# Stairs of Sand

By Anna M. Regan

CHAPTER 21.

Sara awoke with a start. It was quite dark, so dark that she could not distinguish a thing. For a moment she puzzled stupidly over the impenetrable blackness which surrounded her, then decided she must have awakened in the middle of the night . . . the bed . . . what had happened to her bed? It was so hard—terribly hard and uncomfortable. Her limbs ached from it. Half unconsciously she stretched out her hand, only to bring it sharply into contact with the wall—no, it wasn't the wall—this damp stone-cold substance rough against her hands! And then came realization, swift and overwhelming. She was somewhere between earth and sky on the steep side of Royce's Bluff, and below her the great cliff fell away fifty feet or more.

Panic—sheer, paralysing panic—seized her. That awful drop—and, for all she knew, she might have shifted her position in her sleep, turned restlessly this way or that and be lying within a very few inches of the edge of the cliff! Only she could not be sure! The darkness, that terrible impenetrable darkness, hid everything. She could scarcely breathe in it, and her heart was thudding painfully in her side. There was pain, too, in her cramped limbs—pain that stabbed like knife. She must move—must! And to move, to change the position—in which she lay, might mean a plunge to instant death.

For a few interminable moments she lay there shuddering, too terrified to stir, swept by hot waves of fear such as had never encompassed her before. At last, driven by the excruciating pain in her limbs, she again stretched out her arm, groping with searching fingers for something tangible in the midst of the smothering darkness. But her hands closed on nothing,—on emptiness, and her heart gave a terrific leap. She must be lying close to the edge of the cliff, then, and in a minute,—two, possibly three minutes,—the agony of her tortured body would drive her into movement, whether she would or not, and she would fall over,—down, down, into those horrible depths below.

A strangled cry broke from her. Almost before its utterance ceased she felt a strong, lean hand close over hers, and Davis' voice said:

"Why, I thought you were asleep!"

"Asleep!" The little gasped-out word sounded more like a sob than anything else. But, somehow, with the touch of that reassuring hand on hers, the overpowering terror which had beset her lessoned a little.

"I daren't move," she went on in a frigthened whisper. "I'm lying right on the edge."

The next thing she felt was an arm thrown across her body. Then out of the darkness came Davis' voice again, cheery and confident.

"You're nothing of the sort. You're nowhere near the edge."

Sara gripped the arm and held on to it like a drowning man to a rope.

"Come closer to me," went on Davis quietly. "You'll feel safer there."

"Oh, I couldn't—I couldn't move," she declared hysterically, her teeth beginning to chatter. The bare idea of attempting to change her position in this utter darkness filled her with fresh terror.

"Steady on, now," he said soothingly. He struck a match and by its light observed exactly how she was lying. "You're quite all right," he said as he blew out the match. "Now I am going to help you into a different position."

Kneeling beside her on one knee, with his shoulder pressed firmly against the cliff behind him, he slid one arm around her and, gripping her firmly with the other, he turned her face to the wall. Then outside of her shaking body he lay down close enough for her to feel his nearness.

To the girl it seemed as though heaven had followed swiftly upon hell. She fell all at once perfectly safe and secure. She could not fall now—not with him between her and the edge. And with freedom to move her limbs came cessation of that agonizing pain.

She pushed both hands against the wall. And then, quite suddenly, the relief from the tension she had been enduring found vent in a burst of tears. She fumbled for her handkerchief and promptly found a large, cool, masculine one put into her hand.

"Sara—why Sara!" I had no idea you were lying there working yourself up into this sort of panic. I thought you were asleep. If I'd known——" He broke off abruptly and she felt his arm across her shoulders again.

But that swift flood of tears had done its work, and after a few minutes she managed to pull herself together.

"Mr. Davis, I'm terribly sorry for being such a fool," she said at last in a small, rather ashamed voice.

"I think," he replied, "polite formalities are rather out of place here. Please say 'Jim,' won't you?"

"May I? I'd ever so much rather. After all"—with a somewhat shaky attempt at a laugh—"it would sound rather absurd, wouldn't it, if I found myself going over the edge there to shriek for 'Mr. Davis!'"

