

that he can to make life brighter and more cheerful for all; we find him also teaching the ignorant and providing for the fatherless; and all this he does as a man of the world, living his life in the world, surrounded by the many dangers and distractions to which the world is heir. Truly a wonderful and blessed career! And the primal cause of these charitable activities lies in the fact that his membership in the Third Order gives him a true appreciation of those words of Our Saviour: "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me." All men are brothers to the Tertiary.

It is clear, then, that the Third Order bases its claims to success mainly on this fact of its ability to meet the needs of the times, through its popularization of religion and the religious life. And, the great good this influence has effected in the past gives one the right to feel that it must continue throughout the future, leading men and women of all classes and conditions, nearer and nearer their final goal, leading them thither, bound by the sweet chains of Christ's service.

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—**Brother Benedict, O. P.**

The new Third Order diploma is the work of Father John J. Sullivan, O. P., the well-known designer of the official Holy Name seal. It is done in colors on a background of light gray and is trimmed with gilt. The central picture represents Saint Dominic with hands extended in benediction over a brother and a sister of the Third Order, thus showing that the Order is intended for both men and women. The medallions at the corners are of Saint Catherine of Siena, Saint Rose of Lima, Blessed Louis of Montfort and Blessed John Massias. The first three mentioned were members of the Third Order, while Saint Rose and Blessed John were Americans. The whole diploma shows great refinement of art, delicacy of color, and skilful execution. It is a worthy tribute to the Order and a fitting adornment for a Christian home.

Copies of the diploma may be obtained by addressing: Dominican House of Studies, 487 Michigan Avenue, Washington, D. C. Local directors will fill in the registration on the blank lines.

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## MASTER RAYMOND'S NOVICE

### I

**C**OME in!" Father Raymond turned as the door opened. Brother Gerald stood smiling in the doorway.

"You sent for me, Father," he asked, in a voice softened with innocent surprise.

Beholding him thus, one would have sworn it was his first summons to the novice-master's room. To Father Raymond the scene and words were anything but new.

"Yes," said the latter, and repeated his invitation of a moment previous. "Be seated," he said; "I shall speak with you when I have finished this letter."

It was an old trick of Father Raymond's to keep those he sent for sitting near enough to touch him, if they wished, scarce daring to

breathe, and wondering what the interview might portend. The habitual proceeding on the part of their master gave cause for much speculation among the novices. Brother Gerald, who knew perhaps better than any of the others the effect of such delays, held that Father Raymond did it just to frighten them. Others said that he had naturally a quick temper and acted thus deliberately that he might never betray himself before his spiritual charges.

At any rate, Brother Gerald hated these moments of awful silence. Experience had taught him that the longer the calm, the more severe the storm when it came. If the corrections were many, or the penances severe, the letter to be finished was always lengthy. To-day, he thought, the master must be writing a papal encyclical. Finally, Father Raymond blotted the last page with a solemn precision, looked up and spoke:

"Well, Brother Gerald, how long have you been with us?"

The one addressed had guessed a thousand things as his first question, but not this.

After a pause he answered: "Eight months this coming Friday."

"Quite a long time to be chained down."

"Chained down?" the other repeated in surprise.

"Yes. Don't you feel that your freedom is rather curtailed here in the novitiate? You know the things you do and like to do are not always smiled upon here. Outside, you wouldn't have to answer for every little action. Isn't this infringing on your liberty? Surely the unnumbered times that I have been obliged to call you to account for 'little things' is proof that you are chained down here."

As Brother Gerald listened to the master, his meaning began slowly to dawn upon him. The climax had come. He had committed his final transgression and the patience of Father Raymond was exhausted. There was no need to ask the master to what he had reference. Had he done so, perhaps the result would have been different, for Father Raymond admired this in him—that he never sought to excuse himself.

It was on impulse he had committed his last offense. The tempter had laid the trap well when he placed the old father-procurator's snuff-box beside the pepper in the kitchen. Brother Gerald's vivid imagination was the "causa secunda," for the picture of the consequence had made him forget that but a week had elapsed since he had knelt in the refectory and made an extra *venia* in chapter.

