

JANUARY 18 1908

THE APOSTOLATE OF A LITTLE MAID.

When I first became acquainted with Maggie, she was a red-haired, good-humored girl of nineteen. Her face was full of freckles, and her eyes were bright blue, and the wildest stretch of affection could never call her beautiful. But Maggie's heart beat with kindness and charity, which made one forget all about her want of beauty. Her hands were ever ready to do service to others, and taking her all in all, she was as cheery and wholesome as a little servant as could be found in all New York.

Her early life had not been an easy one. Her childhood had been marred by the crushing poverty of Ireland, her girlhood oppressed with the knowledge that things were growing worse instead of better. Her resolution to seek a new country, of which such golden tales were told by other girls who had gone before, though seeming the dawn of a millennium of comfort and affluence, brought the bitterest sorrow of her life—parting with home and family. So that, despite the brave heart that turned so courageously to battle with an unknown future, it was two very tear-stained eyes that watched (as she told me) the shores of old Ireland fading away from view. No one was there to notice the pathetic drop of the curly head, and Maggie cried "the heart out of her" for a day or two and then gathered herself together, and her smile and cheery voice were the most prominent memories which visitors to the seething quarters carried away with them.

There was one tall, beautiful weary faced girl who saw the little Irish maid feeling a baby whose mother was ill, and after this delicately veiled girl went back to her own luxurious state-room she could not get Maggie's face out of her mind. (All this was told me long after.) "Why, she looked absolutely happy!" said the tall girl, with a sort of irritation at the persistent sunshine, which seemed to shed its brightness so plentifully over the poor Irish girl's life, while she could not coax one single ray to touch her own surroundings into brightness.

When the vessel landed, Maggie was met by two older companions, who had made the venture a year or two before. Their homes had been near "her part" in the old country, and their letters were largely responsible for her coming across.

They gave her a rapturous welcome, and took her to a safe home, and then with the warm heartiness of their race, got her a place as maid-of-all-work with a lit le widow in Brooklyn. It was not a very light work, either, but it was heavy, Maggie's smile and good humor sweetened it, and these became so pleasing to the widow and family that her newness to the ways of American housekeeping was overlooked. She was taught and trained, until she developed into as deft and capable a little maid as the most capricious mistress could desire.

Of course, she had some acquaintances among the neighbors, and one of the first results of this was her joining the Sodality of the Children of Mary in the parish church, under the direction of a nun from the convent at the corner; and here it was I made Maggie's acquaintance. A retreat was given to the Sodality, and the evening sermon was devoted to the working girls. I don't know how it was, but somehow one evening these words came to my lips:

"Each of us has some special mission to perform in this world. The mission of a priest or a nun is easy to see, but there are other hidden missions in some lives—work to do not recognized by the world, but which make one's life perfect and pleasing in our Lord's eyes. Some girls think that their lives are commonplace and tiresome; they long for great things to do, when all the time they may be passing by some little work sent to them specially by our Lord Himself. We should be watchful for opportunities to do good to every one whose life touches ours. Think how happy we will be at the hour of death if we know we have never left even the smallest mission unfulfilled. This happiness, remember, is possible for each one, as there is no life devoid of missions sent to each with a special purpose and meaning in each."

That week I had a talk with Maggie. I found out the hidden treasures of virtue in the girl, and we became fast friends. She often visited me after retreat, and always referred to the evening I spoke of the special mission of each one as a great enlightenment to her life. One day she came rather early, after Mass of good-bye morning.

"I want to say good-bye, your reverence."

"Good-bye? Why, surely, Maggie, you are not going to leave us?"

"Yes, your reverence, but only for the summer season. Mary and Katie (they're my friends, father; came from the same place as home) have got places as chambermaids in a hotel down at the sea-shore, and they've thought I need a change, and so they got me in, too. But, father, it's just for the summer. I'm coming back in October, and the missus she says she wants me back again then."

"Well, good-bye, Maggie. Be a good girl. Do not miss Mass, and go to the sacraments regularly. Pray for me, and don't forget to look out for your mission."

"I do be thinkin', father, my mission is to sweep and dust. I never can think of anything else for me."

