

Benny wondered whether his brother realized how
brutally cruel he had been,
② Benny knew that the boy was sorry for what
he had said. But the words had been spoken;
and he found it hard to forget the pain they
had given him. He drew his hat over his face
lest his brother ^{should} notice the colour that had spread
over it.

① Alice, his sister, was there. She read a question-
ing look on her face; it seemed as though she
asked: "What has happened to you, Benny, to look
so pale?" He hung his head and walked away
without appearing to have noticed her.

Conflict of the South.

No Schicker, etc.

The three boys lay flung their tired bodies on the soft grass determined not to walk any ^{more} further. This walk had brought them further from home than they wanted, and it was now time to take rest and talk. They rested their heads against the trunk of a fallen tree, and looked at the ^{pages of} blue sky ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~seen~~ ^{seen} through the thick foliage of the mango grove. ^(They were on the back) they had lain thus together, closely ~~pressed~~ ^{pressed} to each other with Dad and mother and the kids, somewhere in the open space between Rangoon and Calcutta. There had been no trees to ^{hide} ~~cover~~ them from the blue sky. The Japs planes were flying low, ~~bombing~~ ^{trailing} ~~increasingly~~ ^{to death} all the refugees. They had crouched low under the guinea ~~blowing~~ ^{blowing} grass which cut their faces. Explosions which shook the earth under them had taken place, and ~~mother and he had prayed~~. Bombs had fallen near them, shaking the earth below them and giving them the cold shiver. Mother and he had ~~been~~ ^{been} close together, praying, praying, until after ~~an~~ ^{hour} ~~hour~~, the planes left, as ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~seemed~~ ^{seemed} a year, the planes turned back and flew into the clouds, and then ~~partly~~ ^{partly} ~~at least~~ ^{at least} ~~what~~ ^{what} ~~remained~~ ^{remained} of it, ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~did~~ ^{did} ~~not~~ ^{not} begin to trudge once again the weary trackless miles.

The memory of that escape to India was fresh in ~~the~~ ^{his} ~~mind~~, but he had cut deep into Benji's mind, and often he had talked about it to his ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~brothers~~. But now Dick and Joe were thinking of the future.

"The army is for me," said Joe.

"You will be sorry to lose you," said Dick.

"She ~~won't~~ ^{won't} let you go."

"Not after what she has received from the Japs. Some one must pay back. Besides Dad needs us all to earn something."

^{They} That was a profound, painful truth. There was no ~~escaping~~ ^{escaping} it. ~~Gone~~ ^{Gone} ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~days~~ ^{days} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~expensive~~ ^{expensive} ~~retooling~~ ^{retooling} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~rambles~~ ^{rambles} ~~over~~ ^{over} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~wide~~ ^{wide} ~~trails~~ ^{trails} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~states~~ ^{states}. All were silent for a while.

They ~~looked~~ ^{looked} ~~watched~~ ^{watched} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~quirrel~~ ^{quirrel} ~~running~~ ^{running} ~~over~~ ^{over} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~facile~~ ^{facile} ~~grace~~ ^{grace} ~~among~~ ^{among} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~branches~~ ^{branches}, ~~after~~ ^{after} ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~ones~~ ^{ones}. It was Dick who spoke: "I hate that Clerkship; with ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~ledgers~~ ^{ledgers} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~figures~~ ^{figures} ~~have~~ ^{have} ~~always~~ ^{always} ~~bored~~ ^{bored} me. But nothing doing. I must accept

enough to live
fantasy. Dad was a broken man; it was impos- &
sible for him to work any more. Happily Jack had
got ^{the} job in the Aircraft factory, and what he sent ^{money} ~~away~~
was wisely being managed by Mother with the
cleverest economy to clothe and feed all. Dad had
not suggested to any one to go look for jobs; he
could not bear to think that they should start life so
much lower than he had done. He left it all to Mother.
Her planning and caring to make ~~and~~ the boys.

Clothilde rushed into the room waving a
piece of ^{yellow} paper above her head.

"Being, Oh, Being, guess what. I won't tell you."

Being put his arms affectionately round
the girl and said: "If you don't want to tell me,
then I won't know."

"But it is big news; give me a kiss, Being,
and I will tell you."

Being paid the price most warmly. She said:
"Jack has got a big rise. He will come here ~~some~~
this evening, before he goes for his new job."

"You are ^{an} angel, Clothilde. You always bring
good news."

She put her little arms round Being's ^{well} ~~hand~~
pressed her face against his. "Being, didn't Jack
and you carry me the whole way when I was sick? I am
so happy that Jack is ~~coming~~. Now let me go and tell Mabel and Joe and Dick.
I wanted you to know first."

Clothilde flew out of the room as rapidly as
she had come. ~~Being~~ ^{Being} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~more~~ ^{more} ~~alone~~ ^{alone}. ~~He~~ ^{He} ~~did~~ ^{did} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~know~~ ^{know} ~~what~~ ^{what} ~~Jack~~ ^{Jack} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~doing~~ ^{doing}. ~~Perhaps~~ ^{Perhaps} ~~Perhaps~~ ^{Perhaps} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~would~~ ^{would} ~~understand~~ ^{understand}. ~~But~~ ^{But} ~~what~~ ^{what} ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~Mother~~ ^{Mother} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~Dad~~ ^{Dad}? Mother's heart would break. She had said
over and over that whatever other boys might do
he should never look for a job anywhere outside
the town. ^{But} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~did~~ ^{did} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~know~~ ^{know} ~~what~~ ^{what} ~~job~~ ^{job} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~thinking~~ ^{thinking} ~~of~~ ^{of}? If she couldn't nobody could. As for
Dad, he had not yet relinquished the plan of the
Medical College for him. He had even forced him-
self to tell Jack as he was leaving for his job: "Look
here, Jack; you are the man of the house now.
That boy Being must not lose his chances. I would
have sent him to England for an M. D., if the
Japs hadn't come." Jack had bit his lips in anger
but he ~~retained~~ ^{retained} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~form~~ ^{form} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~father~~ ^{father}.
And Jack had replied: "You know I would try my best, I

I'd love Being more than all the rest.

^{Benning} He could not bear the suspense any more. He closed his trunk carefully and went ^{out} to ^{the} room of the room. The house was bristling with excitement. Alice was preparing Jack's favourite dishes in the kitchen. Joe and Dick were cleaning the window-panes. Iron came out of kitchen when she heard Benning's footfall.

She caught hold of his hand, look him ^{to} back to ^{the} ^{room} made him sit on a chair while she sat on another.

"Benning, be a sensible boy. Why should you be so hurt with what that stupid Joe said? He speaks and then he thinks."

Benning was silent. He look his mother's right hand in both his hands and watched it intently.

"^{Every body} knows you are not a thinker. You want to work and help just as the others."

"Now, no, now, I want to go to the seminairy ^{thing}," he uttered out and burst into tears.

John Clayton ^{has} saw ^{that} he had wounded ^{should} the boy more than any one else. He clasped Benning to his breast.

"Benning, foolish boy, why didn't you tell me that before? That is what I have been praying for all these years. If God has designed to bless me with a priest-son, I am the happiest of mothers. Come, what say, you must go this June. God knows, I am sorry ^{ever} to part from you; but ^{when it is} for ^{that} sake it is different."

Benning looked up with a beaming smile.

"Mother, is that true?"

"Of course, boy; have I ever told you anything but the truth?"

"But everybody will say that I am escaping now because I dislike work."

"Not everybody, son." He raised his head and ^{gave} his mother a long, affectionate kiss.

~~She kissed as though to honey~~ ^{she spoke as though to herself} "I'll keep her arms on Benning's shoulder. To see my son a priest! My God, what happiness. To see him in those clothes of white and gold, To see him raising the Cup of Chalice. ^{mother} ^{love}"

will bend down and adore. And then she will kneel before you to receive the Lord from your hands. There won't a happier mother in all the world." Suddenly her voice fell. "But will Dad be there with me? He has not gone to Church even since Ruthie died."

"He will come, now," said Binny; but he shook with fear as he thought that he would soon have to face his father.

Some time later Mrs. Clayton was busy in the kitchen, and Binny was helping his brothers in preparing the house for Jack's arrival. Clotilde came once more. All reference to the morning's incident was ^{mercifully} ~~completely~~ avoided. Clotilde came once more to Binny with a letter in her hands: "Binny, see whether it is your letter; I saw it lying in a box near the bathing room." Binny seized it, and ^{of the Rangoon school} ~~found~~ ^{found} that it was a letter Fr. Watson had ^{had} ~~written~~ ^{written} to him two years back. ^{He had} ~~He had~~ written to him about his having made up his mind to become a priest, and ^{this} ~~here~~ was the reply ^{to} ~~which~~ ^{the first priest sent him.} ~~It had~~ ~~been~~ ~~sent~~ ~~him~~ ~~to~~ ~~wait~~ for some time ^{since} ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~still~~ ~~young.~~ ~~Be-~~ ~~sides~~ ~~at~~ ~~that~~ ~~time~~ ^{Mr. Clayton had just begun to have} ~~his~~ ~~feel~~ ~~his~~ ~~in~~ ~~ter~~ ~~est~~ ~~in~~ ~~re~~ ~~lig~~ ~~ion,~~ ~~it~~ ~~and~~ ~~Fr.~~ ~~Watson~~ ~~had~~ ~~sug~~ ~~gested~~ ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~would~~ ~~be~~ ~~im~~ ~~pru~~ ~~dent~~ ~~to~~ ~~ang~~ ~~er~~ ~~him~~ ~~still~~ ~~fur~~ ~~ther~~ ~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~que~~ ~~stion~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~join~~ ~~ing~~ ~~the~~ ~~se~~ ~~min~~ ~~ary.~~ ~~This~~ ~~letter~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~for~~ ~~gotten~~ ~~the~~ ~~letter~~ ~~all~~ ~~about~~ ~~the~~ ~~letter,~~ ~~and~~ ~~had~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~thought~~ ~~On~~ ~~leaving~~ ~~King~~ ~~sto~~ ~~Binny~~ ~~had~~ ~~de~~ ~~stroyed~~ ~~all~~ ~~the~~ ~~letter~~ ~~he~~ ~~found~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~room,~~ ~~but~~ ~~accidentally~~ ~~this~~ ~~had~~ ~~es~~ ~~caped~~ ~~de~~ ~~struc~~ ~~tion.~~ ~~It~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~de~~ ~~ar~~ ~~y~~ ~~pr~~ ~~ayer~~ ~~book,~~ ~~at~~ ~~that~~ ~~time,~~ ~~and~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~brought~~ ~~it~~ ~~with~~ ~~him~~ ~~un~~ ~~know~~ ~~ingly,~~ ~~and~~ ~~had~~ ~~again~~ ~~lost~~ ~~it,~~ ~~and~~ ~~where~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~and~~ ~~how~~ ~~he~~ ~~did~~ ~~not~~ ~~know,~~ ~~and~~ ~~now~~ ~~his~~ ~~little~~ ~~angel~~ ~~Clotilde~~ ~~brought~~ ~~it~~ ~~to~~ ~~him.~~ ~~Was~~ ~~it~~ ~~not~~ ~~a~~ ~~God~~ ~~send?~~ ~~Suppose~~ ~~he~~ ~~read~~ ~~it~~ ~~out~~ ~~aloud?~~

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It would exonerate him completely from the charge of a shirker. It would prove that his resolution to become a priest was not because he was disappointed about the Medical College. "Yes," ^{he said to himself} "when next time anyone ~~taunts me~~, I would thrust this letter into his hand and say triumphantly: 'read.' &.... But should I? "Would our Lord want me to do that?" Binny was undecided. He folded the letter and put it into his pocket.

