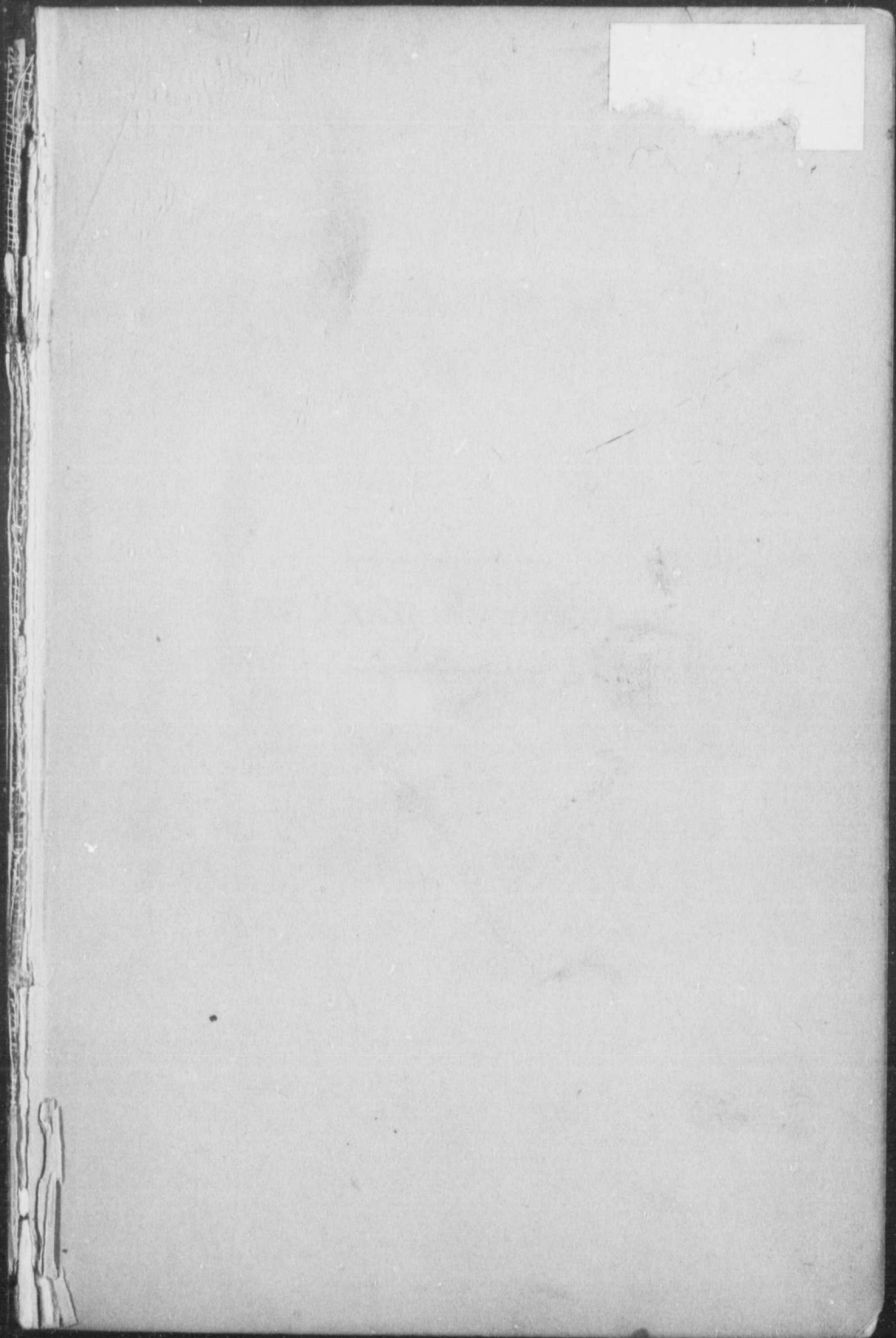
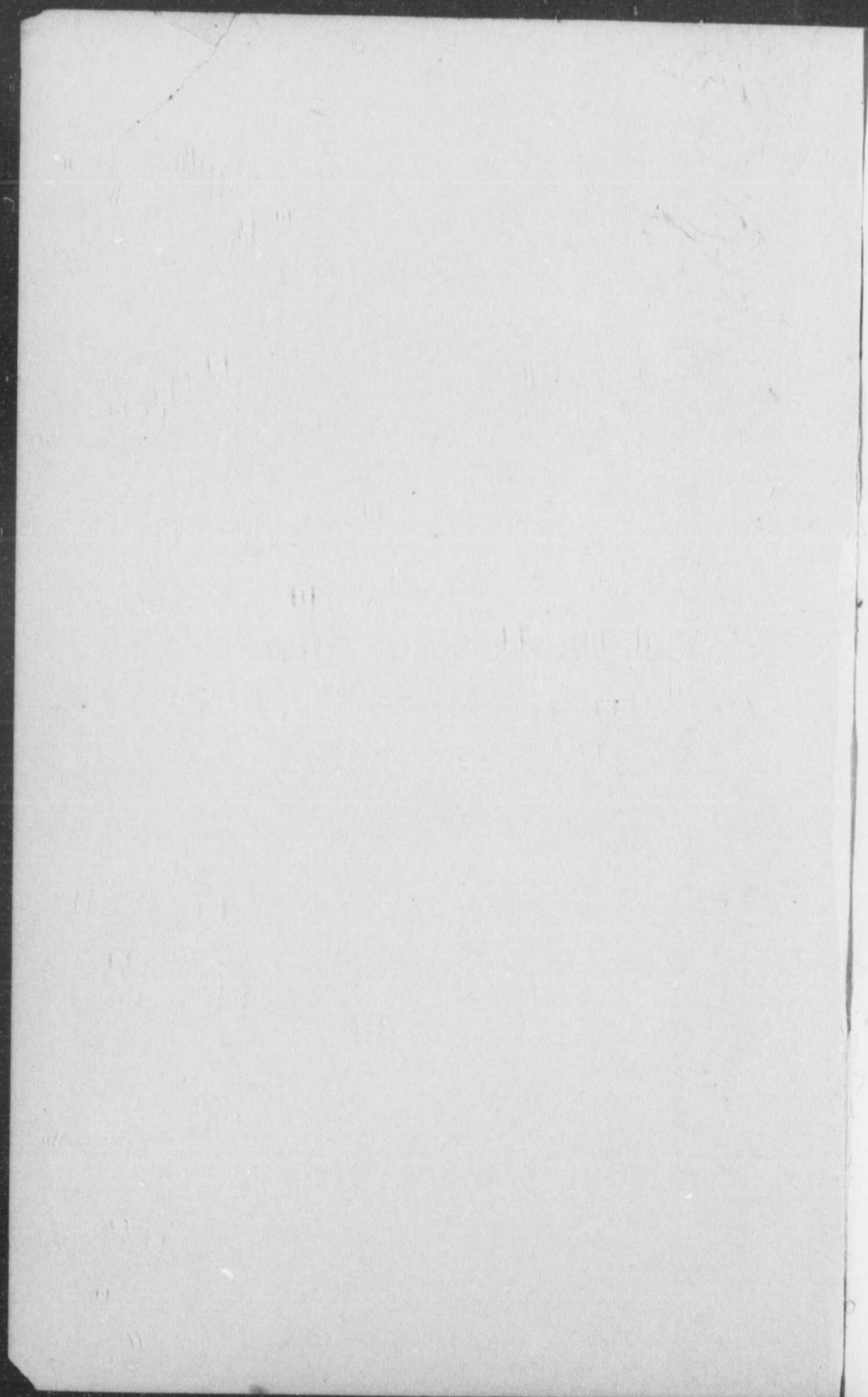


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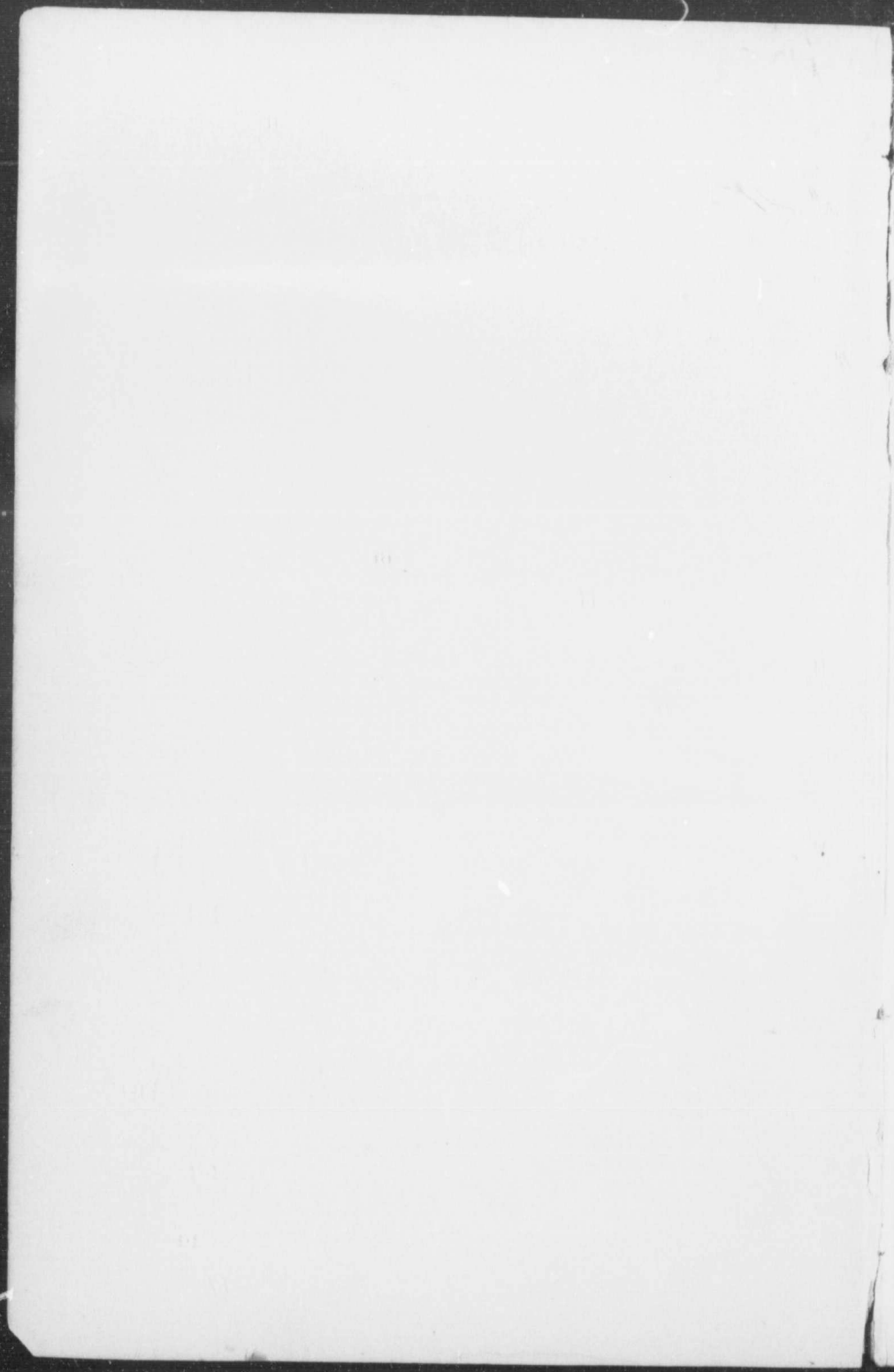
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BY DEWING, S. J.





THE TRAINING OF SILAS



THE TRAINING OF SILAS

By Rev. E. J. DEVINE, S. J.
*Author of "Across Widest America—
Newfoundland to Alaska"*

"He who provokes multitudes, who forces them to recognize that their conceit is but a form of ignorant hypocrisy, or vulgarity, is a benefactor."—Spalding

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THE TRAINING OF SILAS

CHAPTER I

Father Sinclair Unearths a Nefarious Scheme

THE West End of Laurenboro had been deserted all summer. Ever since the first days of July, what with barred doors, closed blinds, awnings raised, and noiseless streets, the aristocratic section of the great metropolis looked like a city of the dead. The urban wealth and fashion had transferred its quarters for the time being either to the Maine coast, with its invigorating salt breezes, or to the cool and inviting regions of the Lower St. Lawrence. Those who were particularly in search of health and diversion had gone to the mountain haunts of the Adirondacks, or found change amid transatlantic scenery and tourist life in the Scotch Highlands or the Continental Alps. Altogether the West End had been vacated, and except for the appearance, here and there, of some solitary gardener aimlessly wandering about the premises, and the undisturbed

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warbling of the song-birds in the maples, there was absolutely no sign of life.

No such changes had taken place in the Gottingen quarter, where the poor and the working classes lived. There the warm summer months were spent, as usual, amid the ceaseless hum of factory life. Men and women bustled and toiled from dawn to night, in shop and workroom, in courtyard and street, for the bread they were to eat. For them there was no season of sight-seeing; no ocean breeze or bracing mountain air, which God had made so liberally; and if the stirring summer wind, that gently fans the cheek of rich and poor alike, found its way into the Gottingen quarter, it had already lost half its freshness and soothing power. For all that, the want of bodily comforts did not destroy the peace of mind in the poor people who dwelt here. They were Catholics for the most part, who, faithful to the teachings of the Church, did not look on poverty as an evil, but rather as a means to help them to procure an eternal reward in heaven. The Gottingen poor were satisfied with their condition.

To will what God doth will, that is the only science
That gives us rest,

was a lesson they had long since learned; and contentment, if not gratitude for their lot, reigned among those who toiled for their daily sustenance.

A Nefarious Scheme

Father Sinclair spent much of his time among them. During the summer months, when he took the annual parish census, he made it a point to welcome the new arrivals whom the immigration season usually brought in considerable numbers. It was then also that he made his plans for their betterment, through the organized means of parish unions among the well-to-do people in the neighborhood, who were practically out of his reach during the vacation season, but on whom he depended during the winter months for practical assistance. He himself rarely took a midsummer holiday. Not that the pastor of St. Paul's was averse to legitimate recreation. On the contrary, he often urged those of his flock who, whilst they had the means and leisure to go out of town, hesitated to abandon certain works which they had undertaken at his request, to spend some weeks away from the stifling surroundings of Laurenboro, and to seek the wholesome atmosphere of country or seashore life. His own interests, he more than once asserted, did not permit him to leave his post, unless it were for a short trip over the Great Lakes and down the river to the Gulf. And that luxury he had allowed himself but once in the ten years of his residence in the metropolis. When his people argued the matter with him, he readily acknowledged the principle of necessary recreation even for the shep-

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herd of souls, after the arduous work of a twelve-month's ministry in a large city; indeed, he never denied that a few weeks of rest in some quiet nook on the seacoast would have been a welcome change to him. But the trouble was he could not find the time. The clergy of the Religious Orders, who might have taken his place at other seasons of the year, were busy themselves during the summer months, giving retreats and preparing for mission or college work to begin in the autumn. At other times of the year, the interests of his people did not permit him to leave his flock.

x Father Sinclair's habit therefore was to stay at home; but what recreation and useful information the want of travel and actual observation deprived him of, he amply made up for by useful reading. His taste—one might say his passion—in this direction was apparent to any casual visitor at the glebe-house. Books filled every nook and corner of the modest dwelling, including bedroom and hall. History, science, philosophy, poetry—treasures of thought and truth—carefully selected, were at his beck and call. He loved to hide himself away with these silent companions, in the quiet hours of the night, to commune with the ever-living thoughts of vanished minds, to stray into new fields of useful knowledge, to trace the tangled paths of legitimate speculation, to lose himself in the reveries of scientific

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dreamland. With Mrs. Browning, he believed that

We get no good
By being ungenerous, even in a book,
And calculating profits—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty, and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

One evening in the first week in August, he was seated in his study, carefully perusing a document which had reached him in the morning's mail. It was the semi-annual Report of the Elzevir Library, a pamphlet skilfully tabulated and printed, so that a reader could take in at a glance the work of that institution during the preceding six months.

Owing to the initiative of the Directors, the "Elzevir" had been a prominent name for years in Laurenboro. Founded by non-sectarian enterprise, it had remained a non-sectarian institution. Hence it did its best to please everybody. Readers of books in the city and suburbs all knew the way to the Elzevir on Fessenden Avenue; so that the pastor of St. Paul's was not surprised to learn, when he laid down the Report, that the circulation had gone into the thousands and was continually on the increase.

The needless emphasis laid upon the "non-sectarian" character of the Library by its promoters had often made Father Sinclair suspect that all was

Father Sinclair Unearths

not right there. So far as he knew, Catholics had no voice in the management of the institution. The Board of Directors was made up of members of different religious denominations; and, as he had been informed, there was at least one professing atheist among them. He was aware, too, that many books antagonistic to truth were to be found on the shelves of the Elzevir, although the tabulated Report before him was silent regarding this phase of the circulation, and in fact no hint whatever was given as to the number of religious books called for by readers. A statement throwing light in this direction would have interested Father Sinclair very much. One paragraph in the Report, however, caught his eye. It mentioned the fact of a recent legacy amounting to twenty-five thousand dollars which had been left to the institution. The passage that struck Father Sinclair read as follows:

“The Directors are aware that while they desire to keep the Elzevir strictly non-sectarian, the presence of many religious denominations in Laurenboro renders it necessary to provide literature to suit the peculiar views of all, if their patronage is to be retained. Resolved therefore, that the legacy of twenty-five thousand dollars recently bequeathed to the Elzevir, be expended in augmenting the supply of denominational literature, and in facilitating the circulation thereof.”

Here was food for reflection; and the pastor reflected deeply. Laurenboro, a city more than half Catholic, without a Catholic library, was about

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to have a carload of denominational literature flung broadcast among its people. What sort would it be? How much of its anti-Catholic poison would be likely to find its way into Catholic homes?—"Denominational Literature" unquestionably meant Protestant literature, with its prejudices, its misstatements, its bitterness against the Catholic Church. No one who had any knowledge of current works dealing with the subject of religion could have a doubt that by far the larger number of books which the Elzevir directors were likely to place on their shelves would be antagonistic to the faith of Father Sinclair's people. The pastor left his chair and paced the floor.

A great idea had suddenly flashed on his mind. As he paced slowly up and down the room, a scheme, shadowy, at first, and indistinct in its outlines, began gradually to unfold itself and take on a definite shape. Before he came to a halt he had determined on a plan of action. The case was clearly urgent; something must be done at once.

A few minutes later he turned down the light and went out on the balcony, a quiet, retired nook on the south side of the rectory overlooking the Brono. The house had once been the centre of an independent suburb, which in the course of time had coalesced with, and been incorporated into, the neighboring city; while its subsequent development

Father Sinclair Unearths

in other directions had left the church and glebe-house on the outskirts of the parish. From the pastor's point of view there was some compensation for this, however, in that he was here within easy reach of the factory quarters which constituted the heaviest part of his parochial responsibilities. The night was exceedingly beautiful; there was not a cloud in the sky. From her coign of vantage in the heavens the moon was flooding the earth with light, and its rays, glinting on the surface of the river, made it shine like burnished silver in the distance. The only sounds to be heard were the muffled beat of a steamer's paddles, an occasional splash of oars, and the final strains of a band playing in the Eagle Rotunda, nearly a mile away. Directly opposite could be seen the dark outlines and myriad lights of a large steamer moving swiftly downstream.

For a few minutes the pastor remained motionless, drinking in the calm beauty of the scene; and then gradually his thoughts drifted back again into their former channel.

"Why not?" he continued to muse. "Why should not Laurenboro, with its fifty thousand Catholics, have its own Catholic Library? In this city our foundlings and orphans are housed and cared for; our poor are clothed and fed; the aged and incurable are soothed in their last days; here every form of physical infirmity is tenderly cared

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for by Catholic charity. Is it not possible to be equally generous in allaying the infirmities of the mind? Thousands of dollars are spent every year by us in the care of diseased human bodies. Outside the ministry of the priesthood and the work of our two colleges and convents, what is Catholic charity in Laurenboro doing for souls? In this city we have no public sources of knowledge but the daily press and the Elzevir and Humboldt libraries. For years, hundreds of my flock have had to depend on these doubtful sources for their mind-food. And is not intellectual poverty and corruption a far greater evil than any that can afflict the body? What a change for the better would take place in the mental condition of our people, if healthy reading were provided for them. The result would be sound thinking, and its inevitable sequel, sound living." It was thus that the pastor mused.

Father Sinclair was a man of many resources; but he was the first to admit that, no matter how cogent the motives, the work of starting a new library under Catholic patronage in a city where two large book centres for the accommodation of the general public existed already, had many thorny sides to it. St. Paul's parish was, moreover, one of the smallest in Laurenboro. It embraced, as already stated, the new factory sites and tenements of the Gottingen district. This was on one side; on

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the other, where the lowlands led up to Ashburne Avenue, there lived a few of the wealthier families; there was hardly any middle class. The people were, as a rule, and according to their means, generous in the support of the parish. In the beginning, however, there had been some who showed themselves inclined to look askance at the zeal of the young pastor, and rather discouraged one or two of his projects for the betterment of the people, taking for granted that an excess of enthusiasm is best met by an excess of reserve. Perhaps their attitude found its justification in some unpromising financial ventures of one of the former pastors of the parish; but on this he did not reflect. He only recalled the struggle into which he found himself forced when he began the parochial school in Gottingen; also the almost cynical indifference which he encountered from the professional men of his district when he had undertaken to make some move toward maintaining a distinctly Catholic social life among the students—strangers in Laurenboro—who attended the Royalview University; there had likewise been a strong and unrelenting opposition to his personally undertaking the purchase of a section of the Helerand estate to serve as a home for incurables. But in these enterprises—to mention no others of a similar character—he had managed to overcome opposition and indifference by that quiet persistence which

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secures success in the work undertaken; and the very first to congratulate him on the evidence of actual results were those who had in the beginning bitterly opposed him.

These somewhat discouraging memories were still vivid before him, and Father Sinclair was forced to calculate in advance with the uprising of difficulties, much harder for the average sensitive man to overcome than physical hardship or mental labor in a good cause. On the other hand, he remembered the devotion with which the bulk of his people had stood by him, freely opening their purses when he had shown to them the feasibility of a work, or when their own eyes had made it evident to them. On the whole the experiences of the last ten years rather encouraged him to try to solve the problem. He went back to his study and sat down to work out the details.



CHAPTER II

The Pastor Begins to "Pull Wires"

THE summer months passed rapidly away. When October came, it brought with it a return of activity in the West End. Draymen laden with trunks; carpet-beaters at work; gardeners cropping the great undulating lawns and the summer's growth of shrubbery; maids rubbing a three months' dust from the steps and windows,—all bespoke an awakening in the fashionable part of Laurenboro. Soon the heavy carriages, rolling up to the mansions on Ashburne Avenue, told the passers-by that the *élite* had returned to resume their routine life of pleasure for the winter.

It was a raw and dreary afternoon, enlivened by a brisk gale from the southeast. The trees along the great wide avenue were shedding their sere leaves in myriads, and carpeting the gray asphalt. Workmen were busy putting up the winter windows in the Melgrove mansion, covering the flower-beds, tying down the ivy, and preparing for the long white season, which, coming as it did rather early, threatened to be more severe than usual.

In a small rear parlor sat Mrs. Melgrove and two

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ladies, discussing the summer's outing. The hostess had just returned from Europe the week before and was giving her impressions. She was a tall finely-proportioned woman of middle-age, with a genial manner and the evidences of culture in language and movement. She had been blessed with a goodly share of the world's wealth. During the past twenty years, her leisure moments, spared from her family, a husband and a little daughter, had been devoted to helping the poor, visiting the city hospitals and the sick in their homes. It was nothing to surprise anyone that the name of Mrs. Horace Melgrove should stand at the head of, and be identified with, several of the pious associations attached to St. Paul's Church.

Her two lady visitors were likewise well known as associates with her in various schemes for the betterment of the poor. The elder, Miss Rayford, was a quiet little woman of a distinctly literary turn of mind. She had, indeed, for years taken very great interest in works of outdoor charity, but nevertheless she still found time to write attractive stories and essays of a thoughtful character that made her known in many homes, not only of her own city, but abroad.

The other person in conference with Mrs. Melgrove was Mary Garvey, a lady somewhat vivacious, impressionable, open to a fault, and very energetic

To "Pull Wires"

in carrying out anything she had once undertaken. She never seemed to feel the slightest hesitation in telling others her opinion of them; but her manner and tone robbed her outspoken way of the offensive element so commonly associated with criticism. This alone would explain how she managed to keep herself out of trouble. But there were other reasons. The fact is, Miss Garvey was liked by everybody in St. Paul's parish; for no one doubted that her plain-speaking proceeded from an honest heart. Her parents, who had been in moderately good circumstances, died when she was but a little child. She had fallen heir to a modest competency, which allowed her ample leisure to devote herself to good works, a privilege she did not fail to use. For some years, Mrs. Melgrove, Miss Rayford, and Miss Garvey had been, as already intimated, the recognized leaders in every charitable movement introduced among Father Sinclair's people. Today they were to meet their pastor at Mrs. Melgrove's house to talk over some enterprise which he evidently had in view.

"I wonder what it can be," said the hostess, looking at the note from the priest which she held in her hand, but the brief contents of which furnished no adequate clue as to the object of the meeting. "No doubt, Father Sinclair has some new scheme for the young people, but it is rather early to get us

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to work, with all the domestic and social demands of the return season upon us. Someone told me in Paris that the scheme for establishing parish beds in the Contagious Hospital had failed."

"Of course, it failed," returned Miss Garvey. "What else could you expect? The Newell family left town the very day our Hospital Committee was to meet; and naturally the outsiders stepped in and we lacked the requisite number of votes,—so there you are."

"There is something new brewing, at all events," said the hostess, smiling.

"Undoubtedly," replied Miss Garvey. "I was out yesterday when Father Sinclair called, and I got his note only an hour ago. But from a few words he dropped in my hearing the other day, I infer that he plans some scheme for purchasing books. Did you know that the Elzevir people were going to extend their library along Fessenden Avenue?"

"I saw something to that effect in the *Times* yesterday—you may be sure they will succeed in getting the necessary appropriation; they can control public patronage," answered Mrs. Melgrove.

It was close on three o'clock when the door-bell rang. A moment later Father Sinclair was ushered into the small parlor where the ladies were waiting.

He was a tall, well-built man, though seemingly not strong, about forty years of age, or a little more,

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with an expression of face that indicated at once energy and delicacy. People recognized him as one of the prominent citizens of Laurenboro; and whilst one might have observed a certain reserve between the priest and the official arbiters of the town with whom he was thrown in contact, there was no lack of courtesy on either side when they met in the public thoroughfares.

Soon after his ordination, seventeen years before, Father Sinclair had been appointed parish priest in a small village on the coast, where his duties were light, and where he had ample time for self-improvement. There he had enjoyed a season of comparative leisure and solitude, which had become for him an unconscious preparation for more difficult tasks in the future. He had found time for study, even for writing; and his articles in the different magazines, together with a published volume on the attitude of the Church towards Evolution, had given him a reputation for studious habits among his brother priests. It was not many years before his Ordinary felt that he might safely entrust the more important interests of a city parish to the zeal and prudence of the young priest; accordingly, upon the first vacancy in Laurenboro, he was notified that he was to be transferred thither.

The proposed change was a sore trial to him. His more intimate friends were well aware that it

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would cost him no little sacrifice to put away his books, or, at least, to give up the solitude and leisure which made them especially valuable to him. He also loved his little flock and regretted to part with them, whatever else might be in store for him. By nature sensitive, retiring, a lover of the good and beautiful in art, he dreaded the responsibilities of the ministry, together with the noise and bustle, of a large city. Hence, when the formal offer of the pastorship of St. Paul's came to him, he requested his superiors to let him retain his cure in Rockdale, where he was contented and thought himself useful to a degree in proportion with his talents. But the Archbishop knew the pastor better than the pastor knew himself, and insisted that he comply with his wishes. And Father Sinclair, known to but few people outside his immediate circle, was promptly installed in the vacant parish, much to the surprise of older candidates and their friends.

Ten years had elapsed since then, and during the decade the pastor of St. Paul's had distinguished himself as an organizer who could sustain and carry to completion any work he had seen fit to undertake.

"You are more punctual than I, ladies. I hope I have not kept you waiting, although even that can scarcely have been a hardship in Mrs. Melgrove's cosy parlor this bleak afternoon," said Father Sinclair, genially, as he took his seat at the vacant

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side of the table. "You are curious to know, doubtless," he continued, "why I have asked you to meet so early in the season. It is to discuss a plan which seems to me feasible enough, if we get the proper support from our own people. If we succeed in carrying it through, it will do untold good in this city, chiefly among our children and young people."

He drew a notebook from an inner pocket and took out a small sheet of paper on which he had jotted down some items for direction.

"You may have seen," he went on to say, "that the Elzevir—"

Miss Garvey gave a nod to the other ladies, as much as to say, "I told you it was a book scheme."

"—has been making bids during the summer to secure a larger patronage. There has been quite recently a bequest of twenty-five thousand dollars, which is intended, I am reliably informed, to extend the circulation of reading matter that trenches directly upon religious ground. At the same time, efforts are being made to get our children to patronize the library. I had a visit from two of the directors a few days ago. Their plan is to establish a Children's Department, and to augment their stores of denominational literature. In order to do that, they are making arrangements to get some of our own wealthy people interested."

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"They'll get Mr. Maglundy, sure, if they go after him," softly interjected Miss Garvey.

"Now, you know, ladies, as well as I do," continued the pastor, marking the interruption by a pleasant nod of his head, "what a misfortune such an addition would be in a city like ours. There is to be no discrimination in the choice of books as far as religion is concerned. Everything is to be free and unsectarian. This was one of the provisions in the will of the benefactor; indeed, the directors who came to see me insisted on this point, as though it were a likely inducement to gain my approbation to the scheme of what they consider a public service of equal rights. Now non-sectarianism means non-Catholic; it means that no preference is to be shown to any religion; it means indifferentism; it assumes the absurd tenet that God could be as well pleased with one religion as with another. It means that two men may propagate contradictory doctrines, and yet both be right. Now this is false; this is not even common sense. A denominational library here in Laurenboro including all sorts of pleas for and against religion would be a danger for our non-educated Catholics, because it would be unfair to their own creed, and we must do our best to keep it from doing them harm.

"Here, ladies, is a question for you to answer." Father Sinclair consulted his notes. "St. Paul's is a

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small parish, but we have, in this large city, over fifty thousand Catholics, with many wealthy families among them. Would it not be possible, by doing a little energetic work, to begin a library of our own—on a small scale at first—to meet this great want in our city? The collection of good books would not be so very difficult a matter; for we need not doubt that as soon as our people see the benefit which accrues to the Catholic cause from such an enterprise, they will aid it. I have no doubt that in time we shall find some generous benefactor to whom the matter appeals equally strongly, and it will not be many years before we shall have a Catholic library such as we may be proud of."

"Pardon me, Father," interrupted Mrs. Melgrove, smiling, "if I seem to discourage your project. I fear it will be hard to awaken the enthusiasm among our people to sustain the beginnings of such an enterprise. I need hardly say that, viewed from a personal standpoint and considering our needs, the scheme deserves our whole-souled approval. But it means so much. Am I wrong, for example, in thinking that it means that we should have to get a central site, a place in the city accessible to the Catholics from all parts? If we could open a library here in our own neighborhood, there might be only a little or at least less difficulty; but then who would come to it from town? Who would be willing to aid us

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outside our own small parish of St. Paul's? Apart from the cost of maintaining a building or rooms in a convenient locality at a probably high rent, not to speak of purchase, how should we get a sufficient stock of really good books to satisfy those readers who are now drawn to the Elzevir and Humboldt libraries, because they find there almost any book they wish to call for? You would have to engage a number of salaried librarians and secretaries,—which means constant and considerable expense. I speak with some assurance on the subject, because I have been interested in, and once tried, a similar scheme, years ago in the Provinces. We started under the most favorable auspices, with a building excellently located. But eventually we found the expenses for rent, salaries, the renewal and purchase of books, and other unforeseen items, such a drain on our resources that we were obliged to give up the matter in order to ward off serious complications."

"If you will allow me," said the priest, turning over his notes, "I have already given thought to what seemed to me the most likely and reasonable objections. Let me answer those that you have just made, Mrs. Melgrove."

While he was speaking, a maid came softly into the room and set a match to the spirit lamp; in a few minutes the samovar was steaming.

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"In the first place, as to the site," continued Father Sinclair, "there is our Young Men's Club which is sufficiently central; the electric cars run all around it to every part of the city. On the second floor they have a very large room all wainscoted and tiled and heated by steam, which has been used as a general meeting-place in the evenings. The committee in charge of the club have told me that we may fit up this hall as a library in a way which need not divert it from its present use. They are perfectly content that we should have the place for an indefinite period without cost."

"There might be some opposition to putting ourselves under obligation to any local parish organization for the purpose of supplying reading matter for the others," urged Mrs. Melgrove.

"Such an objection would be entirely unreasonable," replied Father Sinclair. "I do not think that we can please everybody; and surely that should not prevent us from working."

The ladies smiled acquiescence.

"Let me dispose of your other objection,—the appointment of a librarian and salaries. As the proposed scheme could take the shape, at present, of only a circulating library, until we see our way clear to do something more, there is no reason why a couple of hours a week should not be sufficient to exchange books. Could we not secure the services

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of say five or six young ladies for two hours every Wednesday and Sunday afternoon?"

"There is no doubt about it," said Miss Rayford, who had kept silent up to this. "I know several who, I am sure, would be willing to come—"

"And Miss Garvey herself here," broke in Mrs. Melgrove; "she has had several years' experience in the Humboldt Institute. How many, Mary?"

"Barely five," the young lady answered, smiling.

"And thus endeth objection number two," said Father Sinclair. "Let us examine the third. This, to my mind, is the really serious one. Where are we going to get the books? It seems to me that we might organize a few Collecting Committees whose duties would be to look up old family libraries, whose owners might have no particular use for the volumes and be willing to give them as the nucleus for the forming of a Catholic public library. I know personally several families in this city who have books lying uselessly in closets and garrets, and who would be glad, I am sure, to donate them to an undertaking of this kind. All such books might not be equally useful, but the larger number would, no doubt, prove very acceptable, under the circumstances. Others we should, of course, have to purchase, and the money for that purpose would have to be collected."

"Couldn't our friend across the avenue, Mr.

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Melling, be prevailed on to give us a few?" asked Miss Rayford; "and Mr. Homer Stewart? They belong to us. They both give gold medals yearly to Royalview University; they helped to complete the Observatory. Surely it would not be difficult to induce them to donate fifty volumes each, if they were approached in the right way."

"I never had occasion to come into close contact with the gentlemen you mention, Miss Rayford. They belong to St. Basil's," interposed the pastor. "But my experience has taught me that there is little to be expected from our wealthy men who figure as nominal Catholics, unless you can hold out to them some equivalent of honor or fame, which I fear is not to be gained by this apparent opposition to the more popular schemes in behalf of our existing and, in a sense, municipal libraries."

"Once more," insisted Miss Garvey, "I suggest the name of Mr. Silas Maglundy as a candidate for prospective honors in this line. He is not committed, I think, to any allegiance with the Elzevir people—at least not yet."

"Who is this Silas Maglundy, Miss Garvey?" asked Father Sinclair, looking up from his newspaper.

"Why, have you not heard? He is one of our recent arrivals," answered the little lady. "He has taken that large house, with the splendid grounds,

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corner of Howarth and Buell. They say he is a millionaire and a Catholic."

"A combination that one does not meet with very frequently," returned the pastor. "Howarth and Buell Streets are within the limits of St. Paul's. I shall have to call on him and get him interested in our works. That's all."

Father Sinclair stood up.

"Now, ladies, will you ponder over this matter? But, of course, no cold water on it! We must do something even as a matter of self-defence. Talk it over as to what are the best means by which we can succeed. If agreeable and convenient to you, we might meet again this day week—anywhere you decide upon, if you will kindly let me know the place and time. Pray excuse me now. I have an appointment with His Grace at four o'clock."

A few minutes later the genial pastor had disappeared down the avenue, crossed the square, and stood at the door of the Archbishop's residence.

CHAPTER III

Three Ladies Drink Tea and Discuss the Pros and Cons

“WELL, you were right, after all, Mary,” said Mrs. Melgrove, when she had returned from the door. “Father Sinclair does not do things by halves. To my mind this library scheme has many attractions. The site is an ideal one. I know the room; it opens out on the street in a long wide entry. There would be no great difficulty in securing librarians; we can easily get them. But I confess I am not yet satisfied with his answer to my third objection,—the difficulty of securing the books.”

“Nor I,” rejoined Miss Rayford. “Father Sinclair’s suggestion is hardly practical. Soliciting cast-off books from Catholic families is not satisfactory to me. We might get a few books—a few Scotts, or Dickenses, or Newmans—these we should have to keep in stock any way, and they would be useful. But a circulating library must be up to date. The latest books must be purchased as soon as they are issued; and we cannot surely depend on

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the casual gifts, as he suggests, for our literature."

Meanwhile the hostess had been looking after the samovar, and Miss Garvey was getting the cups and saucers ready.

"Father Sinclair's plan," ventured Mrs. Melgrove, while pouring out the tea, "is rather to have families donate a certain number. If each were to contribute, say ten volumes, the shelves would be quickly filled."

"But don't you see, Madam," urged Miss Rayford, "that if we had no choice in the selection, we should be getting the same authors over and over again. Our people are not a reading class. The few who indulge in that pastime have their wants supplied by the Elzevir and the Humboldt. You will find very few of the modern writers in private libraries. Old ones satisfy our people in this respect. Asking families to donate a dozen volumes each might succeed in filling the new library shelves, if things were seen as Father Sinclair sees them. But think of the task before us! Besides, for other reasons, I have misgivings as to the result of this undertaking. When you go to ask our wealthy Catholics in this city for a donation to some good work, you are always met with the old song: 'We have so many other things to keep up'"—

"Yes," broke in Miss Garvey, almost savagely, "and they spend more in one week in useless amuse-

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ments than they spend in a year in charities. I know it, for I live among them."

"Is not that a little exaggerated?" asked the hostess, timidly, as she brought the tea-tray to the table.

"Exaggerated! At *Tannhäuser*, last week, the Fells family, and the Newells, and the Molveys occupied boxes that must have cost them at least thirty dollars apiece. And that opera cloak worn by Mrs. Helerland is valued at something like a thousand dollars, I hear."

"Well, Mary, here is a chance for you to do something. Shall we call it 'slum-work'?" suggested the hostess.

"That is the word; and I certainly will go into it. I know Mrs. Helerland personally, and I am assuredly going to call on her. It is about time that these people were brought to their senses. They are doing almost nothing for the Church or her works; and when they do ever so little, we are sure to learn all about it in the *Times* next day. Isn't it wearying?"

This short speech was uttered by the little lady with an accent which brought conviction to her hearers; but which did not prevent her meanwhile from emptying her teacup.

The hostess looked at her.

"Miss Garvey, please don't out on that fierce

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look when you visit the Helerands. You will surely spoil your chances."

"Leave them to me," replied the little lady.

And they both gathered up the cups and saucers and put them on the table in the corner.

Meanwhile Miss Rayford, who had been reflecting for some time, spoke up.

"Here is a scheme that I suggest. Could we not invite a number of our prominent ladies—fifteen or twenty—to meet this day week and get up some sort of entertainment, which would bring in a few dollars for books and other things? You know we must have shelves and glass doors made. There are none in the Young Men's Clubroom."

"Why could not Appleby, the undertaker, give these things for his share? He belongs to the parish, doesn't he?" asked Miss Garvey, energetically.

"Will you see him about it?" enquired the hostess.

"Certainly I will, and he shall have to give them. He has made considerably more than the value of a few book-shelves out of us in coffins and trappings in the past twenty years." Miss Garvey was evidently taking Father Sinclair's library scheme to heart, for she added: "I think Miss Rayford's suggestion a good one. While you were in Europe, Mrs. Melgrove, the Women's Art Club held a 'Renaissance Tea,' and in three evenings they paid off the debt of their clubrooms."

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"Indeed!" interrupted the hostess. "That explains a dainty invitation to their preliminary meeting I found waiting me when I returned."

"These ladies do everything daintily," continued Miss Garvey. "Their Tea was a perfect success. They organized canvassing committees thoroughly before they set to work. They then called on the different families for the loan of their art treasures. One committee solicited paintings and etchings; another, plate; another, ivory and bronze curios; another, old tapestry; another, rare books and manuscripts. Monument Hall was partitioned off into sections, each receiving a suggestive name. You had the Raffaele section; the Sèvres section; the Gobelin section, and so on. Tea was served free to all. A small admission was taken at the various sections; and it would surprise you to see how quickly the dollars rolled into the treasury. In three short evenings the ladies of the Art Club took in nearly a thousand dollars; the treasures, which had been strictly checked, were then sent back to their owners, with a note of thanks, and everybody was happy."

