IN RELIGION'S REALM.

Expressions From Various Religious Newspapers.

The Religious Thought of the Day as Expressed in the Sectarian Press.

Of the Pope's encyclical the New York "Independent" says: "And this is the condition of unity. Then we reject it. We will have none of it. We seem to see here the explanation of the weakness and decadence of the Roman Church since the Renaisance, in that it has preached the authority of men against the province of reason in matters of religion and of the knowledge of God and his word. Against this mechanical unity, this monarchchial unity, we will set up a unity of the spirit, the unity of faith and love and service of the Master. To his unity of subjection the Pope invites us; we invite him to our better spiritual unity; and we ask him to recognize our fellowship in the Church of God as we recognize his. When we recognize each other, then the visible unity will be established which he now denies and rejects. We have said that this is a virtual, if not an intended reply to Mr. Gladstone and the English High Churchmen. They are told that their priestly and episcopal orders are invalid; but they are told that they are in schism and must return to subjection to the Pope. They are told that the question is not that of valid orders, but of Papal primacy. Yet not a few English churchmen might be willing to accept Papal primacy, if only their Anglican orders were declared valid. That might leave an Anglican Church recognizing the primacy of the Bishop of Rome, but allowed its Anglican customs, just as the Chaldean Church acknowledges the Pope, but keeps its married clergy and its liturgy."

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"The Pope's encyclical is a very interesting document, and for various reasons important," remarks the New York "Examiner" (Bapt.). "The abstract, extending to 3,000 words, is carefully as well as officially prepared, and deserves an attentive reading. In brief compass, with logical completeness, and in plausible words, the central claim of the Pope and the Roman Catholic Church is set forth, without abatement and without suggestion of compromise. As the student of the subject has often felt, if the premises of the Pope's argument be admitted, it is impossible to stop short of his full conclusion, not excepting the claim of Papal infallibility. If you go part way with him, as do the great state churches—Anglican, Greek, Lutheran—you must go all the way, or sacrifice your logical consistency to save your Christianity. Of course the Pope, in speaking of the reunion of the churches, is not thinking at all of the evangelical denominations which are so conspicuous with us, but to him are not worthy of notice nor entitled to the name of churches; he is thinking only of the politico-ecclesiastical bodies like his own, with which negotiations are possible."

"The humorous aspect of the Christian unity proposed by various religious bodies, which is embodied in the suggestion on the part of each holy body that all other communions shall come to its point of view, has more than once been pointed out," says the New York "Outlook." "The kindly and courteous encyclical of a Pope whom all Protestants respect throws the humor of that proposition in still bolder relief. There can never be a reunion of Christendom on ground held exclusively by any one body of Christians. When such a reunion comes about, it will be because an inward and spiritual conviction and faith draws each body away from its particular position to the central point where truth in its highest aspect is one. Organic unity can never be effected on the basis of an infallible authority vested either in a line of popes or in a succession of councils. The spiritual conception of the nature of the Christian religion and of the functions of the Christian Church has sunk so deeply into the heart of a large part of the world that a consensus of opinon which would rest the authority of that religion and of that church upon an external tradition of any kind can never be obtained. This does not mean, however, that the hope of a union of Christians throughout the world large enough to include not only all Protestants, but all Roman Catholics and members of the Greek Church as well, is a pure illusion. The constant discussion of the subject shows how much the divisions of the church weigh upon the noblest spirits among religious people; and the marked change in the temper and character of the discussion evidences in another way the growing consciousness of the real community of interest and faith between Christians of every race, creed and church."

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"The commencement of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Mass., took place with satisfaction to those immediately concerned," says the "Living Church" (P. E.) of Chicago, "and, while it has not furnished the church at large with any special sensation for the present year, on the testimony of its friends its character and tendencies remain unchanged. It will be remembered that this seminary is not amenable to any ecclesiastical authority. Why should young men who seek the ministry in a church, the most conspicuous feature of which is that it is 'episcopal,' that is, governed by Bishops, prefer a school which does not meet with favor from many of those officers? What sort of loyalty is to be expected from young men who wish to be ordained by Bishops and yet find Bishops objectionable? Practically, however, there is but little basis of fact in the idea that the secret of the school's prosperity is to be sought in this peculiar relation to the Bishops. Most of the young men who enter are doubtless ignorant on that point, and only know that their own particular Bishop approves their selection of a place of theological education. The promise that they shall be allowed to do 'their own thinking' is the best card. Nothing could be more flattering to the recent college graduate, and he is rarely capable of detecting the fallacy which lurks in such a promise. In fact, the students of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge do just as little of their 'own thinking' as those elsewhere. There is no other school which succeeds better in impressing a special stamp upon the majority of its graduates. There is a surprising tendency on the part of these independent thinkers to think the same thing on a number of important subjects."

