THE HOUSE OF THE ROSES

The Widow Laverty's cottage, stand-ing back a little way from the dusty white road, seemed in the warm June evening a veritable bower of roses, roses of every conceivable color and kind. Along the walls and around the windows and our the downer the trailed window Along the walls and around the windows and over the doorway they trailed, pink, white, crimson, yellow and dusky red, lighting up the little house aa with a hundred glowing lamps and filling the whole atmosphere about them with their

rich, delicious fragrance. Nor did they beautify the house alone, for over the rustic archway that stood before the door a crimson rambler fought bravely with a scented honey-suckle as to which should gain supremsuckle as to which should gain adpleti-soy; and on either side of the narrow sanded path that led downward to the roadway, old-fashioned Scotch roses, cabbage, damask, and moss-roses blos-somed and reveled side by side in the

somed and review and by mean in radiant June sunshine. Poor Mrs. Leverty's husband, long since gathered to his fathers, had not been a working gardener for nothing ; and tall white lilies and flowers of all kinds seemed to vie with the roses in an Rina's seemed to vie with the basis in the abundant display of color and perfume on every side. A dear little house it was, and a sweet and lovely environment in which to live out one's happy youth or a calm, restful, contented old age. So thought a young girl, dressed in a

So thought a young girl, dressed in a simple blue cambric gown, as she lifted the latch of the wicket gate and came the latch of the widzet gate and came slowly up the rose-bordered path, her eyes resting with a glance of entrance-ment on the glowing banks of beauty and color, the while she uplifted her pretty head and her bewitching retrouse e nose the better to inhale the warm fregrance the better to inhate the warm fragrance. It was not the first time by many that she had been there, but Mrs. Laverty's garden never failed to impress her with a new sense of fresh and ever changing beauty.

Yet, as she passed along, the sparkle ret, as she passed along, the sparkle in her young eyes died down, the look of enchantment in her pretty face gave way to one of frowning displeasure. Hastening her steps, she was quickly at Hastening her steps, she was quickly at the cottage, where Mrs. Laverty already awaited her with a curious mixture of

awaited her with a curious mixture of welcome and distress straggling together in her rugged, kindly features. "Indeed then, it's yourself is welcome, Miss Peggy, darlint," she began, "for 'tis you I've been wishing to see ever since this mornin," and the old woman's voice quavered.

'So it's true then ?" Peggy Armadale asked, with a note of angry scorn in her tones. "I could hardly believe it pos-sible when little Jim ran down to tell sible when its of a ran down to test me. It's a disgraceful, perfectly abomi-nable and outrageous, that is what I call it ! To think of driving you from this beautiful place—" but words seemed to ail her.

Tis too bad and a great shame en " "Tis too bad and a great shame en-tirely, that's what it is," Mrs. Laverty agreed. "But sure what is poor people to do? And we're not the only ones either. Sure Davey Connolly an' Peter Brennan, an' the Cassidys an' a whole lot more got notice to quit, as well as oursalyze."

ourselves." "Poor, people, poor unhappy people," Peggy Armadale sighed. "Still I think your case is almost worse than the others. You are here so long, and have made the place what it is, and I feel that you must have grown into it some-how. I can not imagine you being happy anywhere but here, Mrs. Laverty." "It'll go hard with me, in troth," the old woman assured her. "But sure it won't be for long. When a woman comes to be seventy-six ahe needn't look for many years more before her. It's

comes to be seventy-six she needh't look for many years more before her. It's poor Maggie that will feel it most, if go we must. Well, may God's holy will be done !" she finished devoutly, yet with a sigh that Peggy knew had come from

The young lady had meanwhile, no doubt wisely, decided to postpone her visit to "The Tyrant" (as she mentally e depths of a sorely heavy heart. "Yes, if it "were" God's will," cried

roses-God help her if she loses them !" and the old brown face smiled wistfully under its white bordered cap. "She musta't lose them, if I can help

those of a Grecian god, so elearcut and finely chiseled were they. Nobody so altogether fine-looking and debonnair had ever before been seen in Balscadden as this stranger with his immaculately well-groomed air, his faultlessly cut olothes, his general look it," said Peggy, who knew perhaps better than Maggie's mother that the better than Maggie's mother that the girl might not have many more years to enjoy it. Mrs. Laverty had other daughters, of course, and a son; but the son was married and away from them, his 'sisters were in service, and just be-cause Maggie had always been the deli-cate one and the "home-bird" the old woman", affections or even one well faultlessly cut olothes, his general lood of freshness and fitness. Peggy's obser vant eyes took in instantaneously every detail, the sporting cut of the homespui suit with its leather buttoned breasi pockets, the smart brown shoes of ser viceable make, the green deerstalker hat, and the blue socks and softly knotted silk tie, which together matched woman's affections, as every one wel knew, were chiefly centered in her. "You mustn't do anything foolish, the faint indefinable tint of blue that threaded its way through the omeepun. He had come to a sudden standstill at