"A novel idea, certainly," said the hostess; "but it would be impossible to get up a benefit for our library scheme on the same lines."

"Undoubtedly; I merely suggest something similar."

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“Why not consider the scheme of nations and national costumes?” asked Mrs. Melgrove. “One of the prettiest sights I saw, during my summer abroad, was at Buda-Pesth. The Hungarian peasants and nobles held some sort of celebration, and dressed in the different costumes which had been in vogue in their country for a thousand years back. The sight was very picturesque and drew crowds of people.”

“That is a charming idea,” said Miss Rayford; “but such schemes require a lot of preliminary study. And besides, look at the expense!”

“I should not think of doing things so elaborately as the Hungarians did,” Mrs. Melgrove hastened to say. “But would it not be possible to dress our young ladies in costumes of a dozen different nations for the entertainment? While people sipped their tea, they could be kept busy guessing what countries were represented. This would at least have the merit of novelty in Laurenboro, and it might prove interesting to many. However, it would be better perhaps first of all to carry out your suggestion, Miss Rayford, and invite a few ladies to talk the matter over.”

“Where could we meet?” asked Miss Garvey.

“Why not here?” answered the hostess. “We can easily open the folding-doors of the large parlor downstairs; and I think I can furnish chairs for fifteen or twenty.”

Discuss the Pros and Cons

It was agreed to meet at the Melgroves' the following Wednesday, and to notify Father Sinclair. The hostess saw her two friends to the door, and bade them good night; for it had grown dusk.

A few flakes of snow, harbingers of the coming winter, were falling, and a cold night-wind made the ladies quicken their steps down the avenue.

"I did not know that Silas Maglundy belonged to our Church, Miss Garvey," said her companion, when they were standing to let a street car pass.

"Neither did I till I was told so. I never see him at church. He is, I suppose, like many others, a merely nominal Catholic."

"Well if he belongs to St. Paul's, he must be made to help us before he gets further away. Father Sinclair will have to get after him."

"Father Sinclair to my mind is altogether too shy," said Miss Garvey. "If he could execute as well as he can plan, he would do marvellous work in Laurenboro."

"But he has us to execute his plans, Miss Garvey. Here comes the car."

"And we'll just do it, then. That library scheme grows on me the more I think of it. I can see all the good it will effect; and I am going to do all I can for it. This is my blue car. So good night."

And the ladies sped off in different directions.



CHAPTER IV

The Pastor Takes the Public into His Confidence

THE last leaf had dropped from the maples on Ashburne Avenue, leaving nothing but the tiny branches and the parting season's birds' nests. A heavy fall of snow had meanwhile thrown a mantle of whiteness over the whole city of Laurenboro. The nine o'clock Mass the following Sunday morning was crowded as usual. The large attendance was chiefly due to the fact that the function was over in forty minutes. Or, as Mrs. Magillicuddy explained it, "because people wanted to show how stingy they could be with Almighty God."

After the Gospel, Father Sinclair made the announcements for the week. One of them read:

A meeting of ladies is called for three o'clock, on Wednesday, at Mrs. Horace Melgrove's, Ashburne Avenue, to consider the formation of a Catholic public library.

"You may not be aware, brethren," continued the pastor, commenting on the announcement, "of the need of a Catholic library in this city. We have several public libraries, it is true, but there is not

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one of them that does not contain works insulting to our holy religion, calumniating her clergy, falsifying her traditions and her history. Are our children and young people to be allowed to read such books because they are free? We must do nothing to minimize respect for authority or religious influences among us. With us, religion is dearer than life. With us, the soul is more precious than the body. Now, see the precautions that are taken to keep contagion out of our homes. The sick are set apart and quarantined; no one is allowed to go near them, lest any become infected. And what are all these precautions taken for? To preserve these poor bodies of ours; to keep them in life a few years longer.

“What disease is to the body, error and immoral principles are to the soul. Are we going to allow our children, and those who are near and dear to us, to read books that instil the poison of irreligion and immorality into their souls? Public libraries that exercise no supervision over the works on their shelves are disseminators of immoral contagion, and are a menace to a community. We are bound in conscience to prevent their books from getting an entry into our homes. We lock our doors against thieves who would rob us of our treasures, and shall we allow books to come into our homes that would rob us of our souls?

“Seeing that our people must read, I have re-

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solved to establish a library of our own in this parish, where sound mental food will be free to all; whither parents may let their children go safely; where there will be no danger of moral contamination; where we may enjoy intellectual pleasure without running the risk of undermining our faith. As you are going to be the gainers by this work, I appeal to your generosity. I have the approbation of the Archbishop; and His Grace asks me to say in his name that he will be gratified to learn that the library is a success."

The people moved slowly out of church, after Mass, and went off in different directions to their homes.

"What's that new scheme the Father was talking to us this mornin' about?" asked Mrs. O'Connell, during her breakfast.

"He's gettin' up a libr'ry," answered her husband; "and, faith, they want somethin' badly to take up their evenin's, in place of galavantin' 'round the streets. Just look, Hannah, at that dirty sheet"—the Sunday *Tribune* was lying on the table—"who fetched that into this house?"

"Kitty brought it in," said the mother.

"Well, there it goes into the fire"—suiting his action to his words—"and tell Kitty, if she wants somethin' to read——"

Kitty heard her name and walked in.

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"Did you bring that paper into this house, Kitty?"

"Yes, daddy; I got it at the corner after Mass, for the pictures and the stories."

"Now, Kitty, let me never see that vile paper here again."

"But, daddy, what are we going to do? You don't want to let me go to the park with the other girls; and you don't want to let me go to the Elzevir. And you don't know how long the Sunday is, with nothing to read and nowhere to go."

"My girl, you'll have somethin' to read after this. Father Sinclair is goin' to start a libr'ry; and I want you to jine it. D'ye hear?"

"Yes, daddy, I hear. Of course, I'll join it. I am dying to read nice books, and so are the other girls."

O'Connell was an industrious workingman, with a few hundreds to his credit in the District Savings Bank. In his young days he had striven unsuccessfully for a teacher's diploma, and he still read a great deal in his spare moments. Although his grammar and his accent were not without blemish, he had wisdom enough to know the influence of bad books and newspapers on the impressionable years of youth.

"Kitty, dear, here's a letter," said her father, after dinner; "take it down to Father Sinclair. You'll find him in the sacristy after Vespers."

The pastor was taking off his stole and surplice

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that afternoon when a timid little girl walked up and handed him a letter.

“Sick-call, Kitty?”

“No, Father; only a letter from daddy.”

Father Sinclair opened it and read:—

Dear Father: I heard your sermon on bad readin' this mornin' and I am heart and soul with your reverence. Use the enclosed twenty-five dollars for the new libry; and may God prosper your undertaking. It is badly needed in our town.

TERENCE O'CONNELL.

P. S.—I have some books that have been in a trunk for twenty years past. If you want them for the new libry, you are welcome to them.

“Tell your father, Kitty, that I thank him for his gift; and also tell him that I shall be glad to get the books.”

O'Connell's gift of money and his offer of books were in Father Sinclair's mind an echo of the popular sentiment; and with the enthusiasm of one who feels that he is on the verge of success in some great enterprise, he mentioned his library project to half-a-dozen parishioners that day and asked them to send to the glebe-house any volumes they might no longer need.

In the half darkness that night, on his way down to supper, he stumbled over a heap in the hallway.

“What are all these bundles, Nanny?” he asked the housekeeper, a relic of the days of the ship-fever, who had faithfully served three of his predecessors in St.

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Paul's, and who had reached an age when shrewdness is at a premium and years are no longer counted.

"I dunno, your Reverence," said Nanny; "they do be ringin' the bell all the afthernoon, and lavin' one parcel afther another. They all say they do be books for your schame, your Reverence."

But the opening up of the bundles disillusionized Father Sinclair, and proved that, notwithstanding his other accomplishments, he had not yet learned how to stock a public library. There were dozens and dozens of volumes in every stage of decomposition; some with pages, even whole chapters, missing; others, without their covers; nine-tenths of the novels were of the lurid order.

"They will do for kindling the fire," mused the pastor. And he frankly admitted there and then that he had not solved Mrs. Melgrove's third objection: "Where are the books to come from?"

"Who left the bundles, Nanny?" he asked.

"O, I dunno, your Reverence. Mrs. Breen's two little girls fetched a parcel, and the widow Gallagher came herself, and Katy O'Connell, and Molly Miller, and Susie Bernardi, and—I dunno—a dozen came."

There were just a dozen bundles.

"Sure I didn't keep no count of who came and who didn't, your Reverence. The Widow Gallagher says why don't you go afther the rich men for your

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schame. There's Mr. Maglundy, says she, sure isn't he goin' to put a drinkin' fountain for horses forninst her house in Blannen Square. And what do they be wantin' with a fountain there for, I'd like to know?"

"Take them to the kitchen, Nanny, and store them away. I will tell you later what they are for."

This was a precautionary measure. It would never do to let it get out among the donors that the gifts of books were of no earthly use except to light fires with. One remark of Nanny's friend, the Widow Gallagher, made Father Sinclair reflect—the fountain in Blenheim Square and its donor.

"Maglundy is turning up pretty often lately," thought the pastor, as he went up to his study to consult the Directory. "Who is he and where is he from?"

The music of that euphonious name had never sounded in his ears until Miss Garvey uttered it at the Melgroves'. The Directory had no such word in its thousand pages, which proved that the owner thereof was a new arrival in Laurenboro. Father Sinclair had read in some review or other an article on "Men revealed in their Names," and he set earnestly to work to paint a mind-picture of the man who bore the name Maglundy. He was elderly; he was a millionaire; he was a Catholic—all this Miss Garvey had said. But was he tall or

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short? stout or thin? was he gruff or affable? generous or miserly? vain or retiring? Here was food for a half-hour's speculation in the philosophic mind of Father Sinclair.

But the picture was not even sketched. The name Maglundy told him nothing. The fact that the owner was about to give a drinking-fountain to the denizens of Blenheim Square offered no clue to his character. So many selfish motives—vanity not excluded—may becloud public benefactions that the pastor refused to commit himself to a verdict on the character of one reputed to be a Catholic millionaire.

“However,” he mused, as he put the Directory aside and took up his Breviary for Matins and Lauds, “if Silas Maglundy belongs to us, we shall soon know more about him.”

CHAPTER V

Lay Forces Are Called into Action

MRS. Melgrove's large drawing-room was ablaze with light the following Wednesday afternoon. The folding-doors had been thrown open, revealing a perfect treasure-house of art. Such taste and such delicacy of selection! In her travels through Europe the hostess had picked up many an artistic gem in the shape of a miniature, or a cameo, or a bronze object of one pattern or another. An exquisite reproduction of the Salpion rested on the floor. A Sistine Madonna, holding her sorrowfully sweet Child, hung from one of the walls where the light-effects were favorable; on another, various pictures of child-life, mostly the work of German artists, and etchings signed by the authors themselves. A Leo XIII by Chartran stood on an easel near the folding-doors. The same taste displayed itself in the selection of her books—all Catholic and standard. The Catholic tone was felt the moment the Melgrove threshold was crossed.

The ladies began to straggle in by twos and threes. Miss Garvey had reached the house a few minutes ahead; she was helping the hostess to unwrap their

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furs and to make them feel at home. Already over twenty-five had come when three o'clock rang, and Father Sinclair entered, recognizing well-known faces seated here and there in the large room.

The pastor of St. Paul's was one of those priests who had cultivated the possibilities of lay coöperation in his parish. Himself naturally diffident and retiring, he had, by means of the zealous helpers whom he saw before him at the Melgroves', done much in his small district that would otherwise have been left undone. Among these ladies were his League Promoters' Visiting Committee, who went to see the poor twice a week during the cold season; his Hospital Committee, who devoted their Wednesdays and Saturdays to the sick in the city hospitals; his Vigilance Committee, to keep an eye on University students, many of whom were strangers in Laurenboro and disposed to run wild after lecture hours; his First Communion Committee among the poorer children in Gottingen Ward. The new library scheme, he felt confident, would eventually succeed.

A chair had been provided for him, and a small table; and when he sat down, it was in presence of a band of workers who, if they so desired, could make his new library scheme, or any other scheme, a perfect success—and he knew it.

"Ladies," he began, "I had occasion at the Masses last Sunday to make you acquainted with a

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plan suggested to meet a very pressing need. You are aware of the efforts that are now being made by our friends on Fessenden Avenue to foist a lot of denominational literature on us. Besides, I had the privilege of looking over the Elzevir catalogue a few days ago, and was astounded at the number of books there that are on the Index—books that Catholics are forbidden to read—Balzac, George Sand, the two Dumas——”

A rustling of silk was heard in a corner of the room.

“Pardon me, Father. Is Dumas on the Index?” asked a young lady graduate of a fashionable seminary.

“Yes, madam, the works of both father and son.”

“Well, really—,” the young lady was going to tell that she had read them all, but she simply said, “I did not know they were.”

“It is a serious matter,” continued the pastor, “for a Catholic to read works that are thus proscribed. One’s conscience becomes involved. I shall have occasion later, I trust, to explain the seemingly severe rules that govern the decisions of the Roman Congregation of the Index; meanwhile you will understand, ladies, why I am so anxious that something should be done this winter.”

This speech, short as it was, had a surprising effect on some of the ladies present, and told them a few things they evidently did not know.

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“Now, if we desire to succeed in doing anything,” he went on, “we must organize. We shall need officers and committees. If some one will propose a name for president——”

Quick as a flash, Miss Garvey stood up and proposed the name of Mrs. Horace Melgrove.

“I second the motion, and I have much pleasure in doing so,” said Miss Rayford. “Mrs. Melgrove has taken deep interest in our works of charity for years, and has had experience in library matters. This library is also a work that I know appeals to her; and for this reason I second Miss Garvey’s motion.”

“It has been moved and seconded,” added Father Sinclair, “that Mrs. Horace Melgrove be made president of our library organization. Is there any other candidate?”

There was no other candidate; only absolute silence.

“Seeing that there is no opposition, I declare Mrs. Melgrove elected by acclamation——”

But the pastor got no further. A general clapping of hands bespoke the popularity of the new president.

“Mrs. Melgrove will take the chair presently,” continued Father Sinclair. “She will explain the object of our meeting more fully than I have done. She will help you to select your other officers and name the heads of the committees. I feel that the

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library interests are advancing rapidly, and I know that whatever you decide to do this afternoon will be for the best."

A murmur of satisfaction swept through the room.

"Now, ladies, if you will excuse me, I shall leave you to your deliberations"—the priest stood up—"if there is anything that I can do to help you out, you have only to drop a note, or call at the glebe-house."

And while the affable pastor was being conducted to the door by the hostess, a buzz of conversation began to grow in the room. It was a score of ladies talking all at once, and about everything but the library.

A moment later Mrs. Melgrove took her place in the president's chair.

"Before we proceed to the election of the other officers," she began, in a business-like way, "I desire to thank you, ladies, for the mark of confidence you have placed in me. I will do all in my power to retain it. I feel that the work we are about to engage in, and which Father Sinclair has evidently much at heart, is one worthy of our very best efforts. As our pastor has already told you, there is sad need of a wholesome public library in our city. Children in our parish are all readers nowadays, and I feel it is our duty to provide them with sound reading-matter. Father Sinclair furnishes the hall.

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The librarians are easy to get. The books are the next thing to think about.

"Three of us, Miss Garvey, Miss Rayford, and myself, have had several informal talks over the affair, and we have thought that some money-making scheme, in the course of a week or so, should bring in a few hundred dollars, which could be invested in books. However, before we proceed further, we shall need a secretary, and two or three counsellors."

The work of election was performed in true parliamentary fashion, the secretaryship naturally falling to Miss Garvey, she being known as a most energetic and intelligent worker in such matters.

It was now in order to discuss ways and means. Several ladies timidly suggested a house-to-house collection of books—Father Sinclair's idea—but they were left without a prop by the inexorable logic of Miss Rayford. The majority seemed to think that an entertainment and fancy sale would be the proper thing to have.

"Then, ladies, let us have the entertainment," said the president. "What name shall we give it?"

"I would suggest Autumn Festival," said one lady.

"Or Afternoon Tea," asserted another.

"Or Five O'Clock Social," ventured a third.

"Three excellent suggestions," rejoined the presi-

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dent. "Let us begin with the first. All in favor of Autumn Festival as a name for our entertainment and fancy sale, will please raise their hands."

A fierce gust of wind had sprung up at that moment, and the branches tapping against the window panes of the large room evidently weighed in favor of that name. A cloud of hands, begloved but dainty, went into the air, and decided that an Autumn Festival was the function that should be given in the interests of the new library.

As those present were quite familiar with the details of fancy sales, and as the evening was advancing, the rest of the business was quickly disposed of. One lady offered to look after the candies; another would take charge of the flower-tables; another of the ice-cream; another of the tea and coffee. Each would choose her own assistants. Monument Hall would be secured for that day fortnight. The Committee on Printing would get the tickets into circulation as soon as possible.

"I cannot impress on you, ladies," said the president, while the furs were being donned, "how important it is to dispose of as many tickets as possible. Our success will depend on that. Get your friends interested; talk about the Festival, and we shall be able to give Father Sinclair a good round sum for the library."

It was nearly six o'clock when the meeting broke

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up. The Autumn Festival was started. The enthusiasm that reigned among the ladies predicted success.

The following evening, an anonymous article appeared in the local *Times* on "Reading." The day after, one on the "Importance of Books on the Formation of Character." The day after that again, one on "Controlling the Reading of the Young." Every evening, the library question was being discussed, even on the streets, till it threatened for the moment to exclude even the coming civic elections.

"How is the Autumn Festival getting on, Eleanor?" asked Melgrove of his wife, a few evenings later, when he reached his home. "They are doing nothing down-town these days but talking library. Here is a fourth article on the 'Need of Wholesome Public Libraries.' I'll wager it is Father Sinclair preparing public opinion for his scheme. He is certainly doing his share, and doing it well. There is no one on the *Times*, except Burton, who can write like that. Listen, Nell. It reads like Newman."

And Melgrove began to read out Father Sinclair's clear-cut pure English sentences, logical and forceful.

"Why, Nell, that prose would bring conviction to the most granite-skulled native of Laurenboro. Are the tickets printed yet?" asked Melgrove.

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"Printed and out," quietly answered his wife.

"How many do you want me to take?"

"At least a dozen, dear."

"Ahem, sorry I asked. But that Father Sinclair is a pusher. Here is all Laurenboro reading his prose to-night, persuaded that something will happen if St. Paul's doesn't get a new library. The Elzevir people must feel pleased just now."

The dinner-bell—the tocsin of the hungry soul—rang at that moment, and Melgrove's reflections suddenly took another direction. What logic will resist the sound of a dinner-bell?



CHAPTER VI

Human Nature Bobs Up in a Few Ways

IT was a long, weary day the eve of that First Friday in November. Father Sinclair had been steadily at work in the confessional since three o'clock. It was now seven, and the stream of penitents showed no signs of diminishing. Fatigue had almost overtaken the pastor as he stepped out and asked the people near his box to be patient for a short quarter-of-an-hour, while he took his cup of coffee.

Four letters were awaiting him on the table; but he left them unopened. It was near eleven when the last form was seen emerging from the confessional. While the sexton started to put the lights out, the tired pastor walked slowly up the aisle. He knelt down before the main altar and offered the fatigue of the day to the Sacred Heart whose feast he would celebrate on the morrow.

Before retiring for the night he glanced at the letters and opened them one by one.

"Dear Father: Couldn't the sexton let me have the candelabra and a few rose-lamps—a couple of dozen—to decorate my flower table? It would look bare without them. And I am positively afraid to ask him."

Human Nature Bobs up

“Dear Father Sinclair: Would you have the kindness to ask the Mayor for the palms from the Civic Nursery, to put in the Hall on the night of the Festival? I sent some one to see him yesterday, but he said he could not give them without consulting the aldermen.”

“Reverend and Dear Father: Would you let Nanny come to help wash things on the night of the Library Festival? Several are going to ask for her, but I think I am first.”

“Dear Reverend Father: Would you have the very great kindness to ask the Brazilian Coffee Company to donate a few pounds of coffee to the Festival for your Library?”

The pastor put the letters on the table, sat down and uttered one long sigh.

“Dear Lord!” he exclaimed, “*Non recuso laborem.* I am willing to work for Thy glory. I am giving sixteen or eighteen hours a day to show that I mean what I say. But must I now start a-begging for palms and coffee? One thing is certain, however,—Nanny shall stay at home. As for the rose-lamps, they may fight it out with the sexton.”

He was too tired to undress even,—he had to carry Holy Communion to seven sick persons in the early morning. After a brief fervent prayer, he threw himself on his bed and was soon fast asleep.

The First Friday was radiant. The morning sun sent fresh streams of chastened light through the long, lancet windows, and lighted up the little

In a Few Ways

Gothic church with a softness and grace almost heavenly. The King on His throne, surrounded with flowers and candles, looked down lovingly on the lovers of His Sacred Heart. During the Mass sweet music raised the souls of the worshippers above the earth; and when the hundreds who received Holy Communion lingered after the service to commune longer with our Lord, Father Sinclair felt that his zeal had not been sterile. "I will give to priests who spread this devotion the gift of touching the hardest hearts." There were not so many hard hearts to touch in St. Paul's Parish; the League of the Sacred Heart had done its work; and the tears of tenderness and spiritual joy that flowed that morning in St. Paul's plainly told the pastor that the Saviour's promise to Margaret Mary had been fulfilled to the letter. And as a consequence, Father Sinclair was happy.

But there was a weight on him nevertheless. How was he to go a-begging for coffee and palms? What were the committees named for? He had on a former occasion put his foot down and told an officious vice-president that soliciting for an entertainment did not come within the scope of his duties. The lesson had undoubtedly been forgotten; he should have to repeat it. For the moment he would compromise; he would buy the coffee and send it to the Hall. For this once, also, although

Human Nature Bobs up

his shy nature rebelled against such work, he would call on Wesley Bruce and ask him for the palms that had already been refused. Father Sinclair could plan; he could suggest; he could urge; but he felt an inmost aversion to going a-begging such petty favors.

At ten o'clock he telephoned to the Brazilian Coffee House to send five pounds of its best coffee to Monument Hall before five o'clock on Wednesday, and charge it to his account. He then took his hat and cane and walked down to the post-office.

The pastor of St. Paul's was a welcome figure down-town. His spirit of progress, his interest in civic celebrations, his zeal for promoting public works, were well known. It was he who suggested the artistic arches over the Brono bridge; it was he who headed the subscription list for the massive electric columns in Royalview Park; it was mainly he who got the City Band to play twice a week in the Eagle Rotunda; it was through his efforts that Corot's "Twilight" was now in the Art Gallery; it was he who had been working almost alone for two years to have a monument raised to the little hero who lost his life while trying to save another in the Brono: in a word, Father Sinclair was the mouth-piece of the "sixth sense" in Laurenboro; for he was essentially artistic and a lover of the beautiful.

But he was preoccupied on his way down-town

In a Few Ways

that morning. And still the palms were public property. . . . The new library would be a benefit to the public. . . . It would help to make good citizens. He ran lightly up the steps of the post-office, and was pushing the massive doors inward when he stood face to face with the Mayor.

“Good morning, Father.”

“Good morning, Mr. Bruce.” He was about to pass on, when he suddenly turned on his heel. “By the way, Mr. Mayor, could we have the Civic Nursery palms for an evening this week? We are getting up a little——”

“Certainly, Father. Come over to my office.”

And that was all there was about it. Father Sinclair came away with an order to the civic gardener to let him have the palms “as long as he wanted them”; besides, they were to be delivered at the hall for him.

The agony was over. But he asked himself:

“Is it pride, this shyness, or is it a too delicate sense of honor, that makes my life so miserable?”

He could solemnly aver that it was not pride. He simply could not do such things. Henceforth he should see to it that his people did not ask him.

A call later in the day at the glebe-house from Mrs. Melgrove and the secretary told him that the tickets were going fast; two hundred dollars had already been handed in.

Human Nature Bobs up

"This is a splendid showing," said the pastor, "and there are still three days."

"But several visits we made, Father, were very discouraging," ventured Mrs. Melgrove.

"And a few snubs into the bargain," added Miss Garvey. "The Newells told us plainly they wanted no new library. They were satisfied with the Elzevir; and they would not contribute a cent."

"And what did you say?" asked the pastor, sympathetically.

"What could we say? We simply turned on our heels and walked away," replied the little lady.

"You did the proper thing, ladies. A little humiliation, was it not? And within the Octave of the First Friday, too?"

How well Father Sinclair could preach to others! Had he been in their places, and been refused, he would have shrunk into his very humble substance.

"Even though the Newells do not come to the festival," he continued, "they might have taken a few tickets—mightn't they?—to help a good thing along."

"Certainly they might. Miss Rayford called on them," added Miss Garvey, "for a contribution of flowers, and they positively refused her."

"Never mind. We have something better. We have the palms from the City Gardens," said the Father, bravely. "Monument Hall on festival

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night will look like a corner cut out of Honolulu.”

“And we called at Mr. Maglundy’s,” added the little secretary.

“Pray tell me how you were received there?”

“Very well. He took one ticket. He said he was a chronic bachelor, and should not need more than one. He is very anxious to meet you, Father. He wants your opinion on a fountain he is going to build somewhere in town. He also wants an inscription in Latin or Greek.” And the ladies laughed heartily.

“We shall have to accommodate him, then. This may be the thin edge of the wedge to Mr. Maglundy’s heart,” retorted the pastor, slowly. An excellent occasion of meeting this stranger had thus presented itself, and Father Sinclair was gratified at the turn events were taking.

“But the pleasantest visit of all was to the Caysons,” continued Mrs. Melgrove. “Just fancy! They had already taken twelve tickets for the Festival before we reached there. And when Miss Garvey saw the twelve spread out before her, she had not the courage to ask them——”

“What?” interrupted the pastor, smiling; “to buy more tickets? Isn’t there a stronger term than ‘courage’ required to ask a family to buy more than twelve tickets?”

“No matter, Mrs. Cayson was splendid. She

Human Nature Bobs up

asked us if we had no tickets to sell, and we both burst out laughing. She took four more, and she promised a contribution to each of the tables. Her two daughters, Clare and Mary, are busy since yesterday making candy. And Clare is going to help us to sell."

"God bless them," said Father Sinclair; "isn't it consoling to meet such people in this chilly, selfish world? But let us go back to Maglundy. Did he name any time at which he wanted to see me?"

"He said he would call on you at the glebe-house, or he would be in any day after three. If you will only telephone, he will send his carriage."

"I shall surprise the old gentleman some day before the Festival. I should like to see him there. So would the ladies, wouldn't they?"

"By all means. Try to get him, Father. We shall take care of him, once he reaches the Hall," said Miss Garvey. "But he did not impress me as one who would open his purse, even for a library. He might have taken more than one ticket."

"Seeing that he has money to throw away on living fountains and——" answered Mrs. Melgrove.

"And on dead languages," interjected the pastor. sarcastically.

The two ladies departed, only to admit two more, —Miss Pickwell and a friend.

"I am so glad you got my note, Father. The

In a Few Ways

coffee has arrived. I really could not ask that horrid manager."

Miss Pickwell lived in an elegant mansion on Nob Hill, and Father Sinclair was just thinking that she might have bought the coffee herself. But the lady kept right on:

"Last year he was so ugly about a small affair. Imagine he hinted that I should buy my own donation. And I vowed that I would never patronize him again."

"That is why you sent me, wasn't it?" asked the pastor, smiling.

"Well, I knew he could not refuse you. And you see he did not. We have just come from Mr. Maglundy's, Father."

"I suppose the millionaire simply bought up all your tickets," ventured Father Sinclair.

"Indeed, no. He told us that he had already been supplied. Some one had got in ahead of us."

"Is he coming to the Festival?" asked the priest.

"We invited him, but I do not think so. Besides, I hardly think we want him."

"What, Mr. Maglundy! a millionaire? Do not want him at the Autumn Festival? What do you mean, Miss Pickwell?" asked the pastor, apparently surprised.

"Oh, I don't know. Wait until you meet him,

Human Nature Bobs up

Father. He wishes to see you to do something for a fountain."

"Fountain? He must have money to throw away."

Father Sinclair was fishing for impressions, and the reasons of their aversion soon began to come out.

"But, Father, he is so uneducated," said Miss Pickwell.

"What of that, my child? Want of education is not a sin."

"But he is so conceited and boorish. Always talking about himself and that fountain of his."

"He may have had interesting things to say."

"But they were not interesting, were they, Madge?" asked Miss Pickwell, turning to her companion. "What did he mean by telling us all about his Trans-Siberian stocks, and bulls, and bears, and everything that we know nothing about?"

"Perhaps he is going to start a menagerie. Should you not like to see some Trans-Siberian bulls and bears?"

"Father Sinclair, you are perfectly dreadful. When we tell you things, you never listen. All the same, thanks for the coffee. Come on, Madge."

CHAPTER VII

A Millionaire with a Hobby

MISS Pickwell would have had some difficulty in proving her assertion that Father Sinclair never listened. He had been listening, and listening attentively to all he heard during the past few days; and, what is more, he had been reflecting on the inconsistency of it all. Could this be Christian charity? Could it be the charity that the Gospel counselled? Here were twenty or thirty members of his flock trudging around the city trying to dispose of tiny squares of cardboard, at so much apiece, which would admit his own parishioners—wealthy, a fair proportion of them—to Monument Hall, to amuse themselves before they would contribute to a crying need.

“Even when they give an alms for a good work,” he mused, “they must first get their money’s worth.”

Was this Catholic charity? Nay, more, was it common justice that the flower of his flock should be obliged to go from house to house, or busy themselves at home for days and days, simply to entice people to spend a few dollars in aid of a work they themselves and their children would profit by?

A Millionaire

"We shall see," said Father Sinclair, continuing to soliloquize, "that the very people who spend the least will be the ones who will have all the fault to find with the library and its management later on. I know what is coming. Those little ticket-sellers of mine and those little candy-makers are heroines. They do more for charity's sake than the rest of the parish put together. And the snubs and the rebuffs they are getting are simply galling. One would think they were working for their personal profit."

The pastor was walking up and down the balcony of the glebe-house. He had his great coat and cap on, and his gloves. He was about to make a visit to Mr. Maglundy. This new arrival in Laurenboro had been brought to his attention so often lately, and in such an unfavorable light, that he could hardly say he had much confidence in him.

Small things often give us the key to greater ones. That fountain project, which he had heard about from different sources, suggested a certain sense of civic vanity on the part of Mr. Maglundy; and the inscription in a dead language which he desired seemed very much like an affectation. These qualities in the stranger did not forebode a favorable understanding between the two men whose ideals were so totally different, and Father Sinclair felt a distinct repugnance to call on the millionaire.

With a Hobby

Should he find out, when he learned to know him better, that this was one of those mortals who try to get all the glory they can, at the least possible cost to themselves? Maglundy had wealth, evidently. He had now reached the Glory phase. He was going to build a monument to himself in Blenheim Square. We should soon see him in Politics. Later would come the phase of Pleasure-seeking. To reach heaven such men would have to compete with the camel that could force its way through the eye of a needle.

But all this soliloquizing was verging on uncharitableness. Father Sinclair justified himself by the conclusion that he had been thinking only of abstract cases. He could truly say that he did not know Maglundy. So that all the hard things that had passed through his mind about rich *parvenus* in general did not necessarily apply to him.

Half an hour later the pastor walked up the steps of the great limestone mansion at the corner of Howarth and Buell Streets. A gardener was gathering the dead leaves into heaps here and there on the sward. The long, prettily shaped flower-beds, with their wealth of violets and roses, which Father Sinclair had so often admired during the summer months, lay bare and wretched. Nature was going into decline, and the sight had a depressing effect on the æsthetic instincts of the visitor.

A Millionaire

A somewhat slatternly maid, who had quite reached the years of discretion, took his card on a very large silver tray, and then with a "This-way-please," uttered in a voice that attempted to be soft, drew the portières aside and ushered the priest into the drawing-room, a realm of luxurious splendor, and a sort of wonderland in which the beholder was confused by the number and variety of curious objects gathered in from the world without.

Father Sinclair felt a sense of the incongruous. Was it a drawing-room or a museum? His instinct told him, however—had he not already known it—that Mr. Maglundy was a bachelor, and that probably the woman who took his card was to blame.

A rather strange spectacle was presented by the ingenious display of a genuine pick and shovel and a miner's pan—the heraldry of the mining world—resting against the mantlepiece. The owner of the house was evidently proud of these implements. There were cabinets along the walls filled with gim-cracks of every description and California curios. A few books on mineralogy lay covered with dust on the center table. From the ceiling hung a huge Japanese umbrella, on which dust and cobwebs had gathered notably, relics no less of shiftless management than of a sojourn in the West. There were other signs of neglected wonders which by their peculiar position indicated that Maglundy was at the mercy

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of a housekeeper who had not the same respect for them as must have animated the original lord of these things. The priest sympathized with him, and was just instituting a comparison between the guardian spirit of this household and his own good-natured but not very tidy Nanny, when a quick, jerky step was heard coming down the stair. The portières were drawn aside and revealed Silas Maglundy himself, a little smiling lump of a man, not more than five feet four inches high, corpulent, with bald head and ruddy face, sympathetic blue eyes, prominent nose, and a tuft of whisker under each ear.

"How do you do, Fawther?" he lisped. Mr. Maglundy's grammar was above reproach, but all his "a's" were "aw's," and all his minnows, whales, as the pastor soon discovered.—"I am delighted to meet you. Have been anxious to meet your Reverence for some time."

He pressed the visitor's hand with a grasp that betokened genuine cordiality. Pointing to a chair, and falling into one himself, he proceeded:

"I am a Cawtholic, you know."

"I had heard so," replied Father Sinclair, demurely, "and I am very well pleased to meet you; indeed I had hoped to have that pleasure before this."

"My fault, sir, that you did not; although I have been in Laurenboro little over a month. Quite a

A Millionaire

beautiful place this city of yours. Was quite a revelation to me. Think I shall reside here permanently in future. I hope in fact to do something in my own small way to improve conditions here."

"The fountain will soon be out," thought Father Sinclair, who felt a growing desire to laugh at the sight of such petty vanity. But he concealed his sentiments. The first glimpse the old man had given the priest of himself was that of Maglundy smiling. The impression was favorable and was destined to remain with him.

"Your name is Saint Clair, Fawther. I used to know a family out in California of that name—the Saint Clairs, well-to-do——"

"They may be distant relatives of mine," replied the pastor, blandly. "Ours was a large family."

"Indeed; and drifted apart in after years, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Father Sinclair, "we are all well dispersed now. But it took ages. We are descendants of the navigator who sailed in his own ship and got stranded on Ararat."

"How sad," exclaimed Maglundy, sympathetically. "What a calamity! Accidents will happen. Was everything lost?"

"No; the family was saved; and the live stock."

"I am so glad to hear that. How consoling!"

The pastor felt that he had carried his facetious-

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ness far enough and he quickly changed the uninteresting topic.

"So you are going to stay with us, Mr. Maglundy?" he asked.

"I think so, Fawther. My interests are centred in Laurenboro for some time to come. You know I have been engaged in mining for some years in California, and had a half-ownership in a quartz claim out there. Do you smoke, Fawther?"

"Occasionally."

"Well, just come upstairs. I want to have a talk with you. And besides, I want to let you into a little secret of mine, and get your advice."

"The fountain, to a certainty," thought the pastor, as he followed the stout little man upstairs.

The smoking-room was a cosy spot. A few delightfully fashioned easy chairs looked very inviting. Photos of California mining-camps almost covered the four walls.

After they had lighted their cigars, Maglundy continued:

"Yes, I had a half-interest in a claim out there. One day I struck a pocket—or 'blow-out', as we miners call it—and I saw what I had. I bought the other half-interest and developed the mine myself, which proved a tremendous payer. Naturally I drifted from mines to stocks, and manipulated successfully in Trans-Siberian. And here I am,

A Millionaire

as you see, a success in life—made my pile, as my old friends the miners say.”

And Maglundy settled down into his leathern chair with evident satisfaction.

“What became of your partner?” asked Father Sinclair.

“I don’t really know; his future didn’t worry me. Why should it?”

“I really do not know why it should not,” rejoined the priest. “You say he was your partner—and I fancy he must have naturally been interested in your discovery.”

“Oh yes, I understand. That was years ago, but I lost sight of him long since. I think he is somewhere in the West still. But that does not worry me. I purpose doing something for my fellow beings. Some one of your learned men has said, I think, that a private good must give way to the public weal.”

“Yes, certainly, private interests must yield at times to the public weal, provided justice is not involved.”

“No doubt you are right; but of course the law takes care of that, and we need not go out of our way to be just where everyone can claim his own in the courts.”

The old miner evidently did not care to discuss the subject from the ethical point of view; he was

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in a philanthropical mood, and was anxious to broach the favorite subject of the fountain. How true it is that when a man has a hobby he makes the rest of the world suffer. The irrepressible topic is served up on all occasions, and with every kind of sauce. Not, of course, that he wishes to tire his victims, or give them indigestion. It is only because the hobby controls him and he himself has become its victim. Apparently, Maglundy had reached this stage; the pastor's keen mind had divined it clearly enough.

"I want to let you into a little secret of mine. I may as well tell you that I intend to present a drinking-fountain to the citizens of Laurenboro, for the use of man and beast. And here is the design I have had prepared."

The old man pulled out of a pigeon-hole a well-thumbed document which he unfolded and put before the amazed eyes of Father Sinclair. There was a clearly drawn pen-and-ink sketch of a cow lying on the top of a hillock in a pool of water.

"The idea is original, isn't it?"

"It certainly is," exclaimed the priest.

"And I think it will be welcome to the citizens of Laurenboro. You see, I have always had a great love for dumb animals; they are so useful to man. But I think their place is not properly estimated in the domain of art. We have tigers and lions and

A Millionaire

horses to represent animals in monuments; but no one has ever introduced the cow to express the nobility of useful service. Yet this animal provides us with food and drink and clothing.

"Is there anything on this green earth more attractive than a field of cows, or more grateful and nourishing than a glass of fresh milk? What poet was it who sang

'The lowing cows come walking o'er the fields?'

"Homer, possibly!" quickly answered Father Sinclair, half thinking that the old man might be doting.

"I can almost see those gentle glassy eyes," continued the millionaire, "and hear the swish of the tail. Out in California we once had——"

But the visitor was waxing fidgety. He handed back the roll to the owner, and was preparing to leave.

"The design for the work is almost completed, as you see it there; but I should be pleased if you would make some suggestion, Fawther, as to details."

Father Sinclair reflected a moment.

"Are you really in earnest about this matter, Mr. Maglundy," said he, with a humorous air. "I should say you would need a shed for the cow; it is hardly fair to keep her outside in all kinds of weather. The winter is coming on."

With a Hobby

"Why surely I am in earnest, Fawther," said the millionaire; "but of course the cow will be of bronze."

"Why not put a canopy over her—to keep the rain off?"

"But how could that be done? It would alter the design."

"And besides," continued the pastor, not minding the interruption, "she will be lonesome. Why not add a calf or two?"

"That would add materially to the expense, Fawther; extra piping, and so on," said Maglundy, not seeming to realize the ridiculous element in the criticism of a project which he had fondly cherished until it had absorbed all his sense of the ludicrous.

"I admit it would cost something more. But then your fountain would serve a double purpose."

"Indeed! How so?" Maglundy's eyes were flashing in wonderment.

"It would be a monument to the donor, and an emblem of motherly affection."

"Affection?" exclaimed the millionaire.

"Why yes. I mean bovine maternal affection."

Maglundy stared; but it was the stare of vacuity. The old man thought he understood.

"Down goes the calf, Fawther."

And taking pen and paper, he wrote: "One or two calves; affection, shelter, extra piping."

A Millionaire

"But this must be your own idea, Mr. Maglundy, —not mine. Do you hear?"

Father Sinclair had not expected so complete and ready an acquiescence to his suggestion; and became alarmed lest, in his earnestness to carry out the monumental idea, Mr. Maglundy might quote him as authority for the alterations in the design.

"O yes, Fawther; I will take care of that. I am glad I consulted you before I gave out the contract."

The old man folded the document again and carefully laid it away.

"Now, Fawther, I am anxious to have an inscription put on the fountain. I have passed many an hour thinking what it might be. Anything in English would be too common to put on a bronze tablet—don't you think so? What should you suggest?"

"I really do not know," replied Father Sinclair. "Do you want one in German, or French, or some other modern language?"

"That is just what I do not want. I have read, and you of course know, that living languages change in course of time, and that dead languages don't. I should like a language on the slab that would never change. It ought always to be able to tell who gave the fountain to Laurenboro."

