## BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

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CHAPTER XXIII-CONTINUED He caught and pressed Worthing hall and went upstairs. With averted face he hurried past his father's room. His place was in there, but he could not fill it. He could not be a son to the father who drizzling rain had ceased, but it left a heavy fog, which the moon's strug-gling rays vainly tried to pierce. He sat at his window till the stupor of over him. The murmuring voices o their weeping, came to him as from a distance. Then he thought he heard his name called. He sprang to his feet. Was his father dead and his mother there alone, or with strangers and the slaves? Unobserved he entered the room where his father lay. The doctor sat at one side of the bed, his chin resting on his hand, his eyes fastened or the white face against the pillow Aunt Dilsey was on a low sto against the wall, like an ebony statue, stood Sam, Mr. Martins' body servant. At the head of the bed, her hand holding her husbs her tender eyes resting in the full-ness of unquestioning love on him, Teresa. As Preston entered, the still figure on the bed moved, and as one coming back from deep those whom he had so grievously coming back from deep George Martins slowly un sleep, George Martins slowly un-closed his eyes. His glauce fell first upon the kneeling girl's beautiful up-turned face and praying lips. "Amy!" the voice was feeble, but there was a note of glad surprise in it.

"Yes, Cousin George," she softly, leaning toward him. "You are here! Is it to reproach me? Haunt my last hour?"

No, but to pray for you while you slept : to tell you that I love you when you awoke," said Teresa so laying her hand on the fingers resting on the counterpane.

Pray for me!-love me! Thisafter what you know?"
"I know only this," she said, with
her sweet maidenly dignity, "that I
am Gerald Martins' daughter, and
Preston Martins' affianced wite." He noaned and turned away his face. She bent nearer to him. "Cousin George," she whispered. "I burned

that paper-burned it unread. Burned it unread !-your father's will !"

Why did you do it?' His eyes were burning with feverish inten

sity; his voice was acutely penetrat-ing as he asked the question. "Because," she said, sending her answer to him in soft but distinct tones, "your people are my people. What touches your honor or happiness touches mine."

He closed his eyes and lay quiet for a long time. Then he again looked upon her and in the dark eyes she saw something of the heart's flerce

anguish And he-he let you burn it ?" He could not prevent me. And he is gone. He will trouble us no more. I set him free, with my full

Again he moaned and turned away his face, and tears, long strangers in George Martins' eyes, cozed from under the closed lids. At sight of them Teresa laid her face upon the bed and began to sob. Then the man reached out a weak hand and My little St. Teresa!" Then added with a faint semblance of the old winning smile on his drawn, blood-less face, and an echo of the old tender tones in his weak voice, "When you promised me that even-ing on the hotel veranda that you would not be turned from me, you little dreamed how bitterly you were to be tested. Am I worth the sacrifice, and the silence, it I dare not hope for forgiveness?"

You are worth Christ's death," she said solemply. "If there is aught calling for my forgiveness, oh, elieve me, you have it!

His hand continued to softly press her curis, but his eyes were fixed upon her in a stare. Perhaps he was thinking of the hour he had sat alone in Gerald Martins' cabin. cursing the perfidy or clumsiness of the Indian son who had left her an obstacle in his way. Now she stood between him and public infamy in his dying hour. Presently his hand dropped to the counterpane, a con-vulsion tore up the calm of his face. 'Worthington," he gasped, "he-

he——"
"He was there, too, said Teresa, interrupting him,"and heldid not for-

bid me."
"Ah!" again the slighty raised head fell back on the pillow. For another interval he lay still, then he moved his head to bring his eyes to the place where he knew his wife sat. She leaned over him, the light which he had never missed from her eyes illumining them, the ineffable tender ness not destroyed on her beautiful The unchanged wife smote face. The unchanged wife smote him with a greater sense of strangeness than had the sight of the kneeling Teresa. Was it all a fearfully vivid dream, that night's horror, and should he wake presently to find the old torturing doubts and fears con-fronting him? He reached out his hand and touched hers. It was real enough, that small white hand, upon whose third finger gleamed her gold marriage ring. The strangeness of it, that she should be there unmore avail than your tears and pray-

"Constance," he said, "what does mean? That you have forgiven me. too!"