"You mustn't do anything foolish, child, nothing unbecomin' to your father's daughter. No. I couldn't bear the thought of your belittling yourself be-fore him, you, a granchild of Sir John Delapoer--not even for Maggie's sake. And yet, they do say he is a nice, well-spoken young man. Have you ever seen him, Miss?" sight of her, and was now regarding her with a look of polite inquiry mingled with a look of polite inquiry mingled with frankest admiration. "Sir — Sir Geoftrey L'Estrange ?" Peggy asked a little breathlessly; of course the lengthful pull up along the gradually ascending avenue had been a little tiresome, and it had been more trying than she knew, that sight of her old home, now in the hands of a stranger. He lifted his hat again, and nodded reanonae. "Is there anything I can do "No, and I never want to see him,

Peggy declared hotly, "at least once I have seen him and told him what I think of him. Well, now I must be off; it's getting near dinner hour, and you know Aunt Lavinia does not like to be ept waiting." Mrs. Laverty watched the girl down

Irish eyes. No man, or woman either, could see her without loving her, and presently old Mrs. Laverty forgot her

response. "Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked. "Yes. I wanted to interceds with the garden path with a tender gaze in her old eyes that were dim with age and "Yes. I wanted to interceed with for you some old friends, who are now your tenants," Peggy said, going on to tell him, still shy and breathless and feeling that she must seem to him not a little forward and intruding, the matter sorrow, yet still as blue and innocent as a child's. Working hard early and late, despite her seventy-six years, at her little house, her small dairy, the care of the cow and the milks and butter and of her mission which she had so much at the cow and the milks and butter and eggs, by the sale of which she had kept the roof over their heads ever since her husband's death many long years ago, she was, as Peggy had always felt, a heart. But surely with those eyes, which looked to her so kindly, he must have, too, a kind and sympathetic But surely with the nature.

"You see," she finished a little lame-ly, and fearing from her listener's face heroine, a simple, great souled heroine and saint. She on her side loved Peggy, hom she had known from the time she that her arguments seemed somewhat futile, "they have lived in their old was a baby in her nurse's arms; and as she watched the girl go swiftly from the homes so long, these poor people, that it will break their hearts if they have to gate and down the road with the light elastic step of health and youth she felt that he would be a hard man indeed who leave them now." "I'm sorry," he said at last, " but I'm

"I'm sorry, "he said at tabe," but has afraid I can't oblige you, much as I should like to. Those cottages — hovels, I should call them—are a positive eyesore and scandal. Every one of them must area down." could gainsay pretty Peggy's pleading-not that she wanted her to plead. not that she wanted her to plead. For the girl was adorably pretty, a traly Irish type of beauty with her oval face, her clear rose-tinted skin, her lace, her clear rose-tinted skin, her black hair and deeply blue, dark-fringed

Peggy flushed red in her discomfiture

" Is there anything I can do

"Even Mrs. Laverty's " she repeated. "Even Mrs. Laverty's " she repeated. "I'm sfraid I can't recall the particular place. But no, I can't make any scop-tions. You see, it would not be fair to the rest, and I am determined to clear

could see her without loving her, and presently old Mrs. Laverty forgot her own troubles in the day dreams and castles in the air she was building for her favorite, Miss Peggy. For the people did say that the new landlord of Inishrown, besides being immonsely wealthy, was not such a bad man at all, but kindly and well-disposed enough. Of course, it was inevitable that his reputation should suffer by com-parison with that of his predecessor. Colonel Armsdale, Peggy's father. But where would you get the likes of the "ould master" again ? An' sure it was a poor thing enough to see Miss Peggy tied up in a house with her sunt, Miss Lavinis Delapoer-for every one knew "Miss Lavy's" temper and how queer and odd she was in her ways. the rest, and I am determined to clear those wretched cabins from the estate and build decent homes for the people. It's for their good, don't you see?" Peggy preferred not to see. The young man had already motioned her to a seat near by, but she had declined, preferring to disclose the object of her mission where she stood. "Will you come in and rest a little? The san is hot to day," he asked then. "And it is too early to offer you a cup of tes?" The girl looked hot and tired; yet, being a bachelor, he was not quite sure if he was asting within the bounds of propriety and eliquette in suggesting it.

