



BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

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By ANNA C. MINGOS

CHAPTER XXI

Teresa did not die, and when the turn of her illness brought life, she rallied back to health quickly, and it was observed that St. John Worthington's recovery was correspondingly rapid. As soon as the physician declared his patients out of danger, both urgently requested to be removed to their respective boarding houses, realizing that their long illness had been a severe tax upon the hospitable Boyles. But Mr. Boyle set his verdict against their wishes. "Man alive!" he said to Mr. Worthington, "do you care so little for your life as to risk it in the release of a change of room and bed? When you are able to walk without assistance to the carriage, you may leave us; not before. Trouble! Don't speak that word to me, sir! I am honored, St. John, in being of any service to you and that lovely girl! All the thanks I want, or will accept, is for you to remain my willing guests until you are completely restored to health. But," and he laughed, "willy-nilly, you remain anyhow."

So St. John bowed to the inevitable, and when the master's will was delivered to Teresa, she smiled faintly. But the day came when both patients could go down long hours on the shaded veranda; and then, with regard to Mr. Boyle, he had begged them to permit him to become their host. But Mrs. Martins, who was present, declared that Teresa's room had been waiting for her for weeks; and St. John Worthington remembered all the undone work of the rapidly approaching election, and was forced, also, to decline the invitation. When the warm afternoon made the others seek their sisters, and sent the slaves to sleep under the long grass covered arbors or on the shaded back porch, Teresa and St. John sat together in the cool, dim, dreamy old parlor. One window, looking to the east, was open, and before it those two, brought from the outer court of death, sat, drinking in the rich, languorous glory of the summer day. The window looked first upon the flower garden, then on a strip of orchard, heavily set in red clover, beyond which was a field of Indian corn stretching up a slope to the deep, darkly green woods. The man and girl sat in long, despondence, filled with gladness which comes with returning life.

Weak, her mind still confused, she could frame no reply to ward off the words which she knew must follow. A rare light came into his eyes, a smile threw its radiance over the lined face as he leaned toward her and took her hands. She feebly tried to withdraw them, but he clasped them the closer, and drawing her toward him whispered: "Teresa, I love you, as I thought never again to love a woman! I missed happiness once, Love, shall I miss it again?" His arms were circling her fragile figure, when summoning all her strength of soul, she tore herself from his clasp, and rising, cried, "Yes—yes—I am going to marry Preston Martins."

He staggered to his feet, but in the next instant was holding Teresa's arm as he assisted her to her chair. She sat before him, very white, the anguish of unshed tears in her eyes, the quivering of suppressed sobs on her face. Then, almost sternly, he broke out: "Teresa, what have you done?" For he heard again the piteous confession before she had fallen across his seemingly lifeless body. "My duty!" she gasped the words. He leaned against the window sill to support his enfeebled frame, and pondered upon her answer. "I do not understand," he said at last. "Will you explain?" "I cannot," she said. There are some negatives that throw an inner illumination upon the mind. Such was the effect of Teresa's answer upon St. John Worthington.

Teresa, has he the father—not the honorable son! employed his serpent's guile upon your young mind, blinding it to the real and the true, perplexing your idea of right and wrong? Was this the hand that pointed out this duty to you?" She made no answer beyond bowing her head upon her hands. "It is so! Then, I tell you and beg you to heed my words, you are not doing the right, but the wrong, in following his counsel. What his purpose is I cannot tell, but I know that it is an evil one, for the man's entire life rests upon what is evil. He never works but for his own ends. I ask you, Teresa, to pause before you sacrifice your young life and all my future."

A half-sob came from the bowed figure, but no words; and he continued. "If you loved him, I should be silent. I should turn to my lonely way again, with blessings for the beloved one. But I cannot remain silent when I see you preparing a life of wretchedness for yourself at that creature's bidding, for the accomplishment of one of his own selfish purposes. He has deceived you by his sophistry as he has deceived many another. Your duty to him? You owe him none. Do you owe no duty to me, Teresa?" As over her poured his words, she saw again the piazza of the hotel at White Sulphur, heard George Martins' words, and her own solemn promise. She lifted her face.