"How would Greek or Latin do?" asked the pastor.

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"They are dead languages—are they?—and not likely to change?"

"Dead as a door-nail," echoed the priest.

"I think I should prefer Greek, then," ventured the old man.

He handed Father Sinclair a tablet and pen, and the priest, with a somewhat quizzical smile, wrote:

ΣΙΛΑΣ ΜΑΓΛΥΝΔΙΟΣ
ΜΕ ΔΕΔΩΚΕ

Maglundy seized the paper and looked at it. It was clear that the old miner's classics had been neglected, for he turned suddenly to his visitor and exclaimed: "What is this, Fawther?"

"The Greek inscription for your fountain."

Maglundy examined it carefully, turned it about in various ways, and said, somewhat dejectedly: "I don't know Greek, Fawther, and shouldn't be able to say which is top or bottom; but tell me what it means. I am afraid most people would be as much puzzled as myself, and no one could ever tell who gave the fountain to Laurenboro. What is the English for that?"

The pastor pointed out the Greek words, and read *Silas Maglundy donated me.*

"Of course, it is the cow which is supposed to be speaking," he added, with a little vicious smile; for the outlines of a comedy worthy of Molière began to grow up before him with lightning rapidity.

A Millionaire

"The idea is there, Fawther; but I don't think I should like that. The words cannot be read. Why, I cannot make out my own name. How would it be in Latin?"

The priest took the tablet again and wrote:

SILAS - MAGLVNDIVS - ME
DONAVIT

"This looks more like our own English, doesn't it? Indeed, I can recognize my own name. But that *ivs* at the end—what is it there for?"

"It gives the word Maglundy a classical touch."

"Do the other words mean the same as the Greek?"

"The very same thing," answered the pastor.

Maglundy pondered, gazing intently meanwhile at the tablet.

"I do not like that word *ME* so close to my name. Ignorant people in Laurenboro might suppose the cow was calling herself Maglundy," said the old man, laughing.

"I can give you another phrase which renders the same sentiment," suggested the pastor.

"If you please."

Father Sinclair took the tablet a third time and wrote:

DONVM - SILAE - MAGLVNDII

"What does this mean?" asked the old man.

"*The Gift of Silas Maglundy*," answered the pastor.

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"Those too it's at the end of my name do not look well. Could they not be changed so as to leave the name straight, plain, humble Maglundy which everybody would recognize at sight?"

"Not easily, sir. Latin is a dead language. I think you had better stand by this one." said Father Sinclair, pertly. He was tiring of the comedy.

"Very well, Fawther, I will."

The pastor rose to go.

"Tell me, Mr. Maglundy, do you really mean to have that design carried out, and to set that cow up in Blenheim Square?"

"Undoubtedly I do. Transferring a gentle brute of the fields to Blenheim Square; the idea is poetic is it not?"

"And decidedly bucolic," answered Father Sinclair, wearily, putting out his hand to him. "I fear I must be off, Mr. Maglundy. By the way, we are going to have a Festival in Monument Hall, next week, in aid of a Free Library I should wish to establish for our people. I think that you might help us in the good work, seeing that God has given you a large share of this world's wealth. You are laboring at this moment to be useful to our citizens in affording them, by the erection of a fountain, an opportunity of quenching the thirst of their bodies. The ladies of my parish are working hard these days to slake a thirst in souls. A good library is a fountain

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of living waters, and we are without one. Will you be with us at Monument Hall on Wednesday next?"

"I fear I may be engaged with my contractors on that night. However, I will do my best to get there."

Father Sinclair slipped downstairs, donned his coat and cap, and passed into the street, thankful to be out of the domain of what he considered at that moment the greatest bore of the century.

"We shall not see Maglundy at the Festival, that's certain," he mused, as he turned homewards; "that fountain for the citizens of Laurenboro is simply to be a monument to himself; and the Lord forgive me, but it will be most appropriate."

Only one thing tormented him. If that good-natured but vain old man should dare tell any one that it was the pastor of St. Paul's who suggested the addition of the calf, it would be all over with him. He consoled himself, however, by the reflection: "Most likely Maglundy will take all the glory of the design to himself; and he is welcome to it."

It was almost dark when he reached the glebe-house, tired of his useless errand. The impression left upon him was that his new parishioner, though shrewd enough in certain ways that had helped him to his wealth, was a mixture of ignorance and vanity in equal parts.

"From ignorance our comfort flows,
The only wretched are the wise."

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Yet that was not all; there was something more in the man which had not escaped Father Sinclair's notice, despite his irritation at the ex-miner's vulgar eagerness for self-advertisement. The sympathetic blue eyes, and frankness and simplicity of manner, bespoke something nobler in Mr. Maglundy's heart than what appeared on the surface; the pastor felt that the time might soon come when this better element would assert itself.

Mrs. Melgrove had been waiting for nearly an hour.

"Three hundred dollars are already in, Father," she said; "but the orchestra, which promised its services, now wants to be paid."

"Well, I suppose we shall have to pay for the whistle."

"And a bill has come in for the ice-cream which was accepted as a donation the other day at the meeting."

"Let us foot the bill out of the receipts. We shall have that many books the less," added the pastor, resignedly.

"Are not some people queer?" asked the president.

"Some people are queer, Mrs. Melgrove," answered the pastor, philosophically.

"However," added the energetic lady, "we must not complain too much. Mrs. Molvey has sent us

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her large lamp and some chandeliers for the tables; and she has promised to work in the Hall. Miss Gye has promised to sing, and Mr. Trebble will play her accompaniment. And there are ever so many other things that I wanted to tell you—Oh, yes; the ladies are anxious to see Mr. Maglundy at the Festival.”

“I have just come from his house, and I fear the ladies will be disappointed. The old gentleman has other things on his mind at present.”

“I am so sorry. Miss Garvey was going to take charge of him,” said Mrs. Melgrove, laughing. “Do you know, Father, he is a very wealthy man. My husband tells me he owns one of the richest gold mines in the West, and that he nearly created a panic in Trans-Siberian stocks, on Wall Street, a few months ago. Could you imagine such a thing?”

“I certainly could not,” replied the priest. “But let us suppose Mr. Maglundy has developed along financial lines; that will explain his limitations in other directions. At all events, I do not think we shall see him at the Festival. I shall sympathize with him if he reaches there, and Miss Garvey sets eyes on him. What are the prospects for Wednesday?”

“Very good. I have hopes that we may clear five or six hundred. We have some excellent workers in this parish, earnest and zealous. Our

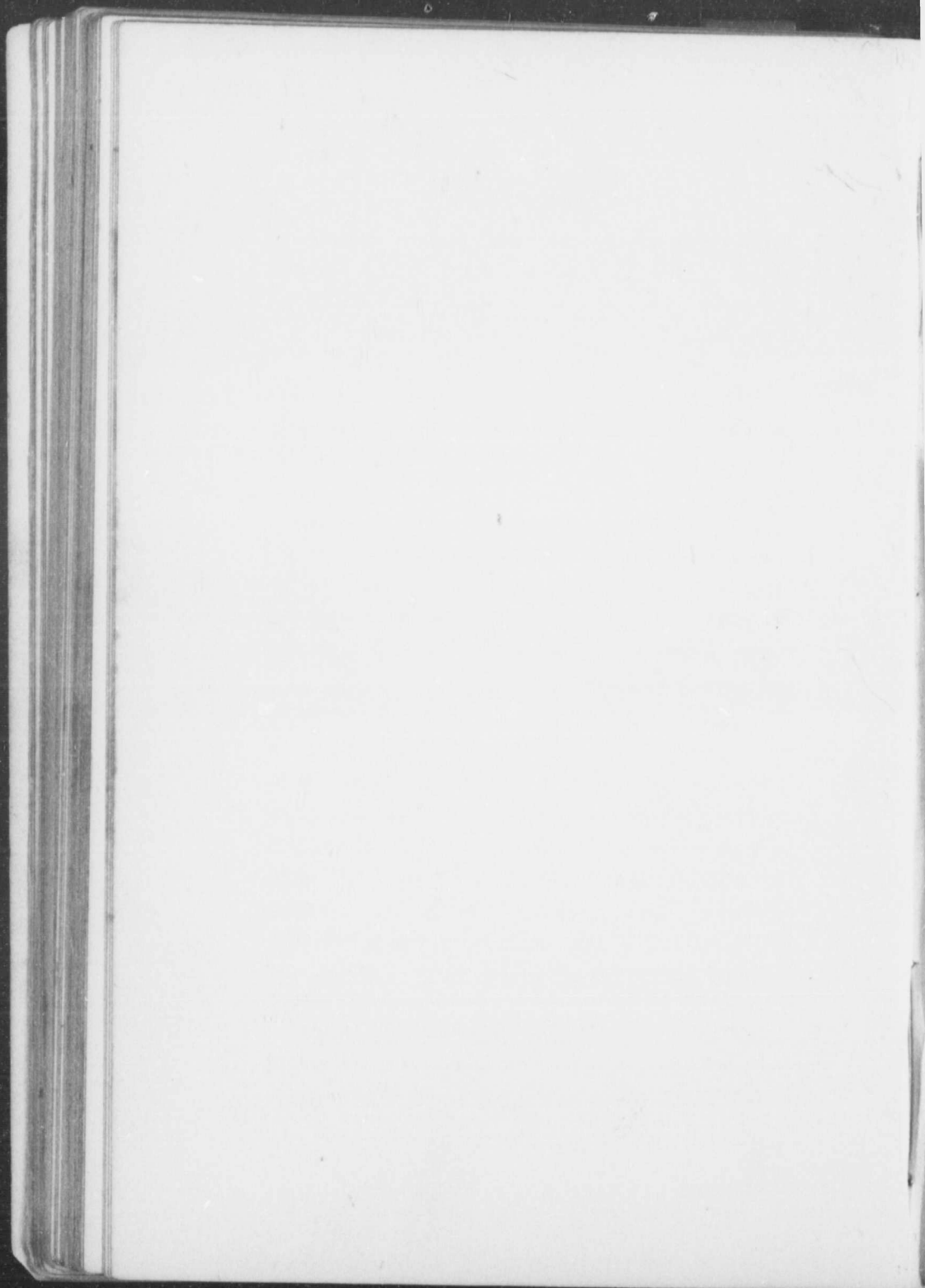
With a Hobby

little ticket-sellers and candy-makers deserve all praise. They have worked hard during the past fortnight. Their booths are simply fairy dells; and I should be sorry if they were disappointed."

"Did the palms arrive?" asked the pastor.

"The palms are in the Hall, and they give quite an Oriental aspect to the whole scene. However, we shall see you on Wednesday, Father," said Mrs. Melgrove, rising.

Father Sinclair opened the door and added: "Tell Miss Garvey that if the millionaire does not appear at the Festival, there are the 'inseparables' to take his place—Gray the Bachelor and his friend Tompkins. They are both wealthy, and they are sure to be there."



CHAPTER VIII

The Festival in Monument Hall

MONUMENT HALL was a wilderness of palms, flowers, lights, decorations, all artistically blended. The booths were what the president had called them—fairy dells; every one filled with good things and carefully guarded by dozens of St. Paul's vivacious and prettily gowned lay-helpers.

Shortly after seven o'clock the ticket-holders began to arrive; in less than an hour the spacious room was filled with citizens of all denominations. Of course, the greater number were Father Sinclair's own parishioners. But there was a blending of the masses and the classes that evening which recalled the Church to which most of them belonged.

The orchestra was playing selections from Berlioz, when the pastor entered. He moved through the miscellaneous throng with a bright smile and a pleasant word of recognition for all. The new library was naturally the topic of the evening; and many were the good wishes for its success which were expressed within Father Sinclair's hearing.

Meanwhile the booths were becoming the center of attraction. The candy-sellers had theirs close

The Festival

to the wall arranged in the form of a V. The table was decorated in blue and gray—no one knew why, unless it was because the lady in charge had come originally from Virginia. Immeasurable quantities of chocolate and cream candy were temptingly displayed in layers, and stores of the same delicious articles were within reach of the assistants, who were ready to dole out the dainty boxes and take in the cash.

The flower booth was in the opposite corner. Chrysanthemums and roses, velvet pansies and ferns, were spread out in the most artistic manner; and a dozen rose-lamps, scattered here and there among them, shed a mellow radiance that gave to the whole a positively fairy-like appearance. The presence of the rose-lamps told the pastor plainly that his old sexton had not been able to resist the pressure. On a massive pedestal, in the center of the Hall, the Honolulu palms from the City Gardens heaved up and down as though moved by their native zephyrs. Flower-bearers, candy-sellers, Dolly Vardens and Marguerites glided hither and thither with boutonnières for sale, and fancy boxes, guessing-bottles, and fortune tickets.

“Mr. Gray!”

Gray turned pale at the mention of his name.

“Mr. Gray,” said Clare Cayson, “will you please guess how many beans there are in this bottle?”

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There is the loveliest pin just waiting for you if you guess the right number."

"Bless your 'eart, Miss," gasped Gray, "I'm not a Yankee, Miss. I'm from Lunnun-on-the-Tems."

"Well, just give me a number, and then I want twenty-five cents for the privilege of your guess."

"But I protest, Miss; I really am not a Yankee. Never guessed in my life. Don't know 'ow it is done. But 'ere is twenty-five cents, provided you leave me alone, and make my friend, Mr. Tompkins 'ere, guess."

"Mr. Tompkins, won't you guess?" asked Clare.

"Every time, Miss. I'm from Bosting. 'Leventy-'leven hundred and one."

"Won't you please put that number down, and then give me twenty-five cents?"

Tompkins found it harder than he thought to get figures for his number. But the operation cost him only a quarter of a dollar.

Gray was congratulating himself on his narrow escape, when a gentle voice suddenly fell on his ear:

"Don't you want your fortune told, Mr. Gray?" This time it was Miss Garvey who spoke.

"Look 'ere, Miss, I'm a confirmed bachelah, and you 'ave uttably no chawnce. Try my friend Tompkins 'ere. 'E is a bachelah, but not a confirmed one."

"I'll see Mr. Tompkins later. If you are a

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bachelor, Mr. Gray, you can afford twenty-five cents for the new library." And she got it.

"Now it's Mr. Tompkins' turn."

Tompkins looked at his friend in despair.

"Say, Gray, this beats an Arizona hold-up. Let's get out of here, or we'll go stranded."

"No, Miss, this friend of mine 'ere, Tompkins, 'as plenty of money in 'is pockets; and so go and get the othah ladies. I'll 'old 'im till you come back."

But Gray made Tompkins bolt as soon as Miss Garvey had left; and he bolted, too, when he saw her returning. Neither of them could be found.

During this little episode Miss Gye sang from *Aïda*, and responded to an encore by rendering the Gipsy Solo from *Il Trovatore*.

The word had been passed round among the ladies what was to be done if Silas Maglundy appeared; Miss Garvey, who knew him by sight, was told off to keep her eyes on the door.

But a note was handed to Father Sinclair instead, which dashed all hopes to the ground. It read as follows:

"The Reverend Father Sinclair will please excuse Mr. Maglundy's absence. He will be occupied all the evening with his contractors, with whom he is to discuss the proposed addition of the calf and the extras to the city fountain. Mr. Maglundy begs to inform Father Sinclair that he has changed the inscription a bit."

"Changed the inscription a bit! Evidently the

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work of some wag," mused the pastor, thrusting the note into his pocket. "Just do as you please, Mr. Maglundy, provided you keep that calf episode to yourself."

The fortune-tents were doing a thriving business. Miss Brownlese, dressed as a gipsy, was in one corner of the room, and Miss Seddon in the other.

Tompkins and Gray had quietly edged up to the latter's tent. Tompkins sneaked in and came out after five minutes, twenty-five cents poorer.

Gray was waiting for him.

"Strange how some people like to be fooled," said Tompkins, putting his hand over his bald head; "and the old fools are the worst."

"What did she tell you?" asked Gray.

But Tompkins and Gray got no farther. Miss Garvey and half a dozen Marguerites had surrounded them with boutonnieres for sale.

Tompkins looked at Gray, and Gray looked at Tompkins. Both were in the agony of despair. This time they could not escape.

"Have you got any more money, gentlemen?" asked Miss Garvey.

"All gone," vociferated Tompkins.

"All gone," echoed Gray, only louder.

"Well, we are looking for an auctioneer; and I hear, Mr. Gray, that you are excellent at that."

"I a hauctioneer, Miss!" exclaimed Gray.

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"What's that? 'Ow do you spell it? It must be my friend, Mr. Tompkins, you are aftah."

"No, sir; it is you we are after," insisted Miss Garvey.

"'Pon my 'onah, Miss, I'm willin' to wager tuppence that it's Mr. Tompkins you 'ah aftah."

It was Tompkins; for before the latter could escape, a dozen University students seized him and hoisted him on to one of the tables.

With the best possible grace, Tompkins, on whom all eyes in the hall were turned, entered into the spirit of the scene. He drew himself up and began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this occasion is a memorable one. I regret that you have not seen fit to choose some one who could fill the position better than I, and do credit to himself and this honorable assembly."

"Question, question," came from a dozen quarters at once.

"The question at issue, ladies and gentlemen, is this. I have seized its importance. The question at issue is to dispose of as much candy as possible, and of as many flowers as possible, for the greatest possible amount of cash. Is not that the question at issue at this solemn moment?"

"That is the question," echoed the dozen voices.

"Well, let us begin. Here is a splendid box, all done up in colors, and brimful of delicious choco-

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lates. What am I offered? Look at the ribbons, ladies, the blue and the gray, mingling——”

“Tompkins must be a Southerner,” whispered Miss Garvey to Clare Cayson.

“——their variegated tints—recalling the heroic years—what am I offered?”

“But he is!” insisted Miss Garvey; “and he told us he was from Boston.”

“Recalling the years of the great civil struggle—what am I offered?”

“Five cents,” came a voice from the rear.

“Five cents I am offered for a two-dollar box of chocolates—Chattamauga brand—five cents! Are you not ashamed of yourself, sir?”

“Ten cents,” ventured a voice.

“Fifteen,” shouted another.

“Two bits,” vociferated a Westerner.

“Ten and fifteen and twenty-five make fifty cents. Fifty offered—going, going——”

“One dollar.”

“One dollar for a two-dollar box of candy, done up in blue and gray, recalling the events of forty years ago when you and I were young.” He looked at Miss Garvey. “The two colors peacefully entwining a two-dollar box of chocolates. Half its value—going——going——gone!”

Tompkins kept this clatter up for nearly an hour, and disposed of all the flowers and candy; even the

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chrysanthemums which, he declared, had come direct from Japanese gardens for the occasion.

“Wasn't he a success?” exclaimed Miss Garvey to Clare. “But he needn't have looked at me when he mentioned that horrid Civil War. People might really guess my age. I know they are trying hard.”

This was a delicate point with the little lady; but she went over to congratulate Tompkins who had joined his friend.

“What did I tell you?” asked Gray. “And you wanted to get me up there?”

Every one voted Tompkins a success as an auctioneer. The University students were about to show their appreciation after their own peculiar methods, when Gray rescued his friend, and both escaped through the door.

The auctioning off was the last item on the programme of the evening. The orchestra played the National Anthem, which was listened to in respectful silence. The visitors then slowly dispersed; the lights were lowered; the Autumn Festival became a matter of history.

CHAPTER IX

Unrest in the Camp of the Enemy

THE excitement and fatigues of the past couple of weeks had told on the organizers. It was two days before Mrs. Melgrove or any of her lieutenants appeared at the glebe-house.

"Well, *Madame la Presidente*," asked Father Sinclair, smiling, "what is the condition of the treasury?"

"Six hundred dollars, Father, and several ticket-sellers still to be heard from."

"That is splendid. It means at least four hundred books to begin with, does it not?"

"It should have been more. But the expenses were higher than we bargained for. We had to buy some of the flowers and the ribbon for the candy boxes."

"No matter," said the pastor, encouragingly; "that is a splendid result. And at your final meeting on Wednesday, will you not thank everybody concerned?"

The energetic president departed, conscious of a good work done; and the pastor put the money away in the safe.

But Father Sinclair could not get it out of his mind that six hundred dollars was a small sum with

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which to begin a free public library. If men like Mr. Maglundy—and there were dozens of them in Laurenboro—could find several thousand dollars to put up drinking-fountains, which nobody wanted, they could easily contribute a few hundred for a vastly more important work. And Maglundy had given just one half-dollar—he had bought a ticket. The Newells had not contributed anything.

How could he approach these wealthy men and lay the affair before them? This was the problem that was worrying him. Might they not be urged to contribute, according to their means, to the work of God's Church for the welfare of souls, and the care of the poor? But that was a subject for further consideration. The work in hand was to begin the library as soon as possible.

The day after the Festival, a squib appeared in the *Times*.

“The Directors of the Elzevir learn with regret that there is question of establishing a new library in this city. In view of the efforts they are constantly putting forth to meet the desires of all classes, the Directors consider it untimely—unfair, in fact—to neutralize the good the Elzevir Library is destined to do in Laurenboro.”

Father Sinclair smiled.

“This is excellent,” he mused. “The shoe is pinching somewhere. A bait thrown out to see who will be caught. We can wait.”

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He did not have long to wait. In the very next issue, a note appeared in the *Times*.

"To the Editor:—

"Lest there should be any misunderstanding in certain quarters, I desire to say that I have nothing whatever to do with the movement on foot to establish a library in opposition to the Elzevir. I believe in centralization.

R. KENNETH NEWELL."

"The insufferable audacity," thought Father Sinclair, "and the officiousness."

He laid down the paper when the telephone rang. It was the voice of Melgrove.

"Did you see to-night's paper?" Melgrove asked.

"I did," answered the pastor, "and hasn't our friend Newell given us a hideous example of spinelessness."

"That thing should not be allowed to rest there," persisted Melgrove. "We must teach those Newells a lesson. I'll drop a note to Burton myself."

"What good will that do?" asked Father Sinclair.

"At least it will show Kenneth Newell and his likes that they do not represent Catholic sentiment in this section. That's all."

"Nobody that I know ever thought they did," replied the pastor, "and a note from you now would only embitter Newell and make things worse. Could you come over to the glebe-house to-morrow evening?"

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"I will be with you at seven; will that suit?"
And the 'phone rang off.

The whole of the next day was taken up by Father Sinclair's lieutenants in gathering in the ticket money and settling accounts. The total receipts from the Autumn Festival were \$625.25, clear of all expenses, and a dozen tickets unaccounted for. The pastor of St. Paul's sent a note which was to be read at the final meeting of the organizers. It thanked Mrs. Melgrove and the ladies for their devotedness and their labor, and congratulated them on their success. But he was careful to add that the work was only just begun, and that he should call on them again when the book catalogues had arrived from the publishers.

At seven, Nanny ushered Horace Melgrove into the cosy study. Nowhere was that excellent man more at home than with Father Sinclair in the glebe-house. The two had been students together at St. Anselm's, and though they had drifted in different directions in after-life, it was one of the pastor's very great consolations, when he moved into Laurenboro, to see his old friend Melgrove settled there in good circumstances. He had worked himself up to the general managership of one of the great insurance companies of the metropolis.

Horace Melgrove was a Catholic, pure and simple, and he was fearless in the expression of his principles.

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In fact, he was thought sometimes to be a little too hasty in putting them forward. Catholicism was so deeply rooted in him that he could see things only as the Church saw them, even in matters of business. Justice for him, for instance, was something more than a mere term of law. In religion, his unflinching attitude had sometimes given offence to those who could not always see things from his ultra-Catholic point of view. With Protestants he was considered a bigot; with weak-kneed Catholics, like Newell, he was over-zealous. But Melgrove was neither; he was simply a practical member of his Church. Half a dozen like him would leaven any parish.

After the cigars had been lighted, and the topics of the day discussed, the Newell episode was disposed of. Business considerations, Melgrove had learned, were at the bottom of Newell's grovelling note to the *Times*. When a man tries to keep friendly with the hare and the hunter, he has many a humiliating leap to make, many a prickly hedge to cross. A Catholic with only hazy convictions, or without courage to uphold the few he has; capitulates before the enemy on every occasion, and becomes a scandal for his brethren.

Melgrove was strongly inclined to carry out his intention of the previous evening and send a note to the *Times*, to protest against Newell's officiousness.

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It would head off others of his class who might share his sentiments on centralization in library matters.

"If we let that pass," he asserted, "we shall soon have a deluge of correspondence, protesting against superfluous libraries. I'm for nipping such impertinence in the bud, and in the public press too," he added, energetically.

"Theoretically, you are right, Melgrove," replied the pastor. "If Newell and his friends will air their grievances against us before the public, they should let the public be listeners to the end. But practically, would it be prudent? Men like Newell do not take kindly to castigation in public. A sound half-hour's talk with him would do him more good than a letter from you in the *Times*, which would keep wounds open unnecessarily. Newell belongs to the class that would like to pass for liberal,—not too bigoted, you know. It is his education that is responsible for this. Newellism would like to reconcile the Church and the world. It has not yet seized what the oneness of Truth is, Melgrove; nor how the human mind must necessarily recoil from error. Don't be too hard on Newell. I will try to see him."

Melgrove acquiesced; but, as if recalling something he had nearly forgotten, he spoke up,

"I have a suggestion to make."

The smoke began to curl up to the ceiling.

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"Well?" retorted the pastor, "I am waiting."

"You should give that new library a name as soon as possible."

"How would Laurenboro Free Library do?"

"Excellent. Now we have a handle to pull in the shekels with."

"Second suggestion," he continued. "Why not get some celebrity to lecture in Laurenboro under the auspices of the Free Library? It would bring the concern before the public in an intellectual way, and give it lots of advertising."

"Whom would you suggest?"

"There is a man creating quite a sensation across the border just now"—Melgrove pulled a prospectus from his pocket—"Professor Blundwell Orrin-Flume."

"Phew!" cried Father Sinclair, who had advanced ideas of his own on triple-masted and hyphenated celebrities.

"He has a series of lectures," continued Melgrove. "Could we manage to get him for one, at least?"

"I see no objection on the horizon," answered the pastor. "What are the lectures about? Have you the list? Let us choose one."

Melgrove began to read:

"First Lecture: delivered successfully over five hundred times in different parts of the Union: *The True Inwardness of Self.*"

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“Pure cant,” exclaimed Father Sinclair. “Some psychological analysis that has neither philosophy nor sense. Where do these people get their philosophy? Pass on.”

“‘*Sunshine and Shadow*, delivered——’ ”

“Moonshine and darkness,” said the pastor. “Pass on.”

“‘*The History of Hypocrisy*——’ ”

“Has no history. It is ever present. Next.”

“‘*Shibboleths and Claptrap*.’ ”

Father Sinclair reflected. “That sounds well to me. Shibboleths and Claptrap? If the man would only treat the subject in a practical way, I think it ought to take. You might write to him and get his terms.”

“I did write,” answered Melgrove, “and here is the answer,” handing the letter over.

“Professor Blundwell Orrin-Flume respectfully refers all applications for dates and lectures to the Flume Lecture Bureau, Irving Square, New York. His terms are: Two Hundred and fifty dollars and expenses.”

“But where are we going to get a quarter of a thousand dollars to pay a man for an hour’s lecture?” asked the pastor

“Advertise. Get the *Times* to talk about him. Get the citizens’ curiosity aroused. Write to Flume for an anecdote or two. Hire the biggest hall in town. Spend fifty or seventy-five dollars in bill-posting; and so on; and so on.”

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"But supposing 'Deception' be our shibboleth after all this claptrap?" objected the pastor.

"The lecture will be a success—if we go about it in the right way."

"Will you undertake the job, Melgrove?"

"Of course; willingly. I will start to-morrow."

The visitor bade good night to the pastor and left the glebe-house.

Melgrove was in his pastor's estimation more of a philosopher than he was given credit for. People do not object to an occasional hoodwinking; they take kindly to it; it is one of the phases of our social life. And his scheme of advertising the lecture was simply carrying out a practice that is changing the conditions of the world. Newspaper notoriety as a way to wealth is what most men are looking for; and they get both, because the rest of the world likes to be hoodwinked. Father Sinclair would have shrunk from such methods, but Melgrove had the commercial instinct. He knew the people and how to catch them. That is why he went down-town next morning to the *Times* office, and had a long talk with Burton, the editor. The result of the interview was the promise of all the space he wanted to advertise—Burton called it "booming"—the event which was to take place the following week.

Three days later a double column half-tone portrait of Professor Flume appeared in the *Times*.

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He was billed to speak in Orpheon Hall, eight days after, in aid of the Laurenboro Free Library. Subject: "*Shibboleths and Claptrap.*"

Day after day a half-column appeared in print about the lecturer; his early struggles; how he took to the lecture platform; his experiences in slumming in London; his escape from a mob in Chicago; his visit to the King of Siam, etc. All Laurenboro was discussing Professor Blundwell Orrin-Flume before the week was out.

Melgrove had the tickets printed at once and distributed in various parts of the city. He had the plan of the Orpheon Hall on view in the Eagle Rotunda, whither he went every day to see how the boxes and reserved seats were going. They were going faster than he had anticipated, and he took the precaution of reserving a few "complimentaries" for the ladies who had worked so hard during the Autumn Festival. Melgrove's tact was equal to his skill in matters of organization; and those who knew him were sure that there would be no bitterness or ill-feeling in any one after he had completed the work he had in hand.

Only three days remained before the lecture, and the *Times* was still talking about Flume.

"What's shibboleths, Jake?" asked Mrs. Herris, one evening after laying down the paper. "The *Times* is doing nothing all these days but talking

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about that new lecturer and about *Shibboleths and Claptrap*."

"Shibboleths—well, madam—you know what claptrap is—don't you, dear?"

Jake made the remark unwittingly. He was only trying to gain time while he leaned over to get his Worcester.

"Jacob Herris, that is not nice! You are not answering my question. But I am going to hear him all the same. Have you secured the tickets?"

"Why, madam, he lectures only the day after to-morrow. He hasn't reached town yet. There is plenty of time to get tickets."

"There is not plenty of time, Jake. I heard to-day that the box-office is closed, or about to close, and no more tickets would be sold."

"That is only an advertising dodge, my dear. Some shrewd genius is engineering that lecture, you may depend upon it. And he will have a full house too. I'll get the tickets to-morrow. But where and what is the Laurenboro Free Library, pray?"

"Haven't you heard? That is the new library the Catholics are getting up. Father Sinclair is the prime mover in the affair."

"Glad to hear it," said Jake Herris. "Father Sinclair is a man whom I respect. You'll find no trash in that library, if he has anything to do with it, as you do in the Elzevir."

The Enemy's Unrest

"Jake, you shouldn't speak that way. Are not two of our church elders among the directors?"

"Ahem," retorted Jake, shrugging his shoulders, "that doesn't make the library any better."

But a disappointment awaited Herris the next morning. The box-office in the Orpheon was closed. All the tickets had been sold, and he went home to inform his wife that they should have to forego the pleasure of hearing Professor Flume. "Sorry we can't hear Shibboleths," said the husband, looking at his better-half. "As for hearing Claptrap—that pleasure will end in the grave."

Herris disappeared quickly; for his wife was going to say something he did not care to listen to. He went to his desk and penned a note to Father Sinclair:

"Dear Reverend Sir:

"The tickets for the Flume Lecture are all bought up. However, I am desirous of showing my appreciation of your work. Herein you will find a small cheque to help a good thing along.

"Sincerely,

"JACOB HERRIS."

Father Sinclair found a cheque for fifty dollars in the letter when he opened his box in the post-office the next morning.

"A gratifying note from a non-Catholic," he mused, "which I shall frame and place beside the Newell letter to the *Times*."

CHAPTER X

A Professional Lecturer Causes a Sensation

RARELY in her annals did Laurenboro witness an event like the Flume Lecture. The Orpheon, a very fine specimen of Italian Renaissance, with its delicately tinted ceiling, its stucco walls and columns, and its unexcelled acoustic properties, was an ideal hall for a speaker. The wealth and fashion turned out to hear Professor Flume; it was strictly a society event. The tickets had been placed at two dollars,—another of Melgrove's ideas. Even the boxes were filled. "Standing-room only" was posted as early as eight in the evening.

Promptly at nine o'clock, the Professor was introduced; a tall, well-built man, about fifty, clean-shaven, and with long iron-gray hair. He possessed a rich baritone voice, which he modulated to perfection. His English was the language of a cultured speaker; his thoughts were those of a man who had mingled experience with his philosophy.

"Shibboleths," said the lecturer, among other things, after he had warmed to his subject, "is a catchword which charms the minds of the many who will not reason for themselves."

A Professional Lecturer

“In nearly every epoch a majority of the human race has set up some shibboleth as the sum and substance of its thinking; only one man in a thousand we meet daily is an exact thinker, who insists on getting his facts at first-hand. The multitude is entranced by generalities and fine phrases. It cares more for sound than for sense. It is swayed hither and thither, not by reason, but by sentiment.

“Ask most men, who are prating about Progress—with the capital P—what they mean by the term, and they will stammer for an answer. They have in their minds no definite idea of progress, but only a vague notion that it means a general advance from a worse to a better state. But ask them to define still further, and they are dumb.

“Is not the shibboleth ‘non-sectarianism’ the tyrant of the present age? a catchword that sounds well in the mouths of rhetoricians and demagogues? that warps the judgment of millions of men, and moves them to outrage the sacred rights of conscience? How many men could define it? What does non-sectarianism mean? What does it teach? That the Creator of the Universe, who took the trouble to reveal definite truths to us, cares not whether we believe them or not, and leaves the interpretation of them to the fallible minds of men; that God is indifferent to objective truth, and that to assert a truth or deny it is equally pleasing to Him; that

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the State which represents His authority has no right to protect truth against the encroachments of error. The shibboleth of non-sectarianism is a deliberate insult flung into the face of God, who is Absolute Truth. Its constant cry among us shows the weakness of our poor humanity; it only proves that we are men who are moved more by the will than the mind. We are rational beings; but, as a matter of fact we are not reasoners. We follow the shouter of a shibboleth as a flock of sheep follows the bell-wether. Even those of us who are men of education and independent intellects are subject to the influence of phrases which, by dint of repetition, come to have a mastery over our minds. Could there be any greater humiliation for our race? and is there no remedy?

“I do not profess Catholicism,” exclaimed the lecturer, who had flung himself into his subject, and who at times was surpassingly eloquent, “but I do admire the marvellous logic of its position. Where shall we find on God’s broad earth to-day such a masterly organization? or such a determined foe of moral error? We have had flaunted in our faces for years the shibboleths of non-sectarian schools, non-sectarian universities, non-sectarian libraries, non-sectarian sources of thought and education. What does it all mean? Non-sectarianism at bottom means Godlessness, or it means nothing.

A Professional Lecturer

“Take our schools, our colleges, our universities, our public libraries, without a supreme mind or voice to direct them into one groove of truth and action, for the welfare, moral and ethical, of the race, and what will be the result? Send a thousand ships out over the bosom of the broad Atlantic without a compass, and where will they land? Turn a hundred thousand children into the world loose, without definite knowledge of the Infinite Being, without moral sanction for their actions other than the fear of prison stripes and iron bars, and what will become of a nation? Hurl millions of books into your millions of homes to spread moral and intellectual leprosy, without a strong hand and a stronger mind to control them, and what will become of the faith and morality of the people?

“In the presence of these terrific dangers—I am speaking to-night in the interests of the library—the Roman Index, an institution that controls the reading, that gives direction to the thoughts and sentiments and protects the minds and hearts, of two hundred and fifty millions of our race, is one of the greatest safeguards of the nations from intellectual and moral defilement that was ever conceived by the mind of men.

“Believe me, ladies and gentlemen, when this earth of ours ceases to be a human abode, when the history of man on our planet ends, when the Great

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Master comes to sum up results, there will be many surprises in store for us. But I fear not to say that, when that dread moment comes, we shall find that the Roman Church, with her unity of thought and direction, was the only rational agency ever devised to direct the minds of men, an agency that had its inception in the mind of God."

The orator retired to his seat amid tumultuous applause. Never did Laurenboro hear such eloquence, or so many truths so forcibly put. Even the Newells in Box K clapped their hands.

Father Sinclair, Melgrove, and the rest of the Organizing Committee went on to the stage and shook the hand of the lecturer, who was wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"Congratulations, Professor! Masterly effort!" broke in the half-dozen voices.

"Thank you, gentlemen, thank you," replied the orator, in a matter-of-fact way.

"We shall have the pleasure of hearing you again?" asked Father Sinclair.

"Kindly communicate with the Flume Lecture Bureau, Irving Square, New York," answered the Professor, who, rising to his feet, continued, "You will excuse me, gentlemen,—I must catch the night train. I lecture west of the Rockies on Thursday next. So I shall say *au revoir*." And the Professor was gone.

A Professional Lecturer

The business-like tone of these remarks came like a cold clap to Father Sinclair, and told him, then and there, that he was having to do with a professional lecturer at so much a night. But no matter; some solid truths had been sent home. The lecture would do good.

Next day, Melgrove handed the astonished pastor an eighteen-hundred dollar cheque for the Laurenboro Library.

"Melgrove, you are a born *impresario*. I thank you, and congratulate you on your success."

"It's the knowing how to go about it, Father. Advertise. Get the people interested, and the victory is yours. And we intend to follow up our success. In to-night's *Times* there will be an elaborate report of the lecture. To-morrow the whole town will be discussing the Roman Index, non-sectarianism, et cetera. Burton promised me that the lecture should also go into the weekly edition; in that way the whole country will learn something about the Church and her way of doing things. I must be off home. Mrs. Melgrove could not come last night. Our little Helen is ill, and we are quite anxious."

Evidently the popularity of the Free Library was growing. Two thousand four hundred dollars would bring in a first instalment of books. Father Sinclair went to his study to write invitations to a

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few ladies to meet at the glebe-house the day following. He had secured catalogues from the various publishers, and he needed aid in making a selection.

He recoiled from the task for various reasons. His own studies had thrown him out of the beaten track. He was a great reader and devoured works of philosophy and the sciences as soon as they appeared: he wanted to know what men were thinking about in the world. But fiction, with the exception of the old standard authors, which everybody reads, was quite an unknown world to him.

A perusal of the catalogues made this still more evident. He plodded through page after page of unfamiliar names. He glanced at the titles of thousands of books he had never heard of before, and he marvelled at the activity of the human mind. He counted the pages of titles and names, and found twenty of fiction to one of science or philosophy. Was this a good criterion of the trend of modern intellectual tastes?

"I am surely becoming an old fogey, or the world is getting ahead of me," he mused, as the pages of the catalogues were passing through his fingers; "not one of my favorite authors, except Thackeray, is to be found in these lists."

The world had not gone ahead of him; it had simply deviated a few degrees from its former course. This was the Age of Fiction—a discovery

A Professional Lecturer

Father Sinclair had made in the course of a few hours.

The following afternoon a coterie of ladies came and began the work of choosing the books for the new Library. The quickest way was to check off the names on the catalogues, and then send these to their respective publishers. When there was a doubt as to the author's spirit, he was passed over with a query. Father Sinclair reserved to himself the selection of the more serious works which he purposed adding to the Library.

"Father, your serious works will never be called for," ventured Miss Garvey, who had been named Chief Librarian of the new institution. "I fear you will regret the outlay. Free libraries nowadays are fiction libraries; and people do not read heavy books."

The little lady was speaking out of the fulness of five years' experience in the Humboldt; but this was a novel point of view for the pastor.

"Would it not rather be better to double some of the popular authors for the first instalment, and let the serious works wait till later?" she asked.

"Do you mean to tell me that people read nothing serious nowadays?" he replied.

"Not when there is a novel in the house, Father."

"Do you want me to believe, Miss Garvey, that people would give over a solid book of history or biography for a silly love-tale?"

Causes a Sensation

"Precisely; every time," returned Miss Garvey. And the other girls laughed.

"Decidedly, I have slipped a few cogs. Why, in my time, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and a few others, were all we read."

"But that was a long time——" Miss Garvey smiling, checked herself. She was on the verge of making a tremendous slip.

"What a dreadful girl you are!" exclaimed the others, when the pastor had gone. "What will Father Sinclair think of you? You have made him think he is an old man."

"Can't improve on Nature!" she replied quickly. "Father Sinclair himself admits that he knows practically little about modern fiction. How could he? He has something else to do besides reading trash. Ladies, I was five years in the Humboldt, and I know that half the novels published are trash, pure and simple—and you know it too. The dialogue is insipid; the descriptions are stilted and unreal. Novels give false views of life, develop morbid tastes, put sentiment above reason, just as the lecturer said the other night. I read novels then, because it was my livelihood, and I know whereof I speak. But people will read, and we must provide them with the least unwholesome food we can find. I confess the precise value of the Roman Index never flashed on my mind so vividly as when Profes-

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sor Flume described its workings and its results.”

