce that sprang out of purse which Throllep drew forth from his desk. So the Angel opened "Nay, not lost!" she replied. "Never lost while one tongue will tell how well you fought, one pen re-late the glory of your deeds." a long white scroll and waited ex. pectantly.

he went on

"Mr. Throllop," said Pierre, a note of real appeal in his velvety voice, But he shook his head, and said : "Nothing gained ! We sent forth "since you are going out, may I spend the afternoon with my sister's family, the flower of our manhood ; we called perhaps ? It's Christmas, you know, and with the servants away it will together the valor of our country ; we sacrificed home and wife and child ; we poured out our wealth and be a bit loneson

"No," snapped Throllop. "I might change my mind and come back; in which case I would want you here. Take a day off this week ; it will do

At the door leading to the long hall Throllop paused and turned toward his valet, whe stood swayed with wrath and indignation. Perhaps a feeling akin to shame seized the young man, for, drawing the purse from his pocket, he crumpled a bill in his hand and tossed the precious ball to his servant.

"Merry Christmas !" he barked, and slammed the door. And as he passed down the deserted corridor the Guardian Angel sorrowfully marked the scroll with one large, black cross. The grinning elevator boy of Throllop's fashionable apartment building displayed more than an ordinary array of teeth at sight of his wealthy passenger. The Angel, of course, passed without notice; he

"Merry Caristimas, Mr. Throllop !" said the lad, instinctively unclasping a capacious palm. The very enthu-slasm engendered in his youthful mercenary heart by the advent of a possible Santa Claus caused him to drop the elevator with more than wonted velocity. His pettish pas-

senger gasped for breath. "You little rat ! Drop the elevator like that again and I'll have you dis-charged," he thundered at the offend-

ing functionary. In spite of the prevailing warmth of the elevator shaft, the boy's grin froze as he saw his \$5 gold piece dwindling into a possible deficit. At the ground floor he stopped the car within a sixteenth of an inch of the floor level. and waited for Throllop and his angelic companion to disembark. But the young man, standing in the open door of the elevator, mused:

"If I don't give him something, the little imp will tell every maid and man in the building that I'm as closefisted as a story book miser. I suppose in self defense I'd better-and besides, the Christmas spirit demands some generosity.

So out of his overcoat pocket he gradgingly drew his purse, and, while the lad's eyes dilated to an abnormal size at sight of the figure

on the corner, thrust a bit of crispy, crackling paper into his hand. "Merry Christmas," he muttered, absently, and passed on, while the Angel with a gentle sigh, registered on the scroll a second black cross. Outside it was snowing slightly, just enough to furnish employment for an old negro who was brandishing a dilapidated broom with weak purposeless strokes. When his eye caught sight of Throllop's gloomy ace looking out through the doc a new dynamic energy stirred his whole frame and the snow field in panic flight before his fiail like trokes.

"Pierre." he said. as his valet "Merry Christmas !" he called. stopping long enough to raise his woolen can.

Had Throllop been aware that the sanctuary of his innermost soul was shared by a silent but vigilant vis avis, his communings might not have been so ironical. But, retiring into

And while the lights of the cab were whiching away into the veil of falling snow the Angel saily marked the scroll with another black cross. An expressive gulp of surprise was sufficient answer. He had hoped for a coin or perhaps a half smoked cigar ; but the vision of possible gas tronomic delights quite incapa him for speech. The remaining stations of this passage of Christmas charity were steps taken into a rapidly deepening

The proprietor of the cafe was acquainted with Threllop, and con-cealed his surprise as he led the young man and his disreputable protege, not to mention his unob-trusive Angel, to a sociuded corner. The ordering of the dinner-care-fully bronzed turkey, succulent vege news-stand, me shivering girl selling wreaths, the belated Salvation Army outpost who stood guard at a windy corner, could not give it to this obcerless searcher, though he paid for their smile and Christomas greettables, nectarious wines - brought Throllop for the first time something of the Christmas spirit, while an in chosts smile seemed to play about the features of his angelic compan lon.

ing with green crackling bills.

The purse, recently the

Throllon, mounting the steps of his

naturally connecting those two mortals; both were alone and un-

soothe the baby's cries, "we're both in about the same fix. Christmas

hasn't brought much to us. has it ?

