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He knew her errand. He had stolen her ewe lamb.—Page 221.

SECRETS

OF THE

INVENT AND CONFSSIONAL:

AN EXHIBITION OF

THE INFLUENCE AND WORKINGS OF PAPACY
UPON SOCIETY AND REPUBLICAN
INSTITUTIONS.

BY

MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT,

AUTHOR OF "PRIEST AND NUN," "ALMOST A PRIEST," "UNDER THE YOKE," ETC.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,

BY

REV. DANIEL MARCH, D. D.,

Author of "Night Scenes in the Bible," "Our Father's House," etc.

61) "Watch the Jesuits, to prevent the robbery of your families, the moral assassination of your sons and daughters. O, good Americans, do you suppose they are working for the American nation, the American glory? They work for themselves and Rome alone."—GAVAZZI.

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INTRODUCTION.



IN this free and enlightened land of ours there is an organization which takes a sacred name, and assumes to speak for God to the people; and yet, in spirit, it is directly hostile to our most cherished institutions, and its one persistent study, purpose, and effort is to undermine the foundations of our Republic and set up the throne of despotism upon the ruin of our liberties. It must needs be watched with a vigilant eye, and restrained with a strong hand, or it will accomplish its purpose while the guardians of the public welfare suspect no danger. It is foreign in its origin, secret and subtle in its policy, pious and pitiful in tone, and yet it is ever intent upon a deep-laid and remorseless conspiracy against the sacred rights and the blood-bought privileges of the American people. It is the more dangerous because it numbers good men among its supporters and apologists, and it speaks the language of liberty and enlightenment while plotting the subjection of the people to ignorance, superstition, and bondage.

It is an organization of vast extent and mighty power, numbering millions of members and more millions of money, and all its resources are subject to the control of an irresponsible despot whose home

is in a foreign land and who hates republican institutions with a perfect hatred. That one man acknowledges no allegiance to the laws of our land, no obligation to regard the demands of truth and justice, any further than may be for his advantage; and he claims the right to extend the same immunity to whomsoever he may please. He can make it right for men to do wrong, and wrong for men to do right. He can make falsehood the handmaid of truth, and clothe truth in the garments of falsehood, and from his decision there can be no appeal. The code of morality by which his adherents are governed makes a merit of deception, adorns the transgression of natural laws with names of virtue, and gives holy garments to the guilty as a cover for crime. The members of this dark and dreadful conclave are sworn to use the sacred right of citizenship in every possible way to establish in this country a despotism which holds reason and conscience, body and soul, in abject and hopeless bondage. They know nothing of home; they make a merit of abjuring all the sacred relations of the family, and yet they claim the right to come between the husband and the wife, the parent and the child, and to prescribe laws that invade the privacy of every household, and overrule the dictates of humanity and affection in every family. They claim for their organization immaculate purity, divine enlightenment, and infallible wisdom, and yet they ascribe divine honors to profligates, they act upon a policy that originated in the dark ages, and they put forth all their power to hold the world in subjection to the shams of hypocrisy and

the shadows of superstition. They secure large appropriations of public money for the support of institutions which they manage with dark and suspicious secrecy, giving no account of funds received, shutting out the public, and shutting in the inmates with barred doors and bolted windows. They say that the supreme control of education in the family and the school belongs of right to them, and yet they forbid history to tell its plain, unvarnished tale to our children; they burn the Book which our fathers brought to this country as the divine charter of our liberties; they belittle the mind and degrade the manhood of their pupils with senseless ceremonies and petty tyranny, and they send them forth to the world without ever having taught them the noble lessons of manliness, truthfulness, and patriotism.

This book is designed to reveal the mischief and the mystery of this dark and dangerous organization to the eyes of the American people. It is written by one who knows. A thin veil of fiction is cast upon the face of the monster lest all should turn from the hideous reality and refuse to gaze. The fiction is fact, and the facts at the close are stranger than the fiction. Whoso readeth, let him understand.

DANIEL MARCH.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1872.

SECRETS

OF THE

CONVENT AND CONFESSIONAL.

CHAPTER FIRST.

PRIESTS AND POLITICIANS.

