

in it that he was about to take to the bank. So many of us were passing in and out that I fancied the suspicion was not likely to fall upon me more than another, and I put the wallet in my pocket and went out to lunch as usual, taking the opportunity to run round to my boarding house and hide the money before going back. When I returned to the office the place was in an uproar. The money had been missed and old Wayington was raving about like a madman. Everyone had to submit to being searched, as you no doubt remember; but as half of the staff had been out for lunch of course the search was useless. You have reason to remember how that afternoon passed and the misery everyone was in. Well, as soon as five struck I hurried home and secured the wallet and was just about to set off with it to pay my persecutor when I heard strange voices downstairs, and looking over the balustrades I saw a detective coming up; a man I knew very well by sight, as it happened.

"It flashed upon me at once that Wayington had set him to hunt down the thief before the money should have been got rid of, and I felt myself in a trap. He would certainly not let me go until he had searched my room and myself thoroughly. My heart died within me and I looked about for a means of escape. Your room, you remember was next to mine, and had two doors; one leading into the hallway and the other into my room. I knew you never looked either, and so I slipped back into my own room, passed into yours, and threw the wallet into your trunk, which was standing open. Then I went back again and met the detective as he entered my room.

"Of course a search followed. He went into every nook and cranny, and searched me from head to foot—I am sure he suspected me, for I must have looked guilty—of course he found nothing to reward him. He went into your room and I went with him, he hunted nearly everywhere before he went to the trunk, and I was hoping he would not touch it, for it did not look a likely hiding place with the lid flung back the way it was. He did go into it however and—and—you know the rest.

"There was no one to prove that you had not visited your room since morning—the street door was open all day and you might have gone in and out a dozen times without being noticed—so your only defence broke down and you were punished for my crime while I stood by and held my peace. When I think of it I wonder how you can forgive me."

He paused exhausted, and Anthony gave him a spoonful of wine. "Don't say any more about it," said the latter sadly, "you didn't do it through spite or malice, but just to save yourself. Let it go now, it is all over and I am none the worse, thank God."

"You shall be none the worse, for I have put a written confession in the hands of the doctor who attends me, with instructions to publish it as soon as I am dead," said the sick man, feverishly. "I meant to die without trying to see you, but I could not. I dared not face the next world until I knew you had forgiven me. Surely God will not refuse what His creature grants. Do you think He will?"

"God never refuses to hear the penitent sinner," said Anthony, reverently. "Have you—have you seen a clergyman?"

He felt diffident about asking the question, for Preston was not of the household of faith.

The sick man shook his head wearily. What good can they do me? he asked. "Read a chapter of Scripture and extemporize a prayer; I can do that myself. If I had time enough left me I'd study up your religion. It must be immensely comforting to you Catholics to believe that the Lord allows His ministers to assure you of forgiveness, so that you won't go out of life in a state of uncertainty. But I'm too late for that now, and must take my chance."

"Not at all, if you are thoroughly in earnest," said Anthony, eagerly. "Since you don't care to have one of your own ministers, will you have one of mine?"

"If you think he can help me, bring him by all means," said Preston. "Who knows, perhaps he may be able to give me back the peace of mind I lost twelve months ago, when I wronged you so terribly. Do you know, Greyson," he added, with a ghost of a smile, "I think you are responsible for the disease that is taking me off, because I went to the dogs altogether after that time. My sins didn't avail me much, after all, for old Wayington gave me the bounce before you'd been in gaol a month. Heigho! What a hand I've made of myself. But go now, like a good chap, and bring one of your priests to me; he may be able to patch my poor soul up a bit before it sets out on its long voyage."

The anxiety in his sunken eyes gave a denial to the seeming flippancy of his words, and Anthony went away with a warm thrill of exultation in his heart. Surely to help this poor storm-beaten derelict into port was a revenge worth having!

Half an hour afterwards he returned in company with a gray-haired priest, whom thirty years of missionary labour had familiarised with all the weakness and frailties of poor human nature. A man who had been all things to all men that he might gain them to Christ.

Leaving the Father with the dying man, Anthony sought out the hospital authorities and arranged with them to remove him into a private ward, where he and the priest could have access to him at all hours. This done he went away, treading upon air, to recount to his kind patron all that had befallen him.

Mr. Leduc congratulated him warmly, and then marched out to the other office and informed the clerks that Mr. Greyson's character had been cleared of all stain, and that they should know the name of the real criminal before long.

It was, however, nearly a fortnight before Gilbert Preston passed away, comforted and sustained by the Sacraments of the Church, into which he had been brought almost by a miracle. Friends, old and new, flocked around Anthony Greyson when his innocence was established, and Mr. Wayington would fain have had him back at almost double his former salary, but Anthony was faithful to the interests of Mr. Leduc, to whom he felt he was under obligations that he could never repay.