Meanwhile the checking was completed and twelve hundred volumes were ordered. In a few days they were in the large hall adjoining the church ready to be unboxed, revised, numbered, set in their places on the shelves, and then thrown into circulation. The Revising Committee began their laborious work of reading and criticising every volume.

CHAPTER XI

The Fountain in Blenheim Square

THE days were passing. The second heavy fall of snow had come, and had thrown another mantle of white over the whole city of Laurenboro. The merry jingle of sleigh-bells filled the frosty air, as the aristocracy of the West End flitted along Ashburne Avenue every afternoon in their robes of fur.

In striking contrast with this luxury of display was the condition of the poor in the lower parts of the city. The closing down of the large iron-mills, owing to an over-stocked market the directors said, and the early setting in of the winter, threatened to bear heavily on the poorer quarters. Gottingen Ward would feel the want of food and clothing; and Father Sinclair, with a heart that went out to the poor, was taking his precautions to be able to cope with their appeals of relief. He called on the Ladies of Charity to meet on Wednesdays to begin their winter's work.

Mrs. Melgrove, whose name was held in veneration among the poorer families of the Gottingen

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district, had been his ablest assistant in the work of the Association; but he received a note just before the meeting which informed him that she could not be present owing to the illness of her little daughter.

Miss Garvey presided at this first meeting, which was held at the glebe-house; and the ladies present had just ended their deliberations when a heavy pull at the doorbell drew the attention of the pastor.

"There's a gentleman here that wants to see your Reverence," said Nanny, poking her head into the meeting-room. Before Father Sinclair could rise to go, the door opened, and Silas Maglundy walked in.

"Mr. Maglundy, I declare," exclaimed the pastor. "Ladies, let me introduce Mr. Maglundy, one of our new arrivals in Laurenboro. This is Miss Garvey, our acting president, and these are her assistants."

"Miss Garvey," said Mr. Maglundy, very nervous, apparently, in the presence of ladies, but trying to be amiable; "I think we met before. Did I not help you along in some good work you were interested in a few days ago? I thought I recognized your face."

Miss Garvey quietly answered, "The new library, sir." She was dying to say more—to tell him that he had bought only one ticket.

"Ladies," interposed the pastor, "Mr. Maglundy is the gentleman whose name has appeared in the

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Times so often lately in connection with the new fountain in Blenheim Square."

"Yes, Father; we read about it," answered Miss Garvey. "We have heard that it is going to be a work of art."

"I trust it will be appreciated by the people of Laurenboro," added the old man. "It has given me a great deal of thought, how I could be of use to my fellow-citizens. One likes to be of some little use in this world, you know."

"Undoubtedly," said Miss Garvey, who was spokeswoman for the assembly. "Drinking-water is such a blessing."

She looked at Father Sinclair as she spoke.

"We are here this evening," ventured the pastor, "in the interests of the poor of Laurenboro. We are going to have a great many indigent families with us this winter."

"O yes, the poor," sighed Mr. Maglundy. "That was one of my reasons for thinking of a fountain——"

"Not the chief one," thought Miss Garvey.

"——and I feel that every time they drink they will think of the old man who thought of them."

"That's just it!" mused the little lady to herself, who was by this time thinking fiercely. The farce was being prolonged beyond measure, and the ladies quietly departed to begin the following day their work of collecting for the poor.

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“Will you come upstairs?” the pastor asked the millionaire when the ladies had left.

They were soon seated in the study where Father Sinclair's leisure moments were mostly spent. The four walls were covered with books, the only real companions of his life; his personal friends standing side by side on their wooden thoroughfares in that silent city; friends, cold and inert, and with many a worm, perhaps, gnawing at their vitals, but whose souls, still pregnant with thought and beauty, yielded up their treasures at his bidding. A “poets' corner” stood near the door, with the Bard of Avon looking down from his frame. Beside it, the “Lives” of a few men whose lives were worth recording. Elsewhere, hundreds of volumes of theology, philosophy, and other branches of human learning. On a throne of honor over the mantelpiece, and bound in purple—emblematic of their place in Father Sinclair's esteem—stood the works of Aquinas. It was in this room and with this companionship that the pastor composed his sermons, wrote his letters, formed his plans, and now and then entertained his friends.

“Fawther,” began Mr. Maglundy, who was soon made to feel at home by the genial priest, “I have come to-night to ask a little service of you in the matter of the fountain. The workmen are now putting it in position, and in a few days it will be formally handed over to the citizens of Laurenboro.

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No doubt I shall have to address a few words to the public assembled on that occasion. I have cudgelled my brains for something to say, and I can find nothing there. I have stayed awake for the past two nights, and still nothing has come."

"I trust you are not going to ask me to make a speech?" nervously ventured Father Sinclair.

"No, Fawther, I should like to make the speech myself. But might I ask you to write it for me? A few ideas, you know, in language appropriate for the occasion. And written plainly."

"I will do that for you, Mr. Maglundy, with pleasure. Do you want it now, or shall I mail it to you?"

"O thank you, Fawther, just drop it into the box. The carrier will leave it at my residence. I am getting quite anxious; for I feel that the occasion will be one of great importance."

Maglundy was rising to go.

"By the way," interrupted Father Sinclair, "You mentioned, in your note the other evening, that you had changed the inscription a bit."

"Yes; a friend called, and he suggested a slight change which pleased me very much." The visitor pulled a document from his pocket and opened it. "The inscription will now read,

DONVM SILVM MAGLVNDIVM.

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The M's will imitate the gentle mooing of the cow, you know. When you hear the words repeated, you almost hear the voice of the peaceful brute whose glassy eyes——”

“I am sorry you did such a thing,” broke in the pastor, hotly; “that is not Latin. Is the tablet cast yet?”

“Yes, Fawther, the tablet is cast, and the contractors are putting it in position. I trust you will be able to come to the formal presentation.” And bidding the pastor good night, Mr. Maglundy disappeared in the darkness.

“I certainly will not go,” muttered the priest. “That man will disgrace himself; he is going to make a laughing-stock of himself. But his pride is insufferable; let it have a come-down.”

Maglundy had not reached the first corner when a scruple came to Father Sinclair. Was it not his duty to prevent the man from making a fool of himself? Was he not cooperating in a dishonorable work in writing a speech for such an occasion? Should he not try to keep that man from flaunting his ignorance and bad taste in the face of the public? Besides, he had the interests of Laurenboro at heart, and her good name. What would strangers and tourists say when they passed through Blenheim Square and saw a cow and calf reposing in the middle of a basin of water? Laurenboro would be

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the talk of the continent; he had half a mind to drop Maglundy a note to tell him that he could not carry out his promise.

However, there was a way out of it. The fountain would not play this winter at any rate; and some one might open Maglundy's eyes before springtime, to the mistakes in the Latin inscription, and to the incongruity of the whole thing. So he wrote the speech and mailed it.

During the three days preceding the dedication, the *Times* had long articles on the new work of art that was soon to grace Blenheim Square. The story of the donor's life was told, his early struggles, his mining career, his successes in Trans-Siberian stocks, his arrival in Laurenboro, his princely mansion, etc. But some one must have given the tip to Burton, or he may have caught a glimpse of the cow and the inscription; for the tone of the paper suddenly changed. Father Sinclair could detect the sarcasm of it all; and so could the other readers, when the day before the ceremony, Burton published his double-leaded article on "The Cow's Rôle in Art," with his two subheadings, "The Cow in Classics," and "The Cow in Grammar."

"I suppose you will be at the demonstration this afternoon?" asked Burton, when he met the priest at the post-office that morning.

"I don't think so," he replied, with a smile.

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"Wait till you see the *Times* to-morrow. The ignorance of that upstart, because he has a few hundred thousand dollars, to try to impose a monstrosity like that on this town!"

"There is some foundation for your remark," replied the pastor; "but do not be too hard on him. Some one will open his eyes one of these days."

"That was a brilliant lecture we had at the Orpheon," interrupted Burton, changing the subject. "Professor Flume opened my eyes to some things that I did not know before. There are still a few details that are not quite clear to me regarding the Roman Index. Will you allow me to call one of these evenings?"

"Shall we say to-night?" asked the pastor.

"Not to-night. I shall be occupied with Maglundy's cow. I want to get it into to-morrow's paper. Let us say Thursday, at seven."

And while the editor passed out to the street, Father Sinclair opened the mail-box.

A letter was awaiting him from the Archbishop, asking him if he could find room in the parish for half a dozen Little Sisters of the Poor, exiled from France, who would land in Laurenboro in a few weeks.

"I will make room," muttered the priest, who had been following with feelings of intense horror the phases of the odious persecution that was driving

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thousands of God's chosen souls out of the fair field of France. "I'll find room for those Little Sisters," he continued, "and I am pleased that they are coming. They will show some of our gossamer society people what sacrifices can be made for the Faith."

Father Sinclair set about this pressing work just as soon as he returned to the glebe-house. Where were the exiles to be lodged? He had several buildings in view. There was that large one on Wellington Avenue, vacant for over a year. It belonged to the Newells; and here was an opportunity for Kenneth Newell to do an act of charity. Father Sinclair immediately wrote him a polite note, detailing as frankly as possible the pitiful situation of the exiles and reminding him that a cup of cold water given in charity would receive its reward in heaven.

It was a gentle hint that the use of the building should be given free to the Little Sisters, at least temporarily. If Newell had any manhood left, he could not turn a deaf ear to this pleading in favor of half a dozen women consecrated to God and His poor. The pastor had consulted his own heart in the wording, but after the letter was dropped into the box he thought that perhaps he should have been a little more reserved in asking favors from a man of the Newell stamp. After all, it was the whole truth, and he did not regret what he had written.

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The dedication of the fountain in Blenheim Square was fixed for three o'clock. Promptly at that hour Maglundy, the Mayor, and several of the aldermen stepped upon the platform raised before an object hidden under a white canvas, and lying, as it were, on a hillock in the basin of ice. The Square was crowded with people; and expectant faces filled all the windows, many of which were thrown open in spite of the cold.

Maglundy, rising, began to say something. A shrill voice heard over Blenheim Square shouted—
“A little louder Mr. Maglundy; we cannot hear you!”

The speaker suddenly stopped; his face grew red; his fingers twitched; his eyes gazed at nothing; the words would not come—the old miner was stage-struck. Mayor Bruce and the aldermen grew nervous. Maglundy opened his coat to get his speech; but it was not in his pocket. He had left it on his desk.

There was no remedy; so the millionaire ended the agony of suspense by jerking at the cord which was near his hand. The canvas parted, and revealed to the cheering throng a cow recumbent on a bronze mound in ice, looking with affection at a frisky calf beside her. The chief workman then cried: “Turn on the water”; but the pipes were frozen as hard as adamant.

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Maglundy's rôle being over, the Mayor stood up. In a clear, ringing voice he praised the spirit which prompted such acts of public generosity——

The donor bowed.

——and predicted that as long as the noble animal here present, one of man's most faithful friends——

Maglundy bowed again.

——should lie chewing her cud on her hillock of bronze, the name of Silas Maglundy should be remembered.

The donor shook hands with the Mayor and the aldermen. He had by this time completely regained his composure; and feeling elated over the Mayor's words, he stepped into his sleigh, with great dignity, and told the driver to head for home.

The throng lingered, surged past the few policemen, and crowded up to the basin.

"O hokey, fellers, look at de cow!" shouted one of the small boys.

"Moo-o-o-o-o!" vociferated a dozen more.

"Maglundy's cow!" exclaimed a number of on-lookers, simultaneously.

That settled it. The fountain was dubbed once and forever. And the Laurenboro cab-drivers had one more object of interest to point out to their fares.

The crowd then quickly dispersed, all in the best of humor—all with the exception of a little lean man,

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with spectacles and long hair, Professor Catow, of Royalview University.

Catow had a literary fad, and that was the study of epigraphs. He had been for years an active member of the Academy of Inscriptions. The old Roman lapidary style, he said, appealed to him. In a letter to the *Times*, during his tour in Europe, he wrote that he had spent half a day contemplating the symmetry of the lettering on the Arch of Constantine. It was admitted by everybody that he had the finest collection of epigraphs in Laurenboro.

Nearsighted, he got as close as possible, and began to read the tablet on the Maglundy fountain. He read it once; then again. Then taking off his spectacles, he wiped them well and took another look.

"Shades of the Romans!" he exclaimed. "Do mine eyes deceive me? What does this mean?"

And he read aloud—*Donum Silum Maglundium*.

He evidently took the inscription seriously, for he drew out his note-book and pencil and copied it.

The next day a letter appeared in the *Times*:

To the Editor :

Has not the carver made a slight error in his grammar in the inscription on the fountain unveiled yesterday? What is his authority for the absence of the genitive case in the words of the name?

Yours,

HORACE VIRGIL CATOW, A. M.

The Royalview professor should have waited

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the issue of the *Times* that night. Never in the history of Laurenboro did a man get such a scorching as Maglundy got from the editor, not merely for his want of taste in the selection of a figure for a public fountain, but for his unwarrantable pride in foisting a three-thousand-dollar horror on Laurenboro when there were whole families in Gottingen Ward perishing for want of food and fuel.



CHAPTER XII

Father Sinclair Begins to Operate on an Editor

“**H**IT him hard, didn't I?” asked Burton, when he entered the pastor's study, the next evening at seven.

“You certainly hit him hard,” replied Father Sinclair. “But I fear his epiderm is proof against your prose. I shall soon learn how he has taken it, for he is sure to call.”

“Now, Father, let us drop Maglundy. I have been after him for three days. The object of my visit here to-night, as I told you, is to get further elucidation on the Roman Index that Professor Orrin-Flume went into raptures over. You know the ideas we Protestants have about that institution.”

“Know them root and branch,” rejoined the pastor.

“Is it true that you do not allow your people to read any books they have a mind to?”

“That is true.”

“And what is the reason of the prohibition?”

“The same reason that our civil government has for preventing the publication and propagation of anarchist literature,” replied Father Sinclair, quickly;

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“the same reason why you would not allow demoralizing books or pictures into your home; the very same reason why you yourself advocated so strongly last year more stringent quarantine laws.”

That kind of logic appealed to Burton, who continued:

“But I do not see the application in matters of religion, wherein men may use their own judgment.”

“Well, I’ll show you, if you will allow me. There are matters of religion in which people are not capable of using their judgment. Let us take the question before us. There is no difficulty about the forbidding of books dangerous to morals; people are pretty well agreed on that point. It is against the natural law even for pagans to steep their minds in such literature.

“In questions of doctrine, we do not admit your theory of private judgment. ‘He who does not hear the Church’—you know the rest. The Catholic Church, being the sole depository of the truths which Christ revealed while He was here on earth, she alone has the right to say what is revelation and what is not; what should be taught and what not. If the Church discovers a work that falsifies these doctrines or tries to undermine belief in them, she who has the responsibility of souls, very properly puts a ban on it. She simply prevents her children

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from reading it. Is not everything reasonable so far?" asked Father Sinclair.

"But how can the Church make such a claim that she alone has the privilege of holding the revealed truths?"

"One thing at a time, Burton. That is another question, which is proved by means of arguments which are just as convincing. But are you beginning to appreciate the logic that captivated Professor Flume?"

"I am undoubtedly. I have always admired the Catholic Church for her consistency in thought and action."

"And that consistency, Burton, comes from the conviction that she alone is the Church of Christ; that the Divine Saviour did not found six hundred Churches, as we see to-day teaching contradictory doctrines, nor five, nor two, but only one. Truth is one, and only the whole truth is one. Here is a little work which explains the logic of the Church in her system of doctrine, morality, and discipline. Read it carefully and let me hear your objections."

Suiting the action to the words, Father Sinclair handed him a small volume, to which he quickly added others from his well-stocked library of controversial literature.

"Outside the Catholic Church," he continued, "men using their private judgment may read what

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they please and believe what they please. Few minds are sufficiently well trained to recognize error in all its forms, especially when it is served up in an attractive style. What is the result? Not being able to discern the wheat from the chaff, they are ensnared by the sophistries of clever writers. They have no grounding in sound philosophy or theology, without which human thought runs wild."

This was all new to Burton.

"Now my object in establishing a Catholic library in Laurenboro is to prevent our own people, who are not sufficiently educated, not merely from being imbued with ideas that might lower their morals, but from assimilating doctrines that are false. Lord Bacon once said that if he were allowed to control the literature of the household, he would guarantee the well-being of Church and State. The Church fully recognizes the tremendous influence books and reading have on the plastic minds of youth. More depends on the kind of food a growing mind takes in for its regular diet than on the nature of the food that nourishes the body.

"Leaving aside the damaging effects of mere desultory reading on individuality of character, is it not a fact, Burton, that the topics treated with such a show of learning in modern writings are debasing in the extreme? To cite an instance. Are not the problems discussed in nine-tenths of the

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works on the shelves of our public libraries merely developments of the sordid difficulties of the life of man as an animal—difficulties that are not problems at all, and with the solution of which, at least as far as theory goes, no right-minded man has any trouble? Think of the oceans of such literature that are flooding our country, and realize how imminent is the danger.

“The same reasoning holds good in the realm of doctrine. If we had no knowledge of the truth; if we had still to grope in the dark for the solution of what men might please to call the Enigma of Life and its hereafter; if religion were something still hazy and undefined, and not a positive science that may be studied like any other branch of human learning, then there might be a reason for the wanderings and searchings of our age. Every shred of truth might well be grasped at to help in the unravelling of the great human problem. But all this has been done for us by God Himself, when He revealed to us what we should believe, and how we should act. What need is there to waste time in looking further?”

Burton sat reflecting. He followed Father Sinclair with intense interest.

“We have just received twelve hundred volumes,” continued the pastor, “from various publishing houses. Do you suppose that they are to be num-

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bered and put into circulation at once? No, sir; before they are put on the shelves every one will be carefully read by a competent critic, and if found unfit will be thrown aside.

“Now, let us turn to the Elzevir—not to mention names. What guarantee has a parent that his child’s mind or heart shall not be corrupted by the books he gets there? Truth and error, books good and bad, uplifting and debasing, are flung over the counter to anybody and everybody. The other day I caught in the hands of one of my young men a work by the infamous Renan, taken from the Elzevir. Such a thing would be impossible with us. The Congregation of the Index puts a check on us Catholics throughout the world. It tells us what we may not read without danger to our souls. Is this restricting our liberty? Is it restricting the liberty of a blind man to snatch the cup of poison from his lips, or to prevent him from walking over a mountain cliff? The Roman Index points out what is hurtful to faith or morals; tells us, for instance, that such a book or such an author swerves considerably from the path of truth, and then with the authority of the Church behind it forbids Catholics to read it.”

“But does the Roman Index read all the books that are published,” inquired the editor, “to know which are good and which are bad?”

“Not necessarily. Whenever a bad book appears

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in any country, it is soon brought to the notice of the clergy and their bishops. These notify the Congregation of the Index, and a decree is issued, prohibiting Catholics from reading the work until the author submits himself to the teaching of the Church, and makes amends by correcting his errors."

"Thank you; this conversation has opened up a new horizon to me."

"Mr. Burton, you appear to me to be a fair-minded man. I wish you would look into the claims of the Catholic Church a little farther. You would find much to interest you, and perhaps a little instruction. I shall be happy to unravel any knotty points that may spring up."

The editor left him, brimful of ideas. A new world had been revealed to Burton. We shall see later with what results.

It was with men of this stamp that Father Sinclair was at his best; and he took pains to attract them. Already in Laurenboro, through his tactful manoeuvring, aided by God's grace, eight or ten of its professional men had had their eyes opened to the truths and beauties of the Catholic Church and were now among the most fervent of his flock. His Lenten course of controversial lectures always brought to St. Paul's an unusual gathering from the various denominations. Father Sinclair detested error, but like a true pastor of souls he sympathized with

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and loved the erring and sought on all occasions to enlighten them. The new library might become a powerful lever in his hands, and that was the chief reason—notwithstanding Miss Garvey's objections—why he was going to set apart a section to be devoted exclusively to controversial and dogmatic literature.

As he and Burton had surmised, the article in the *Times* on the dedication of the fountain deeply wounded the feelings of Silas Maglundy. The old man came the very next day to the glebe-house to unburden himself of his grievances. He found the genial pastor in his study.

"I suppose, Fawther, you perused the *Times'* account of the dedication of my monument?" he inquired, when both were seated.

"I glanced over it," replied the pastor.

"Is it not disgraceful that men will employ their talents to vilify the actions and misconstrue the motives of their fellow-men? It has simply crushed me. It was my most earnest desire to be of some use to the citizens among whom I have come to live; and here I am held up to all Laurenboro as the veriest upstart."

Maglundy displayed deep feeling.

"I have a good notion to send back the *Times*; formally refuse it, sir, when it reaches my residence."

"What a catastrophe is in store for Burton—or

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for his little newsboy!" thought Father Sinclair.

"The base ingratitude! And what did that nincompoop from the University want to know about the inscription?"

"As to that, Mr. Maglundy," said the pastor, calmly, "I told you that the change was wrong. The Latin language has fixed rules; that is one of the results of its being a dead language. It does not change. Now, Professor Catow knows Latin. And there you are."

"But what matters a letter at the end of a name?"

"It matters so much that the inscription is no longer Latin."

"Well, I must have it changed. But I feel pained at the *Times*, and I thank you for your sympathy."

Father Sinclair had not given him much sympathy in this interview, but it was evident that he was gaining the confidence of the old man. The little millionaire had shown this since they first met. The pastor felt it also; and he asked himself, as he sat there listening to his woes, if it were not possible to break in somewhere through that crust of pride, and bring Maglundy to a sense of his duty. The old man's heart was in the right place, evidently; but he was densely ignorant. And his false ideas of his duties and privileges as a citizen had their source in this ignorance.

It was rather a delicate task to raise the veil just

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yet. The pastor of souls felt that he should have to wait a little longer. The time would come when he could speak more plainly. It was not the heart; it was the head that needed touching up. But there was one thing that he could not let pass; the moment seemed too favorable to be lost.

"You told me, the first time I called on you, that you were a Catholic," ventured the pastor.

"Certainly, Fawther. You never doubted it, surely?" Maglundy looked surprised.

"No, I did not doubt it. I took your word for it. I have no doubt that you are a Catholic at heart. But there are certain external obligations that accompany our belief, that everyone expects Catholics to fulfil——"

"And what are they, pray?" asked Maglundy, still surprised.

"Well, one is going to Mass on Sundays. It is a law of the Church, which must be observed when possible."

"I believe you, Fawther."

"Now the prominent position you have acquired in Laurenboro brings with it certain duties that you cannot overlook."

"I understand."

"People are so prone to judge the actions of others——"

"O, indeed," Maglundy sighed; "I have had painful experience of that."

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“And when they see a man of your wealth and influence”—Maglundy was moved—“claiming the privileges of Church membership, and still neglecting one of the essential duties, naturally they form their opinions and—express them.”

“Have people spoken of me to you?”

“Certainly they have. I have had half a dozen ask, ‘Father, is Mr. Maglundy one of ours? We never see him at Mass.’”

“I understand. All this is something I was not aware of, and I am glad you have told me. Come to think of it, you must be right. I can recall some of the sermons I heard when I was a wee boy. But you know I have been away from churches and chapels for the past forty years. Where I lived in the mines, there was no church or priest to be seen.”

“Do not think I am reproaching you, Mr. Maglundy. I understand the circumstances of your previous life, and I appreciate the difficulties you have had to contend with. But circumstances have changed. The difficulties have disappeared; nothing but facilities remain; and your present obligations are what I desire to impress on you.”

“Fawther, it is my intention to go to church every Sunday henceforward. Are there any seats to be had?”

“Certainly, sir.”

Father Sinclair brought out a plan of the pews at

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St. Paul's and pointed out several unrented pews.

"Not too high up! Not too high up!" the old miner exclaimed, while he drew the pastor's finger down to the very bottom of the plan.

But the pews were all taken down there. Maglundy had to be satisfied with the third from the top. At Mass, he would find himself seated right in front of Miss Garvey.

"How much am I to pay for this pew?"

"The pew-rent is taken up quarterly," replied the pastor. "Do not trouble yourself about that."

Maglundy shook the priest's hand warmly, and left the glebe-house.

CHAPTER XIII

Burton Assists at an "Auto da Fé"

MEANWHILE the Revising Committee had been steadily plodding through the first instalment of twelve hundred books. It was dreary work and thankless. What author cares to see the fruit of his pen run through and through with an electric searchlight? How few could pass the ordeal unscathed! And still it was necessary; truth required it; no writer may wantonly corrupt the mind or the heart of a fellow-being; the interests of the soul are too many and too grave.

The lesson had not yet gone home to many authors, as the work of the Revising Committee proved. Miss Garvey kept a record and found in the twelve hundred:—

Positively unfit.	39
Corrupting in tendency.	42
Sneers against the Catholic Church.	50
Vilification of her clergy.	21
Works on Free Thought.	9
Expounding Mormonism.	7
False Views on Evolution.	12
The Church the Mother of Ignorance.	15
Inculcating Christian Science.	10
	—
	205
Left to Father Sinclair's decision.	70

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The seventy awaiting the pastor's judgment were piled up on a separate table. The others were thrown into an obscure corner of the hall where only a glimmering of light could reach them. There they lay, two hundred of them, enemies of men's minds and hearts. All that Art could do had been done to hide the tactics of those criminals against human society; but gaudy covers, gilt edges, elaborate illustrations, could not save them from the fate that inevitably awaited them.

"I wonder whether our people will realize the great benefits of this work of revision," said Father Sinclair, coolly, when he entered the room and read the list. "It is a good illustration of the need of a library where we may let our young people go and read without fear of corrupting their minds and hearts. You see now, ladies, what we mean by controlling the reading of the masses. Did they do that kind of work at the Humboldt when you were there, Miss Garvey? Do they do it at the Elzevir?"

"But look at all the books we must send back," interrupted Clare Cayson.

Father Sinclair frowned. "Send back? To continue their corrupting work in the minds of men? How many thousand readers would those two hundred volumes have in the next two or three years? We shall not send them back. They are malefactors; and we shall put them where they will

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do no harm. They must be destroyed. Ladies, I invite you to an execution in the glebe-yard to-morrow, at three."

The object-lesson was too good to let slip by, and Burton was invited by telephone to call at the glebe-house the following afternoon.

A dramatic scene presented itself in Father Sinclair's garden. The old sexton had placed three large flat stones on the hard snow. An armful of kindling wood was brought. Then the condemned books were carefully opened and piled so that the flames would take effect rapidly.

Burton entered and took in the situation at a glance.

"Why, this is a repetition of the Spanish Inquisition," he exclaimed.

"The same principle is at the bottom of it, Mr. Burton," replied the pastor; "with a difference, however. We may burn books to prevent their doing harm. They carry their own errors with them to the stake, and end there. But with men we may reason. That is what our Church does; she tries to convince them of their errors."

"And if they persist in them?" urged Burton.

"If they teach error in books, we keep on doing with the books what we are doing here. If men teach by the living voice, we forbid our people to listen to that voice. There is the whole thing in a nutshell."

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“But did not the Church ever do with men what you are doing with these books?” insisted the editor.

“No, sir. That is a statement often made, but without sufficient discrimination. There was a time when men taught treason against civil as well as ecclesiastical authority, under plea of religion. These men were tried and condemned, and the enemies of the Church gave her the credit of the act. The doctrine of the Church and her authoritative voice are against the statement.”

The truth was sinking gradually into the mind of Burton; for Father Sinclair was gratified to read the very next day in the *Times* a well-written and rather convincing article on “Controlling Literature,” the necessity of guarding the minds of untaught men from error, and an attack, sharply worded, on libraries that are lax in their censorship of books. It was a plea, unwittingly made, for the Roman Congregation of the Index, and an indirect panegyric of the new Free Library about to be opened in Laurenboro.

“Burton is progressing favorably,” mused the pastor, that evening, as he took up the paper; “but he shall find rocks in his path before long. The tone of his prose will not suit some of our citizens, surely.”

In this the pastor was right. Burton’s article let in a ray of light on the methods of one of the

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most popular non-sectarian institutions in the city. The article in the *Times* was a direct thrust at the Elzevir, whose object—loudly proclaimed on every possible occasion—was the education of the public, but whose covert work was proselytism pure and simple. Hypocrisy ran rife there, and Burton thought the time had come to let the public know it.

The effort, however, was going to create bitter feelings. Even library directors do not like to see their pet schemes frustrated; much less do they like to see their weaknesses held up in the glare of the public search-light. Pride and purse have too many sacrifices to make on such occasions to render submission popular.

The pastor was about to drop a note to Burton, to congratulate him on his articles, when the door-bell rang; and before Nanny could get her white apron adjusted, the editor himself came bounding up the stairs.

"News for you, Father. The Elzevir people are up in arms against the *Times*. Read this letter that I have just received."

He handed the pastor the typewritten document.

To the Editor:—

The Directors of the Elzevir Library, in an assembly held this morning, have asked me to write to you to protest against the article in yesterday's edition of your esteemed journal. They deem it inexpedient and against the welfare of the city that the sentiments you

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are responsible for in that article should become current in Laurenboro. The *Index* you mention is but another name for the bloody Spanish Inquisition. It bridles free thought, prevents men from expressing their convictions in print to their fellow-men; and furthermore it is the occasion of considerable pecuniary losses to those writers and publishers who go to the expense of printing and circulating their works. Why should any Church tell people what they must or must not read? This letter is not for publication, but simply a polite note addressed to one who is supposed not merely to reflect but also to mould public opinion.

Yours, etc.,

R. KENNETH NEWELL, JR., *Secretary.*

"Newell!" exclaimed Father Sinclair. "That's young Newell. When was he named to that position?"

"Less than a month ago," answered the editor. "Do you recall the letter his father sent to the *Times* to protest against the new Library?"

The pastor looked amazed.

"That letter got the son the job," continued Burton, "and two thousand dollars a year."

"The poltroons!" murmured the pastor, "who would sell their souls and their principles for two thousand a year."

"What answer should be made to this letter?" asked the editor.

"It does not call for any answer, does it?"

Father Sinclair took up the letter again and looked it over.

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"I shall have to acknowledge its receipt after some fashion."

"I do not know what you ought to do; but for my part I should simply reply, 'Receipt of yours of yesterday acknowledged.'"

"That is what I shall do. I consider that letter a bit of impertinence on the part of the directors of the Elzevir, and I shall find occasion to tell them so, in a short while. I know positively that they have books in circulation that they would not let their own children read; and I am going to score them for it."

"How are you advancing in the little volumes I gave you the other night?" asked Father Sinclair, changing the subject.

"Getting on famously. The marks of the true Church, the infallibility of the Church, her indefectibility, and so on—why, it is simple common sense applied to religion. Assuming that Christ established only one Church, the logic of your position is simply overpowering."

"That's it," interrupted Father Sinclair. "And if you admit that the Church cannot err, logic will carry you still further, Burton. Listen. Seeing that the Church cannot err—I insist on 'cannot'—all she teaches must be true. Is not that a fact?"

"Undoubtedly, it is," admitted Burton.

"And if the Church teaches what is true, and

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truth is one, the innumerable sects, teaching contradictory doctrines, must be teaching falsehood."

"There is no getting out of it," commented the editor.

"And you belong to one of them?" persisted the pastor.

"I fear I am caught, Father."

"Of course, you are caught. Once you admit the infallible authority of the Church to teach, you must lay down your arms."

"Lay down my arms!" exclaimed Burton. "What should I take up to replace them?"

"A twopenny catechism, I fancy. You shall have occasion, one of these days, to witness the sacrifices our people can make for the sake of the truth. At this moment, Freemasonry is driving thousands of nuns out of France. I had a letter from the Archbishop asking me if I could find room for half a dozen Little Sisters of the Poor, who are coming to Laurenboro to look after our aged and infirm."

"Freemasonry driving nuns out of France!" Burton looked at the priest, apparently surprised. "You are striking home, Father. I have been a Mason for nearly twenty years, and my experience of Masonry does not justify assertions of that kind."

"It is true just the same, Burton. The Masons in France acknowledge it themselves. They no longer hide their designs."

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"There must be some delusion," replied the editor, rather hotly; "Masonry has a record of good deeds. I would not belong to it were it otherwise."

"I believe you, Burton," broke in the pastor, "and I give you credit for that statement. You are not the stamp of man whom they admit to their inner councils. You are too frank a character to believe that what good is worth doing should be done in the dark."

"This is a novel point of view for me, Father. I admit I was never a very enthusiastic Mason. In fact, I have practically dropped out of Masonry. In my younger days, I joined for the sake of my journalism; and I must confess my affiliation got me many a 'scoop' for my paper."

"No doubt," answered Father Sinclair, "and what induced you to join the Lodge moves nine out of every ten of those who enter it. 'What is there in it for me?' is the question that is uppermost in the mind of most would-be Masons. But you did not see then—and perhaps you do not see yet—that the heads of the sect use the multitude to shield them in the pursuit of aims which must bring about the destruction of State and Church. Believe me, Burton, Freemasonry, in its higher degrees, is the concrete expression of anarchy and revolution. It makes its recruits publicly, but it makes its plans in secret. Its oath-bound conventions, its veiled commissions,

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its initiation mummeries, indicate methods and aims from which honest men must naturally shrink.”

“You seem to know something about Masonry, Father.”

“More than you think, Burton. Even if I did not, the fact that my Church condemns it would suffice for me. The test of her wide and long range of experience stands in this case, as in others, as an evidence and confirmation of her infallible discernment. But as a matter of fact, I have been studying the Masonic problem for years, and I have a rather large collection of works right here, treating of Dark-Lanternism.”

Father Sinclair pointed to a whole shelf full of books devoted exclusively to the occult sect.

“The latest addition to my collection is *Shaeffer's Monitorial Lectures*, a work which has the practical endorsement of several Grand Lodges in the United States. I have been reading it carefully, and must confess that I hardly expected to find in such a narrow compass such a jumble of trash and mystical vaporings, evidently suited to half-educated candidates. How any man endowed with common sense can stand blindfolded during his initiation and listen to such prose, without splitting his sides, passes my understanding.”

Burton smiled.

“Let me give you a taste of this new production

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of your worshipful order," said the priest, who opened the book and began to read:

Geometry, the first and noblest of the sciences, is the basis on which the superstructure of Freemasonry is erected. By Geometry we may curiously trace nature through her various windings to her most concealed recesses. By it we discover the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Great Architect of the Universe, and view with delight the proportions which connect this vast machine. By it we discover how the planets move in their respective orbits and demonstrate their various revolutions. By it we account for the return of the seasons and the variety of scenes which each season displays to the discerning eye. Numberless worlds around us are framed by the same divine artist, which roll through the vast expanse and are all conducted by the same unerring law of nature.

The impressive ceremonies of the second degree are calculated to inculcate upon the mind of the novice the importance of the study of the liberal arts and sciences, especially the noble science of Geometry, which forms the basis of Freemasonry, and which, being a divine and moral nature, is enriched with the most useful knowledge; for while it proves the wonderful proportions of nature, it demonstrates the more important truths of morality. To the study of Geometry, therefore, your attention is directed.

Father Sinclair closed the book.

"So you see, Burton," he added, still holding the volume in his hand, "Geometry rules the Masonic roost, doesn't it? Where does Christianity come in? Just think what an elevating influence that half-scientific, half-allegoric jargon must have on the mind of the poor blindfolded novice who probably knows as much about geometry as an ox does about music. What must be his thoughts during the moments of initiation! When he hears

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the wonders of Solomon's Temple described as it was completed and left by the Ancient and Accepted Geometricians; when he hears the Greek and Roman orders of architecture discussed; when he is urged to betake himself without delay to the study of the liberal arts and sciences—especially to the noblest of them all, Geometry—I can understand the idiotic spell that comes over him, that makes him feel that he is drinking deep at the fountain of science. The feeling must be one of exhilaration surely.

“These little stars, Burton, interspersed in the lectures, represent the physical initiation,” said the pastor, laughing and pointing to the pages. “They remind me of an experience of my own. In my student days, I assisted at a concert in a certain country town not a thousand miles from here. During the performance a terrific noise came from upstairs. The whole building shook, and the plaster from the ceiling tumbled down on our heads. The audience thought that an earthquake had come to visit them, and they rushed out of the building panic-stricken. Next day we learned, though everything was done to keep it secret, that the Masons or Odd Fellows, I have forgotten which, were initiating a new member. While he was symbolically climbing up to heaven on Jacob's ladder, that ‘contraption’ broke down, and gravity landed the yet unethereal-

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ized adept back on to this vulgar planet of ours."

"Things are not all of that character in the Lodges, Father. There are some respectable names that grace the rolls of Masonry, which could hardly be accounted for if things were entirely as you describe them."

"That is one of your weaknesses," retorted Father Sinclair, quickly. "I have often observed how tightly you Masons cling to the coat-tails of a prince or a duke, and how eagerly the Associated Press chronicles the fact that the Count of This and the Earl of That have received the degrees. I rarely read of one of those nabobs getting very high in the order; and—excuse me, Burton, for talking so plainly—the names of those aristocrats give ignoble sycophants a standing in certain circles they could not get otherwise."

"But you must admit," said Burton, "certain advantages in Masonry. There is the insurance attached to it; the social features, and so on. There are several Catholics in the Lodge that I am attached to."

"So much the worse for them. Insurance is a good thing. But that should not be a bait alluring enough to tempt our people. No Catholic should risk the loss of faith for the sake of a few thousand dollars. When it comes to the question of insurance, we have our own Mutual Benevolents, our Foresters,

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our Legions. And besides, what is wrong with the old-established companies which insure without absurd initiations or blood-curdling oaths? Take my word for it, Burton, it is not the insurance that drags our Catholics into Masonry. It is rather the so-called mystery of the Lodge, the password, the grip, the dinners, the social sessions, the footing, the influence it is supposed to give with a certain class. There are some people who would wear a clown's wig and breeches from end to end of Ashburne Avenue, if they thought it would advance their worldly interests. Isn't it ignoble?"

"I perceive, Father, that you have some very decided convictions on the question. And I am inclined to think that there is a grain of truth in them. But if the initiation ceremonies are so absurd, can you explain how clever men are taken in by them?"

"As to that, Burton, I know for a fact—I have had it from Masons themselves, personal friends of mine—that the clever ones are let down easily in the mummeries of initiation. They are too useful to the fraternity to be antagonized on the threshold."

"Do you think that the present King of Mesopotamia underwent the mummeries?" asked Burton, laughing.

"I do not," replied the pastor, decidedly. "He was not asked to climb Jacob's ladder. But allow

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me to tell you that the gentleman in question knows as much about the ultimate aims of Freemasonry as Nanny does—and Nanny is my housekeeper. A crowned head is a fine peg to hang things on. It imparts an air of respectability to have an ex-Grand Master on a throne.

"But leaving aside those considerations," continued Father Sinclair, who perceived that the time was passing, "this is not going to the root of things. We must judge a work by its results. The plea of brotherly charity in Masonry is only a blind. Charity should not be confined to a few thousand adepts bound together by oaths. We are all brothers when it comes to helping one another. There should be no Greek, or Jew, or Roman, to discriminate against. That is one of the fundamental tenets of Christianity. And we do not need Masonry to teach us charity, nor are we allowed to take blasphemous oaths to practice it. I am inclined to take a broad view of things, Burton. God knows how to draw good out of the scandalous actions of men. In a sense, I consider this Masonic persecution in France a providential thing. At the present moment, thousands of men and women, prepared by years of self-abnegation for the ministry of the schoolroom and the sick-bed—a true ministry, Burton, if ever there was one—are suddenly exiled to foreign lands. What else can they do but spread

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the sweet odor of Christ around them? It is hard to be an exile, even for one who, in his fatherland, has risen above the attractions of home and country. But the slow martyrdom of exile only shows up the beauty, and the fruitfulness, and the strength of the Catholic Church. Almighty God can water the seeds of Christianity with tears as well as with blood. It was the dispersion of the Irish race that brought the Catholic Faith to many lands; and was it not the influx of the French exiles into England during the great Revolution that gave to English Catholicism its 'second spring'?

"It is to an apostate and his Masonic colleagues that we are indebted for the Little Sisters of the Poor who are coming here to Laurenboro. And for that I thank them. Wait, Burton, till you see the Little Sisters at work. I am expecting an answer from Newell."

"And if Newell will not let you have that building free?" asked Burton.

"We shall have to pay, or go elsewhere; that's all. I do not know the financial condition of the exiles. But they are coming very likely without sack or scrip."

The editor pondered a moment.

"Should you care to see the *Times* comment on the coming of the Little Sisters?" he asked.

"With moderation, Burton. No harm in giving

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facts. It will enlist sympathy and soften things. But no spasms; no fireworks, please."

Burton promised to use tact in the affair. He left the glebe-house without telling the pastor what he intended to do if Newell refused to give his house on Wellington Avenue rent-free to the Sisters. He simply asked him to let him know by telephone the result of the request.

