

She drew a long breath and looked around her at the Chelsea hills, with their almost infinite variety of shapes, bathed in a glory of moonlight, at the water, with its logs, down hurrying—that dear stream of the Gatineau with all its tender associations and those peaceful shores that had witnessed her love idyll with Tom Welsh. Stretching forth her arms, for there was none to hear, she cried aloud:

'Ah, then, Tom darlin', no other man will ever put a ring on my finger. It's your wife I'll be always till we meet up above.' The echo caught up her words and repeated them weirdly; while a distant whip-poor-will emphasised by its lonely note the cold stillness of the atmosphere, contrasting with the hot, passionate heart of love and loyalty that was beating in the woman's breast.

She walked homeward with her head high in the air, looking proudly, defiantly at Billy Derham's house as it lay silent in the moonlight. Joyfully she entered that half-ruined dwelling where her children, even the boys, lay sleeping. She passed from bed to bed, looking down upon them with a blessing on her lips. When she reached the crib of the youngest, she bent over it, pressing her lips to the tiny sleeper's forehead, and crying: 'Oh, my fatherless little ones! I'll put no man over you, and least of all one that hasn't the faith in his heart.'—*The Magnificent.*

THE PRIEST AND THE DOCTOR

'Father Timothy Casey,' cried the faithful old housekeeper, who had, by the authority of long service, acquired a sort of suzerainty over the good priest's wardrobe, 'you're not dreaming of going out to the grand banquet in honor of President Wilson in that horrid green coat!'

'Why, Hannah,' said Father Casey, looking regretfully at the old coat which had been his companion for many a season in sunshine and storm, and which had such a comfortable and homelike feeling about it, 'sure you don't mean to tell me that green is a color to be ashamed of!'

To this tantalising remark Hannah's only answer was a disdainful sniff, as she bounced out of the room to fetch his new broadcloth Prince Albert, a recent gift from the sodality. Father Casey put on the grand coat with a sigh and left the house.

The banquet was a success beyond the fondest hopes of the entertainment committee. Next to Father Casey sat one of the leading physicians of the city, the renowned Doctor Bustanoby. Though a non-Catholic, he had been for years on moderately intimate terms with the priest. This evening the doctor had given himself up for the first hour or so to the pleasures of the table, and now he felt in prime condition for a spicy little discussion of some kind. He saw the opportunity he sought in Father Casey. Pushing his chair in a chummy way nearer the priest, he said:

'Father Casey, you and I have met amid at least a thousand varying circumstances during the past years. I say without flattery that you have always and invariably impressed me as a clear-headed, straight-forward American. And therefore how you of all men can actually believe a word from you will take away a man's sins is something that—that—well, that gets my goat!'

'Indeed!' was Father Casey's illuminating reply.

Clearly, the chances for a discussion were not promising; the doctor tried again.

'Don't hesitate to call me to task, Father Casey, if I am going too far, but honestly it would interest me deeply to hear how you satisfy your mind on a belief which appears diametrically opposed to modern learning and common sense.'

Now it should be observed that Father Casey had a few inflexible principles, and one of them was this: never to tolerate the popular fallacy that a Catholic must do nothing but meekly strive to answer the questions and refute the objections of his non-Catholic adversary. Indeed, the good priest believed in carrying

the war into the enemy's country and doing a fair share of the quizzing and objecting himself.

'Doctor, supposing a man knowing absolutely nothing about gasoline engines were to ask you how on earth you expected to start your big car by standing in front of it and turning a crank; and even after you had told him that that was the natural way to start such a machine, suppose he would laugh at your explanation, what would you answer?'

'It would be useless to answer anything to such a fellow until he had first learned the fundamental principles of gasoline engines in general.'

'Doctor, the Catholic Church is, so to speak, a great gasoline engine. Go and learn the fundamental principles upon which she works; then come to me, and I shall gladly explain to your complete satisfaction the forgiveness of sins in confession or any other of her numerous operations. To try to explain it to you before that would only cause us both to lose our time and perhaps our temper into the bargain.'

'Father Casey,' said the doctor, drawing himself up while there was evidence of a strong outward pressure on his broad white shirt front, 'I have long ago mastered the fundamental principles of the Catholic religion.'

'Congratulations!' cried the priest; 'I had never dreamed that your education extended thus far; we now have one topic in common which both thoroughly understand. Let me see—some of the principal points wherein Catholics and non-Catholics differ are: the doctrine on grace, free-will, and predestination, the doctrine on the infallibility of the Pope, purgatory, indulgences, the veneration of saints and images, Holy Mass, the Real Presence, and your besetting difficulty, the forgiveness of sin in confession. So you know, at least in substance, what the Catholic Church teaches on all these points. Now, for instance, state briefly what she teaches on the celebrated question of grace, free-will, and predestination.'

'Aw, come now, Father Casey, you know I don't mean that I have made a thorough investigation of all such fine, technical points as that!'

'Fine, technical points! Why, man, don't you know that it was precisely on this point that the so-called reformers broke away from the Catholic Church and founded Protestantism! Well, then, since you know nothing about that you may try your luck at Papal infallibility.'

'Ah, that's an easy one. Papal infallibility means that the Pope can't make a mistake.'

'To go out without an umbrella and get soaked in a shower is a mistake; couldn't the Pope do that?'

'Oh, that's not it. Infallibility means that he cannot make a mistake about religion—morals and religion.'

'My morals and religion are all right—at least for the sake of argument we'll suppose they are. Does the doctrine of infallibility teach that the Pope couldn't make a mistake and judge me a criminal and a heretic, and—?'

'That's it; that's an example of what your Church teaches by Papal infallibility!'

'Slowly, doctor; that's an example of your ignorance. The Church teaches nothing of the kind. One more chance: What does the Church mean by purgatory?'

'She means a place where Catholics go after they're dead.'

'All Catholics?'

'No—not all Catholics—the bad ones—the bad ones go there—and then you buy Masses to bail them out,' cried the doctor, triumphantly.

'The Church teaches that all who die as bad Catholics go to hell. Once there nothing in existence will ever bail them out. Doctor, you have not correct ideas about a single Catholic doctrine. Any child in the catechism class could show you where you are wrong!'

'Well, Father Casey, I suppose I must admit the impeachment,' cried the doctor with a hearty laugh. 'Give me a black mark in catechism, and send me to the foot of the class. However, I have one little excuse to