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The Gift Horses

Continued from last week. "It wasn't my story to tell. Even now I must ask more of less of a promise of secrecy."

"Is it about Ronald?" Aunt Faith's blue eyes saddened. "Yes, and no. He is the chief character to me. The others—oh, Polly, people forget so!"

I pressed her hand. "Not willingly. It is not always in our power to remember."

She disputed my statement only with raised brows. "Well, I am impatient to hear," I said, "Let's hurry."

However, there was no hurrying the fat mule. I think that Hoskins really was to blame for our funeral approach to the house, but I considered his lack of effort rather understandable and made no complaint. All things, nevertheless, must reach an end, and after a while we arrived at our destination.

Aunt Faith's house is my ideal of a home. It is large and roomy, with numerous windows, and yet it is cozy and has a charming te-te atmosphere. There are growing things in every room and just enough furniture to render comfort. The pictures on the walls hold your attention, but do not monopolize it. The clocks are graciously silent, but in very convenient positions. Books and magazines are everywhere, but there is no litter. The crucifix is beautifully evident. It is a restful, inviting place, this high-ceilinged, large-roomed house of Aunt Faith's—a home into which I have always thought the Christ could enter without hurried renovations being made for his coming.

Before I realized it, I and my few effects were comfortably situated, and all recollections of my trival disquiet were obliterated from memory. In the light of my ravenous curiosity, however, it seemed that Aunt Faith's usual bustling manner had woefully deserted her.

That night before Christmas is for everyone a busy one. For Aunt Faith, who is the "little mother of Deersfield," it is a strenuous time. Despite her previous work and her careful arrangements for everybody and everybody's happiness, there were numberless eleventh hour duties for her to perform. I waited stoically while she telephoned, received front and back door callers, tied up packages, answered her cook's endless questionings, loaded down the carriage with baskets, and coaxed both the stubborn mule, "Timantid," and Hoskins into more agreeable moods, sending them off at actually a rakish canter.

Then she fed me, and bundled me up, and trotted me down the slippery road to the tiny church, where we went to confession.

Home again, now with the blessed peace of that dimly-lighted, balsam-perfumed sanctuary of God possessing our souls, seated before the log-burning grate in the living room—fragrant with pine odors—she told me the story.

"My dear, as I said, Ronald figures in it all," she began. (Aunt Faith's voice is noticeably sweet in ordinary conversation, but in story-telling its sweetness is arresting.)

"You know, perhaps, that he was very fond of Jean Macgregor? No? Well, doubtless, only Jean, he, and I knew and Jean herself has now forgotten it. However, I, too, have always loved the child; and when I discovered that Ronald looked upon her with a lover's eyes, my tenderness toward her increased with each day's passing. What he loved, I loved; what he wanted, I wanted. Oh, Polly dear, perhaps I was too grasping!

"You know Jean. You know how pretty she is, with her red-brown hair, gray eyes, and pink cheeks. It is easy to love her. Ronald adored her from afar from the moment she came to make her home with her aunt and uncle, Jean and Angus Macgregor. You remember them? And how they died of typhoid fever within a week of each other? Poor Jean!

She stayed with us for a month at that time. I wanted her indefinitely. In fact, I begged her to consider this her permanent home, but the Macgregor blood is proud.

"Then it was that Ronald asked her to be his wife. She refused, of course. She did not love him. I knew it; still I had hoped—I had hoped.

"She did not tell him, but she confided to me that her heart was another's—Tom Adists. She was not to blame. You know Tom, too. Isn't he a likable chap? Here was a world-old situation—a man loving a girl who loved another man who did not love her. However this last is not quite correct. Tom had not thought of Jean in any way except a friendly one, I knew. Intuitively I realized that, once his heart was cognizant of the possibility of its losing her, it would claim its own.

"But there seemed to be no opportunity of this occurring. Tom is a dear. I love him warmly. Yet I am not blind to his complacent attitude in looking upon the world and taking things for granted.

"Jean was his best girl friend. At all of the young people's affairs she and he were allotted to each other. Everyone, naturally, soon paired them off. By some, even, they were thought engaged. You can imagine what this meant to Ronald! My heart bled for him. He stood it all very bravely. A Redmond's blood is every bit as proud as a Macgregor's.

"When the war started, however, he volunteered. Perhaps he would have gone under other circumstances—perhaps. His Irish ancestry is replete with soldiers of fortunes. He died.