"Very absurd," he agreed. "A night like this sizes away the preliminaries of friendship in one stride, don't you think?" He felt her make a tiny movement of assent. "And we can't go back now, Sara," he went on, his tones deeping a little. "It looks as if Fate itself has taken a hand in the game . . . I wonder?" he added in a musing under tone, as though to himself.

She lay very still. Presently he bent over her. She could feel his breath on her face.

"You can't possibly come to harm with me here. Do you feel safe enough to try to sleep a little now?"

As she stirred, she felt the ribbed thickness of the sweater he was wearing, slightly rough against her neck. It smelt faintly of tobacco.

"You do feel safe with me, don't you?" he asked, as she made no response. There seemed a curious urgency about the question.

"Yes," she answered simply. "I feel quite safe."

"Good!" he spoke briefly. "Then go to sleep."

And lulled by the distant murmur of the sea and by her feeling of utter and complete security, she gradually sank into slumber. Once, just before she quiet lost consciousness, she murmured drowsily:

"Good night, Jim," and was vaguely aware of a pressure on her shoulder, but she was too nearly asleep to know whether he made any actual reply or not.

"When next she awoke it was daylight. The sun was climbing up the eastern sky and the air held that peculiar sweetness and freshness of the early morning,—as though it had blown straight from the dawn. She stirred a little, and instantly the feeling of Davis' arm across her shoulders brought back the remembrance of all that had happened.

She looked around to find that he was unaware that she was awake. One knee was crooked up, supporting his elbow, and he was staring out across the sea, his chin on his hand. His face looked very haggard in the clear morning light, and his deep-set eyes were shadow-circled; like eyes that have watched without sleep for many hours. Sara felt a twinge of self-reproach.

"Good morning," she said softly.

He turned to her instantly.

"Awake?" he returned. "You've certainly had a pretty fair sleep!"

"And you?"

"I? Oh, I havent slept much," he said, dismissing the matter lightly enough. "I couldn't have you falling over the ledge, and you seemed so determined upon doing so"—smiling—"that I thought I'd better keep an eye on you."

"Haven't you slept at all?" she asked in dismay.

"Don't you worry about that. It won't hurt me a bit. While I lay here I've thought of several things that I want to say in my letter to Nell Cramer. lucky dog."

"Hedda will tell me what you write," Sara told him.

"Not if I tell Nell not to tell her, for a while at least. Say, but I'm hungry. Aren't you?"

"Frightfully!" said Sara with fervor. "And I suppose we've got to get down that awful cliff before we get any breakfast." She peered over. "I shall never be able to make it, Jim," she said as she drew back.

"You won't need to." He got up, stretching his long limbs and stamping his feet to get the stiffness out of them. Then he helped her up. "You won't need to," he repeated.

"But how—why not?"

"Because, while you were still sleeping the sleep of the just"—looking down at her with a smile—"Two or three early fishing boats came by and I managed to attract their attention by frantically waving my handkerchief. One of the boats put back at once and I know that very soon men will be coming along from the village with ropes to haul us up over the top."

Sara gave a little gasp.

# St. Patrick's Cathedral Radio Hour

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attempt such tyranny? I can imagine in fine that your patriotic blood would course rapidly in your veins and prompt retaliation would ensue for the vile wretch that would sully his country's honor.

Well, if such would be your zeal in a human cause, which must ultimately perish with all mortal things from the face of the earth, why not exercise just a modicum of such interest in behalf of an institution and its traditions, its heroes and heroines, who have lived for centuries and seen from heavenly glory empires rise and fall? This institution counts not its years by decades, but they are numerated by hundreds of decades. Its heroes and heroines have lived and held aloft the torch of Christianity, and they have passed it on at the expense of their life's blood. Their records, which are the records of her doings, are just as precious and reliable as those which are held 'neath the dome of a state or national capital, above which perches the eagle of freedom "E pluribus unum" which means to us as citizens, so much that it graces the coin of the realm. "lex supplicandi lex credendi" "the law of supplication, the law of faith" is of equal importance, and even more. For if the case is not a part on an equal accord ing to the human method of computation, then all history is valueless. If you concede the position, then the history of the Church, which includes the Fathers, the martyrs, monuments, memorials, which is tradition, must be believed.