Jack had come and stayed a day and came in the evening as announced. Clotilde's exuberant happiness was catching. Binny forgot his own troubles as Clotilde drew him one from one place to another to do something or other for Jack. But Jack did not fail to notice that ^{the} dark cloud had that he veiled Binny's usually bright face. Late in the evening they were alone sitting under a stone bench by the roadside.

Jack ~~hesitated to explain~~ his mind was full of plans about the Medical College. But he ~~felt~~ saw painfully that even his new salary would be quite inadequate.

"Binny, darling, I am very sorry for you. Believe me, I feel it more than you."

Binny remained silent. He was wondering how he should explain his mind to Jack.

"Face it bravely, boy; all of us have been struck as much as you."

"Don't speak so, Jack," groaned Binny.

"You have still chances, your chances; you are young, and a delay of two years ~~will not~~ ^{will not} matter. Meanwhile look for some job."

"Jack, I am going to the Seminary this June."

Jack ~~was~~ ^{looked a picture of stupefaction} ~~stunned~~; he rose from the bench and he shook Binny by the shoulder.

"Binny, you are not your old self. I have never known you so peevish. This is not the way of taking a disappointment."

Benny had feared this; Jack misunderstood him just as much like his other brothers.
"Jack, I never wanted to be a doctor. It is Dad who wanted it, and besides my mind to become a priest...."

He stopped suddenly, and clenched his fist. Jack saw that Benny's mind was made up, and that he would ^{not} be able to ~~shake~~ shake him.

"Benny, is you are mysterious, to say the least. I didn't think you would take this turn. To waste your talents for a seminary you are the only one among us who can study; and what stupidity to shut you up in a seminary."

They returned into the house. Jack told Benny and Joe and Dick about ^{Benny} what he had heard.

"Of course we knew that all along; he is a shicker and a coward," said Joe ^{shout} loudly so as to be overheard by Benny.

"Only you and I have been deceived about him, not we," added Joe.

"He wants us all to work, because we haven't didn't get prizes as he did ^{for his} for his of working ~~but~~ I saw that his mind was turning that way soon after he we came to India," said Dick still more loudly.

Every word reached Benny's ears; he felt the agony of so many swords being thrust into his heart.

A more painful scene occurred in Dad's bedroom late in just before bedtime. Mrs Clayton judged that the thinking that Jack's arrival ~~came~~ took Benny to see ~~him~~ ^{him}.

"A priest also works, Dick. This work sort of work is far more necessary to this house than any heap of money; you are not in ~~want~~ ^{right} ~~with~~ ^{with} himself. But he knew that it was of avail to tell them this.

Just before bedtime Mrs Clayton came to Benny: "Darling, you we can see this."

White he will continue to live as in the old days

9 "He is so happy that Jack has come."
They entered the room, the boy hiding behind
his mother. Mr. Clayton was arranging some old
papers on a table. "Benny, now has some plans for you also?"

asked Mr. Clayton.
"Yes, very brilliant plans; but they are
his own," said Mrs Clayton, "I love them
immensely."

"Unfold them," said Mrs Clayton ^{the father} ~~the old man~~
with a weak smile.

"~~Yes, this June I am going to enter the~~
~~Seminary,~~" he said Benny. Benny made
a tremendous effort; he felt a lump rising in
his throat. ~~He~~ The voice was choked as
he blurted out: "This June I am going to enter
the seminary."

Mr. Clayton started as though struck by
a rifle or ~~a light explosion~~ ^{a bomb} had burst
into his room. He stamped

"What is it, I hear, Mrs Clayton? Are
both of you ~~idiot~~? " he shouted. ~~He immediately~~
he fell into a ~~chair~~ ^{attorney} and began ~~peering up and down the hall~~
Benny, you have done your duty; now

go back and sleep. I shall explain to Dad."
said his mother quietly.

Benny ~~did not leave~~ Benny left slowly
with a ~~heavy~~ ^{rebellious} heart. As he closed the door
he ~~heard~~ ^{saw} that his father was ~~robbing~~ ^{weeping} and
with face buried in his hands, and he caught
the words. He saw that his father ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~in~~
signifying ~~at the father and~~ ^{peering a black wall}
to be ~~drummed~~ ^{drummed}, ~~and~~ he caught the words:

"Mean of him to do it at his time."

Benny banged the door, knuckled to his room,
at ~~on~~ and sobbed heavily with his face
hidden in the pillow. Benny Clotilde
The word 'mean' sounded in ^{his} ~~her~~ ear
with the whirr of a thousand ^{air} planes. The
sound grew in volume; it came nearer
and nearer. He felt that all the
destruction of the Boer war was being
heaped about him. ~~Wasn't~~ Dad had said
he was mean; Dad was a man of few words,
and he would have used that strong word
unless he had meant it. Clotilde's smiling

This was
A. Constant practice with him; it gave him a
And trying them with tattered red ribbons;
He then remembered that
his change had come in his fortunes

father in the few minutes that followed. He

perplexed father.

"I want it to be destroyed."

"Why?"

Benny did not reply, he stood ~~as~~ still like a marble statue, with face lead bent low. Mr. Clayton walked slowly out of the room, ~~why~~ wondering why Benny wanted that letter to be destroyed. "Please, don't tell anybody what you have read in it" said Benny ^{to him} in a low voice as he left the ~~the~~ room. ^{Benny} ~~was~~ ^{to learn} ~~later~~ ^{what} ~~happened~~ ^{to his} ~~father~~ ^{Mr. Clayton} reread the letter, and slowly ~~as~~ the revelation came to him. He thought "So Benny had been ~~the~~ thinking of this for two years. ~~He~~ ^{He} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~he~~ ^{he}, was mean! Howie of the land to do this!" Mr. Clayton's Religious Conscience - ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~reflected~~ ^{reflected} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~two~~ ^{two} ~~years~~ ^{years} ~~four~~ ^{four} years came back to Mr. Clayton. He sat on a chair ~~he~~ and began to reflect.

Benny dressed and washed and dressed for the Church; he needed the strength which Holy Communion alone could give.

As he was leaving his room, he ~~father~~ called out: "Where are you going, Benny?" The tone was different; it was full of affection.

"To the Church, Daddy."
"Wait fifteen minutes. I shall come with you. I must Confess and receive Communion with you today. Tell mom to come along if she likes."

That morning Benny received Communion kneeling between his father and mother; they offered him to Jesus with a full heart.

Plot from messenger

June 64

Clara Belli

'A Call to Arms'

The story of Bunny's location.

He is no shirker

When they had ^{gathered together} come in a few minutes earlier ago at the urgent summons of Mr. Inapi-
lai's lawyer, they had not expected to receive
such good joyful news. The old man's meagre
features ~~during his lifetime~~ joy and
wonder were chiefly written on Philip's face.
He had indeed loved his estate; he had
loved the estate of Upper Lawn where he
used to be invited ~~out~~ and then for his whole
days, but that one day he would become it
his mother had ~~never~~ ~~forgot~~ ~~his~~ ~~mind~~ had
not occurred to him even the wildest
daydreams which in his College days used
to distract him from ^{to struggle with} his problems of algebra and
Calculus.

Congratulations were showered upon
him from all directions. Mr. Andrew,
Director of the Patriarch's trust fund said:
"Your uncle loved you very much. That
legacy was very wise ~~from~~ every respect,
and it is into worthy hands that it has
been entrusted. The Church and the
Community will prosper greatly under
you."

The extreme deference of the forty
Directors amused Philip a great deal. He smiled
and said: "Thank you for your kind wishes.
I shall try not to be an unworthy ^{of} successor
to my uncle." He added in a puzzled
tone: "But I do not
understand why he made that stupid
Condition"

When he reached his home and told

In that workers College to which uncle sent me
there was not a single Catholic student. I have
never thought of becoming a Catholic nor
spoken about Catholics to my uncle.

Annie answered: "I know, your
uncle didn't like the Catholics. They are
low class, mostly fishermen of the
South. Some of the more decent folk
have among them are those who left our
great St. Thomas own for the money
of the Pharangis. A mean lot, all of them,
and uncle hated them."

"But I never wanted to be of that lot."

"Well, uncle thought that with your
College ideas, and with that the shameful
apostasy of that Archbishop, your head might
turn, and so he wanted to protect you."

"Very kind of him, but quite a needless
protection," answered Philip in an ~~un~~ who was yet
unconvinced and puzzled.

Next day he met the local priest after
Communion services. "Your uncle was
a great soul. My poor school is richer by
a thousand rupees, and all the ~~workers~~ my
teachers ^{have begun pestering me for} are asking for an increase of ^{salary} pay.
But you ~~uncle~~ wouldn't expect me to work
for money ~~unwisely~~."

"I fear, I too am going to be pestered."

"By whom? Not by the Catholic priests
of ~~the~~ that mission" he pointed to a
new church ^{surrounded by a cross} on a distant hill top. "They
won't care for you without your money."

So Philip went home wondering why this

Which also would convince us certainly
 that he was going to be in a political ~~idiot~~
 In the ~~On~~ ^{George} ~~brother~~ ^{his former}
 friend and classmate ^{of his school days} met him. The conver-
 sation turned too soon to the will. The
 doctor said: "Your uncle has given
 generously all round; but you are the
 only one whom he distrusts."

"Distrusted?"

"Yes, he feared that you might join
 the papists who have built their mission
 close to Lippin town."

"Are they there?"

"Indeed, since last week. The
 brass of them! You wait and see whether
 we are not going to burn down the whole
 nest of them. Hope you would stand up to
 defend them or to be burnt with them."

Philip was really angry: "What, is
 it all a joke upon me? Do I have I done
 anything to be treated so often?"

Dr. ^{George} ~~Waters~~ laughed and dropped the
 subject.

At home he Dr. reaching home, Philip
 went to his father's private room where
 the old man was sitting with the great
 family Bible open in his lap. He was
 reading it in a saignrony tone. This was
 his method of keeping the Sabbath holy ever
 since the new ^{pastor} ~~found~~ ^{trained} under the
 Dutch missionaries had come to the parish
 and ^{and had} preached a sermon against venerating
 the ^{very} ~~human~~ mother of Jesus, and had ~~stropped~~ ^{stropped} the ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~the~~

"Take a chair, my boy; sit near me
 and listen." Philip was not in a mood

did not feel no inclination to listen to the Bible, but as this was a means for some thing wanting a confidential and intimate conversation, he gladly obeyed.

Mr. Mathew read from the book of Ecclesiastes: "The Creator of all things commanded and said to me; 'The that made me rested in my tabernacle. From the beginning before the world, was I created; and unto the world to come I shall not cease to be. In the holy dwelling place I have ministered before him. I am the mother of fair love, and of fear, and of knowledge and of holy hope.' Of whom do you think, Phil, is all this written?"

