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Mary, a cre lished betw natures, wh union, and inder the t Of course, exemplar o certain, per less assured fold instanc the reiteral same great spiritual an itself is con debate. T debate. Not only psychologic rd to e umanity, and body external re in the fact pletely cr formation woman, of secondly, s of those, as declared flesh." T of time an mentally h T yet anothe more near august in in effectour preser of Dual-U an integra indeed, in the centrance hand Jesus was bosom of all eterni Sacred H pure heat the Perfe this Dual the Sacre lately Co before us Regained ew that without a the spirit and secl supernat are in many rh estimate " Fore Was, the between dured ' dured in brief whensoe' absorbin of this h instance which creation the Pers it-that actual a quite dis and, aft personal one hun united, of God coopera looked though ness. and mo only in vorked absolut the hea both co the last in or te ously c sacred end to renewa vation Now heart

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

PALMS ANNA HANSON DORSEY,

AUTHOR OF "COAINA," "PLEMMINGS," "TANGLED PATHS," "MAY BROOKE," ETC., ETC., ETC. CHAPTER XVI.

TARES AND WHEAT AND FINE GOLD.

Nemesius would have retired from the Emperor's presence at an earlier moment, but he had an object in retops maining until the fury of the tyrant exhausted itself, which it presently did, in fitful curses and hoarse mutterings, like the last growls of a spent tempest then, having refreshed himself with a us draught of snow-cooled wine, and dried on a napkin of fine Egyptian linen his lurid visage, over which the sweat of his wrath still poured, he threw himself back against the gold-broidered cushions of his chair, and tarned his bloodshot eyes on the grave, noble countenance of Nemesius, who stood leaning with easy grace upon the pedestal of a column, awaiting the opportunity he sought. It had come at last, and he spoke in his usual clear, pedestal even tones: 'I have a request to prefer, imperial

e said.

With a gesture Valerian signified his readiness to give attention, not having yet sufficiently recovered his breath to speak. 'As there is a prospect that active

hostilities will be delayed by this new move of King Sapor," continued Ne-mesius, "and as my legionaries are finely equipped, and under perfect dis-cipline, I wish to transfer for a short time my command to the officer second in rank to myself, that I may look into my private affairs, and set them in

"A most reasonable request, and one expected after thy confession of to be It is but natural thou shouldst wish to spend a few days in dalliance with thy charmer before encountering the grim chances of war, inswered Valerian, with rumbling voic and a coarse leer. "Thy requests are few, Nemesius; and thou hast always done good service to the Empire, and not seldom risked thy head into the not seldom risked thy head into the bargain by thy free speech to me—aye, and, by the gods! would have lost it too, but that thy audacious sincerity amused and refreshed me, and because I sometimes have need of one who does not fear to speak the truth, as thou hast the courage to do. art no plotter, which cannot be said of many, and thy request is granted; hold thyself in readiness for a surinnt thyself in readiness for a sudden move at any hour, as I am convinced that the crafty Sapor is only couching for a deadlier spring. And — hold, Nomesius! — thou hast free access to the prisons; the order has not been revoked; look into them now and then to observe whether or no those con tumacious Christians get the full meas wretches tire and sicken me!" Gods! how the

"I thank thee for the favor granted, imperial sir, and for thy kind words. will not fail to visit the prisons," Nemesius, as he bowed and turned to leave the cabinet. "And take this kiss to the beautiful

hittle blind maid at the villa," cried the Emperor, tessing a kiss towards him trembling, bloated fingers.

While the blood surged into his face st the bare suggestion, Nemesius, with an inclination of his head, left the cabinet, saying, mentally: "Yes; I will visit the prisons, but not in accord-ance with thy cruel design; and as to thy kiss, let it pass to thy damons, for whom only it is fit.'