"Well," said I, "that is a very good mission in itself. Maybe God wants you to help keep this old earth clean. See that you do it well. Don't leave dust in the corners and some day you may find another little mission or two clinging to your broom or hid in your dust."

Maggie went to the seashore, and was assigned, with her friends, the task of caring for the rooms of a certain corridor filled with handsome apartments, once led for the most part by the girl butterflies whose wings fluttered so busily and brightly during the summer time. These rooms

were filled with daintiness and trimness, shining silver articles scattered over the toilet tables, and the thousand and one things that belong to the paraphernalia of the modern girl.

There was one room, Maggie told me afterwards, where she delighted to dust and to linger. On the dressing table was a gilded frame containing an oval ivory miniature of the Madonna. The beautiful, sorrowful face was painted with rare delicacy, every detail of form and color was brought out, the whole thrilling the gazer with the mingling of human and divine which is the result of prayer and inspiration in art.

At this picture Maggie never tired of gazing. The room seemed to gain a sort of sanctity from its mere presence, and when she dusted the articles on the dressing table her hands touched the picture with reverence and her lips formed a prayer.

One morning she was standing gazing at the picture, her hands tucked under her arm, her hands clasped, when the owner of the room, who happened to be the same tall, weary-looking girl who noticed Maggie with interest in the steamer which brought both across the sea, entered suddenly. Her memory brought back the pang of envy which she had felt at the first sight of the beautiful little maid in the steamer. She looked at her with unusual interest, Maggie was too much absorbed to hear the light footfall, and it was not until the girl spoke that she started, and blushing up to the roots of her ruddy hair, stopped her praying.

"It's so beautiful, miss," she said apologetically, hastily resuming her dusting, "that I couldn't help looking at it!"

"It's beautiful," assented the other girl, looking curiously at Maggie. "You may look at it whenever you wish. That is what beautiful things are for, to give pleasure to every one. This was painted by a great artist in Rome, and I think it is the most beautiful face I ever saw. It is only a dream, however. No human face could ever be so lovely."

"The dear, blessed Mother of God must have been that beautiful, even more so," said Maggie shyly, yet with direct simplicity.

"Surely you don't believe such a person ever lived?" said Edith abruptly, with one of her impulses which made her forget position, education, habit, everything, save the desire to argue with this creature who held a belief she could not share.

The astonishment and dismay in the wide open blue eyes which Maggie turned on her gave her a curious thrill, half amusement, half pain.

"Not to believe—" Maggie was too horrified to finish the sentence. "Our dear, blessed mother! O, miss surely you know about her?"

Poor Maggie! In all her life she had never been in contact with belief, and this coming face to face with an open doubt of the very existence of the dear, blessed Mother was a shock. Edith laughed, but she was impressed in spite of herself by this evidence of absolute faith in what she had never considered more than a poetic myth. This was painted by a great artist in Rome, and I think it is the most beautiful face I ever saw. It is only a dream, however. No human face could ever be so lovely."

"Not to believe—" Maggie was too horrified to finish the sentence. "Our dear, blessed mother! O, miss surely you know about her?"

Poor Maggie! In all her life she had never been in contact with belief, and this coming face to face with an open doubt of the very existence of the dear, blessed Mother was a shock. Edith laughed, but she was impressed in spite of herself by this evidence of absolute faith in what she had never considered more than a poetic myth. This was painted by a great artist in Rome, and I think it is the most beautiful face I ever saw. It is only a dream, however. No human face could ever be so lovely."

Edith had visited the cathedrals of the Old World. She had knelt under the gentle benediction of the Holy Father; she had answered the silver chiming of many a church abroad and assisted at sacred pageants, but had looked on with the eye of an artist, and sometimes smiled a little cynically. It was to her love of beauty she attributed the tightening of her heart strings when she witnessed a ceremonial benediction at St. Peter's. Once, when she was in Florence, she had stolen into one of the lofty churches there. The dim light, with the shafts of amethyst and gold, tainting the marble floor, the sanctuary lamp hanging in mid air like a jewel alive, stilled her heart for a moment as she knelt, and then she ran away, frightened. In the bright sunshine outside, filled with the glow of Italian color, she laughed at her own thought that she was growing emotional. But the memory had never left her, and something of these thoughts and incidents flashed through her mind as she looked at Maggie. There had always seemed a sort of reverence about. When she reached the Madonna Edith saw her lips move as she touched it tenderly, and she said gently:

"You handle that picture almost as if it were alive."

