

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname).—St. Paclan, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXVI.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1904

1332

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THE CONDITION OF THE WORKINGMAN.

We are in sympathy with every effort to better the condition of the workingman. Something has been effected in this respect in regard to a living wage, the sweat shops, and in safeguarding children from the factory, but there is yet much to be done before the toiler shall have time to enjoy the benefits of the public library.

Now by workingman we mean the man who is master of a trade, whatsoever it may be—those who ply hand and brain in the shops—in a word, all who are playing a part in any department of human activity.

But we refuse that title to those who are allowed to enter a union on the strength of a half knowledge of some trade or other. We believe that such men weaken the influence of an organization because they stand for poor work which may cause it to be viewed with suspicion by the public, and by putting themselves on equal footing with experienced workmen they place a premium on inefficiency and dishonesty. We have seen striplings who had picked up the rudiments of some mechanical art receiving a wage equal with the veterans who were conversant with its every detail. And we have also seen the storm centres—the individuals who prate about oppression of the toiler—fattering, if we may so speak, their own nests and emerging from a strike which they incited with money enough to enable them to begin business in independent fashion.

Our advice to the union is to see that they have the honest worker in their ranks. It should turn a deaf ear to the professional "mouth artists" who advocate extreme measures for the allaying of discontent and the redress of grievances. In the majority of instances they but ring the changes on worn-out platitudes, or they are frothy declaimers, without influence, who seem, however, to get an audience from among those who are ready to welcome any path through the darkness enveloping their social conditions.

CAPITAL vs. LABOR.

We know there is just cause for reasonable protest. We can understand, too, the discontent and revolt that lurk in the hearts of those who give brawn and brain for a pittance, and who, work they never so hard, are chained to and broken on the wheel of labor. These men laugh derisively at the admonition to be patient. The skies of the future may be fair and golden; but they live now, and the sky is dark, and talk and argument will not change its sombre hue.

It is the custom in some quarters to ascribe the ills of the toiler to unthrift and intemperance. The charge is made by those who live far from the people and who get their information from the public prints which gush over the capitalist and call upon their readers to regard money making as the greatest achievement of the century. It is, of course, very soothing to the conscience to be able thus to wash one's hands of the matter, though they may waste more than would keep a poor family in comfort, and have the privilege of sipping their toddy in the clubs which are not given to tabulating temperance statistics. And so the good samaritans encourage cooking schools, distribute health manuals, and deliver orations on the abundance of opportunities. But they do not seem to notice the ever growing sentiment that a man should not during his vigorous days be dogged by want and be flung aside in old age as a worthless machine to receive as a reward for a lifetime of toil—for his work in the upbuilding of the nation—a ticket to the poor-house.

AN IMPRACTICAL SCHEME.

But as we have intimated above no scheme of reform patched by atheists or materialists, and no programme that is actuated by an unreasoning hatred of capital, will make the toilers' lot more bearable. We do not think that anti-Christian Socialism has made much headway in Canada. As there are indications, however, of a propaganda in that direction, it is the duty of intelligent workers to combat and to refuse it support. Socialism, in its origin, says Bishop Spalding, was atheistic and materialistic, an enemy of the family and the Church. However it may change, the original taint will remain always to vitiate it. Socialism is an

impractical scheme. It has failed in small communistic societies.

A VITAL QUESTION.

The best defence against its principles is Pope Leo's XIII. Encyclical on the Condition of Labor. We recommend its study to our societies because we believe that ere long the Labor Problem will compel the attention of Canadians. It is a question that concerns the dearest interests of society, and no ridicule of the Socialist will settle it. It seems, says Rev. Dr. Kirby, in the Dolphin for February, "that there is but one way to meet Socialism. We must prove that it is not necessary. The proof must be in achievement, not in argument, in life and not in books."

A SUGGESTION.

It is, then, our duty and privilege to show that Christianity is a barrier to wrong and oppression, and to prove by deeds that justice and human brotherhood find their meaning and support in the words "You are all brothers and of one Father Who is in heaven." Hence every legitimate effort of the toiler to promote his material welfare should get assistance not only from the union but from every member of the community. Every attempt at reasonable reform should be hailed as a sign of life and progress. And any encroachment on the toilers' rights as a man should be repelled by legislative enactment. For the society which gives a clear track to the ruthless capitalist is fostering antagonism between class and class, and is inviting its own destruction.

A CAUTION.

Again, we advise the workingman to beware of the professional agitator. He has his common sense, the ballot, the union as weapons, and he may be sure that any legitimate use of them will be endorsed by the right-thinking people of Canada. We should also remember that Leo XIII. said: "The maternal love of the Church for mankind is wide as the paternity of God; but nevertheless faithful to her origin, and mindful of the Divine example, she has always been accustomed to devote herself by predilection to the lowly, to the afflicted, to the disinherited of fortune."

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL WORK.

We have of course every reason to be proud of the Church's record in social work. But it will alter conditions not a jot to merely solace ourselves with memories of the past. She has had her guilds, and bound class to class by the bonds of justice and charity. Her triumphs in this respect are not writ in water on the pages of history. But as we have pointed out before, and we cannot insist upon it too often, we Catholics, believing in the brotherhood of man and recognizing the fact that the interests of one unit of the Christian family must appeal in some measure to the others, we repeat unless we are recant to our principles we cannot adopt the pagan Don't Care policy. But of this more again.

A FAMILIAR TYPE.

A short time ago a U. S. Judge referred to the yellow journal as the cause of modern barbarism. He also said that it generated a "very dirty quality of public opinion." And weekly this curse goes unchallenged into households. It is wearisome to say much about it because the people who buy this stuff have no taste for anything better in the way of reading matter. They wallow in it to the detriment of everything that makes life worth the living. They do not patronize lectures, and this, according to themselves, for various reasons. But the fact is, we suspect, that flabbiness of mind renders them immune against any attempt to enlighten them. And the most piteous thing of all is that they are satisfied to be ignorant and to be shamefully silent when there is an opportunity to say a word for the faith. But controversy does little good. Granted. The yellow journal, however, not only incapacitates a man from being a controversialist, but it fosters low ideals and makes its victim, practically at least, as one for whom the supernatural does not exist. To repel calumny against the Church; to explain her attitude towards this or that issue, is merely a question of loyalty. But the knowledge and the spirit for this are not furnished by the yellow journal.

DEFECTIVE HOME-TRAINING RESPONSIBLE.

One of the difficulties that the chiefs of our organizations have to contend with is the apathy of the average member for the things that are worth while. For the young man who comes from a home that is uncatholic as to literature and ornamentation, the things that count are wealth and position. So when his kind becomes members of an organization they must be "licked into shape," and just how toilsome and heart-breaking is this process only directors can tell. Sometimes indeed an individual of this type undergoes a transformation for the better: ordinarily he never recovers from the effects of his home-training. He is more or less of a convalescent, and when, as it oft-times happens, there is a good many of them in an organization, the time that should be employed to forging ahead is given over to applying remedies. But a battle was never won by a hospital corps.

APOSTOLIC UNION OF PRIESTS.

Because of His paternal Love for Society
Pope Pius X. Reserves Protectorate of Institution.

New York Freeman's Journal.



PIUS X, POPE.

IN PERPETUAL MEMORY OF THIS MATTER. Like Our Predecessors, We are very desirous of promoting by Our fatherly solicitude and by the exercise of Our Apostolic Authority the welfare, edification and spiritual advantage of the Catholic clergy, as it is Our earnest wish that all called to the Lord's portion should be rich in the constant practice of Christian virtues, shining as an example to the people like lights set upon a candlestick.

It, therefore, has been a great consolation to Us to learn that the pious association known as the Apostolic Union of secular priests, established in France in the year 1872, has now, with the approval of the Bishops, spread over a great many dioceses of the Christian world. At present it is flourishing in France, Belgium, England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, the United States, the Dominion of Canada, South America, Australasia and even in some parts of Asia, everywhere yielding rich fruits of piety and sanctity in the vineyard of our Lord. We Ourselves were formerly a member of the Apostolic Union of Secular Priests, and so appreciative were We of its usefulness and of its excellence that We decided to establish a branch of it after Our elevation to the Episcopate.

By proposing a uniform method of life to all its members, by its monthly meetings, by its spiritual conversations, by sending reports of its doings to the Bishops, and by its other suitable offices of charity, it serves to maintain and consolidate the union of the clergy and binds the scattered Levites together in ties of spiritual brotherly love. Hence a wonderful harmony and mutual edification among the members, who observe more perfectly the spirit of their vocation. They no longer are exposed to the dangers associated with solitude; their forces are united, and each priest is led to take personal interest in the efficiency and spiritual perfection of his brother priests. The result is that a priest, though he may be prevented from sharing in the ordinary life of other priests, does not feel like one who is deserted by his spiritual family, or like one deprived of the help and advice of his brethren.

For these reasons Our Predecessor Pope Leo XIII, of venerable memory, influenced by the approbation and recommendations of the Bishops, published an Apostolic Letter on May 31, 1880, in which he approved this association which has been productive of so much good, and bestowed on it the highest praise. Later on, in the year 1887, he assigned to it as its Protector Lucide Maria Parocchi, Cardinal Bishop of the Holy Roman Catholic Church of illustrious memory.

Considering how useful and salutary for the Church, especially at a time like the present, is an association of this kind, and knowing well that the priests who belong to the Apostolic Union of Secular Priests are the best of our beloved son, Victor Lebeurier, Honorary Canon of Orleans, and Our Domestic Prelate, the worthy founder of this Apostolic Union, and for the last forty-two years its Moderator General. To this end We do make the following provisions for the advantage and increase of the said association.

That all may know Our mind with regard to this Union, We do, as a special proof of Our paternal love for it, assume and reserve to Ourselves the Protectorate of this Institution. More-

over in order that the priests who are members of the Apostolic Union may be strengthened by an opportune supply of spiritual graces, and in order that these same indulgences may move others to enroll their names in this most salutary association as a means of providing more efficaciously for their own spiritual welfare and for their sacred interests. We, relying on the mercy of Almighty God, do by the authority of the Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and by Our Own authority, grant mercifully in the Lord in perpetuity, by virtue of these presents, plenary indulgence and remission of their sins to priests, all and several living in any part of the world who at present belong to this Apostolic Union, and have duly subscribed to the formula of profession, and to all who shall in the future join it and make such profession while retaining their membership in it shall on each and any of the Feast of Christmas, the Circumcision, the Epiphany, Easter, the Ascension, Corpus Christi, as well as on the feasts of the Conception, Nativity, Annunciation, Purification and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary Immaculate, and on any feast of the twelve Holy Apostles, after having expiated their sins by confession and said Mass or appropriate prayer, visit any church or public chapel, and there pray on each and every feast for the concord of Christian Princes, the extirpation of heresy, the conversion of sinners and the exaltation of Holy Mother Church. Moreover We do grant in the customary form of the Church an indulgence of one hundred days to all present and future members of the said Union, every time they send, as prescribed by the Constitution of the Apostolic Union, the monthly record of their life to their respective diocesan superiors, and with a contrite heart recite once according to the intention of the Roman Pontiff the Lord's Prayer, the Angelical Salutation, and the Doxology, or with a contrite heart take part in the monthly retreat made in common. We likewise grant that this partial Indulgence may be gained also by priests, who, though not enrolled in the Apostolic Union, yet make the monthly retreat with their brother priests. Finally, We permit these Indulgences, both partial and plenary, to be applied in expiation of the sins and penalties of those who have passed from this life. We also grant faculties to all present and future members to celebrate Mass one hour before dawn when there is grave reason for so doing; and We do moreover allow them that the Apostolic privilege that whenever any of said members duly celebrates Mass at any altar of his church for the soul of anyone of the faithful of Christ who has departed this life united in charity with God, such Mass shall benefit the soul for which it has been offered up in the same way as if it had been celebrated at a privileged altar, this privilege being spread over a great many dioceses of the Christian world. At present it is flourishing in France, Belgium, England, Scotland, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, the United States, the Dominion of Canada, South America, Australasia and even in some parts of Asia, everywhere yielding rich fruits of piety and sanctity in the vineyard of our Lord. We Ourselves were formerly a member of the Apostolic Union of Secular Priests, and so appreciative were We of its usefulness and of its excellence that We decided to establish a branch of it after Our elevation to the Episcopate.

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By proposing a uniform method of life to all its members, by its monthly meetings, by its spiritual conversations, by sending reports of its doings to the Bishops, and by its other suitable offices of charity, it serves to maintain and consolidate the union of the clergy and binds the scattered Levites together in ties of spiritual brotherly love. Hence a wonderful harmony and mutual edification among the members, who observe more perfectly the spirit of their vocation. They no longer are exposed to the dangers associated with solitude; their forces are united, and each priest is led to take personal interest in the efficiency and spiritual perfection of his brother priests. The result is that a priest, though he may be prevented from sharing in the ordinary life of other priests, does not feel like one who is deserted by his spiritual family, or like one deprived of the help and advice of his brethren.

For these reasons Our Predecessor Pope Leo XIII, of venerable memory, influenced by the approbation and recommendations of the Bishops, published an Apostolic Letter on May 31, 1880, in which he approved this association which has been productive of so much good, and bestowed on it the highest praise. Later on, in the year 1887, he assigned to it as its Protector Lucide Maria Parocchi, Cardinal Bishop of the Holy Roman Catholic Church of illustrious memory.

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MARY LEE or The Yankee in Ireland

BY PAUL PEPPERGRASS, ESQ. CHAPTER XVII.

WEEKS VISITS MRS. MOTHERLY—A CONVERSATION ON SLAVERY.— WEEKS SEEMS RATHER DISAGREEABLY SURPRISED TO MEET AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE IN UNCLE JERRY'S NEGRO.

Mr. Weeks, on parting with his lady cousins, (which he did rather abruptly, as we have seen in the last chapter,) returned to Crohan House, and lighting another cigar, mounted the sober animal he generally selected for a morning's ride, and set out for Father Brennan's. When he arrived at the reverend gentleman's residence, he felt somewhat disappointed to learn from the servant that his master had gone some five or six miles on a sick call, and could not possibly return till late in the evening. Resolving, however, to have an interview with the good priest as soon as possible, he drew a card from the richly-carved case he always had about him, and having written a request to that effect on the back of it with his pencil, handed it to the servant, and then turned his horse's head in the direction of Greenmount Cottage.

Mrs. Motherly was sitting on the steps of the hall door, knitting her stocking, and looking quite happy as she plied her needles. The good woman was dressed, as usual, in her large, well-filled cap and white apron, with her bunch of keys hanging by her side, as much perhaps for show as convenience. On the grass at her feet a gray cat lay stretched in the sun, with half a dozen kittens playing about her on the green.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Motherly; how do you?" said Weeks. "Mr. Guirkie at home?" "Your servant, sir," replied the matron, rising and running her needles into the stocking, after she had waited to count the stitches. "Mr. Guirkie's not in, sir."

"No, sir; he left here about an hour ago for Rathmullen." "Rathmullen—let me see—that's the place he visits so often?" "Yes, sir."

"Goes there every week—don't he?" "Every Thursday, sir." "On business, I presume?" "No, sir."

"Got relatives there, perhaps?" "No, sir; he has no relatives living, I believe. People's pleased to say, though, he's often seen sittin on a tombstone there in the ould graveyard."

"Well, must be some friend, I guess." "Why, if the gentleman was a native of this part of the country, it might," responded Mrs. Motherly, "at he's not; he was born in Cork."

"Does he never speak to you of these visits, Mrs. Motherly?" "Niver, sir."

"You don't say so! It's odd—ain't it?" "O, it's just of a piece with the rest of his doings," replied the good woman, opening, as usual, her budget of grievances. "He niver thinks of telling me any thing, of course; why should he? I'm nothing but a sarvint, ye know. I'm only here to do the work, slavin and sludgin from mornin till night, to strive to please him and humor him, till his heart's a most broke; and all the thanks I get is mighty easy told, Mr. Weeks."

"Don't doubt it. He's a very odd kinder man in his ways—that's a fact." "You may well say it, sir. He's the provokinest man ever drew breath. But won't you light and come in, sir?"

"Well, guess I shall, come to think of it. Say, can't I write a note here, and leave it for Mr. Guirkie?" "Sartinly, sir; come in; there's paper there, and pens plenty in the parlor. As for the cratur on the sofa, he'll not disturb you in the least."

"Hilloo! who the thunder is this?" exclaimed Weeks, as he entered the parlor, and beheld the African stretched at his full length on the sofa, apparently fast asleep. "A nigger—ain't he?"