As he had left the palace, he met the Cypriot, as already related, who gave him his sword and a letter; thrusting the first into its scabbard, without oticing the fragment of spangled Syrian gauze that elung to the handle, and the latter under his sword belt, he mounted He has been send to bear the Holy Bread to some who are to suffer at the horse, put him to a gallop, and did not slacken his speed until he got be-

He sat there in the shadow, thinking. He knew nothing yet of Christian dogmas, but his entire faith in the of regeneration, beheld in them the creations of Him of Whom she had never heard until this, the day of her new birth. "O my father !" she said, after em

bracing him, "there has been so much to see! At last I watched the sun go down into the sea, and the sky was full of such beautiful lights, until the darkness came; then I was frightened, until I saw the stars like gold blossoms sprinkled over the sky : some of them bright and dancing, some shining far away, others glittering among the tree-O my own father ! is not He Who made them, good to give lamps to the night, that there may be no darkness?" "He is indeed good, my sweet one—

this Creator and Supreme God, and worthy of all love and homage," said Nemesius tenderly. "Now seek thy couch, my child, and ask His protection before sleeping."

He kissed her, looked once more into her bright, beaming eyes with a uplifting of his heart, then left a glad with Zilla, and went down the corridor to his own apartments. Throwing his helmet and sword upon a table, his eye was attracted by something white, which had fallen to the floor when he unbuckled his sword-belt. He saw, by the rays of the lamp overhead, that it e letter he had so mysteriously was the received, and which he had forgotten until that moment. Mechanically he took it up, broke the seal that held the silk cords together, slipped them off and opened it. Glancing over the first lines, a slight start of astonishment, his knitted brows, and the dark flush that mantled his face, indicated some

thing unusual and displeasing. As it was, indeed ; for Laodice, almost hopeless of winning his love, had fallen on this desperate expedient—one that he had sometimes thought of, but which was precipitated by her accidentally meeting him that night. As soon as he had passed on to the Emperor's cabinet, she field to berown apartments, and, led by her passionate, audacious nature, which mastered her womanly pride and her very reason, she wrote to him the letter behas just read, laying herself and her love at his feet. How many things were now understood which at the time of their occurrence had at the time of their occurrence had caused him only a momentary surprise! Again a dark flush mantled his noble face. "Unhappy woman!" he said, speaking low; "thy confidence shall never be betrayed, but there is only

one course open to me." Opening his cabinet, he selected

fine piece of vellum, and wrote : "The enclosed is returned, to be thrown into the flames by the same hand that penned it, and forgotten. A heart already bestowed, and engross by a supreme love, has nothing left to

offer except good wishes." This he folded with the letter in wrapper of papyrus secured it in the usual way with silk cord and his seal, directed it, and, with it in his hand, went to ascertain if Symphronius was still up. The old steward had not gone to bed ; h had just risen from his devotions when had just risen from his devotions when his master entered. No need had he to grasp and conceal the crucifix before which he had been praying, when door he heard footsteps approach or dash away the tears which his contemplation of the sufferings of Christ had caused to flow over his wrinkled face ; for his master was, like himself, a Christian ; and in those days the new birth made childlike the old as well as

the young, and they loved the Christus with simple minds, their only aim being to show their devotion to Him, even to the shedding of their blood, in return for all He had done and suffered for them. "I am glad to find thee awake," said

Nemesius, gently ; " for I should have been sorry to disturb thy slumbers. I have an important letter, which I wish to be delivered early to-morrow by a thought I might and shouts rent the air to drown their trusty messenger, and find Admetus here.

Here will be here about midnight

more than once witnessed these

own to se

"And to-morrow I have much

Tiber, whispering its moan to the

To this noble Roman

existence, supremacy, and eternity of God, in His power and divine attri-butes, opened the way to their reception and glad acceptance without dis-cussion ; for there would be nothing to doubt in whatever proceeded from Him, the everlasting Truth. On the morrow he would receive holy baptism, the sign and seal of his covenant with Christ, by which, the Pontiff Stephen had instructed him, he would be made a child of God, and admitted to full participation in the divine mysteries He had provided for His faithful ones. And so he rested content on the rock of Faith, until knowledge should come.