She bent quickly over him and kissed his white lips.

"George! beloved husband! All the pain that you have ever given me was when you lifted your hand against your own life! But that is forgiven, forgotten! you knew not what you did. Your wife has nothing to forgive, love," and she slipped from her chair to her kness and lifted his head on her arm. He buried his face on her breast; then, a cry escaped him, and falling back on his pillow, he moaned.

"You both forgive because you do not know all—all. If you did, I should not have your pardon. should die alone, as I deserve to die.

The pity of that confession over

whelmed Preston Martins. In that moment the veil was swept from his long years, haunted by remorse and fear, felt the sharp darts which the hand of hidden sin dealt him in most ever increasing burden which unre pentance and unforgiveness were laying on his soul. How often must he not have cried for freedom from the unacknowledged woe, even though it should be purchased by the bitterest of humiliations, punished by the severest of laws! When it finally came, though he had not the courage to live through its shame, how glad must not he have felt because he could at last fling aside that weight wronged. And now! They did not know, so could not forgive! He must go down to death, as he had gone through life, burdened with hidden sins. His soul must take these crimes unforgiven by man to its Creator! No wonder that he cried out his auguish at the thought! No

foot of the bed. Father, they could forgive, they would forgive!" he cried, "for know all-all," and his eyes passe from the eyes of the man to his mother, "and I forgive you your mother, "and I forgive you

wonder that it smote down hatred and unforgiveness in the heart of his son, and sent him to his knees at the

As he heard those words, an ex pression that completely changed the face before the watchers' eyes settled upon the countenance of George Martins. At the sight of it, Preston bowed his head, the tears gushed into his mother's eyes and fell over her fair cheeks, and Teresa lifted her

sped hands toward heaven. Now can I die!" said George the three and embracing his servants

'No. father." said Preston Martins. rising, "you are not yet ready to die. Man's claims against you are no more, but God's remain. You bave asked and obtained forgiveness from nen, now turn to God. e less merciful.

The man was silent for a moment then he said, turning toward his

You will pray for me?"

"I am praying," she said. "But that is all I can do. There is one lownstairs who can do more for you Will you see the priest?"

No. If you can do nothing for me. assuredly he cannot." he replied. "Oh, do not say that," pleaded Teresa. "God's consecrated minis-ters have more power with Him than se have. If you must leave us, do not leave us to mourn like those

without hope!" "My little Saint Teresa!" and they the soft black tresses, and whispered, noticed that his voice was growing father. He now s

do as you wish." But did you not say that day that you would let me lead you back? you not give me the assurance that you would at least die in the faith of our fathers ? I offered up the sacrifice of my life, my happiness, my life to gain your soul and his, and now is it to be lost! Oh! God, God, is all to be of no avail!"

She did not know that she had uttered this most secret thought, nor that her voice was so wild and piercing. She forgot that Mrs. Martins knelt by her side, that Preston stood at the foot of the bed. She forgot everything but that the soul she was ready to sacrifice life and love and happiness to save was slipping out to eternity, unreconciled with God. In that moment she tasted the full bitterness of the soul's cruelest sorrow, the knowledge of its unworthiness. She had laid her sacrifice upon the stone, but no de-vouring fire fell from the skies, no voice of acceptance thundered from the clouds. All her repugnance against this slaying of self for an-other's spiritual good, her prayers for deliverance from the pain which it must bring, her temptations to turn back even after her choice had been made, her miserable outcries for release, were poured upon her now in a pitiless storm, and with a sickness of heart that was worse than despair she saw that the freedom she had craved was hers. She was her own again, but the soul that she might have helped back to God was lost, or must look for another, firmer, purer hand to lead it over the tortuous way. She had failed utterly, ignominiously

and see laid her head upon the bed and wept like a child. "George, see the "George, see the priest!" pleaded Mrs. Martins, through her own fast-falling tears. "He will not harm you. He may help you. Do this, peloved, if only for her dear sake !"