I'm sorry for you, youngster, but you've fallen into poor hands. I certainly can't be bothered with a

In the midst of his speech he

his purse lay in the slush of a gloomy street. There was nothing

Even

happy on Christmas.

Perhaps, thought Throllop, this poor creature may be some clever fellow gone to the dogs, but with a good story to pay for his dinner. Throllop had read of such things. He began to feel a decided interest to be found or purchased in all New York. As he clambered into a taxi in the tattered wreck, who was, per haps, a modern Villon, shielding genius under the cloak of silence and mendicity. Sadly did the appearance of the

steaming dinner crush his flimsy speculations. The wayfarer, with-out a word, seized knife and fork, cabby. plying them with fine vigor in their emblem of plutocracy, now flapped inanely in his hand. To think that he had spent so much and in return particular offices. The dissonance of his mastication caused a quiver of disgust to vibrate the patrician spine of Reginald Van Coover Throllop. Alas, it was only an uncouth. un hygienic tramp after all, lacking the least touch of the picturesque. Threllop, casting a last disdainful look on the energetic destroyer of

food, rose. "Stay as long as you like," he said, Christmas joy. averting his face. "Your bill is paid, Merry Christmas !" And with a shudder of abhorrence he left the cafe. Another bill had passed from the purse and another black cross blotted the scroll.

prayer. It was a cry softly plaintive, yet unmistakably clear. Throllop lifted his eyes and dimly saw in the In the shadow of the cafe, just out shadow of the great granite column of the reach of the lights of the fanking the blazing door a basket. avenue, sat the quivering figure of Clumsy man though he was, it rean old, broken woman. The bundle of papers at her feet was half quired but an instant for him to draw from the nest of warm rags and covered with snow, while the thin, ragged shawl about her shoulders hold up to the light shining through the hall door, a pink-faced, miserwas fast becoming white with the ably clad, crying baby. "Poer little chap!" said Throllop, same cruel covering. Christmas had certainly passed her by unheeded. whose arms were finding it difficult Not so, however, the vigilant Angel to shape themselves into a cradle of Reginald Van Coover Throllop, "some one has deserted it on Christ mas night." who, by a mental nudge, called his charge's attention to this miserable His voice, usually so cold and re outcast of womanhood. Throllop's served, took on for the moment a somewhat softer, gentler note. There was a bond of intimacy feminine acquaintances surely would have been loath to recognize this wretched creature as one of their

A quick glance sufficed to place beyond question the fact that the woman swaying back and forth in a lethargic sleep was nearly frozen to death. Throllop's first impulse had been to pass with averted face : but the chivalric spirit of ancestors long forgotten, conjured into action by the sympathetic Angel, disputed his advanca.

strange baby. I suppose I'd better call a cab and send you off to an "Manhood forbids you to pass her by unaided." cried the newly aroused orphanage. They'll take care of you there, and—" spirit.

Throllop's features displayed the supreme loathing he felt for the dirty old woman at his feet. stopped and laughed awkwardly. Not one cent remained in his pocket to pay for the baby's transit. Even

"If you don't," declared the spirit, pressing hard, "do you think you can shirk responsibility for her death ?" The impulsive step toward the woman bespoke fear rather than pity

It was but a single step, for he al most instantly turned away. He could not-What would your friends think of

infantile phenomenon. The baby abruptly ceased crying and reached out from the meshes of his rags to one who feigned manhood and the grip with two sturdy wristless fists the pale cheeks of Reginald Van virtues of manhood, deserting even this disreputable woman ?"

building his Angel Guardian, trium-phant and radiant, held up, not in the light of Heaven, an immaculate soroll. And across it in letters of gold was written the record of how Reginald Van Coover Throllop found in his own heart the happiness of Christmas that his wealth had failed steps taken into a rapidly despending shadow of soul and of surrounsings. In vain it was Throlop's quest for Christmas joy. The tiny lad at the news-stand, the shivering girl selling to buy.-Daniel A. Lord, S. J., Ex.

THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF D. SPAIR

"The vitality of the Church," is the title of an article in the Educational Review by George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological Seminary at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Is is At last the feeling of absolute failure crushed his none too buoyant soul. He had failed, miserably failed. There was no Christmas joy meant as an answer to certain articles which recently have obtained considerable notoriety by an-nouncing to the world, with solemn assurance, the failure of organized and sank back disgustedly, clouds of the deepest depression and gloom enveloped his drooping form. And one sorrowfel Angel Guardian near Christianity. Mr. Hodge singles out for his direct opponents, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Schoenmaker and Prefessor him on the cushions added on the scroll a sum of eight fresh black Carver. The attitude of the various crosses. At the curb in front of his spartwriters deserves consideration as representing different typical phases ments Threllop drew the last bill from his purse and handed it to the

of "modern religious thought. Mr. Lewis, a former Congregational minister, astonished the "in-tellectuals " of his church by resigning the pastorate of the King's Weigh House Church at Clapham, a had spene so much and in resurn gained nothing ! For once his wealth had lost its purchasing power. An impulse of mingled anger and disappointment was the impelling force that carried the and announcing that he could not reconcile his desire to be a "man of God" with his position in the Con-God " with his position in the Con-gregationalist community. The sub-ject of his article, published in the Atlantic Monthly, was "The Failure of the Church." His tenets are those of Modernism. Religion, he holds, is in a constant state of evolu-tion. At its present stage these who have the spirit of Church have the empty purse into the shadowy street. en utterly futile to buy him hionable apartment building, was have the spirit of Christ have to a suddenly arrested by a sound as strange to his ears as the voice of large extent worked themselves free of dogmas and formularies. Chris-tianity evolved out of Judaism, and out of Christianity there now evolves a "Beyond Christianity." He him-self, in common with the Modernists, has reached this latest and most enlightened position. The extent of this enlightenment we may best judge from the fact that he has discovered the germ of the failure of

the Church to consist in its exclusion of paganism. The view taken by Mr. Lewis is hopeful, however, compared with that presented to us in the Century by Mr. Schoonmaker. The former ees the possibility of the continued existence of "the Church " for thou. sands of years to come, though it will then, he tells no, other he en tirely fossilized or no longer recognizable even in name. Mr. School maker has other visions of her. His ears have been destaned by the roan Well, now, young fellow," said Throllop, in an awkward endeavor to statues on the walls of Reims Cath. edral ; but he has waited in vain for a cry of horror to arise proclaiming that the house of God has been at-tacked. There comes instead an outburst of wrath from enlightened lands, as the smoke clears away from before his vision, telling him that "a work of art" has suffered. The Church therefore is dead. The stately shrine of devotion is regarded as only an architectural marvel, a relic of departed glory. The Christian temple has taken its place with Karnack and the Parthenon. Such

is his message of despair. But still a third witness remains. "What Ails the Church?" asks to do but to take the baby up to his apartments and get sufficient money to send him away ; then-his mus Professor Carver in the Harvard Theological Review. There was a time, he says, when it still preached ings were broken by a remarkably a clear and definite gospel of salva tion, " with damnation as the unattractive, though varyingly emphasized alternative ; now it is not considered quite polite in the best relig

ious circles to mention damnation.

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rounded the garden they dragged him into the street, and, while he was tossing his arms in his dying gonies, threw him across a mule nd paraded his body about the town, shouting and screaming in savage exultation

So died General Morgan, a man whose patriotism rose above the ouch of sordid motives, whose integrity was never sullied by base con nivings for place and power. His courage and dauntless heroism set him among the first of American soldiers, his military genius gives him rank among the great army leaders of the world, while his goodness of art and his nobility of character entitle him to the respect and admirtion of mankind.

Seven months later the cause for which Morgan and his men fought and died was lost, when, on the 9th of April, General Lee gave up his stainless sword.

With the sad remnant of their once glorious command, Clay Powell returned to Kentucky. He found that fortune had strange.

ly enough turned on him a smiling face. Mrs. Powell was dead, but the will she had promised Clarisse had not been made, and her great property returned to Walter Powell. He had promptly disposed of the Park and its broad acres and bought back Willow wild, which his friend Dapont, as Mr. Davidson, had pur-chased to hold for the rightful heir. in the west. As thus she dawned upon his vision he remembered how, So to Willow wild, the home of the Powells for generations, their last listening to her words of high cour-age when they had parted four years escendant went, to be welcomed no longer by the stranger, but by his ago, he had likened her to their well loved South. Ah! a more eloquent father. It was a solemn but not an unhappy hear, and as he sat on the loved South. Ah a more eloquent picture of their country was she now —standing there with day's depart-ing glory falling on her white face and black-rebed figure. As he went forward, she turned at the sound of his footsteps. In silence they clasped hands, and, still in silence moved their cess from each wide, many-columned veranda on the morning after his return he remem. day that he and Mr. Davidson had ridden to the Park, and the words of the strange man recurred to him like a prophecy fulfilled.