Nemesius had heard the old story oft repeated that the Christians at th celebration of their secret rites wor-shipped an ass's head-the old rabbinical legend, which had drifted to Rome before, and had been forcenturies gotten and revived over and over again as an invective and reproach to the Jews, and later to the Christians, between whom at first, and even when they might have known better, the ignorant minds of the Roman soldiers ould not distinguish. The legend ran that a certain high priest of the synagogue was in the habit of remaining so ng in the Holy of Holies when it was his turn to officiate, that one day, having prolonged his stay to even a length than usual, a Levite greater was sent to see if perhaps he was dead. and on opening the curtain beheld him alive, and worshipping a spirit in the form of an ass. (Spoken of by Jerome in he fourth century, also by Epiphanius, Bishop of Salamis. It was current ng the Gnostics.)

There had never been lack of interourse between Rome and Judea, international comities and alliances for aid and defence, especially when the latter was beset and sorely pressed by Syria, Egypt, and Assyria in turn, and as-sisted by Rome, until such time as she was ready to "lay waste" the land, among her own Pompey's soldiers number it and insatiate conquests. rought the legend afresh to Rome with their Hebrew captives, to fling it at them with blows and derision ; again the soldiers of Titus used it as a gibe to give emphasis to their insults and cruelties towards the unfortunate people, whose holy city they had razed to the ground. And so, through ignorance of the distinction which separated lew and Christian, it got fastened on the latter, because they celebrated the sacred functions in secret.

And it was not an unusual occurnce that some who had embraced Christianity, but had not yet been advanced to a participation in or even be present at the holy mysteries of the Eucharistic Sacrifice, when arrested and confronted with the rack, or the lions, or the flames, through mortal terror not only denied Christ, but cursed Him, and corroborated the fool-

ish accusation about the worship of an ass's head. Nor did they deny that the ass s head. Nor did they dely very reported and believed, sacrificed a young child every day to their Divinity, and after-wards devoured it. Conjecture can only suggest the origin of the last map ture a lignant report. It was known through spies and apostates that the Christian priests offered to their Deity a pure, spotless sacrifice of flesh and blood, of

which they afterwards partook. Ignorant of the Divine Eucharist, what could so well answer that which they imagined as a young, sinless child? They knew that the most precious sacrifice that could be offered to Moloch was a young child, and that mothers themselves, to propitiate him by sacrificing what they most valued, placed their offspring in his great, fires der flesh, while wild, barbarous music

shades. He knew that every one of them would bear the most captious scrutiny ; but now, since everything had to be divided and parcelled off, and the slaves liberated, it was quite a dif-ferent matter, in spirit and in fact, from all that had gone before; for in this the old leaven of idolatry had no

this the old leaven of honardy may be part, the honor and glory of the only true God being the incentive. Nemesius sought Claudia in the apartment, where the light morning partment, where the light morning epast was usually taken. She had just come in from the beautiful gardens, and was waiting for him. She was arrayed in a white, silver-embroidered robe and tunic ; her eyes sparkled spray, they as if, like the fountain's had drank the sunlight; her delicately tinted, were dimpled with smiles ; her hair, thrown back from her childish forehead, flowed in ound, light, golden waves over her shoulders; Nemesius thought, as she his embrace, that so the angels of God must look ; for with her human loveliness there was that nameless light irrawhich like diating her countenance, which like the "beauty of the King's daughter,"

was from within. "Lucilla, my own !" he said, tenderly, as he gazed into the bright eyes up-lifted to his. "The light is beautiful, my father ;

it fills me, and, oh! it makes my heart so glad, that I stretch out my arms so" like the showing him - " to fly doves