Poor little Teresa! The half ex-

ers and sacrifice!

"Teresa, don't cry " said George Martins, with the ghost of his old winning smile. "Go down, and ask the priest to come up to see me." To the adjoining room, to which the doctor had retired at the begin-

ning of the conversation between his patient and Teresa, Mrs. Martins went, and Preston led Teresa down-stairs. She was still weeping, but for joy now, and she she clung to him with a hand that had never before been so dependent upon him, so eloquently proclaimed itself his. But he did not slip it down into his tender class, nor draw the sobbing figure to his breast. The right to do so was not his. He took her to his mother's sitting room, where the dy-ing fire threw out a faint heat, and arranged the pillows for her on the When he eaw her comortably seated, her shawl care-tully folded over her he knelt upon the hearthstone, and d, with the aid of easily ucceed proken splinters from the wood, i kindling a new fire.

"I am going to leave you to your will give you a relapse." Then he went back to the library and left her alone with her prayers At the close of half an hour he returned to the e returned to the room to replenish the fire. Weari ness had conquered her devotional soul as she lay on the sofa fast asleep. He drew the shawl over her shoulders, set a screen between her eyes and the glaring firelight, and returned to his place in the adjoin-ing apartment. The candles burned down into the sockets, and ther flickered out into darkness, and still no message came from that upstairs bedroom. When the lusty voices of the cocks began to announce the dawn, Preston arose and opened the shutters. The light of the approaching summer day was poured over the land. Not a trace remained of the night's misty rain and dreariness It was a new world upon which h looked; but after the first glance, its beauty was lost to him, blotted ou by the remembrance of the night So he stood until the East's nacre tints deepened into pink, then rose then a hand was laid upon hi shoulder, and turning with a start, he met the face of the priest; but what he saw upon that face. mei from those eyes, made Preston Mar tins turn again as abruptly toward the window. "He is better! said the window. "He is better! said the priest. "He will live. God is merciful." Preston bent his head, for his lips refused to utter a word.

When the clergyman had departed Preston went to his father's room and took a chair by the bed. leaned his elbow on his knee, and resting his chin on the closed let his eyes fall upon the face of the peacefully sleeping man. As he grey accustomed to the dim light he noticed how calm that countenance had grown, how less sharp were last night's lines of pain. His father would recover, but he knew that his days on earth were limited. It was a respite God allowed him to make ready for eternity. He could only make ready, he could not atone in a few months or years for the evil work of a long life. If a future as long as his past even were to be al lowed him, it would still be insuffi cient, since each step of the down ward course would have to be retaken, and climbing is more difficult than descent. Gradual growth the order of the spiritual as well as the material world, and not the 'Lord ! Lord!" of the last moment secures entrance into the kingdom.

Here his thoughts broke ff and wandered over the ords which he had heard in this room between Teress and his his father's well-laid plan to save casting off by her creed and her race the property to himself by their marriage, and understood to effect this he had not scrupled to work upon Teresa's religious zeal. If they had not loved each other, what would his father have done? At the mental question, the blood went chilled through his veins, as he thought of another victim to support that awful monument to crime. Noble hearted girl! He bowed before her love of souls, which made her strong enough to sacrifice herself for them. Sacrifice? There could be no sacrifice in wedding him whom she loved. Yet had she not said it? In this very room had she not cried out her willing ness to sacrifice her life to bring back his father with himself to the ways of righteousness? What could it mean? The supporting hand fell from under his face, and he was sitting upright, staring at the opposite wall. Did she not love him and was she only marrying him for the sake of the souls of himself and his father? He pushed the thought from him. It was unjust to her, unworthy of his love. She would not have thus deceived him. If she felt not for him, love, human love elevated into sacredness by her spirtual nature, she would have made plain to him the true nature of her affection. She was too true to act such a deceptive part—take the gold coin of his love and give him a counterfeit in return. He strove to think of other things, but past words, past looks, past ac-tions of hers would come back wearing confirmatory faces; and the soul of Preston Martins cowered before them. Never until that hour did he understand all that her love meant to him, nor until then did he so keenly realize that the belief in that even when he saw that he of his life, had been his shield, his brought back the dead to life; but to support, his nevertailing source of comfort. He had not as yet prayed comfort. He had not as yet prayed sincer an adulterous woma to be delivered from his evils, but that is an unheard-of thing!" valiantly though burdened with them, am told; come back like a general had no real part in it.