"How do I know? wasn't Solomon glorifying in the wisdom he had gained?"

"It is the Virgin ^{Mary} Mother who is praised here."

"No, it cannot be, Solomon knew nothing about her, and the Bible never praises her."

Mr. Mathew raised his hand as in a gesture of despair. "This is the fruit of sending you to that ^{College} London ^{University} ^{College} ^{of} ^{London} ^{and} ^{Sion} ^{College}. I would have sent you to the learned ^{English} ^{Protestant} Romanists, but your uncle would not hear of it. He wanted this. He hated the Romanists, and hence even from my family the Virgin Mother has been banished."

"Why did he hate them Papa? They love the Blessed Virgin, and it is so natural that all Christians should love the Mother of Christ."

Mrs. Matthew was happy

This remark had the effect which Philip expected. Mrs. Matthew was ~~the~~ felt happy; he said: "That is well said, my boy. We are always loyal to the Virgin. She was with us long before these missionaries came, and we should not banish her for them."

"But Papa, why did Uncle hate the Romanists?"

"Oh, that was because ~~one~~ another Uncle of yours turned Romanist. We never speak of him in the family, but I always loved him. ~~The~~ The ^{French} ~~Horvath~~ priests received him into their group, and made him a Jesuit. He used to write to me; but I never answered for fear of your big Uncle. It is to him I wanted to send you for your College study."

"Why did he turn Romanist?"

"I really don't know. Perhaps to spite us. He says in used to say in his letters that it is because the Virgin Mother called him. But I don't believe that. He also says that we were all once Romanists."

"The Philip remarked as though a great revelation had been made: "So that explained the condition in the will. Uncle of the Upper Lawn feared that I & "Yes, yes, you have the same name as your Jesuit Uncle!"

"Yes, Philip. We were all once Romanists. No, that is not true. ^{as he} My Uncle is not ~~any~~ ^{of the} ~~the~~ ^{same} ~~as~~ ^{Philip} said Philip emphatically. "Papa, all Jesuits are crafty and deceitful; the

the very dictionary says so."

"I don't know about the fruits. But there is some truth in what your uncle wrote. We were all once Romanists of a sort. Our bishops used to come from Syria the Pat Chaldaean patriarch who was a Romanist. But some the Pharangers came here four hundred years ago; they refused ^{us} to accept their bishops who were so Syriac. We vowed touching the Cross that we would not have any of those bishops, and made our own. But some of our group turned traitors to St. Thomas and to our rite and joined the Pharangers. We remained faithful, and will not be Romanist any more."

Philip's ~~own~~ curiosity was thoroughly roused, but he could not make his father talk any more. ~~He opened the Bible over~~ ~~and~~ bent his head once more over the Bible. Philip listened for a while, and when the end of a chapter had been reached he asked: "Papa, may I have a look at Uncle's letters?"

"Yes, my boy. Here they are." ~~read~~ He pulled up a large number of sheets from his drawer. "Read them, but not today. Keep the Sabbath holy."

Philip went to his room with the letters. He had no scruple and felt no obligation to refrain from reading letters on a Sabbath day, and so soon he was absorbed

9 in them.

The letters ~~containing~~ were a mine of information. It was clear as daylight that all the St. Thomas Christians were once Romanist, and ^{and} that it was they, the Jacobites, and not the Romanists who had ^{formed a schism} split away and ^{become untrue} turned traitors to ^{the faith of} St. Thomas. ^{And} Several in ^{his} family, this Jesuit uncle, of a great grand uncle before him, and many others had at various times gone back to the Romanists, and now the the higher law was being offered to him as a bribe to keep him in his apostasy. His mind rebelled against the thought.

He read slowly and thoughtfully through the letters. There were pages of ^{convincing} argument against his position of compromise between the true Church of Christ and the innovations of the Dutch and London missionaries. There were pages of burning devotion to the Virgin, the ^{Our} Blessed Mother as the letters called her ^{with} affectionate tenderness. Reading them, almost unconsciously Philip began to pray to Mary to lead him to Her Son.

Weeks of painful indcision followed. He reread the letters several times. He constantly carried with him the letters a picture of the ^{Our} Blessed Virgin which ^{one} his uncle had sent along with one of his letters. Finding that ^{the} names of a few books on Church history and Catholicism had been mentioned in the letters ^{he} that went found a pretext to visit

the nearest
 & distant Catholic town, where he bought
 all the books, and began to read them one
 by one. Yet his mind was not at rest. At least
 late one evening he took a bold and
 step. He went to the Upper Lawn Estates,
 walked through them as though for inspection,
 and when he felt sure that no one was looking he
 crossed the fence to ^{the} Catholic Chapel. He with a
 firmly believed in the Real presence, he
 knelt there for a long while. The night was
 far advanced when he was roused from
 his prayer by the ^{word} priest who had come to
 lock the Church. His mind had been made
 up; and a great peace flooded his soul.

N. P.

The old lawyer turned red when Phi-
 lip explained his case. "My dear boy, it
 is it is madness to throw away so
 great a fortune for the sheerest whim."
 "For For what is my deepest Convic-
 tion," answered the boy in a firm voice.
 "You are stubborn, and I can't help you.
 But I shall examine the will once more to
 see to whom the Estate must go." at his house

When he explained his decision ^{to his} ^{relatives},
 his mother and sister went
 into hysterics. ^{his mother and his sister} ~~Amos~~ went into hysterics.
 His mother asked ~~at least~~ asked simply:
 "What is your younger brother said mockingly:
 "Phil, you are like the weavercock over the
 Upper Lawn Bangalore. ^{for a year} ~~you~~ will change
 your new Religion for something else."

Philip replied: "Not at ^{my} new Religion, ^{stay}
 it is the old one. I go home, and there I remain."

Philip's father who had been ^{benumbing the scene} ~~silently~~,
now stood up, placed the family Bible
on the table and said solemnly: "The Phil
says the truth. During this month I have
watched him and prayed to the Virgin for
him. He goes home, and he is right. I too
go with him."

~~There was~~ The door of the chapel was for-
tally open. He pushed it and entered the
~~dark interior~~

The door of the chapel was ^{not locked} ~~habitually open~~; ~~it~~
~~seem~~ He felt an urge to enter inside.
He pushed the door; it opened with a creaking
sound. He stepped inside. It was empty;
the rays of the setting sun filled it with a
subdued, golden light. A red sandalwood
lamp burned ~~before the tabernacle~~
steadily at the ^{far} ~~father~~ end. There was a
few flower vases on the altar, and a
white veil hung before the tabernacle,
On the cloth which covered the altar front
he saw Philip read the words: "The Master is
here and calls for thee." He walked inside,
and knelt ^{by} the Communion table.

The scene of many sitting at the feet of the
Master and listening to his words came to his
mind. With a strong faith he believed that
the same Master was here, and he poured
out his soul in prayer. His fears and
doubts vanished one by one, and a strong
resolution to follow ~~the path trodden by~~
the call of the Master whenever it led
took shape within himself. The hours
sped by. The golden glow in the chapel
turned to a dim twilight and then to
utter darkness, except where the red lamp
shed a small circle of light. He saw Philip

That puzzling will.

The story of a Jacobite's Conversion

Adapted from

P. W. Oct 43

did not observe the ~~change~~ passage of time. His thoughts were all absorbed in the great resolution he had made.

~~Close at hand~~ ~~to him~~

He was roused by from his prayer by a priest who ~~took~~ ~~him~~ came into the Chapel holding a lantern, touched Phil on his shoulder and said: "Child, it is time to close the St Chapel", and raising the lantern to his face, he added: "But who are you? I have not seen you in this place."

"Father, I ~~was~~ am a Jacobite. I want to be reunited."

Secret Service

"A gem of a book", "Father", said Jimmy Callen, as he extended towards Fr. Morris a little book in a colourful dustcover.

Fr. Morris showed ^{but faint} ~~a~~ ~~trivial~~ interest, in Jimmy's discovery; he was too absorbed in a long letter which he had just finished reading a fourth time over.

"What is wonderful about that book?" asked Fr. Morris slowly in folding the letter and pushing it deep into ^{its} the envelope.

"The Secret Service of the Japs. They are real crooks. Russia and Germany pass very secret letters to each other; no one in the world knows that they are scheming anything. Now come Japs' secret agents. They not only learn that a treaty is being planned; they ^{five} get into the ^{ironboxes} tightest rooms, and ⁱⁿ open daylight they take ^{photographs} on film copies of every document, and pass the news on to their government. Father, isn't that Taring into the lion's den?"

They are afraid neither of the Ogpu nor of the Garsapo."

Fr. Morris did not reply for a ^{long} while. Then his ^{firm, slender} long, long fingers were drumming softly the envelope he held in his hand. Wind through the open windows played softly on the scattered sheets of paper on the table and on the dishevelled hair of the boy.

"Isn't there secret service tapping, Father?" the boy asked, hoping to distract his the priest's attention from the letter.

"It is, Jimmy." But — " Fr. Morris hesitated; then he took out the letter from the envelope, slowly unfolded it, and said: "I am wondering, boy, whether there is not such a thing as secret service for God. Would you like to go into the lion's den for it?"

It was Jim who was silent now. His young shoulders bent ^{forward} over the table; his ^{eyes} ^{glanced} ^{at} his book on a heap of other books on the ^{table} shelf, and looked ^{furtively} ^{back} on the priest's face.

"When I am grown up, perhaps, ~~but~~ but why should there be any secrecy about God's service?"

"In certain countries, at certain times, there is need of secret service for God. I will explain. Have you heard of Jacoli?"

"Sure, Father. — that State of that bigoted ^{which} King who won't allow any Christian missionary ~~in~~ to come near. For I heard Fr. Flynn saying that there are lots of Catholics there, and they have no priest."

"And there are lots of pagans who want to be baptized. This letter is from the headmaster of the Matarajab high ~~the~~ school; ~~and~~ is a Catholic. He says ~~he~~ is asking me to keep him."

"He is my uncle; they don't know that he is a Catholic," said the boy in a low confidential tone.

"Now listen to your uncle writes: 'Our Catholics ^{people} need some one to encourage them. And the pagans in the north ~~west~~ are ready to be baptized.'

But nothing is possible as long as Govt of Sa re-
mains the political administrator. He is an apos-
tate from the South, and his hatred of Catholics
is far greater than that of the King. ^{The King is a puppet in his hands.} Since his
coming all laws against missionaries ^{are more} ^{being enforced}
^{stringent} ^{being forgotten} ^{long forgotten} and those who are known to be Catho-
lics are losing their posts in the government. One
of these days I also might be forced to leave the
State. Mr. Sa's position here is secure; and
so there is no hope for us unless he is converted.

I want request you to pray for him...." " "

Fr. Morris lifted his eyes from the letter and
looked at the boy who had been listening intently.

"Do you see what secret service for God means?"

"To convert Mr Sa who is the source of all
our trouble. But that is an impossible feat"
^{task}

"Not as impossible as filming State documents
would have seemed to the Japs"

The boy smiled; his sparkling eyes showed

determination. "Any boy would be proud to take a share in converting him," he said.

