

waters of divine grace. The Sacraments, we know, infallibly produce or increase grace when there is no obstacle in the way, and surely there is not much reason for anxiety on that score here. Further, children need to be forearmed, seeing that, as the *Imitation* reminds us, 'the senses of man are prone to evil from his youth, and unless Thy divine medicine succor him, man quickly falls to worse.' Holy Communion, according to the Council of Trent, is a most efficacious remedy against mortal sin, for besides giving the all-important blessing of divine grace, it forms habits of prayer and self-control, which in the case of children will readily take possession before the passions awake and corrupt the heart. The robe of baptismal purity is most likely to be kept spotless, when by frequent Communion the child abides in Christ and Christ in it.

The Storyteller

A TUG-OF-WAR

'I'll not hear of it, madam; I'll not hear of it.' Professor Weatherby brought down an emphatic fist on his desk with a force that made his pile of Greek folios jump.

'I am surprised, Mrs. Weatherby, that, knowing my principles as you do, you should have considered the matter for a moment. I'll not have it, I say—once for all!'

'But, Amos, my dear, things have gone so far now,' was the gentle but dismayed protest. 'The engagement has been announced; Iris is busy with her trousseau. I never dreamed that you would make any objection to this.'

'I do, madam, I do. I'll not have any Romish priest marrying my daughter under my very roof, madam. I'll not have it. Devon's faith or religion, or whatever he calls it, was an objection to me from the first, but I know how such things count with young men in these modern days, and, as he is a fine fellow otherwise, I did not think it worth while to make a stand. But I do make a stand now.'

'His uncle, to whom he is much attached, is the priest,' ventured Mrs. Weatherby.

'So much the worse, so much the worse,' was the irate answer. 'I'd be very glad to call the whole matter off. I have tried to bring my daughter up free and untrammelled by any creeds or dogmas or priestcraft. Devon seemed to me rather a clear-headed, clever young chap, and as long as Iris fancied him—'

'She loves him with all her heart, Amos, and I fear—I fear this may make some trouble.'

It will, Mrs. Weatherby, it will,' and there was an angry spark in the professor's eye. 'If you attempt to introduce any Romish priest, with his superstitions and mummery, into my house, there will be trouble indeed. I'll turn him out, madam; turn him out, neck and crop, I warn you.' And the fierce frown that darkened the speaker's brow quite appalled his gentle helpmate, accustomed as she was to the eccentric orbit of the professor's way.

It was usually a way as remote and aloof from all domestic disturbance as the path of the Pleiades; never before, in all Mrs. Weatherby's twenty years of married life, had she seen him like this.

It was as if the Pierian spring had suddenly burst into a boiling geyser, the calm heights of Parnassus darkened with a tropic storm. For beyond his tri-weekly lecture in the great college on the hill, where he filled a 'chair' generally regarded as an ornamental antique in the equipment of an institution thrilling with the live wires of modern progress, the professor lived and moved and had his being in the pagan past. Ancient Greece, its poetry, its art, its philosophy, had been the study of his life.

For ten years he had been laboring on a monumental work, 'The Comparative Philosophies of Ancient Greece,' which for the last six months had been making its slow serial way through the pages of the *University Bulletin*, sadly unnoticed amid articles flash-

ing with later-day interests, of aeroplanes and electrical engineering.

But recently his pale, classic flame had been reinforced by a kindred ray. Greek had joined Greek—a brilliant and masterful review of his work had appeared in the pages of the *Bulletin*, and had attracted universal attention.

'Thucydides,' as the writer signed himself, did honor to his classic name and fame, yet he wielded a pen tipped with modern fire. It was brought to bear upon 'The Comparative Philosophies of Ancient Greece' with a touch that could both scorch and illumine. 'Thucydides' had not only studied—he had travelled, he had seen, he had delved in mines far beyond the professor's reach; old libraries and old manuscripts had yielded their treasures to him; he had caught a light in the pagan darkness which the author of 'The Comparative Philosophies of Ancient Greece' had missed, and it shone radiantly from his brilliant pages. It was the Light of the old Greek sages, standing upon their mountain tips, had seen faintly flushing the Eastern sky, the Light that was to renew the Earth.

The professor was a loving father. His beautiful Iris was the idol of his home and heart, but Iris and the stormy scene of the morning were altogether forgotten as the old Greek student cut the leaves of the new *Bulletin* with trembling hands, to find 'Thucydides' again in brilliant evidence in its pages—to see his own loved work glowing under the reviewer's pen as it never had glowed to a reader's eye before.

'I must know him,' murmured the professor, his author's soul stirred to its depths—'I must meet him. Such scholarship, such sympathy, such—such appreciation of my years of work. And though we don't agree about Aristotle, he puts his case fairly, and I'd like to argue it out with him at leisure—I'd travel a thousand miles to meet this "Thucydides" face to face.' And, taking up his pen, the professor indited a letter, which he directed, in 'Care of the Editor of the *Bulletin*,' and dispatched it at once.

* * * * *

'I didn't think it of you, Jack, I couldn't.' Mr. Jack Devon's priestly uncle and guardian leaned back in his chair and surveyed his nephew with unusual disapproval in his eyes. 'After all my care of you, to fall in love with an out-and-out little heathen.'

'Oh, no, no, Uncle Hugh, not a heathen!' protested the young man eagerly. 'Rather a beautiful young soul to whom faith has been denied. She will turn to it—she is turning already, like a flower to the sun—'

'Well, I hope so,' answered Uncle Hugh, with a doubtful sigh. 'For your sake as well as hers, I hope so. But I don't put much trust in Cupid as a missionary, Jack. It's not in his line. I have no doubt the young lady is most charming, or she would never have won your heart; but she is of heathenish stock that I fear will out-balance all your hopes for her. The father is as out-and-out a pagan as ever lived before Christ. "Old Zeus" our students used to call him from the omniscient tone of the essays that sometimes reached us on the other side of the water; regular thunderbolts of essays they were—thunderbolts without any lightning in them,' added Father Hugh, with a laugh. 'How does he take to you, Jack?'

'Take to me!' echoed the young man lightly. 'Really, I haven't given the old pater much thought. Of course, I approached him as the conventions demanded, and we had the usual interview, during which he seemed to be looking vaguely beyond me into some Hellenic past. But the mother has taken to me all right—a dear little woman who regards the professor as if he were Zeus indeed, a being throned on some far Olympian heights, who must be loved and served without question.'

'Well, I'm glad they have some Christian ideas about marriage, at any rate,' said the priest dryly; 'I thought those might be pagan with all the rest.'

'Now, don't, don't be too hard on us, Uncle Hugh.' Jack had seated himself on the arm of his uncle's chair, and stolen a coaxing hand to that gentleman's broad shoulder.

"Pattillo"

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