"Did I not say that God had not forgetten ?" asked Mr. Dupont, join-ing the young man. silence, moved their eyes from each other's face to the sadly fading light. Then the man spoke :

all alone on Christmas day. Con-found it, Pierre, stop smirking! I'm in no humor for that frozen smile of bore him up the winding drive that leads to the Frankfort Cemetery. leads to the Frankfort Cemetery. It did not need the furled flag of the yours. It makes me angry to see every one else smiling, when I'm per-fectly miserable. Confound it, every. Lost Cause to direct him to Phil Me

Dowell's new grave, for hundreds of feet had marked the path to it, over one on earth is happy to day, while I haven't felt the slightest spark of Christmas joy warming my heart." The Guardian Angel, who all the the young April grass. He went there first to visit his friend, and to assure himself that they had given the poetic child of nature the resting.

while had been listening in melan-choly silence, looked more downcast than ever at the perversity of his charge. In his heart he could almost place her favored son should have As he was replacing his hat, after long meditation over the grave, he looked toward the west, and saw wish that he had been placed over some poor little child of the streets

Virginia Castleton standing alone on the cliff that overhangs the Ken some offspring of poverty and plety, rather than over this spoiled young man, whose life had been a long tucky River. Her face was turned partially toward him, and under the drama of wealth and pleasure and dying light it showed the transparent whiteness of alabaster. Her hands were clasped before her, the tall ad, and disappointment. Pierre, who, as a loyal servant, tool

the blame for everything and every-body, felt called upon by his master's figure was sorrowfully dropped, her eyes were fixed, with an expression of despair, on the light slowly dying petulance to preffer some apology. "No doubt, sir, your family felt

obliged to undertake a journey to England for the holidays. They

lop. "It makes very little difference to them that I am home alone and miserable on Christmas. Well, I'm going out and see if I can't find

Christmas joy in doing good to some one. I've read that that's the way do the thing, and the Lord knows a tried everything else." "My man," he said, smiling like a strange to say, despite this good olution, the Argel did not look at pleased. Perhaps something in 'ner?" to do the thing, and the Lord knows I've tried everything else." Strange to say, despite this good resolution, the Aygel did not look at

he recesses of his own mind. he telt himself safe, and mused cynical-

"If I were to translate that 'Merry Christmas' into the language of truth, it would express something like this : 'Here comes an easy chap with lots of money ; I'll wish him a Merry Christmas, not because I hope he has one, but because if I do he

will probably pay for my greeting in good coin of the realm.' His 'Merry

Christmas' is a prayer at the altar of Dives, whom I, thank you, represent with tolerable accuracy. Still, it's Christmas, and I suppose he could use a dollar very nicely."

Out came the purse for the third Out came the purse for the third time, and as Throllop passed down sing was halled by the strange figure the avenue the negro was richer by one new paper dollar and the scroll

Unfortunately for Throllop's in-cipient charity, New York, outside of the fashionable centers, was but

vaguely known to him. Chauffeurs are paid to attend to matters of direction and location for one. A hundred orphanages and refuges starvin'."

would have rung with Christmas merriment at the advent of Throllop and his well filled bill book ; a thou "Then," said Throllop, as he laid his burden on the musty cushions, "take this woman to the Providence Hospital. Drive as fast as you can sand homes could have purchased Christmas joy with any one of the engraved sheets lying so neatly in make your beast move. It's a matter of life and death. Tell the doctors that Mr. Throllop wants her given

his purse. But he pushed on aim-lessly, disregarding, as usual, the the best possible care. Here," and he scribbled a few words on a card, "give them this. They will under-stand." suggestive directions of his Guardian. Charity, however, never strays far from home without finding a claim-ant ; and the particular claimant in

The bill that accompanied the this case was surely in need of a card had a magic about it that made benevolent Santa Clause. He was a the cabby seize the latter in a mantramp of the meanest and most for-saken order. His coat would have ner almost enthusiastic. "I'll make it in 15 minutes, if

shamed a self respecting scarecrow. His feet wers bound in rags and his I have to do murder on me horse," he said, and gathered up the reins. poor, cold hands were thrust into the Throllep stood, his hand on peckets of almost translucent

carriage door. "Get in and take her to the hos rousers. Throllop, the very incarnation of Christmas charity, beamed pital yourself," pleaded the spirit of chivalry. The driver may be dishonest ; she may be refused at the

hospital ; she may even die—" "I could not do it," said Throllop, shuddering, and slammed the door.