"Did we come back from under the wings of death with only physical eyes made clear," she asked, and her voice was calm, her tones even. "Were the souls left dim? I believe not, for as I walked in that darkness, I had flashlike visions of Truth, the truth of life and its purpose. I saw that we are not our own, but God's, and those creatures of God whose need is greatest. The law of giving and receiving is ordained to work as harmoniously in the animate as in the inanimate world. God is the great foundation stone of this beautiful temple of the human, and we the sample of the great ordains, but all assisting and depending upon each other. And sacrifice, even on an unworthy altar, is never lost. I would have been glad to go away from this life. It is one of pain and I love not pain. God willed that I should return to do the work which I was willing to let slip from my hands. You will not urge me from it? You will not make the pain greater, the conflict harder?"

Was there ever such a confession of love! Was there ever a more hopeless situation, because of poor human interpretation of Divine purpose! But the bravery of the young soul appealed to his chivalrous manhood. It was recalled, the sacrifice of her young life and the happiness of both was unavailing; yet not the less did he reverse her for her heroism. He might not turn her aside from her purpose, except by undecieving the man to whom she, at his father's bidding had pledged herself; and from such a course all his manhood shrank. He turned again toward the window, but the beauty of the earth had no dispelling influence on his misery. He sighed, the old expression of his unhappiness rising familiarly from his heart. A leaf fell to the ground from one of the trees in the garden. It already showed the yellow of autumn, and he remembered that in a little while all which he now gazed would drop as that early decayed leaf, and only the memory of its loveliness would remain, a memory which would perish when the next season came with its charms. So was it with life, his and hers. In a little while they would again enter Death's court, and this time pass through the door—what matter then if life here faded well with them or ill? Sacrifice is not lost. It either brings its reward here or elsewhere, or otherwise the plan would not be flawless, and who will impute imperfection to the Creator! "Bear, and help thy brother bear, during thy little day on earth, O man! Soon you and he

"And you believe that her death was a part of a well-laid plot that miscarried in its execution?" asked the man. "I believe such to be a fact." "And if that fact could be conclusively proven, and you were asked to avenge the wrong done the innocent, dead and living, would you do so in spite of personal considerations or private affairs?" "I would not," said St. John Worthington, decisively. "Nothing is to be gained by such a course as this late day. The dead do not want vengeance; there are no living to be justified."

"But there is one living to be both justified and avenged!" explained the trapper. "I have a strange story to tell you, St. John Worthington. I am come from a distance and I shall take neither rest nor refreshment, until I have delivered it to you. Some weeks ago, there came to my dwelling in the mountains of Tennessee, a stranger—a gentleman, he appeared and of foreign birth. He reminded me of the Spaniards I had met on the opposite shore of the Mississippi. He was weak and worn by the hardships of his journey through the forests, and was half-famished by reason of his long fast from food. I gave him the best that my poor cabin provided and offered him my bed to sleep upon. In the morning he was sick. I knew the symptoms of fever too well not to see that instead of a guest I had received a patient. I ministered to him, strove to save his life, but all my efforts were unavailing. The night he died, he told me his story. He was a half-breed, the son of an Indian mother and white father. That father was George Martins."

Unnoting the violent start which his listener gave as he heard the name, the trapper went on in his halting voice with the story of the Indian, adding, in conclusion: "And he charged me to come to you and tell you this, tell you that to you Gerald Martins left his property in trust for his daughter, whose guardian he made you. Worthington lifted his head, a glad light on his face, for the confidence Amy Martins' husband had reposed in him was like a balm to his sore heart. "And he calls upon you," continued the trapper, "with Gerald Martins, to strike down that man, the destroyer of hearts. Gerald Martins asked you to serve him in his dead wife's name; the half-breed asked you to do likewise in his dead mother's name—both brought to death by that feud."

"My friend," said Mr. Worthington, "while your story confirms all my worst suspicions, I have no proof." "There is ample proof," said the man quietly. "But of what avail will it be? That man has a wife whom I honor as one of the best women—shall I bring her to the grave in sorrow by revealing the criminal character of the husband she loves? They have a son, than whom none nobler, braver, truer lives—shall I throw a blight on his young life by giving him the knowledge of his father's sin? No! Mercy for the living—the dead do not require our justice." "But the living demand justice, the wronged, innocent living!" said the other. "Who is the living that demands justice because of the wrong done to Gerald Martins?" asked St. John, sadly, thinking of the three graves in the little burial ground. "Gerald Martins' daughter," replied he. "She is dead," he said softly. "She is not," contradicted the stranger man. "When George Martins died, he left her a fortune, he bought her a new dress, and he laid his hand on the breast of his old coat. "But I am tired and hungry, I must have rest and refreshment. Afterwards—afterwards!" and a peculiar smile finished the sentence.

