

of four little Thorpes came up before him, and with it, the realisation of the utter futility of further argument. A moment later, pale and tight-lipped, he resumed his seat. He had known for some years that Jasper Sewell was a fallen-away Catholic; and though he had never learned the reason, had often prayed that his employer would some day be brought back into the fold. His anger died but slowly as he thought of the possible destruction, through any agency of Jasper Sewell's, of the quaint old cottage across the street. He, for one, would mourn its passing.

An hour later, Jasper Sewell put on his coat and hat. "I'm going over to see Bolton about that property," he announced, and there was just a trace of malice in his tone. "A month from now there will be an empty lot over there!" Alan Thorpe did not look up, nor deign to reply.

Andrew Bolton's real estate office lay but a square away. Five minutes later Jasper Sewell entered without ceremony, the dingy, littered little room which served as Bolton's sanctum.

"Morning, Andrew," he greeted with the easy manner of an old acquaintance.

Bolton, a thin, gray, weazened little man, looked up over his spectacles.

"Hello, Jasper. What can I do for you this morning?" he queried, indicating a chair.

"I want to buy that property of yours across the street from my place," his visitor answered promptly. "There's a lot of ground back of that cottage going to waste."

"Hm! You mean the house occupied by Mr. Wethering?"

"Exactly."

"What do you want to do with it?" Andrew Bolton queried, stroking his chin reflectively.

"Well, I've been considering putting up a warehouse some place, and have come to the conclusion that it is about the best location in the city. What do you say? Will you sell it?"

"Well, y—es. What will you give me for it?"

"Ten thousand. That's more than it is worth, but I'm willing to strain a point to get it." Jasper Sewell declared with finality.

"You're on, Jasper. I'm a little short of money these days, anyway."

Jasper Sewell immediately produced his cheque book and wrote a cheque for the purchase. "You can mail the deed to me at the office. See you later, Andrew." And as he bent his steps towards the quaint little cottage, a look of smug complacency crept over his face.

Five minutes after he had left Andrew Bolton's office he entered the well-kept yard of the Wethering place. A small, still voice seemed to speak to him and, for a brief moment, his steps faltered, indecision written in his face. An abrupt turn in the hedge-bordered walk brought him face to face with the man whom he had determined to oust from the neighborhood. At his side stood the golden-haired child. Jasper Sewell stared into the sightless orbs of Philip Wethering and winced inwardly under the direct gaze. How fine and clear and gray they were!

The old man smiled as Jasper came close, and arched his brows inquiringly. The scoffer cleared his throat.

"Mr. Wethering, I presume?"

The patriarch smilingly nodded assent.

"My name is Jasper Sewell," continued the visitor briskly. "I have called upon you about a little matter of business—"

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Sewell, indeed," Philip Wethering replied graciously, "Won't you have a chair?" indicating with that vague gesture, peculiar to a blind person, a chair close by. "This is my grandson, sir, Billy, this gentleman is Mr. Sewell. Billy—"

"He's running down the steps after his ball," Jasper Sewell interposed.

Philip Wethering turned. "Billy, don't go into the street! Excuse me one moment, sir—"

Suddenly the gray, stooped figure quickened its pace. Almost at a run it went down the steps into the noisy street, with an accuracy of direction which, for a blind man, was surprising. Jasper Sewell, the sceptic, the

scoffer, stared in amazement. He doubted even for a brief moment, that the old man was really blind. A pose perhaps, an obsession of a lunatic. Suddenly the harsh, metallic clang of an electric car dispelled his unkind thought. He started, his face blanching with horror. A tiny figure fell prostrate across the track in the path of the oncoming mass of steel, one small hand outstretched in forlorn hope for a crimson rubber ball, a moment more and—death—No! a slender, stooped, gray figure dashed in front of the dangerously near car, and cheated the grinding wheels of their prey; it stumbled, recovered and stumbled again, falling to its knees, but holding within its grasp, a tiny frightened child.

The scoffer hid his face in his hands. "God in Heaven—that old man! Blind." He wanted to shout "bravo," but a lump arose in his throat. At that instant the Light shone down upon Jasper Sewell. Dazedly he went toward the steps, his eyes suspiciously moist.

The gray figure with its beloved burden had already risen to its feet and was coming up the steps towards him. Never, till his dying day, did Jasper Sewell forget the beatific smile upon the old man's face, nor his delirious cry of joy as he gained the sanctuary of the rose garden, and sank to his knees, his eyes turned to Heaven, his lips moving in fervent prayer.

"Mr. Sewell, rejoice—with me—my sight—returned in time! I see—I see—Billy, you are—fair like—your mother was!"

Jasper Sewell turned away. The faith of the blind the sublimity of it all! How truly had Alan Thorpe spoken! A great longing welled up in his soul. He wanted to go to St. Stephen's to pray. Still dazed, he made his way into the street.

During the noon hour, when Alan Thorpe made his daily visit to the Sacrament, he found Jasper Sewell with head bowed in silent prayer.

There was a happy supper party in a secluded corner of the rose garden early that evening, Jasper Sewell and Alan Thorpe were there, likewise Philip Wethering and little Billy, his cherubic countenance scrubbed to a nicety.

"Billy," Jasper Sewell asked. "Would you care if I came here to live with you and Grandpa?"

"O, no, sir," answered Billy promptly. "Would we, Grandpa?"

"I'll come to-morrow, then," Jasper Sewell announced with finality. "And Billy," he continued, drawing out a folded paper, "I have a present for you and Grandpa, and you must accept it!" The paper he spread out upon the table before them was the deed to the property across the street from Sewell and Company.—*The Lamp.*

### Cardinal Cullen and the Propaganda

Our Rome correspondent writes:—

A little bit of Roman history evidently needs recalling. The revolution of '48 witnessed an attack on the colleges of Rome. Propaganda College was marked down for seizure, but it had at the time Monsignor Paul Cullen as temporary Rector. When the danger became more than imminent and when the orders to surrender the buildings were on the point of being enforced, the Irish prelate went to the official British representative here in Rome to get him to induce the English Government of the day to interfere for the protection of an establishment in which a not inconsiderable amount of Irish money was invested in the form of burses. The British Government refused to interfere. Then the Irish Monsignore presented himself to the agent of the United States Government; this latter gentleman made representations to his Government, and as a result of his official activities the Propaganda College was saved. Now, after 70 years, the anxious day when the British Government was quite prepared to let the historic buildings fall into the hands of revolutionaries is quite forgotten, and the ecclesiastical institution which was saved only by the courage and pertinacity of the Irish prelate is courteously absorbed into the British colleges in Rome. Verily, it is a story that is not without its lessons. The studious reader who desires the details of this achievement of the famous Rector of the Irish College who afterwards became Paul, Cardinal Cullen, will find the whole matter set forth in the pages of Monsignor George Dillon's book, *The War of Antichrist on the Church.*