Years have passed since then, and the one time convict is now a prosperous merchant, distinguished amongst his fellow-merchants for honesty and integrity, but especially known by those who know him best as an ardent and zealous promoter of the devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in whose honour his life and fortune are spent.—*The Irish Catholic*.

## The Catholic World.

**BELGIUM.—Catholic Activity.**—So far from being in that moribund state which Mr. Price Hughes would have his Protestant friends believe, at no period in the world's history was the Catholic Church more active, more solicitous as to the necessities of the masses, or more abreast of the spirit of the times than she is at the present day. The very latest evidence of her activity is the work she is carrying on to-day to ameliorate the condition of the masses in Belgium and raise them from that slough of despair they had fallen into through the non-fulfillment of the alluring prospects so speciously held out to them by socialistic agitators. A prominent writer states: "Within the past few years there has been a very remarkable increase in the number of mutual aid societies in Belgium. In the course of last October no fewer than fifty-two such societies received legal recognition, and thus became entitled to the usual State subsidy. Catholics have been prompt to see the utility of those institutions for the working classes, and they have accordingly exerted themselves actively in their propagation."

A "Cercle de Propagande" was established in May 1896, under the patronage of the Catholic Association of the arrondissement. The "Cercle" is a group of lecturers who organise meetings in the rural districts, and deliver "conferences" or addresses on topics of Catholic interest. At the start eleven members joined—the number has since increased to 52—and six months after its foundation the "Cercle" celebrated its 200th conference. Leaflets and pamphlets bearing on political, social, and Catholic questions were distributed at every meeting. Since its establishment in May, 1896, about 400 addresses have been delivered by the members of the "Cercle," not a bad record of work for a year and a half. The speakers receive no remuneration for their services—theirs is a labour of love.

**The Basis of Protestant Criticism.**—Here then is a sample of the "facts" upon which Protestant champions base their diatribe against the Catholic Church. The Protestant alliance was recently inveighing against the Catholic Church as to the alleged practises said to obtain in convents of using instruments of torture for penitential purposes. The Society's lecturers were challenged to give the name of a *single* convent where such practises existed, but failed to do so. And here is the explanation of the lecturer as it appeared in the *Rock* (the well-known Protestant newspaper) "We do not profess to give or state the name of any single convent where the penitential articles are in use." No doubt (says a critic) for the obvious and sufficient reason that "we" couldn't and can't. Mr. Fowler says that what "we (of the Protestant Alliance) state is that they are for use in convents, and our authority is St. Liguori." The Protestant Alliance, therefore

- (1.) Exhibit a number of instruments of torture.
- (2.) Say they are for use in convents.
- (3.) Cannot name one convent where they are used, but
- (4.) Justify their action by citing what St. Liguori said generally about discipline over a hundred years ago.

There are in the Tower of London—and several other places—numerous articles of torture which were used by Protestants. Suppose Catholics hawked such things about the country, described them as used by Protestants, and when asked to name a present user referred the querist to the history of the Elizabethan period! What happier illustration of the true nature of Protestant Alliance "argument" than this? If desperate cases require desperate remedies Continental Socialism must be in a bad way indeed.

**Throwing off the Mask.**—The good work that is being carried on amongst the working classes in Belgium by the Catholic clergy will be all the better appreciated after the little incident which occurred at a socialistic gathering recently held at Flemalle, near Huy. Putting a question to the meeting a speaker said: "Let us suppose, that all of us here in this room decided to go on strike, and that all of us except five or six 'companions' left off work. If, seeing their obstinacy, I were to kill one or other of these five or six 'companions' who refused to join the strike, would I have done right? Answer: 'Yes.' or 'No.'" The answer was not long in coming, for immediately from every part of the hall there were loud cries of "Yes, yes; death to him!"

**ENGLAND.—Proposed Peerage for Cardinal Vaughan.**—A rumour has gained currency and is exciting no little discussion at Home that the Duke of Norfolk has been bringing his influence on Lord Salisbury with the view of inducing him to admit his Eminence Cardinal Vaughan to the House of Lords. No more vivid testimony of the altered position of England towards the Catholic Church could be adduced than that such a proposition should be even seriously discussed. But the fact appears to be that the proposal is meeting with approval in some quarters, though as might naturally be expected the opinions expressed by the press and those uttered from the pulpit are widely divergent on the subject. The pressmen see no objection to such a step, but on the contrary much appropriateness, for, casting their glance back over England's past they recognise that princes of the Catholic Church, men like Cardinal Langton, helped most decisively in laying the foundations of English freedom, and that Cardinal Vaughan's presence in the House of Lords would at least mean the resumption of the chain of historic continuity. The Protestant preachers and prelates are apparently much less inclined to give their assent.