"I couldn't be rough with it, miss," was Maggie's answer, and she glanced under her lashes to see if the proud face had the amused scorn it wore the day before. But no, it was grave, and even a little sad, and the sadness melted Maggie's quick heart and stirred her sympathy.

"Pray to her, miss. She's God's blessed Mother. She holds the heart of her blessed Son in her hands, and He can't refuse anything she asks."

"Pray, child!" said Edith. "I? Why, I never prayed in my life. I do not know what the word means. How should I pray?"

And then Maggie forgot she was a poor little servant; she only thought of the depths of the stormy heart thus laid bare, starving for faith and love. She laid her red hand, hardened by toil, on the soft white one of Edith and said with sweet solemnity:

"Say, 'Mother of Christ, pray for me!' and you'll get the grace of praying and believing, for she never lets a prayer go by unheeded."

And then Maggie took up her dust and went quickly from the room, leaving Edith gazing at the picture, while the little aspiration rang through her heart like a deep toned bell—only for a moment, however, for she dashed the tears from her eyes angrily.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

"What am I thinking of to let the aroma of an old superstition enthrall me? Edith, you are a fool to let your emotion run away with you!" And when Maggie came back later to finish her work she found the Madonna lying face downward on the table.

That night when Maggie's duties were finished she slipped away to the church, and kneeling in the dim light, she looked straight up at the white figure of the Immaculate Conception, and recited the rosary for the strange dark-eyed girl whose heart seemed to be so unhappy, and who did not know how to pray. "Mother of Christ, pray for her," whispered Maggie. Little did she know that at that moment Edith was kneeling at her window with the Madonna clasped tightly in her hands, murmuring over and over again: "Mother of Christ, pray for me! Mother of Christ, pray for me!"

Each morning it was the same. Edith lingered to ask questions, and Maggie, whose direct answers, clear and convincing, with the simplicity of perfect faith, carried conviction to the heart trembling between doubt and desire. Maggie never hesitated; she never wavered. To her the unhappiness of not knowing the blessed Mother seemed so vast that her whole endeavor was turned to a prayer that Edith might learn. For wasn't the Blessed Virgin close to God in Heaven, her Divine Son?

All Edith's half-cynical arguments against the notion of blind faith were met with the indestructible weapons which that faith puts into the hands of its weakest soldier. Maggie's untaught language had about it a rude, picturesque beauty, especially when she grew interested and forgot her shyness. And as she spoke she made the great truths of faith doubly dear to her listener.

And as every morning found Maggie answering Edith's questions about religion, so every evening found her kneeling before the altar in the little seaside church praying with all the strength and fervor of her simple heart for the gift of faith to this other heart blindly groping in the dark.

And so the summer days dawned and died. Edith's friends wondered at her preoccupation, and Maggie's companions accused her of being in love until they found out about the daily visits to the church, and then they said she was cultivating a vocation to be a nun.

The culmination came on the evening of the 21st of August. As Edith knelt at the window, while Maggie was going to confession in the church, intending to offer her Communion next day for her beautiful friend, something seemed to flash through the startled dawn upon her. "Mother of Christ, pray for me!" she murmured. And suddenly the darkness about her heart loosened; the darkness became light, and laying the dear picture against her cheek, she burst into tears.

"Oh, I know! I know!" she cried to herself. "She has prayed for me. Dear Mother of Christ, I believe in His one true faith!" And in peace with her tired soul she laid her head on her pillow.

The next morning, as Maggie passed Edith's door, going to early Mass, she heard her name called, and a moment later she was gazing into the radiant face of Edith, who laid her hands on the little servant's shoulders, whispering, "Maggie, Maggie! Pray for me at Mass. I am going to be a Catholic. The Mother of Christ has indeed prayed for me."

This was only the beginning. The end was when Edith was baptized on the 21st of November, Feast of the Presentation, and Maggie, more smiling and blushing than ever, was her god-mother. When we went into the sacristy I said:

"So you found your mission hidden in your sister, after all, Maggie?"