and odd she was in her ways. And there was poor Miss Peggy with hardly a penny to call her own since her father died and the morigagee fore-closed on the place and sold it to its present owner-not but for all her poverty the child looked prettier and more "the lady" in her simple muslin and print gowns than did many a grand dame dressed up in silks and satins and rolling in her carriage. And it mightn't be such a bad thing after all if hereelf and the stranger—for who else in all the country round would be fit by birth of position to match with Miss Peggy ? And so the old woman sat on, thinking thoughts and dreaming dreams that would have set poor Peggy in a fury had she but known of them. it. "Thank you — I must be going home" she said to him, and something of hurt pride and disspointment in her lovely eyes, together with her look of utter weariness, filled him now with sudden apunction.

computction. "I am sorry," he said again, as he held the gate open for the girl to pass through —" but you see you can understand— I could not make an exception, Miss-and the second sec

-" but you see-you can understand-I could not make an exception, Miss-Miss." He stopped, for se far Peggy had not troubled to disclose her name and her identify. " Thank you-I suppose it can't be helped," she said iolly, and with the faintest inclination of her pretty head, poised like a lify in its stem, she passed his he passed ment suffile down the avenue.

him by and went swiftly down the avenue between the trees. How disagreeable and unbending he has been! She must go home the way she had come, her mis-sion a humiliating failure; and she had oped, so looked forward to being able to go back and tell dear Mrs. Laverty at least that she could remain on in undisturbed peace in the dear little house which had been so long her

averty, with enthusiasm. "Yes, I do think he's kind, and of "Yes, I do think he's kind, and of course, the people will thank him by and by for giving them better houses. We thooght him very nice, Aunt Lavinia and I. He seemed sorry for not having found us out before, and Aunt Laviy took a wonderful fancy-to him. He's coming to dine to-morrow morning. I never dreamt Aunt Lavy would consent for she's always been horribly nervous of motors. And actually he inveigled her into a promise shat she and I would come over some day and help him to choose new papers and chintzes for the castle. Apparently he was delighted to find us for friends. He has no mother or sisters, and seems to have been a

find us for friends. He has no mother or sisters, and seems to have been a very lonely young may," Miss Peggy finished with a little flush. "I'm thinkin'," Mrs. Laverty said, with a shrewd tinkle in her kindly old eyes, "that he won't be lonely too long. I knew from the way his eyes lit up the minutes I mentioned your name---" And though Peggy tossed her pretty head and said "Nonzense!" Mrs. Lav-erty was right. For in less than three months from that day Peggy was no longer Peggy Armadale, but Lady/Peggy L'Estrange of Inishrown, and the mis-trees once more of her old home, the centuries-old home of the Armazales. And as Mrs. Laverty further decenturies old home of the Armanaics. And as Mrs. Laverty further de-clares truly, there isn't a happier, a better-looking, or a more kind hearted young couple within the foar walls of Ireland that lovely Lady Peggy and her handsome lover-husband. --- NOBA TYNAN O'MAHONY.

WHAT DO THE METHODISTS INTEND TO DO?

By Francis P. Duffy, D. D. A few months ago eight hundred and

twenty delegates, representing the American Methodists Episcopal Church and its missions, met at Minneapolis In General Conterence. It was not an epoch-making occasion, bat it is of suffi ent importance for chronicle and com ent. The Church they represent in pent. insignificant when compared with great religions; it is recent in origin and far from Catholic in spread. But, as Pro testant organizations go, it is large com-pact, and vigorous. Judging from the detailed report of the proceedings in the Daily Christian Advocate, there is a the Daily Christian Advocate, there is a fine spirit of energy and hopefulness among the leaders of the Church. They have their own difficulties arising from divergent views and personal ambitions, but these are not the sort of things we care to dwell upon. They are family matters, and, as Catholics and genile-men, we do not concern ourselves with them. It is more pleasing to note that men, we do not concern ourselves with them. It is more pleasing to note that the religious element in the Conference was strong and earnest. The prayers and addresses show no wavering on the Divinity of Christ or the Inspiration of Holy Scripture. So many Protestant organizations are dropping away from dogmatic beliefs, it is refreshing to find one that keeps a firm position on the most essential ones. We hope that they will remain constant in the beliefs they have inherited from the Elder Church of Christendom.

of Christendom. It is no gratification to anyone who worships Christ to hear that the Meth-odist connection is not keeping up its normal rate of insrease. The opening Episcopal Address says: "We have a reported increase of but fifty-five thou-sand to our Church membership, less than two per cast, as the outcome of a ver's activity and outlay of so many ntenance. It shames and humiliates ' It is to be hoped that the losses are really accounted for by lack o proper registration on change of domi-cile. Those who are lost to Methodism are in the main lost to organized religi ous worship, and tend to lapse into a vagae religiosity, or into the deeper oths of indifference or agnosticism.