This visit of Burton gave Father Sinclair great satisfaction. Here was a clever man submitting his reason to the evidences of truth. It was not sentiment or passing fancy that had moved the editor of the *Times* to make a friend and counsellor of the pastor of St. Paul's. Burton had a sound head on his shoulders. And to think that a few remarks of Professor Flume on the Roman *Index* was the occasion of this evening's long conversation on such vital matters. What strange ways God employs to bring people nearer His Church!

The course of the Newells in regard to the Elzevir Library nettled the pastor. He could find no term to characterize such lack of principle. But he was not surprised. He had known the head of the family ever since he came to Laurenboro, ten years before, as one who avoided him, as one in fact who did not care to be seen in his company. Never had the Newells called at the glebe-house; never had they taken active part in any movement

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for the advancement of Catholic interests. He recalled the elder Newell's polite refusal to preside once at a school entertainment. He should not now be surprised if he refused to let the Little Sisters have the building on Wellington Avenue. And still the Newells had their pew in St. Paul's and were at church every Sunday.

How justly Father Sinclair had gauged the situation became evident when a District Messenger handed him the following note, less than an hour after Burton had left:—

Reverend Sir:—

Your letter *in re* building on Wellington Avenue received, and contents noted. I regret to say that for reasons that your Reverence may not appreciate, I cannot allow any house of mine to become the abode of people who, as far as I can learn, have not seen fit to obey the laws of their own nation, and who are posing before the world as exiles. Besides, hospitals and homes are already plentiful enough to meet the demands of the poor in this city; and I shall use my influence to . . .

Father Sinclair threw the letter into the fire; he was deeply mortified. But with characteristic energy he telephoned to Burton that Newell, for reasons known to himself, had refused the building, and that he was going to interview the agents of the Heleraud Estate.

It was evident that Newell had been drawn into the enemy's camp. The directors of the Elzevir

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were becoming alarmed. They feared a secession of Catholic patronage, and as a sop had offered the secretaryship to young Newell at two thousand a year. Nothing could have shown more clearly how just had been the position the pastor of St. Paul's had taken.

He resolved more than ever to use every means to make the Laurenboro Free Library a success. It was God's work, and God would provide.

CHAPTER XIV

Miss Garvey Leads On to Success

THE work on the library hall was advancing rapidly, and Father Sinclair decided to have the inauguration in a week's time. He invited Mayor Bruce, Maglundy, the Melgroves, the librarians, and several of the leading citizens to coffee and cake in the spacious hall; he was determined to give the new venture a dignified start.

The ensuing five days were fully occupied. Appleby, the undertaker, had put in the book-shelves free of charge. Five librarians, with Miss Garvey as their chief, had numbered and stamped the approved volumes, and pasted in the rules for the guidance of readers. When the end of the week came they were tired.

The devotedness of Miss Garvey and her assistants was inspiring. More than once Father Sinclair declared that he was delighted with their indefatigable zeal; that with the aid of such co-workers he had nothing to fear for the future of the Library. The chief librarian was an energetic little woman. The inner gearing of a public library was perfectly

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familiar to her. She had decided to employ a simple card system to keep track of the books.

To attain this end she reasoned that a librarian needs an answer to three questions only: Who has the book? Where does he live? When did he take it out? The heavy squares of card-board—dummies, she called them—which replaced the absent volumes on the shelves would tell her all that, and would simplify things greatly. She was a thorough-going manager. While she provided against the danger of mislaid books, the bane of every public library, she safeguarded the interests of her patrons as well. She supplied every reader with a printed card, which served as a book-mark. On one side were written the reader's name and his registration number. On the other, there were three blank columns, with their respective headlines, *Book-number—Lent—Returned*. No one could get a volume from the Laurenboro Free Library without previously securing a card; an operation which made every new reader pass by the Registration Desk, where the ordinary money deposit was made to secure the library against any possible loss. When the book passed out over the Delivery Desk, the number and date were stamped on the card in their respective columns; when the volume was returned, the date was stamped in the "returned" column likewise. The simple method furnished a receipt for the re-

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turned book, and provided the reader with a safeguard against mistakes of librarians.

While these preliminaries were being carried out, the pastor paid frequent visits to the library hall.

"That card system is pretty complete, Miss Garvey; but supposing a reader does not bring back a volume within the time limit?"

"We give him three days' grace," she replied quickly, "then we send him one of these printed Overtime Cards, informing him that Book No. so-and-so is overdue, and at the same time politely remind him of the engagements contracted when he signed the Registration Folio."

"But even then, supposing he persists in his neglect?"

"Then we send a messenger after him, and add car-fare to the fine."

"But suppose that the messenger arrives at the address, and finds that no such person ever lived there?"

Miss Garvey was not going to be caught. "You mean, Father, when readers wilfully give wrong addresses?"

"Yes."

"Then we call on the pastor and ask him to preach a strong sermon on lying and stealing. But," she added, "we can guard against such contingencies by appointing a wide-awake registration clerk, and

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insisting on the filling in of the Recommendation Blanks. If all these precautions fail, and we still lose books, we must look for the source of the evil not in our library methods, but in the perversity of the human race."

Miss Garvey's years of experience in the Humboldt had made her a valuable acquisition, and her suggestions were listened to by Father Sinclair with deference.

"Father, it will not do to put the children's books on the large shelves. We must have a section apart for the little ones. They are so hard to please. A child will sometimes take half an hour to choose a book; and the 'grown-ups' would soon complain."

"That has been my experience, too," said Father Sinclair; "and as Miss Garvey is chief librarian, she may do things to suit herself."

"And the lady in charge of the Children's Section must have lots of patience," continued the chief.

"Choose your staff," insisted the pastor.

"And the one who is to check books must be quick at jotting down figures."

"That is what I say, too," commented the pastor.

"And no book should leave the library except over the Checking Desk."

"That is business," he added.

"And no book must be received by the assistants before it has been checked at the Receiving Desk."

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"As you please," continued Father Sinclair.

This free hand pleased the little lady exceedingly; but, all the same, she desired the pastor's sanction for her innovations. That is why she insisted on mentioning them all.

On the eve of the opening she presented her assistants to Father Sinclair, giving each her official title. Every little detail had been thought out and provided for when the hour for the formal inauguration arrived. The books, neat and clean, were in their places. After a little coaxing the old sexton was prevailed upon to lend some of his decorations and small banners to hide a few incongruities on the walls and pillars. The place was ready for business.

Strange to say, Silas Maglundy was the first to arrive at the hall next day. Father Sinclair received him and turned him over to Miss Garvey, whom he recognized and saluted. The chief in turn introduced her assistants, and then took him to the different sections and explained the system she had adopted for the delivery and return of books. The children's corner greatly interested the old millionaire; he asked innumerable questions about the tastes of children, and the kind of books they mostly called for.

"Would you believe it, Miss Garvey," he murmured at last, "it was the reading of a book of adventures that changed my whole career in life?"

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When I was a child, a book on the Rocky Mountains and California turned my mind to the West; and I have no doubt that had I not read it I should never have gone there."

This was interesting to Miss Garvey; she hoped he would come often and make a selection of reading matter. He surely found time heavy on his hands in that great lonely mansion on Howarth and Buell Streets.

"Very heavy, very heavy, indeed," assented Maglundy.

It was the arrival of the Mayor and a party of guests that called the chief away, and cut short what promised to be an interesting conversation for both.

Miss Garvey did the honors that day. She was in charge, and Father Sinclair, after a few preliminary remarks, turned the visitors over to her. After explaining the scope and organization of the library—the little lady had the gracious gift of speech—she invited them to luncheon which was ready in an alcove hard-by. Hot coffee and cake were served, and no one seemed to enjoy the visit more than Mayor Bruce and Maglundy. The Mayor, in a few well-chosen words, expressed his delight at what he had seen and heard from the chief librarian. He had not the slightest doubt that the library was destined to do a world of good

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among the people, not merely of the Church under whose auspices it was started, but also among those of other denominations. He was a believer in good literature, in books that parents could with a safe conscience let their little ones read. He knew the influence books wield on the minds of a population; and he did not think that Laurenboro could have too much of a good thing. As for himself, he would ask Miss Garvey to put his name down as one of the patrons of the new Free Library; she might expect to see his children among her customers—and perhaps himself.

When this delicate little speech had been applauded as it deserved, calls for Maglundy were heard in various parts of the hall. But the old man was seen whispering to Father Sinclair who stood up and said:—

“Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Maglundy asks me to say that a severe bronchial trouble prevents him from gratifying you this afternoon. However, he also desired me to state that this visit has given him great pleasure, and that he should be pleased to have his name placed beside that of Mayor Bruce as a patron of the Laurenboro Free Library; and that he intends to be one of the chief librarian’s most assiduous customers.”

These remarks were greeted with tremendous applause, which pleased Maglundy. Father Sinclair,

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who had not sat down, then turned to the Mayor and continued,

“Mr. Mayor, permit me to thank you for the delicate tribute you have paid to our undertaking, and for the patronage you have extended to us. I feel that the Library could not begin under more favorable auspices; nor could it be entrusted to better hands. The devotedness of Miss Garvey and her assistants, known to only a few of us as yet, will become more evident as the months roll on. I have only one word to add; it is this: the Laurenboro Library has not been begun to antagonize any existing institutions in this city. We have been getting our books together simply to fill a gap in the facilities for the education of our own people. And in so doing we feel we are within our rights as citizens and as Catholics.”

“Hear, hear!” was heard from all sides.

The company then dispersed. A number of books were taken out by the visitors. But history will record the fact that the first name on the Registration Folio, secured by Miss Garvey, was that of Silas Maglundy; and the first book taken out was K-531—*The Wooing of Silas*. The sight of his own name in print tickled the old man. It was Miss Garvey herself who had selected for him the volume.

When Father Sinclair returned to his study, a

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note was waiting for him, the perusal of which gave him great pain. It was from the Melgroves.

Reverend and dear Father:—

I regret so much that I cannot go to the opening this afternoon. Little Helen is a very sick child, and I dare not leave her. Mr. Melgrove is in the Provinces.

I am really anxious.

Yours, etc.,

ELEANOR MELGROVE.

The pastor was preparing to go over to the Melgroves when Burton walked in. He was looking for a report of the inauguration for the *Times* of the following day, and a synopsis of the Mayor's speech, and Maglundy's.

"Maglundy did not speak," said Father Sinclair. "I replaced him. He complained of a severe bronchial trouble."

Burton laughed outright.

"That's what the old dad did the other night at the Davenport Club. I must scorch him again about his bronchial tubes."

"Burton, you shall not do anything of the kind. That old man is thawing out. He has an excellent heart. I am beginning to understand him. You will find him yet one of Laurenboro's best citizens. Don't crush him."

"But his intolerable arrogance?" urged the editor.

"True, he flew pretty high in the beginning. But that article of yours the other day had a sobering

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effect on him. He has been a different man since. Now, let him alone, won't you?"

Burton promised.

"How is the two penny Catechism getting on?"

"Got as far as Original Sin," answered the editor, smiling. "But I am going right through with it. We are busy in the office these days; so many functions to write up. However, I will go through with it."

"Very well. And when any difficulties turn up, do not pass them by. Just note them and bring them to me. Mayor Bruce made an excellent speech at the opening this afternoon. He is a patron of the Free Library, and so is Maglundy. Put that in the *Times*."

"I will, indeed. Bruce has great tact. That is the secret of his popularity. He is sure of a second term. Would it be prudent, though, to put him in the *Times* as patron of the new Catholic Library? It might be used against him as a missile by the rabble at the next election."

"That's for Mayor Bruce to decide," answered Father Sinclair.

The editor bade the pastor good night. The latter telephoned to the Melgroves that he would call in the morning. As he retired that evening, he could not help thinking that the library scheme was advancing pretty well. But he had only a thousand books on the shelves.

CHAPTER XV

The Passing of Little Helen

AFTER Mass, the following morning, Father Sinclair started out to see Helen. He met the physician, who passed over to him from the other side of the street.

"I fear the Melgroves are going to lose their little daughter. She cannot possibly recover. I wish you would call and prepare them. The husband has not got back yet, and Mrs. Melgrove is desolate."

"I am going over now," answered the priest. "How long may the child live?"

"A few hours at most."

Here was a duty which went hard with Father Sinclair—to tell a mother that her only daughter, in whom all her love was centered, was about to be taken from her. In the long years of his priestly ministry he had often this duty to perform, but it was never a welcome one. The sorrows of others moved him deeply, and it was always with regret that he entered a home where Death was waiting to enter after him. He knew he could not tell Mrs. Melgrove that she should not let her tears flow—a mother's tears cannot be stifled at a simple bid-

The Passing of

ding—but he could speak to her of the will of God, and how, when that Supreme Will is known, we must bend our heads, even when we clasp our hearts to keep them from breaking. Had she not, with her motherly affection, a love of God that would strengthen her to make the sacrifice?

There was silence and gloom in the large house. The shades were lowered; even the maid who opened the door for him spoke in a whisper. It was evident that the Angel of Death was hovering over the threshold, waiting to take the child with him to the home of the angels beyond the clouds.

“I am so glad you have come. Helen is very low,” said the mother, taking the pastor’s hand. “I don’t think she can recover, and I am so desolate.” She gave free vent to the tears she could not suppress.

“Have you wired for Mr. Melgrove?” the priest asked.

“We cannot reach him. Three telegrams have gone since last night. He should have been back two days ago. I know he is anxious; for the child was ailing when he left the city.”

“Strange he cannot be found,” mused Father Sinclair.

“Will you step up to see her? And, Father, won’t you give the dear child your blessing?”

Father Sinclair went upstairs to where Helen was sleeping. The room was quite dark. But when he

Little Helen

entered, he heard a gentle moaning. The curtains were partially drawn, and there in a tiny cot lay the little girl whose days, yea, hours, were numbered.

"What a happy child after all," thought the priest, as he gazed on the sleeping form, "and how many sorrows and trials she is going to escape."

Then turning to the mother, Father Sinclair, in accents that bespoke the man of God feeling with a human heart, said:

"Mrs. Melgrove, I deeply feel with you the condition of poor Helen; but if our dear Lord should call her, you are ready, I am sure, to make the sacrifice."

"If it is God's will. His will is mine, Father. But it is so hard to part with her."

And the tears began to flow afresh.

"Be brave. Offer the little angel to God. Think of heaven and all its joys, whither the dear child is going so soon."

A sigh of pain, and the tiny blue eyes opened.

"Daddy; where is daddy?" murmured the child, almost inaudibly.

"He will be here soon. He is thinking of you, darling," answered the broken-hearted mother.

"Father Sinclair has come to see you."

A little hand, frail as a linnet's wing, tried to extricate itself; but the priest replaced the coverlet, and the faintest shadow of a smile stole over the cheek of Helen.

The Passing of

Father Sinclair bent down.

"Do you want my blessing, Helen?" he asked softly, almost in a whisper.

The blue eyes opened intelligently, and then closed again.

The pastor made the sign of the cross over the dying child, and in a silent prayer asked the angels to take the innocent soul to live with them. He then started to leave the house.

Miss Garvey was running up the steps.

"Father Sinclair, I have been hunting for you all over. How shall we ever break the news? Mr. Burton has just had a despatch from the Provinces. There has been a wreck and several killed. He fears Melgrove is of the number. What shall we do to break the news?"

"We must first see if that news is confirmed," answered the priest, calmly. "I will see Burton at once. Do not mention it to Mrs. Melgrove, please."

He went quickly down to the *Times* office, his mind a prey to many conflicting emotions. Not since he reached Laurenboro had such a pathetic episode been thrust under his notice. Many and many a time in the past ten years the shadow of the Infinite had darkened the homes of his people and had aroused his priestly sympathies. But there are circumstances that intensify even home sorrows and a pastor's attitude toward them. This was

Little Helen

evidently one of them. His friendship for the stricken family made him share its sorrow all the more deeply. How was he to act?

Burton was at his desk when the pastor entered the office.

"Bad news from the Provinces, Father. Our friend Melgrove is seriously hurt. Just had another despatch. He'll be here to-morrow at ten."

"But this is dreadful," broke in Father Sinclair. "Poor Mrs. Melgrove had already enough to bear; her only child is dying. How are we going to break the news to her?"

The pastor stood for a moment completely at a loss how to act. He left Burton in as great a quandary as himself and returned to the glebe-house.

A telegram was awaiting him from the injured man.

Home to-morrow. Slightly hurt in smash-up. Break news to wife gently. Anxious about Helen.

MELGROVE.

Here was a way out of the difficulty. The news might have been worse after all. He would break it gently, and he started to return to the sick-home. He met Miss Garvey at the door.

"She fears something has happened to Mr. Melgrove."

"Mr. Melgrove is hurt, but not badly. I have just had a despatch from him."

The priest hurried upstairs.

The Passing of

"Father, something must have happened to my husband. I cannot explain his silence," said the careworn wife, coming to meet him.

"He'll be here to-morrow, at ten. There was a slight accident and he got a few bruises, that's all. He'll be here to-morrow. He did not want to distress you further. He knows you have trouble enough just now. He'll be here to-morrow, at ten."

"Oh that he may arrive to find Helen alive!" she exclaimed.

The thought that her little daughter might die before her husband reached home nearly drove her frantic.

That night was a long and weary one for Mrs. Melgrove. The wind moaning in the trees outside, and the fitful gusts that now and then struck the window-panes startled her. She was physically exhausted. The sleepless hours she had passed at the bedside of her sick child had told on her own self; and the added anxiety that things might be worse than represented in the despatch to Father Sinclair made her condition a pitiable one indeed.

Miss Garvey determined to stay the night with her, and at midnight insisted on her taking a few hours' rest. The stricken wife and mother retired to her room, not to sleep, but to fall on her knees and pray to God for strength to bear the trials that were pressing upon her. She was in that position

Little Helen

and fast asleep when the maid found her at dawn.

Helen's state grew worse. The breathing was rapid and shallow; the faint pulse had almost ceased to beat. The child seemed to rest, however. Shortly after nine o'clock, a quick spasm, followed by a relaxing of the muscles, told those present that the little soul had flown to Paradise. When the whole truth revealed itself, the mother's first act, heroic in its simplicity, was to kneel down by her departed child, and in an accent full of resignation, to murmur, "My God, Thy will be done!"

A few minutes later an ambulance drove to the doors, and she went downstairs to take up another cross, she knew not yet how heavy.

Melgrove was carried into the house on a stretcher and laid on a lounge. His first words were: "How is Helen?" He was gently told that she had just left this world; and the brave Catholic gentleman closed his eyes and said: "My God, Thy will be done."

The will of God had ever been the inspiration of that truly Christian family. The crosses that were now pressing so heavily upon it only made that more evident. Trials and tribulations are marks of God's love for us—and the Melgroves knew it well. There was no rebellion in the heart of either; a resignation admirable in its completeness succeeded the first tears of grief.

The Passing

There was a sad procession the morning little Helen was laid away on the hillside. During her short career, and even while her life was ebbing away, her gracious, coy ways had endeared the child to all who knew her. And the affectionate sympathy that went out to the sorrowing parents at their loss was deep and strong. If the sympathy of friends could restore to us our idols, what a happy world this would be! A grave under a willow-tree in the frozen ground received the angel of the Melgrove household. An hour later a fall of snow, emblem of the innocence of the little one lying beneath, came to complete the work of the sapper, and blotted out for a time even the spot where the child was at rest.

Melgrove grew stronger as the days went by; he soon regained his old-time interest in things. But his convalescence was bound to be slow. His internal injuries were far more serious than had been thought at first, and it might be many weeks before he should be able to leave his room. Father Sinclair was a daily visitor. The ties that bound the pastor and this faithful member of his flock grew stronger, and the priestly sympathy shown the sick man was answered by the affection of a noble heart.

CHAPTER XVI

The Free Library Begins its Career

SO many events had been crowded into the last few days that the week went by before Father Sinclair noticed it. The Sunday following the destruction of the books and the burial of little Helen, there was a change in the programme at St. Paul's. As usual, the nine o'clock Mass was crowded. The pastor did not like this. Many a time he had spoken from the altar of the obligation there was of now and then assisting at the more solemn celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. He brought pressure to bear in various quarters. He insisted on the teachers instructing the children in this matter in the parish schools, thus indirectly reaching the parents. He even intimated that he would give longer sermons at nine o'clock unless they came to the late Mass more generally.

In order to draw his people to the eleven o'clock Mass, he did his utmost to surround the function with every solemnity. A chosen choir rendered with devotional effect the beautiful old chants and harmonized Masses; and he usually had a stranger, a brother priest from one of the city parishes, some-

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times a travelling Passionist or Franciscan, to deliver telling sermons. Many non-Catholics came every Sunday to the High Mass, drawn thither by the solemnity of the service as well as by the eloquence of the speakers. But not a few of the parishioners, satisfied with the strict obligation of assisting at a Low Mass, remained at home.

The present Sunday was an exception. The Advent season had stripped St. Paul's of its usual decorations. The absence of flowers and other artificial trappings gave a subdued tone to the Gothic outlines of the chancel, which, in the minds of many, greatly improved it—Gothic does not lend itself to decoration. But it had been announced in the *Times*, the day previous, that a Redemptorist Father, still remembered in Laurenboro, where he had preached a mission seven years before, was passing through the city and had consented to deliver a sermon.

Even before half-past ten the pews were comfortably filled, many present being from the outside denominations who recalled the tremendous truths they had heard so many years ago, falling from that eloquent tongue.

Punctually at eleven o'clock, the altar boys, in their neat gowns and cottas, began to file out on both sides of the high altar. They met at the middle of the sanctuary, bent the knee, and retired to their

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stalls. Then came the servers, followed by Father Sinclair. Mass was begun.

During the chanting of the Gospel, the Redemptorist, in his simple black cassock, with beads dangling from his girdle, walked slowly out from behind the altar, and ascended the pulpit. All eyes recognized Father Golworth, now grown quite gray, and when he began his sermon, the same powerful voice, the same convincing logic, the same soul-stirring pathos, that had held St. Paul's spell-bound seven years before, was soon echoing through its arches.

He had not been speaking more than five minutes when a shuffling up the main aisle attracted the attention of the people. The old sexton was leading Silas Maglundy to the third pew from the top. Silas glanced around him when he entered it. He did not know that every eye was centered on him—even the preacher's. He bowed to Miss Garvey, whom he recognized sitting immediately behind him. Apparently, he was absolutely unconscious of anything unseemly in coming to Mass so late; he subsided into his seat, and then turned his eyes up to the pulpit.

It was a powerful sermon on justice, and on the obligation of restitution of gains unjustly acquired. The preacher entered into details. He told his audience how some men lull themselves into a false

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security, and imagine they can, by great benefactions or public services, atone for injustice done to private individuals. During half an hour he held his hearers' attention; Maglundy never took his eyes off him.

When the preacher stepped down, the worshippers fixed their eyes on the altar; Maglundy did likewise. The soul-inspiring strains of the *Credo* roused him, and he turned in his seat to stare at the choir. He caught the eye of Miss Garvey, who quietly looked at him as if reproving his levity. The lesson was heeded; for during the rest of the service he did not look around. He followed the movements of the worshippers near him, even kneeling on one knee during the Elevation. On the whole, it was a good beginning. After Mass he walked slowly down the aisle, got into his sleigh, which was waiting for him, and drove home.

"Who was that stout old gentleman who came up the aisle during the sermon?" asked Father Golorth, at dinner that day.

"His name is Maglundy, one of my lambs," answered the pastor.

"Maglundy—not Silas Maglundy, the wealthy California miner?"

"Precisely."

"Well, my remarks must have gone home," added the missionary. "Maglundy has left a reputation behind him among the miners. Unless he straightens

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up things with an old partner of his, he'll not leave California if he ever goes there again. Miners have a way of doing things in a hurry that hurts."

Father Sinclair thought he already knew something of the deal, and he did not press for further information.

"Is the old man as vain as ever?" asked the missionary.

"He has shown tendencies in that direction, since he came here, but the press is knocking it out of him."

"Out in San Jacinto, where I gave a mission two years ago," continued Father Golworth, "he wanted to erect a fountain where for six months of the year there isn't a spring running, or a drop of water falling from the heavens. The citizens were about to tar-and-feather him."

"But he has changed since he came to Laurenboro," interposed the pastor. "We are going to train him. The trouble is we did not catch him quite young enough. But we are going to train him for all that."

And Father Sinclair laughed heartily.

The opening of the Library to the public was announced for that afternoon, and the first day was to be reserved for children exclusively. At three o'clock the little readers crowded in from various Sunday-schools. Big ones and little ones, quiet ones

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and roguish ones, came tumbling in over one another, raising such a disturbance in the long passage that the chief librarian had to appear in person.

When they all entered the hall and saw the shelves of new books—such a tempting feast—there was a momentary hush. But it was only momentary. The novelty of the situation—a library day exclusively for them—was too much for their youthful enthusiasm; the din became deafening. All the chief could do was to point to the “Silence” placards hanging around the wall. But she might as well have tried to stem the torrent of the Brono.

The beginnings were attended with more or less disorder. Miss Garvey set two assistants instead of one to register names; and that disarranged her plans. She did not expect such a number of children the first day; and with all her foresight she admitted that she was not prepared for them. She was busy straightening out a few unruly youngsters when Father Sinclair arrived on the scene—an arrival that was a signal for peace.

“Here’s de Fader, lads; cheese it,” said the leader. In a moment there was a silence as of the tomb.

“Well, Father Sinclair,” said the chief, “how did you manage it?”

“I do not know. They must be afraid of me. Do I look very fierce?”

“I do not mean that.”

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"Well what *do* you mean?" he inquired, smiling.

"How did you manage to get Mr. Maglundy to Mass this morning?"

"Are not all Catholics bound to go to Mass on Sundays, unless lawfully exempted?"

Miss Garvey knew that this was as far as she could get, and proceeded immediately to suggest means of dealing with the motley crowd of young readers. She had decided to put up a long barrier, which should let in only three boys at a time to the Receiving Desk. Father Sinclair promised her that the improvement should be made before the following Sunday.

It was a consoling spectacle to witness the tiny sea of faces looking ravenously at the backs of the new books, straining their little necks in their endeavor to read the titles, and freely giving their commentaries on the contents.

"O dat's no good, dat book. I read it," said one, looking at a gaudily-bound volume. "It's all about a feller wot jumped into de water to grab anoder feller wot was goin' to get drowned."

"Wot's dis one? '*A Boy's Adventures in the Arctic.*' All about de polar bears and de whales, I s'pose. May I take dis one, Miss?"

"Let me have your card," said the librarian.

The yellow card was handed over to the assistant; the number of the book and the date were stamped

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thereon; the boy got the book and away he went.

"Got any of de 'Breechloader Novels,' Miss?" asked a little red-head of ten.

"No, sir."

"We can get 'em over at de Elvizeer."

"Well, you cannot get any here; that's all, sonny."

"Say, fellers," exclaimed a dozen, "de loidy called Jake sonny."

And there was a titter all round.

"Here is a nice book for you—'The Cliff-Dweller's Secret'—a boy's story."

"I'll take dat." And he got it.

When he was leaving the hall, the others began to cry after him, "Hello, sonny; hello, sonny!"

"Got any more like the one you gave Jake?" inquired a third.

"Yes, plenty; here is 'The Aztec Prince.'"

"I'll take dat."

"Got anoder, Miss?"

This clatter was kept up unceasingly for two hours in the five different sections; so that when the time for closing came, four of the juvenile shelves were absolutely emptied.

The first day was ended with a register of one hundred and thirty books given out, together with the names and addresses of those who had taken them.

Miss Garvey insisted on the training of the children well from the outset. The library ruies were printed

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on the long yellow cards, which each reader carried home; and they had to be observed, or she would know the reason why. Altogether the first day was a success. When the chief and her assistants compared notes, it was decided that the Children's Section should be extended, and more books secured.

The following Wednesday they had to meet again to cater to another element. This was the day for the "grown-ups." Shortly after three, the readers began to arrive, passed by the Registration Desk, scanned the catalogues, asked for their numbers, had their cards stamped, picked up their books, and left. The registration and delivery proceeded as smoothly as clockwork, but after an hour or so, great gaps began to appear on the shelves. It was with regret that the assistants had to tell many readers that the volumes they called for were out. They realized more than ever that a fresh supply must be provided if readers were to be held.

The day was nearly ended when the door opened and Silas Maglundy walked in with K-531 under his arm. Miss Garvey was the first to greet him. Silas, with a broad smile, said that he had enjoyed the wooing of his namesake very much indeed, and wanted to exchange. The catalogue was handed to him. He wrote down on a bit of paper, K-23, F-146, G-75, C-76, intimating that any one of the four would do.

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Miss Garvey started to look for the volumes; but they were all out.

"That emphasizes the need of more books, does it not, Mr. Maglundy?" said the chief.

"Undoubtedly. Are they all gone?"

"Not all gone," she replied, "but so many readers call for books that are in circulation that it amounts to the same thing. To-day we have given out seventy, and we gave one hundred and thirty to the children last Sunday. I regret you were not here to see the enthusiasm of the little ones. It would have done your heart good."

She spoke of the heart of Maglundy, as if she were fully convinced that such an organ existed under that crust.

"How consoling! The dear little ones. There is undoubtedly need of a fresh supply of books to meet the demand," said Maglundy.

"You see in your own case," she insisted. "We cannot fill your order."

"I see, I see. This is a great work, indeed."

"We shall need more money," continued Miss Garvey, "and we must get it before long."

"You really should have more money. Well, well; this is interesting, indeed."

Meanwhile Maglundy, turning on his heel, was examining the room with both eyes. The length and breadth of it were taken in. He walked around

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with the chief, and was allowed the extraordinary privilege of going inside the counter where Miss Garvey explained in detail the mechanism of the delivery and receipt of the books. She had already done this once before; but she was determined that the old man's memory should be jogged now and then. She had a reason for it.

"Interesting, very interesting, indeed," said Maglundy, looking at his watch.

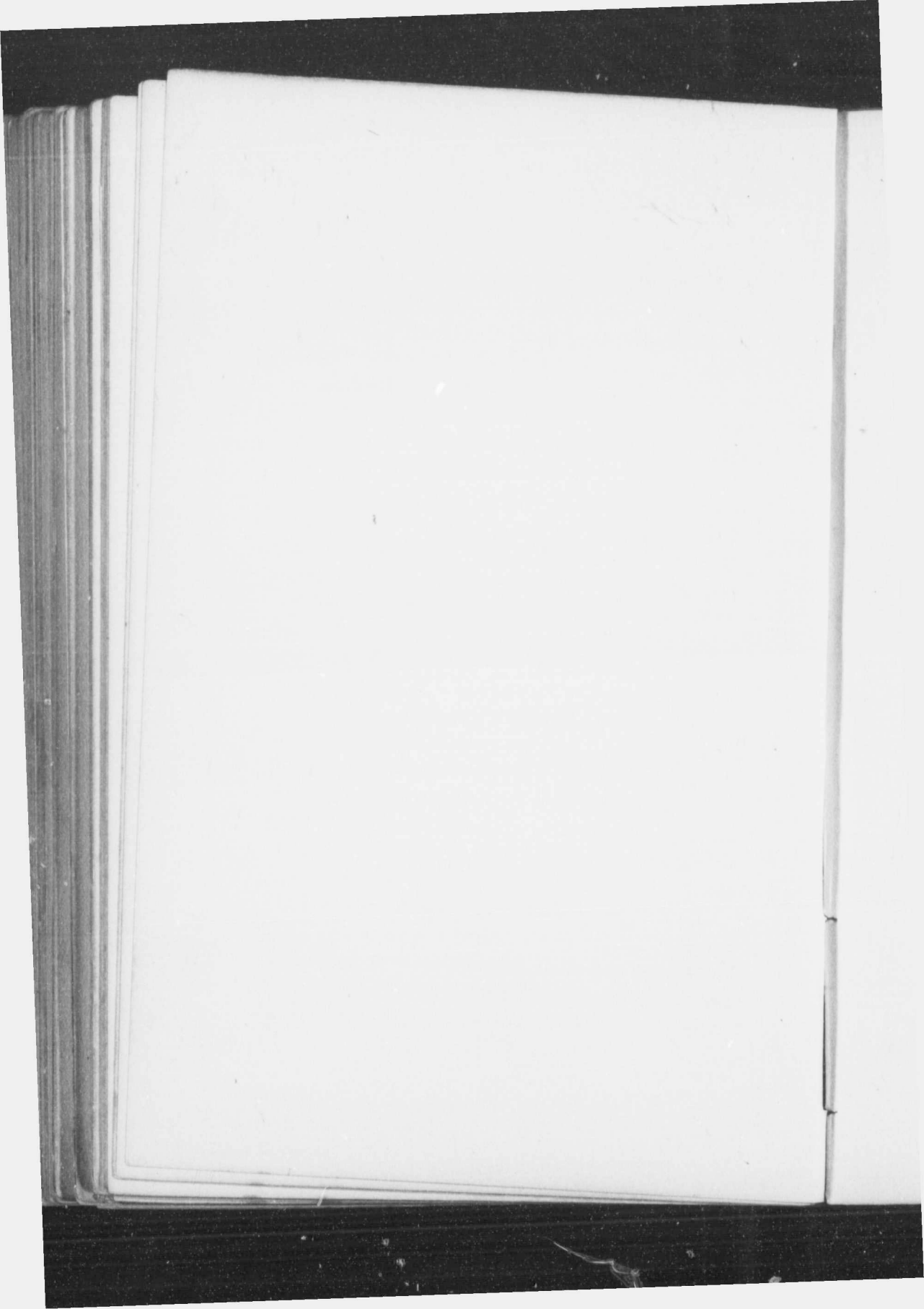
Miss Garvey asked the privilege of selecting a book for him, and gave him F—253, *The Unwilling Bachelor*. The old millionaire smiled at the title, shook hands with the chief and left the hall with the volume under his arm.

The four assistants were at the Receiving Desk waiting for her.

"Is the date named, Miss Garvey? Will Father Sinclair officiate?" they all asked in unison.

"Never you mind about the date or ceremony. I'll manage that. Business first; sentiment afterward. Are the checks and stamps put away? Now, ladies, next Sunday, at three, we shall be needed here."

The five put on their furs, locked the doors, and went out into the avenue, where the glare of the arc lights produced a curious effect among the large snowflakes which were coming down in myriads.



CHAPTER XVII

The Elzevir Makes a Counter-Movement

IT was an accident that brought Father Sinclair and Maglundy together the following day. The millionaire's driver had not been able to extricate his horses from a blockade on Albright Street. While he was held tight amid huge sleighs, laden with iron and large boxes, the old man perceived the pastor passing on the sidewalk. Maglundy hailed him, made him get in beside him, and rolled the large fur robes cosily around him.

"I shall pass by your church, Fawther, just as soon as these drays ahead of us get out of the way."

A few minutes later when the street was clear, the splendid team, with their silver-mounted harness and sweet-toned sleigh-bells, turned the corner and went away toward the Gottingen portion of Laurenboro.

"What was the name of the preacher who spoke in St. Paul's yesterday?" asked Maglundy. He wished the pastor not to forget that he had been to Mass.

"Father Golworth, a missionary," answered the pastor. "He comes from San Jacinto."

"From California—from San Jacinto," exclaimed

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the old man. "I should have been so glad to see any one from my former home."

"He was only passing through. He took the afternoon train," returned the priest.

"Indeed. He preached a very good sermon. It is nearly forty years since I heard one before. What a great gift is that of being able to speak well in public." The millionaire evidently recalled his own attempt on Blenheim Square.

"Yes, it was a very practical sermon," replied Father Sinclair. "I was pleased he touched so forcibly on the subject of justice. We Catholics are so prone to forget our obligations—and how strongly the Church insists on restoring to the rightful owners what is not our own."

"Indeed, I am sure it is only justice after all to give back what does not belong to us," commented Maglundy.

"We only too often pull the wool over our own eyes," continued the pastor, "and, as the preacher said, imagine we are easing our conscience when we perform public acts of charity. Justice must be done our neighbor even though the heavens fall."

The allusions were so pointed that Father Sinclair thought that perhaps he had gone a little too far; for Maglundy was silent for a moment or two. But he broke forth:—

"Indeed! how interesting; how very interesting!

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The new Library has started off very favorably, has it not?"

"I knew it would," answered the pastor. "It is going to fill a very great gap in Laurenboro, provided we can keep it up."

By this time they had reached the glebe-house, and Father Sinclair jumped from the sleigh.

"I was gratified to see you at church yesterday, Mr. Maglundy. I trust you will find your way there regularly. This is one of our duties as members of the only true Church, you know."

"Thank you, Fawther; I shall be there every Sunday henceforward." And raising his hand to his cap, he drove on to his home.

It was evident that Maglundy felt more and more at home in the company of the priest. The old millionaire acknowledged that he felt the need of consulting him frequently, and it was only the fear of troubling him that prevented him from calling at the glebe-house oftener. He told this one day to Father Sinclair.

"Well, Mr. Maglundy, if Mahomet does not come to the mountain—what is the rest of it?—I may have to call on you."

"I should be delighted to see you often at my residence. I live alone, and you will always find the latch-string hanging out, Fawther, as my old friends the miners used to say."

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"I promised Melgrove to call to-morrow night," said the pastor, who, reflecting a moment, continued, "perhaps we might go together?"

"Very well, Fawther. I'll send the sleigh for you—at what hour? My coachman shall drive you to my residence, and we will leave from there."

"Say seven o'clock."

It was arranged that they should meet at seven.

Father Sinclair was anxious that Maglundy should know Melgrove. The meeting could not but be beneficial to the wealthy old miner. Horace Melgrove was both interesting and instructive; and such a typical Catholic could not help having a powerful influence on him. Melgrove had a way of his own of putting things. He would certainly instil a few orthodox ideas into a head that was dreadfully ignorant.

Maglundy was not the only one in this category in Laurenboro. Father Sinclair had several in his parish in whom the Catholic tone had never been developed—the Newell family, for instance—whose religion was restricted to Sunday Mass, yearly dues, and Easter Duty. Such a thing as Catholicity standing out in their lives and ruling their actions; seeing things as the Church sees them, and judging things as the Church judges them, was not of their province. That was reserved for the clergy, they thought. The Newells were having their

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children educated in the public schools. It was more proper, Kenneth Newell contended, that the future citizens of a country should grow up together. This separating of one class from another, for reasons of religion, was hateful to him. He believed in centralization. Besides, the State should have a preponderating word in the civic formation of its citizens.

No one could accuse Newell of being inconsistent in his conduct. He pushed his Newellism to the very brink of open rupture with his pastor and his Church. His latest movement was to suggest the establishment of a Catholic section in the Elzevir as an offset to Father Sinclair's scheme. The latter had it on good authority that the directors of that institution, also at Newell's suggestion, had asked underhand for a list of the books in the Laurenboro Library. They were not a little taken aback when they received a catalogue by registered mail, "With Father Sinclair's compliments."

It was bad taste, then, on their part to announce in the *Times* that a new departure had been decided upon at their last meeting, namely, that the Elzevir Library, "the only real free library in the city," to meet the ever-increasing demand for denominational literature, was going to introduce a special section, to be known as the "R. C. Section," for a certain class of readers.

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Burton called to see Father Sinclair with the resolution in his pocket. He wanted to know whether he should insert it or not, and what commentary he should make upon it.

"Insert it?" said the pastor. "Why not? If the Elzevir people wish to spread Catholic books, why not let them? No one will be better pleased than I. That is precisely what we are trying to do, and it were better to have two sources to draw from than one. But you might ask the Elzevir what they mean by 'R. C.' Why not simply 'Catholic Section'? 'R. C.' may mean many things; it may mean the Royal Coronet edition of the German philosophers, and the other French atheists, that came out last year, and that I had to burn last week. It may mean the new Red Cover edition of Dumas' works. It may mean anything. 'R. C. Section' is simply a blind; and unless those people over at the Elzevir are franker in their methods, I will formally warn my people to keep away from them."

Burton took notes, well pleased with the suggestions, and was about to leave when Father Sinclair asked him:

"How is the twopenny catechism advancing?"

"Splendidly. Got as far as Purgatory," answered Burton.

"That means that you are coming to more solemn moments, Burton—moments when something more

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is required from you than mere knowledge of the Catholic doctrines. Any one may study the catechism for the speculative interest there is in it, just as any one may study Shintoism. Prayer is required now—incessant prayer—for further enlightenment and for strength to make the great step. Many men have got as far as you are now, Burton, but they had not the courage to go to the end. One in your position—before the public eye as you are—will have to struggle; and unless God's grace helps you, and it may be had for the asking, you will halt by the way."

Burton left the glebe-house strongly impressed by these words of the priest speaking so authoritatively. Half-way down the stairs he turned back.