It was nearly an hour later that Brother William, going to ring the bell, saw him come out of the master's room. It was his first exit unsmiling. At recreation that evening he told the other novices the result of the interview—for when old Father Bernard had come, red-eyed, and sneezing, to the novitiate door they had begun to fear for Brother Gerald. He was to have a last trial of two weeks. One smallest failure in that time and his probation would be over.

That evening, after Compline, Father Raymond sat for a long time in his room thinking. Deep down in his heart he loved Brother Gerald—the Benjamin of his flock. If he could but turn that reckless activity into the proper channel! When he remembered the fervent appeal the offender had made for another chance, he smiled. Then, kneeling by his bed, he said a short prayer to the Mother of novices that anything but "one smallest failure" would happen within the next two weeks.

## II

These were portentous days in the convents of the Queen's realm. The rumor of Cromwell's raids had spread rapidly, to disturb the calm of the religious houses, even before his men made their appearance for their spoliation. Vague and indefinite were the stories of the raidings that reached the ears of Master Raymond and his novices. It was with no little surprise, therefore, that at end of Brother Gerald's first week of trial they listened one morning after Matins to the prior's announcement that the inspectors were in the vicinity and would be among them in a very few days. The cloisters during the day were the scene of much bustling and confusion. Everything of value, not needed, was being hidden away in the cellar.

The interest that centered in Brother Gerald and his heroic endeavors to keep the rule suddenly disappeared. Old Father Bernard no longer stormed at Father Raymond for his leniency. He forgot his daily prophecies of the impossibility of the fulfillment of the young novice's promises. Now, when he took his snuff, he scarcely paused to examine closely the pinches for a sign of composition. Still he had not effaced completely the memory of the one application.

The second morning Brother Jerome, the gardener, came from town, where he had gone for fresh seed, wheezing and grunting. Unused to haste of any kind, his journey home was made with great difficulty. When he could catch his breath, he informed the prior of the rumors that had made him return with his errand unfinished. Cromwell's men had changed their route. They were within five miles of the town when he had begun his flight towards home, and they were heading directly for the convent.

The bell over the choir sounded and in a few moments the community had assembled. Briefly the prior told the news and gave them some last directions. Then they knelt and prayed. When they were dismissed, some of the novices raced to the south entrance, and returned immediately with the news that the company was already in view beyond the graveyard hill.

Hurriedly the prior gave orders to bar all the doors until the sacred vessels could be hidden. The few moments' delay in opening the doors would give sufficient time to bury them in the cellar. So, the group fairly flew down the stairs to the south portals. Father Raymond leading, the swift-footed Brother Gerald close behind him.

Swinging the great doors, Father Raymond suddenly paused and uttered a cry of surprise. The iron bar that held the door by being dropped into wide sockets on either side was gone. The door could not be barred.

At once he remembered. "It is in the smithy," he cried. "How shall we get it?" The prior was already in the other cellar placing the sacred treasures in a huge hole, made by removing a stone from the pavement.

Father Raymond stepped to the doorway and looked out. A band of at least twenty of the Queen's soldiers was within a quarter of a mile of the gate.

As he stepped back Brother Gerald said, "I, Father," and without waiting for permission, he was out of the court running swiftly towards the smithy, about fifty yards distant.

Father Raymond watched him as he ran, holding his habit. An extraordinary activity was good for something after all!

"Behind the anvil!" shouted one of the novices, and before the words died away, Brother Gerald was out of sight, around the corner of the smithy.

The cry of direction must have carried on the still air of the morning far beyond the smithy for the approaching soldiers, who had been walking their horses until now suddenly urged them to a gallop.

Father Raymond, watching the road and the corner of the smithy with one glance, saw the horsemen turning in the north gate.

Where was Brother Gerald? He would never make it. After waiting for what seemed ages, the watchers saw Brother Gerald turn the corner, bearing the heavy bar that was to hold the door.

The prior had sent some one to the group in the doorway to say, "If we can only hold them a few moments, the vessels will be saved."

Brother Gerald heard the swift, clattering of the horses' hoofs on the pebbles of the side road. The bar was heavy and difficult to balance. His habit slipped loose and he tripped for several steps, but did not fall. Standing, he caught up the loose tunic and wrapped the ends of it about his burden.