Thou hast not wings yet, dearest,' he answered, laying his hand caressing-ly on her golden head-" not yet. But come : I must eat something and be off;

for I have much to attend to to-day." Instead of offering the customary libation, Nemesius made the blessed Sign of the Cross, which Claudia did also, while ske breathed the Holy Name that glowed in her heart; then as the minutes flew she told him with childlike rapture of all she had seen ing-the sunrise, the founthat morn its beams : tains glittering in her doves, and her wonder to see them spread their snowy wings and sail away in the air : the flowers, and last of all Grillo, whose appearance filled her with surprise and merriment ; his long ears, his long, solemn face, his bright eyes and small hoofs, altogether forming an image strangely unlike the one imagination had pictured of He knew her voice, and she by her knew him by his; for in his delight at eeing her he had lifted it up aloud, holding her in half-frightened suspense until his vociferous welcome sub There was not a shadow to dim the ecstatic happiness that had so unexpectedly come into her life ; by Zilla's tender, vigilant care, nothing of pain or sorrow had been permitted to reach

her ears; consequently she had not as yet heard anything of the persecution and its horrors, and a sudden pang smote her father's heart as the thought of what might await her in the near future now passed vividly through his mind. Would she not die in wild affright if confronted with the ghastly wild horrors of a cruel death ? Would not her child heart fa'l at the very last before the appalling paraphernalia of tor

He had too often faced carnage and leath on the battle field, to dread it in any shape for himself; to have lost his life under the proud advancing eagle of Rome would have been fame, but to lose it now for Christ, Who had suffered all things for his salvation, would not only sweeten the ignominy, the insults and tortures of martyrdom, but win for himself a fadeless glory, and crowning beyond all that carth could give. But beyond all that earth for her-ah ! he could not yet endure the contemplation of it ; he put it away from him, arose from the table, after embracing her with grea tenderness, hastened out to mount his horse, go to his camp, and transfer his command in due form. He was begin-ning to learn how possible it is for crncified without nature to be

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HEART OF OLD BEN.

last the jubilant note of the conquering "I'm not so sure, Charlie," inter-unted Hazleton. "I've noticed a on the following Sunday, Barker, rupted Hazleton. "I've noticed a look in the old fellow's eyes occasion-ally that makes me think he may have with a subdued, humble mien, strangely at variance with his customary self-

a heart.' sufficiency, walked down the corridor of "Nonsense!" responded Barker, who prided himself on his ability to read character. "His emotional nature is St. Augustine's hospital, and stopped at the men's ward. On the sixth cot from the door lay Old Ben, scarred and as dead as a coffin nail, and I'm willing to stake my reputation on any test you'll propose to prove it." "Nobody wants your reputation, Charlie," drawled Hazleton. "Make aimed almost beyond recognition the old man's side, holding his hand. sat Hazleton. Old Ben's stolid, unresponsive face

it a cold cash consideration, and I might consider it." "Well, then, call it ten," responded

"Well, then, call it ten," responded Barker, with spirit. "It strikes me as rather a heartless piece of business, this probing for a mau's heart, while he's alive," said Hazelton, slowly, "but in the interests of psychology, I'll accept the wager, if the test is satisfactory. Make it a vigorous one, though. I'm not saying the old fossil isn't a tough customer." "How would a testimonial from all one blistered, bandaged hand the old man held a long white envelope. A disagreeable, unfamiliar lump rose in Barker's throat as he tried to return Old Ben's cordial smile of greeting. " How would a testimonial from all

Old Ben's cordial smite of greeting, The old follow feebly patted the enve-lope, as he gasped painfully: "'Twas mighty good of—you fellows —to do it! I can't last—the doctors say—but 'twill go to the lit—little woman sure—won't it?" and he looked wistfully, and yet confidently, up into Barkor's face. the folks in the building do ?-a letter of appreciation, you know, for his long and valued services—you know the style—and then, as a slight token, and Barker's face. "Yes, Ben, yes, it shall; you may depend upon it," Barker's husky voice replied, as he carefully avoided Hazleforth, let Dalton here put in of his fine work on a fictitious deed to a depend upon it, ton's eyes. The old man turned his head wearily

"Good enough, good enough, Charlie!" exclaimed Dalton. "That ought to loosen up the old man's screws, if anything will."