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"The real question which divides the Christian world," says the Boston "Congregationalist," "is not doctrinal but ecclesiastical. It is the question whether there exists a clerical caste holding exclusive powers transmitted from the beginning, without which there may be Catholic baptism but no fellowship with the apostles and prophets and with Christ himself, or whether Christ is still king in his church and all the people sharers in the priestly office. The ideal of the kingship of Christ and a universal priesthood of believers, and the ideal of a separated and self-perpetuating priestly caste with which is lodged the grace of God for the continuance of the Christian life, are essentially contradictory; and most of the corruption of the church has come out of the latter ideal and practice, in which Roman Catholics and most modern Protestant Episcopalians agree. It is something, however, for which to be thankful that the "Churchman" and those whom it represents agree with us that the spirit of God works as he will in baptism, if they feel bound to hold also that he has limited himself to the services of a caste in the other offices of the Catholic Church."

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"The sacredness of marriage and the unnaturalness of divorce are illustrated by recent Prussian statistics," observes the New York "Churchman" (P. E.). "A medical authority states that in Bavaria mania is ten times as frequent among divorced people of either sex as among either the married or the single. A like disproportion of varying degree in other parts of Europe between the suicides of those divorced and those who have never dissolved the marriage tie points to the serious effect upon the mental organization of a violation of the Scriptural law of marriage. Most of the Mosaic ceremonial, and the laws of diet and social order are founded upon principles of temporal well being and health. History teaches us that divorce is disastrous to the general nation and people, as the family and stability of the family are the foundation stones of the State. Now the physiologist steps in to tell the world that divorces are in many cases disappointing. They not only wreck the home, but sometimes ruin the intellectual constitution of the parties, and result in mania and suicide. Human affections and associations ar profound and mysterious realities, and when caprice, or temper, or unrestrained passion violates or tramples on such ties, nature herself brings the punishment, and the killing of love becomes the extinction of reason. The wisdom of the Christian law receives a strong confirmation from this unbiased testimony of physicians."

A FIGURE OF SPEECH.

Mrs. Jimson Couldn't Understand and Her Husband Explained It.

"What does it mean about letting the cat out of the bag?" asked Mrs. Jimson, meditatively, making imaginary letters with a forefinger.

"Oh, it's just a figure of speech," answered Mr. Jimson.

"Do you mean a cat's figure?"

"Bless the woman, she's gone daft on cats."

"No, really, Cyrus, 'the cat' must mean some particular one. Now, what cat has been let out of the bag?"

"Polly, you've got me there! I haven't an idea whose cat it was."

"Well, it sounded mysterious and queer. I heard some one say just as I got on a car this morning. 'The cat's out of the bag.' "

"You don't imagine, Polly, they were talking of you?"

"But, Cyrus, it was only yesterday I sent that old black cat that came into our cellar away in a bag."

"O-ho, Polly! The cat's out of the bag with a vengeance."

"But how did it get out? I told Henry to carry it down to the river and mercifully drown it in the bag."

"It evidently got out."

"But how did anyone know whose cat it was?"

Mrs. Jimson was beginning to cry, and Mr. Jimson's face relaxed a little of its severity.

"Polly, it's all right, only you were born a decade too soon. You'll catch on some of these days, and then you'll be able to distinguish between a joke and a sermon. Now, just remember this. Next to letting a cat out of a bag the worst thing is to try and crowd it in again. S'long, Polly."—Times-Herald.

THE FRIENDLY GRASP OF THE HAND.

When your comrade has missed the high
aim of his life;
Has been beaten and crushed in merciless
strife;
When, whatever he tries and wherever he
goes,
He seems destined to lose, and his fate
well he knows;
It is then that despair his kind heart doth
rend—
It is that he should know that at least
you're his friend;
When the flow'r smiling earth seems a desolate land,
You should thrill his whole frame with a
shake of your hand.

You many save him from sorrow and fill
him with joy,
Yea, inspire him the morrow his best to
employ;
You may tell him how love and how friend
e'er hold—
Then he rises above and his faith becomes
bold!
And, wherever you go and whatever you
say,
You may go where you will, yet you meet
on the way
With a sorrowful man. If you wish to
command
Both his love and his thanks, just grasp
him by the hand!