"Ah, your reverence," said Maggie. "I forgot about my mission. I was too busy with my work and telling Miss Edith about our Lord and His blessed Mother."

And then I thought, as I looked at the humble, ruddy head, "She has done the Master's work in the guise of companion. Blessed be God in His saints. She is a true apostle!"—Ray R. W. Alexander in the Standard and Times.

GREAT ST. AUGUSTINE.

There are few more interesting figures in the history of the Church than St. Augustine. As one of the greatest thinkers of all time, he deserves to be called "the Great Doctor." The following poem upon his surpassing wisdom and ability is taken from the second volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia.

It is first of all a remarkable fact that the great critics, Protestant as well as Catholic, are almost unanimous in placing St. Augustine in the foremost rank of doctors and proclaiming him to be the greatest of fathers. Such, indeed, was also the opinion of his contemporaries, judging from their expressions of enthusiasm gathered by the Bolandists. The Pines attributed such exceptional authority to the Doctor of Hippo that, even of late years, it has given rise to lively theological controversies. Pater, the venerable, accurately summarized the general sentiment of the Middle Ages when he ranked Augustine immediately after the apostles; and in modern times, Bossuet whose genius was met by the first place among the Doctors, nor does he simply call him "the incomparable Augustine," but "the Eagle of Doctors."

If the Jansenistic abuse of his works and perhaps the exaggerations of certain Catholics, as well as the attack of Richard Simon, seem to have alarmed some minds, the general opinion has not varied. In the nineteenth century Stock expressed the thought of all when he said, "Augustine has justly been called the greatest doctor of the Catholic world."

And the admiration of Protestant critics is not less enthusiastic. Moëta this, it would seem as if they had in these latter days been quite specially fascinated by the great figure of Augustine, so deeply and so assiduously

ly have they studied him (Biedemann, Schaaf, Dörner, Renter, A. Harnack, Eucken, Scheel, and so on) and all of them agree more or less with Harnack when he says: "Where in the history of the West, is there to be found a man who, in point of influence, can be compared with him?" Luther and Calvin were content to treat Augustine with a little less reverence than they did the other fathers, but their descendants do him full justice, although recognizing him as the father of Roman Catholicism. According to Biedemann, "Augustine is a star of extraordinary brilliancy in the firmament of the Church. Since the apostles he has been unsurpassed." In his "Histoire de l'Eglise," Dr. Durz calls Augustine "the greatest, the most powerful of all the fathers, the one from whom proceeds all the doctrinal and ecclesiastical development of the West, and to whom each recurring crisis, each new orientation of thought brings it back." Schaaf himself (Saint Augustine, Melancthon and Neander, p. 98) is of the same opinion: "While most of the great men in the history of the Church are claimed either by the Catholic or by the Protestant confession, and their influence is, therefore, confined to one or the other, he enjoys from both a respect equally profound and enduring." Radolt Eucken is bolder still when he says: "On the ground of Christianity proper a single philosopher has appeared, and that is Augustine." The English writer, W. Cunningham, is no less appreciative of the extent and perpetuity of this extraordinary influence: "The whole life of the medieval Church was framed on lines which he has suggested: Its religious orders claimed him as their patron; its mystics found a sympathetic tone in his teaching; its poetry was to some extent the actualization of his picture of the Christian Church; it was in its various parts a carrying out of ideas which he cherished and diffused. Nor does his influence end with the decline of medievalism: we shall see presently how closely his language was akin to that of Descartes, who gave the first impulse to and defined the special character of modern philosophy." And after having established that the doctrine of St. Augustine was at the bottom of all the struggles between Jansenists and Catholics in the Church of France, between Arminians and Calvinists on the side of the Reformers, he adds: "And one more in our own land when a reaction arose against rationalism and Erastianism it was to the African doctor that men turned with enthusiasm: Dr. Pusey's edition of the Confessions was among the first fruits of the Oxford Movement."