" If he should happen to believe it and take it at its face value?" queried

and take it at its face value : queries Hazelton, soberly. "Don't you lose any sleep on that score, Hazie." laughed Barker. "Any exhibition of emotion would be a healthy thing for the old bird. "Twould be worth the money to cure that in-fernal dumbness of his. He hasn't real dumbness of his. Since Christ-"Remember we are to meet to mor-row morning early in my rooms to fix this thing up. Be sure to tell the other boys," said Barker in a con-strained voice, as the two men parted. Hazleton nodded understandingly.

mas. Dalton was selected to draw up the deed and accompanying letter, and was cautioned to make the latter as touch-ingly appreciative as his voca-bulary permitted. It was mailed on fuesday morning, and after luncheon four curious faces might be seen hov-ering about the elevator upon the tenth awaiting the afternoon's deoor,

pieces of rubbish she might pick up in the streets, which she designated by the name of curiosities, and either an Old Ben had never known a more ranged on a little table in the corner of dismal day. The tiresome refrain had not ceased for a minute to ring in his the living room or nailed up against the wall. She was the pet of the family and " Up-down- up- down, 3.5 ears. on that ceaseless journey he went which, although it covered many miles, ended moving with the speed of the wind and nowhere. "Up-dyn-updown," yet never reaching new regions. p-down-up-down," until it med that the old man's brain would Upgo wild under the strain of the perpet-

filled bag, entered the car, Old Ben found himself vaguely wondering how it would seem to see his name upon one of those white envelopes. He looked up in surprise at the sound of the post-

the long legal envelope, plainly and unmistakably addressed to Benjamin Anderson, Esq., Elevator No. 1, Stiles building. He hurriedly secreted it in ide his coat, musing as to its contents.

floor with a full elevator when he noted omething that made him start from his reverie. In the air was the scent smoke. Hurrying to the bottom whispered his fears to the starter. bottom he whispered his fear's to the starter. Up again he flew with an empty car. As he passed the third floor he noted a little tendril of smoke creeping from under the door of a vacant room. With killed hand he quickly reversed his elevator and hastily gave the warning on the ground floor.

pouring up the stairway in suffocating volumes, growing each moment more dense, illuminated here and there by was no harm angry tongues of flame which licked keep it. the woodwork upon the stairway. To The p When half way down the avenue. mesius saw a chariot, attended by slaves, pass the bronze gates. As it approached nearer, he observed that it the top floor darted Ben, shouting with all the repressed force of his silent, speechless years: "Fire, fire, fire!" was occupied by a lady of distinguished Lawyers stopped in the middle of

allowed to do much as she liked. day on coming home from school she picked up a badge of the Sacred Heart, and, thinking rightly that she found a treasure, ran home to her mother, telling her she had got such a pretty little picture. It was quickly nailed up against the wall and much admired, but of course, no one knew what it really was. About a week after the event a knock came at the door and a Cathol priest walked in. There was only the oman of the house inside, who see surprised, but received him respectfully. 'I beg your pardon," said the Father, ' but does not Mrs. Casey live here was the re-No sir; she does not ply. "I was afraid I had made a mistake,"

OCTOBER 31, 1903.

had relaxed at last, and peace and con

feature. Hazleton flashed a warning to

Barker, and then Barker saw that in

and closed his eyes; the watchful nurse motioned them away. As they

looked back from the corridor, they

saw the attendants were pulling about

BY MEANS OF THE BADGE.

Some twelve years ago, in one of the mail streets of the populous city of B-ays a writer in the English Messenger,

there dwelt a goor but respectable couple. They had several children, one

of whom was a girl of six or seven who was very fond of collecting any old pieces of rubbish she might pick up in

Old Ben's cot the ominous screen.

upon every

tentment were written

continued the priest; "but will you kindly tell me at which house she does reside? I know she lives in this street. "I'm sorry I cannot," said the woman!