But another friend rides on the crest of
life's wave,
And he revels in plenty and cares not to
save;
For his heart is so light and his spirit so
free
That he seems like the gayest of birds
that can be.
But whenever you meet with a soul that
is sad,
And whenever you're told that the glad
earth is bad,
These conditions you cure if you but
understand
That the safest of cures is to hold out your
hand. —Christopher G. Ruess.

To Break Down Medical Barriers.

The American Association of Physicians and Surgeons, which has been in session in Buffalo, took the first step toward the perfection of an organization whose object is to reconcile the warring elements in the profession, and to break down the barriers which now exist between the different so-called schools of medicine. Under the present code of ethics a practitioner of one school is prohibited from consulting a member of another school, or even availing himself of the good which is to be found in all schools. In short, the tendency of the organization will be to liberalize the medical profession.

The new organization will be called the International College of Medicine and Surgery. It will be organized in 1900 at Paris during the international congress of the medical profession, which is to form a part of the great world's fair to be held at that time. Dr. John F. Simson of Boston will probably be the first President of the new college, as he has been the prime mover in the steps already taken toward its organization. The college will recognize no creeds or dogmas, but will be devoted purely to science.—Buffalo Express.

Great memories, which retain all indifferently, are the mistresses of an inn, and not the mistresses of a house.—Mme. Necker.

THE COX OF ST. BRIDE'S.

"Go up for the Eights?" No, not this year, I think. We were there last May, but then—that was so different! I've spoken to you about little Ted Orme, haven't I? Yes, it's because of that; you see, I've not been in Oxford since.

Here is his photograph in his cap and blazer—green and white, St. Bride's colors. He looked so well in them, we thought. I wish I had one of him as he was when I first saw him. That will be fourteen years ago this May, and he was only 6, but I remember the time so well. Grace had just become engaged to young Merchiston of Trinity, and we had been invited up to the Eights by his aunt. It was our first visit to Oxford, and Grace found it very good fun, naturally—but I own I thought it rather slow at first. Frank Merchiston took us about everywhere, of course, and he and Grace were in the seventh heaven, which rarely holds more than two at a time, I think!

Well, this afternoon we were on Trinity barge watching the races. It was very bright and hot; there was the usual crush of smart frocks, of hat-bands, blazers, flannels and little terriers scuttling about everywhere, and in the pause between the first and second division of boats I was idly watching them all and noticed Ted.

He was so little for his age that I fancied him less than 6, and at first thought it absurd that he should be out of skirts, he was such a laughable figure in the long wide sailor trousers, but he marched about so independently and was so polite to his mother—who treated him, I noticed, as though he were a competent escort—that he rose in my estimation. At last he got his mother comfortably seated, supplied with tea, and in conversation with an elderly gentleman, and then came to me, politely drawing aside to let me down the stair, as I went below, thinking I should better enjoy my tea away from the glare and bustle. He managed with some difficulty to procure a cup of tea, asking for "mostly milk, if you please," at the busy table; then he came to the long seat from which I was watching him, placed his cup and saucer carefully upon it, and, chaging again into the melee, he returned with a piece of cake. He clambered with difficulty on to the slippery cushions beside his teacup, and smiled at me over its edge as he enjoyed his first sip, remarking as he replaced it in the saucer, "Rather a scramble gettin' anythin' to eat, ain't it? Have you got all you'd like?" he added, evidently ready to slide down again and forage for me if I said the word. I assured him that I was well supplied, and, ready to continue the conversation, remarked something as to its being pleasantly cool below after the glare on deck.

"Yes, indeed," he said, "and there's such lots of terriers up there, a fellow can't eat anythin' in safety—when he's little—and so when I saw Judson of Wadham comin' on with that horrid little dog of his in its blue and white ribbon—don't like Wadham colors, they're washed lookin', don't you think?—I knew there was no good stayin' up there. Why, that dog took the cake out of my hand yesterday."

"Are you interested in the races?" I asked.

He opened his eyes amazed. "Rather," he exclaimed emphatically; "'specially in the second division. Don't you think our crew splendid? My brother is stroke," he added with pride.

"The great big man who sits in front of the Trinity boat?" I asked.

"Yes," said Teddy. "He's big, isn't he? We're all big in our family—when we grows up; and of course his being in the boat makes us interested in the races. Lots of the people here, though, are just up for the week, and know precious little about it all. Why, yesterday I heard a girl who was cheerin' away like anythin' wavin' her handkerchief and pretendin' she understood it puffeckly, sing out, 'Well rowed, Brasenose'; and she was on this barge with a Trinity fellow, too, Frank Merchiston; had on a blue and white hat-band, and all that; but she just called that 'cause she heard some other fellows shoutin' it, and never seemed to think we were tryin' to bump Brasenose ourselves!"