### One Is Fallible

They are worthy of recognition and credence, because the human falls quicker than the divine. For one is fallible, while the other is infallible testimony, as the test of the ages has proven. But such is not your attitude, I am sure, since such would manifest an illogical mind, to say the least, which will admit readily the one and reject the other, especially when the source of one is man and the other God, both, however, working through human instruments.

Truth, upon which rises or falls all institutions, has not in the case of the Church a human author. He is divine; Jesus Christ is the divine Author. He preached the constitution of His religious kingdom upon earth. He gathered from scriptural sources as ancient as the world what needed incorporation into the spiritual Magna Charta of Christianity. He explained and interpreted what hitherto had been seen only through a glass darkly. He was the living Teacher of Israel, expounding revealed truth and dispelling doctrinal anarchy and tyranny, and bringing man, as had been promised, into the light and freedom of the children of faith. These children saw that the cause was right; they had in Him a leader who would conduct them from bondage into liberty, and just as sensibly as they who espoused the American plea for justice, so they adopted the cause of Christianity, and followed withsoever they were led.

But the cause which He proposed, the plea which He made, was of an eternal consequence, and they and their children in the generations unborn were to participate in its redemptive feature. But how could this be possible when the Master left the earth? They would need the mysterious traveller on the way to Emmaus to explain why the suffering and then the glory of it all. True, this mysterious traveller, the Saviour, had commissioned others to preach and to teach, but how could they do it unless they understood throughly? Many things needed explanation, and they were not all written, for the Christ wrote only once and then upon the sands which disappear with the shifting winds and tide. Writing, if it occurred, was merely incidental and then only under divine inspiration to guard against error. It was but supplementary to the oral word. For even as St. Paul wrote his voluminous correspondence because he would not reach the distant countries conveniently at all.

### A Teaching Authority

Christ then founded his Church, and the Apostles spread its influence through a teaching authority. And this authority rested not with them, but was s... And these... cause of... and ground of truth. For another Peter or a Paul could write for ages, unless there existed an intermediary authority between God and their writings; trustworthiness would faint and faith would perish. For it is not the individual alone who keeps the faith, but the ever guiding Spirit of Truth, the Holy Ghost, who carries it on uncontaminated and transmits it in the face of difficulties which seem almost insurmountable.

Truth, then, as established in the Church built upon the Apostles and their successors, is the authority of God speaking. It is only for this reason that a Peter or his successor could impose doctrines at all. In virtue of this delegation they condemned those who refused to submit and left them outside the pale of the Church. Has human authority accomplished this ... some 1900 years? By no means. Success has been written over the real arch of Christianity simply and solely because the divine promise read, "Behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

You know, I fell often that even with the advance of some twenty centuries of spiritual riches, that many are today in the same frame of mind as those of old who would not recognize the irrefragable authority of the Word of God, either written or oral, and demanded, like the pagans and unbelievers, guarantees almost divine. With a sweeping flourish of the hand they brushed aside even authenticated living magisterium and its sources, and thought that by negation or persecution it could be destroyed. But they reckoned not any more than today with Whom they were dealing. But they found out sadly as many will today, that they were but ... of all mortal flesh and their destructive influence perished shortly after them. Controversy, strife, subtle criticism and misrepresentation, with their ilk went the way and like a seed which decays under ... influence of mother earth the Word of God from numerous sources sent forth its new-blown flower. Living in the spirit and in the heart it was soon transplanted into acts, words, writings and monuments which testified the received and common sentiment of the Church in the faithful, and proved the perennity of the abiding presence of God. What a Presence! A Presence which ramifies from the Petrine primacy of honor and jurisdiction through the rank and file of ecclesiastics and laity with ... methods and manners of adaptation, which preserves the pristine purity of revelation despite powers ever so efficient. Indeed so powerful is the divine influence that were every library public or private to have its books of scripture and scriptural commentary cast into a ... conflagration, still over it all would hover the spirit of faith and the Voice of God would be heard speaking as He spoke of old to Samuel, and other Samuels would say, "Speak Lord, your servant heareth."