But Adolf Harnack is the one who has oftenest emphasized the unique role of the doctor of Hippo. He has studied Augustine's place in the history of the world as reformer of Christian piety and his influence as doctor of the Church. In his study of the "Confessions" he comes back to it: "No man since Paul is comparable to him—with the exception of Luther, he adds. "Even to day we live by Augustine, by his thought and his spirit; it is said that we are the sons of Renaissance and the Reformation, but both one and the other depend upon him."

MORE ABOUT FRANCIS THOMPSON, THE POET.

Francis Thompson has been so intelligently seen from the outside, says the London Tablet, that it is a great pleasure to give a closer Catholic view of him expressed in a private letter from which we are able to quote. It comes from a priest, one whose words are especially precious: "I loved the poet well, as you know, loved not only his undoubted genius, but also his poor self that was so entirely unflinching to battle with life. My poor Francis, how I longed to see and serve him, and yet he always eluded me and shrouded himself in silence. He was one of the few and gradually disappearing personalities whose friendship made one's life apart from duty, noble and pleasant. Never will I forget the old happy days we passed together when my plain philosophy seemed to give him pleasure, when his brilliant thoughts and suggestions would suddenly light up my whole soul, and over the gorge and threatening the rocky hillsides showed us the sea, we discussed all things in heaven and earth, and life seemed worth living. My prayers will follow Francis to the other world; and there will be few in heaven whose conversation I shall more eagerly seek than his."

Another priest, to whom the poet was a stranger in the sense that they had never met personally, writes: "For many years I have read and quoted him to all who had any ear within the ear, and many have responded. It was in 1899-1900, when alone on a wild, very poor mission scattered over a dozen townlands, and too sore and tired on a Sunday night to eat or speak to anyone that Thompson's great Odes used to open to me like clear skies when the rain is gone."

Yet another priest, one by whom Francis Thompson has been quoted in his public addresses—jaws placed in a fine gold setting—has written to a friend: "It was a part of him to die in the month of the dead. All he did was finished. His death was the last resolving harmony of a life of clashing discords. And he has gone to the nursery heaven to have his voice perfected in the heavenly choir. To me he is a prophet as much as Newman. No one has given such expression to man's true attitude before God. Newman's life and work are a commentary on the 'Credo.' But I can recall no one who has equalled Francis Thompson as a commentator on the 'Credo.' Newman is the singer of it. Thompson is the singer of Contrition. Some day, I hope, fragments of his song may be heard with the 'Sabbat Mater' and the 'Dies Irae' in the Church's prayer; and he, on hearing it, will sing a new song, 'Domine non sum dignus'—his last, and sweetest, and strongest, in the full voice of a soul grown to the stature of Christ."

Educational.

Wanted—Brakemen and Firemen. Salary—\$75 to \$150 a month. We teach and qualify you by mail. Course simple, practical and thorough. After eight or ten weeks' study we guarantee to assist in getting you a position on any railway in Canada. The first step is writing for our booklet.

THE DOMINION RAILWAY CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.
Dep. N. Winnipeg, Manitoba.

New Term
from Jan. 2nd. Enter any day for long or short course.
New Catalogue ready.
Write for it if you have any idea of a college course.
Address W. H. SHAW, Principal, Central Business College, Toronto.

THE JEWS AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The Jews, as Mr. Dooley remarks, are a "splendid race that has been cruelly persecuted and crushed by many churches but are still far from broken." For a race that has been thrud under foot so long, our fellow-dimigrants from a few miles east of Ireland are far from weak in the great centres of our financial disturbances. Names ending in "heimer" are far more frequent on the windows of banks than names beginning with "O" or "Mac." Their names are seen on the editorial pages of many newspapers and on the more alluring advertisement pages of all. This last fact noted by the humorist explains why the New York dailies have published not a word of editorial comment on the Jewish demand for the suppression of all songs of a specifically Christian character in the schools. And in their news columns they have tried to make it appear that the question has been totally misapprehended. When we come to examine the misapprehension, we find that it consists in this, that it was a year ago, not the other day, that the Jews made their protest, and that the Board of Education has only by implication forbidden the use of Christmas carols in forbidding the singing of hymns or songs of a sectarian or denominational nature. In one song book it was found necessary only to cut out two pieces, viz., Abinger's "Holy Night," and Schubert's "Ave Maria," these being the only hymns which made any mention of the Redeemer. "Lead Kindly Light" and "Come, Thou Almighty King" were allowed to remain. Why not? Since Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, being all believers in God, can interpret them to suit themselves. The director of music for the elementary schools of New York City explained the matter frankly enough: "Our purpose has been simply to omit instructions of songs in which there is mention of Christ. Naturally that shuts out practically all Christmas songs." It is a case of a misapprehension which did not misapprehend—Cassell.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON CHURCH SCANDAL.