of Christe

It would be a pleasure to us, as be-lievers in Christ, and as fellow citizens

ounds serious. If there be any truth ment. The Syllabus and Encyclical are n these claims, there is a matter for le in English, available in English, and it is not neces-sary for one to be a trained theologian in close claims, there is a metter for the American Church to look into. At home, they have missions for the Itali-ans and Slays. The figures are of the vaguest, "The statistical part of our work is one of the discoursging feato get a general idea of the theories which are there condemned. Was there no Methodist brother in the Conference who could tell the others what Modern-ism means? For we cannot believe that the Methodist body approves the doctrines of M. Loisy and others on the Divinity of Christ, the Inspiration of " The people move around too But they lay claim to " about tures.' much. But they lay claim to " 3,000 members and probationers." bationers come in convenient in making up statistics. Scripture, the pragmatic interpretation of doctrine, and the rest. It was a man-ifestation of sheer ignorance; ignorance that would be excusable only if it were ministers and missionaries in the Italian work. To get an idea of the attitude of the Conference towards the Catholic Church

So far as we Catholics are con-So far as we Outhontes are concerned, olive branches were as scarce in the Conference as icebergs in the Gulf of Maxico. Whenever anything came up to remind them of the existence of the Catholic Church, the brethren saw red, and lashed the air with vigorous oudgels. They got a good start in the Episcopal Address read by Bishop Cranston at the opening of the Conference One important reason for deploring the slow increase in membership was " the presence of a formidable political ecclesisstical organization, which carries its repidly increasing cradle roll through life, if not beyond the grave, and claims and secures political influence largely on its supposed numerical strength, transmated into votes."

transmated into votes." The address calls for a Federal Coun-cil of American (Protestant) churches, the main argument being that such a body could bring influence to bear on the government. This Council would keep a lobbyist in Washington. "The failing and failing; do you not dare be-lieve that in His time the power of the Son of God can also reach Roman people?" Strange as it may seem, we rather like this brother. He sympath-izes with disturbers, and ranks us with voice that speaks for seventeen millions of Protestant communicants, concerning pagans, bat there is something religious and Christian in his spirit towards us matters of common interest and vital movement, would be respected." The Bishops then donned the mantle of the that is surprising and refreshing in the records of jealousy and spitefulness which blacken the annals of this Conseer, and announced the awful conflict that is even now brooding for this land ference. Then up rose a figure familiar to North of Ireland Catbolics, a perfect of liberty. The Papacy—the brethren head with shaddering—the Papacy is growing desperate. In its despair it is concentrating its forces for an attack on type of never surrender, cropy-lie-down, Protestant Ascendency Ulster-man. He assumed the role of the perthe strongest position of its adversary, and aims at the destruction of American secuted but patient and tolerant Chrisand aims at the destruction of American Protestantiam and American institu-tions, which, of course, are altogether Protestant. "No disclaimer can change the meaning of events. Indeed, nobody is authorized to disavow its manifest purpose. It is boldly avowed." Evi-dently there is no use in trying to reason with the good Bishops. They know all about it. And so, if we made tian man. He addresses the brethren as if he were about to announce a ninth beatitude. His speech should be given in full, but we must deny ourselves some of the joys of it, and be content know all about it. And so, if we made all the Methodists good Casholics, as we would dearly love to do, the Republic would cease to exist. There is a certain kind of satisfastion in dealing with a man who tells you that nothing you can say will convince him, for it is a weary huminess arrange with some people.

and who convince this horms for it is a weary business arguing with some people. When they came to the question of divorce, we expected to find some re-cognition of our services to the common weal; some indication of a willingness to co-operate with us. But no. We are quite medees. The Ne Temere decree, in default of any handler reason, has settled that matter. From us the American people "can expect no aid in their landable efforts to secure for home and family more effective protection against the reackless laws and burlesque courts of some of the states." There seems to be no good that we can do any-where. It is dreadfully discouraging to feel that one is so much in the ways

feel that one is so much in the way, When the Episcopal Board through with us, the foreign miss got through with us, the local massion people had their innings. Their assault isoked the ordered solidity of the Epis-copal charge; but in their guerrilla way they were very thorough and en-ergetic. They had their bishops too. ergetic. They had their bishops too. Bishop Burk-Rome is in his diocese, by the way-was the hero of the hour. In his mild objective manner of stating facts, he informed the brethren that the constraints of the brethren that "Roman Catholicism is Substantially pagasism in its conceptions, doctrines, pagasism in its conceptions, doctrines, tradisions, fears, hopes and promises." With the exception of these few points, he would probably be willing to admit that there is a leaven of Christianity in the Church of the ages. Further on h

makes a remark which reveals the real cause of the persistent spitefulness of

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Be it resolved, that we feel the deep-est sympathy with as well as love toward the priests and people within the Greek and Roman Catholic Churches who are