"Why don't you write a letter to him, saying that you are a Catholic, and that you are praying for him. He is a un married. & is a book this apostasy has lost him all his friends and relatives. And in that dark hole of Jacobi he can have few friends. He will value right appreciate a letter from you." But remember, no mention of me in the letter.

Jim cracked his fingers with the pleasure of excitement. "I will do more than write. I have some experience from the Conversion Campaign of last year. I will try the same weapons again."

"But remember, no mention of me in your letter, nor of your uncle. From we are in the secret service ourselves."

A week later Fr. Morris was alone in his

room one early morning. He closed the breviary
which he had been reading, knelt down before his
Crucifix and said a short prayer, and then went
through an elaborate process of dress-up as though
he were an actor for a drama. When he had
finished, there was little resemblance to the
priest that he was. The khader cap on his
head, the short well-trimmed moustache, a
flowing gown and long coat reaching to the knee,
and the shawl worn in loose folds gave him
the appearance of a Beng Bengalee school-mas-
ter. Having satisfied himself as before a mirror,
he took off part of his make-up which he
packed into a suitcase, slipped back into
his cassock, and in a few minutes left the
presbytery alone in a small car, unnoticed by
any body.

The car took him through long, solitary

roads. In one place, far away from all human habitation, he stopped his car, swiftly he remade himself a schoolmaster with cap and moustache and coat all, locked his car carefully in a case below the driver's seat, and then drove on. A few minutes more, and a fork in the road brought him to the boundary of forbidden Jaevli. A sentry who was placing the road demanded who he was. "Mr. Sin, the new headmaster of the Maharaja's High School," replied the driver. ~~Came the~~ ^{the sentry's} Coolly reply. He was allowed to pass on. received a salute with quiet dignity, and then passed on.

=====
 For the ^x first ^x week ^x Fr. Morris was taking his bearings and attended to little beyond the routine work of the school. Every evening he used to go back to ~~the~~ ^{his} presbytery in the mission station of Navik outside the State.

Events seemed to move smoothly, and no one seemed to suspect his identity. So he felt it was now time to strike out boldly along new lines. One evening after school he was closeted ~~with~~ behind the locked door of his office with Mr. Balin, one of the assistant masters of the school.

"Balin," he asked - After a few preliminary ^{li}ries which seemed to Balin very ~~trifling~~ ^{trifling}, the priest suddenly changed his tone, and looking straight into the young man's eyes, asked: "Balin, do you see who I am?"

Balin stared in stupefaction, and wondered whether he had done anything to offend the new boy's headmaster.

The priest leaned forward, placed his hands on Balin's shoulder, and asked again: "Balin, my boy, can't you see who I am?"

"Fr. Morris! Whoever thought it is you?"

The Balin started ~~stood~~ up, and firmly clasped the hand of the priest. Fr. Morris made him ~~stand~~ sit, ~~up~~ and said: "Speak gently. You know why I am here. Our ^{Callum} Souza ^{have} had to go because they saw he was a Catholic, ~~and perhaps you~~ too will have to go soon. It is high time we do something. The Catholics need a priest; and a great ~~in~~ Conversion movement is under way. Do you think I shall approach the King with a petition?"

"By no means, Father. ^{It would be} ~~Dangerous~~. Mr. Sa will have you arrested, and ~~then~~ you will get either imprisonment or a heavy fine."

"Then, what else would you suggest?"

"First, you must get out of this hole as soon as possible, tomorrow if possible"

"That never", said the priest emphatically.

"Rumours are already ~~surprised~~ suspicious have

① We used to do much to keep the faith of our people here. When he left he cleverly arranges for me to succeed him. But our position here is far from easy. Perhaps you journey

known already about you. I heard some ~~rumours~~
gossips saying that the new headmaster is a
Catholic and a priest, and used to laugh ^{at} them.
I used to laugh at them, but and didn't guess
there was any truth in what they said."

Fr. Morris sat pensively for a while. Then he
said: "Balin, we are in it together." Make very
careful inquiry about the source of the rumour,
and see whether it is serious. ^{Tomorrow} On Monday we shall
talk again. Tomorrow we shall talk again - ~~at~~
during the second period."

~~Next day~~ ^x ^x ^x from Balin
Next day Fr. Morris learnt that a few
the rumour about him had reached some of
the officials, and that they had carried it to Mr
Mr. Sa had said promised to investigate.
Sa himself. "That is bad," he said to himself,
stroking his artificial moustache.

A knock was heard at the ^{office} door of the
office.

"Balin, you stay here. I shall see who is it is."

He went to the door and opened it. A Sepoy ~~with~~
 in ~~the~~ Palace uniform saluted him and handed
 him a note. He read it, nodded to the Sepoy as
 a sign of dismissal, and said: "The political
 administrator summons me for an interview"

"At his office?" asked Balin.

"No, in his house. Where is it?"

"In Mahal Street, the ~~the~~ only ^{two} ~~three~~ sto-
 ries building there"

"I am going instantly. Pray hard that I
 may not put my head into a noose"

Balin did not reply.

When Fr. Morris ~~knocked~~ ^{entered} the room
 of Mr. Sa, that worthy official was fretting
 over a typewriter which refused to work.

"A beastly place this, Mr. Sen," he said
 motioning his visitor to a chair. "No one who
 can set a typewriter ^{or any mechanism} or watch ~~right~~."

Fr. Morris thanked God that he had come at the right moment, and watched the administrator knocking vigorously on the sides of this machine, pulling levers, pushing screws, and growing hot and impatient.

"Let me have a look at it," said Fr. Morris.

"I used to repair my machine myself."

Mr. Sa allow pushed the typewriter towards him. In a few minutes Fr. Morris had broken up the machine into a dozen parts, had tightened a few screws, straightened some bent levers, had reassembled the parts, and shown to the astonished official how perfectly a Remington could type.

"Oh, I thank you ~~so~~ very much, headmaster;
"You are a marvel," said Mr. Sa with in-

finite pleasure.

"Not I, but your machine." said the priest
laughed a hearty laugh, smiled confidently.

The official said to himself: "This one is certainly not one of those stupid priests, nor am I going to ask him whether he is."

Conversation flowed easily between the priest and the political administrator. They talked of world the war, the ^{political} parties in India, the ^{labour} social unrest in industry, the problems of education in Jacoli State, and a thousand other topics, on all of which the new headmaster showed himself ^{thoroughly} well-informed.

"Mr. Sen, you can't imagine what a relief it is for me to meet one like you. There is not one here who can talk ^{two words} intelligently. That blundering idiot of a king knows only two subjects - women and hunting. His people are so worried ~~to~~ of him."

Fr. Morris who did not share in ^{all} these views of his the official just smiled in reply.

"You must take tea with me ^{now} and as often as possible, please call here. I am annoyed

① Many ^{of them} heads used ^{to} bow respectfully as the Fr. Morris' car passed through the town every morning and evening.
to leave, in his desert, of a

When they parted they seemed to be the best of friends. There had not been a word about the ^{purpose} subject of the interview during these two hours.

Fr. Morris asked: "By while saying goodbye asked pointedly: "I suppose there was no special purpose in your calling me for here."

M. J. smiled apologetically: "I'ma sorry, there was. Some of these fools ^{here} thought you were somebody, and I was stupid enough to believe them."
Changing the subject, he said: "But, please, Mr. Sin, don't forget to call again."

~~The invitation was a~~

Fr. ^{Morris} ~~Sin~~ called again and again, almost every evening. The Police Commissioner and the Educational Director and other officials who drew fat salaries for ^{effortless} unwinding of tape did not fail to notice the growing friendship between the headmaster and the "big boss". Balin said to Fr. Morris one afternoon: "Father, no one dares to call you a priest now. And if I were to tell them that you are, no,

I would be called a traitor^{to the State}." The priest nodded

"A typewriter is a very useful machine," replied the priest with a smile.

But Fr. Morris was growing impatient with these long evening chats. Politics and literature and economic planning too were in the priest's mind subjects void of interest, ^{but} and he could talk on nothing but these with the ~~was~~ atheistic Mr. Sa. The burning topic of religion could never be opened, without immense risk of Mr. Sa kept a very strict silence on certain portions of his past life, and all the priest's efforts to draw him out overcome the official's ~~best~~ administrator's ^{his} reticence were of no avail. "I am wasting precious time," the priest said to himself. "My people are without Church or sacraments. The chances ^{most} of conversion are being lost. I wonder whether my Jimmy has been keeping up his campaign." The Church ~~was~~ almost priest had almost decided

to open the subject boldly of his own accord and to risk the consequences. "Come what may; today I will speak out," he told himself as he walked up the steps to Mr. Sa's richly decorated sitting room.

Something ^{unusual about} ~~on~~ the table arrested his attention. There were on the table a ~~the~~ Crucifix, ^{a rosary,} and a prayer-book. Beside them lay an envelope ~~on~~ which the address ~~on~~ which was in the round, boyish handwriting of Jimmy. "So, this is what the boy has been doing! ~~What~~ And what is the effect? My poor Jim, your Campaign is the far harder than I had imagined. Fr. Morris looked at these objects ~~in~~ musingly, and intently, and was so absorbed in thought that he did not notice Mr Sa entering by a ~~left~~ side door.

"Good evening, headmaster; Amused at these toys? Do you know what they are? Objects of Roman Catholic superstition. I have been trying hard to stamp them out from this State. But there is an interesting youngster ^{in Narvik ← from Buschardt} sending these things straight to

① to describe the religion of his childhood in language that revealed an intense hatred. "A fine chap, indeed, and a bold one too." 17

"Why should he send there to you?" asked the priest, univarsely thanking God for the ~~offer~~ opening he had so long desired.

Mr. Sa hesitated a long while before answering. "It is a long story," he said at last. "Once I was weak enough to believe in these things myself. This Jim - that is the boy's name - learnt ^{that} from somewhere, and says he is praying and making sacrifices - for what? That I may go back to the old superstitions? Ha! ha!"

② Mr. Morris felt sorrow and disgust. ^{He said to himself:} "My poor Jim is trying to break down Jim ~~was fighting~~ against a blank wall of granite." ^{Poor}

"I don't quite understand you. What superstitions do you mean?" asked the priest.

Mr. Sa began to pour out all his hatred of ^{our} religion. Contempt and loathing were stamped in every word he uttered. ¹ More than once ~~for~~ he ^{Mr. Sa} thought he should contradict him and vindicate the truth, But ~~placence~~ ^{placence} made him

check himself" Fred is working through that boy
and not through you. Don't spoil the work" as
voice seemed to say to him.

Mr Sa Concluded: "That is one view of these
problems, and the correct view. There is another
view which the ^{boy} child has exposed in his
letters. Here they are — there is a big pile of them.
Now in the world did a boy of fifteen learn
to write so well? ^{beautifully?} He writes the stuff is nonsense,
but he presents it ^{beautifully} well. I like the ^{boy} ^{more} greatly.
He has promise. And that is why I would ~~like~~
~~like~~ wish him not to break his heart in trying
to 'convert' me; as he is trying an impossi-
ble task."

"Could I have a look at that pile? It would be
interesting to learn the boy's view."

"I would advise you not to. The It is
dynamite. ~~for~~ It gives at least a most uncon-
fortable shake-up. Even I, so firmly convinced
of the contrary felt uneasy ~~then~~ at times while
reading them."