"I was forgetting to tell you, Father, that I spoke to Mayor Bruce about that matter of having his name connected with the new Library. He was very pleasant about it, and said that he feared nothing. If you desire to print his name in your catalogue as one of your patrons, you are at perfect liberty to do so. Another thing I was nearly forgetting—the agent of the Helstrand Estate is a personal friend of mine. He is a Quaker; but I mentioned the matter of the Little Sisters of the Poor, and he told me to say that they may have the large house next the Incurables, free of rent, till the spring."

"Thank you very much, Burton, for all the trouble you are taking. I will see to things to-morrow.

The Elzevir Makes

The Sisters will arrive in a couple of weeks. Here is a small sketch of their work and their methods, which you may 'boil down' for your readers, if you care to."

The following day the *Times* had the pastor's suggestion on the Elzevir resolution almost word for word, and elsewhere in the same issue a well-written synopsis of the phases of the French persecution, and an urgent appeal to the citizens of Laurenboro to turn out, irrespective of rank or nationality, and welcome the six exiles, who for conscience' sake had been driven from their homes in France, and who were coming to give Laurenboro the benefit of their humble ministry. The appeal was eloquent in its pathos, and, as events proved, moved the hearts of all the fair-minded citizens.

The elder Newell, when he read his *Times* that night, remarked—

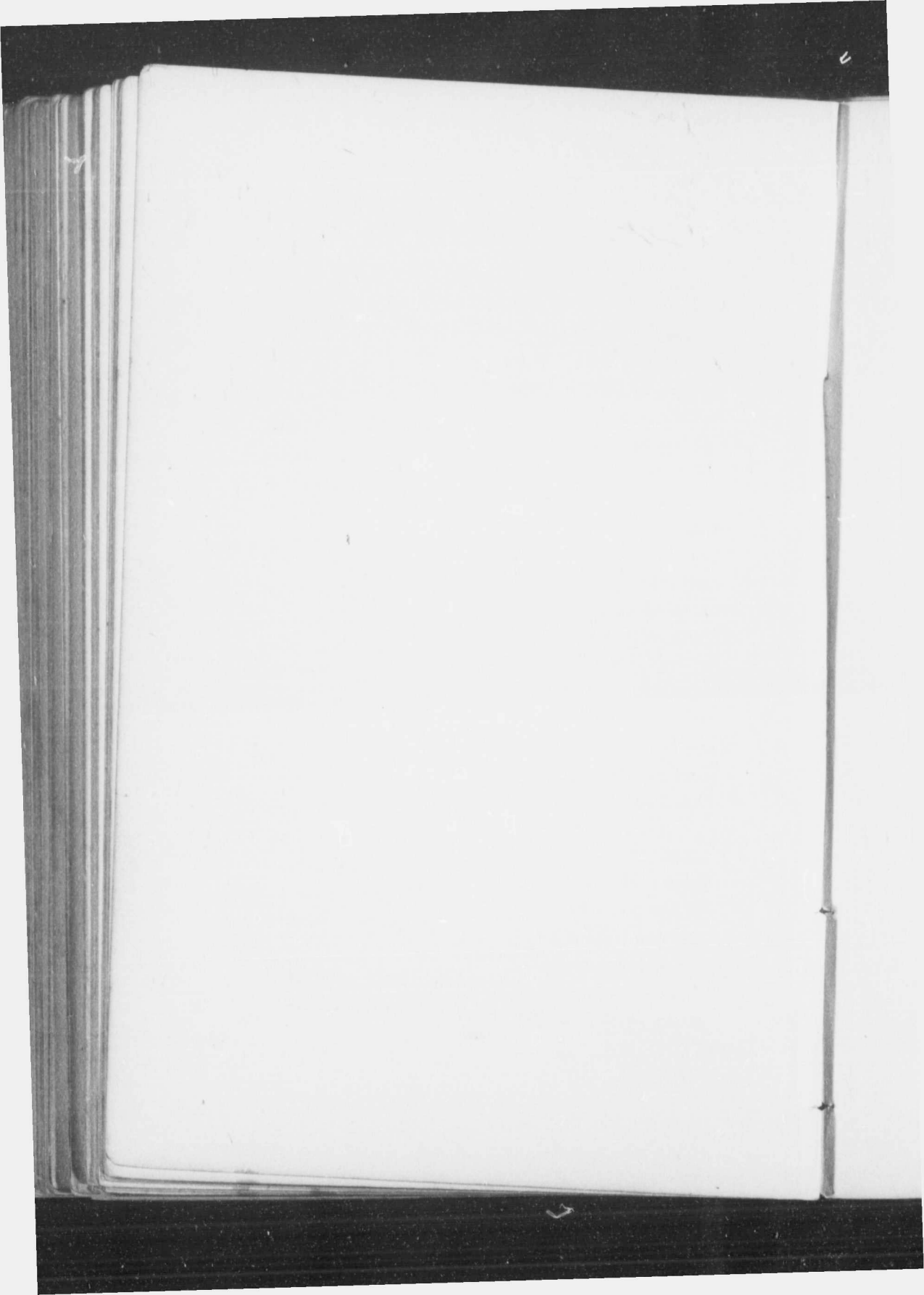
"I wonder what is the matter with Burton these weeks. He is getting even more Catholic than I am myself."

Melgrove was sitting up in his couch and feeling quite well when Father Sinclair and Maglundy called that evening. He told his visitors all about the railway accident, that is, all he knew about it. For the collision had come so unexpectedly that he knew nothing at all until he recovered consciousness and found himself lying in a section-man's house

A Counter-Movement

beside the track, many miles from the station. The loss of his little daughter had been the saddest episode in the tragedy, and he and Mrs. Melgrove were quite lonely without her. That was one of the reasons he was so well pleased when the visitors called.

The visit delighted Maglundy, and made the old man quite genial. Melgrove had the secret of drawing him out. The little nothings of conversation are not reserved exclusively to the gentler sex: Melgrove was an adept. He insisted on another call from Maglundy, which was promised for the following week. Father Sinclair's programme was being carried out to the letter.



CHAPTER XVIII

A Winter Episode in Laurenboro

THE reception given to the Little Sisters by the citizens of Laurenboro turned out to be an ovation. During the fortnight succeeding the appeal in the *Times*, the Home, situated just outside the city limits, had been furnished by the voluntary offerings of families in the parish. When the six exiles from France walked down the gangway of the tender and stepped ashore, a sudden cheer rent the air. It was taken up by the thousands who stood along the quay; and echoed far beyond. This was the first tribute—a decidedly human but sincere one—given by Laurenboro to a body of women whose self-sacrificing virtues and confidence in God have made them famous throughout the world.

They were driven to their new home, where they found the Archbishop, Father Sinclair, and half a dozen tottering old men, waiting to welcome them. There and then these spouses of Christ began their work among God's suffering poor; and, as the sequel will show, they had not come too soon.

December was slowly passing away, with its long evenings and its short days, its bleak winds and its

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mountains of snow. During the month Laurenboro had its first fierce storm of the season. For five days the flakes came down in such quantities that piles of snow, six feet high, filled the avenues from side to side, and gave the metropolis quite an arctic aspect. Traffic was at a standstill, and would have remained so until the springtime, had not Mayor Bruce published a card in the *Times*, calling for workmen to clear the streets.

Nearly a thousand responded within two days. This army of shovellers was divided into squads, marched to different quarters of the city, and set to work. Great moats soon appeared in the banks and drifts along the avenues; and when the sleighs and trams began to circulate, it was as though they were moving through interminable canals running the length and breadth of Laurenboro.

A painful accompaniment of the storm was the intense cold. The mercury had gone down several degrees below zero, and the consequent suffering was intense in Gottingen Ward, where the houses were poorly built and the fuel scarce. The labor strike in the Pennsylvania coal mines had raised the price of coal, and the small sums that the heads of families had earned by shovelling snow were soon spent. Food and fuel, the two staples in winter in the northern metropolis, were wanting.

Tearful scenes met the eyes of Father Sinclair in

In Laurenboro

his daily visits; mothers and their little children crying with hunger and huddled together to keep out the cold. Gaunt poverty, with its sunken cheeks and famished looks, stalked through Laurenboro for the first time in its history.

It was a sad spectacle this poverty and suffering, rendered sadder still by the contrast that presented itself in the West End of the city, where the roaring hearth, the well-filled larder, the merry laugh, defied the storms raging outside. No sigh of human misery disturbed the stately mansions on Ashburne Avenue. The strains of music which constantly filled their brilliantly-lighted drawing-rooms did not pierce the limestone walls, nor did they carry an echo to Göttingen until the Little Sisters of the Poor began to visit the kitchens.

During the week of the blizzard, Burton and the pastor had gone from house to house and had taken the names of those whose poverty was greatest. They urged Mayor Bruce to issue an appeal in favor of the victims of the storm. A few thousands placed in the Mayor's hands—and promptly handed over partly to a civic committee and partly to the Little Sisters—relieved the distress for the moment; for when the storm had abated and traffic was renewed, the tension was over.

The editor had headed an appeal for alms in his paper, and in a few days he had nearly five hundred

A Winter Episode

dollars, which he suggested to Father Sinclair should be given to the new Home.

They both went to present it, and found the Sisters busily engaged in the various rooms, where everything was scrupulously neat and clean, and the old people happy. But Burton was somewhat taken aback to learn that not one of the exiles, except the Superior, could stammer even a few words of English.

"These Little Sisters do not speak English," said Burton; "won't that be a drawback to their usefulness?"

"I do not think so," answered the pastor, quickly. "Besides, if it comes to a question of linguistics, Burton, these Sisters could perhaps make themselves understood over a wider field than you or I."

The editor looked puzzled.

"There are two Calabrians among them. *Parlate Italiano, Signor Burtoni?*" asked Father Sinclair.

Burton modestly replied that he had not read Dante in the original.

"*Verstehen Sie Deutsch, mein Herr?* The Sister feeding that old man in the corner over yonder is a convert from Lutheranism, who can entertain you in the purest German, if you are so disposed."

The editor declined the invitation.

"*An labhairin tu Gaeilghe a Duine uasil?*" persisted the pastor, smiling, for he was carrying his

In Laurenboro

batteries right into the enemy's country. "If you do, there is a little Irish Sister down in the kitchen washing the pots——"

Burton threw up his hands and pleaded for mercy.

"See here, Mr. Editor," urged Father Sinclair, profiting by the discomfiture of his victim, "you belong to a class of men who imagine that English is the tongue of the Law and the Prophets. Please broaden your ideas a bit. The Catholic Church is universal. She is not wedded to any nation; nor is she the bond-slave of any tongue. These Sisters are going to beg for the poor. That is enough. One does not need to know Anglo-Saxon to hold out one's hands for alms." Then, pointing to the half-dozen helpless old men and twice as many old women whom the Sisters had already gathered in, he added: "Charity alone will suffice to serve these remnants of humanity and to soften their last days."

The editor of the *Times* went away from the Home profoundly impressed with what he had seen and heard. The gentle manner of the Little Sisters, their cheerful resignation, and the poverty of their surroundings; above all, their sincere promise to pray for those who had been kind to them—for him especially—nearly brought tears to his eyes.

The experiences gone through in the Gottingen blizzard had a telling effect on Burton. It was the first time in his career that he had come face to face

A Winter Episode

with suffering poverty. The resignation of the Catholics in their misfortune, their patience amid the bitterest pangs of hunger and cold, affected him deeply.

"How is it, Father, that your people accept those evils with such easy grace?" he asked one night while sitting with the pastor in the cosy glebe-house study.

"We do not all do that," answered the pastor. "I know Catholics who accept poverty and suffering with anything but resignation. But they are not the model ones. A good Catholic accepts the ups and downs of life as coming direct from the hand of God. Plenty or want, heat or cold, sickness or health, a long or a short life, is all one to a Catholic who lives up to the tenets of his Faith. This life is only a passing state, Burton—a period of transition, a probation. A true Catholic will not spend his years bewailing the evils that beset him. He knows that the Hand that feeds the sparrows will not pass him by. Does a wise traveller waste his time plucking flowers by the wayside, when he knows that Paradise awaits him at the end of his journey? Keep your eye on the end; that is the only secret."

This was a new phase of Catholic life about which Burton needed some further instruction. He had already studied the Church as a system of doctrine, and he admired its completeness. All that remained

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for him now was to see how the system worked in the concrete. In order to show him, Father Sinclair did not take him to the West End, where luxury deadened religious influences, but among the Catholic poor of Gottingen Ward during the blizzard.

Burton's eyes were opened gradually. It would seem that Providence was throwing in his way golden opportunities; and the intelligent editor reasoned:—

“A Church that can influence men's careers so deeply as to make them live resignedly in poverty, that can bring so vividly to their minds the reality of life beyond the tomb, was to him the only Church of Christ; and she might claim her queenship by right divine in the kingdom of souls.”

This was the kind of religion that appealed to Burton. He had made up his mind, in the hovels of Gottingen, on the step he should take just as soon as Father Sinclair would let him.

Meanwhile Christmas came with its home joys and its sweet souvenirs, with its religious solemnity and its season of grace. The old sexton and a few ladies of the parish had spent the three preceding days in decorating the altar, building the Crib, and generally touching up things about the church. They did their work in fear and trembling, however; for they knew, from ten years' experience, that when there was question of decorating his beautiful church,

A Winter Episode

Father Sinclair was hard to please. The Gothic tone had to prevail. He permitted no barbaric splendors, nothing that suggested the painting of the lily. He made it a point to burn every catalogue that came to him from the church-supply houses, lest any one should be tempted to copy, or even praise, the execrable designs in ornaments and fixtures that pass for art. Gothic was good enough for him—and the ladies knew it. That was the reason why the main altar, with its white marble pillars, its chaste, willowy vases, and its natural flowers, was so beautiful in its severe simplicity during the holy season.

In his remarks on the Sunday preceding Christmas, Father Sinclair alluded to the good old custom of gift-making. It was a praiseworthy one as long as it was exercised within the bounds of reason; and as a means of sealing friendships one that should not be discouraged. As for himself, he had been the recipient, in years gone by, of many marks of esteem from members of his flock. But as he was growing old, he said, and as he had stowed away somewhere seventeen fountain pens, eight or nine gold-headed canes, numberless pairs of slippers, he would ask his well-wishers to ignore him this year and turn their attention toward the new library. Let those who desired to show him a mark of friendship send a few volumes to the Laurenboro Library.

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All anxiety as to "What shall we give him this year?" would then be ended, and the books would be useful.

The hint was taken. The day after Christmas nearly three hundred books were added to Miss Garvey's stock-in-hand, some of the works being very valuable; among them several encyclopedias and art collections, which would form the nucleus of a Consulting Section.

The Caysons had been constantly going to the Library for books. In fact, Clare, whose vocation was decided during the Festival excitement, had become chief assistant under Miss Garvey. The head of the family, a retired banker, had already sent several handsome gifts of books from his own home, and on one occasion, when he called himself, had promised the chief to give her an oil painting to cover up one of the bare walls in the Library hall. It had been in his family for generations, having been brought from Italy by his great-grandfather, Cassoni, a former ambassador. It had been considered valuable, he was told; but time had swallowed up the traditions attached to it. If Miss Garvey or her friends could make any money for the Library by disposing of it, they were welcome to it all.

The painting arrived at the hall during the week following Christmas. It was a large canvas representing, "Angels watching over the Crib at Bethlehem," and evidently a work of merit. The skilful

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drawing and the delicate coloring could still be seen under the blackening influence of years. But who the artist was, or when the colors were laid on, were mysteries that the chief was going to take steps to solve.

Christmas and its unavoidable social duties did not impede her work or that of her assistants. The extra labor of revising the new books only spurred her on to greater activity; and by the time the holidays were over, she had the wheelwork running smoothly again, in preparation for the rest of the winter. Under Miss Garvey's skilful management, the Laurenboro Library was becoming very popular. A new assistant had to be on hand on Wednesdays to take her place, as she was kept busy answering questions and initiating new readers into her methods. Her card system simplified things so much that after the first month only one book could not be traced. And that was no fault of hers. A reader, evidently a thief, had given a wrong address at the Registration Desk. This was a phenomenal record, although over a thousand books had been in circulation. There was no further doubt about the success of the Library. All she desired now was to see its influence extended; that is, she was anxious to see more books on the shelves to meet the constantly increasing demands. But books cost money; and where was the money to come from?

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The terrific storm of the preceding month had been a set-back; for many small donations which had been promised to the Library went to feed the poor in Gottingen and to buy them fuel. The arrival of the Little Sisters had also turned many a dollar into another channel. But this did not dampen her courage. She well knew that what was given to the poor was lent to the Lord, and that He would repay with interest.

Maglundy was becoming an omnivorous reader. Regularly every Wednesday he came to exchange his book. He had confidence in the judgment of Miss Garvey, and, ignoring the lady at the Receiving Desk, he always inquired for the chief librarian. This at last became a source of amusement among the assistants, who, when they saw the old man entering, always notified the chief:—

“Miss Garvey, here’s your millionaire!”

And the chief was instantly at his service, counselling the reading of this book, discouraging that. The returned volume was always the topic of a long conversation. She perceived that he read the works through. For some weeks she had been reserving for Maglundy a volume she very much desired him to read, “D—19, *The True Ministry of Wealth.*” It was rather a big book, but she would give him the privilege of keeping it out as long as he wanted it.

“I am delighted, Miss Garvey, to learn that the

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Library is succeeding so well," said he to her while she was engaged apparently in looking for the volume for him.

"The Library, so far, Mr. Maglundy, has been a very great success. But I fear we shall have to close soon."

And she kept on looking for the book.

"How sad!" exclaimed the old man, in a doleful tone. "And may I ask what the reason is of the impending calamity?"

"Want of funds to keep it up," she retorted, quickly, almost brutally. "Here is a book that I think you will find interesting—'D—19, *The True Ministry of Wealth*'—a rather long work; but there is a pretty love story running through it"—she did not dare look at Maglundy—"if you find you cannot read it in a week, you may keep it out without renewal."

"Thank you very much for this privilege. You are always very kind and amiable. I shall read the book carefully."

He shook her hand and left the hall.

There was method in Miss Garvey's scheming. The "*True Ministry of Wealth*" was a powerful appeal to the rich to do good while they were still in life, and not to wait till the grass had grown over them. It was the story of an old millionaire with a hobby—one who is consumed with a longing to do

In Laurenboro

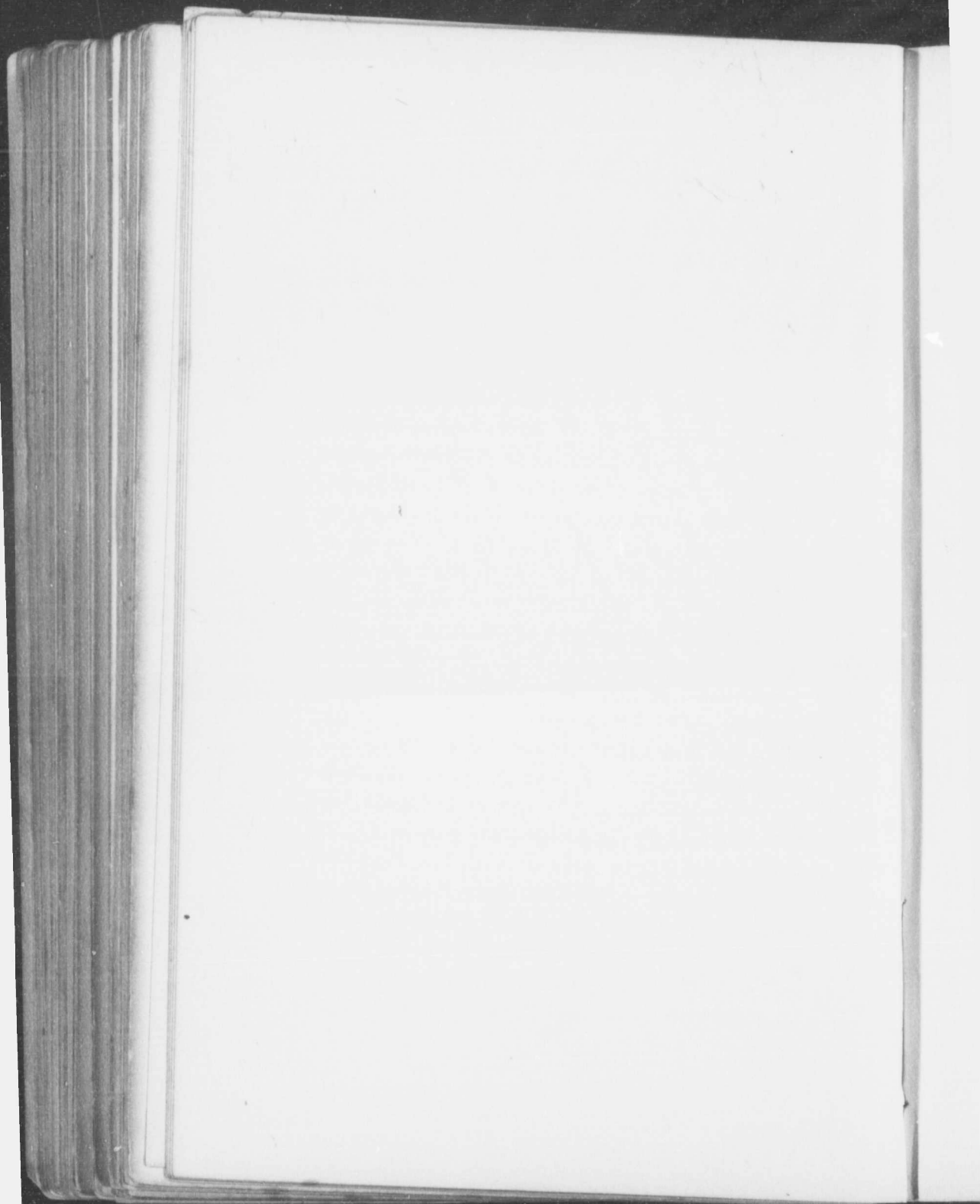
something for his fellow-men and who tears up his will seven times. He founds several institutions of charity and learning. In the end, he marries and provides generously for his wife. When he dies he leaves the rest of his fortune to good works; but the State comes in and claims nearly half of it for succession duties. The parallel with Maglundy was not quite complete, but the application was evident.

"If the old gentleman reads that book, as he has promised," thought Miss Garvey, "the pastor may soon be able to buy many more. I am going to get a few thousand out of that millionaire yet."

And when she set her mind on a thing it was good as done.

"After all, he is a sweet old soul," she mused, "always so kind and so nice when he comes in here; and he listens so attentively. Perhaps my first impressions of him were wrong."

But the chief did not continue long in this strain of thought. It was silly; and, besides, she never dared mention Maglundy's name in the presence of the other librarians. They always plagued her to death. According to them, she was baiting her hooks to catch a whale; and she was doing nothing of the kind—so she said.



CHAPTER XIX

Brighter Prospects for the Library

THE millionaire's visits to the Melgroves were regular now. Every Wednesday evening the familiar step was heard climbing the stairs to the room where the invalid was convalescing. Mrs. Melgrove's Christmas gift to the old man was a handsome pair of prayer beads, mounted on silver wire.

"And what am I to do with this?" he asked, when the dainty box was placed in his hands.

"Say them, of course."

"But I assure you, Mrs. Melgrove, I do not know how," frankly answered the old California miner. "Where am I to begin?"

The donor took the greatest delight in explaining the way to him.

"And when am I to say my prayers on them?"

"Every night."

"Every night!" exclaimed the astonished Silas. "Isn't that too often? I might break them. Are they not too precious to bring them out so often?"

"O no, Mr. Maglundy; you must promise me to say your beads every night."

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Maglundy promised; though the old man realized that, no matter how willing the spirit, the flesh is weak.

The long and interesting talks between Melgrove and himself had proved beneficial in more ways than one. Maglundy's hobby had been that of serving his fellow-citizens; but the cool reception the *Times* had given his fountain on Blenheim Square had put a damper on his zeal in that direction. The newspaper was, in the old man's mind, the voice of the people; and he could not get over the scoring the people had given him through Burton's prose; nor could he forgive that "nincompoop" from the University for criticizing the inscription.

One evening he was telling Melgrove all these grievances.

"Strange it is, sir, that men are so prone to judge others wrongly."

"Mr. Maglundy," said Melgrove, after he had listened quite a while to what he had heard so many times before, "there is no reason for this discouragement. Don't you think that with that fortune of yours you could still do a great deal for your fellow-citizens? One of the reasons why the *Times* was so hard on you, if you remember, was the utter uselessness of that fountain during half the year. There are many services you might render to Laurenboro which would make your name illustrious in the years

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to come, and, besides, do much good to your fellow-citizens every day in the year. It is not very often that a man drops into a gold mine, as you have done, and few have the opportunities that are yours, even now. Fountains and such like are all very good in their place; they beautify a city, and make it attractive to live in. But there are other ideals—loftier ones than even fountains.”

“I don’t understand you,” broke in Maglundy.

“Some work, I mean, that will do good to men’s minds and souls rather than their bodies. Drinking-water is an excellent thing, but there is plenty in the Brono, and people can always get it there. Not so with men’s minds. In this age, when knowledge is daily widening its bounds, we all realize our limitations; we feel the need of further enlightenment. Nowadays, wealthy men are not satisfied with raising fountains. In these gifts there is always lurking some afterthought or other, some subtle self-seeking. Fountains are in most cases monuments raised to their own pride, whereon they have their names carved in bronze or marble——”

Maglundy began to grow uneasy.

“——and people are wise enough to see through their scheming. Men of money nowadays have learned to be less selfish. They endow university chairs; they build colleges; they educate youth for the priesthood; they found libraries where people

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may have sound reading. Education is the end wealthy men aim at in these times. Or again, among ourselves, wealthy Catholics work to advance the cause of the Church. It is a false theory that cannot be too strongly combated, that which leaves all the work of religion to the clergy. Why should not laymen do their share in extending the influence of our Church?"

Melgrove was flying far over the head of the old miner, who could not follow him in these considerations. Maglundy was still of the earth earthy; the speaker knew this very well. But he also knew that he had to aim high if he desired to raise the old millionaire out of his present level.

"For instance," continued Melgrove, "what do we laymen here in St. Paul's do for our Church beyond paying our pew-rents—and many don't even do that——"

"I have not paid for my pew yet," interrupted Maglundy.

"——contributing a few dollars to the support of Father Sinclair, and throwing in an occasional dollar for some charitable object or other? Let me illustrate. There is the new Library that Father Sinclair has organized. That is a noble work, distributing good reading matter among the people of the whole town, and preventing their minds from being corrupted. Think of the vast influence it

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could wield in Laurenboro. Still, the chief librarian told me a couple of days ago that she may have to close the doors——”

“She told me the very same thing this afternoon,” added the millionaire feelingly, “and she is such a fine woman.”

“Not a nobler woman in Laurenboro; devoted, earnest, anxious to do good; and she is now handicapped for want of money that we laymen should supply her with to carry on her good work.”

Maglundy was in a deep study; he kept puffing away at his cigar.

“I intend to do something myself in a few days,” added Melgrove, growing confidential with a purpose. “Mrs. Melgrove and I have been talking the matter over, and we shall not see that Library shut down even if we have to mortgage our property.”

“Indeed! Mortgage your property!” exclaimed Maglundy. “I should indeed be sorry to see the doors closed, and I am glad that you purpose to do something for Miss Garvey.”

“Of course,” replied Melgrove, “one family cannot do all. If three or four of our wealthy Catholics would club together, we could do something to give pleasure to Miss Garvey—don’t you think so?”

“Nothing would please me more than to give pleasure to the chief librarian,” said Maglundy, who found that the conversation had reached danger-

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ously practical issues. "What should you propose, sir?"

Melgrove had his man at bay.

"A very simple scheme, sir. I have been in consultation with Father Sinclair for a few days, and we have concluded that the interest on a hundred thousand dollars——"

Maglundy was uneasy again.

"——or even seventy-five thousand, safely invested, would bring in an income large enough to meet expenses and keep the Laurenboro Library up-to-date. Cayson, who called to see me the day before yesterday, is of the same opinion, and he is willing to contribute twenty thousand; the Molveys and the Graymers will, I know, contribute at least ten thousand each; and so on. And they are not millionaires by any means," added Melgrove, smiling, and looking Maglundy straight in the eyes.

The business-like way the proposition had been put before him fairly staggered the old miner.

"But in an affair of this kind, would there be any return; any acknowledgment, I mean?" he asked.

"Certainly," answered Melgrove. "The best acknowledgment would be the consciousness of having contributed to a work that would be active when we are in our graves."

"And is that all?" asked Maglundy.

Melgrove's presence of mind did not abandon him.

For the Library

"Not at all. I should suggest that some acknowledgment in the form of a tablet, or something of the kind, should be raised to recall the names of the generous benefactors."

"I will think the matter over seriously, Mr. Melgrove. How much did you say Cayson would give?"

"Twenty thousand dollars."

"I am going to think it over," murmured the old man, rising, for his stay had been quite long. "I am delighted to know that you are improving so rapidly. I think I shall have to say good-night."

And Maglundy left.

"The old man is in the toils, Eleanor," said Melgrove to his wife, when she brought him the *Times* that night. "He cannot get out of them now." And he proceeded to tell how he had worked his plans.

"I am sure he will give generously," answered Mrs. Melgrove; "and won't Miss Garvey be happy?"

"I think, Eleanor, that Mary Garvey is hypnotizing Maglundy. Every time I mentioned her name to-night, the old man's eyes glistened."

Mrs. Melgrove laughed at the conceit. "It may be. I should not put it beyond that shrewd little lady."

"We should mature our plans as soon as possible," continued the invalid, "with regard to Helen's insurance. The sooner we bring things to a head,

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the sooner will our friend Maglundy consider himself bound to act."

The plan of the Melgroves was one that had been the topic for several days. Little Helen's life had been insured at a very early age for five thousand dollars. The premiums had been faithfully paid; the amount of the policy was now due. Besides this sum, the Melgroves felt that they could contribute five thousand without missing it. They had no direct heir, and the estate might fall into the hands of people whose ideas differed from theirs in the matter of charitable works. They had decided to deed over to the Laurenboro Library little Helen's insurance and their own gift of five thousand dollars. But so far it had been kept a secret between themselves. Not even Father Sinclair had an inkling of the windfall that was impending.

Ten thousand dollars would give the Library a footing; but Melgrove had vaster ideas, and he took it upon himself to impart them to others. It was he who prevailed on Cayson and Graymer to part with twenty and ten thousand respectively. The Molveys were not quite decided; but he could count on ten thousand from them. That would make the respectable sum of fifty thousand. If Maglundy, the richest of them all, would only give the other twenty-five thousand, the Library was founded.

"But how are we going to succeed with the old

For the Library

gentleman?" was Melgrove's last question that night. When sleep overtook him he had not yet found an answer.

The whole scheme for the founding of the Free Library was laid before Father Sinclair next day. It was a pleasant surprise to him, and he immediately suggested incorporation at the coming session of the Legislature to permit of the acquisition of property. The present site was only a temporary one; the Library could not always stay where it was.

"If the money is provided, we can easily secure a better one"; said the pastor, "and put things on a larger scale. But do you think that Mr. Maglundy will contribute the other twenty-five thousand to the work?"

"Why should he not?" asked Melgrove. "He has the money, and we are going to do our best with him. My wife suggests that Miss Garvey should use her influence with him."

Father Sinclair returned to the glebe-house, convinced more than ever that the Laurenboro Library was progressing rapidly.

"God is directing this work," he mused, as he walked up and down the balcony, "and God does all things well."

CHAPTER XX

The Pastor Entertains a Visitor

FATHER Sinclair's life was a busy one. It was a question his people often discussed, how he could succeed so well in doing all his parish work without the aid of an assistant. He had been repeatedly urged to apply to the Archbishop for one; but his activity was of a kind that made him feel delicate about taking such a step. The truth is, the pastor of St. Paul's knew the value of time, and no minutes were lost. The Library had given him some worry in the beginning, but Miss Garvey had such a mastery of details now that his worries in that connection had quite ceased. In fact, the Library and the chief librarian were becoming one and the same thing. Readers no longer said, "they were going to the Library," but, "they were going to see Miss Garvey." The pastor did not object to this. He had the fullest confidence in her ability and tact; and he let her have her own way in everything.

St. Paul's parish, with its sick, and its poor, and its unfortunate, kept him busy. He did not ask his flock to do his spiritual work, but there was many a thing they could do, and he let them do it. In these

The Pastor

matters he applied his theory of lay-action. The Ladies of Charity and the Society of St. Vincent of Paul kept him in touch with the poor. The sick knew that he was always ready to fly, day or night, whithersoever he was called. The telephone had saved him many journeys down-town. But, for all that, his life was a busy one. The respect in which he was held by all classes had made a word or a note from him a power in Laurenboro, though he sometimes found the requests of the people very unreasonable.

One day—it was in the beginning of January—he took out his note-book and read:—

Mrs. O. will call at 10 o'clock.
Clergyman's blank to be signed for Mrs. C.'s admission to Royalview Hospital.
Clothes for Mrs. A.'s husband. See Melgrove.
See Supt. Weston to have H.'s son transferred from Chicago office, G. W. Ry. Reason: change of air.
Mrs. W. Ward G. Royalview. Call at one.
That Gottingen family—son in trouble again.
Card Sec'y Art Club. Friday at seven.
Confirmation of Polly M.
Burton to-night at eight.
Half-ton of coal for 834 Blenheim Square, W.
Mrs. K. will call for pledge card. Leave with Nanny—*sealed with wax.*
Ask Weston for pass for R.'s family to Beaumaris—rheumatism—good for three months—private car, if possible.
Mrs. G's rent this month. See Melgrove.
Gottingen 86, room 9a. Chickenpox.

Entertains a Visitor

This was a sample of a half-day's work. He managed to keep his engagements well mapped out; but he could scarcely call his time his own.

He had just been to see Superintendent Weston of the Great Western about the transfer of Hiller's son, and was entering the door of the glebe-house, when Nanny met him.

"There's a tramp or sumthin' that wants to see your Reverence in the parlor."

"Very well, Nanny, tell him I'll be there in a minute," said the pastor genially.

While he was taking off his overcoat, he mused, "I do hope it is not another of those book agents. Since that Library has been started, my life has not been worth living.

Father Sinclair looked at his watch. It was half-past eleven, and he had to dine, and be at the hospital at one.

When he entered the little parlor, the stranger stood up and held out a trembling hand. He was tall, rather refined in appearance, with a tired, drooping air. He was shabbily dressed, and had a fortnight's growth of beard on his face. A deep, red scar like a sword-cut ran across his forehead. In a word, he had the air of a man who had run up against the world, and had got the worst of it. Still, the pastor might be mistaken.

"Father, I am sorry if I am giving you any trou-

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ble," the stranger began, in a subdued tone. "I know yours is a busy life, but"—here his voice began to quaver—"I am in great trouble. I was in your Library this morning, and I was told to call on you. I am a librarian myself, from the Gotham Merchants' Institute, New York."

He ceased speaking; large tears began to roll down his cheeks. Some great trouble was evidently weighing on him, and Father Sinclair made an effort to calm him. It was some time before the stranger could resume.

"Are we alone here?" he asked, getting close to the priest. "May I speak to you in confidence?"

He noticed that the parlor door was open, and he made a movement as if to close it; but Father Sinclair got ahead of him. After being fully assured that they were quite alone, he continued:—

"I should like to go to confession; for I feel the need not only of counsel, but also of absolution, in my present condition."

"Very well," broke in the pastor, sympathetically, "you may go into the church to prepare yourself. I will be with you in a quarter of an hour."

The tears that rolled down the cheeks so abundantly had conquered the heart of the pastor.

"Perhaps," interposed the visitor, "it is just as well that I speak to you here first."

Entertains a Visitor

"Very well, sir. Let me hear your story."

"I am an utter stranger to you," he began. "You never saw me before. My name is Crookwood, from New York, as I told you. I belong to Father Ringard's parish—St. Basil's. I was an altar boy there years ago, and then joined the choir. It was there that I met my wife for the first time." Crookwood sobbed convulsively, and he gasped out, "I am growing faint."

The man was, in fact, fainting. His face grew livid; his hands closed tightly as if to grasp something; he fell back on the lounge he had been sitting on. The pastor went to the door and told Nanny to hurry with a glass of water.

"Glory be to the saints!" exclaimed Nanny. She came rushing in with the water and threw a whole cupful into the face of the stranger.

The shock revived him. He raised his head, and looking around him in a half-dazed, half-terrified state, shouted at the top of his voice:—

"Judge, I did not mean to do the deed! Heaven knows I did not mean to do it!"

Nanny was scared to death. The pastor told her to go to the kitchen and keep her tongue quiet.

Crookwood was now fully conscious, and imploringly begged Father Sinclair to tell him what he had said during his fainting-spell.

"Nothing, absolutely nothing," answered the

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priest, who was tiring of this little tragedy which had come to him so unexpectedly.

"Father, I fear I shall end my days on a scaffold. I would ask your leave to go out into the fields to die. I have no further use for life. What was the last thing I told you?"

"That you met your wife for the first time in a choir. Yours is not an exceptional case in the history of choirs, is it?" asked the pastor, trying to cheer him up a bit; for he was on the verge of collapsing again. He was in the helplessness of despair.

The time was passing. This item was not down on Father Sinclair's note-book; so he shook his visitor gently.

"Rouse yourself, sir. Be a man. What is your story? What do you wish me to do for you?"

This had the desired effect.

"I really must beg your pardon. I know I am taking up your precious time, Father. I have killed my wife; I am a murderer. A week ago, Father Ringard came to ask us to take part in a concert for the poor of the parish. When he left the house, my wife and I had some angry words over a piece of music. I raised a piano-wrench and struck her. She fell to the floor screaming. The neighbors ran in, and tried to seize me, but I escaped. Half-crazed, I took a Fourth Avenue car to the Grand Central Station. I jumped on a train that was moving out

Entertains a Visitor

and reached Albany. I spent two days hiding in the freight yard at Troy. A New York paper told me in a column of sensational headings that I was a murderer; that the police were on my tracks; that all trains were watched. I boarded a freight train and reached Laurenboro the day before yesterday. Here I am before you, Father, a wretched murderer; the unwilling slayer of my wife, penniless, with the scaffold staring me in the face. Would it not be as well to jump into the river and end it all?"

"I must admit that your case is a painful one," said Father Sinclair, who had by this time become deeply interested; "but jumping into the Brono will not improve matters as far as you are concerned. If you are arrested, you will only have to prove that the blow was accidental."

"Supposing that I cannot prove it?" added the visitor, supplicatingly.

During all this interview Father Sinclair's feelings were quite varied. A cold chill ran down his spine when he realized that he was there alone in the small parlor with a man who had killed his wife with a piano-wrench. But the frank and evidently truthful avowal of how the deed was done, modified his guilt in the priest's judgment and enlisted his sympathies. Father Sinclair felt sorry for him.

"Mr. Crookwood, I assure you, you have all my sympathies. Tell me what you wish me to do for

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you. I am willing to do anything I reasonably can. You look hungry and worn out."

The pastor went to the door and told Nanny to prepare some dinner for the stranger.

"I don't like the looks of 'im, all the same, and beggin' his Reverence's pardon," muttered Nanny to herself, as she started to build the fire.

"I have been living," continued Crookwood, "for the past four days on wheat which I found in a freight car and on some food which a brakeman threw to me yesterday. But don't misunderstand me; I am not looking for charity. I have money in New York. That is why I have called to see you, Father. May I ask you a favor?"

"Certainly," said Father Sinclair.

"Would it be too much trouble for you to write to Father Ringard and ask him, as discreetly as you can, to go to the Gotham Merchants' Institute, draw my last month's salary, and send it on to you here? You should have an answer in three days. I will call the day after to-morrow."

The very reasonableness of the request appealed to the pastor. What else could he do but write to the man's parish priest confidentially, and tell him what he undoubtedly knew already. He answered:—

"I will do that, sir. The letter shall go by to-night's mail. Meanwhile, here is ten dollars to get you out of present difficulties. You will give it back

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when your money arrives." The pastor stood up. "I have other duties to attend to just now. The housekeeper will give you some dinner. Call the day after to-morrow."

"Thank you, Father, for your sympathies. When my money comes from Father Ringard, you may take out your ten dollars, and keep some for the poor of your parish in memory of my dear wife."

The whole interview, fainting-spell, and all, took up over an hour and a half of Father Sinclair's precious time, but it would have been cruel not to help a man so far down as Crookwood. The pastor's heart went out to such cases, and he did not regret the time he gave to them.

Nanny did her share in the drama admirably. She prepared a good dinner and brought the man down from the parlor. But she told Father Sinclair when he returned at five o'clock, that "the stranger wasn't so terribly hungry afther all me throuble, and I don't like the looks of 'im, your Reverence."

"Why, Nanny?"