I laughed. "That was my sister," I said, very much amused, for Grace was always making mistakes like this, being too eager to share her fiancee's interests before she understood them.

Teddy flushed embarrassed. "Oh, I didn't know," he said awkwardly. "She's a very pretty girl, isn't she?" trying to atone for his unfortunate remark. "The mater said her dress was awful good taste."

After tea we went on deck together. Teddy cast a glance toward his mother, but seeing her apparently quite happy with the elderly gentleman, devoted himself to me. "May I see your watch, please?" he asked. "By Jove, near time for the first gun! We must scrimmage to get a seat, Miss —— What is your name, please?"

I told him; he touched his cap quaintly. "My name is Ted Orme," he said, and we were formally acquainted. I little guessed what a lasting friendship it would be. Do you ever think of that? A first meeting often seems so important afterward, though at the time one scarcely notices it, perhaps.

Ted found me a chair somehow, and placed himself beside me. I shall never forget his excitement as the guns boomed out and the boats glanced into sight.

"There they come!" he cried. "Can you see, Miss Ray? Stand up on your chair. Rest on my shoulder and you'll be quite steady!" And this from a child whom under ordinary circumstances it would have been one's first impulse to lift above the press, but with Ted I dared not propose such a thing. He cheered vociferously. I think Trinity bumped Brasenose before our eyes, but I really forget. I can only remember the little figure hanging over the barge railing, waving his cap wildly, the sweet little voice ringing out, "Well rowed! Oh, well rowed!" as his brother's boat shot by. His dark eyes glowed as he turned to me when all was over. "Wasn't that rippin'!" he exclaimed, his voice trembling with excitement. "I must really hunt up the mater, and talk to her about it. She'll be mos' awfully proud of Will! Here's your sister and Merchiston comin' to look after you, so I'll say good-by." Again he lifted his cap with his quaint courteous air and turned away.

As the boat returned later I saw him on the lower part of the barge greeting the rowers. There was a crowd of lads in flannels cheering and congratulating them as they landed, and I watched Teddy, wondering if he would hug the big "stroke," but of course he didn't. He held out a little brown hand, that disappeared altogether in his brother's muscular grip, and I heard him exclaim: "Well done, old chap! that was first rate"; commendation which the the young giant seemed fully to appreciate.

II.

Grace and I were at a garden party after this, and seeing Ted's mother, I asked Frank Merchiston to introduce us to her. She turned out to be a school friend of my mother's, was delighted to meet us, and when I spoke to her of Teddy in terms that endeared me to her at once, she invited us all to tea and tennis next afternoon.

They lived across the meadows east of Oxford, in a sweet old-fashioned house, and there were seven sons; Will, the Trinity stroke, was eldest; Ted the youngest, and, with the five between, all were eager over college matters, the gossip of the river, the Eights, the Torpids, etc., as only lads living within sound of Magdalen bells can be.

Such nice boys they were, clean, straight and healthy, mentally as well as physically, all yellow-haired young Saxons, excepting Ted, who, with his dark eyes and tiny figure, was like a changeling amid the broad-shouldered, blue-eyed sons of Anak whom he so zealously imitated. I became great friends with the boys, as well as with Mrs. Orme, and when we left Oxford was the recipient of an invitation to return to them for commemoration some time, which I firmly intended to accept. But various happenings interfered; after Grace's marriage any trip away from home was naturally to Sussex to visit her, and summer after summer passed without the hoped-for Oxford holiday.

I did not, however, lose sight of the Ormes during this time; birthday letters and Christmas cards were exchanged at the proper seasons, and five years after my first visit I was able to carry out the long-talked of plan, and come up for commemoration. I enjoyed the visit immensely. Of course the family had changed a good deal; Will was in Buenos Ayres, Rex was a curate, in the Isle of Man, I think, Harry was at Merton, more eager over running and jumping, I fancy, than anything else. Bob was away at Sandhurst, so Phil, Jack and Ted were the only sons at home, the two former at Magdalen School, my little friend having very desultory lessons, with a governess, and eagerly looking forward to the next term, when he should join the others at school. Mrs. Orme was not very eager about the boys' education. She was, I believe, far prouder of Harry's prowess of vaulting than if he had succeeded in taking his degree, and Ted was allowed a complete holiday during my visit, to act as cicerone, an office he filled to perfection.