① now a priest, sitting at table with his brother priest,
Hope, long ~~dead~~^{again}, began to rise in the priest's
heart. 19

That evening when ^{on} he reached the presbytery,
~~Fr. Morris, that the husband was a priest,~~
he was to learn more about Jim's secret
service. Fr. Flynn, the missionary in charge
of the station, said: "Fr. Morris, that
boy, Jim, do you know well that
boy Jim? to whom you lent my 'Jap Adven-
ture', do you know him well?"

"I do, Father; his Saddy was my classmate
in school."

"I don't know what he is up to these days?"
something. Last year he conducted a prayer
Campaign, and God blessed it. Now he has been
getting from ^{me,} "The Question box", "Faith of our
Fathers" and some other fine books. The Brother
Sheehan says he is working hard at them and
writing a lot. He is also mortifying himself at
meals. The Brothers ~~to~~ are very watchful, and one
of them noticed it. The last quarter of an hour
of noon recess ^{spends} he ~~is~~ in the Church."

"Perhaps another Campaign", said Fr. Morris

vaguely, not wishing to reveal the boy's secret.

It was two days before ^{Fr. Morris} he could meet Fr. Morris again. Last one evening the boy came up to him ^{shyly} taken sheepishly, and placed on the table a few Rupee notes. "For a novena of masses for the Conversion of Mr. Sa. Some of us boys have got this together."

Fr. Morris ~~brightened~~ brightened with pleasure when he ~~realized~~ felt great admiration for the generosity of the boys; he knew well that so much money could not have been collected without many sacrifices.

Fr. Morris reflected for a while and then said: "I will begin ^{the} novena of masses will begin day after tomorrow. The first and the last will be said in Mr. Sa's house."

The boy startled: "Mr. Sa is converted then?" he asked in astonishment.

"Far from it. But he won't know that mass is being said in his house. He will be out riding with the Maharaja."

"How will you get there?"

"I am a friend of Mr. Sa. I will ask him

Saying that it is

to lend me a room in his house for a
small party of my own." 21

"Father, you surprise me. How can you
be a friend of ^{such a} man, so bitter an
opponent of the Church."

Mr. Harris took the boys land in his
~~and said~~ "Jim, you remember what I
told you some time back. I am in the secret
service with you. I took your uncle's place as
head-master of the school, and gradually became
~~acquainted with Mr. Sa. He told me yesterday:~~
"I have no one in the Sta. Jacobi except a
few Catholics know who I am. I am now
~~a trusted friend of~~ meet Mr. Sa almost every day,
but up to now it has been difficult to discuss
religion. Soon we may begin that. You know
what he told me yesterday: 'Like Sen - that is
my name in Jacobi - I have only two friends in
the world, that boy Jim whom I don't know,
and you'."

"But he doesn't know you at all, Father,
at least not the truth about you,"

1 said the boy.

"But I hope

he will come to know within a few

soon. I am waiting for a suitable opportunity."

"There is hope, that our Campaign will succeed?" asked the boy eagerly.

Fr. Morris ~~he wished he could give an~~

"Conversion is God's work, my boy. Keep on praying."

~~Next day Fr. Morris startled Balin by the announcement that there would~~

~~Next day the headmaster was going ^{in Jacobi}~~

Next day in the headmaster's office, ^{with} Father

Morris had startled Balin by the news of Mars being to be said in Mr. Sa's house. "At 9.30 a.m. in the dining hall," he said. "Please inform the persons listed here; ~~to that~~ they will want to be present." Fr. Morris gave to Balin a ^{sheet} of paper with a few names written on it.

"But how can you dare that? It is a terrible risk," protested Balin.

"No risk at all, young man. To say Mars in ^{this State} his house was my ~~cherished dream~~ ~~but~~ that ^{and now the time has come.} greatest ambition. There is no place safer than the house of the political administrator.

Our people have not heard Mass for a long time. What justification is there in my being here if the F
Cannot say atleast one Mass for you? ^{people?} "

"Father, at present our work is progressing well. You will spoil all by going into jail." ~~the~~ boy to Balin was emphatic.

Fr Morris was equally emphatic that the Mass should be said as ~~soon~~ he had planned ^{After some discussion} with some difficulty Balin consented to bring the people together, but on condition that one of them would stand guard at the gate.

Events proved that the guard was superfluous. There ~~there~~ ^{would be} no disturbance to the Mass was said, ^{without any disturbance,} to the great joy of all who took part in it; and none of the townspeople who saw the headmaster and his friends coming out of the house suspected the ~~strange~~ ^{unusual} nature of the party they had there.

But the political administrator was still a ^{painful} ~~serious~~ enigma to the priest. His reactions to Jim's letters and to the searching questions of his Fr. Morris were ~~various~~ ^{varied} between

~~At times~~
~~On certain~~

the violent extremes. ~~At times~~ ^{On certain occasions} it seemed that

he would go abjure his errors and go in search
of a priest; and ^{at such times} ~~Fr. Morris~~ ^{Fr. Morris} would think of revealing himself
~~and saying~~ ^{and saying} "Mr. Sa, here I am, a priest. Kneel down
and make your Confession." But the next instant

his attitude would change. He would become
the ^{an} implacable enemy of Christianity, a terror to
every Catholic. The priest would pray silently:
"God, save me from being deceived by this man."

The discussions often took him perilously
near being found out; but every time he was
allayed suspicion by pretending to base his argu-
ment on Jim's letters. The novena of masses
was drawing to a close, and ^{its} result on
the twisted soul of the Mr. Sa seemed as un-
certain as in the beginning. Fr. Morris again
arranged for the final Mass ^{on the ninth day} to be said in Mr.
Sa's house, and gave ^{to Robert} a longer list than on the
first day.

As Fr. Morris was leaving the presbytery
in the car, Jim ran up, and said: "Father,
Could I come with you. I would so much like to

be present for today's mass."
Since Fr. Morris ^{seeing that} ~~saw that~~ there ~~would~~ be no
additional risk in having one more than the
mass, Fr. Morris motioned him to enter.

On the way he said to the boy: "Jim, we must
pray hard that we may not be ~~defeated~~ ^{surprised} today.
Yesterday Mr. La's ^{label of religion seemed to} ~~seemed to~~ ^{take us more than}
ever before. ~~He was planning for~~ ^{He was planning for} ~~cruel persecution.~~
~~if he today he finds the out that~~
~~we are saying Mass in his house, the effects~~
~~will be terrible. Never had I feared more of~~
~~falling into his hands than today."~~

Jim remembered the phrase "daring into
the lion's den" which he had used on the day of
entering on his secret service.

Mass began ~~in solemn~~ ^{with} ~~inspiring~~ ~~at least~~.
~~The Mass began was sent~~

The mass began with inspiring ~~the devotion~~. ~~None~~
who had not seen a priest for years and for
whom the sacred drama of the mass was the
yearning desire of their hearts were kneeling ~~pressed~~
close together in that small room. All eyes
were intent on the ~~a~~ priest who stood in violet

vestments before a low table. Two tapers burning,
and a crucifix were all the decoration for the altar.

A solemn stillness reigned except for the muffled
voice of the priest occasionally reading audibly the
prayers of the sacred ritual. A deep happiness which
no words could describe was stamped on every face.

It was time for Communion. The priest pro-
nounced abolution over bent heads, and then raised
over them the most sacred Body of Christ. Just then, the
door behind them was heard to open, and to the
contemplation of all Mr. Sa stood in the room.
Fear of some sacrilegious violence filled all hearts,
and from many lips rose a fervent prayer for the
conversion of this one man on whom depended so
much. Fr. Morris seemed unmoved, and continued
distributing Communion. Mr. Sa strode angrily
three steps towards the priest. Those who were kneeling
behind rose to keep him back. But suddenly he stopped.
He stood ^{as though dazed into inaction} ~~stayed like a trembling with indecision.~~ The his
fists clenched, ^{and} ~~the teeth rattled.~~ ^{He was trembling with} ~~he~~ ^{on a sudden} ~~he~~ ^{dropped}
on his knees, and sank his head on a table that
stood in the middle of the room.

You are not Mr. Sen, but the priest of God, as they said. And 27
God has shown me what my past was.

After Mass was over he came ~~to the~~ ^{now} up to the
priest and said: "Father, I see it all. I must make
my Confession."

John who stood near ~~by~~ could not control himself
for joy. He said: "Thank God. Secret service is over."

Secret Service

Patriek writes.....

(A short story)

Last Saturday, as you know, was the ordination day of Fr. Peter, an old boy of our College. We, five Crusade Captains, were permitted to attend the ceremony at the Cathedral. Early morning when we came to the Fort Station, it was still fifteen minutes to the arrival of the train, and the platform was nearly empty except for a gentleman sitting alone on a distant bench. I recognized him to be Mr. Das, one of the leaders of the recent Caste-troubles. Ever since that time he had never approached the Sacraments, and we had heard that he used to publish anonymous libels against the priests.

"Why not offer today's Communion for him?" asked James

"I would even suggest a more elaborate Crusade Skirmish", said I.

We all agreed.

Noel and John, two lads of twelve, whose prayers everyone knew to be most efficacious with God, decided to lead the skirmish by prayer and sacrifice. Silence till the arrival of the train and reciting the rosary instead of wandering about the platform looking at the posters — this was their plan.

They went to a solitary bench and began their share of the work — prayer, sacrifice, and at the same time a proximate preparation for that morning's Communion. More direct apostolate was left to James and myself; we were to engage in a conversation with Mr. Das. And as for little Theo, our Benjamin, we knew that he would be useful in his own inimitable way.

I was puzzled not knowing how to ~~start~~ begin a conversation with that great gentleman who sat there on a solitary bench in unapproachable majesty. But James came to my rescue with his native presence of mind. "I've an idea", he said, and jumped down to the railway line. He began to run with considerable acrobatic skill on the narrow tops of one of the rails. I followed him and tried to do as he did, but fell down many a time from the rail. James laughed. But poor Theo was frightened; he felt sure that at the very next instant we would be crushed by ~~an oncoming~~ the train. He trembled all over, looked in both directions for the train, and cried aloud to us to return. We paid no heed. He then ran to Mr. Das. "Sir, won't you force them to come back?" he pleaded, "They are going to die". The evident anxiety of the lad moved Mr. Das; he rose up from where he sat and said to us: "Come up, oys; your little friend here is going to faint." James

smiled in triumph that his ruse had succeeded. We climbed to the platform and said respectfully: "Good morning, Sir."

"Good morning, boys. I suppose you are coming to the hockey match."

"No, we go one station further - as far as the junction," I ~~had~~ said.

"What is there at the junction?"

"From there we go to the Cathedral to attend an ordination service. An old boy of our College, Fr. Peter, is going to be ordained priest."

"So, the priests over here are sending you to that stupid pantomime?"

Thes closed his ears with both his hands and murmured: "My God! a blasphemy!"

"Is it the ~~the~~ holy Sacrifice of the Mass that you call a pantomime?" I asked.

"Yes. Perhaps you don't know who I am."

James was ready with an answer which disarmed Das' hostility. "Yes, I know. Didn't you give a speech the other day on the Maidan for the warfund?"