"Yes, sir; that's our new boarder," primly replied Mrs. Motherly. "But how in creation did he come here?" "Mr. Guirkie, sir, carried the gentleman home with him from the wreck."

"Ah, that's it. I have heard of a wreck lately somewhere here in the neighborhood." "He's a very respectable boarder for a lone woman—ain't he, Mr. Weeks?"

to think of it? And still I often heard Mr. Guirkie say the cratur out there in America warn't so badly off after all."

"Well, no—guess they're pretty well off for clothes and food, and all that sorter thing. But they ain't got their liberty, you know; and no American born ought to see a human in slavery and not try to liberate him."

"True for you, Mr. Weeks; you speak like a Christian, so you do. Dear know, it's a poor sight to see God's cratur bought and sold, as they say they are over there, just for all the world like a cow or a horse—it's unnatural."

"It's shocking!" "And still," said Mrs. Motherly, "they tell us the poor Irish there isn't treated much better than slaves."

"The Irish! My dear woman, don't believe a word of it. I have a lather in my pocket here, from a niece of mine, that's livin in a place called Boston, and she tells me it's terrible to think of what they suffer. There it is," continued the good woman, opening it, and pointing to a particular passage, which ran as follows:

"We're thrated here like slaves, and have more to suffer from the Yankee, specially in regard to one religion, than ever we had at home from the bloody, persecutin English. It's a wonder they're not ashamed to purfess so much tindersness for the slaves, and trate the poor Irish so manely as that," said Mrs. Motherly.

"My dear woman, you don't understand the case. It's only the lower orders of our people do so."

"And why don't the upper orders make them behave better?" "Can't do it. It's a free country."

"O, had luck to such freedom as that. I wudn't give ye a brass button for it. There's my niece, as decent a reared little girl as ever crossed the water—I'll say that much for her, though she is my niece—and her mistress, who's nothin after all but a shopkeeper's wife—may be not as decent a father and mother's child either—and the best word she has in her cheek for the cratur is the 'daddy girl,' and the 'Papist,' and the 'ignorant booby,' and 'to the old priest—he'll forgive you your sins for a niencep.' What kind of talk is that, Mr. Weeks?"

"continued the good woman, rolling up her arms in her apron, and looking at him. "Well, that ain't right, I allow."

"Right—bedad, if the girls would do as I would, they'd slap them in the face. And that's what I told Bridget in my last letter. Humph! pretty thing, indeed! because they pay their girls six or seven shillings a week, they must have a right to insult and abuse them into the bargain."

"Very few think so, Mrs. Motherly, very few indeed. I know many, very many families in New England, who respect their help very much, and are as kind to them as if they were relatives of the family."

"To be sure you do, sir, and so Bridget says too, in her letter here; but they're respectable people. I mane yer uppentin, half and between—the ladies, that think they ought to take airs on themselves as soon as they can—that's the kind I mane."

"Just so; that's all right enough—but still, Mrs. Motherly, some of your girls are pretty spunky."

"I don't doubt it, sir, in the laste, and may be there's plenty of them do deserve to be turned out of doors too for their impudence. But can't all that be done without castin up their religion and their priest to them? Ah, that's no objection, and write a note for Mr. Guirkie, which you'll please hand him as soon as he returns."

"Sartinly, Mr. Weeks, with the greatest pleasure in life; I hope Sambo here won't disturb you, sir."

"Not in the least. He's asleep—ain't he?" "So it seems; and still it's queer to see him asleep at this hour. He was sittin up a minute or two before ye came. I'll see. Sambo! Sambo! wake up. There's not a stir in him, sir."

"Don't mind him, Mrs. Motherly," said Weeks, dipping the pen in the ink. "Don't mind him."

"Well, I never saw him asleep but he snored strong enough to draw the side to the home together. And see now, he hardly seems to breathe. Sambo," she repeated, shaking him by the arm—"Sambo, wake up; here's the gentleman you were asking about the other day."

"Yes, sir; he started just as if he'd been shot, when he saw you pass the window last week."

"Last week? why, I don't remember to have seen or heard any thing of him. I didn't know you'd got a nigger here till this minute."

"Well, he saw you, sir, any way, and looked as frightened as if you came to drag him to the gallows."

"Indeed! Wake him up, and lets see what he's like."

"Sambo! hilloo Sambo!" cried Mrs. Motherly, again shaking him roughly by the arm; "look up, man, and speak to us—he won't though, not a budge he'll do. Bedad, Mr. Weeks, may be he's dyin."

"Not he—the fellow's coming possum over us, that's all; but hold on a bit; I'll make him speak—but a fourpence!" and striking the African a smart rap on the shin with his knuckles, the sleeper started up in an instant to a sitting posture, and bellowed as if he had been stabbed with a bayonet.

"Shut up," said Weeks; "you ain't murdered—are you?"

"O, Massa Charles, Massa Charles," cried the African, rubbing the wounded part with his hand, "you know him place strike poor nigger."

"You see that," observed Mrs. Motherly; "he seems to know you, sir."

"Massa Charles—why, who the thunder are you—eh?" "O, golly, there, Massa Charles not

know Sambo!" "What Sambo?" "Why, Jubal Sambo—goah! that very sprizin; many time massa licked Sambo on old plantation."

"Where?" demanded Weeks, his words growing few and faint as the negro's voice and features grew more and more familiar to him.

"Where! yah, yah! no remember Moose Creek, old Virginy; Massa Charles look him my back, him know Sambo better; ebry one knows him own marks."

"Moose Creek!—good heavens! there!" exclaimed Weeks; "well, by crackie, if that ain't the most unexpected—"

"Yah, yah!" chuckled the African, now that his shin no longer troubled him. "Massa no spect see Sambo so far from home. Sambo no afraid massa now. Sambo free nigger—yah, yah!"

"Mrs. Motherly," said Weeks, turning to the housekeeper, who stood looking on apparently much interested in the conversation, "may I beg you to quit the room for a moment? I should like to say a few words to this poor fellow—seems to me I have seen him before."

"Indeed you have, sir, I'll warrant that," said Mrs. Motherly, looking sharply at Weeks now as pale as a sheet of paper. "But sure if you have any thing in private to say to him, I'll not prevent you. Strange how people meets sometimes so far from home, and when they laste expect it, too. Ha, ha! isn't it queer, Mr. Weeks?"

"Very much so indeed—but you'll excuse me, Mrs. Motherly."

"Sartinly, sir, was only just going to tell you how Mr. Guirkie, travelin in America, once met with an old rival of his in the same way, but that he thought was dead twenty years before. It was the oddest thing in the world. Him and Mr. Guirkie, it seems, in their young days, were both courtin the same young lady; but, lo and behold you, she went off at last with the other gentleman; and then Mr. Guirkie made a vow never to marry, seein he had no heart to give away, for he loved the girl beyond all reason; and indeed to this very day he carries her picture about him wherever he goes. Well, he went across the seas to travel, thinkin to forget her among the strangers; and what would ye have of it, but after leaving the West Indies, and landin in the States of America, the first face he knew was that of his ould rival. There he was standing on the quay right before him as he stepped ashore from the vessel."

"Very strange, indeed," assented Weeks—"a very remarkable circumstance—exceedingly so. But won't you allow me, Mrs. Motherly—?"

"Sartinly, Mr. Weeks—sartinly, sir."

"Gosh, dat berry queer, muttered Sambo."

"What?" "Why, Massa Guirkie meetin him old rival on de wharf."

"Well, old Massa Talbot just say same thing. Moder told me all about it long time ago. Massa walk on de wharf, and dere comes him old rival right out of de ship afore him berry eyes, de man he tink was dead and buried. De sight almost knock him blind."

"Any thing else I can do for you, Mr. Weeks?" "Nothing, Mrs. Motherly, nothing at present."

"Well, then, I'll leave you together, to settle your own affairs; but I would advise you, Mr. Weeks, before I go, to caution this foolish fellow not to call you Massa Charles any more, for the people of this wicked world are always watchin and peepin into other people's business, ye know, and ten chances to one but they'd say you weren't the man you pretended to be, at all, at all."

"So saying, Mrs. Motherly made her usual courtesy at the door, and closed it behind her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

RILEY PEBBLES' REVENGE.

Miss Roxana Pebbles looked out of the window viciously. It was a May evening, Riley was already overdue. She was a tall, bony woman, angular in every attitude and of an expression that had been soured by adversity. Standing before the window waiting for her brother to arrive home to dinner, her thin lips curled with disdain as she retraced to penury and to all the petty makeshifts which she once thought she had left forever behind in her life.

Roxana loved her brother after her fashion. She admired his business regularity and at times adored his person. But she had not forgiven, and could not forget, the fatal slip he made when he signed a friend's note and thus plunged himself into irrevocable bankruptcy. Nor could she understand the tranquility and peacefulness of mind with which her brother had accepted the kick of Fortune. For Roxana was litigious by temperament and polemical by training, and never ceased to fire even when the enemy had disappeared.

The sickly little row of trees upon the side street was with difficulty sending forth branches of green which for many years would not be able to obstruct the view toward the electric cars. Roxana thought of the stately shade trees that hung over the ancestral home which they had left like cathedrals of green. It is true this had not been her ancestral home, but she always associated with their old place ancestors who ought to have built it and willed it through generations to the present Pebbles family.

As Roxana looked out of the window through the skinny little trees, but recently planted by the city contractor, her face hardened. Indeed, it became

almost metallic, for she saw swinging off the rear platform of the car the portly form and contented figure of her brother.

Riley Pebbles was an anomaly. He looked like a human bulldog, whereas in fact he was gentler than a new-born lamb. Over six feet high, weighing considerably more than two hundred pounds with a heavy neck that is supposed to go with gladiatorial instincts and with the smooth chin and English side-whiskers that generally betoken an unapproachable nature, Riley at a distance seemed a dreadful blizzard. But you had only to look into his soft, appealing gray eyes, had only to see the deprecating nod of his big head, had only to watch for the modest gesture of the hand to note that this huge man was only a huge boy.

He carried an umbrella in his hand as he strolled along, and with awkward good fellowship moved it around like a medieval lance as he caught sight of his sister's face framed by the distant window. He was hungry and full of compassion for the loneliness of the one woman who had clung to him, whether disagreeably or not, through good fortune and through bad.

Indeed, Riley looked up at his little six-room house with an expression of pride. He had a nature that could no more whisper malice than Broadway could harbor a man-of-war. He had known his rise and he had received his fall. He was once rich, now he was poor, and he was probably as happy now as he had ever been in his life. Indeed he was satisfied with his lot, even at the expense of being the head of the firm in which he now served as a cheerful subordinate. He had enough to eat, suitable clothes to wear, a home to shelter him and had saved a few thousands in cash. He was unaware that he had ever lost position or friends. When the crash came the only sorrow he felt was that his sister's social ambition could not now be gratified.

He sprang up like a dog and cried out: "Well, Rock! How are you to-night?" He stooped to kiss his sister and speak an encouraging word, for he recognized the expression upon her face that boded him very little comfort for that evening. A fond regret for the comfortable club from which he had but recently resigned flashed like sheet lightning upon his equitable mind and was gone. At least he could not be part of the temper by going out into the garden and weeding the rose bushes. The neighbors were so near that they afforded him protection from the stress of Roxana's tongue.

"Riley," said his sister, severely, walking up and down the little parlor while he was taking off his hat and coat and putting his umbrella in the rack, "Riley, I am clean disgusted with you; you have not the spirit of a mouse, I said mouse, and I now say oyster. Riley, you have not the spirit of an oyster."

"Why, my dear, what is the matter? What have I done?" Riley Pebbles opened his large mouth in amazement and looked down upon his sister as if he were the crusher, not the crushed. "It is outrageous!" Roxana boomed, "perfectly outrageous! Here we sweeter and suffer and live in this respectable street, while that woman—that woman I say—has bought a house on the proceeds of the fraud right upon the avenue. The postman told me so this morning, and I called upon the broker and he confirmed the report."

Roxana went to the window and drummed upon the pane hopelessly. Riley sat down upon one of the easy chairs in the room and waited for the storm to break upon the broker, and he confirmed the reference, not to blow contrary to the direction of the wind. If Roxana's brother had not conquered her by his passiveness and by a gentle and unantagonistic tenderness, such as no husband might have assumed, it would have been perfectly impossible for the two to live together. As it was, the woman's outbreaks generally ended in her flinging herself in her great brother's arms and sobbing her bitterness away upon his massive shoulder.

Like a small boy caught in a lie, Riley Pebbles shifted his eyes from his sister. His gaze wandered out of the window to his neighbor opposite, who was watering a ten by twelve lawn with a dyspeptic hose. His glance turned and rested upon the hat rack in the hall and finally gazed through the open door into the dining-room longingly.

He knew that Roxana was stabbing him with impatient glances, and he also knew that this avalanche of feeling could not be stayed by mere everyday caresses. In a stupid pay he blurted out: "Is dinner ready?"

"Dinner!" blazed Roxana Pebbles. "How can you eat? How can you think of eating when this outrage is being heaped upon you? I should think your pride would cry out for revenge."

"Well," said Riley, wearily, "what do you want me to do?" "Do?" cried Roxana, stamping up and down the room. "I want you to do unto her even as he did unto you."

Riley folded his hands resignedly and settled himself comfortably in his easy chair. "People spoke of the two as Rock and Rye. Nobody could doubt that the sister was the Rock of the family. But Riley, even by his devoted enemies, if he had any, could not have been characterized as Rye, whether in the form of disposition or of drink."

He had one fundamental stability, and that was his loyalty to his friends. How it happened that a man whose heart dominated nine-tenths of his existence could have remained single up to the age of forty five is one of the mysteries no one has ever explained.

Roxana was the only one who did not wonder at this. Indeed, she took it as a matter of course. Did he not have her? And wasn't that possession enough to satisfy his most fastidious tastes? Indeed, he gave her some reason for thinking so. He had not the heart to give her one pang or one disappointment, and for that reason he

had resolutely put the highest happiness from his life, even from his very thoughts.

It is true that Roxana had often trodden upon his tenderness and chit-sairy in a way that might have disgusted many a brother. But bitter moments and temporary discomfort passed like a breath of summer wind over Riley's placid soul.

All he cared for was peace and a little cubby hole of a home into which he could withdraw himself—a shelter from all the world after his day's work was done.

He looked up at his raging sister in a bewildered way, and, as he was wont to do, he took off his glasses and wiped them clear of film.

"Well, Roxana," he said again, "tell me what you want me to do, and for heaven's sake let us have some dinner."

"Do?" she said, standing before him with cheeks ablaze. "I want you to buy out that mortgage and throw out that woman out of her home whenever she falls to pay her notes. We could then move in ourselves. It is such a better place than this, and it belongs to you by rights."

When the woman had delivered herself of this terrible sentence she steamed out of the room like a fussy pug, leaving her brother in a state of collapse.

"God bless my soul!" said Riley to himself when he was alone. "This is terrible! I would not have that woman's disposition for a hundred dollars a minute. She's a regular vixen, she is, and I never suspected it before."

That night Riley Pebbles did not sleep. He tossed in his bed with the new thought of revenge that rested like an iceberg upon his soul. It chilled him. It disorganized him. Revenge! What did he know of revenge? He did not know the first rudiments of hating. He could not harbor malice against a spider. How much less against a woman, and that woman the wife of his dear old friend! Loyalty to his sister on the one side, loyalty to his dead friend on the other tore him in twain.

Day after day he went to and fro in a dazed condition. Day after day his sister asked him: "Well, Riley, have you bought that mortgage?" And day after day he shook his head in a deprecating way. He longed to take his sister to his arms and kiss away the dense crust that seemed to chill her whole nature. But Roxana would not be thawed either by gestures or words or endearments. Revenge she must have. Revenge her brother must have, whether he would or would not, and she determined to make his peaceful life miserable until he had done that duty to himself.

It happened about two or three weeks after this that Riley met the real estate agent to whom his sister referred, and, impelled by some demon that he did not know his nature harbored, Riley asked: "Well, Morse, I understand that Mrs. Winfield has bought a house of you and that you hold a mortgage on it. Have you disposed of it?" "Yes," said Morse. "I have got that mortgage and I wish I could get rid of it."

"How much is it?" said Riley, breathing hard and feeling that he was a traitor in every fibre of his being. "Only three thousand dollars at 5 per cent."

"Well," said Riley, "I will take it. You may make out the papers to me and I will pay you next Monday, only on one condition—that Mrs. Winfield shall know nothing of this at all. I want her to continue to pay interest to you."