"I dunno, your Reverence; but I don't."

And that was all the pastor could get out of Nanny.

Father Sinclair went to his study after supper that night and wrote to Father Ringard:—

Reverend and Dear Father:—

Crookwood is here. He says the tragedy was altogether accidental. The man is evidently sincere; utterly

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broken down, and penniless. He asks your Reverence to call at the Gotham Merchants' Library, where he was employed, and draw his last month's salary (he does not care to trust any one else for obvious reasons), which you will send on to me here by the next mail. He will call for it the day after to-morrow. Will you have the kindness to do him this service? Yours fraternally,

EDWARD SINCLAIR, P.P.

The pastor walked down to the station and dropped the letter into the mail-car of the night train south. He returned to the glebe-house conscious of having done at least one act of charity that day.

CHAPTER XXI

Silas and the Chief Have a Long Talk

THERE was nothing to do but to wait for the letter from New York; and, although the interview cost Father Sinclair nearly two hours and a few emotions, he did not regret the episode, provided it got Crookwood out of his peck of trouble.

The Library and its prospects were just then occupying the mind of the pastor again. His last interview with Melgrove had shown that others were interested in its success as well as himself. A future was dawning on it more brilliant than he could have hoped for two months since. But the history of this two months' work would justify any effort for its extension.

The two library days a week crowded the Hall with readers, who came to exchange their books. In fact, Miss Garvey and her assistants began to see that they were not able to cope with the numbers, and had thought seriously of having an extra hour or two on Friday afternoons. The proposed innovation was laid before Father Sinclair, who simply said:—

“If the Friday hour is needed to satisfy readers,

Silas and the Chief

you may introduce it, Miss Garvey. Are your assistants willing to give that much more of their time?"

"I have spoken to them, and they are quite willing," she replied.

"Very well; so am I."

And the extra hour was determined on there and then.

"We had a strange visitor yesterday morning," said the chief; "a librarian from New York looking for employment."

"Did you hire him?" asked Father Sinclair, smiling.

"No, indeed," she answered; "I did not like the looks of him. The assistants said he seemed more like a tramp than a librarian."

"A circulating librarian, perhaps," the pastor added.

"And Nanny told me he called at the glebe-house, and that he fainted in the parlor, and kept you nearly the whole afternoon; and that you ordered dinner for him when he wasn't a bit hungry."

"Nanny told you all that? I must see Nanny about carrying tales."

"But please do not say that I told you. She will never tell me anything again."

The pastor, highly amused at the chief's curiosity and at the housekeeper's loquacity, walked around the Library Hall.

Have a Long Talk

"Who sent the oil-painting?" he asked.

"The Caysons—to cover that bare spot. It is supposed to be a masterpiece, and we are to dispose of it for the benefit of the Library. I have already spoken to the artist Wehrbach to clean and re-varnish it. I expect him here one of these days."

"It may be a Titian," said the pastor.

"Or, better still, a Raffaele," echoed the chief, who, ever since the painting reached the Library, had been reviewing her art-lore, trying to discover who the painter might be, or whether the work was only a reproduction. She was getting impatient to know what Wehrbach's verdict would be.

"Is Mr. Maglundy still a customer of yours?" he asked, when they had finished with the painting.

"A splendid customer! He comes regularly every Wednesday. I expect him here at any moment now. He is as docile as a child; he lets me choose his books for him; and he is growing really amiable. I am going to get a few thousand dollars out of him for this Library before I have done with him."

"How many thousands? Try to get twenty-five," said Father Sinclair, with a merry laugh.

At that moment the services of the chief were needed at the Registration Desk, and off she went to her labor of love. She had the interests of the Library at heart; the pastor felt sure that she would have an influence over the old millionaire. But he

Silas and the Chief

had decided to let the Melgroves themselves give her the news of the projected foundation.

When it was nearly time to close, Maglundy walked into the Hall, with his book under his arm, and, as usual, asked for the chief librarian. Miss Garvey wished that he would not do that every time; for the assistants were constantly chaffing her about it. But she really could not hint anything to Silas Maglundy.

"D—19 was a splendid book," said the old man; "I have had it out a week, but you gave me the privilege of renewal. I have come to renew it. I am not quite through with it."

"You might have kept it for another week, without renewal, Mr. Maglundy; that is what I said. I am glad to hear that '*The True Ministry of Wealth*' has pleased you," continued the chief. "It is just such books that wealthy people should read."

"Indeed, it is. It has given me many new hints. I feel it will convert me."

"I am sure it should," responded the chief, not knowing whether the old man was poking fun or not. "It makes one feel like doing good works, like being generous, in fact, does it not?"

"Undoubtedly. That little love-tale that runs through it was so pleasant. I do not know how it ended. Did the millionaire and the other character——"

Have a Long Talk

"Hannah Millner?" suggested the chief.

"Yes. Did they get married at last?" asked the old man, smiling.

"O Mr. Maglundy, if I told you that you would lose all interest in the book. You must read it and find out for yourself."

"I shall, of course. The Free Library continues to be a success, I suppose?"

"Tremendous success," exclaimed the chief, who was glad to see the old millionaire taking an interest in it. "But, as I told you last week, we may soon have to close. Look at these shelves—no books—all in circulation—readers going away disappointed. I do not know what we are going to do. I feel our friends will not desert us in this crisis."

"How interesting! Is Father Sinclair well these days?"

"Very well, indeed," said Miss Garvey, who could hardly help showing her resentment when she saw how the little old man quickly changed the subject every time she spoke of the needs of the Library. But she was determined he should not lose the thread so easily. "Father Sinclair is very well, but he feels just as I do—he fears for the Library."

"Indeed! I suppose you would need a lot of books to keep you from closing?"

"We should have at least three thousand new

Silas and the Chief

volumes at this moment," said the chief, quietly.

"Indeed! A large sum of money would be required? Are books dear?"

"Too dear for our class of readers to buy them. Publishers have a knack of keeping up the prices. I think it is a shame the way they sell."

"Indeed!"

"When it does not take more than forty or fifty cents to print a book, the prices that we have to pay are altogether too high. Don't you think so, Mr. Maglundy?"

"But I should fancy," returned the old man, showing his business instinct, "that, when you take large quantities, a rebate is given?"

"Certainly there is. But our Library is too small yet to secure all those privileges. If we were established on a large scale—as they are over at the Elzevir or at the Humboldt—we could claim all the rebates. Then we could buy whole editions and circulate them."

"How much money would be required to put your Library on the large scale you should like?"

The chief was not prepared for so practical a question. But her experience at the Humboldt served her well.

"I could not say at once, Mr. Maglundy," she replied, settling down to business, "but I know that the Humboldt cost the donors nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of course, they had to

Have a Long Talk

buy the building and reconstruct the interior. That work took nearly a third of the amount. However, I should think," she continued, after reflecting a moment, "that a hundred thousand would put the Laurenboro Free Library in a position to cope with both the Elzevir and the Humboldt."

"Indeed! These are interesting details. I think I shall have to leave you. I will try to finish D—19 this week."

He started toward the door, and then, turning on his heel, asked Miss Garvey:—

"I suppose the Elzevir and the Humboldt have given some form of acknowledgment to their benefactors?"

The chief paused for a moment, and thought, "What *does* he mean?" But it suddenly dawned on her, and she hastened to answer:—

"O yes; a marble slab stands in the hallway of the Humboldt, with the names of the donors inlaid in golden letters."

"Indeed!" said the old millionaire. "It was put there—not for the donors' sake, I suppose; but, you understand, it encourages others when they see how generosity has been recognized."

"You vain old thing!" thought Miss Garvey; but she assured him, "No, sir; it was put there for the donors' sake; and that is what I should do here were such a windfall to come."

Silas and the Chief

"Should you?" he asked, sweetly.

"Most certainly; and not your common marble either, but the purest Carrara. Or, better still, a bronze tablet, with raised letters on it, that would resist the wear and tear of ages."

Maglundy shook hands with the chief and went home.

The assistants were waiting for her at the Receiving Desk as usual, and were dying to know the gist of the long conversation. But Miss Garvey simply said:—

"Baiting the hooks. Great schemes. Wait, ladies."

The ladies did not want to wait. Imagine a whole week, and perhaps longer, without news of the Maglundy-Garvey schemes. It was altogether too much to ask them to do; and they were quite resentful. The chief would give them no further information; so they went home at loggerheads with her.

Miss Garvey started down town to the Royalview bookstore, and bought a copy of "*The True Ministry of Wealth*," gilt-edged and morocco-bound. She wrote in it "With the compliments of the chief librarian of the Laurenboro Free Library," and then ordered the messenger to take it that very night to the corner of Howarth and Buell Streets.

She had had no inkling as yet of the Melgrove-Sinclair-Cayson-Graymer-Molvey scheme; nor did she know till later how well she baited her hooks that day.

CHAPTER XXII

The Capitulation of Burton

THE *Times* that same evening furnished interesting reading to Father Sinclair. A letter from young Newell asked the editor to put the public on their guard against a plausible impostor who had victimized the Elzevir to the extent of fifty dollars; he represented himself as a librarian from New York, stranded in Laurenboro. Another letter from the Superintendent of the Great Western asked him to warn the public against a notorious character who was passing himself off as the master mechanic of a western road and had collected nearly two hundred dollars from the men in the shops. A third letter from the minister of the Hayden Street Tabernacle invited the public not to listen to a villain who is posing as the murderer of his wife, and who, with a view to obtaining money, may try to work on the sympathies of Laurenboro.

Father Sinclair put the paper down.

"That beats Bannagher!" he exclaimed. "He worked on mine to the extent of ten dollars. The arrant rascal. And what a consummate actor. Nanny, Nanny, come here quick!"

The Capitulation

The housekeeper ran upstairs, thinking the house was on fire.

"Did you call me, your Reverence?"

"You were right, after all, Nanny. That was an impostor we had fainting in the parlor yesterday."

"I know'd it, your Reverence; I know'd it."

"How did you know it?"

"I dunno. There was sumthin'!"

"Nanny, you are wiser than your parish priest. He deceived me."

With this testimony to her perspicacity, Nanny went back to her kitchen prouder than if the pastor had been made a bishop.

The Elzevir, the minister, and the railway superintendent had wired to the Gotham Merchants' for information, and the answer to all three was: "Impostor; no such man known here."

But Father Sinclair could not get over the fainting-spell as a scheme for obtaining money. In the light of after events, things became plainer. It would have been so easy to get back the loan when the money arrived from New York. However, the ten dollars were gone; but there was still a letter to come from Father Ringard. It came the following day:—

Dear Father Sinclair:—

I am mystified at the use of my name in this affair. There is no Crookwood among my parishioners. There has been no murder committed in this part of the city for years. To gratify you, I 'phoned to the Gotham

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Merchants'. There is no such name on their pay-roll. You are evidently being hoaxed. How much did you give him? Yours sympathetically,

W. F. RINGARD.

"Hoaxed," was the word, and ten dollars was the price. Burton was in the post-office while Father Sinclair was reading the letter.

"Did you see last night's *Times* about the clever tramp who is prowling around Laurenboro?" he asked.

"Read that," answered the pastor, handing the editor the letter.

Burton nearly dropped to the pavement with laughter.

"What, you caught, too, Father?"

"Of course, I was caught. Who would not be? That man is a genius. It was worth ten dollars to see him in the fainting-scene."

Burton invited himself to the glebe-house at seven, and the pastor went home, more determined than ever to carry out his resolution, so often made and so often broken, to let Nanny take care of tramps. However, he could not get it out of his head that there were exceptional tramps—and that Crookwood was one of them.

Burton's visit that evening was an eventful one—for Burton. He formally asked Father Sinclair to receive him into the Catholic Church.

"Do you realize all that your request means?"

"I think I do, Father."

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The pastor handed him a "Profession of Faith" to glance over. The editor perused it carefully, and answered:—

"I see no difficulty in all this. I have seized the idea of an infallible Church ruling the spiritual world. That argument of yours—the Church cannot err—has made everything easy. She has God's pledge for it. All this must then be true. Because the Church cannot err, if she told me that black was white, I would believe it, and would say that my sense of sight had failed. I admit that there are many dogmas of the Catholic Faith—the Real Presence, for example—that are beyond my comprehension, but I realize that in this life, with our finite intellects, we cannot know everything; just as we cannot see and hear everything, because our sight and hearing are limited. We should have quite a contract on hand were we to undertake to sound God's mysteries with our short tape-line."

"That is the way to reason, Burton," returned the pastor. "But you can appreciate the difficulties of people who would join the Church, but who will not submit their reason to her infallible teaching. And with that hideous Reformation cloud continually before them, and the presence of so many warring sects in the world, all clamoring for recognition, you can understand how the difficulties are increased. The Church does not err; never erred; cannot err.

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In the sixteenth century it was not her dogmas that needed reformation, but the lives of a few of her children."

"It was those visits to Gottingen Ward, during the blizzard last month, that put the finishing touch to my case," said Burton.

"Well, I congratulate you. I have been looking for this for some time. You shall be received into the Church whenever you like. Do you wish to do the deed publicly or privately?"

"Any way you please, Father. Name the date, and the hour and I will be on hand."

"Then by all means let us have it in public. You might read your Profession of Faith next Sunday before the nine o'clock Mass; receive your first Communion on Monday; and I feel sure the Archbishop would confirm you in St. Paul's a week from Sunday. How would that programme suit you?"

"Perfectly; and I thank you heartily."

The following day was Saturday. The *Times* published this simple note:—

Mr. Hiram Burton, editor of this paper, will abjure the Protestant tenets at the nine o'clock Mass, to-morrow, in Saint Paul's Church.

It was printed in small type in the "Personal Column." But everybody reads the Personal Column—it gives people so much to gossip about.

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The curiosity of Laurenboro was aroused; and on Sunday morning St. Paul's Catholic Church was crowded. Maglundy had been invited by the pastor and was in his pew. Not a murmur was heard while the neophyte was reading in a clear voice the long formula. When he placed his hand on the Bible and, with an accent of conviction, swore, "So help me God and these His Holy Gospels," the silence of the tomb rested on the people.

The pastor took occasion of the event to say a few telling words on the obligation of seeking the truth, and the further obligation of embracing it fearlessly once we have found it. He spoke of the peace of mind that followed one's entrance into the Catholic Church, thanked God for the noble example that had been set this morning, and asked prayers for him who was to seal his covenant on the following day by receiving the Bread of Angels.

Maglundy left the church immediately after the sermon. Many of the congregation, who were aware of his antipathy to the editor of the *Times*, made their surmises: so much so that his exit was the topic of conversation after Mass. But Father Sinclair, who knew the old man better than any of them, felt that there must have been some other reason for his going out. Maglundy did not carry his antipathy that far. The pastor knew he was deeply wounded, but he also knew that he hated no man on earth.

Of Burton

If Burton were to extend the hand of friendship, the old miner would be the first to clasp it. They had never met. There could be no rivalry between them. Burton had brains; so far Maglundy had shown that he had only money, and had been foolish with it. That more than anything else accounted for the trenchant pen of the one, and the injured feelings of the other.

Mrs. Melgrove called at the glebe-house to tell the pastor that the gentlemen interested in the Library had had another meeting, and that the prospects were never so brilliant. A third meeting would be held on Monday, to which the pastor was invited. Mr. Maglundy was also to be there to meet Cayson and the rest of them.

"May I bring Mr. Burton?" asked Father Sinclair. "I am anxious that he should meet Maglundy; just as I am anxious to get the editor interested in our works as soon as possible."

Burton went over with the priest to the Melgroves, and there met old friends, who congratulated him on the recent event. Everybody knew Burton. For years he had been the best known man in Laurenboro. A brilliant writer, he had brought the *Times* up to its present literary standard; a conscientious journalist, he had made it the terror of evil-doers and shams. The interests of Laurenboro were always uppermost with Burton. He was a poor man, but

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an honorable one, and he would be a valuable acquisition to the Catholic forces of the metropolis. That is why he was so welcome at the Melgroves, where kindred spirits greeted him.

Horace Melgrove came down from his room to assist at the meeting. They were all waiting for the millionaire, when a note addressed to the hostess arrived, which cast a gloom over everybody. It was from the house surgeon of the Providence Hospital to say that Mr. Silas Maglundy had been removed thither that afternoon, with appendicitis, and was in Room H, private ward. He could not possibly be at the Melgroves' that evening.

"Poor old man," said Burton; "it may go hard with him."

That was the sentiment of all present, of none more than Father Sinclair, who immediately went to the telephone and told the Sister in charge, that he should be in the private ward, Room H, in less than an hour.

"Gentlemen, that explains his leaving the church yesterday morning, does it not?" ventured the pastor, when he returned to the drawing-room.

"We are all sorry for Mr. Maglundy, and hope this illness is only a passing indisposition; but we may as well get down to business," said Melgrove; and, addressing himself chiefly to the priest, he began:—

Of Burton

"We had a meeting here on Friday last, and we came to some very practical conclusions in connection with the Library scheme. Fifty thousand dollars are assured.

"Mr. Robert Cayson will contribute twenty thousand dollars; Mr. David Graymer, ten thousand; Mr. Hugh Molvey, ten thousand; Mrs. Melgrove and myself, five thousand; Helen's insurance, five thousand.

"That makes altogether a good round sum," continued Melgrove. "We had intended to-night to bring the pressure of example to bear upon our friend Mr. Maglundy, whom, however, Providence is reserving for another occasion. The matter, even as it stands now, is quite satisfactory. With the interest of fifty thousand safely invested, we ought to be able to do something worthy of our Church and our city."

"Gentlemen," said Father Sinclair, "this is very satisfactory, and as the representative of St. Paul's, I thank you. I should suggest that a committee be appointed to see to the investment of the money and have an eye on expenditures. We all realize that the present site, however valuable it was to begin the work with, is, under altered conditions, no longer suitable. A large building will have to be secured, centrally situated, and easy of access for all classes both in winter and summer."

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"Where would you suggest?" asked Cayson.

"I should fancy some place in the neighborhood of Howarth Street," answered Father Sinclair. The site was a central one, and had appealed to him frequently during the years he was organizing his Young Men's Club.

"That's where our friend Maglundy lives," interrupted Burton. "The different lines converge on Howarth Street."

"Excellent idea," added Graymer. "I think Father Sinclair's suggestion should be carried out; and before we proceed further, I beg to nominate Messrs. Melgrove, Cayson, Molvey, and Father Sinclair, to act as a committee *pro tem*."

"I move in amendment," said Melgrove, "that the name of Mr. Graymer be added to the list."

"If I may be permitted," interrupted the pastor, "I should like to move an amendment to the amendment, namely, that the name of the editor of the *Laurenboro Times* be added to those already given. Solid reasons, gentlemen, urge me to make this motion. Mr. Burton, even as a non-Catholic, always showed us fair-play. Now that greater light has been given him, his services will be all the more precious to us."

Both amendments were carried unanimously, and the Committee decided to begin quietly to select a site. There was no hurry. The foundation of the

Of Burton

Library was now assured, and it was to the advantage of the work to secure the best possible terms all along the line.

“Gentlemen,” said Melgrove, when the motion was put to adjourn, “there is a newspaper man in the room.” All laughed. “Don’t mention our plans yet, Burton. You may say that fifty thousand dollars have been donated to the Laurenboro Free Library. That will be enough to set the citizens a-talking and, perhaps, the Directors of the Elzevir a-thinking.”

The meeting being over, the gentlemen went to their homes, and Father Sinclair took a sleigh for the Providence Hospital.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Millionaire Sees Things from a New Standpoint

THE Providence was one of the prominent institutions in Laurenboro. During the thirty years of its existence, the Sisters in charge had cared for the sick, regardless of creed or condition. The heroism of their charity at the bedsides of the dying, during all those years, had touched many hearts hardened by sin and misery, and gave their work the special character of a ministry of souls. But their zeal in this direction earned for them from a few officious bigots the charge of sectarianism; and, notwithstanding Father Sinclair's efforts to secure Government aid for them, they who gave their lives and services for the public good were denied a share in the public funds. However, they did not lack public sympathy. Relying for their support on the income derived from their private patients and from the interest accruing to them from a few thousands left as a legacy, the Sisters had kept their institution in the lead, in spite of a large and fully-endowed city hospital in the North End.

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The private apartments, thanks to the generosity of a few families, were models of elegance and were equipped with all home comforts. Room H had long been known as the cosiest room in the surgical ward of the Providence. And it would have remained so probably, had not the danger of lurking germs obliged the Sisters to keep pace with modern methods. Bare floors, glass tables, antiseptic wall-paper, germicidal linen, and the dozens of other indispensable needs of recent science replaced the heavy carpets and rich curtains, which had given the little room its home-like aspect. Happily, the golden sunlight streamed in, unimpeded, even in the shortest days of winter.

Maglundy was in bed, and apparently suffering great pain. He held out his hand to Father Sinclair.

"I am so glad you have come to see me, Fawther," said the old man.

The sympathetic pastor expressed surprise at the sudden turn things had taken, and asked what the physicians purposed doing.

"They are going to operate the day after tomorrow; and they tell me I shall be all right afterwards. But I am afraid I shall not get over this. I am an old man, and I fear that the end has come."

Maglundy heaved a heavy sigh.

Father Sinclair tried to banish these thoughts from his mind, and told him he should call on the

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morrow. It was, very possibly, only a passing indisposition he intimated; but it was customary for people about to undergo operations to settle up their accounts with the Master of Life before they went to the surgeon's table.

Maglundy heaved another sigh.

"Of course," added the priest, "this is only a precautionary measure. Undergoing operations nowadays, with our improved surgical methods, is an easy matter. Still, it is always well to be on the safe side."

The patient saw the logic of the argument, and said he should be glad if the priest called to see him the next day.

"But I am afraid to die—just think of it!—to die—to leave this world forever!" The old man groaned.

"You are not going to die, Mr. Maglundy," said Father Sinclair, buttoning his fur coat. "I shall call to-morrow, after the doctors have made their rounds. Meanwhile, look over your past life——"

"My past life!" exclaimed the patient. "My whole long life, with its years and years! How shall I ever begin the task?"

"I will give you all the help you need," answered the pastor, who rose to leave the room, saying, as he closed the door, that he would think of him in the morning during Mass.

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"Thank you, Fawther. But I am afraid to die—to die—to leave all!" And he continued this refrain audibly while the priest was walking down the corridor.

The worm of remorse had begun its work. It needed some fell blow like this to bring the old miner to a sense of his duty. It had come at last; and the pastor was going to profit by the occasion to make Maglundy straighten up his accounts with his Maker. He told the Sisters to call him if the patient in Room H became worse during the night, and went home sympathizing with the present plight of the old millionaire, who realized vividly at last that gold mines and Trans-Siberian stocks do not give one immunity from death.

There was no immediate danger, "only an inordinate fear," the physician 'phoned to Father Sinclair, who set himself immediately to give further thought to the Library scheme—a scheme that was progressing beyond his most sanguine expectations. He addressed cards to the various publishers for their latest catalogues, and to other libraries for their rules and regulations. He proposed making the Laurenboro Free Library a model in every respect. The addition of the Reference Section devoted to controversy, and a large Reading Room, entered into his plans, and was quite decided upon.

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He was about to retire for the night when Nanny brought him a note that had been in her pocket since the early morning. It was from Miss Garvey, who was apparently beside herself with joy. Wehrbach the artist had examined the Cayson painting, and had pronounced it worth its weight in gold.

"Just think of it," she wrote in a postscript, "worth its weight in gold!"

"I wonder whether Wehrbach included the frame in this," mused the pastor, smiling. "However, Wehrbach is a first-rate authority, and his opinion is worth something. There may be truth in what he says. If so, we can afford to wait."

The following morning he went over to the studio and interviewed the artist himself.

"Yas, dot iss a miasterpeeze, vor zertain. I haf nod it cleaned yed. But you gan vor yourself zee. Loog ad dot grouping, undt dot raccourci, undt dot lighd undt shade. Id vill dake me two or dhree tays to ged dot farnish off, I may zome name zee, undt dot vill zettle id."

Father Sinclair's own critical tastes had told him all this before; there had been no reason, at least for the moment, for the enthusiastic note of the chief librarian.

"I hope that you will discover that it is a Correggio. It looks like his work," said the pastor, smiling, as he was leaving the studio.

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"*Mein Lieben!* Vhat a glory iv we haf a Gorrège in Laurenporo!"

The enthusiastic Alsatian had not time to complete his remarks; for Father Sinclair had started for the Providence to keep his appointment with Maglundy.

The patient had passed another sleepless night and was still in great pain. The priest did not lose any time in preliminaries, but went straight to the point.

"Mr. Maglundy, I have come to help you carry to out the little programme we arranged last night. You will make your confession now. To-morrow morning I shall bring you Holy Communion; and then you will be ready for the operation."

The old man was in an agony; for he had been passing through an ordeal more distressing by far than that of mere physical pain—he had been trying to examine his conscience. It is no child's play to go back over a period of forty years of absolute religious indifference and neglect; to note how often one has broken God's commands, despised the precepts of His Church, shirked one's responsibilities, ignored one's obligations, while the moral sanctions so long thrust into the background keep forcing themselves on one's attention. While the old miner tossed restlessly in his bed, acts long since forgotten, deeds which made him blush, surged up in his mind. His youth and early manhood passed before him like a

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nightmare. As far back as he could look down the long vista of years, he seemed to see God listening to words, sounding thoughts and weighing motives which were in opposition to His laws. How very long the list appeared! And yet, after such a lapse of years, how many things there must be which he had forgotten, but which were all posted up against him in his page of the Book of Life! How he wished he could get but a glimpse at that dreadful page and see what the Recording Angel had marked down against him during the long years he had lived away from God! How different the world seemed to him now that he was in danger of leaving it. How plainly he saw that all his life long he had been avoiding the only realities in order to run after shadows.

The patient turned to the priest, who was putting on his purple stole, and with a look of supplication, asked:—

“Fawther, how am I to begin? I am utterly helpless.”

But he was taken in hand there and then, and in less than half an hour the pastor was on his way back to the glebe-house.

That evening the Sisters prepared a little altar in Room H, with candles and crucifix. When Maglundy heard the tingle of the bell next morning, and the recital of prayers in the corridor, he made an effort to get out of bed and throw himself on his

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knees; and he would have done so, had not the nurse ordered him to stay where he was.

A few minutes later the old miner received the Bread of Angels for the first time in forty years. Father Sinclair told him to profit by the precious moments during which the Divine Guest was with him, and to ask God to give him back again the faith of his childhood.

The surgical operation was a simple one. The patient was weak from fear of death rather than from any other cause. When he recovered from the effects of the ether, and found himself alive and back again in Room H, his spirits revived. The old-time smile appeared on his lips, and he was settling himself comfortably in a sea of pillows when the nurse brought him in a large bouquet of bleeding-hearts, with a card bearing the sympathies of the chief librarian.

"That dear chief," he murmured, while the flowers were being laid on the table beside him, "and it was she who sent me this handsome book last Wednesday. May God bless her!"

The old millionaire closed his eyes and fell asleep, the first time since he reached the Providence. His recovery was assured. It took more than an attack of appendicitis to shake the vigorous frame of a California miner. But it was evident from his conversations and his new views of things that a

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spiritual revolution had taken place. Maglundy was a changed man.

Father Sinclair was his closest friend after that. Every day the pastor came to see him; the same smile of welcome always greeted his entry into Room H.

"I got the fright of my life the day the ambulance came after me to bring me here," returned Maglundy, a few days later, to the priest who had seated himself for a short talk. "I once fell fifty feet down a shaft in California, but it was nothing to the scare I got last Monday."

"What scared you?" asked the pastor.

"Death, of course!" exclaimed the old man, vigorously. "Just think of my dying in the state I was in after forty years of wickedness."

"But that is all forgotten now, I trust. God has given you a great grace."

"And one that I am not going to forget. Fawther, I have turned over a new leaf. I understand now why you were so anxious about me and about my going to church. But you were not severe enough. Old sinners like me should be taken by the coat collar."

"We are only God's instruments," replied the priest. "We can suggest, urge, exhort; but men have their free will. All we can do is to leave them to themselves and to God's grace."

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"I understand," persisted the patient; "but there should be strong remedies to meet desperate cases."

"That is just what people do not want, Mr. Maglundy. If we chide them privately for their sinful lives, they are insulted; if we preach them a strong sermon from the pulpit, they go away offended, and threaten, some of them, to leave the Church. They never consider that their eternal interests are at stake and that this is the motive that urges us to speak. It is very often at that moment that God is good enough to take them in hand. He sends them some severe trial or shock to bring them back to their senses."

"He sent me one, didn't He?" echoed the patient.

The past three days had evidently begun an epoch in the life of the millionaire.

Father Sinclair had "*The True Ministry of Wealth*" in his hand, admiring its rich binding and the dedication on the fly-leaf, when the door opened gently, and the porter brought in a fresh bouquet—this time of roses—with another card of sympathy from the chief librarian.

"Isn't she a fine, good woman?" remarked Maglundy, when he read the card and handed it to the pastor.

"One of the best and most devoted in my parish. She is doing a great work in that Library; and before long she will be able to do much more."

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"How's that?" asked the patient, almost sitting up in his bed.

"By the way, Mr. Maglundy, you disappointed Melgrove and the rest of us last Monday. The very day you were taken ill, a meeting of our five leading Catholics, with our new convert Burton, was held at the Melgroves', and they decided to contribute fifty thousand dollars to put the Library on a permanent basis. It was a dreadful disappointment when the note came from the physician to say that you had been brought here."

"And what else did they decide?" asked the patient, intently.

"To ask you to be one of the founders with them. They wish to raise seventy-five thousand, and they look to you, as the wealthiest, for the other twenty-five thousand——"

"They shall have it, Fawther," replied the old man earnestly. "The danger of death I was in—when I think of the escape I had!—has taken away all value from money for me. All rank nonsense, Fawther! And they can have more if they need it."

"This is very kind of you, sir. You should notify Mr. Melgrove. The gentlemen interested in the work could come to some decision as to plans. This generous gift of yours would bring matters to a head all the more quickly."

"Is Mr. Melgrove able to be out yet?"

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"I do not know. However, I shall ask his wife and the chief librarian to call on you."

"That dear chief!" sighed the invalid. "Every day she sent me flowers. What can I do for her? How can I show her my gratitude? Has Miss Garvey any relatives, Fawther?"

"None whatever."

"Shall you be surprised if I tell you that I have serious thoughts of settling down in life?"—it was an old man of sixty who was speaking—"you do not know what a lonely life I led in that big house on Howarth and Buell Streets."

Father Sinclair seized the whole situation in a twinkling. It came to him suddenly—like the traditional thunder-clap. The very thought of a possible romance between the old millionaire and his chief librarian was startling enough to one who had been accustomed to such surprises all his life; but it startled him rather for its prosaic features. This was not a case of snowy December and youthful May joining hands and trusting to the future for fair weather. It was rather sturdy December linking fortunes with mellow August, the month that comes just before "the sere, the yellow leaf."

The prospect was rosy enough. It was of that subdued tint which the knowing ones look upon as a good fast color. Mary Garvey had long since lost the illusions of youth. From the fact that she was

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living as far back as the Civil War—no one ever dared to investigate further—it could fairly be presumed that the day-dreams of early years had left her. She was now a staid little lady of an age to be a cheering helpmate for an old millionaire in the autumn of his days. So the pastor could not, for the life of him, see any objection to such a union.

But this was only idle speculation. From the very first year of his ministry, Father Sinclair had resolved that match-making should never be of his province, and he vowed inwardly that he would not begin at this late date. So he merely remarked:—

“Mr. Maglundy, the lady you mentioned is an admirable little woman—one in a thousand. I have known her for years. I know also that her income will suffice for her support for the rest of her life. But that suggestion of yours appeals to me. Your position in life is not an enviable one. As you say, you have a home, but you have not the comforts of home life. You will need a stay in your declining years.”

“Bless my soul!” thought Maglundy, in confusion, “the Fawther has got hold of it.”

“Of course,” continued the pastor, “this is none of my business; but I fancy your suggestion is worth some thought.”

“Bless your heart!—it is all thought out,” answered the old man, bravely. “But who ever told

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you my secret, Fawther?" he asked, trying to smile.

Maglundy had blurted out his own secret. His question was only a feint to throw his interlocutor off the track. But he had at that moment to do with a shrewder judge of men than himself.

"No one," retorted the pastor. "I am only seconding a suggestion of yours, which I think is worthy of some consideration. Meanwhile, think over it."

Father Sinclair felt that the millionaire had food enough for reflection, and he took leave of the invalid, promising to return soon.

Maglundy was in ecstasies. He was sitting in an easy chair when the house-surgeon on his rounds found that his temperature was somewhat higher, and wanted to know what he had eaten.

"Only what the good Sisters gave me," answered the patient, innocently.

The physician told the nurse in charge that he had found the appendicitis case in Room H very much worse and feverish. He had better lie down and keep his mind and body quiet.

The nurse came in with war in her eyes.

"You must go right back to bed, sir. I shall have to apply more ice-bags."

"You wouldn't do that, Sister, to an old man like me, would you?" he asked appealingly.

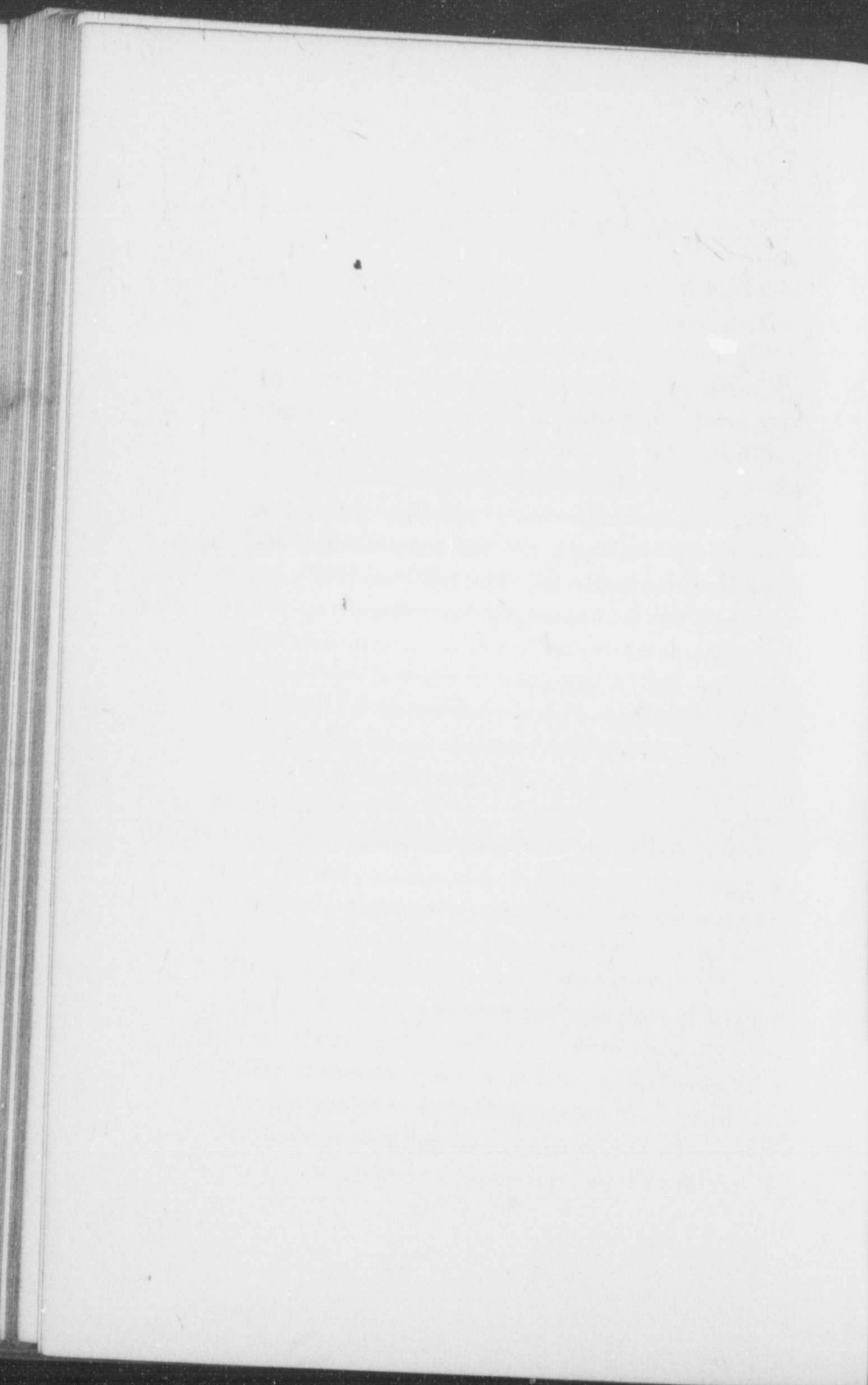
Maglundy hated the ice-bags, and the nurse had to fly and hide her laughter. He went back to bed

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and kept his body quiet; but he could not control his thoughts so easily. He began to muse:—

“Fawther Sinclair must have got hold of this secret somehow. I never mentioned it to any one. But how am I, Silas Maglundy, ever going to propose marriage to Miss Garvey?” How shall I go about it? Where shall I begin?”

These and a hundred other questions puzzled the brain of old Maglundy, who did not know how easy the task was going to be. The toils had been set so cunningly that he walked right into them.



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CHAPTER XXIV

Mrs. Melgrove Gives the Chief a Few Emotions

IT was late that night when Father Sinclair reached the glebe-house; but he proceeded at once to deliver Maglundy's message. Mrs. Melgrove answered the telephone herself.

"I have just come from the Providence, and Mr. Maglundy would like to see Miss Garvey and yourself some time to-morrow, if possible. The old gentleman has good news to communicate."

"I fear Miss Garvey cannot come to-morrow. She will be engaged in the Library all day. I am going to take my husband out for a drive in the afternoon, and we may call at the hospital."

"Better still," answered the pastor. "I shall be over to Ashburne Avenue in a couple of days."

At three, the following day, Melgrove, who had begun to walk around, went downstairs and out into the fur-covered sleigh waiting for him at the door. A brisk drive down the avenue and round Royalview Terrace was a pleasant change for an invalid who had been confined to his room for several weeks. It had been one of Melgrove's favorite walks when he was in health. The air was clear

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and soft, and the Terrace was crowded with toboggans and their blanket-covered owners, gliding down the icy sides like the wind.

A turn up Pinewood Avenue brought the sleigh to the visitors' entrance of the Providence, where Melgrove was helped out by his wife and the coachman. They climbed the steps slowly, and were soon in the elevator leading to the private ward.

Maglundy was in bed. His temperature was a little up, and he had just been sponged. His eyes opened wide when he saw the Sister, with the Melgroves, entering the room.

"My turn to come to see you, Mr. Maglundy, is it not?" said Melgrove, cheerily, as he went over to take the hand that had been held out to greet him.

"How very kind of you! The Sisters have threatened me with more ice-bags if I stir. I cannot get out to welcome you; so please sit down and make yourselves at home."

"What a lovely bouquet!" exclaimed Mrs. Melgrove, going over to the little table.

The card was lying beside the vase, and the visitor could not help reading the name on it. It nearly took her breath away; but she kept her own counsel.

"Yes, that dear girl has been sending them every day. Wasn't it kind of her?"

"It was indeed, really kind," answered the visitor.

"Mr. Melgrove," began the patient, "I regret that I

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was not at the meeting held at your residence a week ago. But I trust I may still be useful. Father Sinclair told me that you had raised fifty thousand dollars and that you needed twenty-five thousand more to carry out your plans. I will give you that amount whenever you want it. The stocks that I own may be turned into cash at any time. Your Committee has simply to make the demand; and I trust that the Library will prosper. That book you see there on the table has done me a world of good."

Mrs. Melgrove, with the resistless but delicate curiosity peculiar to her sex, raised the cover, and saw the chief librarian's name on the fly-leaf. She was thunderstruck.

"I have changed my ways of thinking on many things since I came back from the jaws of death," continued the old man, seriously. "Isn't this world a poor affair after all? And how quickly we may leave it. You could tell us something about that, could you not, Melgrove?"

"Yes, I had a rather close call myself. But that is all over now. Has the physician told you when you may leave the hospital?"

"I think I shall be here for some time yet. But if you will write out a cheque on Slegman & Co., I can sign it here."

"I will do that, Mr Maglundy, and in the name of our Committee I thank you for your generosity.

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We intended to make only a short call. I know it fatigues you to entertain visitors. So Mrs. Melgrove and I will say good day and speedy recovery."

"Thank you! thank you!" said the old man.

The visitors walked down the corridor to the elevator, and the patient tried to get the ice-bags into position before the nurse came.

"Who sent Maglundy those flowers every day? and that book?—what was the name on the fly-leaf?" asked Melgrove, as they flew through the streets and around the Terrace again.