But Thes was for fight; he began: "and didn't you write some ~~dirty~~ dirt....?" I caught hold of the ear of the little firebrand and stopped him in the middle of the word.

Das then asked us what we had done for the

wear fund, and was pleased with our work. "You are a set of splendid boys," he said, "except when some of you allow your heads to be turned by your parents or the priests, and go to don a Cassock, as your friend, what's his name, Peter, is going to do this morning."

Heo pursed his lips, raised his head and then shouted: "A vocation is God's gift, sir."

I added more quietly: "Parents try rather to dissuade their sons from becoming priests. And as for the ~~Rev~~ Fathers of the College, they make us reflect long before taking a decision."

"So you say nobody forces them", said Dad, "then, why do they go to be priested?"

"Because they know that God wishes them to take up that mode of life; because they are persuaded that it is the best life for them."

"Oh! I see, the best life", said Dad in a tone of incisive irony, "A little initial trouble, then a position of honour, receiving the obeisance of gullible folk, and a comfortable living in return for doing no work."

"Eight to twelve years of hard study cannot be called little initial trouble", said I

"So very long? I had never thought of that," Dad admitted.

I continued: "The priest's position is honour-

As they were thus in council of war, suddenly (the little one) startled up & his eyes sparkled with new life. He pulled ~~the~~ the by the arm and said in a quick and engaging tone: "Come, let us sit down on that bench over there! the gentleman won't mind it" and with these words he made straight for the bench while the two others followed rather hesitatingly, wondering what would happen next.

As soon as they came in front of the gentleman (the little one) said with a mischievous smile of one who expects that of course his request will be granted: "I suppose you won't mind our sitting down on the bench, sir, will you?"

"Good morning boys!" said the grave gentleman all at once astonished and won over ~~to~~ by the unexpected flush of the little boy.

+

After hesitating for a moment, suddenly the little one
As they

able, I grant. His dignity is great, for he is the minister of God. But his is hardly a comfortable living. Many a parish priest has just enough to ^{keep} his over-strained body in fit for work. And he toils at his monotonous job from ten to fifteen hours per day."

Das seemed to admit the truth of what I said. But before he could reply, the train whistled in. Noel and John walked up to me and inquired how we were getting on in the skirmish. "Splendidly, I am think it is all due to your prayers," I answered.

"So we continue our rosary?" asked Noel.

"Yes, that seems to be the best plan," said I.

James had ~~discovered~~ a quiet ~~&~~ discovered a compartment which was almost empty, into which he invited us. Noel and John occupied a quiet corner, while we settled ourselves on benches at the ~~other~~ opposite end.

"You have been telling me a few things I never suspected," Das began, "By the bye, your names, please?"

"Patrick, James, Theophane, and over there, Noel and John."

"So they two are ~~to~~ your friends? Then why don't they stop their mummering and join us?"

"Not mummering, sir," said Theo, flushing red,

"but prayer; they are praying for...."

The sentence was not completed; for, unobserved by Das, I had shot a significant glance at Theo, making him understand that his eloquence was just out of place.

"Well, prayer, not mummery, my little friend; are you now satisfied?" said Das wishing to conciliate.

But Theo did not listen. He was vacantly gazing out of the window, trying to quiet his temper and to forget the spicy remark he had prepared.

Das turned to me. "So, if I am to believe you, the studies of a priest are longer than those of a doctor or an engineer; and even after priesting, he has to work many hours a day. Such a life can hardly be 'the best life' for any man."

Theo got up from his seat, and began to speak in a low whisper to James. I could not hear ^{their talk} what they said, but as I learnt later, this is what he said: "Jimmy, we must not listen to this man any longer. I am sure, Patrick will give up his vocation if he continues this talk"

James answered simply: "Be more quiet, boy. Aren't Noel and John praying for us?"

"No, they are praying for him."

"For us also, that we may succeed in the ~~skirmish~~ skirmish."

While they were talking, I was trying to answer the last objection Mr. Das had put. "Priest-hood ^{certainly} is not ~~perhaps~~ the best life if man lives only for Comfort and wealth. But if you believe that God exists, and that man has been created for God,....."

"Of course, I believe that" Das interjected.

"Then you must admit that to act as an intermediary between God and man is an office of sublime dignity. A priest continues Christ's mission upon this earth, and this knowledge is reward enough for the long training of the seminarian and the hard life of the priest. Our little Theo knows by heart a few verses about the dignity of Catholic priesthood. I haven't yet heard anything more beautiful than these."

Das looked at ~~the boy~~ Theo. He ~~never~~ felt that he had angered the little boy, and was perhaps wishing for a reconciliation. Perhaps too he was mildly interested in what the boy would say about priests. Whatever was the reason, it was in a tone of humble request and not of sarcastic challenge that he spoke: "Theophane, I shall be grateful if you will recite for me those verses about priests."

Thes willingly consented. He knew that if ever there was need of his talking, it was now. He closed his eyes for a while, during which time he must have been praying his good angel that his words might have power to touch at least once an obdurate heart. Meanwhile, Noel and John rejoined us; they did not like to miss Thes's rendering of these lines.

The boy sat up, his look fixed on the floor, his face glowing with a touching tenderness, and angelic beauty. Almost in a tone of prayer, he began slowly:

"To live in the midst of the world without wishing its pleasures;
 To be a member of each family, yet belonging to none;
 To share all sufferings; to penetrate all secrets;
 To heal all wounds; to go from men to God and offer them their prayers;
 To return from God to men to bring pardon and hope;
 To have a heart of fire for charity, and a heart of bronze for chastity;
 To teach and to pardon, to console and to bless always;
 My God, what a life! and it is yours,
 O priest of Jesus Christ."

Thes stopped. I had been too much absorbed to notice the reactions on Das' face during the recital. But when at the end I looked up and my eyes met his, I saw too large teardrops standing in them. He quickly rose up and went to the door. There he

stood, we g looking at the horizon, and immersed in silent thought. We too were silent, for we felt that a violent struggle was going on in that vagrant soul. We prayed fervently that grace might conquer.

The train rolled on with its rhythmic beat upon the rails. Soon a whistle was heard, and the station where Mr. Das was to get down came into view. He turned towards us. Was he coming to say good-bye? Were all our attempts to prove futile? Had God's grace once again been rejected? We felt anxious, but his words reassured us.

"Boys," he said, "in a voice choked with emotion, "I am ~~not~~ going to get down here. I come with you to the Cathedral to be reconciled to God and to His Church. Won't you be praying for me?"

"We did and we shall," replied Noel.

Fr. *Patricius*

Calcutta 28/4/45

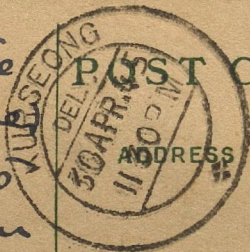
Dear Rev. Father,

As per your request I had sent
back to you 7 copies of S.C. the
story "Daddy, is there a God" as you wanted
to touch it up. These were taken
to Kursemp by Mr. J. Fernandez of
Mylapore. Will you kindly send that
story back as early as possible?

I want to have the
lot of them censored
before starting to
compose. If you
have other stories
ready you may
send those too.

With best wishes
yours in Xl.

Andrews



Rev. Fr. M. Thakarkara S.J.

M. Mary's College

Kurseong

D. H. R.

Calcutta 28/3/45

Dear Mr. Tekakara,

But, when you will be in charge of Press and up to ten other things will you be able to understand what it all means. Things go wrong so often, and in most unexpected quarters that one is never able to attend to a thing properly, and in due time. Please wait

a little & I will
saddle your
affair quickly.

Yours in X!

Thompson



Rev. F. M. Thekavan.

St. Mary's College

Kurseong.

D. H. R.

145 Bowdoin Street
6th October 1948

Dear Fr. Thekkalava, P.C.

Received your very kind letter
and the mss. I am very thankful to
you for this kind act of yours. I suppose
Mother of Mercy inspired you to come
to my help. At present, I am had over
shoulders busy with some urgent
works - as soon as I have a little time
to spare, I will give you all the necessary

details for future arti-
cle which you may
like to send. As you
say well the question
now troubling us,
Scholar, is the space.
Hence stories & the like
have to be short and
always the same length.
I will try with one or
two of yours & then let
you know the result.
Yours in ~~the~~ *the* ~~the~~ *the*

POST CARD

ADDRESS ONLY



Rev. Fr. M. THEKAEKARA, S.J.

St. Mary's College

Kurseong.

(D. H. B.)

Calcutta 22/2/45

Dear Rev Father,

Thanks to your p.c.
of 20/2/45. I have received the
manuscript. Will write later
on & give you other details
wanted by you.

Yours in X to
Theodore



POST CARD



ADDRESS ONLY

F. M. Mekaekara M.

St. Mary's

Kurseong.

S. H. R. S.

Little Brown Press
2571/45.

Dear Rev. Fr.

I have not read your p.c. of 24-1-45 — but I am answering to it as I read it. It is the only safe way of getting it done quickly.

1. I will send you 2 copies of M.M.R.
2. How big? Depends upon you — the more the stories, the better. There will be many stories in a book — say 10 or 12 or 15. The bigness will depend on the number of stories you can write.
3. Roughly 160 to 320 pp of children about 160 ^{pp} of 16 d'crown.
4. I would take the printing & selling. Also the censoring.
5. All kinds of pious stories would suffice. Something of the Money of America ^{type} would be excellent.
6. I would also give you a royalty for your trouble.
7. But you must be quick. This is the time. No books from Europe — no books for prizes for



POST CARD



Rev. Fr. Thekkara, S.J.

St. Mary's College

Kuraseong.

S. H. R.

children. Hence a big demand
for all kinds of Catholic books.
Story books would sell like
hot cakes if nicely illustrated.
I have an artist here who
will help me in the work.
You could collect all the
stories you have contributed
right & left and start with
the first book. You will have
to get the necessary permission
from your superiors for all this.
Yours w/ll. Shrover

Titles

- 1 His first first Friday (from M.M.S.)
- 2 That puzzling Will
- 3 The Hand that blesses
- 4 A child shall lead
- 5 He is no shinker
- 6 Secret Service
- 7 In this sign
- 8 Reunited (has not sent earlier).



Calcutta

16. 4. 45

Dear Father. Here I am at last
with your stories. I have with
me in type-written

1) Reunited

2) In This Sign

3) (Daddy is there a God.) The Great Question

Then I have

E. Courade - Vol VI - NO 7 of Feb 42

4) Bridging the Gulf
in 2 parts

E. Courade - Vol VIII - NO 7 of July 1944

5) Daddy Tell us a Story

E. Courade - Vol VIII - NO 9. Sept 44

6) A Grand Present

There is behind E. Courade of March 45
which heads with "The Unlucky
Jesse" but this is more a drama

than a story - so it would not go
with the pamphlet.

1) Did you send me any other
stories besides these?

2) Have you more stories besides
these? if so how many?

Your stories ^{are} of different
lengths + therefore they could not
be printed in the form of Fr. Lord's
booklets. Therefore the better idea
would be to have a number of
stories in one volume and entitle
it ~~with~~ "Catholic Stories for Children"
or "Stories for Catholic Children".