The agent made a note of the transaction, and nothing more was said. That evening when Riley Pebbles returned home he did not wave his stick at his sister in the window. He walked in like a shamefaced spaniel.

"Have you bought that mortgage yet?" asked his sister, viciously. "Yes," said Riley, turning upon her with an abruptness which she had never known him to use before. "I have bought that cursed mortgage, and I forbid you ever to mention the subject to me again."

For the first time in her life Roxana was abashed before her brother. A malicious gleam of satisfaction glittered in her small gray eyes. This she tried to hide by casting them down whenever Riley looked up.

Time passed on. While it brought a truce between the two, it did not restore them to their old relationship. But Riley felt guilty—guilty toward himself and guilty toward the dear friend who, after all, had been the only one who understood the simple and clear heart of the man he had unwittingly ruined. As time went on Mr. Pebbles tried to conjure before his memory the image of the woman whose future he had undertaken, at his sister's instigation, to betray.

He remembered a little bunch of a thing, with fluffy black hair, dancing merry eyes, who seemed to regard the whole world as a joke and her husband as a plaything. Indeed, as he endeavored to part the veil of Time she seemed to him not much larger than the two little babies who crawled over her like kittens. Whatever the vision left in his mind, it was always one of love, of contentment and of supreme joyousness of life.

He doubted if he would recognize her on the street, for after Mr. Winfield's death she had disappeared somewhere down South among relatives, and had only returned that spring to be the unconscious occasion of a separation between himself and his sister.

Holding this mortgage seemed, however, to Riley to give him a sort of guardianship over the widow. Almost as if Roxana might surprise his very thoughts, his mind sneaked toward the little lady with the furtive contentment that occasioned the good man the utmost wonder. He had not once yet walked past Mrs. Winfield's house. This was entirely due to the bashfulness which he had never been able to outgrow.

It was about the middle of October when the agent stepped into his office and told him that Mrs. Winfield was

behind in her October note, and what should the agent do. Mr. Pebbles' heart gave a great flutter. "Under no circumstances," he said, "will I authorize you to proceed against her. Let her have her time."

A few days after this Mr. Pebbles received a note from the agent, inclosing the following letter: "My dear Sir—Owing to an unexpected loss it will be impossible to pay what is due to you on my October note. I understand enough of business to know that such delay to an unscrupulous person might mean foreclosure of the mortgage and the sending of myself and little children out into the world. I can give you no promise as to payment and can only beg that you will treat me with as much consideration as possible till I find relief. Very truly yours, "FLORENCE WINFIELD."

For the first time since Roxana had turned his nature topsy turvy with her Corsican eye for revenge did Riley Pebbles begin to understand the reason of the load under which he had been led to stoop.

He did not doubt but that the cold-hearted real estate agent would have speedily evicted the poor lady for non-payment of any petty notes that might be due. But now the game lay in his own hands. He not only was the guardian of his dead friend's widow, but he had become, by reason of her dependence upon his kindness, the lord of her future.

What would Roxana have said if she had known that amnesty not revenge, had taken possession of his heart, and that he was moved by pardon rather than by retaliation? Indeed, at that moment he gloried in the loss of everything for his old chum's sake, but more than this, he glowed with the thought that he could, unknown to her, heap further blessings upon the widow's head.

Riley chuckled to himself. He was beginning to feel happy for the first time since Roxana had put thoughts of malevolence into his nature. As they vanished he was no longer ashamed, because he had again become himself.

It was an October afternoon, warm and reticent, when Riley Pebbles slowly walked toward the house upon which he held the mortgage. He felt excessively embarrassed, for he was going to make a formal call. Mrs. Winfield did not expect him, and he was almost hoping that she would be out. At any rate, he could leave his card, it might seem to an observer upon the street twirling his cane and with his aggressive looking head in the air, as if he disdained the lower creatures. Indeed, as I have said before, Riley Pebbles was a contradiction, and never did he seem more so than on this beautiful afternoon, when, with a sternness of demeanor and with a fluttering heart, he approached the widow's house. With nose high in the air he was wondering what on earth he should say, when he felt his feet crunch against something hard and his steps arrested by a shrill treble of disapproval.

"Oh, you naughty man." Mr. Pebbles stopped aghast. From his immense height he looked down. He saw a little boy of about four dancing around him in a furious rage and with clenched fists. Beside the boy a little girl of three was endeavoring, with black hands, to restore a mud house which had been ruthlessly crushed. "God bless my soul!" cried Riley. "What have I done?" "Oh you naughty man!" said the little girl shaking her finger at him. Mr. Pebbles' great heart leaped toward these children whom he had so unwittingly abused. He had no experience in dealing with boys and girls, but his kindly bosom prompted him to do the right thing. He had forgotten by time all about the widow, all about the mortgage, and he was only intent upon restoring the children to their previous artless state of beatitude.

"Now, my little man," said Riley, "if you won't hit me so hard I will fix you up in no time." He took in the situation at a glance. "Can't you get a little more mud?" he said. "You can get some from the gutter over there." The boy spoke with a lordly air of command as to a younger brother. "Ah! I see I can," said Mr. Pebbles, cheerfully. He took off his brand new gloves and scooped up a heaping double handful of the most delicious plastic mud and brought it over with proper humility. "Now, little kid," he said to the youngest. "I ain't a kid; I am a girl; my name is Flossie."

"She ain't anything but a kid," said the boy, "ain't she?" appealing to his elder, whom he had very quickly admitted into the tribe of playmates. "If you say I am a kid," said the little girl, not at all appeased, "I will throw a hunk of this at you." She picked up a handful of mud.

Riley saw his immaculate collar and his expansive bosom prompted him to smooth clean-shaven face ruined beyond recognition, but that did not worry him in the least. For the first time in his life he was playing with children on terms of absolute equality. "Don't do that," said her brother. "I will tell mamma; it isn't polite." Riley gave his champion a grateful glance, and the two moved closer together.

"Now I tell you what you can do," continued the boy; "put your hand down and I will plaster the mud on top of it." Mr. Pebbles obediently put his huge paw upon the sidewalk, while the boy raised a mountain of mud on it and patted this down with great care. "There," said the lad when he had fashioned it into the right degree of roundness; "there! Take it out slowly and you will have the bluest of eyes you ever saw."

Flossie stood by with her mouth open. Her nature was sunk in the abyss of feminine admiration. "Let us make a hole in this end of it," she said, "then we will have a cave, and the Indians can run away when the soldiers chase after them."

How long the three children played

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there, entirely oblivious to the scorn of the suburban windows and the ridicule of the passerby, they did not know.

Suddenly Riley came to himself. "God bless my soul!" said Mr. Pebbles. "I must be going. I have a call to make."

"They were plastered an inch thick and great patches of mud were all over his trousers. It was impossible for him to look at his watch without soiling his immaculate white vest."

"Oh! no, no! Don't go!" cried the children, in unison. "You take us home; take me piggy back!" commanded the little girl.

"No, you selfish!" yelled the boy. "The children wrangled as to how Mr. Pebbles was to carry them home. At last it was decided that they should ride one on each of his broad shoulders."

With great contentment in his heart and with no more thought of meeting the widow, he bent down, took up the children and put one arm round each. Yelling with joy, they formed a merry picture.

"There!" cried the lad, "there is our house, and look, Floss, there is mamma in the window. Won't she be surprised?"

When Riley Pebbles came in front of the pretty little cottage he saw at a glance that it was dainty and refined. He suddenly remembered that he was only a stranger, who might almost be accused of kidnapping the two children whom he had never seen before.

"Mummy!" cried Flossie, "he is the bulkiest player you ever saw; I am not going to get down"—she proceeded to kick him on the chest—"till you have promised to come again."

"Excuse me, madam," said Mr. Pebbles, in an attempt at grandeur of manner; "I saw your little children on the street, and unwittingly spoiled their game. I do not suppose you know me. My name is Pebbles—Riley Pebbles, of the old firm of Pebbles & Stream."

The little lady looked up at the great, honest face. "Oh! she gasped, "are you Riley Pebbles?" Then her face turned suddenly white. "You ought to know me," continued in a trembling tone. "I am Mrs. Winfield—Florence, the wife of your old friend, I hope you are not sorry to see me. Won't you come in?"

Dressed in white, standing in the open door with outstretched hands, with a beautiful smile of welcome upon her lips, she seemed to Riley Pebbles the sweetest sight he had ever seen. The evening sun shone straight upon her hair and glorified her face. Riley held out his hands and would have clasped hers if he had not felt the crunching of the hardened clay between his fingers. He became also aware of the children, each of whom had appropriated one of his legs and was trying to tug him into the house.

"It is all dirt," he said, blushing apologetically. "Oh!" laughed the widow, "it is good honest dirt, and I am used to that."

They clasped hands, and to Riley Pebbles' excited mind it seemed as if her warm palm slid—it would be more precise to say grated—with a little reluctance from his muddy grasp.

Laughing, shouting, boisterous, the children danced and howled when they found that their new playmate was their mother's old friend. They led the caller in triumph into the house. Of course, Riley had to be washed like the rest of the children, and that occasioned such an amount of confusion and merriment as to make him feel more at home in ten minutes than he might otherwise have felt in ten years.

"Won't you stay to tea?" pleaded the widow. "No! I am so sorry. I suppose your sister needs you. How soon will you come again? The children will miss you very much, and, besides that I might—I should like to tell you about my business affairs, although you are the last man in the world I ought to trouble. You see—you see—"

Here eyes closed, and Riley fled down the porch stairs, fearing lest he might be betrayed into unmanly emotion.

At the corner he looked back. The golden light of the sunset burnished the little piazza. The clematis could not wholly hide the pretty picture, and there, leaning toward him the wife of his dead friend stood. With each hand she held back a struggling child eager to caper after this new playmate. Riley felt a great sob arise in his throat. It was the throes of a heart that had experienced the bitterness of homelessness until middle life had snared him unwares.

Three months after that, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the cold winds whistled down the little street, making it seem more impossible to live in than ever before. Roxana stood at the window awaiting her brother. Determination sat grimly upon her face. Indeed, her features had a cold, easterly expression that betokened the beginning of a long winter of discontent.

Roxana had reason for her suspicions. Since she had implanted the spirit of revenge in her brother's heart he had steadily gone down hill. There was no doubt about that. He brooked no reference to that unfortunate mortgage and would allow no aspersions to be cast upon the widow of the man who had ruined him. He had become silent, uncommunicative, mysterious. The woman whom she had all her life been able to twist round her finger for the first time began to evade her authority. What did this mean? What did this independence portend?

Moreover, and worse than all this, Riley Pebbles was irregular at his meals. Sometimes he did not come to dinner at all and sometimes he stole out after dinner and did not return till 11 or 12. She could not acknowledge herself that she looked dissipated, although she felt that he was so. There seemed to have come over his face a new expression which might almost be taken for happiness. But where could he get his happiness, except from his sister? Altogether Riley's conduct had excited in Roxana the keen-

est apprehension. She feared for his future yet she feared more lest her curiosity might not be gratified. The man who had incontinently babbed everything into her eager ears had now become a male sphinx, a creature far more incomprehensible than the Egyptian deity of old.

That night Roxana intended to have a reckoning with her brother. She had finished her sewing and made up her mind that the storm was bound ultimately to break, and it might as well break now. For the first time in her life she felt a little doubtful as to its outcome, and for this reason she rushed with a stiff neck to her fate.

Six o'clock struck. Riley did not come. This dinner hour, once so dear to his sister's heart because it brought with it her brother and a fresh breeze from the outside world, was accentuated to-night by the shrill, unsympathetic blasts of factory whistles. It seemed as if the fact of its being 6 o'clock would never cease being dinned into her ears. Still Riley had not arrived. Roxana had made up her mind that night to give her brother a cold dinner. The time for tact (which consists mostly in warm slippers, hot meals and a smile) had passed. It was now war to the hilt, for that morning the real estate agent had repossessed Roxana's soul.

With bony, cramped hands she sat there at the window, her gray eyes glued upon the cars that now whizzed past more and more infrequently as the evening lengthened into night. The table, the dinner reposed upon, throbbed, as congealed as the spider's heart. There she sat, an angular and unhappy picture of solitude. For she had cast love out of her nature and therefore she had no home. Only God knows the number of homeless in the midst of warmth and furniture and plenty—homeless because their hearts are atrophied.

Ten—11—12 o'clock struck with ominous precision. Presently Roxana, whose stomach was empty and whose temper was only in a thread leash, noticed in the glare of the electric lights a huge figure lumbering down the street. Yes, it was her brother Riley, a-twirling his cane and along the crisp, silent air was borne the sound of a song.

Where had the abandoned man been? Could it be that he was intoxicated? She earnestly hoped that he was. But Riley tripped down the street as if he weighed only a hundred and ten pounds and had nothing to conceal. He crunched on the creaking wooden steps and pugnauciously inserted the key into his own front door. He did not sneak in that night as he usually did. For the first time he had the air of a man who was master of his own fate. As he stepped into the dimly lighted hall, the haggard and threatening figure of his sister confronted him.

"Riley!" she said, icily, "your dinner has been waiting for you six hours. I will not ask you where you have been."

"Oh, thank you, sister," he said, easily. "I have had my dinner. You needn't have sat up." Although he was looking at Roxana he did not see her, for his soul's vision was fixed upon a tiny little dining room in which children seemed to swarm about his neck and upon the dearest little woman in the world, who had all love and all clinging and who—God bless her soul!

"Riley!" Roxana interrupted like a pistol shot. "I have not eaten a mouthful since breakfast. Do you want to know the reason why?"

"No, dear," answered Riley, pleasantly. "I'm going to bed."

But Roxana Pebbles was not a woman to be easily thwarted. With a leap she landed between Riley and the stairs and stood upon the lower step on a level with her big, good-natured brother. Into his face she peered long and searchingly. His eyes and skin were clear—he looked undisturbed and radiant. Indeed, he stood up straight like a man and did not seem at all flustered, but smiled into her excited face.

"Well," he said, cheerfully, "what is it now?—Have it out and you'll sleep better. And—er—Rock, old girl, don't look so cross, it isn't becoming."

A cold seized her heart. This easy, bantering, secure independence portended something terrible. What was the secret of her brother's emancipation?

"Riley," she said, severely—she knew that she was about to fire the last shot in her possession and if that failed to devastate, nothing was left to her but the commonplace exhibitions of a petty woman's temper—"Riley, answer me this. Why have you allowed that mortgage to go unpaid since October? Don't speak until I am through! You haven't the spirit of an oyster. I said oyster, but now I say you have not the courage of a clam. Why have you not turned that woman out of your own house? Where is your revenge?"

Now a unique thing occurred in the Pebbles household. Heretofore it had happened, through the custom of long years of experience, that Roxana had dominated that family in matters both great and small, and that when she snapped her tongue Riley danced. But to-night the wonder took place. Change always a miracle to those who do not expect it.

Riley looked straight into his sister's eyes unflinchingly and smiled like a happy boy.

"Rock," he said, in his cheerfulest manner, "you haven't said much tonight about your revenge. But I saw it brooding in your eye. I didn't take on at first, but now I'm going to take on, my dear. I've got sort of accustomed to the thought. You shall have your revenge. I'm going to turn Mrs. Winfield out of her house—"

"When?"

"Perhaps you did not know," said Riley, slowly and with a tender look in his great, heavy face that made it fine and strong, "that she has two little children who will have to be turned out, too?"

Roxana's eyes dropped beneath her brother's steady look. A flush of shame came and moistened her parched cheeks. For the first time it occurred to her that she had been unkind, perhaps unwomanly.

"Oh!" she gasped, "I did not know."

"I presume not," he went on, pleasantly, without a vestige of a taunt in tone. "They seldom do. Well, I have decided to turn the whole family out the first of next month."

He did not go on with his explanation, for before he knew it Roxana, the sister of his youth, the companion of his manhood and she who was to be the solace of his old age, burst into a flood of tears and flung herself into his arms.

"Oh! Oh!" she sobbed, "what have I done? What have I done?"

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated Riley, wiping his eyes with a disengaged hand. His arms had not been so empty during his estrangement from his sister as they might have been and he held her with even greater tenderness than before. But even Riley Pebbles in spite of his recent experiences, for knew little of a woman's nature. For suddenly Roxana wrenched herself from his brotherly embrace and stood before him blushing.

"How could you? You cold-hearted wretch you! Turn the widow and the fatherless out into the cold world the first of February? I am ashamed of you!"