and Roman Catholic Churches who are working toward a more spiritual inter-pretation of the Christian faith. There are statements made in the third paragraph of this resolution, and many wilder ones elsewhere, some of which we have already quoted, which might seem at first sight to demand a Promight seem at first sight to demand a reply. But when one considers the charges and the people who made them, to reply seems such a futile waste of endeavor. Take, for example, the state-ment that Catholicism is nothing but paganism, or that the Pope is framing an attack on American liberties, or the above, that "the teachings and prac-tices of Romaniam deprive the people of the Bible," and the rest of it. How can anyone who is trained to exactness in logical reasoning and historical method answer statements such as these? "The absurd," says Paulsem, "has this advantage in common with the might seem at first sight to demand a There are thirty eight we shall give apace to the description of a passage at arms, in which the more liberal members gained a victory. It is enlightening to view our critics in their most genfal mood. A missionary from South America, Rev. W. Rice, intro-duced a resolution, the text of which we do not find in the report. It must have been hot reading. The good brother was much irritated by the fact that mis-"has this advantage in common with the truth: that it is unanswerable." And if one did answer it, what good would was much irritated by the fact that mis-sionaries to Catholic and Greek con-tries were excluded from taking part in the World Missionary Conference at Edinburgh. One of the delegates de-murred at the resolution. He saw a If one did answer 15, what good would be affected? Intelligent people know the answer already—argument would only weary them. And those who be-lieve in the absurdity are far beyond facts or reasonings. The more powerful the refutation, the more they will feel in their dim minds that there is a alayament of society in the argument nurred at the resolution. He saw a leaven of grace working amongst as in the form of Modernism. "With China turning," he exclaimed; "with the whole of Hinduism stirred; with the old and gray heatheniam of the East cleverness of sophistry in the argument that shows the ingenuity of the evil

A more inviting opening is to study the intellectual standing of a body that can satisfy itself with such statements. Different religious bodies have differ-ent standards of intellect, which may be observed in their pronouncements. For instance, to take two extremes, one does not expect to find the same breadth of view or ripeness of scholar-ship in the War Cry of the Salvation Army as in the pronouncements of the Episcopal Bench of the Church of England. Where then does the Meth-odist Church rank itself? The answer is not far to seek. There were, no doubt, educated gentlemen in the Conference, but the Church as a whole cannot be placed intellectually far above the level of the Salvation Army. The speakers use better English than most Salvationists; they have had than most Salvationists; they have had superior educational opportunities; but they lack-the essential qualities of a really educated man-fairness, and clearness, and fullness of knowledge and calmaness of judgment, and breadth of mind. Do they waat an example of what we mean? This quotation from Zion's Herald, a Methodist organ, will give them an inkling of it. "The article on Methodism in the Catholic Encyclopedia is absolutely accurate, and contains no word which we would ask to have altered or omitted." Why should not the meashers of the Confersome of the joys of it, and be content with specimens. "It is well known," he began, "that I am, wherever known, a man of peace. I am never guilty of appealing to passion or prejudice." A very fair and passific beginning. But Brother Watt is Irish, and not too pacific. "But you do not need to put on padded gloves when you are dealing packed gloves when you are dealing with the Roman hierarchy. . . . I have a right to speak on this question with a good deal of feeling. My an-cestors, to the number of four, were massacred by Roman Catholics in the North of Ireland, and the same spirit should not the members of the Confer-ence treat us and our doctrines in similar fashion, instead of making their Norm of Freind, and the same spirit that disemboweled those anosators and measured their intestines with the in-testines of a dog, is the same spirit that animates the Roman hierarchy to day." No prejudice, sor stirring up of strife;

appeal to ignorance and prejudice? We had hoped for better things. We had noted for better things. There has been a wonderful broadening of view in the whole community during the past fifty years. The Methodists, in the North at least, have improved in classifier since the days of the camp No prejudice, nor stirring up of strife; nothing bat Christian forgiveness and American toleration, and broad views of the memories of the past, and sweet reasonableness. Brother Watt pays his respects to "a certain distinguished prelate," probably Archbiakop Ireland. We need not neared over this nearest in the North at least, have improved in education since the days of the camp-meetings, and one might expect that they have lost most of the intolerance and narrowness of the first half of the last century. But no! we find the same We need not passe over this passage. The old lion of St. Paul showed the delegates more than once during the Conference that it was a foolhardy exsilly charges; the same bitterness and bigotry. They talk like ancestors. bigotry. They talk like ancestors. Only one conclusion is possible: that the broad-minded, thoughtful men that the Church has produced have been driven out by the narrow and intense members. When they began to be reasonable, they had to cease being Methodists. Men whose views of life have been broadened by education and travel, by intercourse with books and men, have found their old Methodist home too straitened for them, and have passed over to the Episcopalians or Unitarians or Catholice, or help to swell the numerous class who tell us priests, when they meet us, that they have no definite religion, but, whatperiment to venture into his territory. In conclusion, the speaker called upon the Conference "to send its answer around the globe, and say to the Roman hierarchy: We, too, be children of the living God; heirs of a common redemp tion; lovers of liberty and of God, and that far shalt thou come and no further." This speech was received with "applause," even "tremendous applause." Were there no delegate in the convention with sufficient knowl-edge of Irish bistory, or sufficient sense of the delightfully absurd, to punctuate it with laughter? The Methodists will have no definite religion, but, what-ever religion there really is, we repreremain hopeless until they learn when sent it. As a result the Wesleyan con