It might be good to print a
good thick volume of 250 to 300
pages + make it nice enough for
presentation as school prizes.
That will depend on your answer
to NO 2. So just let me know by
return post.

I presume you have your Superiors



permission to have them published. Has he agreed unconditionally or conditionally - i.e. does he expect some royalty or commission or does he permit you to do, for the love of God & neighbour? I ask this question because I would have accordingly to settle the price of the pamphlet or booklet.

Have you got these stories censored by some one - I presume all those printed have already been censored as the Crusade is a Jesuit concern & nothing will be printed therein unless previously censored. What about those in type?

If you can ^{write} stories something like the Sacred Heart Messenger type (American course) we could have some books too

4

for given up.

With best thanks &
wishes
yours, etc!

Alfred G.

P.S. Also let me know if you
want to have the typed-
manuscript back before
I print them. I think you
wrote something to that
effect. They are O.K.

7 December for January 1946 -

Regarding your book for
 Children I certainly will print
 it. There is such a great demand
 for it. I printed one for Father
 Banamanture & Laga. We
 practically sold 900 odd
 Copies in 6 months, though
 it was priced very High by
 him Rs 3/- full art and
 Rs 2/8 on antique with
 6 illustration in colour
 on art & coloured cover
 I will send you a copy
 But can you
 quickly

to have it censored by two
of the Professors & they could
give their opinion to the
Rector & he to the Superior.
Try & see. Or it might be
done through your Superior.
As for as I am concerned
I am ready - only that
Censor business.

Yours in Xt.

Thos. Jones D.

Stories

Bernard's vocation He is no shirker

Reunited

The conversion of a Jacobite That puzzling will
E. C. Sept 44

A grand present

His first 'First Friday'

Bridging the gulf } from E. C.
annailing Jesus. }

Daddy, tell us a story - July 1944 E. C.

Mexican Lovers

June 1944 E. C.

The Little we know

March 44 E. C.

Is there a God

Secret Service

and

Other Stories

by P. T. Mathew

(Short stories for Catholic Children)

Order 'Secret Service'

E. C. sent 2 He is no shirker

E. C. (publ.) 11 A child shall lead

12 The great question

13 Mexican Lovers

14 Reunited

publ. 3 In this sign

4 His first First Friday

15 The hand that blesses.

5 The hand that blesses (ms publ.)

15 sent

6 That puzzling will

7 Daddy, tell us a story

8 In this sign

9 Bridging the gulf

10 A grand present

Helps over for Service.

Jewel in the mine
It starts to be happy.

"What is your name?" the Sister asked.

The girl stared blankly into the kind face of the Sister. A name? No, she never had ~~any~~ name, at least she did not remember she had any.

"Where do you come from?" The Sister hoped that at least this time there would be some definite reply. The girl raised her little arm and waved it towards the distant horizon. "From there," she said. The 'there' could be anywhere or no where. For as long a time as she could remember she had been a wanderer, chased from every village, beaten and driven where ever she chose to go or they forced her to go. Sometimes she found food, wild berries ^{in the jungles} or a pot of rice given her by some kind housewife. But often she went without food.

When she reached the mission station and

~~the blood of my Father, & Father's~~

join which was prepared for you from
the foundation of the world."

Mr. 25/40 "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting
fire which was prepared for the devil & his angels:"

met the Sister, she was thoroughly hungry. For a
long time she had been without food. Yet she
did present to demand. Quietly, resignedly said
~~Take~~ ^{Take} me for long accustomed to requests she looked
up at the Sister.

"I am hungry," she said, "I am very hungry."

The Sister called to a companion of hers
who was inside the house and asked whether
there was some food to be given to the poor girl.
No, there was no cooked rice. So a large
sandwich was prepared. The Sister gave it
to the girl.

The ^{She} child bit into it ravenously, and
began to gulp it down with a speed in a way

9. Heaven.

1 Cor. 2/9 "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard: neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love him."

Jo. 14/13 "Where I am you also may be"

S. Aug. "There we shall be glorified & see, we shall see love, ~~we~~ shall love & praise. This shall be in the end, in its own end."

Ps. 35/9 "They shall be exhilarated with the plenty of thy house; & thou shalt make them drink of the river of thy pleasure."

Rom. 8/17 "If we suffer with him, that we may also be glorified with him."

1 Cor. 13/12 "Here we see them a glass in a dark manner. But then face to face."

2 Cor. 13/8 "But we all, beholding the glory of the Lord with open face, are being transformed into the same image from glory to glory, as if by the spirit of the Lord."

Rom. 8/17 "The mind of God's joint heirs with him."

that given by the ^{cruel} misfortune
of ~~wide~~ shocks of nature, but who had prepared
for others which often one would not find in
those brought up in fire homes and trained
to ~~live~~ ^{live} with the greatest care. The Sister
realized that a human soul. The child was
a poor fragan; rarely had she experienced
kindness from others, and often she had received
kicks and blows. But she had a true feeling of
kinship with her fellow beings which no ~~days~~
cruelty experiences had been able to stamp out
of her.

The little girl finished her sandwich
and remained with the Sister. ^{That day} Her life as a
hungry
wanderer ~~and~~ ^{that} vagabond ~~had~~ ^{had} ended;
for
and she found a welcoming home in the
orphanage of the Sisters.

(The story is adapted from *The Animals*,
Toronto - of *Apocrypha* April 1939.

(Girl's name is Rosa.)

11. Exposition

Prov. 13/4 "The tongue will kill & will do its worst."

Wisd. 5/13 "We have been able to show no marks of wisdom."

Math. 6/24 "you cannot serve God & Mammon."

Eccl. 6/7 "Be not deceived. God is not mocked."

Mat. 3/10 "Lay aside to the root of the tree."

1 Cor. 3/18 "Let no man deceive himself."

2 Cor. 9/7 "God loves a cheerful giver."

Rom. 12/11 "in spirit fervent."

Eccl. "Whosoever dig his hand's all he hath, do it earnestly."

Jer. 48/10 "Cursed be he that doth his work ^{in the Lord} deceitfully."

S. James "He must work for great things & desire great things."

if we are to make even modest progress in our efforts ^{for the Kingdom of God.}

Beaumont
the pastor
The Wanderer

The three boys flung their tired bodies on the grass. They were determined not to walk any more. This walk had brought them farther from home than they wanted, and it was now time to rest and talk. They laid their heads against the trunk of a fallen tree, and looked at the patches of blue sky seen through the thick foliage of the mango grove. Binny remembered a similar scene three months back, when they had lain thus together, close to each other, with dad and mother and the kids, somewhere in an open space between Rangoon and Calcutta. Then there had been no trees to hide from ^{them} the blue sky. The Jap planes were flying low, tracking to death mercilessly all the refugees. They had crouched low under the guinea grass which cut their faces. Bombs had fallen near, shaking the earth below them and giving them the cold shiver. Mother and he had were close together, praying, praying, until after a dreadful half hour, which seemed a year, the planes turned back and flew into the clouds, and the party began to trudge once again the weary trackless miles.

The memory of that escape to India had cut deep into Binny's mind, and often he had talked about it to his brothers. But now Dick and Joe were thinking of the future.

"The army is for me," said Joe.

"Mom will be sorry to let you go," said Dick. "She won't allow it."

"Not after what she has received from the Japs. Some one must pay back. Besides dad needs us all to earn something."

That was a profound, painful truth. There was no escaping it. Gone were the days of the expensive schooling and of the endless rambles over the wide, luxuriant estates. All were silent for a while. They watched the squirrel running with facile grace among the branches. It was Dick who spoke: "I hate that Clerkship which was offered me. I hate the ledgers and the figures; they have always bored me. But nothing doing. I must accept."

"What about you, Binny?" asked Joe. "What are your plans?"

Binny rolled uneasily in the grass, took a stone and threw it at the squirrel.

"Not definite yet," he mumbled in a weak tone.

Dick stood up, looked Binny full in the face, and asked: "Not definite yet?"

"When will they be definite?"

"Does he at all want to work?" murmured Joe as if to his pillow of wood. Binny heard the words distinctly, and they stabbéd him.

"Oh, waiting till Harry and I win enough to send you to the medical?" sneered Dick. Binny flushed and sat up. "Dick, you know, it isn't true. It is only dad who wanted to make me a doctor."

"I say, Binny, for folks like you, with rosaries and prayer-books, the seminary is a nice place to ^sescape to; it is the place for shirkers," ~~ix~~ said Joe.

The sarcasm of the words stunned Dick. His fists tightened as though to give a blow full in the cheek of his younger brother. But soon the hand and face relaxed, and he lay back on the grass, without a word.

There was dead silence. Dick tried to speak about something, but Joe did not respond. Binny wondered whether his brother realized how brutally cruel he had been. But the words had been spoken, and he found it hard to forget the pain they had given him. He drew his hat over his face lest his brothers should notice the colour that had spread over it.

After a long while Joe rose up, came sheepishly to where Binny lay; he tried to say a polite, 'I'm sorry', but as the words were uttered, Binny felt that they sounded hollow. He raised the hat and stood up, saying: "Never mind, Joe; between ~~us~~ ~~they~~ ~~don't~~ ~~is~~ it doesn't matter."

"Then why are you so silent?" asked Dick.

He floundered for a reply, and said slowly "Oh, I was thinking." But he knew that what Joe said did matter; nothing mattered to him more than those words.

"Let us go home; we have remained here too long," said Dick.

They walked towards home rather silently. Dick and Joe chatted a while about the army and the military accounts office. Binny was still thinking; he kicked inoffensive pebbles out of his way, and listened to his brothers with studied indifference.

Under the cold shower he remained long. He felt vaguely that it wouldn't be good after such a long walk; but he was too upset to think of anything but the big question: "They want to know my plans. Why in the world should they know them? But if not they and

dad and mother, who else had a right to know? The seminary is for shirkers! Oh, God, that is what they all will think of me."

He turned off the tap and dressed mechanically. Placing his hand on the door-knob, once more he stopped and a flood of thoughts overwhelmed him. "Good heavens! Seminary for shirkers! Would Nick and Joe have said that four years back? It was the government college that had^s made all the difference between them and ~~him~~ me. No I am going to work, to work even harder than they." He heard the patter of slippers outside, and thinking that the room might be needed by some one else, he came out hurriedly.

Alice, his sister, was there. He read a questioning look on her face; it seemed as though she asked: "What has happened to you, Binny, to look so pale?" He hung his head and walked away seeming not to have noticed her.

He was in his room, that room which he shared with his ~~two~~ two brothers. He remembered the spacious well-furnished room he had had, all for himself, in the grand chateau in the estate of Kingsko. There all the children had grown up, -Harry, Nick and himself, Joe, Alice and little Ruthie who had died when she was but ten, and the youngest of all Clotilde. Poor Clotilde, how she had suffered from fever during the flight of the refugees. But the flight was necessary. Dad had happily decided on it before it was too late, or else, now they would have been slaves in Japanese workshops. What tremendous difference these three months had made. Theirs was the richest family round about Kingsko; but now they were just paupers. Dad was a broken man; it was impossible for him to work any more. Happily Jack had secured a job in the Aircraft Factory, and what he sent every month was being ~~max~~ used by mother with the most skillful economy to clothe and feed all. Dad had not suggested to any one to look for jobs; he could not bear to think that his children should start in life so much lower than he had done. He left all planning and housekeeping to mother and the boys.