but now his whole soul cried out, this chalice pass from me!" unavailing prayer! For still is the cup we pray against the one which our lips must drain to the which der ips must train to the bitter dregs! Even as he prayed the knowledge was borne in upon him that he was to be stripped of this last joy. "It cannot be" the unbelieving heart cried back. "Every-thing else is lost to me, but this is mine, mine, for time and eternity !"

TO BE CONTINUED

RACHEL

The soft, deep gloom with which the Egyptian hand maiden had a habit of enfolding her apartment, was grateful to Rachel, although it seldom failed to bring a reprimend from any member of her uncle's household who might come in. It was like thrusting back a blessing of God, this denial of the light, and any. thing savoring even faintly of irrev-erence was intolerable in that strict man's house. Not seeking to draw his attention too closely upon her-self, since she was not conformable by nature and was yet dependent on him for this pleasant homelife h not even her ample fortune could have secured elsewhere, the girl instructed her servant to keep a watchful eye and flood the room with sunshine when an intrusion was

threatened. There was no fear of such today, with preparation for the great feast of the Pasch going on. She could rest there in security until evening and perhaps win at last out of the long conflict with thought, the solution of the wrenching problem of her

Silence too was on the room, yet the girl, lying upon the richly ornamented couch, could not think, and neither could she sleep. Then the sun, which had been hidden all day, suddenly thrust back the clouds, and, as its glory spread over the streets and roofs of Jerusalem, s shaft found a space between the heavy curtains of the western window and lay like a long, slender swor upon the darkness; and Rachel watched it, until the clouds, rein forced, again imprisoned the sun.

Then she rose and moving to the window, parted the curtains and looked down upon the varied scenes

of the street. 'I must see that woman," she said

at length, to herself. Within the home her uncle thought so carefully guarded, the happenings of the world came to one pair of ears, for the Egyptian servant had a wide acquaintance in the city and she found her mistress a patient listener to the gossip of the day. Rachael knew herself to be not wholly disinterested, albeit a servan was her informant; for she sought she knew not from what source that answer might come. But none, not even the Egyptian, who appeared to possess the power of divination, dreamed that all the soul of the young Jewish woman had resolved into that one question; why she could not be happy, why she could not turn herself to life with the joy ance of her cousins and her friends or why, at least, she could not gathe some sweetness out of existence, if she must go for it to the bypath of sin? That captain of the Roman soldiers. True, she had taken a fear-ful risk in continuing her friendship with him; and yet, when speech for sook him, when he Casar's soldier trembled under her hand, she kney herself to be untouched, in her inner most being, by this strange fact o living and loving. If her soul had have been too much to pay for that consciousness of existence. And should wed, who loved her-could she but feel toward him as other women might have felt! Could she only have held to the traditions of the women of her race—welcomed wifehood, prayed for motherhood!

She turned drearily from the window, with the old, sickening horror of her ultimate fate creeping over her. She would marry Joel, bear him children, grow into a similitude of her aunt, as he would come to resemble her uncle. The days stretched out in endless procession before her, each with its ordinance; the Sabbaths and the feast days; and never in any of them relief to be found for her spirit. The God of her fathers had failed her, not less than her nature had done.