We think that at least one member smiled discreetly behind his hand, the nection is left without the men could keep it from making itself loc foolish; and religion for a large body of Christians is made to be a prop for ignorance and bigotry. Such language is strong, but the report of the Conference justifies it. We Catholics do not go out of our way to assail our separate brothren, or to stir up needless strife in this Republic. Our bishops do not hold meetings to denounce them, or to lie about them, or to plot against their use of their rights as citizens. But we cannot let unwar-ranted attacks go by without character-izing in proper language the spirit that has prompted them. And we have not stated the worst of

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"He's a grand young man, that's what is, so nice-spoken and kind," said Mrs.

hands between her own brown and weather stained pair, and patted them gently. "You'll never do that, acushla," she

said softly, with a reproving little smile. "It is the master's daughter to do the like? Oh, wisha, wisha, if he were only here now," with a wail of tears in her here now," with a wail of tears in her voice. "God be good to him this day, he that was always good and tender with his poor people !" A little mist of tears suddenly dimmed

Miss Peggy's eyes. "I only wish he 'were' here !" she said. "There would not be much fear of this awful thing happening—and to think that his place should be taken by a

that his place should be taken by a heartless creature—" "An' yet they do say, Miss Peggy, that this new man is not so bad, that he really means well by the people; and Mr. Hyde the agent told me to-day that it was for our own good that they were goin' to pull down the ould cabins, and if we only had patience we'd be better off than ever in the new fine ones they'd build up for us by and by. But any I build up for us by and by. But sure I don't want that, and be the time they'd don't want that, and be the time they'd have a new one built for me my time for wantin' any earthly house, would be come to an end, I'm thinkin'!" "Well." Peggy admitted grudgingly, "it might be no harm if some of the

were pulled down-the Cassidy's, for instance, or the Morans'. But this -what can the man be thinking of !"

and again her eyes swept round the gar-den with a lingering glance of regret and admiration. "It do seem a pity," the old woman said sadly. "As for Maggie, as I said before, she'll never get over it if we have to go." Maggie was Mrs. Laverty's only daughter, and an invalid who spent all her days between a little sewing done to gad their slender income, and the care of the flowers. "It's little health enough the poot child has as it is, but the doctor often said she would not be alive only for the garden and the time she spends in it.

said she would not be alive only for the garden and the time she spends in it. And God knows she loves every bud and blossom that grows in it. For myself, it's may be I'll be missin' more the bit of grass for the cow, or a place for the hens and pigs. But for Maggie it's all the garden, the garden and the lilies and the

lander who comes over here and thinks that because of his money he can tramp at will on the hearts and spirits of poor people. Wait till I meet him, and I'll Sir Geoffrey L'Estrange and all though Ne is !" Old Mrs. Leverty took the state her aunt Lavinia would most distinctly disapprove of her taking such a forward step—but then it was not likely that she was going to tell her. So with the wisdom of the serpent she gowned her-self next morning in what was perhaps the most becoming if at the same time one of the simplest frocks she had, a fresh largedge golgend linen, in which

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one of the simplest frocks she had, a fresh lavender colored linen, in which with a bunch of hydrangess in her belt even she herself realized that she looked her very best. She would have scorned the accusation of feeling any undue ner-vousness, yet as she came leiaurely along between the great rows of copper becohes which lined both sides of the avenue of Inishrown Castle, there was

just the faintest tinge of color more than usual in her cheeks, a greater brightness in her eyes than the morning air and her by no means rapid rate o

walking warranted. Reaching the wrought-iron gateway

Waiting warranted. Reaching the wrought-iron gateway that led from the avenue to the flower-bedecked terraces and lawns of the castle-(how well she knew every cor-ner of the dear old place, though in the old days it had never looked so prosper-ous and well kept as now) she caught her breath with a sudden access of shy-ness as a young man clad in a suit of gray Iriah homespuns swung suddenly through its handsome portals, followed by a couple of dogs. He had been now in the neighborhood some weeks, and it was strange that Peggy Armadale and her aunt were perhaps the only ones about the place who had not seen him during that time. Not even at Mass on the neighborhood some seen at mass on sudays, for although they had heard

home and that of her people before her. If only her daddy had lived! And how he — the stranger — had scoffed at the poor old houses, as if it had been her father's fault that they "were" hovels ! For, of course, he had always been too poor