### About Tradition

With these thoughts in mind what does tradition, the second and important source of faith to scripture, say relative to the Eucharist as a true and real sacrifice. Tradition indicates that from the days of the Founder, Jesus Christ, the Church has preserved and administered this sacrifice as her greatest treasure.

...coves the Sacrifice of the Altar as the fulfillment of the figurative sacrifice of Melchisedech and the Eucharist as the clean oblation predicted...

The testimonies of early Christendom declare the sacrifical character of the Eucharist and likewise its uninterrupted celebration in the bosom of the Church. It was the sublime mystery of faith, and naturally it was concealed carefully from the pagan and unbeliever. They talked little about it because the ancient discipline demanded its concealment. But despite this rigor, many beautiful expressions relative to the Eucharist are found in various liturgies from which we can obtain the principal teachings of the Church in reference to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

The Fathers in general express themselves in the terms of sacrifice, offering, priest and altar. They designate its celebration in the four fold manner of honor, thanksgiving, im...

(Continued on Page Seven)

# Catholic Chorus Preparing For Annual Concert

The Catholic Womens' Club Chorus is busily preparing for its annual Spring concert, always a delightful musical and social event. The Chorus opened its musical season a short time ago, and welcomed eight new members into its ranks. When it is heard in its Annual Spring Concert shortly after Easter, the tonal balance will be found to be exceptionally fine, owing to the fact that more altos are included in its personnel.

The change in the weekly program by which the first hour is given to study in a very happy one as the members are enjoying the vocal exercises and the study of old music manuscripts which Theodore Fitch, the director, brought from Europe and the working out of the parts in songs is proving a delightful experience.

Because the rehearsals of music for the concert have progressed so far, no more new members can be accepted.

Mrs. Joseph Eilers is chairman of the chorus, and has been for several years past. She is delighted with the excellent work that is being done now and the indications are that the Spring concert will be an unusually ...

# A Barked Shin

If you bark your shin,
When it's old and varicose,
Make a bee-line to a doctor,
He'll tell you all he knows.

CIRCULATION
To keep th heart a-pumping,
Doc tells you what to do.
Your foot must high the air,
The blood goes streaming now.

PREPARATORY
Do not tape with adhesive,
It ne'er does well.
Give it room to breathe,
And douse with calomel.

CLEANSING
When the wound looks dry,
Then you wash it clean.
With a tightly woven cloth,
Saturated with benzine.

DRESSINGS
Press a bunion ring on a plaster,
The soft side towards your skin,
The hole placed o'er the wound,
The rim stuck on your shin.

CAUTION
Do not use cotton batting,
The scab may hide a hair.
Pus forms round the irritant,
Nature moving it elsewhere.

TRY AGAIN
You thought you had it healed,
Then you wonder what's wrong.
Just look through a microscope,
A hayrope ends my song.

Prayer is very efficacious, offered up two ways, direct to God, or through intercession. People when their prayers are not heard, give up all belief; the proper way to pray, is the following verse, I got results quick as a flash.

AN INDIVIDUAL PRAYER
God, pray light my way,
I ne'er doubt your existence,
Whether I win or lose,
Belief stays with staunch resistance.

The world war, with all its depressing miseries was caused by a few, who never believed in God, some went to church as hypocrites, the worst kind of Atheists, let us pray for them all, they may loosen up.

AN ATHEISTIC PRAYER
God pray, light their way,
They ne'er should doubt your existence.
Pierce with your Infinite Ray,
Through their egotistical persistence.

—Michael Woulfe O'Scanlan.

...rs in an ...e plainly ...minds. ...haps not open-air ...en. But for some way of ...ulfilment ...uiry. A to meet ...—which

...therefore, is rightly towads peace, and it and better steps will ...ture.

Jack Dempsey's chance to team it up with President Hoov... Joe was nabbed for ... Angeles the other day a great shock to many who were waiting del... four gallons of depres... had in his car.

## ...ou Make Your W...

...e, there are churches and instit... ...ose work is handicapped by the ... ...y in the world to help these need... ...the will:

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