Always as she thought this last thought, she shuddered, knowing she She touched a silver bell, and the

Egyptian girl appsared. I am restless, Myra," she com-"It is the light," said the maid, drawing the curtains together. She led her mistress to the couch and seated herself on the rug

by its side. 'Nay, I think it was that story you told me of the woman, whom that man you call the Prophet saved, and

His writing on the pavement." Never was anything more wonderful known in Jerusalem, my lady He wrote, and in what He wrete eac man saw his own sin. But He has done many acts beyond the power of men. At Bathany is one Lazarus, whom He raised to life after being

four days in the tomb."
"That is not so marvelous. Many condone and shield a sinner, and that sincer an adulterous woman-nay,

"He has come back to Jerusalem, I

returning from a successful with people spreading garlands by the way, and the very children run-ning before to shout his praise. They say He will be made a king and then what will Caesar do?"
"I would see that woman, Myra,

said Rachael, unheeding the 'Find out where she lives and let us

and unobserved, they set forth. Their walk brought them to an isolated place, where dwelt the woman whom her own had cast off. They found her on her knees, packing food and wine into baskets. The two Jewish women looked at each rising trouble in her breast, before the eyes that were so strangely clear. "Do you mind telling me about it?" said Rachel, and the unconsciousness of superiority was gone from her

"I broke the Law." A chill crept over Rachel. Had she not broken a more sacred part of the Law in her own heart? And what had Myra repeated to her of the Prophet's denouncement of those who sin in their hearts?

You, who knew so well its conse-

"A woman does not think of the onsequences when she loves." Rachel recalled her Roman lover. ven when his kies was warm on her lips, had she not thought, shudder-ingly, of what would result were it to known?

"And then—when you met the nsequences?" She would search this woman's innermost soul if she ould wring out of it the knowledge he was seeking. was not sorry."

"Even when you must die?"
"Death was preferable to life with out him." But were you not afraid?"

"God, I held, could not be crueled than the man I loved." "He turned from you?" And accused me of being the cause of his downfall."

"And then I saw His face!" "The Prophet's?"
The woman bowed her head.

"He wrote, they say, the sins of all your accusers on the pavement. Did He write yours?" "I do not know. I saw only His

The awe of that sight grew upor er countenance. It made Rache ask :

"What saw you on His face?" When the woman answered, Rachel's

knees grew weak under her. She spoke the Name unpronounced among the Jews. Woman! He is but man!" cried

Rachel. "Nay, He is God. Then the miracle, greater than that of writing for each man his secret sin, happened to me. You have asked me to tell you of it; and I would gladly, that glory and praise may be given unto Him. But how can I make you

neart! Rachel pressed her hands upon he breast. The empty heart. Lo! was here an answer to her long question-

understand - you of the empty

ing?
"Tell me," she pleaded humbly. " I was not sorry, as I said, but I was not defiant. I only wanted to die. Then they thrust me before Him. He looked upon me and I fell at His feet. His face was still bent upon me, then I felt the change come over ne. That life of mine fell away from me. I could feel it! That life that had been so sweet, so full and free, because drenched through and through with a love strong enough to defy the wrath of God and man; that fell from me as a snake shed its skin in the springtime. And then I stood up and was not afraid. I beheld now that He was stooping and writing on the pavement, and all the men, some with their heads turned aside, some aspect, were hastening out. When they were all gone, He lifted Himself and again looked at me; but where before His face had been the face ot "-the woman did not again men-tion the Name, but bowed her head -" now it was ineffably human. one long, tender moment He thus looked at me : then He said : 'Woman where are they that accused thee Hath no man condemned thee?' And I said, 'No man, Lord.' Then said He: Neither will I condemn thee

Go, and now sin no more." " And why are you here instead of among His followers ?"

He hath no need of me. friends and relations minister to His wants; His disciples keep Him company. But I serve Him in others," and she spread her hands over the baskets, to be filled with the food and wine.

You attend to the poor ?' "The lepers," she explained. "He has great compassion for them. He has cured many. I serve Him in

The Egyptian maid plucked Rachel's siceve. "It grows late, my lady! If the

naster returns on the great feast, and should find you missing-

Swiftly they made their way home. Scarcely had Rachel removed her street attire, when the call to assem ble for the celebration of the feast of ings. Behind her lay the city, the the deliverance reached her. But great, the beautiful city that David her attention flagged, and more than loved and Solomon adored, Jerusa once while the rite was being scrup-ulously performed, she caught the surprised and stern glance of her unele fixed on her. She drew her thoughts to the ritual ; tasted of the bitter herbs, drank the prescribed wine, and partook of the fesst that followed, knowing all the while she

Hers was the empty heart; nor God nor man had ever filled it. God was to her only the literal observance with her body, obeyed with her will.

