

my child. But I know that that dream was only a continuance of my waking thoughts—the thoughts I have scarcely dared express.

Warner struck at the weeds with his cane. 'You are melodramatic,' he said, curtly. 'I cannot say that I follow you quite. The old parties went down hill, did they? Well, they look like it!'

'Yes,' she said, wearily, her passion spent, 'they went down hill. We'll look just like them some day, only worse, and Vincent won't have any nickels to give us for street car rides.'

They took the homeward trip in silence. In the lonely grandeur of their home that night Mrs. Warner went into her child's room. She had a bit of sewing in her lap, but her trembling fingers lay locked above it and her lips moved in disconnected prayer. Vincent's gentle breathing was mingled with the insistent rhythm of a small clock on the mantel, and outside in the distance the burr burr of the electric cars was borne to her ears. Only heaven knew how heavy her heart was. Early in her married life, when things first began to go wrong, she had learned that neither pleading nor storming brought her satisfactory results. Warner preferred his club to his home, and of late he was coming to count a night enjoyably spent only in gambling and debauchery.

He came into the room and stood before the fire, idly tapping his foot against the brass fender.

'Did that old lady tell you all that stuff this morning?' he asked abruptly.

'Yes,' the woman answered.

'Mighty strange dream you had,' he said, after a pause.

Mrs. Warner crushed her hands together. 'It was not strange,' she said. 'I told you that it was but a dream of what I think hourly and never cease to pray for strength to endure. It was myself and all that hurts me most. I have stayed with you so long only because I love you. The little old lady loved her husband and she stayed with him through thick and thin, but her child was strong. I know to-night that I am not made of the strength of which she was made. She stayed until the bottom of the hill was reached and after, but she had Sara. I have only Vincent, and I cannot stay—much longer—even for his sake.'

The face of the man had changed strangely. He was frowning, but he bit his lip nervously.

'Come, come,' he cried. 'What a state you are in! You are not yourself to-night. Down hill? It's not so bad as that. I know I've been pretty much of a devil, but we can pull together again. Didn't I tell you? I'm going to throw up the house at the beach and the lodge in the woods, as you suggested, and we can keep the farm. It will make Vincent a rich man some day. I will quit drinking! I will quit gambling! I will—there!' said Warner, with impatient confidence. 'Don't cry like that. God knows you have been an angel, and I do not deserve your forgiveness, but just trust me this time, dear wife, and help me to be a decent God-fearing man again.'

Mrs. Warner was trembling hysterically. 'Oh! I've prayed and prayed so,' she sobbed, 'and sometimes I have almost doubted that God would answer my prayers. I don't deserve this; I don't deserve it!'

'It is I who deserve nothing good,' said Warner humbly, with his arms about her. 'I have been so black and sinful and I have visited the fruits of my folly upon those nearest and dearest to me. We'll cure our boy by faith, little woman. God is as good as He is merciful. He will help us back to prosperity.'

And he did.—Benziger's Magazine.

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The Catholic World

ENGLAND—Golden Jubilee of a Church

Rev. Father Murphy, Superior of the Marist Community at Spitafields, is unremitting in his efforts to remove the debt from St. Anne's Church, in time to have it consecrated in September, when the golden jubilee will be celebrated. He has recently reduced it very considerably, bringing the church within 'measurable distance' of being a free one. But £300 is still wanted.

Consecration of a Bishop

The Most Rev. Dr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, on June 29, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Newcastle, consecrated Canon Collins, of Newcastle, Bishop of Selinus, and Bishop Auxiliary of Hexham and Newcastle.

Funeral of Mgr. Nugent

The funeral of the late Monsignor Nugent was the largest ever seen in Liverpool. It was estimated that from 40,000 to 50,000 persons took part in the procession from the Pro-Cathedral to the Ford Cemetery, four miles distant.

FRANCE—A Sensible Step

The French Catholics (says the 'Catholic Times') seem to be now thoroughly alarmed. They have witnessed the destruction of their schools, the expulsion of the teaching Orders, and the dispersion of countless monks and nuns. And during it all they remained passive, apathetic. But the Separation Bill appears to have awakened them to a sense of their true condition, and to a desire of improving it. They have started a new organisation, which, it is hoped, will weld together all the forces in France that make for peace, patriotism, religion, and liberty. Already the 'Action Libérale Populaire' has met with a hearty reception and bids fair to command even greater success. It upholds a programme of social reform, and seeks to bring back into every domain of civil life a perception of those Christian principles which have so largely faded out of the modern French mind. Above all, it abstains from abuse of political opponents, devoting itself to convincing the population by its works for the benefit of the toilers. Its conferences, held in various populous centres, have been well attended, and we can only trust that it will continue its propaganda until it has reformed the parliamentary representation of the country. There are over 330 Masons in the Chambers! Until these men are dismissed, little good can be expected for Catholic France.

UNITED STATES—Aged Prelates

Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, is 82, having been consecrated as Bishop of Rochester in July, 1868. Archbishop Williams, of Boston, one of the most important of the Catholic dioceses in the country, was consecrated in 1875. He was born in Boston in 1822, and is now 83. Bishop McCloskey, of Louisville, was consecrated in May, 1868. The diocese over which he presides is known in Church designation as 'Ludovicopolitana.' Bishop Hogan, of Kansas City, was consecrated as Bishop of St. Joseph in September, 1868. He was born in Limerick in 1829, and is 76. Cardinal Gibbons was consecrated as Bishop in 1868. Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, was consecrated in 1872. He was born in Tipperary in 1831, and is 74. Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, who died recently, was consecrated Bishop in 1857 at Natchez, and became Bishop of Cincinnati in 1883.

GENERAL

The Poor Man Welcome

'I am not a Roman Catholic,' says a writer in 'Everybody's Magazine,' discussing the question why the workingmen do not go to church, 'but I venture the assertion, without fear of successful contradiction, that the Roman Catholic Church is the only Church in the land into which a poor, ragged, friendless man may go and feel that he is welcome. So far as outward appearances go, all are on the same plane in this Church, whether prince or pauper. This is one reason why this great Church has such a hold on the masses of the people, for it has always stood for the people against their oppressors.' Thus it happens that the Catholic clergy are never troubled by the question, 'Why do not the working men go to church?'

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