"Man! what are you saying?" he cried: "Proof! proof of your words!" "I have the proof, St. John Worthington, if every word I have uttered is here!" and he laid his hand on the breast of his old coat. "But I am tired and hungry, I must have rest and refreshment. Afterwards—afterwards!" and a peculiar smile finished the sentence.

OUR LADY'S ROSES It has been such a beautiful visit. Marian's eyes, apparently viewing from the car window the gliding and receding scenery, were grave and retrospective. She was going home now, after a delightful vacation spent with her aunt, confident that though the visit was over, the romance of it was not. She glanced down at the books, and candy, and flowers, piled high on the seat beside her, which he had placed there in the way of a man with a maid when he considers her charming. He had been frankly attentive throughout her visit, while her aunt had been jubilant over what she designated Marian's "catch." Remembering the word, Marian grew just a trifle grave; her aunt was a very different type from the girl's mother, the latter being a convert to the Catholic faith, while Aunt Emma was quite ignorant on religious subjects. With a smile Marian recalled explaining that she could not eat meat on Friday; and her aunt had inquired soliloquously: "Wouldn't she eat a

be: all those in whose faces, as in this girl's, he could read marks of suffering, or in whose eyes gleamed that mute look of anguish which comes alike to brute or human creatures in its hour of pain. He felt he must speak to her. "I will be back in just a few minutes, if you wish to go to confession," he said, passing beside her on his way up the aisle. Startled, she looked up. "I do not think—that is, I do not wish to go," she faltered. "Very well." Father Grey returned quietly, and passed on, to kneel within the sanctuary before Our Lady's altar. As he looked up at the sweet face of the statue it seemed to him that the Blessed Mother was not quite pleased with him, as though she considered it somehow his fault that this child was not going to confession in honor of her feast day tomorrow; as though, indeed, she was asking him to do something more about it. But he had surely done a little more than his duty in suggesting confession; besides, the girl had said she did not wish to go, so there the matter must end. He just barely knew the child. But still the Virgin seemed to be gazing at him reproachfully, and her outstretched hands seemed to beseech him earnestly for some gift he could grant for her feast day, and for her beautiful feast and cross were on her altar; but apparently she did not care for roses to-day! There was a slight movement in the back of the church. Was the girl leaving? Panic seized the heart of this old priest. He rose and in the act of brushing an imaginary speck of dust from the altar cloth his elbow came in contact with something—and down crashed a vase of roses to the marble of the sanctuary floor. The rose worked admirably for even as he stooped to pick up the fragments, the girl stood at the railing.

"Wait just a moment Father," she said. "I will get a broom and sweep them up," and an instant later she disappeared in a dim recess near the choir stairs, emerging with broom and dust pan. Very carefully Father Grey picked up the fallen roses and brought them into the baptistry where Marian, carrying the debris, joined him presently. "I hope it was not a very valuable vase," said Father Grey, with a qualm of uneasiness at thought of a wrathful altar society he might have reckoned with. "Oh, no," Marian reassured him; "and there are more like it. I will place the flowers in one, as they are not injured in the least."

"You are surely a friend in need," said Father Grey as he watched her artistic arrangement of the roses. "Whenever I can be of any service to you, please let me, will you? Do you know," he continued gravely. "I think we often make mistakes in that way—we do not let our friends help us enough. Trials come—perhaps they are new to us, and we do not quite understand how to meet and bear them; but the more we keep them to ourselves the more heavily they press upon us and the more unable we are to cope with them. If only we could trust some friend with our trouble, it might be that he has had experience in just such a trial as we are undergoing, and therefore could show us how to triumph over it, though it might be that he himself had failed."