Coover Throllop. Had there been other w to his aid the more modern spirits than a silent, sorrowful Guardian of self esteem and human respect. Beneath their combined assault Angel, Throllop's surprise and alarm would have appeared extremely lu dicrous. It is one thing to hold a Throllop faltered ; and then the fresh allies snatched a dishonest vicbaby and quite another for a baby to tory from a betrayed foe. "It's Christmas," muttered Throlmpt to hold you. And it must be said to the youngster's credit that he was remarkably tenacious. lop, masking his defeat under the semblance of victory. "I'll do it in the spirit of Christmas. 'No you don't," said Throllop, try-

ing to shake off the baby's grip withcut at the same time hurting him With all the incubus of a three you can't hold on to me like that. hundred-year old name against him, Throllop's physical development was I'm a selfish old bachelor. There is no room for you here."

Once more he stopped abruptly. quite equal to the unpleasant task of lifting the haggard old woman from There was something so familar in the words, "There was no room for you," that he almost started, while of a fashionably dressed young man who bore a bundle of rags out of the the Angel Guardian looked sadder than ever.

"There is no room for you here," he repeated slowly. "Wasn't that said—yes, by Jove, it was said to Christ on the first Christmas ! No," "Sure," vowed the man with due solemnity. "I wouldn't take a nickel from a blind man if I was he hurried on, in a sudden burst of self reproach. "I've room for self reproach. "I've room for nothing and no one but Reginald Coover Throllop. How can a selfish

creature like me hope to find Christ-mas happiness? By Jove, I believe if the Savior Himself had been left here instead of this baby, I believe if this baby were the Infant Christ, I would have told Him, 'There is no room for you here !'

"Youngster," he said, addressing the warm, squirming bundle in his arms, "I won't send you to the orphanage. You're not the Baby Christ, but you're like Him. So tonight at least you'll stay with me.

We'll keep Christmas together, you and I ; and the world shall see that two poor, forsaken mortals can be happy. Youngster, I believe you've brought me the spirit of Christmas." Yes, in very truth, from that little vibrant body, so close to his heart. the spirit of Christmas, the spirit of

Christlike charity, diffused itself throughout Throllep's being. Joy, supremely beautiful, lighted his

countenance. Joy. supremely satis-fying, threbbed through his heart. And as he stepped into the warm the service of their neighbor for love

and since there is nothing very definite to be saved from, salvation has lost its meaning." He sees there-fore "the Church," or as he should say, the churches, helplessly drifting with the current or running around in a circle looking for some 'cause' to espouse, or something vaguely called 'social service' to

vaguery cannot social service to perform." He too has his own sub-stitute, his own "Beyond Christian-ity," which he calls the "Workbench Philosophy." For the intelligent Catholic there

can be no difficulty in dispelling the illusions of this latest philosophy of despair. It is simple for him to prove, in answer to Mr. Lewis and the Modernistic school, that Christ sustains and will sustain until the end of time the one and only Church which He founded, as He foretold that He would remain with her and send His Spirit to abide with her forever. While the churches have constantly changed, the Church is ever the same, because truth and the Spirit of Truth are immutable. For this reason too she is adapted to every age, as her unceasing vitality shows. She may make use of new methods suited to different periods, but cannot alter her dostrines. She may advance into fuller light cer-tain truths always possessed by her,

but she cannot change them or in-vent new truths. Her mission is to preach until the end of time the doctrine committed to her, sure of the promise of Christ that He will be with her "even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. xxviii, 20) It is still easier for the Catholic to convince Mr. Schoonmaker, even were it against his will, that the Catholic Church at least is not dead. that she alone is now as over a vital, energizing force throughout the entire earth. No other argument would be needed than to point to the thousands in every land who, in the strength of their invincible faith,