"I will not give you one word of information," was the quick response. "Do you want to be as wise as your wife, dear?"

With feminine instinct, she had been for some time suspecting Miss Mary Garvey's little scheming. Words dropped now and then in conversation with the chief, and the play of the emotions on her face—which in Miss Garvey's case was truly the mirror of the soul—had revealed to her, in recent weeks, more than Mrs. Melgrove cared to say. She knew that if her husband ever got wind of it, Mary Garvey would have to submit to no end of teasing. Besides, the more she thought the matter over, the better a match of that kind pleased her. Her dearest friend, Mary Garvey, would make an ideal chatelaine for the great empty mansion on Howarth and Buell Streets. And all this time the shrewd little lady was not

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aware that at least two—Mrs. Melgrove and her pastor—had seen through her scheming.

Melgrove drove down through Laurenboro to the insurance offices, where he was greeted with a hearty welcome by his assistants. He wrote out the cheque for twenty-five thousand dollars, made it payable to Father Sinclair, placed it in an envelope, and then told the driver to pass by the glebe-house. The pastor came out to the sleigh and received the envelope from Melgrove's own hand. The next step, he was told, was to secure Maglundy's signature, and the deal would be complete.

"Things are going on satisfactorily, are they not?" asked Father Sinclair. "I suppose you have not time to come over to the Library? Miss Garvey and the Revising Committee are in there, hard at work on some new books."

The Melgroves walked over with the pastor to the Library and there found the artist Wehrbach gesticulating and telling the chief that she had a fortune within her grasp.

"Wehrbach has found a treasure," said Miss Garvey, who came to welcome the unexpected visitors, "and he is telling us all about it."

It was Wehrbach's turn now.

"*Mein lieben*, ein tresure! Vhy dis fräulein"—he thought Miss Garvey owned the Library, parish and all—"hass ein vortune. Gorrège! Gorrège!

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Loog ad dot name! Loog ad dot rock! Zee dot name on id! Glaubel will her dhirty dhousand thalers gif for dot bainting, undt berhaps vifty dhousand."

Father Sinclair bent down and read, in plain letters, "Correggio fecit." There was little doubt about the genuineness of the work. The thorough cleaning Wehrbach had given the canvas had brought out the original tones; and there, in all its freshness, its palpitating life and joyousness, its rhythmic lines, its melting and graceful contours, its color and its glowing atmosphere, stood before them a work direct from the brush of the immortal Faun of the Renaissance.

Wehrbach had almost succeeded in communicating his enthusiasm to those present.

"We must tell Burton about this," said Father Sinclair. "It will be a nine days' wonder in the city. He can get a half-tone engraving and give Correggio a puff in his paper."

"What an advertisement for the Library!" exclaimed Melgrove, laughing. "Miss Garvey, your Correggio is going to throw my Professor Flume into the shade completely."

"Looks like it," answered the pastor. "Still we must not jump too quickly at conclusions. Wehrbach may be mistaken."

The artist heard the remark.

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“Mishdaken! Iv I dot bainting zell vor dhirty dhousand thalers, will you gif me a gommission?”

“How much do you ask?”

“Den ber zent.”

“Shall we?” Father Sinclair turned to Miss Garvey.

“Certainly, Father; we need the money.”

“Very well then, Mr. Wehrbach; get all you can for the painting. Your commission is ten per cent.”

“I vill go to New York domorrow to Herr Glaubel zee.” And the artist fairly danced himself out of the hall, he was so happy at the prospect.

While Melgrove and the pastor were talking, the chief invited the other visitor over to the alcove where the Revisers were at work. But it was only the visit of an instant. When she was leaving the Hall, Mrs. Melgrove whispered into Miss Garvey’s ear:—

“Say nothing for the moment, Mary, but Silas Maglundy has just added twenty-five thousand dollars to the Library Fund.”

“Library Fund!” exclaimed the chief, with the greatest surprise—the secret had not yet been told her—“What library fund?”

But her visitor said no more to enlighten her as to the turn things had taken. She merely added:

“‘*The True Ministry of Wealth*’ did its work nobly.”

The chief blushed not knowing what to say.

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“And those exquisite bleeding-hearts; and the roses,” continued her gentle tormentor.

Miss Garvey was dumbfounded.

“Come over to Ashburne Avenue to-morrow at two, and I will tell you all.”

While the Melgroves and the pastor walked out to the sleigh, the chief returned to her desk. But under the plea of indisposition she shortly after left the hall and went home, utterly unnerved.

It was a long, sleepless night for the energetic little lady. She lay awake and pondered. Twenty-five thousand dollars added to a library fund? Has a fund been already started? What sums have been given? Who were the donors? Something important is going on. She was aglow with expectancy. On the other hand, how did Mrs. Melgrove learn about the book and the flowers? Had Maglundy's tongue wagged too freely? Where did she get hold of the news? How many knew it? Did Father Sinclair? Did any of the assistants? No wonder she lay awake for hours pondering over the words her best friend had whispered into her ears. It was almost daylight before her tired brain found rest in sleep.

A stormy morning was the prelude of her visit to the Melgroves'. The thaw of the preceding day had been followed by a sudden fall of the mercury. The dripping water had hardened on the tree-trunks

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and branches, and the park and avenues were clothed in purest crystal. When the sun's rays began to pierce the air and shed their light on the glassy twigs and branches, Laurenboro was transformed into a fairyland of matchless splendor. The faintest breath of wind moved the countless tiny icicles which hung from the trees along Ashburne Avenue and made them sparkle with an incomparable radiance. Now and then, a heavily-laden branch bending under its glittering burden, finally gave way, and, crashing through the lower limbs, reached the ground amid a perfect shower of scintillating crystals. One such came within an ace of falling on Miss Garvey near the Melgrove mansion. It gave her quite a start, and she rushed nervously up the steps, feeling very thankful for having escaped an accident which sometimes happens to less fortunate pedestrians in Laurenboro.

The hostess had a warm welcome for her friend and co-worker, warmer than usual, perhaps, for the interview that afternoon was destined to be memorable. Besides, Mrs. Melgrove was prepared to make amends for the surprise she had caused the chief librarian, and for the agitated state of mind she had left her in, the preceding afternoon.

The hearth was glowing in the little parlor when the two ladies entered it. On the soft Polar mat before the fire, a fluffy Pomeranian was trying, in a

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playful way, to swallow Tiger, the kitten, one of little Helen's former pets. This room was a cosy corner in a retired part of the large house, which only very dear friends of the Melgroves were privileged to enter. While the hostess helped Miss Garvey to doff her furs, the maid adjusted the samovar and set the cups and saucers where they would be close at hand.

"I have so many things to tell you to-day that I hardly know where to begin," said Mrs. Melgrove smiling, as she threw the curtain aside and placed her visitor's chair in a position where the soft rays from the southern window would light up her features.

"I did not sleep a wink, last night," returned the visitor. "It was very cruel of you to keep me in suspense so long! What library fund did you refer to yesterday? Please tell me at once."

"I will, my dear, at once," said Mrs. Melgrove, seating herself beside Miss Garvey, with her needles and thread in her lap. "It has been reserved for me to give you a pleasant surprise. Five gentlemen of Laurenboro have contributed fifty thousand dollars to found the Free Library; and your friend Mr. Maglundy has completed the seventy-five thousand. There is the news in a nutshell."

Miss Garvey looked at the speaker in amazement that, however, did not conceal her delight.

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"And who are the gentlemen besides *my friend*?" she asked, emphasizing the last two words.

"The Graymers and the Molveys gave ten thousand each; the Caysons, twenty thousand; my husband, five; with Helen's insurance of five thousand more."

"This is perfectly delightful news," exclaimed the little chief. "Are you really serious?"

"Serious? Burton was at the meeting here. He must have mentioned it in the *Times*. Father Sinclair knows all about it."

"He never so much as hinted the matter to me."

"Perhaps, you did not see him since."

"A dozen times at least."

"Which means that he left to me the pleasurable task of informing you."

"Really, it is just as well you did not tell me last night. I should not have slept anyway."

Miss Garvey displayed by her joyful animation the rousing effect of the good news. So many thoughts crowded through her brain that she scarcely knew how to express her feelings. The possibilities of the work to which she was consecrating her time began suddenly to loom up before her vision. She already saw a large edifice, with hundreds of shelves stocked with books, and a dozen of librarians running from shelf to shelf to supply the wants of the readers who flocked in in ever-increasing numbers. Her

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little frame thrilled with emotion when she realized that these dreams of hers were on the point of being realized; and she repeated that she was positively charmed at the prospect.

"But I have other news for you," said Mrs. Melgrove, who rose from her chair and began to fill the tiny tea cups.

"And what is it, pray? Do tell me quick?" exclaimed the impatient little visitor.

"Only a trifle. Some one is tampering with the heart of Mr. Maglundy, the millionaire, that's all. Excuse me, I must speak to the maid."

The hostess left the room. She had a purpose in doing so. She desired to give her visitor a chance to prepare what she was going to answer. Mrs. Melgrove wished only to be useful to Mary Garvey. But her tact moved her, at the same time, to save that lady's feelings in the present interview, and to throw all the blame on Maglundy, if his heart was softening.

The little visitor knew that there was no way to avoid the coming ordeal. The passing mention of the book and the flowers, which Mrs. Melgrove had made the day before in the Library Hall, told her that something was out, and that there was no use trying to parry with so shrewd a woman as her hostess.

The latter did not give her time to say a word when she re-entered the room, but kept right on:—

A Few Emotions

"We called on the old gentleman at the Providence yesterday, and I could detect by his words that my little friend here had made an impression on him; had, in fact, secured a warm corner in his heart. You do not realize what a conquest those flowers made. They have been as a ray of sunshine to Silas Maglundy; and I almost think he is glad he fell ill."

"The dreadful old idiot!" exclaimed Miss Garvey, with apparent indifference. "What did he say? Cannot a person send flowers to a friend of the Library, now a patient in a hospital, without trying to make a conquest? He must be hopelessly insane."

Miss Garvey was parrying after all. Had Maglundy blurted out something or other in presence of the Melgroves? She felt relieved, however, that the burden had been transferred to his shoulders; though she knew in her heart of hearts that she herself was at the bottom of it all.

"He is not hopelessly insane, by any means," retorted Mrs. Melgrove. "He is quite responsible for his words and actions. I confess I was surprised when the truth dawned upon me; but I am exceedingly well pleased."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Melgrove? Do you want me to marry old Maglundy?" asked the little lady, looking vexed.

"Not necessarily. I could ask you to reflect over

Mrs. Melgrove Gives the Chief

it. You might do a worse thing. The old man is kind, large-hearted, and affectionate. Any limitations he possesses would soon disappear under your skilful, wifely training. He is alone in the great mansion at Howarth and Buell Streets. Think of what your position would be in that splendid home. Think of the amount of good you could do with the old man's millions. Think of Mr. Maglundy's soul, on which your influence would have lasting effects."

The cause was pleaded so skilfully, and the arguments had such weight with the little visitor, that she sat silent, with her eyes filled with tears—in a woman the most potent sign of vanquishment.

Miss Garvey promised to think over the matter. She should have said that she would give it further thought; for she had been thinking over it for many a day. As far as she was concerned, her mind was fully made up. Her only preoccupation now was the embarrassment she should experience when Maglundy came for his books.

"Does any one suspect Mr. Maglundy's intentions?" she asked, with an anxious look.

"Not one has spoken to me," replied Mrs. Melgrove.

"Does Mr. Melgrove or Father Sinclair know anything about it?"

"I do not think so. I know my husband does not."

A Few Emotions

There was a sigh of relief, the first that had escaped her in that eventful hour. The chief was wise enough to know that nothing keeps so poorly as a secret; and she decided there and then to send no more flowers to the Providence, and to let events take their course.

Little Helen's death and Mrs. Melgrove's comparatively lonely life without her, naturally formed one of the afternoon's topics; but the noble mother asserted more than once that she should not wish to see her child back again. The worries and cares of life were over for Helen. The close friendship of even such sterling friends as Miss Garvey, and a very few others, could hardly fill the void in her heart caused by the loss of her little daughter; but she was quite resigned to wait and see her in heaven. It was decided, however, that the chief librarian should make her visits more frequent. So many new phases had developed recently in their common work that the need of mutual help and counsel was more than ever felt.

That same afternoon the chief called to see Father Sinclair at the glebe-house. She had a despatch from Wehrbach; and, besides, the news of the foundation of the Laurenboro Free Library was uppermost in her mind. She desired to know how the new order of things would affect her standing, and whether she should speak about it to the assistants.

Mrs. Melgrove Gives the Chief

"Who gave you all the news?" asked the pastor.

"Mrs. Melgrove, this very afternoon; and, Father Sinclair, you knew all about it, and you never told me a word." The little lady had a way of her own of looking vexed.

"The news is common property, Miss Garvey. The *Times* mentioned the gift last week. Was that all Mrs. Melgrove told you?"

The pastor did not really mean to insinuate anything. He could not possibly have had an inkling of Mrs. Melgrove's confidence to the chief. He did not even know that she had had wind of the book and bouquet episode; but he struck the nail so straight that the little lady grew nervous.

What he meant was a scheme that he himself had suggested to the Melgroves on the occasion of his last visit to their house. He had proposed that the five thousand dollar insurance policy should be applied to the purchase of books for the Children's Department, and that the corner should be called the "Helen Melgrove Section," in memory of their little daughter. The Melgroves had asked time to think over this delicate suggestion of their pastor, and had not yet given their last word.

"That was all the news of the Library she gave me," answered Miss Garvey, demurely. "But it was excellent news. May I give all the details to the assistants?"

A Few Emotions

"Why not? Tell them that their field of usefulness will soon be enlarged. Do you think that your time will permit you to assume the direction of the Library when it goes to its new quarters?"

"Certainly, Father. But where are the new quarters going to be?" she asked, excitedly; for this was a detail that Mrs. Melgrove had not mentioned.

"That has not been decided yet. But somewhere in the neighborhood of Howarth and Buell Streets has been suggested. Our friend Mr. Maglundy will not have far to come for books, if that scheme can be arranged," said Father Sinclair. "The dear old man had quite a shock last week. He told me that he is a frequenter of the Library; and that he has many a good friend there. He appreciates the treatment he has been receiving. That is one of the reasons why he has been so generous to the work. He is an excellent old man. I am sorry he has to lead such an isolated life in that big house of his."

That was all Father Sinclair said; but it gave Miss Garvey food for thought, and made her blush deeply. But blushes have no tongue to tell the why or wherefore of their sudden coming; they are simply signs in crimson that, like shorthand, need the context for their interpretation. The little lady discerned a world of meaning in her pastor's words. Had he also seized the context? Were he and Mrs. Melgrove conspiring for a match between Maglundy and

Mrs. Melgrove Gives the Chief

herself? And yet she had her friend's word for it that, so far as she was aware, Father Sinclair knew nothing about the matter.

She was puzzled and weary, and when she reached home that evening, it was to ask herself whether she had done anything unseemly in being kind to an old man on his bed of pain, or in showing him her sympathy after a manner that obtains in social life.

In her flurry she forgot to show the pastor the despatch she had from Wehrbach, who informed her that Herr Glaubel was convinced of the genuineness of the Correggio, and had offered him twenty-five thousand dollars for it; but Wehrbach was holding out for thirty.

"Let Wehrbach get all he can," she mused; and she answered his despatch in that strain.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars will add many new books to the Library," she continued. "What a day of surprises this has been to me. One hundred thousand dollars for a library that did not exist four months ago; and the possibility of a millionaire proposing marriage one of these days. History cannot be repeating itself in my case. Such a thing never happened before. This surely must be a romance."

The little lady admitted later that the prospects made her smile. But she might have added that these were the results of her own tact and good

A Few Emotions

management. She had made the Free Library popular, and thereby demonstrated that it was badly needed. After such a brilliant four months' labor did she not deserve the hand and heart of even a millionaire?



CHAPTER XXV

Silas Maglundy Earns the Gratitude of Laurenboro

THE Committee had set to work in earnest and had been busily engaged for a week hunting up a suitable site for the new Library. All the available points in the city were examined; but in the end they had to revert to Father Sinclair's suggestion that some place in the neighborhood of Howarth Street should be secured. Howarth and Milton, Howarth and Livingston, Howarth and Buell, were ideal spots for a public library. But they bordered on the residential portion of the city, and the prices asked were far higher than the Committee felt inclined to pay. After a week's investigation, no decision had been arrived at.

The only proprietor who had not been seen was Silas Maglundy. His residence had been visited from top to bottom by the Committee; and while large sums of money would be required to transform the interior into a library, the site and its surroundings would justify the outlay. The vacant ground could be used later for purposes of extension, if occasion called for it.

The old man, though convalescent, was still at the

Silas Maglundy Earns

Providence, and it was decided that three of the Committee—Cayson, Molvey, and Melgrove—should wait on him that afternoon, lay their plans before him in a business way, and ask at what price he would sell his house.

Maglundy was notified by telephone of the intended visit, and of the nature of the business. He was consequently not taken by surprise when the three gentlemen were ushered into Room H. Melgrove was the only one of the three whom he had met. Molvey and Cayson were introduced, and as the doctor in charge had asked that the visit be as short as possible, so as not to tire the patient, Melgrove informed him of their effort to secure a site, and of the choice they had made of his residence, if it could be had at a reasonable figure.

“Gentlemen,” said the invalid, after Melgrove had ceased to speak, “I have been over this world a good deal, and I am not so much attached to any spot that I cannot part with it. We must leave all some day. Where a man lives matters little. Since I received your message this morning, I have done a great deal of thinking, and here is what I have decided. If you want my residence, you may have it. As to the price, it shall cost Father Sinclair nothing. I will make a gift of it to him just as soon as I leave this hospital. The only reservation I would make is that I be allowed to retain temporary

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possession of a few rooms till I can arrange my affairs. I am an old man, and I need the attentions of a helpmate. I may enter into marriage before long. I shall then move to a smaller residence.

"Meanwhile," he added, "you may consider this deal as settled, and continue to work in the interests of the library. I am only too glad that I can at last do something worth while for my fellow-citizens. My fountain on Blenheim Square was not well received; I understand the reason now. I depended too much on my own judgment. But one grows wiser as one grows older. Last week, on the surgeon's table, I learned the nothingness of earthly possessions.

After Maglundy's generous promise, the visit was not long prolonged beyond measure. The Committee were so utterly surprised that they had nothing to say. Melgrove alone, being spokesman, thanked the old man for his splendid gift. He would apprise Father Sinclair that very night; and in the name of the Board of Management he promised that a suitable acknowledgment should be made in the form of a slab or pillar.

"Slabs! Pillars! Monuments! What do they amount to?" exclaimed Maglundy, rising in his bed and looking intently at his visitors. "It is my soul that I want to profit by these gifts. No more slabs for me; that is all pride—all rank nonsense, gentlemen. When I think of that cow in Blenheim Square,

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I nearly die of shame. What a fool I was! Would you ask Fawther Sinclair to call and see me?"

The committee left the room impressed and edified with the change that had taken place in Maglundy, and rejoicing at the gift whereby they saved at least fifty thousand dollars.

It nearly took the pastor's breath away when Melgrove gave him the news. He hastened to the Providence to thank Maglundy. The old man was sitting in an easy chair when the pastor entered. He held out his hand and reasserted all that he had told the Committee.

"But there is that other matter I wish to straighten out before I quit the Providence, Fawther, and I should like to ask your help and counsel. Let me give the details."

It was no longer a suggestion to improve the design for a public fountain, nor was it an inscription in a dead language, nor yet a speech to be written for him. Grace had done its work.

"Fawther, ten years ago, I entered into partnership with a young miner in California. We agreed to locate quartz and placer claims and divide the profits. This plan worked well for two years; we acquired valuable property. At the end of that time, I discovered that my partner was a vile adventurer, who, instead of earning an honest living as a miner, preferred to live by his wits. He had been an actor

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on the stage for years, and used his knowledge to fleece everyone he met. One day I bought out his interests in our claims, at his own price; he disappeared, and never since have I heard of him. Shortly after, I struck the rich quartz vein on these claims which was the foundation of my fortune. The miners of San Jacinto thought that I had had a previous knowledge of the vein; that I had taken unfair advantage of a brother miner, and they were going to proceed to violence to recover the interests of my late partner. But the law upheld me, and I felt that I should take no further notice of the transaction. However, my conscience is not at rest. I should be well pleased to do some favor to my old partner, if he could be found. I would make him independent for the rest of his days."

This revelation put a different aspect on the San Jacinto incident, as related by Father Golworth, who undoubtedly had only the popular version of the deal.

"What can I do in the matter?" asked Father Sinclair.

"Write to the postmaster of San Jacinto, who knows all the miners in the district, and inquire for a well-known character—Crookwood by name."

"Crookwood!" exclaimed the pastor.

"That was the man's name. I never knew him by any other."

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"A tall, thin man, with blue eyes, and a heavy gash across his forehead?"

"That is the man," said the invalid, almost rising from his chair. "Why, Fawther, do you know him?"

"Crookwood was in Laurenboro ten days ago. He called at the glebe-house and kept me in the parlor for over an hour."

The pastor then related the experience with Nanny's tramp. Maglundy's surprise was extreme.

"He is an impostor of the worst kind," continued Father Sinclair. "He succeeded in getting two hundred dollars from the employees of the Great Western; he got I do not know how much from the Hayden Street Tabernacle people; he got ten dollars out of me."

"These are his old tricks, Fawther. Crookwood is a genius. Did he faint? Did he tell you the pathetic story of his ruin in mining in California?"

"He did not mention mining at all. His present specialty is wife-killing. He fainted splendidly. He did not speak of California; he knows New York, apparently," answered the pastor.

"The man told me often that he was born in New York, and then drifted westward. He may have returned East after I parted with him. But what should I do?"

"Mr. Maglundy, you owe Crookwood nothing.

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So let your conscience rest. I am sure he will never trouble you."

This was a relief to the old man, who continued:—

"I have ordered the contractors to remove the fountain from Blenheim Square. I shall ask you, Fawther, to select a design in its place.

This was a more pleasant task than trying to improve on the original one, and Father Sinclair promised he would provide a design that should be a credit both to Maglundy and Laurenboro.

The millionaire did not appear in the Library Hall for several weeks after he left the Providence, although he managed to get to Mass every morning. The tremendous change that had taken place in him was the topic of conversation among his friends for many days, and was attributed to his illness. But Father Sinclair, who saw things more clearly than others, went one step further. The fear of death has made stouter hearts than Maglundy's quail. It is a terrific blow to one's pride and ambition to find oneself looking over a chasm and to see the efforts of a life-time on the verge of submersion. In Maglundy's case, it was a great favor God had done him, in opening his eyes. The old man recognized this; he was trying to make amends for his past life. His forty years of forgetfulness rose up continually like a mountain between himself and his Maker; and Father Sinclair had several times to encourage him

Silas Maglundy Earns

lest he should fall into despair. All was not lost, he was told.

How carve the way i' the life that lies before,
If bent on groaning for the past?

He could try to make up for wasted time by greater fervor and more assiduous care of his soul.

"I feel now that God did well to send me that illness," he told Father Sinclair, while the pastor was accompanying him up Howarth Street. "During the years I was in California, I did nothing but acquire property for the sake of becoming a millionaire. When I struck that rich lode, I saw that my goal was reached. I thought I had captured the earth. And now after it is all over, I find that if I wait long enough I shall get only six feet of it, with a coffin thrown in."

Maglundy reasoned like a philosopher, but he had become a child again in the hands of Father Sinclair, and he asked him for books of piety to occupy his leisure hours. The old man felt lonely in that great house at Howarth and Buell Streets. He considered it no longer his, but the property of the Laurenboro Library. He had reserved several rooms on the second floor for his own use, and here he used to pace up and down for hours at a time.

But these were his gloomy days. Occasionally he would brighten up, order his sleigh, and drive down-town. The news that he had donated his

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residence and twenty-five thousand dollars for library purposes had roused the enthusiasm of all who had the interests of the institution at heart. Burton had written many complimentary things about him in the *Times*, which everybody said were well deserved.

His first appearance in the Library Hall after his convalescence was the signal for an ovation. Miss Garvey was asked to read him an address, but she declined; she felt indisposed. So Clare Cayson, who had become her first and ablest assistant, read it in her stead, and it pleased the old man very much. Uncle Silas from that time forward became a general favorite with all the librarians. They no longer let Miss Garvey monopolize him when he came, as she had done on former occasions. They crowded around him and begged for stories of mining life in far-off California. Camp stories were all that Silas cared to tell. For the special pleasure of the librarians he told them how he met Bret Harte at San Jacinto; whereupon Clare sidled away and brought the happy old man a couple of that author's volumes to read.

Maglundy had a tenacious memory, and he told a story well. He became so interesting, and had so many reminiscences to relate, that the assistants waited on him in a body one day and asked him to tell them the story of his life. The large alcove, with its round table, was an ideal spot for story-tell-

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ing, and they said they should be very much obliged to him if he would come.

Of course, Maglundy promised. All this deference and attention, coming from the young ladies, tickled the old miner immensely, and he told Father Sinclair later that he got more pleasure and more satisfaction in life in listening to the innocent chattering of Miss Garvey's librarians than he felt the day he heard the cheers of the crowd surging around the cow on Blenheim Square.

Miss Garvey did not object to all this bustle about the millionaire. Since the others had taken possession of him, in his weekly visits, she kept quite aloof—it became her in her dignity of chief. She was as kind and as affable as ever; but the little lady did not know just where she stood. She was shrewd enough to know that a secret half out was no longer safe; she had never been able to learn whether the assistants knew anything about the flowers. The truth is, she did not care to ask them.

"Secrets will pop out," she mused to herself, one day; "and shouldn't I have a time with these six assistants, if mine ever did!"

CHAPTER XXVI

A Marriage—and All Ends Well

THE winter was passing away rapidly. Several heavy thaws had begun to tell on the drifts in the avenues. The huge piles of snow, relics of the December blizzard, which Mayor Bruce did not see fit to have removed to the Brono, and which accordingly gave Laurenboro a special aspect—to attract winter tourists, the Mayor said—were dwindling sensibly under the rays of the March sun. Tiny streams followed the car tracks down the hill to the river front, while here and there, on the elevations and the empty lots, could be seen tufts of last year's growth—harbingers of green grass and May flowers.

Thus came the lovely spring with rush of blossoms and
music,
Filling the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies
vernal.

A new life was coursing through the veins of Nature. Laurenboro was rising out of her sleep after the piercing cold of the North had fled, and the long cheerless winter; cheerless, in very deed, for the season just ending would long be remembered as the year of the Gottingen crisis.

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No one felt the invigorating influences of the new life more than Silas Maglundy. Every afternoon he was seen walking down Howarth Street, inhaling the fresh spring air, and receiving the congratulations of his friends on his recovery from what he himself thought was a "close call."

The legal transfer of his property had been made to Father Sinclair, pending the introduction of a bill of incorporation; and the contractors had already begun to transform the great mansion into a public library. The old man followed the work of alteration with the deepest interest. He watched every detail of the work, and asked many questions. It was he who reported progress weekly to the chief and her assistants; he made their hearts glad by the evident satisfaction at the part he was playing in the whole enterprise. All this distraction and activity had a beneficial effect on him. His physical well-being influenced his spiritual; he was consequently in the best of humor most of the time.

One day he met Burton. The editor of the *Times* was interviewing the contractors when Maglundy walked up and took his hand.

"Mr. Editor, you were hard on me once," he said, softly.

"I was once, only once, I believe," answered Burton, "but I will never be again. The work you are doing here in Laurenboro makes one forget the

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past; it is going to give you an honored name amongst us."

"Something more in it than there was in that cow on Blenheim Square, isn't there? But we are friends are we not, Burton?"

The old man clasped his hand tightly.

Burton acquiesced readily. The Blenheim Square episode, brought up so suddenly, gave the editor a nervous twitch, and he decided to change the topic as soon as he could.

"Mr. Maglundy," he ventured, "I intend to give this new Library a good send-off when it is completed, and shall make amends for hurting your feelings on a former occasion. Have you a photo of yourself? Many of my readers are anxious to see the man whose name is on everybody's lips these days."

"I have no picture of myself, Mr. Burton. Any one who wants to see Silas Maglundy may walk along Howarth Street any afternoon that it doesn't rain. Will not that meet the demand?" he asked.

"Not at all," persisted Burton. "Thousands of my readers live out of town, and they are deeply interested in your career. A sketch of your life and a half-tone will tell them all about you, and raise you in public esteem."

But the editor had overshot his mark. Maglundy was no longer the same man.

"All folly, Burton! All rank nonsense, sir!" he

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retorted. "The esteem of my fellow-citizens I appreciate, but I am not going to use artificial methods to secure it. The nearness of death taught me the vanity of many things. This is one of them. Henceforth, I will not work for the esteem of men. Anything I may do in the future shall be done to help me to save my soul. If public esteem follows that kind of work, let it come. But I will not run after it."

This logic appealed to the clear head of the editor, and he positively admired the speaker. The tremendous change that had taken place in the heart of the old millionaire made a deep impression on Burton, and he could not help telling Father Sinclair when he saw him soon after, that there were conversions besides those to the Faith.

"Certainly," replied the pastor, "and it is often a harder task to convert a Catholic than to bring one in from outside of the fold. In the present case, all that the old man needed was a good shock. He got it the day he was taken to the Providence. It was a great favor God did to him; his duty now is to persevere."

"And die happily?" added Burton, smiling.

"And die happily," echoed the pastor.

"But isn't the old gaffer going to get married? He told the Committee so?"

The question was rather blunt; but Father Sin-

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clair merely answered: "Things more improbable than that have happened."

"On my honor, if I could get the name of the future bride," said Burton, enthusiastically, "I'd give the old hero a column in the *Times*, with a 'scare head.' That marriage is perplexing me."

It was perplexing more than the editor. Father Sinclair kept his own counsel; but even he did not know how things were going to turn out. Maglundy himself was in a quandary, not as to who the party of the second part should be—that was settled long ago—but as to how he should go about it, or where the beginning of the end was to be.

One day, late in March, Miss Garvey was showing him some rare books she had just received—the chief was always in good humor every time a new instalment came. She had just told Maglundy that when the Library was transferred to his residence, she should be able to secure whole editions of such works.

"What a splendid site! I passed the door again yesterday. And what a world of good this Library is going to do for years. Mr. Maglundy," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "my whole heart is in this work."

The old man looked around; they were quite alone.

"Your whole heart? Isn't that too much to give, Miss Garvey? Could you not spare half—just half

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—for an old man whom the world calls a millionaire?
Just half?”

The world did not hear the answer. The world consequently will never know how it was done. But three days later, all Laurenboro read in the Personal Column of the *Times*:—

The marriage of Mr. Silas Maglundy, the California millionaire, and Miss Mary Garvey, one of Laurenboro's popular young ladies, is a function of the near future. The date will be announced later.

That and nothing more. But it was enough.

Meigrove nearly gasped for breath when he took up the paper that night.

“Foxy grandpa!” he shouted. “You’re a crack-erjack.”

“Land’s sake! Did you ever?” exclaimed Clare Cayson, who nearly fainted.

“Bravo! bravo!” echoed the rest of Laurenboro.

The engagement was a nine days’ wonder in the parish. Even Miss Garvey surmised it would be. Perhaps that was the reason she kept out of sight for a couple of weeks.

But everybody was pleased. The little lady found that out after her engagement to Maglundy was announced. More than a hundred notes of congratulation came to her from friends and well-wishers.

The absence of the chief from her usual post did not hinder the work in the library. Everything

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went on as usual. Maglundy did not miss a week. Regularly, every Wednesday afternoon, he dropped in with his volume under his arm, utterly oblivious of the good-natured comments of the assistants and the readers who chanced to be exchanging their books.

Clare Cayson was always kind and pleasant to the old gentleman and helped him, as Miss Garvey would have done, in choosing his book for the week. In fact, she went out of her way to oblige him, and rummaged through half a section one day to find a volume she desired him to read.

"How should you like to read K—39 : '*Fishing for Millions?*' " she asked him, meanwhile handing the book over the counter.

"That will do. A story of ocean perils, I suppose?" said he, wrapping it up carefully.

"No," replied Clare, "fishing on dry land."

"Indeed! Fishing on dry land! The work must be interesting." He never suspected what Clare was hinting at. "I shall read it with pleasure. I do not see the chief librarian here any more. Is she unwell?"

"Only indisposed," answered Clare. "I think she is busy."

"Indeed! busy."

"Yes; so she said. It must be her wedding trousseau that is keeping her away."

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“How interesting!”

And the old man left the hall without giving her one bit of news.

The main thing the assistants wished to know was whether any date had been fixed for the wedding or not. It was decided among them that a splendid wedding gift should be presented to Miss Garvey; and they, like the rest of mortals on similar occasions, were racking their brains to know what the gift should be.

Father Sinclair was appealed to. It was a solemn moment when the six assistants, with Clare Cayson at their head, appeared at the glebe-house parlor.

“Presents!” exclaimed the pastor. “Do you think, ladies, that Mr. Maglundy is not able to furnish his own home? What would the old gentleman say to this?”

“But it is the custom, Father. Everybody does it,” broke in Clare Cayson.

“And does it follow, Miss Cayson, that because everybody does it, the custom should be encouraged? I have had some experience, and I know that the wedding-present mania here in Laurenboro has become a nuisance. I am sure that if Miss Garvey were consulted, she would unhesitatingly put her foot down on it.”

“But what are we to do to show her our apprecia-

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tion?" asked Clare, who was the spokesman for the delegation.

"Allow me to suggest something," returned the pastor. "The name of Garvey is soon to be changed into that of Maglundy. It would be a pity that so well-known a name should be buried in oblivion. Why not call one of the sections in the new Library the 'Mary Garvey Section'?"

"Splendid," exclaimed all in unison.

"And fill it with fiction suitable for elderly millionaires," added Clare Cayson, laughing. "I propose that we girls"—turning to her co-workers—"present the Garvey Section with morocco-bound copies of '*The Wooing of Silas*', '*The Unwilling Bachelor*,' '*The True Ministry of Wealth*,' and '*Fishing for Millions*.'"

The assistants left the glebe-house in a high state of exultation. Nothing could have pleased them half so well as the novel wedding present, not because it was a cheap and easy solution of what is very often a dear problem, but rather because the little chief had won her way into their hearts; and they would have regretted to see her honored name forgotten.

Father Sinclair's suggestion was the result of the favorable reply he had received from the Melgroves about a similar affair. When he suggested that Helen's insurance money should be devoted to the purchase of books for the young and that the chil-

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dren's corner be called the "Helen Melgrove Section," the family at first objected to the latter clause. They were rather averse to that kind of fame. At last they yielded, when the pastor told them that it seemed to him a very appropriate way of perpetuating little Helen's memory. There was to be a "Cayson Section," a "Molvey Section," a "Graymer Section;" there was no reason why there should not be a "Melgrove Section." Such being the case, Horace Melgrove waived his title to immortality in favor of his little daughter. Greater glory was reserved in the mind of the pastor for Silas Maglundy. He had not yet decided what should be the nature of it; but it was to be something worth while.

These delicate tasks took up Father Sinclair's spare moments during the first half of the month of May. His correspondence with publishers and with the public libraries all over the country had grown so enormous that he could no longer cope with it, and he thought seriously of engaging some one to carry it on for him. He broached the subject one evening during a committee meeting.

"I hear that the Elzevir people are going to dis-pense with young Newell's services," said Molvey. "He should be able to fill the position."

"What's up?" asked the pastor, a plan suddenly dawning on him of working his way into the hearts of the Newell family.

And All Ends Well

"Simply this," replied Molvey, "the Directors of the Elzevir tried last winter to hoodwink our people by engaging a Catholic secretary. They have from the very beginning been trying to alienate sympathy from our enterprise. But they find that we are too strong for them. Their circulation has decreased one-third since Miss Garvey started to work. All this has soured them against Catholics in general; and as a result they have no further use for their secretary."

"I will write to young Newell to-morrow," said Father Sinclair. "His experience would be useful to us. And, besides, I have other motives for extending a friendly hand to that family."

Meanwhile the reconstruction of the Maglundy mansion was proceeding rapidly. Space had already been prepared for fifty thousand volumes, with room for as many more. Large cases began to arrive from the publishers. They were stored away awaiting revision. Father Sinclair urged the workmen to complete their labors before June. As an earnest of Divine protection, he desired to formally open the Library on the first day of the month consecrated to the Sacred Heart.

Burton kept the public fully informed of the progress of the work, and thereby excited the indignation of several of the Elzevir Directors, who told him it was a disgrace to journalism in a free country

A Marriage

to advocate so strongly the principles of "Sectarianism"; that Burton "ought to be ashamed of himself to become, in this enlightened age, the apostle of medievalism."

But the editor only listened. It was only another phase of the struggle that should ever be waged between Truth and Error.

It was not until the third week in May that the contractors handed the key of the reconstructed Maglundy mansion to Father Sinclair. The pastor sent it with a note to the chief librarian, inviting her to take possession of her new quarters.

The busy little lady was very much puzzled to know what he meant. He could not mean her to take possession as Miss Garvey; he should know that she was busy; he certainly could not ask her to go as Mrs. Maglundy, for the date when that title would be her own had not yet been decided on. Suddenly, the gist of the message dawned on her: she had not called on her pastor since her engagement was announced.

The next morning a very welcome hand was extended to her at the glebe-house, and God's blessing called down on her kneeling form. It was arranged that the marriage should be solemnized on the last day of May.

The rest of the tale is soon told. The wedding of the chief librarian was a gala day in the parish.

And All Ends Well

No event in recent years caused such widespread satisfaction. Clare Cayson, and her assistants, loyal to the end, had made St. Paul's as attractive as they could. A long awning covered the passage from the curbstone to the main entrance of the church. Vases of flowers—roses and bleedinghearts being omitted, however—stood on graceful pillars at intervals along the aisle, while the kneeling benches near the sanctuary rail were covered with rich tapestry.

Long before the hour appointed for the ceremony a crowd of curious persons—mostly of the gentler sex—lined both sides of the street, all intent on getting at least a passing glance at the bride and her attire. When Miss Garvey alighted from her carriage, with the Melgroves and Clare Cayson, the searching gaze of so many eyes staring at her brought a perceptible color to her cheek. She hastened up the steps and into the church where the organ overhead was pouring out a flood of music in her honor.

The millionaire was awaiting her at the altar-rail, and the marriage ceremony began immediately. To the momentous questions put by Father Sinclair, the replies were given in tones that denoted deadly earnestness in the parties interested. After the nuptial mass, the millionaire and his bride started for the Great Western station and quietly left

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for a prolonged honeymoon in the Rockies. The crowd of ladies lingered around the church door to discuss the wedding and the prospects. But the comments were of a very friendly nature. Everyone congratulated the little lady on her good fortune; and everyone congratulated Silas Maglundy on his fortune equally good.

It was during the absence of the couple that the opening of the splendid new Library Hall took place. There was no great commotion made in the flitting from the old home to the new. The books which were no longer serviceable for circulation were sent to the Seamen's Home. The new volumes which were to replace them, and the other thousands which were to be added, had already reached the revising stage. They received their individual numbers, and were then thrown into circulation. It was a delicate suggestion of the pastor that secured the "Mary Garvey Section" at a place right opposite to the main entrance. The sign, in letters plain and legible, met the eyes of readers as they entered, and told them that the familiar name of the former chief librarian would not soon die in the memory of Laurenboro. In a short while the wheelwork of the new and enlarged institution turned just as smoothly as it did in the old.

Young Kenneth Newell made an efficient secretary. So satisfactorily did he perform his duties that

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Father Sinclair thought seriously of creating the office of Library Superintendent for him. This fact, among others, not merely reconciled the elder Newell to the new order of things, but even threatened, from the trend events were taking, to provide Clare Cayson with a husband.

When the last trace of snow disappeared, Father Sinclair carried out his promise to the millionaire, and gave the designs for a classic statue of Neptune to replace the cow, which had been sent to the junk-shop. At his own expense, a marble slab, with the names of the founders, was placed in the vestibule of the new library.

Something more conspicuous was reserved for Silas Maglundy. At a secret meeting of the Committee, Horace Melgrove carried a resolution that a sum of money be set aside to raise a bronze statue to Maglundy after his demise, to perpetuate the memory of one who deserved so well of Laurenboro.

The old gentleman is still hale and hearty, and living happily in a modest home not three blocks away from his former princely mansion. In the evening of his life he may be seen sitting, with his devoted helpmate, under the shadow of a noble maple, listening to the cooing of the doves and the warbling of the song-birds, satisfied with himself and with the world at large. May many years elapse before a monument in bronze tells the story of his

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going! His kind heart, rather than his strange career, has made all the world his friend. But the question is still asked by those not in the secret:—

“Who trained Silas? Was it Father Sinclair? Or wasn't it Mary Garvey?”

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