The soldiers, seeing him crossing the court and suspecting his purpose, gave a loud cry and sank their spurs into their horses' sides. Father Raymond's heart stood still. They were within fifty yards of Brother Gerald. The one leading was drawing his horse parallel to the wall. He would cut off the entrance of Brother Gerald with his horse's body.

In an instant it happened!

"Look out! Look out!" they shouted wildly from the doorway, as the horse with spread nostrils charged upon Brother Gerald. But it was too late. The heavy body of the horse struck him and Brother Gerald fell, the great iron beneath him.

Father Raymond turned away. He heard one of the soldiers call out, "Careful, there! Careful, or you'll kill the lad!"

Then he looked. On the ground, face downward, lay Brother Gerald, the red blood oozing from his open mouth and nostrils. The soldiers were dismounting in a circle about him. But before they could lift him up, Father Raymond and old Father Bernard were beside him. Slowly raising him, they carried him in through the open doorway. Drops of blood marked the way as they bore him up the stairs to the sacristy. They passed the prior, coming to receive the Queen's legates. The vessels were safe.

Then laying their burden down, Father Bernard hastened for the holy oils, while Father Raymond drew some water and set it beside him on the floor. Just as Father Raymond finished putting the oils on the bruised, ashen forehead and bloody hands, Brother Gerald moved and opened his eyes.

"Where am I?" he said in a half-whisper, as he fixed his bloodshot eyes in a vacant stare into space.

"In the sacristy, Brother Gerald," Father Raymond answered gently.

Then his eyes closed for a long time. After awhile he opened them again and said: "Now I remember—the sacred vessels!"

"Sh!" Father Raymond said, fearing the approach of the soldiers; "they are safe."

Father Bernard, who had gone to ask permission of the soldiers for the community to come to the sacristy, returned.

"They refuse; they say the lad will not die."

So together the two priests said the "Salve Regina."

When they had finished, Brother Gerald again opened his eyes. Raising his head, they held a cup of water to his lips, but he could not drink. Putting his hand to his chest, he muttered something.

"A pain there?" Father Raymond asked. A little smile was the answer.

"Open the door to the choir, Father." The words came slowly and with effort.

"But, Our Lord is not there now, you know," the master answered.

The boy's lips, swollen and bleeding, shaped themselves into a smile. Reaching his blood-marked hand forward, he caught Master Raymond's rosary. "Father Raymond,—I am sorry for all I did—the bell—hiding from you."

"That's all over now. Don't speak of those things, Brother Gerald." For the master saw that each word was an agony.

Father Bernard stood, rosary in hand, on the other side.

"And you, Father Bernard," Brother Gerald continued, "the snuff—"

"Quiet, lad, quiet! I don't remember. It's gone."

The eyes that turned so slowly fell upon the statue of Our Lady. Turning to Father Raymond, he began again:

"I didn't fail, did I—Father Raymond? But it isn't two weeks yet—is it Father?" And the smile grew. "I asked Our Lady every day for a chance to prove—she saved me every time. I'm dying soon—I'm sorry for—you forgive me, Father Raymond—a crucifix—"

And Father Raymond held his own to the swollen lips.

"I didn't fail—did I—Father Raymond?—"

"No, no, Brother Gerald, you didn't fail—you were brave. We are all ashamed—"

"And Father, at Communion this morning—I felt it was my last—I am so happy—you believe my vocation—Father—They are so good."

"Believe—" began Father Raymond.

A loud rapping on the door made him pause. Four of the Queen's soldiers entered and stopped suddenly. Brother Gerald, seeing them, smiled at them and closed his eyes. They had come in time to help carry out the dead.

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Father Raymond sang the requiem the following morning, a privilege unexpected of the visitors. But the one who watched longest beside the familiar smile and the wounded body was old Father Bernard, who loved his snuff.

Not many months later Master Raymond himself was fully proven in the life of sacrifice he taught. A martyr, he clung to a rosary whose several beads and crucifix were black with the stain of blood. He had found courage for himself and his companions in the memory of his undisciplined novice. So, those who tell the tale call him, "Master Raymond's novice."

—**Brother Eugene, O. P.**