Clotilde rushed into the room waving a piece of yellow paper above her head.

"Binny, oh, Binny, a telegram. Guess what. I wan't tell you."

Binny put his arm affectionately round the girl and said: "If you won't tell me, then I won't know."

"But it is big news; give me a kiss, Binny, and I will tell you."

Binny paid the price most warmly. She said: "Jack has got a big rise; he will come here this evening, before he goes for his new job."

"You are an angel, Clotilde; you always bring good news."

She put her little arms round Binny's neck and pressed her face against his. "Binny, didn't you and Jack carry me the whole way when I was sick? I am so happy that Jack is coming. Now ~~we~~ I must go and tell Joe and Dick. I wanted you to know first."

Clotilde ~~xx~~ flew out of the room as rapidly as she had come. Binny was once more alone. So Jack was coming. Perhaps he would understand. But what about mother and dad? Mother's heart would break. She had said now and then that whatever other boys might do, he should never look for a job ^{anywhere} outside the town. But couldn't she guess what was the job he was thinking of? If she couldn't no body could. As for dad, he had not yet relinquished the plan of the medical college for him. He ^{had} even forced himself to tell Jack as he was leaving for his job: "Look here, Jack; you are the man of the house now. That boy Binny must not lose his chances. I would have sent him to England for an M.D., if the Japs had not come." And Jack had replied: "You know I would try my best; I love Binny more than all the rest."

Binny could not bear loneliness and suspense any more. He closed his trunk carefully and went out of the room. The house was bristling with excitement. Alice was preparing Jack's favourite dishes in the kitchen. Joe and Dick were cleaning the window-panes. Mother came out of the kitchen when she heard Binny's footfall.

She caught hold of his hand, took him back to the room, made him sit on the bed while she sat near him.

"Binny, be a sensible boy. Why should you be so hurt with what that stupid Joe said? He ~~thinks before~~ speaks and then he thinks."

Binny was silent. He took his mother's right hand in both his hands, and watched its lines intently.

"Everybody knows that you are not a shirker. You want to work and help just as the others.."

"Mom, no, mom, I want to go to the seminary this June," he blurted out and burst

into tears.

His mother realized that she had hurt her boy more than any one else could. She clasped Binny to her breast: "Binny, foolish boy, why didn't you tell me that before? That is what I had been praying for all these years. If God has deigned to bless me with a priest-son, I am the happiest of mothers. Come what may, you must go this June. God knows, I am sorry ever to part from you, but when it is for His sake it is different."

Binny looked up with a smile that beamed through the tears: "Mom, is that true?"

"Of course, boy; have I ever told you anything but the truth?"

"But everybody will say that I am escaping now because I dislike work."

"Who is your everybody, Binny?" She pinched his cheek. He raised his head and gave his mother a long, affectionate kiss.

Still keeping her arms on Binny's shoulder, she spoke as though to herself: "To see my son a priest! My God, what happiness! To see him in those clothes of white and gold, to see him raising the chalice. Your mother will bend down and adore. And then she will kneel before you to receive the Lord from your hands. There won't be a happier mother in all the world. ^{Suddenly her voice fell.} But will your dad be there with me? He has not gone to church ever since Ruthie died."

"He will come, mom," said Binny; but he shook with fear as he thought that he would soon have to face his father.

Some time later Mrs Clayton was busy in the kitchen, and Binny was helping his brothers in preparing the house for Jack's arrival. All reference to the morning's incident was mercifully avoided. Clotilde came once more to Binny with a letter in her hands: "Binny, see whether it is your letter; I saw it lying near the bathing room." Binny seized it, and saw that it was the letter he had received from Fr. Watson of the Rangoon school two years back. Binny had written to him about his having made up his mind to become a priest, and this was the reply which his director had sent him. In it he had asked him to wait for some time since he was still young. Besides at that time his father had just begun to feel his intense hatred for religion, and Fr. Watson had suggested that it would be imprudent to anger him still further with

the question of his joining the seminary. On leaving Kingsko Binny had destroyed all the letters he had found in his room, but accidentally this had escaped destruction. He had brought it with him unknowingly, and had again lost it, - when and how he did not know. And now his little angel Clotilde brought it to him. Was it not a god-send? Suppose he read it out aloud? It would free him completely from the charge of a shirker. It would prove that the resolution to become a priest was not due to being disappointed about the medical college. "Yes," he said to himself, "when next time any one taunts me, I would thrust this letter into his hand and say triumphantly: 'read'.... But should I? Would our Lord want me to do it?" Binny was perplexed; he folded the letter and thrust it into his pocket.

Jack came by late train in the evening. Clotilde's exuberant happiness was catching. Binny forgot his troubles as Clotilde drew him from one place to another to do something or other for Jack. But Jack did not fail to notice ^{the} dark cloud that veiled Binny's usually bright face. When the sun had set the two brothers were alone, sitting on a stone-bench by the road-side.

Jack's mind was full of plans for the medical college; but he saw painfully that even his new salary would be quite inadequate.

"Binny, I am very sorry for you. Believe me, I feel it more than you."

Binny remained silent. He was wondering how he should explain his mind to Jack.

"Face it bravely, boy; all of us have been struck as much as you."

"Don't speak so, Jack," groaned Binny.

"You have still your chances; you are young, and a delay of two years will not matter. Meanwhile look for some job."

"Jack, I am going to the seminary this June."

Jack looked a picture of stupefaction. He rose from the bench and shook Binny by the shoulder. "Binny, you are not your old self. I have never known you so peevish. This is not the way of taking a disappointment."

Binny had feared this; Jack misunderstood him just like his other brothers.

"Jack, I never wanted to be a doctor. It is dad who wanted it, and besides my mind to become a priest...." He stopped suddenly.

"Binny, you are mysterious, to say the least," said Jack after watching him

for some time. "I didn't think you would take this turn. You are the only one among ~~us~~ who can study, and what stupidity to shut yourself up in a seminary."

They returned to the house. Jack told Dick and Joe that Binny had decided to become a priest.

"Of course we knew that all along; he is a shirker and a coward," said Dick loudly so as to be overheard by Binny.

"Only you and mom were deceived about him, not we," added Joe.

"He wants us all to work, because we didn't get prizes in school as he did. He will continue to live as in the old days. I saw that his mind was turning that way soon after we came to India," said Dick as though with deliberate refinement of cruelty.

Every word reached Binny in his room; he felt the agony of so many swords being thrust into his heart. He sighed to himself: "A priest also works, Dick. His work is far more necessary to this house than heaps of money." But he knew that it was useless to explain this to them; they will not understand.

Just before bed-time ~~xxxx~~ his mother came to Binny: "Darling, you can see dad I shall come with you. He is so happy that Jack has come."

Mother and son entered the room. Mr. Clayton was seated at a low table. His hair was prematurely turning gray. He was arranging some old sheets of paper and tying them with tattered red ribbons. This was a constant habit with him now; it gave him a feeling that no change had come over his fortunes, or at least that he was still doing something.

"Binny, mom has some plans for you also?" asked Mr. Clayton.

"Yes, very brilliant plans; but they are his own," said Mrs. Clayton. "I love them immensely."

"Let your old daddy hear them," said the father with a weak smile.

Binny made a tremendous effort to swallow the lump that rose in his throat. His voice was choked as he blurted out: "This June I am going to enter the seminary."

Mr. Clayton started as though a bomb had burst in the room. He shrieked: "What is it I hear, Mrs. Clayton? Are both of you gone mad?" Immediately he fell into a dead silence, and began pacing up and down the room.

"Binny," said the mother quietly, "you have done your duty; now go back and sleep."

"I shall explain to dad."

Binny withdrew slowly with a throbbing heart. He kept his eyes fixed on dad hoping in vain for some sign of relenting. As he was closing the door, his father was standing at the farther end of the room, facing a blank wall; and he caught the words spoken under the breath: "Mean of him to do it at this time."

Binny banged the door, rushed to his room and sobbed heavily with his face hidden in the pillow. The word 'mean' sounded in his ear with the ~~whir~~ swell of a thousand air-planes. The sound grew in volume; it came nearer and nearer. He felt that all the destruction of the Burma war was being heaped about him. Dad had said he was mean; dad was a man of few words, and he would not have used that strong word unless he had and meant it. Clotilde's smiling face holding up Fr. Watson's letter which she brought to him came up in his mind. "She is my angel; she brought that letter that I may vindicate my name. He rose from the bed with an effort, lighted a candle, and as he unfolded the letter, his eyes fell upon a text of the New Testament which was lying open on the table. " 'If thou be the son of God, come down from the cross'. In like manner also the chief priests and the scribes and the ancients, mocking said: 'He saved others; himself he cannot save' ". The scene of Golgatha came vividly to his mind. Jesus hanging on the cross, He the innocent, the omnipotent, listening to the taunts of the jeering crowd and uttering not a word to vindicate Himself. "He is my model," Binny thought, "He is the King Whom I want to serve. With one wish He could have crushed all who mocked Him; He could have proved His power and His divinity, but He chose to be silent. I have promised to follow His example." Binny blew out the candle, put the letter in his pocket, and went back to bed. He did not sleep. All night he rolled uneasily, without a wink of sleep, fighting down the longing to justify himself, to show the letter, praying for strength to stand the trial, praying for his father and brothers. It was his Gethsemani. He said again and again: "Jesus, if it be Thy will, let this pass from me; but not my will; Thine be done."

When the first streaks of gray light appeared on the eastern sky, Binny rose and lighted a candle. He unfolded the letter carefully, and without looking at it, held it over the flame. A blaze of light filled the room, and with it the last remnant of

resistance in his soul disappeared. Triumphantly, he watched the letter burning, curling and breaking into ashes. Suddenly his father burst into the room and caught hold of his hand. "What are you ^{up} ~~on~~ to?" he shouted excitedly. He snatched the half-burnt paper, blew out the flame, and stared in his face. Then he read the letter. "Why do you burn this?" he asked in surprise. Binny's face was pale like a sheet. "Please, give it back," he pleaded. "Why?" asked the perplexed father.

"I want it to be destroyed."

"Why?"

Binny did not reply. He stood still like a marble statue, with head bent low.

Mr. Clayton walked slowly out of the room, taking the letter with him and asking himself why he wanted it to be destroyed. "Please, don't tell any body what you have ^r head in it," said ~~Ma~~ Binny to him in a low voice as he left the room.

Binny was to learn later what happened to his father in the few minutes that followed. He reread the letter, and slowly the revelation came to him. He thought: "So Binny has been thinking of this these two years. I, not he, was mean. Heroic of the lad to do ^{now}." Religious consciousness which he had stifled for two years came back to him. He sat on the chair and began to reflect.

Binny ^swashed and dressed for the church; he needed the strength which comes from Holy Communion alone could give him.

As he was leaving the room, his father called out: "Where are you going, Binny?" The tone was different; it was soft and full of affection.

"To the church, daddy."

"Wait fifteen minutes. I shall come with you. I must confess and receive Communion with you today. Tell mom to come along if she likes."

That morning Binny received Communion kneeling between his father and mother; they offered him to Jesus with a full heart.