For, of course, he had always been too poor to help them — not that his people loved him any the less for that. Peggy Armadale had not thought to visit the old woman in the ross-covered cottage for many a day to come. She felt too disappointed at the poor result of her mission and had not the heart as yet to tell the widow of her failure. Yet the year next evening found her again yet to tell the widow of ner failure. 160 the very next evening found her again walking up the path of Mrs. Laverty's garden and with a light, brisk step. She had expected to find the old woman fretted and anxious as before, but to her surprise she came forward esgerly to meet her, her old face shining with pleasure and gratitude. pleasure and gratitude.

" Oh, you darlin' good child !" cried, almost taking the girl in her arms. "So you did go and intercede for us after all. May the blessin's o'

for us after all. May the blessin's o' God light down on your purty head and tender heart, astoreen ! 'The you that brought the good news this day !'

"Then you know?" Peggy asked, a little disappointed. She had hoped to be the first to carry the good tidings herself.

" Sure, why wouldn't I know, when the "Sure, why wouldn't I know, when the good, kind gentleman came an' told me hisself? 'Mrs. Laverty, sez he, 'it has come to my knowledge that you wish to remain on here as you are,' sez he, quite civil an' kindly. 'Then,' says I, 'Miss Peggy did go an' ask you, the villain of a schemer that she is.' 'Miss who?' says he. 'Miss Peggy,' says I, 'Colonel Armadale's daughter. Who eise would think of it but herself?' Then his face got red all over. and his eyes graw very got red all over, and his eyes grew very

got red all over, and his eyes grew very bright. "'I had not known the young lady's name,' he said quiet like. 'But I fear she must have thought me very blind. Of course, Mrs. Laverty, I could not dream of - of -' what now was the word he used? Yes—'I could not dream of eradjucating all this loveliness,' and he wared his hand towards the garden and the rose trees out there. 'You may stay the rose trees out there. 'You may stay on here as long as you like, Mrs. Lav-erty, I could not think of disturbing you l' says he."

"He called on Annt Lavinis this after-noon," Peggy said demurely, " but he never told me he had been here."

of the Renublic, if we could dwell or of the response, if we could diver on points of agreement between ourselves and them; the positions, for instance, which they held on the great moral and social problems which agitate the pablic mind. On most such questions al

the churches have ideals and principles which are identical. We would be glad to work with the Methodists for the common good. We can do this without any sassifice of religious principle on our part or on theirs. As a matter of fact we do meet and deel with indivi-dual Methodists on terms of friendly intercourse and mutual help as neighbors, tercourse and mutual help as neighbors, pattners, or fellow-citizens. We do business with them, work for or employ them, mix with them in political parties or in schemes for social betterment. Some of the delegates hold office to which they were elected by the votes of Oatholize who reasons and the votes of

which they were elected by the votes of Catholies, who never gave a thought to the candidate's religious opinions. It is therefore astoundiag and discon-certing to find that the whole spirit of the Conference was one of bitternees and hostility against the AncientChurch. This spirit manifests itself not only in acceled formal fo special formal resolutions, which we shall consider, but in incidental and frequently recurring remarks on topics which bore only the most distant refer ence to the principles or polity of the Catholic Church. Much of this could be forgiven in their missionaries to Cath-olic countries, who have passed through disagreeable experiences at the ha of a people who resent being classed as pagans with Tartars and Hottentots. bagans with larger and larger of the second second

During the whole Conference there was scarcely a single kindly reference to anything Catholic. One man men-tioned the work of the Catholic press against Socialism ; another admired our unity, and was promptly rebaked for so doing ; a third admitted that there are some good people amongst us, as one might admit that there are some iunocent men in jail. Sympathy was shown only with Modernisis. Now, one some how does not expect much display of scholarship in the Methodist body. Bat after all, one has the right to expect that a group of fairly educated men should not put themselves on record in approval of a system with which their own beliefs are entirely in disagree-

nachronism of autocracy seems to have been transferred to this enlightened and democratic Republic, if the daily press at all represents public sentiment. Bishop Bristol told the delegates ho