He was still very small and slight for his age, but could manage a boat better than most people of twice his years, and many happy hours he and I spent on the Isis and Cherwell during those long June days, lying in under a green bank, in dreamy silence, listening to the wash of the flow against the boat, and to the faint vibration of the bells, whose voices float ever down the river from the gray towers of Oxford; or gliding swiftly through the checkered gold of sunlight and shadow, sifted through the green boughs overhead, past banks starred with wild-roses, we talked—always on the same theme, of the legends of Oxford, of the deeds done there, whether by Saxon priest and Norman courtier, by Cavalier and Roundhead, or modern undergraduate. And, however faulty his spelling, his knowledge of arithmetic and many other important items, there was no Oxford tale or topic with which Ted was not thoroughly familiar, and nothing would bring such a color to the thin little face, or make the dark eyes glow with such brightness, as this talk of the great and glorious achievements of this or that eight or eleven, of Farrar, of Balliol, or Hewitt of Corpus. His one great desire was for the time when he should have left his childhood behind him and taken his place in the life which he knew and loved so well. To be in the boat of his "house," perhaps of the University—Rex had rowed against Cambridge while at Lincoln—was the acme of all Ted's ambitions and dreams.

"But, Teddy," I expostulated one day when we had been talking thus, "what if you should not be strong enough? You don't look as if you would ever be fit to row in a 'varsity boat. You ought rather to determine to make your mark in a different way. Some day I'll come up to hear you read the prize Greek verses at the Encaenia, and perhaps later we'll see you in a red robe shaking hands with the Vice-Chancellor, having a Latin oration read over you, and all the undergrad's cheering you, and shouting, 'Well done, Corpus,' or 'Merton,' or whatever is the name of your college; and won't that be equal to rowing stroke at the head of the river?"

Ted shook his head.

"Oh, no, nothin' like it!" was the vehement response. "And I'm nearly certain to be a big chap, Miss Ray. All us Ormes are big. I'm very young yet, don't you know, and can't rightly be said to have begun growin.' Oh, I don't care a rap for degrees and things. I'm awfully stupid, I suppose, but I can't it! I simply must be big and strong like Harry and Will and Rex, to be in a winning boat, and see the wet oars flashin' out in the sun, to feel the boat drawin' away from the others, and then to win and feel you helped in winnin.' Even to fail, but feel you did your level best. Oh, I'd rather have that than anything else in the whole world! If somebody was to tell me just now that I couldn't ever go to college, I'd feel's if I wouldn't want to go on livin', Miss Ray."

"And after you've been to college, and in the winning boat, and all that," I asked, "what then?"

Ted laughed. "I don't know," he said; "honestly, I don't. I never get any further than that in thinking of it. There doesn't seem to be anything beyond, somehow."

His brothers used to tease him about his ambition. "Which college shall you go to?" I asked him one afternoon when we were all at tea in the garden.

Harry was at home, and looked up laughing. "He must go to 'Teddy's Hall,' of course," he said, referring to St. Edmund's, the smallest college in Oxford, which goes by that name with the irreverent undergrad'. "He'd be lost in any other."

Ted, seated on the grass, raised his brown eyes to his tormentors. "I'm goin' to the one that has the best boat and crew," he said determinedly. "And I don't see why you fellows need chaff so 'cause I'm the littlest. You were everyone of you's little as me once. Harry needn't be so cheeky 'cause he's six foot four. I found a little shirt of his the other day in a closet of the mater's, a rag you couldn't squeeze a good-sized cat into."

The laughter naturally turned against Harry, but the joke won for Ted the title of St. Teddy, and stuck to him always.

Of course, during commemoration there were all kinds of festivities, of which Mrs. Orme was most zealous to procure me a large share. I was at the Encaenia at various garden parties and balls; we had lunch one day in Harry's rooms at Merton, but I don't think I enjoyed anything so much as my rambles through the town and along the river with Ted.

One day he and I had rowed to Parson's Pleasure, and leaving the canoe there had wandered into the town. The undergraduates had all gone down, and it was like a city of the dead by this time, the High silent and deserted.

We wound up our ramble at the Ashmolean. Ted was bending over Oliver Cromwell's watch, I remember, and lecturing me upon that unpopular hero in terms of no little abuse, when I proposed that we should inspect the mummies to be seen in the museum, but to my amazement he drew back with averted eyes.

"I'd rather not," he said shortly; then seeing my scruples he continued: "You'll think me an awful coward, but I can't bear to look at the things. Once when I was quite a youngster Rex was talkin' about them, of how old they are and how long they have been dead, and it scared me so that I've never gone near them. I know I'm a baby, but, Miss Ray, I dreamt of 'em so that night. I hate anythin' dead"; his eyes looked dark and troubled as he raised them to mine; "and I'd rather never think of 'em even."

Of course I never referred to the subject again, but I never forgot the shadow on the merry, fearless, little face.