"And he loved Jean to the very last. I know. Because of this she became dearer than ever to me. He had asked me to make her happy if I could. It was not necessary, his asking this. His loving her would have been sufficient.

"With all the tact at my command, I commenced at once to work upon Tom's complacency. It did not matter an iota.

"Oh, Polly, it was difficult for Ronald for another man's happiness. It was so very difficult! But Ronald had made me promise to be good to her!

"Things went on in this way for some months. Then, last summer, fate took a hand." Aunt Faith stopped a moment and gazed wide-eyed into the sparkling fire. "I say 'fate' but I know better. The dead do not forget us.

"You remember Louisa Baker? Of course you do. Well, in June a niece of her's from the east, Marigold McArthur—a lovely girl, too—came to stay the summer with her. It was a blessing for Louisa; she is so alone and so adapted to loving and caring for someone.

"Marigold looked exactly like her namesake. She had golden hair, golden-brown eyes, and a complexion of cream. Jean is pretty. Marigold is beautiful. Although Jean's vivacity, to me, outweighed whatever margin the other girl possessed in beauty. Drooping-eyed languor is, perhaps, an asset, Polly. I like open-eyed interest.

"However, as Cicero so rightly said, the matter of tastes cannot be disputed. Everyone in Deersfield was immediately infatuated with Marigold.

"Do not be mistaken. She was a charming girl. Because, no doubt, Tom became from the first an ardent admirer of hers, I was prejudiced. If I had not instinctively realized that Tom was created for Jean, I wouldn't have interfered at all. As it was I merely prayed."

"Merely prayed!" Heaven gives up in despair, I know, as soon as Aunt Faith commences to pray!

"Oh, you need not laugh, my dear! I prayed and prayed and prayed, and yet the tide kept going out—going out. Tom and Marigold were inseparable. Jean was left alone. She did not say a word at first. She only looked. But her gray eyes became shadowed and her cheeks whitened, until I grew fearful for her health. Every summer she spends a few weeks at the shore. This year she post-

poned her visit until I threatened to go to Doctor Franklin. Then she went.

To be continued.

Foreign Mission News

Special correspondence by The Propagation of the Faith Society 318 Lexington Ave., New York City

The White Plague in Japan.

The Sisters of St. Paul de Chartres conduct a hospital in the city of Yatsushiro, Japan, and the Superior, Sister Eulalia of the Cross, has this to say regarding health conditions in the district:

"Leprosy is, of course, the greatest scourge of the Orient, and, while we do not permanently keep victims of the disease, we treat fifty or more such patients every year. In great distress, the poor creatures knock at our door, and in charity we admit them, dress their sores, and let them rest for a few days, after which they go on their way a little comforted.

"Next to leprosy comes the plague of consumption or tuberculosis. It is very prevalent in Japan, and so much feared that if a school child dies of it, no other occupant for the seat can be found. It must remain empty.

"Tuberculosis is easily spread here, and one cannot wonder at this fact when one considers the Japanese houses and the manner in which the poor live. Huddled in thinly-built dwellings of only one room, the families are frightfully crowded. A few straw mats on the floor are the only furnishing, and on these mats the people eat, sleep and work. Germs are easily hidden in the unsanitary mats, and if one member of the family contracts consumption the rest soon catch it. I have in mind a family of nine persons, six of whom are already dead and two dying. This wholesale slaughter could have been prevented by isolating the first patient; but, alas! our hospitals are inadequate to the great demands made upon them, and so our poor people perish."

When a boy, Bishop Chatron, who died recently at Nagasaki, studied at the same school with Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul. He went to the mission field of Japan in 1873, forty-four years ago. At that time the country was still closed, and religious persecution was raging fiercely. He spent his first years at Nagasaki, where he had many narrow escapes from the enemy during the frequent sick calls that he made at night to the faithful Christians scattered throughout the villages around the city. On one occasion his escorts were obliged to hide him in the quagmire of a rice field, where he had to lie prostrate and as silent as a mouse until the patrol finished their inspection and continued on their way.

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first, second and third grades of the parish school of the Madames of the Sacred Heart, at Manhattanville, N. Y. These little New Yorkers gave a demonstration for an hour of the new method of teaching music which stood every test and won from them the loudest applause of the conference.

The second and last session was held on Wednesday, the same speakers were on the program.