"I don't know such a person." "Not know Mrs. Casey !" exclaimed the priest. "You, a Catholic to tell me such a thing as that !" "Indeed, I'm not a Catholic," cried

the woman, indignantly, flushing red at the imputation. But the good Father thought he knew

better. "If you are not a Catholic, what is the meaning of that ?" he said, rather severely, and pointing as he spoke to the badge of the Sacred Heart.

'Oh, that's only a picture my little girl picked up in the street the other day. She is always bringing something home, and we let her do as she likes none of us here knew what it was, and

spoken a half dozen words since Christ

liveries.

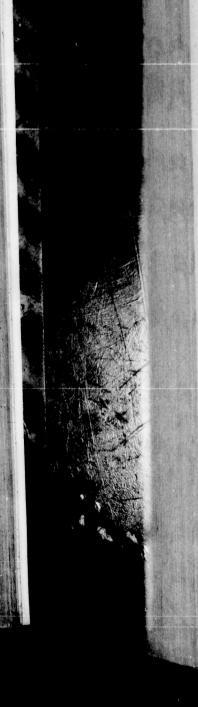
As the mail carrier, with his well-

man's voice. "You're Ben Anderson, ain't you!

A letter for you." Old Ben's hand trembled as he took

He was descending from the tenth

Upon his next ascent the smoke was



Temple of Mars to morrow, among them a priest," answered Symphronias. "One of the prison guards, a Christian, yond the crowded streets. In thinking over his interview with Valerian by the light of faith which now knows the boy; and, besides, the friends Nemesius felt as i Illumined his soul, Nemesius felt as if he had been confronted with the very incarnation of the old, cruel idolatrous of the condemned are allowed to them the day before their fiery trial." Nemesius knew this to be a fact ; he alief which he had that day abandoned and now thought of with the greatest last interviews, and observed that the horror, while he experienced victims wore serene countenances presistibly urgent desire to fly from it, radiated by flashes of divine anticipato be rid of every vestige of it, that, antrammelled, he might offer the entire tion; while their friends lamented and wept bitterly, reproaching them for pre-ferring a cruel death to life and safety, homage of his being and life to the One, Supreme God. was impatient for the morroy

which a grain of incense offered to the gods would purchase. But he knew nothing yet of the Holy Bread, which, noon, when, by the voluntary act of his own will, he would receive Holy Bapin times of persecution like the present. tism at the hands of the Christian Ponin times of persecution file the present, the exigencies of the Church allowed to be conveyed to the victims, by ap-proved messengers, to strengthen and refresh them in the condicts through which they were condemned to pass to aiff, which would be the sign and seal of his high calling as a soldier of Christ. His great heart overflowed with grati-tude, as he thought of the gratuitous and undeserved favors of which he had their exceeding great triumph and reward; but he would soon know in all its fulness and divine significance that been the recipient—he who up to the time his child received her sight, had enemy of God and His servit was the Bread of eternal life, the Most Holy Eucharist, the real Body sents, and was worthy only of eternal rendemnation. Henceforth whatever be possessed, all that he was-his and Blood of Jesus Christ. "When he comes give him the letter, and charge him to deliver it only into child, the most precious of all ; his fortime, his being, his life-h the hands of the person to whom it is directed, at the imperial palace, and devoted with all the energy, sincerity, and generosity of his soul to the honor

and glory of Him Who had opened her allow no other eye than his the superscription," said Nemesius, grasping the hand of his faithful old blind eyes, and at the same time un-scaled his benighted mind to a diviner to say to thee, and many matters to arrange; but now good night." aght. Nemesius was a man who never did things by halves; he had all his life beld an uncompromising belief in a false and idolatrous religious system, At last, in the solitude of his apartment, the happy convert was alone with his thoughts. The moon hung gibbous and pale over the distant sea, and now, seeing his error, he would be s uncompromisingly and as sincerely a and a cool, damp wind drifted up from