I left Oxford with intense regret and was conducted to the station by Ted, whom I attempted to thank, as I bade him good-by, for all his trouble.

He lifted his hat gallantly. "Please don't mention it, Miss Ray; it has been the greatest pleasure—'twas a holiday, too," he added, with a flash of child's laughter; "and when are you coming back?" he continued, closing the door of the carriage and speaking through the window. The train began to move, but I leaned out to call back, "To see you in your college boat," and then I lost sight of him for a long, long time.

III.

The next two years, you know, changed everything for me entirely. My marriage, and then Archie's regiment being ordered to India, seemed to separate me altogether from the Ormes, and as Mrs. Orme is a very bad correspondent, I heard very little of them for nearly eight years. At the end of that time, however, we were ordered to Edinburgh, which was very nice, for you see Archie's people live there, and we were eager to show Lassie to them all; she's the only granchild, you know.

One day, soon after landing, Harry Orme walked in upon us. His mother had noticed the arrival of our regiment, and had sent word to Harry, who is settled in Edinburgh, to search me out.

It was perfectly delightful to see the young Oxfordonian again, and I overwhelmed him with questions about his people. One of my first was: "And Teddy how tall is he now?"

Harry laughed: "Not nearly to my shoulder," was the prompt answer. "But as he is cox of St. Bride's, little St. Teddy is as scared of growing or gaining a pound's weight as he used to be eager for it. Had you heard of his illness?"

Of course I had heard nothing, and Harry continued:

"He was overworking himself, about two years ago, at all sorts of athletes, and broke down completely. The doctor said it was something wrong with his heart, told him he must give up all violent exercise, flatly forbade tennis, running, rowing, and such, and nearly broke poor Ted's heart in good earnest. He was awfully plucky about it, though, but I can't tell you, Miss Ray—beg pardon, Mrs. Moncrieff, I mean—how pathetic the poor little chap used to look, in the midst of all the talk of cricket and rowing that always goes on at home, you know, especially just then, as Phil and Jack were both at Jesus. St. Teddy devoted himself to Greek, but it was an awfully half-hearted sort of devotion, though he's really the cleverest of the lot, if he only cared for work. He pretended he was getting to like it, and that it wasn't half killing him to enter St. Bride's—it's a crack crew, you know, rather hopes to be head of the river this May—and not be able to take his share of the fun. I rather suspected it was sham all along, and when he wrote last term that he'd been made cox any one could see how he really felt. Why, he seemed half cracked with delight, and the mater writes they can half plague the life out of him by telling him he's growing or getting stout."

"And his Greek?" I asked.

Harry grinned: "Rather allowed to slide, I fancy."

Then he asked me when I was going to England, and gave me a hearty invitation from his mother to come to them for the third week in May. Of course I accepted. Lassie and I were going south in May, and the idea of being at the Eighths again delighted me beyond measure.

We did not, after all, manage to get up for the first three days of the races, however; it was on the Saturday afternoon that we reached Oxford; Lassie was asleep and had to be awakened as the train stopped, so Mrs. Orme was at the carriage door before we alighted.

She was not a day older in appearance, and it did sound too funny to hear her say: "And this is your little daughter!" During all my English visits last year I was constantly startled by the sight of Lassie running about. It was impossible to remember that I was her mother. Everything else was so like what it had been years before. Before we had uttered more than the first greetings Mrs. Orme began:

"I'm just from the river. Too bad you couldn't be there; we have had such an exciting three days. St. Bride's has made a bump every day, and has got to the head of the river to-day after such an exciting race with Magdalen. Teddy will be off his head, I do believe. I never even hoped that St. Bride's would be at Magdalen, never!"

She was excited as any one over it all, and her excitement was most infectious; we talked of nothing else all down the High, across Magdalen Bridge, and out into the country, and it was so like the old days over again.

Will was at home, for the first time in ten years, and Rex, Phil and Jack were gathered on his account, so the house was very lively. Lassie was in her element. She was accustomed to queening it over all the young subs in Simla, and was soon on intimate terms with the young men. Rex had brought one of his little boys, too, just about her age, who reminded me of Ted.

On Sunday Ted himself spent the day with us. He greeted me very affectionately—I think Lassie was shocked by my kissing him—and he looked, oh, so happy. I remember watching him as he sat on the windowsill, surrounded by his big brothers, discussing the races, and the chance St. Bride's ran of maintaining her position on the river, and thinking what an intensely glad-hearted young fellow he was, and how bright life seemed to be for him. There seemed some anxiety as to the result of the next day's proceedings.