Bishop Bristol told the delegates now dreadfully wicked are the Romanist in South America; how, as the result of four hundred years of Jesuit teaching, the people there have come to believe that religion and morality are separate that religion and morality are separate things; how eagerly, too, the Spanish-speaking people take to the saving doc-trines of Methodism. "Bat, to my sorrow, I have often been asked: why, then, have we not more encouraging results of our work in South America? A very pertinent question, one should say, from those who put up the money. The answer he gives is that one in every two thousand in those countries is a Methodist. That reply sounds rather well, until one begins to seek more defin

well, until one begins to seek more denn-ite figures. The population of the eight republics in which he works is given by him as 12,000,000. On his own ratio, that would give him 6,000 members, enough to make two or three good parishes. The Secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions, however, puts the number for South America at 10 336. Since it cannot be supposed that Bishop Bristol understated his own victories over the wicked Romanisks, it may be inferred that the secretary's total in-cludes Americans residing abroad. At any rate the discrepancy arouses a reasonable suspicion concerning mis-sionary statistics. The same difficulty arises in the reports from Mexico. One statement gives the number of Mexican Methodists as 6.583. Another says that there are 4.344 probationers (it must pay to be a probationer) and 3,310 full members. After forty years of work in members. After forty years of work in Mexico, and the outlay of vast amounts of money, such a report, in the words of the Epicoopal Address, should "shame and humiliate" them. In Italy they claim "about 4,000." If we had the expense account we could calculate how much a head these Italian adherents much a head these Italian adherents cost them in good American dollars. In Austria-Hungary they claim 570 members; in France 174. Spain and Portugal are still without the gospel, but they have hopes of Portugal as a land into which the principles of religi-ous liberty have at last outputs of religi-

at level-headed man in the Confermost level-headed man in the Confer-ence, Rev. Dr. James M. Backley. At any rate, he thought it time to inter-fere. "This affair," he said, "if pub-lished as it is now, will divide the American people. If I was a prelate of the Roman Catholic Church, I would re-joice in this thing as it is now; I would reblie it and show it to avaryhead?" publish it and show it to everybody. Therefore let a committee be appointed to revise it. The revisionists won the day. The

to smile

great Methodist body was to put itself on record in a way that would not stultify themselves, nor unduly hurt the feelings of their Catholic fellow-citizens. And here is what they made

of it: Whereas, the limitations imposed on the recent World Missionary Confer-ence in Edinburgh set aside all Pro-testant missionary work in Greek and Roman Catholic countries, which action saddened and outraged our growing native churches; and

Whereas, Methodism, since its birth in a protest against dead formalism and ceremonial, has ever stood for aggres-sive evangelism in all lands; and the in a protes Methodist Episcopal Church has been for more than seventy-five years actively engaged in work in those lands where Greek or Roman Catholicism predominates; and Whereas, in all those lands, which

form a large part of the missionary field of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the teachings and practices of Romanism teachings and practices of Komanism deprive the people of the Bible, per-vert many of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and foster superstitions which alienate the thinking classes and bind heavy burdens upon the poor; therefore Beit resolved, that the Methodist Epis-

copal Church recognizes its plain duty to prosecute its missionary enterprises in Greek and Roman Catholic countries

with increasing; and Be it resolved, that we will most vigorously protest against and future exclusion of missions in Greek or Roman Catholic countries from ecumen-ical or other similar missionary gatherings; and

Be is resolved, that it is our duty to but they have hopes of Portugal as a land into which the principles of religi-ous libersy have at last penetrated In the Philippines they assert a member-ship "fast approaching 40 000," with a following of " perhaps 100,000." This

these assaults on Catholics. This time it is not against the Church in general, but against us, their fellow-citizens and,

in many cases, their personal friends. Before the Conference closed the following resolution was adopted: That an ancient foe of human liberty,

That an ancient foe of human liberty, the Papacy, as it gains in numbers in the nation, is becoming bolder and more menacing by meens of alliance with corrupt politics and scheming politi-cians. With a secret military organiza-tion numbering hundreds of thousands, its pricely dictation over two million its priestly dictation over two million voters, its Jesuiticial influence over the nation's President, it demands of American Protestantism a sleepless vigilance and the most earnest, prayerful, and

persistent effort to give its blinded millions the true gospel of Christ. There is no need to devote space to the refutation, or even to the denial, of the accusations contained in this resolution. Every man of sense in the Republic knows that hay are not true. We prefer to take up the more practical question : What do the Methodists in-tend to do ?

It must be evident to everybody that It must be evident to everybody that there is a lack of logical sequence be-tween the charges they make against us, and the methods, at least the avowed methods, they propose as a way of meet-ing the danger. The same incouclusive-ness is to be found in the Episcopal Address. The Bishops announced an imminent and terrible conflict between Barme and America. Such a sounding Rome and America. Such a sounding of trumpets and noise of approaching war; and then they fire a broadside of platitudes. "True to the spirit of its founder, Methodism breaks with no man for his opinion's sake. We think and let think, but we exact from all