Even then, in the fury of her onslaught, Riley did not cringe. He smiled.

"Don't you see Rock, dear? I—"

Then for the first time he stumbled. "Well?"

"I'm going to turn her out of her house, but—er—I'm going to take her into mine. The matter of it is, we're going to be married."

He heaved a stentorian sigh of relief and steeled his eyes so as not to waver from his sister's.

For a long time they stood opposite to each other without blinking and without speech. The clock struck cheerfully. But the man who had himself disintegrating, almost fainting. Visions of the past coursed like blood through her memory. Ah, she, too, had given up love and happiness for her only brother in the dim years ago, and now—now—expression after expression chased each other over her withered features, each making them softer, tenderer, more womanly. At some time to each unmarried woman comes the delicate thought of all the unborn happiness that she has passed. And now her eyes filled, her lips quivered, and this time she melted into her brother's arms like a tired child. She seemed suddenly to have lost all her angularity.

"Oh, Riley," she whispered, "I'll try to congratulate you—and be happy in it; but—why do you turn her out? Can't you live there, too? And—oh! isn't there a little room big enough for your own sister, who loves you and who hasn't any body else in the world but you, and who would like to help a little with the children's mending—and—"

"God bless my soul, Rock!" Riley couldn't even see the hall light, it was so blurred.

He couldn't speak. He bent and kissed his sister on the lips. Then he stood to his greatest height, his face glorified with joy. For he had taken his revenge, and he felt that it was complete.—Herbert D. Ward in the Independent.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Continued from Page Seven.

time in my life. It was at Florence, where I was studying art, for in those days I painted a little, dilettante fashion, and I came across the family of Harrison, who, as I tell you, were half English, half Italian, though to all intents and purposes Harrison was thoroughly Italianized, for he had been brought up in Italy, married there, and hardly spoke his own language decently. Their only child was Annuziata, a lovely girl, and their home was at Fiesole, among the olives. Mr. Harrison had no religion at all, and his mother used to practise all the fooleries her religion dictate. Your dear mother returned my affection, was quite happy in marrying me, and made no difficulties about my being a Protestant. In those days I was not as enlightened as I am now concerning the errors of Popery, and though I was dead against it I did not care what your mother's faith was. For I knew her sweet docile nature all too well to have any doubts about influencing her after we were married. The question of the faith of our children was not discussed between us. Anne—for I called her that, as she liked it—was much too shy, and so I should be as she would, promised it through her mother's promise. I doubted that by the time any appeared she would be as staunch a Protestant as myself. Just then I was so madly in love I promised anything—anything to get my sweet Anne. At the last the last mother made a fuss about her being married in a church, while I, to our going to England and being married there, but the Signora would not hear of it. So we were married by a very old priest, and then away we went, Anne and I, to Leghorn, where we started on a yachting tour which occupied some months, and during which time, excepting when we put into port, she had no chance of going to her church.

"Then, a couple of months before you were born, we went to Avarside, a house in Scotland which I had taken for a few months, and which I knew was far distant from any Popish place of worship."

"For a few weeks before your birth she seemed very depressed and not like her usual self, and I was anxious about her, especially as her mother had told me that her heart was not very strong. One day she told me that there was something she wanted to ask me to promise her, and you can imagine my astonishment when she said it was that our child should be brought up a Catholic, and that she herself wished to resume the practice of her religion, and she begged me to take her to London, where this house was shut up and in the hands of caretakers, because there, she said, she could find churches and

Italian priests. You can imagine my feelings after all the trouble I had taken to explain the errors of her faith to her! When I talked to her I found I had made but very little real progress towards unsettling her, and during our long honeymoon she had really taken it all in very little, and I am afraid we were so deeply in love with each other that I had taken a great deal for granted, my wish being father to the thought that she really had renounced her religion. She was not a reader, and never read the books I had taken on board for her to read.

"Of course I told her I could not take her to London just then, and as for our child being brought up a Catholic I put her off and would say nothing definite. It seemed she had heard from her mother, who had brought up the subject most unwisely."

"It was the first disagreeable word we had had since our marriage. She was extremely stubborn, and either could not or would not argue. At last I told her I would like her to see a Protestant minister, and I got Mr. Dering, who lived some miles off, to come and talk to her."

"His visits did not seem to do her much good, for all she repeated was that she wanted to practise her religion, and that she believed in it frantically. Then Mr. Dering led suddenly, and before I could get to know his successor, and ask him to try and bring Anne to a different frame of mind, you were born."

"Of course I did not, nor do I now, believe in baptismal regeneration and break the sabbath, but I had every intention of taking you to a church at some time or other to be christened, but as you were delicate, it was put off and not done, in fact, until a year after your dear mother died."

"But how did her religion cause my mother's death?" inquired Ida, who had listened to this story with the deepest interest.

"I am coming to that," said Mr. Vanderman. "Ah, God only knows of the grief it was to me to lose her and how much I felt her death! She was such a sweet little darling. You remind me of her in some ways," and Mr. Vanderman glanced at his daughter's face seen in the bright fire-light.

"It is on her account that you are so fond of Italian, I suppose," said Ida, feeling she must say something to break the silence which succeeded her father's last words. The words seemed cold and inappropriate, but she felt so strangely moved by her father's story that she said nothing.

Mr. Vanderman nodded, and his voice was husky as he continued. "Yes, I knew it fairly well before I went to Italy and then I always spoke it with her. Well—to return to this 'business,'" and Mr. Vanderman sighed. "One day some weeks after your birth she was sitting in the hall with the dogs, and I had come in from from shooting. She was looking lovely in a blue gown—I remember it so well—and you in her arms. The hall was a favorite place for her to sit in, and she made a pretty picture. Her complexion came out quickly—you resemble her in that, Ida—she began to speak about religion, and she told me she had been very unhappy about it, and that she had not, as I had fondly hoped, lost faith in it at all, and she repeated what she had said before, that she wanted to practise her religion and to bring you up a Catholic. Her mother had written to her and told her that I had promised that she should be free about that. I told her I was very sorry to hurt her, but that if I had promised it then, that now I found I could not keep the promise, and that no child of mine should ever be a Papist. She accused me of deceiving her mother, and I shrugged my shoulders and said all was fair in love and war. When she remonstrated, I told her that I had learnt more of the evils of Popery even since my marriage and that it was useless pleading with me, and that she must rest content in her husband's religion. Surely I knew better than she did!

"She answered that she could not argue, but that all she knew was, that she was very unhappy, and she began to cry."

"I am being punished," she said. "It is a 'castigo,' chastisement, and I deserve it."

"What for?" I inquired, somewhat astonished at her tone.

"For marrying one not of my faith, and of not making more sure that you would let me practise my religion."

"I can't say you seemed very unhappy about it when we were yachting," remarked, for she never had seemed to care very much.

"I didn't care then, my head was turned, I thought of you only, but lately I have thought over things and read my prayer-book and my Imitation, and I do want you to do as I ask. I believe it all as firmly as I ever did."

"At this juncture I rang for the nurse to take you up to your nursery."

"The woman stared at Anne's flushed and tearful face, and when she was out of the room your mother burst into a passionate fit of crying, and she became very much excited indeed. She begged and implored me to swear I would leave her free, and let you be a Catholic, and when I did not reply, she rose and knelt to me. You can imagine from that the powerful hold that early superstition had upon her! Of course I would not swear any such thing, then—"

Mr. Vanderman paused and pressed his hand to his eyes. After a moment's pause, which seemed much longer to Ida, Mr. Vanderman said shortly: "I suppose the excitement was too much for her heart for she gave a short scream and fell back—she was gone."

Ida could not speak. She had pictured the scene to herself very vividly and she was feeling keenly for both her parents. Among the contents of the trunks she had found a soft Italian silk dress of pale blue—it may have been the one worn by her mother on that memorable day, and Ida mentally decided that it should not be used for the tableaux—it was too sacred as associated with that tragic occasion.

"Father, it must have been dreadful for you," said Ida at length. "You must be so sorry—and reproach yourself, though I suppose that you acted for the best."

TALK TO YOUR CHILDREN.

Almost all parents expect that their children will know right from wrong without any instruction from them. They leave the whole moral training of their boys and girls to the teacher and the priest. They do not consider it their bounden duty to educate their offspring ethically, to impart to them sound principles, and to form their conscience.

Formerly parents used to give up at least a part of every Sunday afternoon to the moral training of their young. They heard a Catechism lesson. They read to them a chapter from the Bible or from the Life of a Saint, or from some book of moral instruction. They talked to them of their school tasks or their stints at work, if they had gone out to be employed, and they admonished them to be docile within the scope of the authority of the teacher or the employer to command. They invited the confidence of their children. They welcomed questions concerning duty. They helped them to understand the meaning of life and the way to put it to good use.

But in the rush and stress of existence nowadays, fathers and mothers seem to have no time and no inclination to instruct their children. They do not even inquire how they are getting on in the routine study of religion. They expect the teacher and the pastor to do everything that is necessary to instill the faith into their little ones. But this is not right. They cannot shift their own responsibility. They should see to it personally that their sons and daughters know not simply the Catechism by rote but also the full meaning of the rudiments of religion therein contained. They should talk to them regularly and systematically on this subject so as to open their intellect to the full force of the will to the apprehension and the love of the truth—Catholic Columbian.

MARY'S PREDESTINATION.

When we consider the Word's desire to assume a created nature, when we ponder His choice of a human nature, when we reflect on His further choice of His soul and body, and add to all these considerations the remembrance of His immense love, we can see how His goodness would exult in the choice of His Mother, whom to love exceeding ly was to become one of His chiefest graces, one of the greatest of all human perfections. All possible creatures were before Him, out of which to choose the creature that was to come nearest Him, the creature that was to love Him, and to have a natural right to love Him, best of all, and the creature whom duty as well as preference was to bind him to love with the intensest love. Then, out of all He chose Mary. What could He be said? She fulfilled His idea, or rather she did not so much suit His idea, but she was herself His idea, and His idea of her was the cause of her creation. The whole theology of Mary lies in this eternal and efficacious choice of her in the bosom of the Father.—Father Faber.

EXPERIENCED MOTHERS.

Experienced mothers know that most of the troubles that afflict young children are due to some derangement of the stomach or bowels, and that if the cause is removed the little one will be plump, rosy and happy. For such troubles as indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and teething troubles there is no medicine in the world can equal Baby's Own Tablets. The action of the Tablets is speedy, and above all things safe, as they contain not one particle of opiate or harmful drug. Ask any mother who has used the Tablets and she will say that they are the best medicine in the world. Mrs. John Gill, Cranberry, Que., says: "After having thoroughly tested Baby's Own Tablets I can say they are the best remedy for the ailments of little ones I have ever used. No mother should be without them in the house."

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Advertisement—Ten cents per line each insertion, square measurement.

Approved and recommended by the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

Correspondence intended for publication, as well as that having reference to business, should be directed to the proprietor and must reach London not later than Monday morning.

When subscribers change their residence it is important that the old as well as the new address be sent us.

Agents or collectors have no authority to stop your paper unless the amount due is paid.

Matter intended for publication should be mailed in time to reach London not later than Monday morning. Please do not send us poetry. Obituary and marriage notices sent by subscribers must be in a condensed form, to insure insertion.

LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION. UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA.

Ottawa, Canada, March 17, 1904. To the Editor of THE CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont.:

Dear Sir: For some time past I have read your estimable paper, THE CATHOLIC RECORD, and congratulate you upon the manner in which it is published.

The matter and form are both good; and a truly Catholic spirit pervades the whole. Therefore, with pleasure, I can recommend it to the faithful.

Blessing you, and wishing you success. Believe me, to remain, Yours faithfully in Jesus Christ, D. FALCONIO, Arch. of Larissa.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APR. 30, 1904.

REV. DR. DE COSTA.

We are pleased to be able to state that a priest of the diocese of Hamilton, Ont., has received information from Rev. Dr. De Costa, who has been ill in Rome since his ordination last fall, that he expects to be able to set sail for New York on April 18th.

The venerable doctor has now turned his seventy-second year. It will be good news to his many admirers in this country that the distinguished convert has been vouchsafed a new lease of life, and we hope he will be given many years to labor in God's Holy Church.

THE NEW YORK ANTI-DIVORCE CONFERENCE.

In the New York Messenger for April, the Rev. B. J. Otten, of the Jesuit order, shows by approximate statistics the extent to which the national evil of divorce has grown in the United States during recent years.

In the Monthly Bulletin of the Department of Labor for September, 1902, the number of divorces granted in sixty cities of all parts of the United States during 1901 was 6,998.

The population of these sixty cities was 8,146,833, or a little less than one ninth of that of the whole country, and at this rate the whole country would have 63,681 divorces during the year.

But as it is known that divorces are apt to be more numerous in the cities than in the country, the figures in sixty counties are also taken, and are found to be, in the same year, 11,120.

These sixty counties had a population of 13,359,714, or two-elevenths of the whole population, so multiplying 11,120 by five and one half we obtain 61,160, which does not differ very greatly from the result previously obtained.

The lowest limit, therefore, which can be assigned for the number of divorces granted in the whole country is 31,160. Allowing 6 per cent. as the increase for each successive year we obtain for 1903 the "respectable number" of 68,719, whence it follows that the divorce courts broke up during that year very nearly 70,000 homes, a number sufficiently large to constitute a fair-sized city.

It is no wonder that the Protestant clergy have taken alarm at the magnitude of this evil. At the Church conference held in St. Bartholomew's Parish House, New York, ten Protestant bodies were represented. Catholics were not represented, but Archbishop Farley wrote a letter to Bishop Doane expressing sympathy with the object of the gathering.

As the course of the Catholic Church in regard to the matter is already well defined, and, at all events, very few Catholics take advantage of the divorce laws, it was not deemed necessary that Catholics should take part in the Conference, which was certain to fall far short of the position taken by the Catholic Church.

Very many different views were taken of the matter by the delegates of the various Churches, but the following resolution proposed by Bishop Greer was finally adopted:

"That in recognition of the comity which should exist between Christian Churches, it is desirable, and would tend to increase the spirit of unity, for each Church represented in the Conference to advise, and if authority will allow, to enjoin its ministers to refuse to unite in marriage any person or persons whose marriage the ministers have good reason to believe is forbidden by the laws of the Church in which either party seeking to be married holds membership."

This resolution, indefinite as it is, shows of itself the diversity of opinion between the various denominations

which took part in the Conference. The duty of comity between Christian Churches is expressed. But if such a duty exists, ought it not to make itself manifest in unity of faith above all things?

And then it is admitted that in some of the Churches there is a supreme authority, while in others there is no authority to enjoin any special course even upon its clergy. The laws governing marriage are also declared to be laws of the respective Churches, and not the laws of God. How can they be laws at all, if the clergy and laity are not bound by them? And are we to infer that there is no law of God governing the case in point?

But the most strange provision is that by which the ministers are asked to conform to the laws of the churches to which both parties belong. How should the minister act when those laws are based upon opposite principles, as is the case between several of the Churches?

The Living Church, a Protestant Episcopal organ, published in Milwaukee, expresses the opinion that at least the resolution adopted will give rise to "a crusade against the grosser sins against the inviolability of the marriage tie." The Boston Congregationalist, on the other hand, believes that the general acceptance of the resolution passed is "somewhat doubtful."

We are inclined to believe that the Congregationalist's view will prove to be very nearly correct.

Dr. Orestes A. Brownson asserted, and proved, that Mormonism (Smith's angel) the inspirer of Mormonism, was a devil like Mohamet's angel. "What do you think of Brownson?" once asked Lord Brougham of an erudite Harvard Professor visiting London: "I never heard of him," he replied. Dr. Brownson, the great philosopher and convert, then lived in Boston town, where fanatics used to burn up the convent homes of innocent Ursulines. "Go back and study Brownson!" was the advice of Lord Brougham, the statesman and scholar.

MORE DOUKHOBORS!

A company of Doukhobors numbering seventeen passed westward last week by the Canadian Pacific Railway on the way to join the settlement of their countrymen and co-religionists in the North-West. They report that they managed by stealth to escape the vigilance of the Russian authorities who are just now exceedingly anxious to prevent the emigration of able-bodied men from the Empire, owing to the demand for men to stop bullets in the present war with the Japanese.

There are said to be thousands of Doukhobors in Russia who are anxious to come to Canada, but two serious obstacles are in the way: the vigilance of the Russian Government in preventing any emigration, and their poverty, which makes the proposing immigrants unable to travel far in large numbers.