The girl glanced at Father Grey suspiciously. Was it possible that he had guessed something of her trouble? But he surely was speaking of merely abstract things, for on his face was a far away look and he seemed to have forgotten that she was with him. She could not know that his thoughts were with the Presence in the sanctuary—that a command, clear and sweet, as when given long ago on the shores of Galilee, seemed to issue from the Tabernacle to him who held its key: "Feed My lambs." "But surely," the girl responded doubtfully, "it is best to keep our troubles to ourselves. We should not thrust them on others."

"In my opinion," he assured her calmly, "it is good for people to hear about the troubles of others. It keeps them from brooding too much over their own. As for me, I have met a great many people in sorrow, or who have allowed me to help them."

"She had finished her task now, but she made no move to go, and her face was very troubled and wistful. She spoke at last haltingly: "But sometimes there is no way we can help; sometimes, through no fault of ours, we get tangled up in things, and there is no way to free us." She paused—"No, she would not go on." Passionate and pleading a voice called to her: "Marian, my Marian!"

Father Grey nodded encouragingly. "I understand just what you mean," he said. "At least it seems that way occasionally, for we know, always we know, there is some way to free us when it is a question of right." "But is there?" she questioned doubtfully; then went on recklessly. "You see it is like this: There is something I have tried to put out of my life because I found (only lately) that it is wrong. I thought I had succeeded, but to-day an event occurred which showed me that I have not—indeed, that I cannot, even if I want to."









CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GET BALANCE
Be religious, but not too religious.
Be industrious, but not too industrious.
Be cheerful, but not too cheerful.
Be industrious, but not too industrious.
Be generous, but not too generous.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

ROBIN REDBREAST
Could you, upon demand, with your eyes closed, recite to mind and describe accurately enough for identification purposes, Robin Redbreast, the cheerful companion of everybody, everywhere?
Put to the test at a dinner recently not one of the diners could depict Mr. Redbreast in a way to set him apart from his bird fellows.

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UNAUTHORIZED 'PIETIES'

"A great and seemingly growing abuse," says the Ave Maria, "is the violation of the laws of the Church in regard to new devotions—patent prayers, sure methods of escaping purgatory, even passports to heaven and the like. Many persons seem to have the notion that so long as these unauthorized 'pieties'—not a few of them are gross superstitions—are used privately, they are all right. There is no telling the amount of harm that is done by them. They destroy genuine piety, foster superstition among uneducated and ill-instructed Catholics and cause scandal to Protestants, who are wont to regard them as typical of the devotional practices which are tolerated, if not approved, by ecclesiastical authority.

DIVORCE

According to the official estimate of the federal census bureau, over 1,000,000 divorces will have been granted in the United States in the ten years ending with 1916. It is also estimated that this vast total will mean the part orphanage of 700,000 children.

THE CHURCH'S CALL

Do let us understand this: The Church's call to obedience is no invitation to take our stand in the ranks of ignorance, but to resist the most destructive of all ignorance. God knows all things, and it is on His side that she asks us to be. He has brought us into His citadel of life and peace. . . . Are we to jump overboard from Peter's ship to safety because a man comes drifting by on a bobbing plank he has found for himself in the waste of waters?—John A. SOON, S. J.

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A VERY CATHOLIC DOCTRINE

If reports be true, the Chancellor of the University of Kansas is apt to find himself in a quandary. Allowing for one or two statements with which we do not agree, he has given public expression to a very Catholic doctrine, a dangerous proceeding in these piping days of anti-Catholic agitation. He says: "The war has shown that culture can not be depended upon as the sole basis of civilization. We believed intellectual development made men good, that schools and colleges and the spread of culture were all that was necessary. The smoking ruins of many cities and the terrible carnage of the Marne and the Aisne show how false is this assumption."

BETTER DAYS

THERE IS REASON AND HOPE FOR SUCH
In that light vein in which it so often subtly sends a great truth home to our minds, Life recently said: "Consciences are coming into style among business men and it is surprising how becoming they are." And in a more serious, but equally truthful, vein we may say religion is becoming fashionable among men of all the more prominent walks of life and even among the less prominent.

DIVORCE

In this country we have an International Committee on Marriage and Divorce. In calling a congress to be held in San Francisco July 23-28, the committee refers to the above conditions in the following words: "More than half of these children of divorce orphanage were under ten years of age at the time of their unnatural and usually endless bereavement. It is a brutal spectacle of the destruction of American homes by law that should unite Jews, Catholics and Protestants in the demand for exact information and conservative federal legislation on marriage and divorce."