A Politician's View of Romanism—The Power of the Press—The Lost Daughter—Convent of the Holy Family—A New Design—Where Money is to Come From—The Dignitaries of the Church—A Haunted Man—Under the Lamp Post—A Step in the Dark.

“The days are very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be watchful and take warning,
The Judge is at the gate.”

“The Church of Rome has had her foot on the neck of almost every civilized nation under Heaven, and with all her craft and patience she is waiting for the time when the United States also shall fall prostrate beneath her feet; unless Heaven works a miracle in our behalf, the hour of her satisfaction will shortly come.”

“My venerable grandmother uttered such a prophecy some thirty years ago, but I see no evidence that the astute old lady's prediction will be verified.”

With this mild sarcasm David Earle met the assertions of his friend Cantwell.

Roger Cantwell smoked on in silence, contemplating his boots, which were on a level with his eyes.

"In your view our case must be hopeless, since Heaven has ceased to work miracles," said Mr. Earle.

"My literary brother, miracles have consisted in opening the eyes of the blind," replied Cantwell.

David Earle paced up and down the office in a muse; the afternoon sun played along the high pointed roofs, flashed from steeple, tower, and vane, and coming into the office pried among dusty tomes and files of papers. Below the sunshine, crowds of men and women tugged and toiled or idled in the shadowed streets.

A building of white marble had gone up in one of the great centers of American commerce, as the exponent of the prosperity of David Earle, the publisher; he had rented a suite of rooms on the second floor to his particular friends, the firm of Barron and Cantwell. Judge Barron, advanced in years, rich in money and in honors, had ceased to plead cases in court; he relinquished this part of the business to his younger partner, and Cantwell was rapidly acquiring fame; yet it was impossible for any success to keep pace with this man's ambition.

David Earle and Roger Cantwell had been friends through their Academic and Collegiate course; but while the law student had his own fortunes to carve, Earle entered into possession of the business his father's energy and prudence had firmly established.

These friends belonged to the same political party; they were well matched in intellectual power; perhaps it was only the moulding force of circumstances that had developed in Cantwell more brilliancy, in Earle more principle; the one hesitated at nothing when he

would accomplish a purpose; the other clung with deathless tenacity to the opinions he had espoused.

Still Earle, who, according to his custom, had come into the office to close the business day with an hour in Cantwell's society, paced the floor, and still Cantwell sat musing at ease, with his feet on the table.

It was no new thing to hear a Biblical allusion from Cantwell; he had the Holy Volume in his head, if not in his heart, and he had drawn weapons of speech from it, from Genesis to Revelation—not excluding the Apocrypha—times without number.

David Earle turned about and gazed half seriously into his friend's face.

“Shall I consider this prophecy as part of the result of your recent studies? You have been even more absorbed than usual.”

“In looking upon the condition and prospects of our country, I find a large and constantly increasing element—the Roman Catholic. It is then needful that, as a politician, I study that element. I find it totally opposed to us in principles and in practice. It is a despotism in a republic; a festering corruption in the body politic. From this day I intend a new political platform—the Anti-Romish.”

“Can you be in earnest, Cantwell? What madness!”

“Do you not consider it the platform of morals, religion and patriotism?”

“As to that, I am not prepared to tell you; the discussion of Romanism I have regarded simply as the business of bigots.”

“Romanism is something more than an affair of sectarianism—it means political intrigue.”

“Perhaps so; but one fact is evident, your new position will be unpopular; public opinion is not prepared for it, and I am amazed that a man of your ambition should become the apostle of doctrines which will prove your political death.”

“On the contrary, I mean to make the subject popular. I believe it has never been skillfully handled. The man who could make people see the manner in which Romanism has been meddling in and moulding American politics, never with a view to the honor and prosperity of the land, but always to circumscribe or destroy its growth and glory, would make a party for himself, and be swept to the height of popularity on a great wave of national enthusiasm. Men have met this question unfairly or indifferently. I would make the monster creed testify against itself; I would expose the weapons which it carries, the principles which animate it. I tell you, Earle, they have books that once brought to light would open all eyes, and warn the most careless minds.”