"We bumped Magdalen almost by a chance yesterday," Ted explained, "and they're not the fellows to sit down under a bump. I can tell you. They mean to get back to-morrow, if they can, so it will be an exciting afternoon, Mrs. Moncrieff," he said, turning to me with his old sunny smile, "and you've not missed all the fun."

"And if you fail?"

"We fail! But we'll strew our courage to the sticking place and we'll not fail."

He seemed reluctant to leave that night. Some of us walked across the meadows with him to the river where his canoe was lying, and he lingered on the bank talking. It was a lovely night, warm, still, and sweet with the sweetness of an English May, and a clear moon was reflected brokenly in the whispering river. Teddy asked me, I remember, if I had seen Harry in Edinburgh.

"Dear old chap," re said thoughtfully. "I'd like to see him again. If only he were here, and Bob back from Cairo, we'd be a nice little family party, wouldn't we, mater?"

"I thought, if Will could manage to stay till Christmas, we'd have a family reunion then," said Mrs. Orme. "Bob hopes for leave, I think."

"Christmas," ejaculated Ted. "That's a long way off."

"St. Teddy wishes all his family to see him head of the river," laughed Will.

Ted laughed, and pushed his canoe out from the bank, calling back "Aufwiedersehen," and I suppose the word brought the song to his mind, for, through the plash of the river, we heard him whistling the plaintive "Est ist bestimmt in Gottes Rat," as the canoe slipped from sight.

The next day was showery in the morning. Mrs. Orme and I went into Oxford before lunch, and while she was calling somewhere, I wandered down Broad street towards Wadham, where we had agreed to meet again, and was driven by a smart shower to take shelter in the entrance to the Ashmolean. I was pleased to meet Teddy in his green and white blazer just coming out, and we stood talking while the rain pattered down outside.

Suddenly I asked: "Have you ever got over your objection to the mummy, Ted?" and he turned to me laughing.

"I had forgotten that you knew that, Mrs. Moncrieff," he said. "Well, do you know, I've never looked at them all these years, just because I'd got into the habit of avoiding them. Let us go up and look at one of them now, and get the introduction over."

We did so, and he stood in front of one case, looking at the face of the thousand years dead within. He was standing carelessly, crushing his cap between his hands, and, as he remained silent a long time gazing into the eyeless sockets of the black distorted countenance before him, I was struck by one contrast, by the sweet glad young eyes, with the hidden laughter in their brown depths, the firm, smiling lips by the hope and life reflected in the sunburnt, boyish face, and then by the horror of the ghastly thing opposite. I caught his arm. "That will do," I exclaimed; "let us go now."

Teddy laughed, but there was a queer look in his own eyes as we went out again to find the shower had ceased and the clouds racing away before a light breeze.

In Wadham garden the grass and flowers were glittering in sunlight, and we sat down to wait for Mrs. Orme, who never keeps an appointment punctually by any chance.

"That is an interesting old chap," said Teddy thoughtfully after a pause. "I wonder why I was so afraid of him as a little 'un. I am a fearful coward though," he turned to me as he had done so many years before, with the strange shadow on his face, "and awfully afraid of death, Mrs. Moncrieff." Then with a bright laugh and complete change of tone he added: "I wonder if, when the time comes for one to look that, too, in the face, it is with a surprised 'Hello, old fellow, you're not half so bad as I thought,' that he is greeted. But here comes the mater, and I must be off. You'll be both on the barge this afternoon, won't you?"

IV.

It was very hot and bright on the river that afternoon, and the crowd on the barges and along the river unusually large. The Ormes were present in great force, though Phil and Jack were not with us; they had joined the undergraduates on shore, scantily clad in flannels and prepared to run along the bank with the boats and cheer themselves hoarse when the races began.

Bertie, Rex's little boy, was most attentive to Lassie, and explained everything to her, so that, to our amusement, she chatted quite fluently about it all, took really an intelligent interest in the boats, and was immensely proud of her acquaintance with the cox of St. Bride's.

Teddy joined us as soon as we appeared, and remained with us during the first division, holding Lassie on his shoulder, and giving her his green-and-white cap to wave as the boats went by.

Then he went off to procure tea for us, asking us to remain together that we might have it socially.

While he was away Sir Edward Morse, the head of St. Bride's, came up, and after speaking to me, said: "Let us go down stairs, Mrs. Moncrieff, and have a cup of tea away from this bustle," and offering to take Lassie's hand, he added, "Don't you think that a good idea, little maid?" Of course I had never thought of declining, but to my amusement, Lassie drew herself up, and said politely, but with great pride, "Oh, no, thank you; mater and I are going to have tea with the cox!" Sir Edward bowed, smiling, and said he would never think of interfering with such an engagement. I think it was probably the first time the head of St. Bride's had found himself to be nobody compared to the cox of the boat.