A PERVERTED VERSION OF AN OLD LAW.

The Mother Could Not Sell Her Child, But Its Heritage.

Appended, as though for explanation, to a very significant drawing of Jeanne Stevens, the July number of the "Masses" publishes the following supposed old-Frisian law:

"When the child is as naked as a worm and without a roof when the black fog and the cold wiper reach her (?); then may the mother sell her child."

No source is indicated, and we are led to question the possibility of proving the authenticity of the quotation. The only source from which it might be taken is the common law of the Frisians, who were, as Tacitus describes them, "populus inter Germanos nobilissimus," the noblest race among the Germans, and these laws originated after the conversion of this people to Christianity.

It follows, that it is out of the question that the distress of the mother could give her the right to sell her child. We believe ourselves to be justified, therefore, in asserting that the quotation in question is an interpretation falsely imputed to the original Frisian and traceable to an ignorance of that old and now almost extinct tongue. For the parts of the Frisian laws we have at hand, contain nothing of the kind. There is, however, a passage in many ways similar to the quotation, but which leads to quite a different conclusion.

The second of the 24 Frisian laws deals with the relations of a mother as guardian and administratrix of the estate of a child bereaved of father and not yet of age. It says: "If a mother sell or barter the heritage of her child, according to the advice of friends, the child shall have the free choice, when it comes to age, to ratify or disclaim the sale or exchange."

This shall be the case except when the mother sold her child's heritage for one of the following three urgent reasons: The first of these is the abduction of the child by slavers; the second, famine consequent to crop-failure, and the third, which we give verbatim: "If the child is stark naked and without a roof and the night of dark fog comes on and cold winter glitters into the courtyard, so that every man seeks his dwelling and house, and his warm hearth, and the wild beast conceals himself in its cave and in the hollow tree in order to save and preserve his life; then cries the infant and wails and points to its naked limbs, and laments that its father, who should feed it and shield it against hunger and cold, is now so deep and dark in the cold earth, beneath the four oak planks, riveted with four stout nails. Then the mother of the minor child may barter or sell the heritage of the child, for she is in duty bound to shield it against cold and hunger."

Taking the last quoted section of the old-Frisian law and that supposed quotation made to do service under the lurid illustration in the "Masses" we see strikingly pictured the difference in spirit which animated the strong hale people, newly won to Christianity and taking its precepts seriously and sincerely, and the would be renovator of the world, making a weird appeal to the lusts and hates that lurk in the human heart.

Art as prostituted by so many quack reformers, who know no other remedy than dissolution and destruction is a sad spectacle indeed. And when art is coupled to anarchic literary efforts the combination is as pitiable as it is horrid.

Private J. J. Naughton, of New York, a member of the National Guard, of the Gallant 69th Regiment, who never lost a flag, is visiting relatives in Rochester and Rush this week, before leaving for France. We wish him God speed and a safe return.

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Mexico.

By Eber Cole Bryan

Part VI.

Indians Self-Governing.

In all this civilizing labor the clergy were the active agents. It was the clergymen—stationed in the remote Indian villages, compelled to learn the native language and thus brought into intimate contact with the people in their everyday life—who came to understand the true organization of Indian society, with its communal basis, and who recommended the various practical measures calculated to better the condition of the Indian by preserving whatever there was of good in the communal system. As a consequence we find that the King of Spain issued a decree ordering that the Indians be permitted practically to govern themselves.

As some of the greatest abuses of the Indians had been committed by their own chiefs, these were ordered to be elected every year, and, in order to allow them every freedom of action, it was further ordered that during these elections no stranger, nor any government official, nor even a priest, be allowed in the village. These village communities were called "Republics;" the chiefs were called "Governors," and their assistants "Alcaldes," Minor officials, called "Fiscales," with special duties to perform, were also elected. This placed the Indian villages in the position of being practically self-governing communities, exactly as the King intended.

The Indians and their problems were studied with a slow and patient wisdom which eventually resulted in the ordinances of Philip II, in 1573; than which there is no legislation more wise, more humane or more practical for the Indian. Every clause breathes an earnest solicitude for his welfare and a desire for his direction into paths of civilization. In all this we see the hand of the clergy who were in direct contact with the natives and had their daily experiences with them to guide their judgments of what was best for the Indian.

Uplift Efforts Of The King and Clergy.