The Doukhobors are in their religious principles opposed to taking up arms for any cause, and such principles are very unacceptable to the Russian authorities, who desire that all subjects of the Empire should bear their share in its military burdens. The refusal of the Doukhobors to do this has been the cause on account of which many Doukhobors have suffered imprisonment and other punishments which they regard as persecution for conscience's sake. The spokesman of the company of immigrants now on their way to the North-West says that besides being refused permission to exercise their religion, they have been prevented from buying the necessities of life, and even from working to supply themselves with the same. They are not allowed to move from place to place, and the letters they receive from the Canadian North-West are always opened by the authorities and half of them are not delivered to those to whom they are addressed.

Peter Vadnoski, who is a leader of the party, and speaks and understands English fairly well, says:

"We came to this country to work and to be good citizens. We have heard the best accounts of the country, and that there is a welcome for all classes and creeds. We admit that there may be among our people some fanatical individuals, but it is sure that the Doukhobors are among the most industrious and frugal people of Russia. We do not believe in military service, that is true, but I think we can be good citizens without learning the art of killing our brothers."

He avows that the principal difficulty the Doukhobors encounter at the present time is that it is the policy of the Government of Russia to send all whom they can manage to secure for this purpose, to go to the far East to fight for the great Russian Empire, and this fact causes the Doukhobors to wish for the defeat of Russia in its present trouble.

It is undeniable that the Russian Government has been a violent persecutor of all who would not conform to the Established Schismatical Church, and Catholics, Lutherans, Standists or Protestants and Jews have all suffered severely on this account. But in the case of the Doukhobors, who refused to share the military burdens of the Empire, in which all should participate, there was certainly great provocation given by the supposed sufferers to the authorities. Their attempts to evade military duty would not be tolerated in any country where all are expected to fulfil their duty, and thus the Doukhobors brought upon themselves much of the persecution of which they complain so bitterly. Certainly if Canada should ever be under the necessity of arming its whole population to repel invasion, or to establish a conscription law, the anti-military principles of the Doukhobors would render them a disagreeable portion of the population. But certain correspondence which was presented to Parliament by the Hon. Mr. Sifton so recently as April 11th shows that on other grounds the Doukhobors have made themselves disagreeable to their neighbors of the North-West. Petition after petition has been sent in to the Government by English-speaking citizens asking the removal of the Doukhobors to lands further north, on the plea that they are "undesirable neighbors and poor citizens." Complaints are made that they will not assist in the formation of school districts, and that their creeds, habits, and social environments are totally incompatible with those of the English-speaking settlers. They refuse to comply with the laws regarding the registration of births, marriages, and deaths, and in other matters their peculiarities are said to render them disagreeable, and one of the petitioners declares that "one good settler is worth more than two hundred of these people."

When the Doukhobors first came to this country, they were heartily welcomed by the warm-hearted Canadian people, who really commiserated them as a people fleeing from religious persecution; but the facts as we have here related them soon became known, and it became the very general opinion that the enthusiastic welcome extended to them was misplaced. Later on, when in their religious fanaticism they let loose on the prairies all their live stock, and discarded their boots and woolen clothing on the ground that it is unlawful to make use of animal material for the benefit of man, they became a nuisance at the beginning of a severe Northwestern winter, as they were thrown upon the charity of the more rational settlers who had to supply them with food, shelter, and clothing to prevent them from freezing or starving to death. And besides, to the number of about seventeen hundred, they set out on a foolish pilgrimage to convert the whole population to their absurd creed. All this was a folly rather than a crime; but it was enough to make them disagreeable neighbors; and it gave the whole police force of the country more than ordinary trouble to bring them back to their own homes. Among the vagaries recorded of them on this occasion it was stated that on their arrival at Yorkton and Churchbridge, the women refused to take food whenever it was offered to them and would shake their heads vehemently saying "nie, nie, no, no," and when their hungry children would take a biscuit from any of the citizens or officials, they would snatch it away, and gently slap the cheeks of the hungry little ones, and chide them for eating the prohibited food.

We do not desire to see our Canadian authorities absolutely refuse to admit to the country the poor people who propose to come hither fleeing from the hardships they have endured, but we hope that the doors of the Dominion will not be thrown open indiscriminately to irrational fanatics of the same class as were so freely admitted before. If we are to have Doukhobor immigrants we should at least have the assurance that those who come to settle among us shall be of a desirable class.

A Toronto paper declared while these vagaries were going on that they caused the Canadian public to forget their attitude of welcome to such settlers, and made them feel that, after all, the Russian authorities may not be such harsh oppressors as they were supposed to be in the treatment of these peculiar people.

MARIE CORELLI.

To the Editor:

As to your timely editorial comment on the orthodoxy of Marie Corelli's hysterical works now so voraciously read by our High school boys and girls, permit me to say that in one of her first insane literary offences—"The Romance of Two Worlds"—with one sweep of her facile pen she denies original sin and its consequences, *Ab uno disce omnes*, as Virgil says. Surely this year's jubilee commemoration of the great sin which made us—Mary the great sin, which made us—Mary excepted—children of wrath and slaves of the devil—and over whom Madam Corelli sheds tears of sorrow.

BEER AND STUDY.

Dr. Edward Meyer, a professor of Berlin University, declared recently in Chicago that "beer-drinking is good for students, as it eases the mind and fits it for reflection."

This opinion is not to be accepted unreservedly, for the consensus of medical and professorial opinion lies in quite the opposite direction. Dean Hurlbut of Harvard declares: "I have never found that beer fits the mind for study. My experience has been exactly the opposite." Another professor, Dr. Sedgwick, says with special reference to Dr. Meyer's opinion:

"My opinion is that beer does not contribute to good brain work, especially among Americans. The committee of college professors who recently investigated this subject reported the same opinion. The sensible, practical verdict is against the use of alcoholic drinks among brain workers. I understand that the German Emperor has recognized this fact, and has tried to restrict the use of beer among the students. My opinion is that alcohol is never a stimulus to good brain work, but is indubitably an aid to good fellowship. Our climatic and social conditions are entirely opposed to its use."

In fact medical opinion is almost a unit to the same effect that in any form alcohol, even though used moderately, has nearly always an injurious effect both on the brain and on the general health. When Professor Meyer makes the contrary assertion, we are strongly reminded of Josh Billings' statement of the case. This humorist declares that he was informed by an acquaintance that beer is certainly not intoxicating, and Josh adds that his informant ought to know all about it, as he kept a beer saloon, and he had therefore no object for stating anything that was not strictly true in regard to this subject.

Josh adds, though we translate his words into English:

"I believed him to the full extent of my ability. I never drank but three glasses of beer in my life, and that made my head untwist as though it were hung on the end of a string; but I was told it was owing to my bile being out of place. I guess it was so, for I never boiled over worse than I did when I got home that night. My wife thought I was going to die, and I was afraid I should not, for it did seem as though everything I had ever eaten in my life was coming to the surface; and I do really believe that if my wife had not pulled off my boots just as she did, they would have come thundering up too. . . . If any man should tell me I was not drunk that night, I should ask him to state over just how a man feels when he is really drunk. If I was not drunk that night I had some of the most natural symptoms that a man ever had who was still sober."

It is to be remarked that even saloon-keepers appreciate the value of sobriety in their employees, and it is not uncommon to find that, in advertisements calling for bartenders for saloons and bars in general, sober men only are requested to apply, and total abstainers are preferred.

CATHOLICITY IN NEW ENGLAND.

A Lowell, Massachusetts, correspondent of Harper's Weekly is worried by the question, "What will be the religion of New England in twenty-five years?" In his city the number of marriages during the week ending Feb. 3 was, of English and Protestant couples, three; of Catholic couples, French and Irish, seventeen. The number of births during January was English and Protestant, eleven; Irish and French Catholic, ninety-five. The Congregationalist asserts that a similar state of affairs exists, and has existed for many years throughout the cities and towns of New England, and iniers that within a few years the Roman Catholic population will predominate in New England, which is the cradle of American Evangelical Protestantism. In fact, even now the Catholics are rapidly approaching the point where they will reach to 50 per cent. of the population.

JESUITS FOR GERMANY.

The Rev. Father Martin, the General of the Jesuits, has recently had several interviews with Pope Pius X. on the subject of the return of members of the Jesuit Order to Germany, and the location of French Jesuits in German houses of the Order.

Notwithstanding that by the Falk laws passed by the German Parliament in 1872 at the instigation of Otto Von Bismarck, and that the law prohibiting the stay of the Jesuits in the Empire remained unrevoked until recently, there have been several Jesuit houses in Germany, as at Bonn, and other cities.

It was impossible to obtain the consent of the Bundesrath to the repeal of the law, owing to the strong prejudice entertained against the order in many of the Protestant States of the Empire, and this prejudice was much stronger among the nobility than among the middle classes and the workingmen. Hence the Reichstag or popular house of Parliament, several times passed bills permitting the return of the Jesuits, the Bundesrath,

however, which to a great extent corresponds to the British House of Lords, vetoed the measure. Nevertheless, the Government tolerated these Jesuit establishments, provided they did not ostentatiously manifest their existence by publishing extensively the work in which they were engaged.

But owing to the rapid increase of Socialism among the people, the Government, knowing that the Catholic Church is its chief support against extreme Socialism, has found it necessary to appease Catholic sentiment, to secure Catholic support for its measures in the Parliament, and thus, one by one, all the penal laws of Bismarck have been repealed, till recently, the last of them has been swept away, by the consent of the Bundesrath to the free admission of Jesuits.

Thousands of the French Jesuits who have been expelled from their own country by recent legislation will now find a refuge in Germany, and their zeal will open up new colleges throughout the Empire. Many of these Jesuits will also devote themselves to missionary work, and it is to make proper arrangements for the exercise of their zeal that the Holy Father summoned Father Martin to consult with him on the matter of the best way of distributing the many Jesuits who are prepared to enter Germany at once.

In Europe, the General of the Jesuits is commonly called "the Black Pope," owing to the strong influence which the Order holds in the Church. The Jesuit dress being black, while that of the Pope is white.

ALLEGED NON-CONFORMIST CONVERSIONS.

A very short but curious controversy arose recently between the Bishop of Bristol, (Anglican) and the Rev. T. J. Winson, a Congregational minister at Swindon, regarding conversions to Anglicanism from the ranks of the Non-conformists. The Bishop asserted that at a meeting in Swindon that at a confirmation which he had attended, more than half of those confirmed were Non-conformist parents, and Non-conformist children who were confirmed with their parent's consent.

The Rev. Mr. Winson wrote to the Bishop asking him to give the name of the place, the time, and the number of candidates thus confirmed. The Bishop replied that he has no wish to say more on the subject of Non-conformists coming back to the Church which their forefathers left than he said at Swindon.

The Rev. Mr. Winson maintains that the Bishop made an empty boast which has no foundation in fact, but he is unable to elicit any further information on the subject from his Lordship.

Facts like this scarcely justify the statements which have recently been made to the effect that the time is near at hand when the sects of Protestantism will bury the hatchet and become one organization. If they do so the event can take place only by burying deep the doctrines which they respectively maintain Christ commanded them to preach to the whole world, but which differ widely in the various denominations.

OTTAWA CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

Great regret was felt all over Canada and the United States when the news was flashed last December that the great Catholic College and University of Ottawa was reduced to ashes at about 7 o'clock in the morning when students and professors were at breakfast. The loss of so renowned an educational institution was deplorable, but a most unfortunate accompanying occurrence was the loss of two priests, members of the Oblate Order, who owed their sad and untimely deaths to injuries received in the burning of the University while they were endeavoring to escape.

The plans of the new University, which it is intended to erect as soon as possible, are on a magnificent scale, and under the direction of Very Rev. Father Emery, Rector of the University, and his able staff of professors, the new buildings will be pushed on and when completed will far surpass the old.

His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, the Apostolic Delegate to Canada, has promised to be present at the laying of the corner-stone of the new structure, which will be an ornament to Ottawa, which has already many very handsome public buildings. It is expected that arrangements for this ceremony, which will be on a grand scale, will be completed by May 24th.

Many high ecclesiastical dignitaries from Canada and the United States will be present. Among others His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who takes such a deep interest in Catholic education, will probably honor the occasion with his presence.

Notwithstanding the loss of the buildings, the classes have not been interrupted, determined efforts having been made by the University authorities not to inconvenience the large number of students from Canada and

the United States who have been preparing for degrees and different examinations. The University has been in a most flourishing condition and has had a larger attendance in recent than in former years. It is expected that after the completion of the new buildings its success will be greater than ever. It is prepared, however, even at the present moment, to open its doors to all students who apply for admission.

It will be a source of laudable pride to the Dominion Capital, and of delight to the Catholics of America when the new buildings are completed.

BEWARE OF SWINDLES.

We cannot too often warn our readers against swindling advertisements which may be seen in almost every paper that one takes up. Frequently we are in receipt of a request from swindlers to publish their announcements, but, of course, their literature is only thrown in the waste paper basket. They are enterprising, those crooks who make a fortune out of the credulity of the public. Their advertisements are catchy, and to all appearances perfectly honest and straightforward. Their usual plan is to announce a very large salary to begin with, the amount often ranging all the way from \$10 to \$50 a week—prompt cash every week of course. This sums all very nice, but after having had some correspondence with them you are requested to send, say, \$5 or even \$10 to start the machine going. This, they state, merely "the cost of the outfit," or the "necessary expense in opening up business relations," etc. You of course send your money in good faith—but you never hear from the party again.

A good rule to adopt is never to send money to any person until you are convinced that he is thoroughly reliable and does business in a straightforward manner. Be careful, too, of testimonials. Very often those sent out are fraudulent, for a dishonest person will write letters of recommendation purporting to come from members of Congress, judges, justices of the peace, etc., men having no existence, but people at a distance do not know or suspect that such is the case.

Some time since a patent medicine man published in many of our Canadian papers a large picture of a Sister of Charity who gave a testimonial recommending this nostrum—which really consists of about three parts alcohol and one part of some cheap herb which costs about 10 cents a lb. Of course, it cures everything under the sun—especially catarrh. A Catholic editor in Columbus, Ohio, took the matter up, and after a careful search of the address given of the supposed Sister of Charity it was revealed that no such person was known in the neighborhood.

Once again we say, "Beware of Swindlers." If any man wants to employ you, it is all right to start working for him if his goods are honest goods, and are to be sold at an honest price, providing he gives a just recompense for your labor; but have nothing to do with those who ask a cash payment in advance.

THE C. M. B. A. PUSHING AHEAD.

We are more than pleased to note the steady advance of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, as will be seen by the following extract from The Canadian, its official organ. Indeed, it may be considered a matter of pride for Canadian Catholics to have in their midst a fraternal insurance association so prosperous, so reliable and so well-managed:

It is most satisfactory to record March as one of the best months in the history of the C. M. B. A. Three hundred and two medical certificates in all were received at the head office. This number includes rejected as well as accepted certificates. The number of initiations reported were 216.

This is certainly a satisfactory condition of affairs. The death rate, it is true, was heavy, but we must bear in mind we have passed through a most severe and trying winter—the longest and most severe in the history of this country. These claims are being steadily and promptly met.

The response for a general movement among the branches is most encouraging. There is activity and energy in every quarter. From far and near come the glad tidings announcing the beginning of the new era. If there are any branches that have not as yet joined in the grand procession, let them fall in line now. The banners are unfurled at the next convention must float over twenty thousand strong.

Immigration into Manitoba and the Northwest territories continues to increase, adding immensely to the responsibilities of missionary Bishops. In the diocese of St. Boniface, alone there are now 30,000 Galicians, mostly Catholics. But they are poor, like the majority of the immigrants.

A despatch received at New York announces that Rev. John R. Oliver, son of Robert Shaw Oliver, of Albany, assistant secretary of war, was received into the Catholic Church at the English church of San Silvestro, in Rome. Mr. Oliver was a minister of the Protestant Episcopal church until last June when he was deposed from the ministry at his own request by Bishop Doane.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

THE MISSION OF CHRIST.

Our Lord's mission on earth was to preach... for entering one day into the synagogue...

The world had long since been without the instruction and consolation of the all-saving word of God...

In preaching to men He would not be content with addressing society superficially, but would go to its substrata...

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CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.

CHAIR OF AMERICAN HISTORY ENDOWED - KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS DONATE CHEQUE FOR \$50,000.

With imposing ceremony, before an assemblage which included the most distinguished dignitaries of the Catholic Church of America...

At a convention of the Knights of Columbus in New Haven, Conn., five years ago the suggestion was made by Right Rev. P. J. Garrigan, D. D., then vice rector of the university...