The Church has scandals, she has reproach, she has shame; no Catholic will deny it. She has ever had the reproach and shame of being the mother of children unworthy of her. She has good children—she has many more bad. Such is the providence of God, as declared from the beginning. He might have formed a pure Church; but He has expressly predicted that the cockle, sown by the enemy, shall remain with the wheat, even to the harvest at the end of the world. He pronounced that His Church should be like the fisher's net, gathering of every kind, and not examined till the evening.

There is, even, then, an abundance of material in her lives and histories of Catholics, ready to the use of those opponents who, starting with the notion that the Holy Church is the work of the devil, wish to have some corroboration of their leading idea. Her very prerogatives give special opportunity for it; I mean that she is the Church of all lands and of all times.

If there was a Judas among the Apostles, and a Nicholas among the deacons, why should we be surprised that in the course of eighteen hundred years there should be flagrant instances of cruelty, of unfaithfulness, of hypocrisy, or of profligacy, and that not only in the Catholic people, but in high places, in royal palaces, in Bishop's households, in the seat of St. Peter himself?

What triumph is it, though in a long line of between two and three hundred Popes, amid martyrs, confessors, doctors, sage rulers and living Fathers of their people, one, two, or three are found who fulfil the Lord's description of the wicked servant, who began "to strike the manservants and the maid-servants, and to eat and drink and be drunk?" What will come of it, though we grant that at this time or that, here or there, mistakes in policy, or ill-advised measures, or timidity, or vacillation in action, or secular maxims, or narrowness of mind have seemed to influence the Church's action, or her bearing toward her children? I can only say that, in the long run, as he it would be a miracle were such offenses altogether absent from her history.

CRIME IN IRELAND.

The Catholic Standard and Times. It is an old, old story and probably will be "continued in our next," so long as the Irish-baiting London Times exists. We have what we call yellow journals in this country. They are looked upon as well up in the art of lying; but the old Thunderer may be classed as the very Annals of the newspaper world.

The Times fairly revels in the "crime and lawlessness of Ireland." It gets out its little fine tooth comb, and not finding great result, it imitates. Of late, there has been cattle driving. This throws the London paper into spasms. It fumes and frets and almost explodes because of this fearful high handed outrage. The Times, evidently, has gone or dyspepsia. If a youngster is quacked for misdeed, Ireland is filled with crime; it is a couple of loafers come to blows, it is a wave of crime that has engulfed the country; if a vagrant is caught pilfering a potato, the land is steeped in crime. Crime, crime, everywhere—a veritable nation of criminals.

What are the facts? Just what they always have been. In an address recently delivered in Merthyr, Hon. John Redmond said that everywhere he

all certainly, but nothing is, at destroys the ability of the modern bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve

characteristic that another know f the modern is immanent bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve

characteristic that another know f the modern is immanent bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve

characteristic that another know f the modern is immanent bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve

characteristic that another know f the modern is immanent bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve

characteristic that another know f the modern is immanent bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve

characteristic that another know f the modern is immanent bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve

characteristic that another know f the modern is immanent bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve

characteristic that another know f the modern is immanent bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve

characteristic that another know f the modern is immanent bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve

characteristic that another know f the modern is immanent bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve

characteristic that another know f the modern is immanent bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve

characteristic that another know f the modern is immanent bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve

characteristic that another know f the modern is immanent bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve

characteristic that another know f the modern is immanent bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve

characteristic that another know f the modern is immanent bility could be the very weak for with him. Is mental state conscious of it, is as apparent a nose on the time not contemplating wisdom of his devoted to the gging his less up to his own not expect to they have not e so elevated lectual atmosphere safety-valve