The Spanish Colonial authorities wisely assumed the Mexican Indians to be minors and they were treated as such. The communal system was recognized, and, in doing this, the Indians were, because of their minority, prohibited from selling their lands. They were exempted from all tithes or dues of any kind for religious services, the clergy being paid from the Crown Treasury.

The Indian was accustomed to an agriculture extremely primitive, and it was the earnest desire of the Churchmen that this condition be improved. The Indian had no domestic animals, no plows, no iron tools of any kind. He planted his corn by jabbing a hole in the ground with a pointed stick, and carried the harvest to his home or market on his back. The Spanish King, endeavored, to the extent of his resources, to supply the necessary tools for the Indian to work with, and to supply as many families as possible with a cow and a horse, or a donkey, and a pig. Plows and oxen were secured and distributed as far as possible, and the Indian was instructed in the management of all this complicated machinery by the missionaries, who labored assiduously to bring him up to the industrial standard of the times. The Indian was, and is, not only passively opposed to any change, but is congenitally averse to labor as such, and it was against this inertia that the devoted missionaries were compelled to strive.

Personal.

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Late News of Ireland

W. H. McLaughlin, D.L., Whitehouse, has been appointed a member of the advisory committee of the Department of Timber Supplies.

The deaths have taken place of Mrs. Mary McAlevy, Thomas street, Armagh, and of H. P. Hogarth, R. E., late of the Belfast bank, Portadown.

In St. Patrick's College, Carlow, the Most Rev. Dr. Foley ordained to the priesthood Revs. James Breen (Kildare and Leighlin), P. Leehan (Gouldbourne, Australia), M. Clarke (St. Louis, Mo.), D. Daly (Alton, Ill.), Timothy Hanrahan (Harrisburg, Pa.), P. O'Rally (Plymouth), I. O'Regan (Lismore, Australia), and P. Farrelly (Kilmora).

Among those present at a Sinn Fein meeting addressed by Sean Milroy in Coochill were Very Rev. P. O'Connell, P. P., V. G., and Father Donohue, C. C.

A new parish hall for Moybegone has been opened at Killgriffe, near Ballyborough. The building was formerly a disused National school.

The Ennis Board of Guardians passed a resolution, unanimously, calling on the authorities to allow Ennis races to take place as usual.

James Gallagher, Derry, has been appointed food distributing agent for Donegal by the Department, and is stationed in Belfast.

Miss E. Orr (Sister M. Anthony), daughter of P. Orr, Moville, was received into the Mercy Order at Yellow road, Waterford, by Most Rev. Dr. Hackett. Rev. E. E. Rush of Portlanna, County Galway, is a brother of the late J. L. Rush, who was murdered in Natal by a Zulu youth.

The body of Dr. T. Jilson, who was recently drowned while bathing at Sandycove, was recovered outside the East Pier, Kingstown, and was conveyed to Kingstown morgue.

Died—At the hospital, Pigeon House road, Dublin, John Hallinan, Ballycahan.—At the Convent of Mercy, Castlebar, Mother M. B. Leonard, sister of Major Leonard, Queensfort, Tamm.

Messrs. John J. Galvin and Son, auctioneers, Listowel, sold 21 statute acres of land, the property of Mrs. Mary Leane, at Knocknagah for £410.

In the Convent of Mercy, Mafeking, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Cox, Bishop of Diocles, Sister M. Ethna Carey, Gathabawa, Kilkenny, made her religious vows.

At Goresbridge, Kilkenny, the death took place of Patrick Rowan.

Rev. Father Leo, C. S. S. R., has been appointed rector of the Redemptionist House in Limerick in succession to the late Father O'Laverty, C. S. S. R.

Died—T. Ryan, V. S., Limerick.—Mrs. Alicia Maud Cummins, Castleconnell.

Sister Clement Casey, Dundalk, was professed in the Convent of St. Camillus, Kilkenny, by Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg.

Died—Thomas, eldest son of Nicholas McCourt, Dowdallshill, Dundalk.

Rev. T. Killeen, of Claremorris, professor at St. Jarlath's, Tuam, was ordained by Most Rev. Dr. Higgins.

The death has taken place at Bangor-Erris, of Peter Fergus.

During a thunderstorm the Catholic church at Treen, Castlearea, was struck by lightning, which smashed the Cross on the belfry and destroyed part of the roof.