Christian These thoughts occupied his mind as be rode homeward through the balmy, star-lighted night, exalting his spirits shivering leaves. To this noble Roman soldier it had been a wonderful day from beginning to end, typical of God's world, in which His marvels, by some and filling him with a strange and wonderful peace; which explained to secret design of His providence, easure, the fortitude and woven in with human antagonisms, and stand face to face with evil. After the him, in a m stancy of the martyrs, whose sufferags he had sometimes witnessed.

joy of the morning, how repulsive to his nature and his newly-awakened soul all Claudia was at her window watching for him. The first day in Paradise could not have been a greater surprise and joy to Eve, than this one had been that the evening had brought. was already past, borne away as by a torrent, leaving unobscured the grace of faith which had risen out of the to her whose eyes for the first time had leasted on the beauties of nature, and shose spirit, purified by the holy water darkness upon him.

shricks, until the little victims droppe the cross and the nails.

into a fiery abyss below. Of course then it was a young child that was daily sacrificed to the Christus, and Roman mothers held their babes close lest they should be stolen for this purpose; while to threaten a refractory little one with, "I'll give thee to the Christians!" was sufficient to reduce appearance, whom he almost instantly recognized as Camilla, the wife of Tertullus, and he drew rein. Her fine, spirited face lighted up with pleasure,

t to swift obedience and quiet. Nemesius had heard these rumor and after the usual salutations were ex and there were times when, if they had interested him in the least, he might have believed them ; but now, having changed she said, in a low tone : "I have come to make the acquaint-ance of thy little daughter, and wish the grace of faith, the golden portal of all others, neither fables nor malignant thee joy.

rumors had power to disturb his mind. There was no need for Nemesius to ount the cost of becoming a Christian for he was familiar with the methods o the persecution, and knew exactly what it was; but the arrangement of his affairs and the disposal of his wealth

oldest occupants could not remember the time when Elevator No. 1 had been required consideration. Whatever the details of his plans might be, he was propelled by anyone but Old Ben. The operators of the other elevators were esolved that, in case he and his child were called upon to suffer martyrdom, constantly changing, and most of them the persecuted Church should inherit were fl ppant young men. No. 1 was distinctly different. Without defining his wealth for the benefit of her needy and suffering members; and even were the difference, one had a vague consci-ousness that the occupation had swalthey left unscathed-which he had no they left unseathed—which he had ho no reason to expect—he would devote the greater part of his substance to the same objects, as a thank offering to God for the miraculous and inestimable lowed up the man; that in order to fur nish the Stiles building with a perfect piece of mechanism, the old man's per-

sonality had been sacrificed. sonality had been sacrificed. Other elevator men make mistakes Old Ben never did. His very perfec favors they had received at His hands. On the following morning Nemesius had an early interview with his old tion, which never betrayed the human steward, to whom he confided some of the preliminaries relating to certain frailty of forgetfulness, tended to con-ceal the man more completely, and emplans which he purposed to intrust to phasized the feeling of his passengers that he was devoid of human passion, his supervision, among them the liberation of his slaves, whose number he did and was, in fact, nothing more than an not know. But Symphronius had been the factor of the rich estate on the Aventine too many decades to be ignorextremely convenient appendage to the iron cable which he pulled. They were discussing the old man in Birby ant of that, or any other business de-tail connected with it; his service had been too vigilant and honest, his ac-

