

write Emma Ray while she was away, it would please her so much, and she thought of a fine sentiment to put in the letter. She would say that she had never realised her own littleness so much as when she had her first glimpse of the mountains, and she did not know that in reality she realised her own superiority instead of her littleness. They reached the hotel, and she was shown to her room. She felt a slight inward tremor, because she had never been in a hotel before, but she fairly strutted across the office, holding her bonneted head high, with her little checked shawl still over her shoulders. And she carried out her intention of slipping on her black silk skirt and her white cambric sacque, in which to appear at supper. But for the first time in her life Maria Gorham had an awed sensation as she saw the other women sweep into the dining room in evening gowns. She looked around furtively, and she saw not another woman in a sacque. But she was not easily daunted, not even when some other ladies in low neck gowns seated themselves at her table, and she saw them looking askance at her sacque.

She ordered her supper with dignity and ate it, and when she had finished she marched stiffly the whole length of the dining room. They had placed her at a table at the extreme end. She heard furtive chuckles, but she did not admit that they were laughing at her, Maria Gorham, and that she did not still believe in her sacque and its entire appropriateness to the occasion, and she would not weaken. She went into the music room and seated herself composedly and listened to the orchestra and watched the young people dance. When at last she went up to her room and divested herself of the sacque, she did not own that she would not wear it again to supper while she was in the hotel. Instead she hung it up carefully with a little defiant air, under the crotone curtain which served in lieu of a closet on one side of the room. 'I don't care what other folks wear, I rather think I have a right to wear anything I choose which is tidy and comfortable,' she told herself. The next morning she attired herself in the pink wrapper and went down to breakfast, and she was soon aware that not another woman in the dining room wore a wrapper. She became aware that furtive fun was made of her. The people in the hotel were, on the whole, a well-bred and good-natured lot, and were incapable of downright ridicule. But now Maria Gorham's spirit was up. Out on the verandah she went and walked up and down, holding up her wrapper daintily. Then she sat down on one of the verandah chairs and watched people pass her with furtive stares at her wrapper, and she felt fairly warlike. She said to herself that she would not persist in wearing the white cambric sacque to supper, since she had not planned that, although if there came a warm night when she did not feel like putting on a tight dress she would wear it, but as for the wrapper, she would not give in one whit. It was a pretty wrapper and nicely made, trimly belted with a pink ribbon. She had intended to wear it mornings during her stay at the hotel, and she would wear it. And she did, but as the time went on she suffered tortures. Ridicule was the hardest thing in the world for one of her kind to endure. Open warfare would have been more to her liking, but ridicule it was that she had to prepare herself for every morning, and ridicule the worse because it was covert and could not be met with open resentment. Several times in the evening when she was wearing one of her best dresses, which somehow seemed not so fine as she had thought them, she heard herself alluded to as the woman who wore the wrapper mornings. She knew that was the name she went by, but the more she suffered the more obstinate she grew. She walked the verandah in her wrapper. She even climbed a mountain, a small one, marching to the summit as grimly and unflinchingly as the youth in 'Excelsior,' holding up the wrapper carefully above her starched petticoat. She wore on that expedition her little bonnet with a small black lace veil, and the black flies crawled under the veil and bit her cruelly. The next day her face was so swollen that she was obliged to call in the hotel physician, and it was on that day that Mrs. Evans came in the afternoon. There was a gentle knock at Maria's door, and Maria said, 'Come in,' and a woman as gentle as the knock entered and asked if she could not do something for her. She had heard that she was ill. Maria answered gratefully at first, but then she caught a swift glance at the other woman's eye at the pink wrapper, a fold of which obstructed from behind the calico curtain, and she understood that this woman, sweet and gentle and kind-hearted as she was, had looked upon her in the wrapper as the others had. Then she spoke grimly, 'al- though grimness only lent renewed absurdity to her distorted face. 'There is nothing you can do, thank you,' she said. 'I have had medical advice.' The 'medical advice' alone would have proclaimed her the

school teacher. The other woman was rather persistent in her kindness. She offered to read to her, but Maria refused more and more brusquely. The woman went away, but soon she sent by a bellboy a plate of grapes, having selected the choicest from some which had been sent to her from New York.

A week later the woman called again on Maria, and she spoke out with exceeding sweetness, which still had a sting in it. 'What a lovely wrapper that is you are wearing,' said the woman.

Maria's face changed. She looked at her suspiciously, although she answered with dignity. 'Thank you,' she said.

'What a pity it is that wrappers, no matter how pretty they are, are not worn in large hotels,' said the woman. Then her face colored piteously before the indignation in Maria's.

'It does not make the slightest difference to me what is worn in hotels, or is not worn in hotels,' said Maria sternly. 'I wear whatever I please as long as it is tidy and respectable.'

The next morning Maria in her wrapper shook hands with the woman, as she went out of the hotel on her way up to the train. 'I do hope you don't lay up anything against me,' said the other woman.

'Not at all,' said Maria, briskly and kindly. Then the woman went her way. She was the only one of the guests who had spoken to Maria, and she had been in the hotel two weeks. Nobody at all spoke to her during the remaining two weeks of her stay. Maria was, on the whole, more lonely than she had ever been in her life, and she did more thinking. She thought a good deal about Dexter Ray. She thought how, if she had a husband with her like many of the other women, she would not have felt so defenceless and isolated in her wrapper, which she had begun to regard as a matter of principle. She felt sure that Dexter would admire the wrapper. She could see just the kindly, worshipful expression that would come into his brown eyes at the sight of her in it.

Two days before Maria went home she wrote to Emma Ray, and told her when she was coming, and asked her and her brother to come in and spend the next evening with her. Maria was pale when she posted the letter in the little hotel office. She had never asked Dexter to spend the evening with her before, and she knew what it would mean.

Emma Ray, when she got the letter the day before Maria's return, read it aloud to Dexter. When Emma read that Maria would like to have them both in and spend the evening, the brother and sister looked at each other. Dexter's homely, faithful face flushed, then turned very pale. Emma gazed at him with the sympathy of a mother, rather than of a sister. Nobody knew how she had pitied him, and how hard she had tried to help him. She smiled with the loveliest unselfishness, then she looked again at the letter in her hand. 'Guess Maria has been eatin' humble pie,' she thought to herself, then she reflected how much she thought of Maria and her brother, and how glad she was. 'Well, I guess Maria thinks that the old friends that she always set store by her are the best, after all,' she said, and a moral perfume, as of the sweetness of humility itself, seemed to come in her face from the letter.—Exchange.

## The Catholic World

### AFRICA—Mission to the Copts

The mission entrusted to the Jesuit Fathers by Leo XIII. in 1879, to bring about in Upper Egypt a reconciliation with the Coptic Churches, is being successfully carried out under the direction of the Rev. Pere Neuritt. Two large colleges have been opened at Cairo and at Alexandria, and the number of Copts now reconciled is estimated at over 20,000.

### BELGIUM—Peter's Pence

The Peter's Pence which the Catholic pressmen of Belgium are about to present to the Holy Father will be used by his Holiness for the erection of parochial churches in the new quarters of Rome.

### CEYLON—Catholic Progress

On January 24 was celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of the Most Rev. Dr. Melizan, Archbishop of Colombo, Ceylon. In the course of an address the Coadjutor-Bishop said: 'Since the day of your Grace's consecration in 1880 and the day of your arrival in Ceylon in 1868, what progress has our religion made here! Then there were no such flourishing Catholic institutions as we see to-day; no