

resisted other temptations, fought other battles, only to fall a victim to this passion forbidden me? I must, I shall conquer it. I am strong and determined.' And so the hours went on, and the battle raged fiercely. 'Felicia means happiness; she is born for that. And Tegner is upright, and physically her equal—I wish he were less selfish—but the love of such a woman must redeem him from his weaknesses.' Engel thought. With the morning came an outward calm. Engel met Felicia at the breakfast table as usual. He found that he must meet her often. He could not avoid her without her suspecting his unhappiness. One night when they had been discussing a book, she turned to him suddenly: 'Something troubles you; are we not near enough friends to tell me? My father confided in me; I like people to be happy. Would the telling lighten your care?' A wistful look came into her dark eyes. Engel could hardly bear it, but his mouth hardened insensibly.

'I am afraid you are imaginative, Miss Oliver,' he said. 'I am matter-of-fact, used to settling my business worries in short order.'

'Did you never tell your mother any of your troubles?—of course, I don't mean for a moment that I could be like her—but your father has told me of her, and I have seen her picture. I cannot imagine you un-influenced by her; her face is lovely, with a certain strength and sweetness.'

'She was a rare creature—I didn't half appreciate her. Do men ever do that to their mothers until too late?'

'Do you mind talking of her?' Felicia asked softly.

Engel's mental attitude changed before that earnest face and voice. It seemed to him that his mother stood beside him. Her presence thrilled him. Never before had he experienced such a sensation. He spoke almost without volition.

'She loved me more than anyone, even my father,' he said. 'I thought for a while it was mere pity, but I know that it was love—mothers are capable of that.'

'And why shouldn't she?' asked Felicia.

'Can you ask?' cried the other. 'Who could love such a semblance of a man as I? Think of the shock to her pride, her ambition, when in a moment her strong, handsome boy became—what you see. She suffered with and for me; but even her love could not change fate for me. I must conquer that myself. And I did—or, at least, I flattered myself that I did. I had temptations that a woman could never comprehend; I had moments of rebellion amounting to madness for the hour; oh, why do I tell you this? Of what interest can it be to you to know my wounds? I can overcome; I can live my life. I must, I must.'

Felicia's eyes burned into his. 'I know, I have wondered at your strength, your determination. But oh, you exaggerate your—your misfortune, believe me. I would not tell you anything false—I could not—but why do you persist in denying yourself society; you who are fitted to shine in it, by your mind, your many qualities, your music—oh, do understand me; I want you to look at yourself without your morbid, false vision,' she said.

The note of sincerity rang so true to Engel's acute sense that he looked her squarely in the face, too deeply in earnest to think of embarrassment.

'Tell me, Miss Oliver, on your honor, do you think that a woman of refinement, such a woman as I would choose, could ever look at me without repulsion, or with any attachment whatever?' His eyes held hers, but she did not falter.

'I know they could,' she said. And then the color surged into her face. And Engel read there something so unexpected, so bewildering, that it seemed as if his brain was turning.

'Oh, Felicia,' he cried, 'don't look like that unless you care for me—I could not bear it, for you know that I love you.' His voice held that note of acute suffering which men rarely feel twice in their lives—at least, men like Engel Kleeber.

'I could not feel pity for you, Engel; I have always admired you; why should I not? But lately I have learned to love you.'

But still Engel dared not believe. 'And Tegner? Oh, Felicia, you must care for Tegner,' he cried.

'You unbelieving Thomas; why should I care for Tegner, who loves himself best of all in the world?' cried Felicia, half indignant, wholly adorable.

Felicia's head was on his shoulder; he felt the quick beating of her heart; her lovely face was close to his; her eyes, which could not lie, told him her incredible secret—was not such happiness as this full recompense for all his struggles, his agonised suffering? What, indeed, was the power of wealth, the deference of men, success, to this strange marvellous gift of love?

'You told me the other day, Felicia, that you wondered why I could not believe in God,' Engel said in a new voice which Felicia hardly recognised. 'It is not logic, dear, but if He gives such happiness as this, I

must believe. Only God could give such love as yours to an undeserving, faulty man like me.'—Rosary Magazine.

The Catholic World

AUSTRIA.—Death of a Veteran Convert

At a venerable age Onno Klopp passed away recently at Vienna. He was a convert to the Catholic Church, and his conversion was largely due to the study of history. A member of a Lutheran family, he applied himself to Protestant theology at Bonn, but later on he turned to history and by his historical writings he won high distinction. He raised a storm in 1861 by his 'Life of Tilly,' for he presented a picture of the famous general which was greatly at variance with the current historical views of the 'Reformation' period. To his critics (says the 'Catholic Times') Klopp ably replied in the magazines devoted to historical science, and he soon followed up the work with a study of the career of Charles V. Amongst his other more notable productions is a history in fourteen volumes of 'The Fall of the House of Stuart and the Succession of the House of Hanover.' Since he was received into the Church in 1873 his life has been a model of devotion to the Faith. On his eightieth birthday the Holy Father named him a Knight of St. Gregory.

CANADA.—Population of Montreal

The population of Montreal, estimated up to the middle of 1902, as contained in the annual report of the City Health Department, shows that there are in the city 277,829 souls. The religious denominations are: French Catholics, 169,165; other Catholics, 40,549; Protestants, 68,115; making a total of 277,829.

ENGLAND.—The Brompton Oratory

Father Sebastian Bowden has been elected Superior of the Brompton Oratory in succession to the late Father Antrobus.

Memorial to the Late Pope

The new Catholic church now in course of erection at Tooting is to be dedicated as a memorial to the late Pope Leo XIII. Together with the adjoining schools it will cost over £5000.

An Outrage on Justice

Judge Day, in his letter to the Young Men's Society Conference at Hull referred briefly to their resolution of sympathy with the expelled Orders of France. He was certain, he said, that his words would find an echo in every Catholic heart when he declared that he regarded the action of the French Government in seizing the private property of men and women voluntarily living together, and of expelling them for no crime whatsoever, as an outrage on justice and a scandal to any civilised community. France might call herself a free country, but she now showed the world she could submit to a despotism which would not be tolerated for one day by a people that knew the meaning of the word freedom.

A Great Miracle

Special services were held in all the Catholic churches of London on Sunday, August 9, in celebration of the coronation of his Holiness the Pope, and after High Mass and a sermon appropriate to the occasion the 'Te Deum' was sung. The Papal colors were flying from many of the churches, and even in some of the non-Catholic churches very graceful references were made to the new Pontiff. The 'Observer,' in a leading article under the title 'Ecce Sacerdos Magnus,' writes: 'That such a man as Cardinal Sarto should have been elected to wear the triple crown is, we cannot but think, a fortunate event for Italy and for Europe. Nor, thinking thus, can we suppose that any but the most bigoted of Protestants will refuse respect to the Catholic opinion that the Papacy is, after all, one of the great miracles of Christendom.'

FRANCE.—Another Decree

The atheistic Government of France are going from bad to worse. They have acquainted the Commander of the Naval Division at Brest with their decision to suppress the time-honored ceremony of baptism, or, as it is called in England, 'christening,' of new ships. A few weeks ago, a new ship being launched at Brest, the Nationalist officers turned out in force, and some of the speeches delivered were not to the taste of the Combes clique. M. Pelletan, in his letter to Admiral Gourdan, alludes to this 'peculiar manifestation.' M. Pelletan's latest decision is in pursuance of his whole policy. Until he came to office Good Friday was observed in the whole French navy (not the army) as a day of deep mourning. This beautiful observance he suppressed.