Bixby's office one afternoon-Bixby, Barger, Hazleton and Dalton-their feet elevated to the top of their desks, thoroughly well kept, for counts too and their comments given between him to feel disturbed now at the prospuffs of cigars. "I really wonder just how long the net to leet disturbed how a wearisome sense of anticipated toil, or a dread of uncertain results. His systematic methods of the past simplified the undertaking, while the motive sweet-

ened and lightened it. Zealous to begin the work confided to

"I really wonder just how long the ossifying process has been going on, anyway," queried Bixby, as he jauntily disengaged the ashes from his eigar. "He was manufactured, not grown," responded Barker. "Imagine the old curmudgeon as a tender, smiling infant, wonth you have a set of the proposing to a him, the old man went back to his office, or a sentimental youth proposing to a to take from the secret corners of his cabinet accounts and records which he had not expected would ever see the light again until he had passed to the

briefs, stenographers dropped pencils from nerveless fingers, bookkeepers left columns of figures, unadded, cashiers hurriedly thrust cash box into vaults and rushed to the halls They turned instinctively to the elevators, but these were enveloped in a Despair

dense, impenetrable smoke. Despair-ingly they moved toward the stairway. seemed a bottomless pit, peering into which frightened eyes saw an awful monster of flame climbing up to seek new victims. Grown desperate and well nigh insane with fright, they turned

He was the most ancient piece of to the windows, when through the murky, stifling air rang a voice which human furniture in the building. The to their dying day not one of all that frightened group will forget.

"Right this way-here I am" it "Ben will take you down. I'm called. called. "Ben will take you down. I m here, if you can't see me! Get all the wet towels you can and hold 'em to your faces, and then crowd in, and don't be afraid. Old Ben will take you Men and women ceased to follow

their insane desire to jump to certain death into the street below, and with child-like confidence obeyed the old man. They flocked to elevator No. 1 -the other elevators had stopped running at the first alarm—and into his car Old Ben crowded as many **a**s he could carry, keeping up a running com of comfort to the hysterical ment crowd.

The survivors of the frightful experience tell how through fifteen age-long minutes Old Ben endured the tortures of hell, his blistered hands pull ing at an almost red-hot cable, as he whirled load after load of passengers through scorching blaze and smother-ing smoke. About the thumping and outfing of the engines, the hissing of the steam and the shrieks of terror, his cry was heard :

'Keep up your courage ! Old Ben will carry you down ! Keep the towels wet. I'll be there in a minute !"

And although the brave old voice grew husky and faint and weak as throat and lungs filled with the cruel, choking smoke, there was in it to the | ing.

The priest hesitated; something in the tones of the woman's voice made him feel she was speaking the truth, and he said, more gently, "Then, you are not a Catholic, what are you? "Oh! we are nothing," replied the woman. "We never go to church or chapel of any kind. No one ever comes replied the

chapel of any kind. No one ever comes to see us or tell us about God or Heaven so we just stop away. Maybe we're as good as them that goes," she added, rather defiantly. Here was a chance for the good Father which be was not when to be tell

which he was not going to let slip through his fingers. May I sit down for a minute, and is your little girl in ? should so like to see her," he said.

"Certainly, sir," replied the woman, dusting a chair as she spoke, a pleased and gratified expression overspreading her face. "Nellie is not in now, but her face. " Nellie is not in now, but she will be back directly, if you don't mind waiting.'

No, the priest did not mind waiting and what is more, he chatted and talked so pleasantly about irrelevant matters that the time passed all too quickly

away. When Nellie, a bright and intelligent child, came in, the priest drew her to his side and made her tell him all about finding the badge of the Sacred Heart; then he explained all about it to the d lighted little girl, who listened with large, wondering eyes when he told her of the wondrous love of the dear Lord esus, and the blessings He had promised to all who honor His Sacred Heart, Her mother also listened respectfully and attentively, and when the priest rose to go she thanked him warmly for his kindness.

" May I come and see you again ?"

"Ob, sir, if you only would," she exclaimed. "I should be so grateful, and I'm sure the master would like to see you, too. You see we have no one that ever comes nigh us or takes any interest in us at all. We might be out of the world for what any one cares! Needless to say, the good priest went many times again ; and it ended in not only Nellie but the whole family being

baptised and received into the one true Church.

And whatsoever is not God is nothing and ought to be accounted as noth-