Love—could she but have felt it for God, as this woman felt it for the Prophet she called God! Love—could she have felt it for her Roman over as had this woman for the man who had won her affections and had then cast her off to meet alone the dire penalty for their common sincould she have even felt this, she would have held herself blessed to

secome his slave.
She looked over the room and shuddered, remembering that all her life she would have to go through this mockery of existence. She might find the Prophet. Perchance He would work a miracle on her, as He had upon the other woman, upon the condemning men. Far into the night she kept the Egyptain girl by her bed, to recount all things whatsoever she had heard concerning Him. "And then," the voice was flowing

softly, they sought again to ensuare Him, and one of the teachers inquired of Him, which was the greatest com mandment. And He told them that the first and greatest commandment and mind and soul; and the second was like unto it; to love one's neighbor as one's self.'

Love—love! Ah! if she only could!
If she could only love God! If she could only love her uncle and his family; or her Reman lover, who loved her with the flerceness of a pagan ; or Joel, who loved her after calm steadfast manner of the Jew! If she could only love the Anna lepers, as that other woman did! If graph. she could only fill this empty heart

of hers! Otherwise—
"Myra,"her words broke the steady recital of the servant, "I will see the Prophet to morrow! Now, you may

Before Rachel was awake the next morning, the hand maid crept into her room, and weeping, called O my lady! Last night they apprehended the Prophet! He is in the hands of Casar's soldiers! Even

now they are hailing Him to the court of Pilate! "Do not be disturbed, Myra!" coun-seled Rachel. "If He be a true Prophet, God will deliver Hum. Daniel came unharmed from the den of lions, and the children were un-

harmed in the flery furnace. But later in the morning, Myra returned, and casting herself at the sobs that shook her slim body :

'Pilate has condemned Him to death! He is even now bearing His cross through the streets on His way to Mount Calvary, where He is to die between two thieves!" Peace, girl," commanded Rachel.

"If He is a true Prophet, God can deliver Him even yet out of their A murmur of shouting afar off

ame to their ears. Draw the curtain and see what is appening!" said Rachel.

O my lady! It is He—our phet! They are leading Him past Prophet! this way to death! O Isis! what a

sight! She fell on the floor, sobbing bitter ly. Rachel rose and standing over the prostrate form, looked up scene that had crushed her handmaiden. A scorn inherent of the rabble came into her face. The first portion of the procession passed, jeering, shouting, deriding; then, guarded by the Roman soldiers, but with the chief priests and the scribes and the ancients pressing upon them came the Prophet, a cross upon His arrayed and stained; blood covered Prophet! This was the Man, to whom the woman had not hesitated to apply the great Name! This was the Man she had intended that day to seek out as a Saviour!

"Draw the curtains, Myra, and tell me again that story of Anthony and Cleopatra!" she said, wearily, as she sought her couch.

She was beautiful. She had wealth, and was gifted with unusual talents Why should she not marry the Roman whose advancement was certain, and seek out yonder in the world such God had denied her the universal blessings, which would have secured her happiness here what was there left her, but to strive to win it out yonder by means of her special gifts? And yet to make herself a renegade she the last of her father's name !

Two more days passed, while the conflict raged within. She had heard from Myra that the Prophet had died upon His cross, and she found herself thinking with pity of the woman whose God was dead. She had beard of the darkened sky, the rent veil of the temple, the declaration of the centurion; and had set them down as fancies of overwrought minds. But the third night she could not sleep, and before day, she rose, dressed quistly and stole from the house. As she walked the quiet of the merning began to fall upon her spirit, and a sense of security and gladness came to her. This feeling flually drew her out of herself. She stopped and viewed her surroundlem the Holy! Long, long, she looked upon it, lying under the pearl gray light now showing in the east. From it would she tear herself?

Then she turned to view the world toward which her thoughts were set, and knew a shock, seeing three crosses standing stark upon a hill. She knew that she looked upon

Mount Calvary, where they had cruci-fied the Prophet. Something like a hand of iron seemed to clutch her soul, and drag it up even to the height of the tallest cross.