Ask to see the basement first
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insure warm homes. One reason why the Safford hot water system is superior is because of its rapid water circulation. The iron, you know, of which the fire-pot and water sections are made absorbs the heat almost as quickly as the coal gives it off. And one square inch of iron absorbs enough heat from the coal to heat thirteen square inches of water. If the water doesn't circulate fast enough to carry this heat in turn away from the iron, a lot of heat will go up the chimney and be wasted. Now, the Safford gets rapid circulation because the water, after being heated, has only one-third the distance to travel to get out of the Safford fire-pot that it has in ordinary boilers. This great circulation speed means getting full benefit from every ounce of coal consumed. It means, too, that less coal is required, because, no heat is wasted, as with systems with slower water circulation. Other Safford features explained in our booklet, "Home Heating." It will only take you a minute to write for a copy.

'COALS OF FIRE'

In chapter xii. to the Romans so rich in moral reflections St. Paul, quoting from Proverbs, tells what is the Christian thing to do to any enemy. The Catholics, the Knights of Columbus, and the venerable Dean McNulty of Paterson, New Jersey, have recently shown that they are familiar with the teachings of the great Apostle and that they try to reduce it to practice, for they know how to "overcome evil by good," and as the provocation was not an isolated case, their conduct is all the more praiseworthy. I. W. W. disturbers and vile anti-Catholic lecturers have been very much in evidence of late; but the "Coals of Fire" treatment for the enemy came with a sort of aftermath of recent exhibitions of bigotry.

OUR DUTY TO CANADA AND THE EMPIRE

HAVE you realized the great responsibility that rests upon us all here in Canada, at this trying period in the history of the Empire? As Canadians, living at home in peace and tranquility, our duty is quite as important as that of our sons who have gone to the front. That duty is to PRODUCE—and in order to provide for the enormous increase in production it is necessary for YOU, upon the farm, to put your barns in shape to accommodate your increased production, and for US, here in the factories to turn out metal building materials for the proper safeguarding of your increased crops.

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THE CHURCH AND THE FAMILY

The Catholic Columbian characterizes the Church as "defender of the home, the friend of the family, the guardian of the children, the advocate of marriage, the opponent of race suicide, and the enemy of divorce."

THE C. M. B. A. INCREASE OF RATES

"IT DOES NEED EXPLAINING" In a recent issue of the CATHOLIC RECORD appeared a letter from W. J. Sutherland of Smith's Falls under the above heading, which it may be well to reproduce, together with the explanation it calls for:

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: Kindly allow me space in your paper to lay before the members of the C. M. B. A. (and the executive in particular) a case of injustice which no doubt will befall many others placed in the same position as myself should the proposed new rates be put into force in their present form.

I joined the Association in 1888, at age twenty-six, the rate being \$1.10 per single assessment for \$2,000. Since then, and up to Dec. 31, 1914, I have paid in assessments the sum of \$578.30. Had the national rate been in force when I joined, I would have had to pay \$650.76, which leaves a balance of \$72.46, which I am prepared to pay with interest to the Association.

Now if the National rate had been in force in 1888 and I live to be sixty-five years of age I would have to pay \$954.72. Will some one of the executive kindly prove to me why I should be compelled to pay this extra \$283.96, or in other words, why should a young man who has joined the Association since 1907 at age twenty-six and who lives to be sixty-five years of age, get his insurance for \$954.72, while I who joined in 1888 at age twenty-six and live to be sixty-five, have to pay \$1,489.80.

From the above it will be seen that in the case of a member entering at forty his credit at age eighty-five would be \$908 per \$1,000, so that in event of death the strain on the Association would only be \$192, and notwithstanding the fact that the chances of death are thirty-two times as great as at age forty when he entered, the Association would have no reason for alarm on account of his greater liability to death: the money would be already nearly all saved to pay the claim. The balance would be current cost chargeable to those who do not die.

These figures have been verified by one of the ablest actuaries in Canada, and are absolutely correct. EDW. RYAN, M. D., Supervising Medical Examr., C. M. B. A.