The last address of the day was made by Mr. John J. Delaney, Mr. Delaney is the corporation counsel of the city of New York...

At the conclusion of Mr. Delaney's address Cardinal Gibbons pronounced the benediction and the entire assemblage sang the "Te Deum."

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE. Within the heart of the Catholic Church there exists a supreme, abiding sense of the justice of her cause...

COMBES THE SACRILEGIOUS. HIS HOLY WEEK INSULT TO THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The maddening insult thrown into the face of the Catholic world by Premier Combes' order...

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT. A very common offence against this commandment is that species of detraction known as tale-bearing...

CATHOLIC NOTES. An academy for the teaching of real classical Church music on the lines laid down by the Sacred Congregation of Rites...

THE BLESSING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW UNIVERSITY OF OTTAWA will be performed on May 1st by His Grace, Archbishop Duhameil...

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education was pronounced by Archbishop Ryan in Philadelphia. The formal presentation of the check was then made by Supreme Knight Hearn to Cardinal Gibbons...

"In this age of rampant individualism, all claims of wholesome nature are liable to be ignored. We incline, by reason of our strictly commercial and ostentatious intolerance of the rights and claims of others...

"It is anomalous, to say the least, that a condition detrimental to Catholics and Catholic interests, which prevailed in the early days of this country, should be permitted to survive...

"I remember," continued Bishop Garrigan, turning toward Cardinal Gibbons, "how the idea of this gift made-to-day took definite shape at the convention held in New Haven, in March, 1899..."

"We believe this presentation of \$50,000 to the Catholic University of America for the endowment of a chair of American history is but the beginning of the great struggle for truth...

"The applause that greeted the speech of Sir Knight Hearn was only equalled by the enthusiasm with which Cardinal Gibbons was received as he rose to make the speech of acceptance...

"You have not only given us \$50,000, but you have signified your interest by your presence here to-day in such vast numbers. And we are cheered by that interest, as is Pope Pius, who is walking in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, Leo XIII..."

"Gentlemen of the Knights of Columbus, you do not bear royal titles nor have you royal robes, but you have robes by your gift that you have royal Catholic hearts. (Applause.)"

"The balance of Power Among Nations" are terms not fully understood by some very cultured persons. At the next meeting these terms, also the Monroe doctrine, will be explained.

A new book of the spiritual order has been added to the library. Its author is Very Rev. Father McDonald of Antigonish, N. S., and its name is "The Symbol in Sermons." The book contains a number of sermons explaining the different articles of the Creed.

With imposing ceremony, before an assemblage which included the most distinguished dignitaries of the Catholic Church of America, on the campus at the Catholic University, yesterday afternoon Supreme Knight E. L. Hearn of the Knights of Columbus formally presented to Cardinal Gibbons, Chancellor of the Catholic University, a cheque of \$50,000 the voluntary contribution of the members of the order, for the establishment of a chair of secular American history in the university...

At a convention of the Knights of Columbus in New Haven, Conn., five years ago the suggestion was made by Right Rev. P. J. Garrigan, D. D., then vice rector of the university, that the Knights could do no better deed than to endow a chair of American history in the university in this city. He spoke eloquently of the value of such an endowment. Mr. John J. Delaney, one of the prominent members of the order, took the matter in hand and gave the movement its first impetus. The entire order was aroused throughout the country and as a result voluntary subscriptions to the fund, the amount of which was fixed at \$50,000, soon came pouring in to the officers appointed to receive it. The fund swelled until a short time ago the requisite amount was reached. The members of the order desired to simply send the check to the university officials without unnecessary display. But as the presentation marked the opening of a new era in the educational world it was decided that the presentation of the gift should be accompanied by an appropriate ceremony. Thus it was that the Knights of Columbus and their ladies, from every section of the country, gathered on the campus of the university in front of McMahon Hall yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock to witness the presentation and to listen to the addresses by the distinguished prelates and officers of the order.

The supreme council of the order, the distinguished guest and the trustees and faculty of the university occupied seats on a stand which had been built directly in front of the entrance to McMahon Hall. The robes of the officers of the church, shading from the brilliant scarlet of the cardinal through the more subdued tones of the bishops and archbishops' vestment to the somber blue of the cassocks of the priest and the formal attire of the laity, grouped around them were beneath the flag and bunting draped sides of the stand, formed a picturesque scene. American flags and white and gold, the colors of the papacy, were the principal features of the decoration. Not the least prominent object on the stand was the immense check, ten feet long and four feet wide, signed by a thousand names, engrossed on white satin. The check was drawn on the Union Trust Company of Providence, R. I., payable to the order of the Catholic University. At the top of the check were two crossed flags beneath which was engrossed "Knights of Columbus."

Those on the stand at the time of the presentation were: James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, the Rt. Rev. P. J. Garrigan, bishop of Sioux City; Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University; Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, Archbishop Farley of New York; Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul, Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, former rector of the university. Archbishop Gleason of St. Louis, Bishop Spalding of Peoria, Bishop Hortsman of Cleveland, Bishop Maes of Covington, Bishop Foley of Detroit, Archbishop Chapelle of New Orleans, Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, Right Rev. Matthew Harkins, Bishop of Providence, and Rev. D. J. Stafford of this city.

with enthusiasm and the three mighty cheers were given. The Cardinal rose to his feet and bowed right and left in acknowledging the honor done him. He appeared to be much affected by the demonstration.

"This is one of those notable events which show the unity and strength of the Catholic Church. I congratulate the university on this testimonial of its high merits, and I congratulate the Knights of Columbus on its generous gift to day. I doubt if any act will ever surpass this act in national value. This act shall live. We hope that this shall contradict the old saying that history is directed against truth."

"For the fourth time in the history of this university it has received a notable expression of the favor in which it is held. I sincerely hope the procession will keep passing on."

"I understand that in addition to the gift of \$50,000 which you have made to day, there are other thousands coming for the establishment of a library and other educational factors. This is a proof of the fact that the University is a University of the people, as the Catholic Church is the Church of the people."

"I remember," continued Bishop Garrigan, turning toward Cardinal Gibbons, "how the idea of this gift made-to-day took definite shape at the convention held in New Haven, in March, 1899. I remember that I went to you and received your encouragement and support, and to this the success of the undertaking is due."

"No one but several professors of American history should be here to carry on the work. There should be here in the center of Catholic learning at Washington original manuscripts in French and Latin from Europe, for reference, that our university may become a fountain of knowledge."

The last address of the day was made by Mr. John J. Delaney. Mr. Delaney is the corporation counsel of the city of New York, and is regarded as one of the foremost orators of the metropolis. He referred to the loyalty of the Catholic people in America and declared that the presentation of the fund for the benefit of the University and its connection of the Catholic Church therewith, about the great influence of the Catholic Church in the making thereof; and, not certain how best to attain to that end, call upon your eminence and you, the most Reverend Trustees of the Catholic University.

We give you the limited amount of our command, and bid you in God's name go seek the truth and teach it to us, to our children and to the whole world.

Cardinal Gibbons' acceptance. The applause that greeted the speech of Sir Knight Hearn was only equalled by the enthusiasm with which Cardinal Gibbons was received as he rose to make the speech of acceptance. Standing against the background of the brilliant scarlet robes of his office the cardinal looked the ideal prince of the Church, his thin, esthetic face, his long arms, which he used gracefully, and his dignity of pose and manner added materially to the impressiveness of the occasion. Cardinal Gibbons said:

"You may rest assured, about this magnificent amount will be well invested in the work which you have chosen to have it do. An able professor will be called to teach American history at the university, and he will show to all of us the leading part which the Catholic Church has taken in the discovery of America, and in the uplifting of our country. It will be a work of love to vindicate the claims of the ancient Church before the discerning American people."

"This is one of the most conspicuous years that has dawned upon the Catholic University. We are walking hand in hand with you Knights of Columbus, and we congratulate ourselves that this is so. From Maine to the Rio Grande you have responded nobly to the demands made upon you, not only to the extent of this \$50,000, but in the raising of other funds. We are cheered by the generosity of the laity, so fittingly represented some years ago by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and to-day so ably by the Knights of Columbus."

"You have not only given us \$50,000, but you have signified your interest by your presence here to-day in such vast numbers. And we are cheered by that interest, as is Pope Pius, who is walking in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor, Leo XIII. 'Gentlemen of the Knights of Columbus, you do not bear royal titles nor have you royal robes, but you have robes by your gift that you have royal Catholic hearts. (Applause.)"

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The style is simple and impressive and the general tone hopeful and encouraging. A sermon at a time would be profitable as well as pleasant reading.

"Seekers After God," by Canon Farrar, was mentioned some time ago, but was more carefully reviewed on Tuesday. Canon Farrar calls Seneca, Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus, "Seekers After God," and he gives an account of the life and opinions of each. The book is worth reading for its historical value and also that we may see whether or not our lives are as much nobler and purer than those of those pagans, as our knowledge is greater than theirs.

So that we may not be quite unprepared for the lecture on Monday the remainder of the evening was devoted to that Queen of Letter-writers, Madame de Sevigne and her time. Difficult indeed it was to live at the court of Louis XIV. and remain unblemished, but Madame de Sevigne succeeded. Her letters are considered classic literature, and this merely from their style, not their matter. They are addressed chiefly to her son and daughter. No English writer fills quite the same place as Madame de Sevigne occupies in French letters. Perhaps Lady Montague is the nearest approach.

Just before dispersing, a little poem, called "An April Fool," by Miss Blodgett was read. It might have been written to describe this very peculiar April of 1904.

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT. A very common offence against this commandment is that species of detraction known as tale-bearing. It is that low and vulgar habit of the tongue which creates discord among neighbors and sets enemies among friends. A willing ear seems always eager to catch such injurious reports, but the tongues anxious to bear them are not less numerous—the one deaf, the other dumb to the evil consequences which result.

Why we are more prone to believe that which disparages our neighbor than that which is to his praise, is not always easy to discern. Yet that it is a fact none will deny. Therefore, because an acknowledged weakness of humanity, we should be the more watchful over reports which reach us; therefore the greater reason to be on our guard against those given to the habit of carrying tales. As they treat others in this particular, so will they treat us. If we listen to their words we also expect to suffer from their tongues.

We say the sin is a common one. Observation supports the statement. The same reliable authority proves it a most dangerous one. All have seen families and fast friendships torn asunder by its peridy. Enmities have been erected which a life time has not broken down. And worse still, even God's Church, ministers and religious are frequently made the victims of these vicious tongues—proof that their owners are doing quite excellently the work of Satan.

Still another method of offending against the law is by mocking and vilifying our neighbors because of defects which he possesses in mind or body. These are misfortunes, sometimes the result of accident, sometimes acquired by birth, but they are not faults of the individual, for which he is deserving of reproach as for a fault. And as the commandment prohibits the imputing a fault to our neighbor which is not true, those who do so in the above manner are offending against the law.—Church Progress.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE. Within the heart of the Catholic Church there exists a supreme, abiding sense of the justice of her cause, the strength of her position, the surety of her ultimate triumph. The world may go against her as it will; the tongue of calumny misrepresent her; the pen of historian and of reporter be dipped in gall when there is question of her affairs. Things may go so far that it becomes true to say: "History has become systematically falsified, to prove the necessity of a separation from Rome." The old Church, despite all this, still bides her time, knowing it to be God's time. "All things come round to them that wait."

This perfect fearlessness, this perfection of trust, made Leo XIII. throw the Vatican to friend and foe alike, and bid them tell fearlessly what they found there. When a man knows that God is with his Church, and will never fail her, he can well afford to face truth, for the cause will always come round to God's side in the end.

The thoughts have been awakened by the knowledge of truth's resurrection in England in regard to the so-called Reformation and the Anglican Church. Many pleasing tales have been imposed upon our non-Catholic brethren, whether by Foxe in his "Book of Martyrs," or Burnet in his "Reformation," or Froody in his historical romances, that passed too long under the honored name of history itself. But Cobbett, Maitland, Brewer, Gairdner, have delved, with a stern love of truth despite its consequences, into the annals of the times in question; and men are learning now the story as Catholics believed it, as our Lingard wrote it, and as, all the while, the Church knew it. Concerning such non-Catholic historians one is inclined to quote the noble lines, written on the class-room of Charles Russell Lowell in Memorial Hall, Cambridge, Massachusetts:—

"He followed truth, and found her
With danger's sweetness round her;
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To Dr. James Gairdner, to Dr. F. W. Maitland, to Mr. A. F. Pollard and to Mr. Bass Mullinger, the task was entrusted of writing the latest volume, that on "The Reformation," in "The Cambridge (Eng.) Modern History," planned by the late Lord Acton. What have they to say? Writes Mr. Pollard: "The Reformation in England was mainly a domestic affair, a national protest against national grievances rather than part of a cosmopolitan movement towards doctrinal change. It originated in political exigencies, local and not universal in import, and was the work of Kings and Statesmen, whose minds were absorbed in national problems, rather than of divines whose faces were set towards the purification of the Church. . . . Its effect was to make the Church in England the Church of England, a national Church, recognizing as its head the English King. . . . From the time of the submission of the clergy to Henry VIII, there has been no instance of the English Church successfully challenging the supreme authority of the State."

Writes the Anglican Dr. Gairdner: "The king felt truly enough that it was to have his way the voice of the Church must be either silenced or perverted. So the central authority of Christendom was no longer to determine what was right or wrong. In England the Church must be under Royal Supremacy. . . . For the first time in history Europe beheld a great prince deliberately withdraw himself and his subjects from the spiritual dominion of Rome, and enforce by the severest penalties the repudiation of Papal authority."

As to Dr. Maitland, when using the word "continuity" in relation to the Anglican Church, he describes it as "that proprietary continuity which had been preserved in England;" that is, the continuity of political preservation of the Catholic Church's property or patrimony for the support of the State religion. And Mr. Mullinger writes with moderation and care of the reign of that Mary whom it was once the fashion to depict as a sort of feminine monster, hungry after human prey.

So the tide turns, flowing ever toward the sunlight, bearing with it many who have grasped the full truth with its on-coming waves. That England sets enemies among friends, a willing ear seems always eager to catch such injurious reports, but the tongues anxious to bear them are not less numerous—the one deaf, the other dumb to the evil consequences which result.

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THE FIRST POPE.

SEARCH OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ST. PETER, THE PONTIFF SELECTED BY OUR BLESSED SAVIOUR.

No name can ever be of more interest to the Catholic mind than that of St. Peter. We know that many of the Popes have been enrolled in the calendar; thirty have sealed the faith of Christ; with their blood. Some have stood high above the doctors of their age for knowledge and learning, while all have exercised an influence amongst the nations on the side of liberty and civilization. We find amongst them men like Gregory VII. and Innocent III. who elevated the masses and paralyzed the tyranny of kings, and others after the fashion of Benedict XIV., who gave an impetus to science, learning, and the arts that has left the impress on the history of Europe and the world.

But, nevertheless, to the figure of the first memorable Pontiff the Catholic mind ever turns as the first link that binds the Church to its Divine Founder, and what is human in it, to the eternal and supernatural. Those great powers and privileges with which Christ endowed His Church were first placed in the hands of St. Peter, and through him conveyed to the Christian world. He is the only Pontiff that was educated in the Apostolic College, and learned from the lips of his Divine Master those truths that have transformed human life and passion.

St. Peter's life might well be divided into two parts by the biographer: the first his preparation amongst the disciples of St. John and our Saviour for his great destiny; the second begins with the first feast of Pentecost and continues to his crucifixion in Rome in 67. St. John the Baptist had charge over the novitiate that prepared for the public mission of our Saviour. Amongst the novices we find the future Pontiff. A native of Bethsaida, that city on Lake Genesareth which was frequently blessed by the presence of our Divine Redeemer, he evidently possessed that longing for knowledge of the unseen world that, developed by years of association with his Master, was the source of his vocation. When called by our Saviour to the Apostolate he hesitated not to cast aside even those few links that bound him to the world.

Once he had embraced this life of sacrifice he became the Apostle of faith and love. The gospel narrative proves that he was regarded by our Lord from the beginning with special favor and affection. Cardinal Newman thinks that it was for the love of Christ, flowing on as it did from its spontaneity and exuberance into love of the brethren, that he was chosen to be chief pastor of the fold. "Simon, son of John, lovest thou Me more than these?" was the trial put on him by his God; and the reward was, "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep." It was for this reason that St. Peter was selected by our Saviour to take the place at the helm to guide the Church after His Ascension.