Frightened, she hid herself in her veil and hurried on, heedless of the direction. When she again paused, she found herself under the trees of a garden, and saw that the sun had now risen. She paused and tried to review and analyze the experience brough which she had just passed. Then, without sound to warn approach, a figure stood before her, clad in garments of dazzling white-ness. The hands and feet radiated an amethystine light, which also burned like a crown around the head; and she remembered the thorn-crowned brow of the Prophet as He passed under her window. Then she looked into the Face, and cast herself down as the other woman had done, and uttered the unspeak able Name !

Lying there, she seemed to hear a voice telling her to lift up the empty chalice of her heart that it might be filled with love, love of God, leve of man, in the love of the Christ, Who had come to gather unto Himself the souls of all the children of earth.

She never knew how long she lay there, face forward on the green sward. But the sound of running feet at length roused her. She rose and saw a little crowd of men and women going in great haste toward a distant part of the garden. She joined them. Presently they paused, silent, with bated breath. She pushed her way forward, and looked. with them, upon the open tomb.— Anna C. Minogue in Catholic Tele-

## THE REAL THING

Under the title "England's Experiences with the Real Thing" in the April number of the Yale Review, Professor L. P. Jacks of Oxford, writ ing of the rude awakening of the English people under the awful shock of war, says: I have not the slightest doubt that

our present contact with the Real Thing will involve many modifica tions in these "views of life" which have hitherto been current among "I admired Bernard Shaw," said a friend the other day, 'but nowwell, he makes me sick." It would not surprise me if henceforth we attached less importance to "views of life" in general, no matter who their author may be. Life at the present moment is too big and terrible a thing to be merely "viewed." I am not prepared to predict what changes of our thought will be : but do predict that changes will take place. So much that seemed wisdom to us befere seems nonsense to us now. Some of us. it is true, are fighting manfully against the un-pleasant necessity of having to eat our former words. But sooner or later, we shall have to eat them.

The bubbles of fads and fancies fade away at the first breath of grim reality and silly poseurs shrivel be-fore the blast. "A year ago," says books and articles about the 'religion of the future." And lo! the rear of the trenches dissipates the "religion of the future" into the thin nonsense it always was, and the academic dilettanteism which had dogmatized God into a myth, dissolves into the airy nothings from which it drew its form and fashion. "What if after all," queries Professor Jacks, "there is something in the world which has gone altogether wrong? What if some trace of original sin yet re-mains? What if the devil and his was pressed upon His forehead. And day there is something in the newsthis was the Man they called the papers which suggests these quespapers which suggests these ques-tions: and there are heart-breaks to press them home." The thunder of battle along the Aisne, slaughter, rapine, pestilence, famine, death stalking about the land and lurking under the sea, the agonizing nations in the grip of couflict from the Dardanelles to the North Sea are no un certain answer to Professor Jack's

An English post once sang :

God's in His Heaven, All's right with the world

The modern world has been trying to pluck God from His Heaven—witness Viviani's blasphemous words in the French Chambers some years ago-and now it is finding all is wrong with the world. It has taken some awful reality to teach the lesson. The great nations pitted in a death struggle against one another are finding indeed that some trace of original sin still remains.

The dream of Internationalism founded on the hollow boast of man's brotherhood without the fatherhood of God has withered like flax in the fire. The army of isms, which floated creed and dogma and prated of the divinity of man, are now only wandering ghosts upon the wind. Heaven without God has proved to be but sounding brass, and the nations on their knees are not supplicating the divinities spun out of the vanities of human speculation. The moral of the great war is obvious enough. It is the old story, the people were forgetting God. Man was becoming self sufficient. He was spinning philosophies and theories by the hour, extravagances, follies, absurdities, blasphemies, obscenities woven and rewoven into a fantastic skein to allure, dazzle and to corrupt. the hour are shivered like brittle

Europe is learning the lesson that God is in His Heaven and that all is not right with the world. Summoned to judgment, man is now on