

the house party watching to see if Donohue and I go to Mass, although they will be too well bred to mention the subject. This snobishness on the part of well-meaning Catholics merely serves to discredit them. We are Catholics, and I for one don't intend to apologise for it, or be a Catholic on the sly when I am sure none of my stylish friends will see me.'

'All right,' Mrs. Conover sighed. 'Only, don't blame me if you lose the contract.'

'I won't blame you, no matter how it comes out. I am merely doing what I know to be the right thing.'

The sun had been up many hours before the guests at the Severance home were about next morning. Even then some preferred to have breakfast in their rooms, and so were not in the group before the log fire in the living-room when Mrs. Severance entered.

'We have lunch at 2 o'clock and dinner at 7,' she announced, 'and I want each of you to do what he likes best. You will find cards in the library and the motors in the garage are at your service. They have a good course at the country club for those who like golf, and tea is served there at 4 o'clock. I have arranged that those of you who care to go will be looked out for there.'

'Mrs. Conover and I are planning to go to church this morning,' Ralph smilingly remarked. 'We're Catholics, you know, and if there is no motor convenient, it will do us good to walk there.'

'Of course there is a motor convenient, and I'll tell the man to be ready in time. The Catholic service is at 10 o'clock and the Episcopal at 11. I'm sorry I didn't mention it before: I knew you were Catholics, too! Is there any one else for this trip? How about you, Mr. Donohue?'

Donohue reddened as he caught his wife's glance.

'Oh, I guess not to-day, thank you.'

The Monday morning sunshine poured itself over lower Manhattan, touching with a thousand lights the wondrous skyline of down-town New York. Pile on pile the mighty buildings, rising proudly above their more modest fellows, lured hundreds of thousands of workers to the weekly toil.

In the Director's Room of the Intercontinental Railway offices half a dozen chairs had been hastily pushed back from the mahogany table and a uniformed clerk was gathering up pencils and pads.

President Henry Severance shook hands with the departing directors and passed through a door at the rear into his private office. He did not go to his desk, but stood looking out over the splendid panorama below him. He was going over in his mind the results of the directors' meeting, and thinking of the opportunities they had placed in the way of a young man. Severance had passed the meridian of life. He had won the battle for success and had realised his reward in wealth, power, and distinction. Yet he felt that he would willingly give it up to be young again and have the joy of conflict and victory that he felt sure was in store for the man he was about to summon. Going to his desk, he pressed a button. His secretary responded.

'Get Mr. Conover on the wire and ask him to come to my office.'

In ten minutes Conover was there.

'Mr. Conover,' the president began, 'our directors met to-day and gave final consideration to the awarding of the bridge contract. I don't mind telling you that the decision lay between Donohue and yourself. Both bids were substantially the same: the standing and reputation of the bidders were equally satisfactory. But there is an element in every contract that does not appear in the papers—the element of character. That is what counts most, after all, in the business world. They had asked my report on that, and that was why I invited you both to my home.'

'It was your stand on the matter of going to church that influenced my final decision. I am not a church member, but I understand the Catholic attitude and I like to see a man true to his convictions. I may or may not agree with him—we can't all see alike—but

they are his convictions and he is known by them. If a man is faithful to his ideals, to the religion to which he is pledged, it shows that he has the one thing most needed in business—character. It shows that he will be faithful in other matters, faithful when no one is looking.'

'This is, in substance, what I reported to the directors, and they closed the contract by awarding it to you on a unanimous vote.'

Ralph was too excited to do more than nod his thanks and acceptance.

'And, now the matter is settled, I want you to come to lunch with me? We can go over the details then.'

'Certainly,' said Ralph. 'You don't mind my using the telephone a minute, do you? I want to send a message,' here Ralph smiled—it's to my wife.'—*Rosary Magazine.*

FRIAR BERTRAND'S CANDLE

Swithin Corby was not a man of imaginative gifts. The things of any other world than his own pleasant material sphere troubled him scarce a whit. In point of fact such thoughts, especially nowadays, but rarely so much as occurred to him. Despite which he was quite a regular attendant at the new services which her Grace, the second Tudor queen, had seen fit to enforce upon her liege's conscience.

Yet untroubled in this way, he was by no means, therefore, immune altogether from the universal experience of suffering. It is true that of the two greatest—almost the only—misfortune of his life, one had been for years now entirely unfeared and unheeded, while the gnawing of the second had long been appeased by a sacrifice which had drugged it to insensibility, soothed it to rest. And these two misfortunes were intimately connected. Swithin Corby was not a recusant, but an apostate. He was also (and he knew it) a coward.

Physical cowardice had been the misery and the secret shame of his early life. From childish hours, all the years of boyhood, aye, and of manhood through, until that dark day which it had taken long to forget, this agony of weakness had tormented and unnerved him. He had striven with it and it had been observed only by the few who knew and loved him best. And they grieved, for they read the signs of the troubled times. Many and grave, though affectionate, had been the warnings of his dead father and mother, and of far-sighted Father Bertrand Shuttleworth, the Dominican, who had been his confessor and friend until the heavy hand of the pursuivant had come between them. For 'Christ's prisoner,' as he smilingly styled himself, never robust at the best, had fallen sick on the long road to London, dying ere he reached it. Yet, despite warning and prayer, all had fallen out as their worst fears had dreaded.

Swithin Corby had one day been put to the test that few of 'the household of the faith' in those times might hope to escape. He had been asked to choose between his faith and the world, between the surrender of the pearl of great price and the surrender of himself to suffering and death. (Not alone the clergy, but the laity also suffered under the Penal Laws. It was felony, punishable with death by the Act of 1585 to harbor a priest. Rejection of the Royal Supremacy in Henry VIII's time, and, in Elizabeth's time, the receiving of absolution, constituted high treason. And, thanks to the Act of 1585, 'the merest trifle was enough to make out that the layman was the priests' entertainer,' and so to multiply martyrs who might win their crowns by the mere lending of a cap or offering of a drink to a priest in the hands of authorities.) And he had chosen. Not in a moment of panic, although, indeed, in terror! not hastily, but deliberately. He had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

What heart-searchings had harrowed the young squire, so long a frequenter of the exquisite little Gothic priory church, now a defaced ruin, it was impossible to guess. But he had never given a single outward sign