The two prerogatives with which our Saviour endowed St. Peter as head of the Church were primacy of jurisdiction and personal infallibility. To him with the other apostles He gave the power of absolution from sin and of offering sacrifice. He enjoyed equally with the other disciples the right of preaching the Gospel. But besides and beyond all those powers he received in common with the other apostles, we find that he is specially chosen as their head. To St. Peter alone did our Saviour say: "And I say to thee, Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven." We see that St. Peter is the "rock" on which the Church was to be built, and that to him were to be given as the sign of the power he was to exercise "the keys of the kingdom of heaven. Besides he was the only one to whom Christ gave individually the power of "binding" and "loosing" which implies the power of making laws and dispensing from them. And it may be interesting to add that the charge of "feeding the lambs and sheep" refers to the right of teaching and ruling not only the faithful but the priests and bishops of the "kingdom of heaven" with which he was endowed.

The principle of infallibility. It will appear very strange that outside the Church so much difficulty is found with the doctrine of Papal infallibility unless we take into consideration the immediate consequences of such belief on the conscience. The principle of infallibility is the cardinal point of Christianity. It preserves and alone is capable of preserving Divine revelation. Hence no man could excuse himself from acting dishonestly if he did not join the Church once he admits the dogma of infallibility. Yet if the powers entrusted to St. Peter for the guidance of the faithful be honorably examined, it is impossible to see what our Saviour could mean unless He bestows infallibility. Besides what has been quoted above, we find our Saviour promising to confirm his faith so as to be beyond all the wiles of Satan. "Satan has tried to sift thee as wheat; but I prayed for thee, Peter, that thy faith fail not; and thou, being converted confirm thy brethren." This office of confirming the brethren attached to the primacy to which St. Peter was elected by our Saviour demands personal infallibility for its proper and effectual fulfillment. ST. PETER'S DENIAL AND REPENTANCE. One act in this portion of St. Peter's life must not be forgotten. It will serve to show still more clearly the divine character of Catholic faith. It is his great sin of denial. Yet it produced two good effects. One is, it shows the weakness of the instruments which our Saviour made use of to convert mankind; the second, the extraordinary repentance of St. Peter. Tradition tells us that channels were worn

on the face of the apostle by the continuous tears of bitter sorrow he shed for his act of dishonor. Does it not also teach us the efficacy of contrition and the infinite mercy of our Saviour to those who are really in earnest in co-operating with His grace?

THE FIRST DAYS OF THE CHURCH. St. Peter began the active work of his Pontificate on the first day of Pentecost. The advent of the Holy Ghost produced wonderful efforts in the little room of Jerusalem. Previously fearful of the terrors of the Sanhedrin, and suffering from the loss of their Divine Leader, they, now having received the Holy Spirit of God, went out boldly into the streets of Jerusalem to preach Christ crucified. St. Peter planted that day the standard of Catholic faith in the very heart of Jerusalem, which, as our Saviour promised, has never yet been borne down. The first fruits were three thousand souls. The apostle presided at this great work, and according to the acts of the apostles personally baptized them.

In these days of labor we find St. Peter performing those acts of jurisdiction that belonged to his office as Pontiff. He was the first mover in the election of a new apostle in the room of Judas Iscariot; he was the spokesman of the rest as we have seen on the day of Pentecost; and he it was who answered the charges when the apostles were brought before the council; he is the chief actor in the tragic scene of the death of Ananias and Sapphira; he was the first to break down the wall of prejudice of race by receiving a Gentile convert into the Church; he was the first to propound in the Council of Jerusalem the question to be discussed as to the Mosaic observances; and finally, we find them acting as president at that council in 49. From this forward his life is one of constant labor and work in many portions of the world, converting thousands by his preaching, and suffering innumerable persecutions from the enemies of Christianity. In 42 he took up his residence in Rome, and from that city kept up constant communication, as far as possible, with the workers in the ministry. Bishops received their instructions from him, and were encouraged by his extraordinary zeal. In Rome itself innumerable evidences of his labors could be traced. The very stones speak of the work of the Supreme Pontiff, and bring back the mind in wonder to the time when the great Catholic Church, that now has temples and churches and millions of adherents in every land, was in reality the "little mustard seed" of which our Saviour speaks.

THE LAST TRAGIC SCENE ON THE VATICAN HILL. In Rome the last tragic scene in St. Peter's life took place. It was a scene, too, worthy of the great Pope. The enemies of the Church viewed his success with horror. Nothing could daunt his courage or his zeal. The Christians had grown numerous, and threatened the superstitions of the pagans. Sleeping in security for centuries, their rites and dogmas were so corrupt and ridiculous as to tempt the cynicism even of the infidel. Hence the authorities seized St. Peter, and with him St. Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles, threw them into prison and condemned them to death. On the Vatican Hill this great Pontiff suffered persecution for the love of his Divine Master. One great feature of that death teaches us the humility of St. Peter. Crucifixion was the form of death he was to suffer. Lest, however, his sacrifice for faith might seem too like that of his Master, he requested that he should be placed on the cross with his head hanging downwards to the ground. And so, by his last act, he crowned the work of his life as Pope. He had spent the first seven years at Antioch, and the remaining twenty-five at Rome. When he was dying, he must have felt happy at the result of his work. From the increase of numbers and the zeal with which, by God's grace, he inspired the Christians, he never feared that the Church would succumb to the long, bitter night of persecution that was destined to fall upon it in the Roman world. He was amongst its first victims. And his blood crying to heaven for the success of the Church he was privileged to rule undoubtedly obtained grace and strength and gave courage to those who had later on to face the full power of the storm that Satan raised to destroy his work.

HIS LIFE LIKE THE LIFE OF THE CHURCH. The life of St. Peter is not unlike that of the Church. With the powers of the world against its influence on the souls of men every year and generation brings with it an ever-increasing harvest. No country that sees its light receives the blessings of faith without persecution. The reason was not far to seek. The doctrines of Christ are opposed to the lower passions of men. The powers of hell are ever on its path. But so long as we have men inspired by the zeal and example of St. Peter, its power for good must ever grow. In other words, since the promise of our Saviour to be with His Church extends to the "consummation of the world," successors of St. Peter will ever be privileged with those supernatural gifts that must preserve it intact against ever difficulty and obstacle. And, through the special blessing of our Saviour, that day shall come when the work begun on the day of Pentecost will be completed, and all men shall be united under the "one fold" and the "one Shepherd."

FEAST OF ST. PETER. The feast of St. Peter is a day on which the Romans annually display their love and reverence for their first Bishop in an impressive and solemn manner. The Piazza Venezia to St. Peter's itself is thronged with tens of thousands, making you imagine, if you are a stranger, that you will find some difficulty in entering the great temple; but when you pass the doors, St. Peter's is not half full, though there are probably between 30,000 and 40,000 of the faithful in it. There is one feature of the solemnity that is most impressive, and that is the sight of the immense line of people that file past the bronze statue of St. Peter and reverently kiss

the foot as they pass. The Romans never on any account neglect this testimony of their love and reverence for their first Bishop on his feast—nay, the good mothers bring their babies to kiss the foot of the fisherman, and fathers lift their little sons high enough to permit them to touch the venerated statue with their lips. This has gone on now for about fifteen centuries, with the result that even the bronze has been worn away from the foot.

A MAGNIFICENT EMBLEM OF THE PAPACY. This statue of St. Peter is now a well known object of devotion all over the world, and the custom of placing a copy of it in churches all over Christendom is becoming more and more common every day. It is a magnificent emblem of the Papacy itself. The metal of it once formed a statue of Capitoline Jove, who ruled the world from the Capitol hill, and it was moulded to represent the Prince of Apostles in commemoration of Leo the Great's victory over Aetius, the "scourge of God." In all the invasions, persecutions, revolutions, sackings and profanations which have devastated Rome during the last 1,500 years, no impious hand has ever been permitted to injure it. Leo the Isaurian, Emperor of Constantinople, and founder of the Iconoclasts, or Image-breakers, wrote to Pope Gregory II in 726, that he was sending a powerful fleet with an army to Rome, with orders to destroy the famous statue, which even in his time, had come to be styled "Invicta Unconquered." But the fleet went down in the Adriatic, and only a few were left to tell the tale of the immense disaster.

Pious Catholics have in past ages set apart part of their wealth to be devoted to spreading veneration for the famous statue and many miracles have been worked at this shrine. One very remarkable prodigy took place during the holy year of 1725, when a German named Kowalski, a hopeless paralytic, was instantly cured on being lifted to kiss the foot of the statue.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF THE CONTEMPT OF ALL TEMPORAL GLORY AND HONOR.

My son, take it not to heart, if thou seest others honored and advanced and thyself despised and debased.

Lift up thy heart to Me in heaven, and thou wilt not be concerned at thy being contemned by men upon earth.

Disciple, Lord, we are in blindness, and are quickly seduced by vanity. If I look well into myself, never was any injury done me by any creature, and therefore I cannot justly complain of Thee.

For, because I have often and grievously sinned against Thee, all creatures have reason to take up arms against me. To me therefore confusion and contempt is justly due; but to Thee praise, honor and glory.

And unless I put myself in this disposition, to be willing to be despised and forsaken by all creatures and to be nothing at all, I cannot arrive at inward peace and strength, nor be spiritually enlightened, nor fully united to Thee.

FIFTY FRUITLESS YEARS.

FIGURES SHOWING THAT IT DOES NOT PAY TO TRY TO "CONVERT" CATHOLIC PEOPLE.

From the Catholic Sun. When New Mexico and Arizona were taken from Mexico and erected into United States Territories at once, as in the case of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, there was a great rush of Methodist missionaries into the newly acquired sections. Then, as now, the brethren considered it their imperative duty to follow the flag; and "the sword of the spirit" in the other.

That was nearly fifty years ago. What has their labor gained? The people of those Territories were Catholic then and Catholic they are to-day. The current number of "Christianity in earnest," an official Methodist publication devoted exclusively to missions and such like, shows that in Arizona Methodism claim only 1,280 members who, very strangely, seem to require twenty-seven churches that need and will receive \$500 aid this year. New Mexico has only 3,223 of the emotional brethren, yet these have sixty-five meeting houses, and the English-speaking mission has just been voted \$1,500 in help, and the Spanish \$1,000. We infer from this that there are fewer Spanish than English disciples out there after fifty years of supererogation and warring upon Rome.

The moral is that it does not pay to convert Catholic people. It is prayer prayed in vain and cash poured out like rain. The brethren ought to give up effort and leave the Pope's children to their fate. Just think of the tens of thousands expended in those two Territories during the last fifty years, and yet note how few the converts gained. No wonder that occasionally there is sadness in the ranks and sometimes wailing in the high places.

TO MARY

In robes immaculate, the perfumed earth Now wakes to glory—'ere on us we woke the sheen of Lilies, whose hue is the article to use. When Mary rose, of Heaven the chosen Queen. Lady of Angels, flower of flowers supreme, From lands ethereal bend those gracious eyes: Our alarms now with votive offerings teem; Behold their bloom: accept the sacrifice. From pole to pole, with ointment and choicest perfume, Thy children now, sweet Mother, hymn thy praise. Each virgin shrine recount, reverend advise— Lilies, whose hue is the article to use. O Lady list, nor scorn, while all rejoice, The flattering tribute of this meagre poet. B. E. M. KENT.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday After Easter. CHRISTIAN INSTRUCTION.

"Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only deceiving your own selves."—St. James 1: 22

Brethren, I fancy if St. James were addressing the Christians of our day he would be inclined to lay a little more stress upon the hearing of the word; for whatever may be said about the "doers of the Word" it cannot be denied that the number of those who hear God's word with advantage might be increased. Indeed, there are many for whom a High Mass sermon in view of its rarity, would be a luxury, and for whom even a five minute sermon is long and wearisome. In addressing you, dear brethren, it seems hardly necessary to dwell much upon the importance of hearing God's holy Word, for we have reason to believe you value it most highly. But there are none of us who know too much; we are born in ignorance, and as long as we live we must feel the need of instructions and exhortations on the great questions of the soul—how to live and how to die well. This the Word of God supplies, for, as St. John Chrysostom says: "What food is for the body, the Word of God is to the soul," and if we neglect to nourish our souls with the food, we shall eventually grow weary and cold in God's service, and die through want of strength.

But the important question is this: how am I to hear the Word of God? Oh! how many Christians have listened to the Word of God, which He Himself declares to be "words of fire," and have profited nothing, have remained cold and indifferent to the warnings of that voice that "breathes where it listeth"—Christians who fancy they are wise enough and experienced enough, and who never think of applying these burning words to themselves.

How can I hear the Word of God with profit to my soul? "With meekness," says St. James, "be ye ready to receive the Word, which is able to save your souls." Our Lord frequently likens the Word to the seed which the tiller sows in the field. Now, he who sows the seed must first carefully prepare the ground, for the harvest will be in proportion to the care he bestows in the preparation of the ground. The seed is the Word of God; and, dear brethren, your hearts, not your ears, are the ground, and therefore you must prepare your hearts. And how? Just as we must cleanse the ground from all that would prevent the seed from bringing forth good fruit, so must it be with the heart. It is mortal sin there? Turn it out, for it is mortal sin which, like thorns, will choke and destroy the good seed. Receive the Word of God with docility and meekness, with a longing desire to learn from Him through His ministers how to lead a life worthy of our calling.

"He who has ears to hear let him hear," says our Lord. Indeed, brethren, we all have ears, and why is it, then, that we do not hear? I will tell you why we do not hear, why the voice of God does not penetrate into our hearts. It is because the soil is not prepared; it is because we come to hear the Word with hearts filled with worldly cares or even evil desires, with deep-rooted attachments to things unlawful, with no intention of learning how to lead better lives. If it were only something new we had to learn, some new doctrine, some new and fanciful creed; but no, it is the same Word that was spoken to the early Christians, only new by its practical application to our hearts.

But now, brethren, mark how St. James would have us not deceive ourselves. It is not enough, he tells us, to come here Sunday after Sunday and listen to the Word of God, but we must be doers of the Word; that is to say, we must carry out practically in our every-day life the lessons and inspirations which have been offered us through the ministry of preaching. For if a man, says he, be a hearer of the Word and not a doer, he shall be compared to a man beholding his natural countenance in a glass; for he beheld himself and went his way, and presently forgot what manner of man he was. Be not like this man, brethren, if you would save your souls. When listening to the Word of God, wherein the wants, the failings, the defects of your souls are mirrored forth, go not your way forgetful of what, through God's grace, has been revealed to you, but with meekness receive the engrained Word, which is able to save your souls, and blessed will you be if you hear the Word of God and keep it.

MATER ADMIRABILIS.

Once homeless in Thy people's town, Ancestral Bethlehem, To-day I stand, Thy peerless crown Bears Heaven's most brilliant gem; And though in Egypt, exiled, poor, When I gazed on the holy city That swif, unlocks the wondrous door Of God's own treasury.

Mater Admirabilis! Yet oft as angels with Thy smile, And seraphs wait Thy will, Thy splendours o'er the white Thy thoughts exclusive fill; Since when around Thee glories shine That light celestial mirth, The sweetest office all in Thine To succour souls on earth.

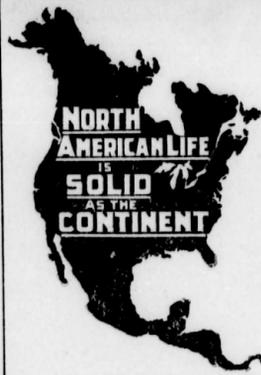
Mater Admirabilis! Hear them again, while bending low, Loved litanies we raise; Let gracious answers Faith shall know Blind Lullabies amaze; That over continent and main One day, with ardent joy, The woe may change the high refrain Glad angels now employ;

Mater Admirabilis! Rome, 1904.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

We can easily manage, if we will only take each day the burden appointed for it. But the load will be too heavy for us if we add to its weight the burden of to-morrow before we are called to bear it.

Our brave step makes the next one easier. True, the road seems more piled up with obstacles as one goes along; but then, one is made stronger and more capable with every step, so that relatively we have an easy road always before us—at least, if not exactly easy, it becomes more interesting—one feels less inclined to grumble.

He who seeks to exalt himself regardless of every one else, will have only himself for aid, with all others to oppose him; but he who seeks to serve all others regardless of self, will lose only the services of self, and have all others to promote his.

We are forever going to begin work in earnest to-morrow," said Mr. Stay-bolt, "and we are never satisfied with the job we've got, and we perform the labor involved in it only a half-hearted manner, but we are going to work in dead earnest when we get a job to suit us."