After the boats of the 6 o'clock division had gone down to the starting-place we all waited in great excitement for the guns, speaking little and constantly consulting our watches.

In spite of our expectation we all started as the five-minutes gun was fired, and pressed forward eagerly to see the canoes and small boats clearing away from the center of the river. In two minutes there came the dull sound of the second gun; all conversation ceased; even the terriers stopped barking and raised one ear in quivering impatience. On boomed the last gun, a shiver ran through the crowd, a great cry rose from beyond the bend of the river where the boats lay out of our sight, and Will, who was beside me, muttered between his teeth, "They're off."

For several seconds we could see nothing, the St. Bride's barge lying some distance from the start. Then on the opposite bank came the rush of white-clad lads carrying the crowd there in one stream along with them, shrieking, firing off pistols, waving huge rattles, crying, "Well rowed, St. Bride's!" "Well rowed, Magdalen!" hurrahing, howling like souls possessed—or like young Englishmen! Then a flash of oars and the boats were in sight and yells rose from our barge as St. Bride's approached, followed so closely by Magdalen that a hump seemed inevitable.

I wish you could have seen Ted's mother; she was standing on a chair supported by Rex, waving her handkerchief as he did his clerical hat, both joining in the cries that echoed on all sides.

"Well rowed, St. Bride's! oh, well rowed!" "Row, row, oh, well rowed!" "She's got her!" "No, she hasn't; oh, row, row, St. Bride's! Ah-h——" a long shivering cry as Magdalen, now almost aside of St. Bride's, swerved for the bump. And then—such a storm of clapping, cheering and shouts of "Well rowed!" "Well done, St. Bride's!" that I could hardly collect my wits to discover what had happened.

It seems that Magdalen had been too eager, and that just when she was in the act of bumping a piece of clever steering on the part of St. Bride's cox had saved the boat, which darted forward untouched and was safely away before her pursuer had so far recovcovered herself as to follow.

None of us noticed the following boats; the cheering and cries almost unnerved me, and Will's voice shook as he said, "There will be nothing now left for St. Teddy to wish. That was all his doing."

I longed to get to Mrs. Orme to speak to her, but would not leave my place until the boats came back from the winning post, each to its own barge, which they did slowly, the crews, exhausted by the intense exertion, being wildly cheered as they passed.

As St. Bride's came back a wild roar of congratulation arose, and my heart throbbed to hear the name "Orme" repeated amid the deafening plaudits. The long boat had some difficulty in drawing alongside, because of the crowd of smaller craft, and as she lay waiting, a fresh cry of "Well steered," and "Orme, Orme," made Teddy raise his white face and shining eyes to the deck, and something in the glad, exultant look with which he met Will's waving hat brought the tears hot to my throat, and then, I don't know why, but I thought of his face as I had seen it in the Ashmolean that morning.

Will moved impatiently. "I must get down below to greet him as he lands," he said, and as he turned away Sir Edward spoke to me again, and I, leaving my place at the rail as I answered him, lost sight of the boat just drawing up.

I don't know what he said, but we were interrupted by a fresh burst of cheering.

"I fancy they are greeting your young friend," said Sir Edward. "His steering certainly saved the boat. Why, what tremendous applause!"

I listened eagerly. "I wish we could see," I said, and so we pressed through the crowd to the head of the stairs. The cheering seemed suddenly to cease as we made our way, and when, just as we reached the stair head, Will met us with a scared, white face, a vague terror caught at my heart.

"Where is the mater?" he whispered eagerly. "Ted has fainted. He is down there, and they've sent for a doctor, so don't be afraid. It was just the excitement," and he hurried past to find his mother.

I don't know what I said or thought. I don't remember anything until I was down stairs, and saw Ted lying on the seat. His cap had fallen to the floor, and his hair and gray jacket were all wet, for they had been bathing his face.

Dr. Markham had been on the barge, and was bending over him already, so there was nothing to do but to stand and wait.

It was so like the day I had seen him first; outside the crowd and bright colors, the sound of laughter and many voices, the sparkle of the sunlight on the river casting quivering reflections on the ceiling.

Suddenly the doctor straightened himself; I saw him lay the thin, brown hand which he was holding gently down, and I knew the instant I met his eyes that I should see on Teddy's face the strange, inscrutable shadow that told us all was over.

The one instant of triumph and glory, for which he had lived all these years, had come at last, and, after one swift, exultant throb, his heart was still—forever.—New York Evening Post.

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