For ages under forty the average mortality may be placed at about 6 per 1,000 members, whence the reason for the apparent prosperity of a society with a young membership, and charging even \$9.00 per year, is at once clear. The current cost will average about \$6.00 per year, leaving a margin of apparent surplus of \$3.00.

It has been the present writer's good fortune to know some and daughters of intensely bigoted American non-Catholics, or Grand masters of Orange lodges, who by sheer force of disgust at incredible ancestral bigotry, have investigated the claims of the Catholic Church, and have either become her true and devoted children, or, if remaining yet awhile outside the fold, her chivalrous defenders.

Now and then anti-Catholic bigotry absurdly overshoots the mark, and offends those to whom it would be useful by showing a low estimate of their scholarship. We remember one of these notorious anti-Catholics of an earlier time than this, which gravely quoted the explicit condemnation of the Constitution of the United States by St. Thomas Aquinas! Evidently, it had too poor an opinion of the intelligence of its readers to suppose that even a few would ever take the trouble to find out that St. Thomas Aquinas was of the Thirteenth Century, and the Constitution of the United States of the late Eighteenth Century.

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who looked in His face and said: "Thou hast a devil!" There are various degrees of anti-Catholic bigotry, and the worst is that which, as in the Scriptural case of the Church's Divine Founder, looks on purity and charity and miracles of piety and patience, and condemns them all as works of the Evil One.

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JOB FOR MEDDLESOME BIGOT That eminently broad-minded Christian gentleman, Methodist Bishop Burt, who spent a fortune in American dollars striving unsuccessfully to entice Italians in Rome away from the Catholic Church, at a recent Methodist conference in Baltimore, according to the Sun of that city, expressed the belief that the Catholic parochial schools teaching 1,500,000 American children, should be open to public inspection, if not to public control.

THE HOLY FATHER AND OUR NATIONAL CONGRESS OF PRIEST-ADORERS To Our Beloved Son The Reverend Eugene Conet, Superior General of the Congregation of the Blessed Sacrament and of the Society of Priest-Adorers. Rome. BENEDICT PP. XV. Beloved Son, Health and Apostolic Benediction: We greatly rejoice that the example of the Italian priests (1) has inspired the Canadian clergy to emulate their zeal in the proposed Congress of Priest-Adorers for 1915.

THE TABLET FUND Toronto, April 22, 1915. Editor CATHOLIC RECORD: I thank you for giving space to the Appeal for the Tablet Fund for the Relief of the Belgians. So far I have received because of this appeal: Previously acknowledged.....\$702 56 Reader of RECORD Paspelton..... 2 00 RECORD Reader, Ottawa..... 1 00 A Laborer, Chatham, N. B..... 1 00 Collection from St. Columba Church, East Point, P. E. I. 31 00 Stephen Sweeney, Norwood, Winnipeg..... 80 W. J. Macdonald, Claresholm, Alta..... 1 00 Mrs. V. L. Sailer, Cochrane, Alta..... 1 00 Thos. Rose & Kathrin Sullivan, St. Leonards, Nfld..... 1 00 Thanksgiving, Ottawa..... 2 50

AN "ENEMY OF THE BIBLE" Here is an utterance of the Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV., in a letter addressed recently to Cardinal Casazza, Protector of the Society of St. Jerome for the spread of the gospel. "We desire that the book of the holy gospels be found in every family and that all Christians should cultivate the habit of reading a passage each day so as to live in a worthy manner and to make themselves agreeable to God in all things

for it is too true that all evils and errors arise from ignorance of the Gospel and failure to practise it." This Papal pronouncement ought to be interesting and instructive to those people, if there be still many or any such, who charge against the Catholic Church that it is an "enemy of the Bible."—The Missionary.

CATHOLICS AND CONVERSION "No wonder many Protestants are bigoted," a Catholic university graduate said to me the other day, "Catholics won't explain their faith to non-Catholics. The Catholic attitude seems to be: 'We have the truth; we won't explain it, but it is the truth. If you don't believe it just look at us!'"

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Table with 2 columns: Year of Life, Number who die in the year of life indicated out of 1,000 living at that age. Rows: 20 to 31, 32 to 41, 42 to 51, 52 to 61, 62 to 71, 72 to 81, 82 to 91, 92 to 99.