"The truth is that we are dawdlers and shy of work and trying to get along just as easy as we can. We hate to pitch in and go to work."

"The time for us to work is now, not to-morrow; and the job for us to collar is the one we've got. Round that up in style; do the work completely and thoroughly and you'll be astonished to find how you'll bring it out and what chances there are in it. And everybody that knows about work or is in any way concerned or affected by it, as it is done well or ill, will be delighted to see it well done—every body likes to see a job, whatever it is, well done—and pleased with the doer, and there's money in it every time."

"It isn't the job that makes success, it's the man; and don't you forget it."

A young man who ceases to dream about the things he would do if he had plenty of time, and plans the things he will do with the time he has, may go slow, but he will go far.

Such a young man, thirty years ago, suddenly discovered that, by using in a continuous way the time he spent on ferry-boats and railway trains he might have a good deal of leisure. This leisure was made up of half and quarter hours at the beginning and end of the day—the odds and ends of time which most people regard as of no account. Taking them separately they are of little account; putting them together, by treating them as a whole, they furnished a fine opportunity for the liberal education of a young man of business. This young man saw the uses of these odds and ends of time if he could treat them as a whole. That was really a very simple matter, though multitudes of people have never found it out. To utilize these hours and make them as valuable as if they formed a continuous period of time, it was only necessary to make a little plan of work, and to have the material in hand so as to turn every quarter of an hour to account.

This young man wanted to know German. He bought an elementary grammar and phrase book and some simple German stories. He kept a book in his pocket, and when a spare quarter or half hour came, he studied the book. It was not difficult, and in a little while it became very interesting. He was soon reading simple German, and from that point his progress was rapid, and the pleasure of the occupation steadily increased. In less than a year he had German so well in hand that he began to study Spanish. He became engrossed in the study of languages as an occupation for his leisure hours; he found it very enjoyable, and every language learned was an open door to more enjoyment. In a few years he was reading German, Spanish, French and Italian easily and with keen enjoyment. In the meantime his business advancement had been rapid, and he had secured a very important and lucrative position in a great organization. His studies had not only given him an education, but they had also conducted to his success in practical affairs by the quickening and training of his mind. This is but one among thousands of similar achievements.—Success.

The Judgments of Elders. There is no self-conceit more offensive and more indicative of a weak nature than that which shows itself in slight disregard of the judgments and thoughts of parents and older men concerning the graver questions of life. Young men know as well as the wisest preacher can teach them what things are noble, right and beautiful, but they do not know yet the forces of evil, the corruptions that are in the world, and the countless and insidious forms of temptation. It takes the experience of years to find out these things, and no youth, unless devoid of both reverence and modesty, will spurn the warnings and counsels which come to him from older lips on these matters.

Aids to Advancement. Don't dally with your purpose. Character is the poor man's capital. If you hate another, it is slow suicide for yourself. Men call their own carelessness and inactivity fate. The lucky man is the one who grasps his opportunities. Character has a commercial as well as an ethical value. Genius darts, flutters, and tires, but perseverance wears and wins. The largest room in the world is the room for self-improvement. Give a youth resolution and the alphabet, and who shall place limits to his career? We got out of life just what we put into it; the world has for us just what we have for it. Don't brood over the past, or dream of the future, but use the instant and get your lesson from the hour. In many an establishment there are

successes who are infinitely inferior to the failure from whom they snatch the laurels.

No one else can solve your problem, or work out your riddle. You stand or fall by it. Your happiness, your well-being, your success and your destiny hang upon your carrying out the programme the Creator has given you.

Stock-taking every day is a great aid to advancement. Stop and add yourself up at the close of each day and see if you have anything to carry over. If you have nothing but ciphers to carry over, something is wrong somewhere.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES ON THE ROSARY. BY LOUISA EMILY DOBREE.

THE GLORIOUS MYSTERIES. No. 1.—The Resurrection. AN ACT OF FAITH.

"It does seem such a long time to the seventeenth, mother," said little Arthur Devereux with a sigh, one January day, as he sat at luncheon with his mother and his governess.

Outside the high wind was blowing the rain in all directions. Under a leaden sky were muddy streets and glistening pavements, all forming a great contrast to the comfort and luxury of the dining-room, in the great London house which had belonged to the Devereux family for many generations.

In the low-lit grate was a bright fire; pictures, well chosen and valuable, hung on the walls; there was plenty of old oak, heavy hangings to windows and doors, and a pretty luncheon table on which were rare hot-house flowers, old silver and delicate glass—all being suggestive of luxury and good taste; Mrs. Devereux, who smiled lovingly at her little son, being in keeping with her surroundings. She was a slight woman, a little over thirty, whose shy dark eyes were constantly cast down; a sensitive mouth, and color that changed very quickly.

Arthur was like his mother, having the same brown eyes and hair, but he looked delicate and frail, as she did not. His health, or rather want of it, was a source of great anxiety to his mother, who watched him incessantly, and who saw a great deal more of him than society women usually do of their children.

"I suppose it does seem a long way off," said Mrs. Devereux in answer to Arthur's remark. "When I was your age, I remember how much longer time appeared than it does now."

"I have a bit of paper above my wash-stand," said Arthur, "with all the days written down on it, and I cross off one every evening. There are only ten more now, mother, and then—and then—my birthday!"

"And a very happy day for you, my darling," said Mrs. Devereux. "There will be all kinds of surprises for you."

"I like surprises," said Arthur, "but haven't the least little bit of an idea of what you and grandfather are going to give me."

Mrs. Devereux smiled. "Something very nice you may be sure, Arthur. What a happy boy you are," she added.

"I really think you never have anything at all unpleasant in your life."

"Oh yes, mother, I have," said Arthur. "Why, often I want to go in to the Park on my pony or to drive with you, and it's cold or windy or something, and I have to stay in the stupid house instead, and other things like that, mother."

"Not very often, darling. No, no more candied fruits, dearie. I want you to be quite well for your birthday, and if you eat many sweets they make you ill."

"Very well, mother," said Arthur, who was a sweet-tempered, docile child, seldom disobedient, never troublesome, and whose life was surrounded with every possible pleasure and means of enjoyment.

"I am going to spend this wet afternoon in looking up some things which will be useful for our tableaux," said Mrs. Devereux. "There are some old boxes full of odds and ends which I am going to unearth. I had forgotten their existence until Marshall reminded me of them lately, for they had always been in a large cupboard in grandpapa's study, and were only moved upstairs when that alteration was made last summer and the cupboard done away with."

"May I come and help you, mother?" asked Arthur.

"No, dearie, you must do your lessons, and if Miss Gray gives you good marks you can come down and have grown-up tea with me at 4, but only if there are no visitors. However, none are likely to come on such a day as this."

"Thank you, mother," said Arthur, and luncheon being ended, he went up, accompanied by Miss Gray, to his big schoolroom at the top of the great house in Pateham Place, which is not very far from Regent's Park. Miss Gray was a silent young person, fond of her charge and looked after him conscientiously, so that his mother felt great confidence in her. Mrs. Devereux, who had married in her teens, had been left a widow five years later. The marriage, with love on both sides, had been a very happy one, and the shock of her sudden widowhood had been severely felt by Ida Devereux.

Mr. Devereux was considerably older than his wife, of whom he made a great pet, and the sweet, shy girl, when waiting to win, was sheltered by him, as she had been by her father, from every possible disagreeable or unpleasantness, which few escape in life as much as she did. Her mother having died when she was a baby, and being an only child, she was made a great deal of by her father who had been a middle-aged man when he married. She was the only child of their marriage, was educated at home by governesses and masters, and had always been a companion to her father, who was a great student of languages, and who himself taught her Italian and French.

When Ida Devereux was old enough to appreciate it, she always accompanied her father on his travels, which

were as much as possible in Protestant countries. Ida always wished to stay a longer time in Italy and the more Catholic parts of Switzerland and Germany, but Mr. Vanderman was never happy there, the Catholic life around him and the external signs of a religion he detested most cordially, only irritated him, and even as an artist, he could enjoy nothing in those countries. Ida was quite unaccustomed to asserting herself in any way, to her it being always easier to follow than to lead. Hers was not a strong nature and she was accustomed to leaning first on her father, then on her husband, and, after his death, again on the former, that to follow their way usually pleased her better than anything else. As I have said before, she had been sheltered from all the rough winds of life, it having been a joy to both husband and father to protect her from all they could, they could that might annoy or vex her. One thing, however, neither of them could do, and that was, prevent the trial of Arthur's delicacy from causing her the greatest anxiety, though he had the best advice London or Paris could offer on every childish ailment, skillful nurses to tend him, and all possible care and supervision.

When her husband died her father brought Ida back to the old house in London, and it was he who managed all her affairs. The ten years of her married life she had been living in the same luxury she had always known, and when she was left a widow and was told her husband's affairs had been left in a very bad way, and that he had been extravagant, and had lived chiefly on his capital, it did not affect her. Her father continued his usual allowance to her, and she never knew what it was to have a wish ungratified.

Mr. Vanderman, a man of strong opinions, was a Protestant of the aggressive order. In all anti-Catholic movements he took an active part, and spent a great deal of money as well as time and influence in the propagation of untruths respecting the religion of which he really knew next to nothing, as well as aiding efforts for the proselytizing of Catholics. It had always been the opinion of Mr. Vanderman to find Ida very unsympathetic on the subject. Religion of any kind bored, and possessed no interest to her. As a child, Mr. Vanderman would not allow her to be taught much, and had kept that part of her education in his own hands.

Ida had obediently learnt all that was taught her, and listened to all the instructions of the minister, in the confirmation class she attended, when old enough to lengthen her dresses and put up her hair. This clergyman occupied himself very much in instructing his congregation on what they should not believe, and in warning them of the "errors" of the Popery he was denouncing, in its reality in the Catholic Church, or its imitation amongst the High Church party. It failed to interest Ida one way or another, and she was glad rather than sorry that a bad cold prevented her from presenting herself for the confirmation held before they went abroad. All thought, then, of "receiving the Sacrament" was put aside, and when Mr. Vanderman retired to it a year later, Ida begged to be let alone on the subject. Mr. Vanderman was quite agreeable to this, for he had none of that personal love for our Lord, and sincere piety, found among many Protestants. Religion to him meant taking sides against "Popery" and everything in imitation of it which was found in the Church of England. He attended many meetings at Exeter Hall, read numerous Protestant papers, busied himself in writing letters to the latter, and in organizing demonstrations and meetings in the provinces.

Ida took no active part or interest in all this, and her father, after a while, left her to herself, and gradually she drifted into a life very much like that of a pagan.

That afternoon, as the rain poured incessantly, and Ida, having very little to do, she fulfilled her intention of going to the lumber-room, the key of which the housekeeper gave her with an air of astonished inquiry as to whether she wanted any help. "No, thank you," said Ida, taking the key, "not if I can get at those large brass-bound trunks easily."

"They are quite clear, ma'am, and I know they were dusted yesterday, so some things had to go up there and I had a little dusting done."

Little did Ida think as she mounted the stairs, humming a tune from the last night's opera, that her afternoon's employment would have a most unlooked-for and important effect upon her whole life! In future days she looked back to that time, the details of which were stamped so indelibly on her memory.

There were some charming dresses which Ida was sure must have belonged to her mother, and, as she turned the things over, she found many that would be invaluable for the coming tableaux. At the bottom of the trunk before her, which she knelt over a few books, and these Ida examined with great interest. There were some guides to different places in Italy, an old Murray for Rome, an imitation of Christ in Italian, which had been very little used, and a well-worn Italian prayer-book, in which, as Ida turned over the leaves, were many little coloured pictures—"Santinos," as the Italians call them—with dates scribbled in pencil on the back, in a childish, foreign handwriting.

On the fly-leaves of both books was the name Annunziata Harrison, the dates being those of a few years before her mother's marriage. Ida stood there dumbfounded for the moment, at the very idea of her mother possessing a Catholic prayer-book. The initiation did not impress her so much, as she had come across it before, and knew it was read by those of many creeds, though she herself had never given it more than a cursory glance.

The room was very cold as there was no fire, but the shiver that Ida gave was more from a nervous feeling for which she could not account. She drew her fur-lined cloak round her and then proceeded with her investigation. There were a lot of old Tauchnitz

novels, and under one layer of them was a small box with inlaid wood cover, the little key belonging to it being tied to the fancy handle. In it was a leather-covered book containing a great deal of writing, and beside it a silver rosary, much tarnished, and with a very beautifully wrought crucifix attached to it.

Ida shut the box, took it downstairs with her, together with the prayer-book, and putting all away in her own room, she desired a servant to bring down the dresses and all she wanted for the tableaux, so that she might look them over. Ida's curiosity about her mother was thoroughly roused, and as she chatted with Arthur about all his childish interests, her thoughts flew back to the books, and above all the manuscript diary—for she had discovered it to be that—which she was longing to read.

Was it conceivable that her mother had been a Roman Catholic? Surely such could not have been the case! Her father, whose deeply rooted bigotry against everything Catholic affected his life and interests so much, could not possibly have married one of that faith.

After Arthur went up to the school-room Ida stayed in the frelight, not allowing the lamps to be lighted, as she was disinclined to do anything but think and wonder. After all, how very little she knew of her mother. Her father having all his life preserved the strictest silence on the subject, Ida had concluded that her death had caused a wound which time and her own love for, and devotion to, him were powerless to heal. Her own shyness had also always prevented her asking much on a subject her father was unwilling to discuss, and after a few curt replies to timidly put queries Ida lapsed into silence. As a child, when she had inquired where her own birthplace was, she had been told Avarsdale, a remote place in Scotland, and that was all. Her mother's maiden name she had always understood was Anne Harrison; her nationality, she had concluded, was English.

"Sitting by the fire-light, Ida!" "Oh, father, I did not hear you come in," and Ida rose and went up to the genial-looking old gentleman, with his snow-white hair and blue eyes, who had just entered. "I am so glad that you should have returned, father," said Ida. "You said you would only be away for three days, and you have been a week! It was very bad of you."

"Did you miss me then so much?" asked Mr. Vanderman. "No, don't ring, Ida; I shall be glad of the frelight for a little."

"Of course I missed you, father," said Ida, sticking her father's hand.

"The house always seems strange without you, and then I get nervous and think of wiring, and I don't."

"Sometimes you do, though."

"Oh, yes, when it gets very bad. I know I am foolish, but I think something must have happened to you."

"Nonsense. Nothing is likely to happen. Well, I stayed because I found more to do than I thought. What have you been about?"

"A dinner party at the Lashers—rather nice, an interesting man took me down; then I have been to the Lyceum, and once to the opera, and any amount of small things in between—luncheons and at homes."

"My doings have not been of that order," said Mr. Vanderman. "I have been as busy as I could be, and now have arranged for a capital lecturer to go to Massingham and Banole. I met the man in Liverpool, he had just come from America, an ex-priest, and a most intelligent fellow I found him. I was able to assist him with funds to enable him to publish a little pamphlet he wanted to publish—an account of his conversion—and it contains some of his experiences of Popery, all most interesting. We propose to distribute it gratis among the people at the lectures."

Ida's thoughts had wandered a little, for she was wondering if she could broach the subject uppermost in her mind, as she had no intention of delaying her inquiries.

"Father," she said after a pause, "I have been thinking a good deal about my mother, and I should so like to know more about her. It won't pain you, will it, telling me a little more than I know? For I can't help being interested."

"Why do you ask, Ida?" inquired Mr. Vanderman, and he frowned at the very unexpected demand.

"Because I want to know more. Was she English?" asked Ida, surprised at her own temerity. "I know hardly anything about her," she added in a pleading tone, "and it is natural I should care."

"It's a sore subject," said Mr. Vanderman shortly, and can't see the use of raking up the past—but if you particularly wish it— and he paused, himself feeling much stirred at the mention of the subject.

"Yes, father, I do; it has always been so strange this silence about her, and when I was a girl I always feel it—knowing nothing, and I longed and longed to ask you. Was she English?"

"Her father was English, her mother Italian."

"She died soon after my birth, did she not?"

"Yes, two months after it."

"What did she die of?" inquired Ida, finding it harder than she expected to do to put her father through this catechism.

"Her religion," answered he shortly.

"Her abominable papistical notions—"

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they were the cause," he added in a tone of bitterness. "Then she was a Roman Catholic?" "Yes. How did you know anything about it?" "Because I was hunting to-day in some trunks in the lumber room for things I wanted for the tableaux for Arthur's birthday, and I came across some books and things."

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