“Why, then, Cantwell, have not these books already accomplished this?”

“Because they are watched like the apples of Hesperides. Their very existence is unknown to most men. They are kept even from the mass of Romanists; they are the secrets of a great Order, kept for the guidance of the highest functionaries. They have not been made public because the opponents of Romanism have found it impossible to obtain them.”

“Then in consideration of these impossibilities, what do you expect to accomplish?”

A look of iron resolve settled over Roger Cantwell's face.

“You know, Earle, that when I set my mind to achieve a point, I do not recognize such a thing as an impossibility. What I would do, I shall do.”

They were silent awhile, then Mr. Earle said: “Your new departure will, at least, be congenial to your partner, the Judge. There has been a feeling of regret, or uneasiness in his mind, with regard to Romanism, since the death of his daughter.”

“By the way, what was that story?” said the lawyer.

“It is simple enough. Judge Barron put his daughter in a Convent school; when she returned home for vacation at the end of the year, he found that she had become a pervert to her teacher's creed. The Judge was indignant at what he considered an evidence of mental weakness, and of disregard to his own preferences; besides, he had intended his daughter to marry a man who was known to be exceedingly rigid in his Protestantism. Judge Barron and his wife assured Lucia that she must at once and entirely abandon her new religion. They returned her to the Convent for another year's schooling, parting from her in much coldness and estrangement. In less than two months the poor thing was attacked with smallpox, and died. The Nuns sent her body to her parents; they enclosed it in three burial cases, and, unfortunately, the Sister who laid her out, contracted the disease and died very soon. The Abbess behaved most

handsomely ; she accompanied the body home, bringing the girl's property, and giving a very touching account of her illness and last hours. She went with the parents to the cemetery, and sympathized heartily with their grief. Judge Barron feels as if the Church of Rome came between him and his only child, causing them to part in anger, and that she probably died clinging to a false faith. It is her portrait that hangs in their parlor."

"Yes. I never look at portraits, they are generally set and unlike the original; but I shall surely notice this one for the sake of the poor creature's sad fate. Whom was she to marry ?

"Old Mr. Estey's son; now in California; Lucia Estey's father."

"I shall certainly look at the portrait."

"Her parents think it is the face of an angel, but to me there seems quite a liberal spice of devil as well. It is a kind of beauty that would find its fittest surroundings in an Oriental harem. She looks like one able 'to love, to hate, to die for, or to kill;' proud, passionate, impulsive; strong as death, cruel as the grave; capable of immense enthusiasm, and unreasoning affection, one to do life's high tragedy. I think Fred Estey was a happier man with the woman he married when Lucia Barron was in her grave; and yet he named his daughter after his first love."

"Thanks for your story. Your cigar is out and office hours are over. You, lucky fellow, can return to the bosom of your family, while I am condemned to the solitude of a boarding house."

They went down the stair-case and stood at the entrance door, while Cantwell put on his gloves. Two Italians went homeward with harp and violin; two French teachers passed by talking eagerly their native speech; a burly Irishman upbraided his horse which balked at the door of a German bakery; a Chinaman stole softly along, with inalienable rights vested in his pig-tail; and, curiously looking at the sights of the new world, came a band of Scandinavian emigrants, whose ancestors had worshipped the Gods dwelling in Asgard, and feared the merciless Norns.

“Here,” said Cantwell to his companion, “the countries of the Old World have sown the dragon’s teeth. See all these diverse nationalities that have gathered here, almost as swiftly as if they had sprung out of the earth. What desolation would reign if some enemy lit the flames of a religious war in all these hearts! We should have not only the horrible spectacle of one section of the country arrayed against the other, but home against home, man against man, through all the land.”

Mr. Earle smiled, for his friend was in one of his talking moods, and might go on indefinitely.

“Earle,” said Roger emphatically, “you are just the man to take up this subject with me; you have in your hands the press, the mightiest weapon in the land. You have prestige, fortune; with the means at your command you could accomplish a revolution in American thought. At present, people seem afraid to speak openly; if men who hold the opinions that I do write, they can scarcely find any one to put in type or disseminate their thoughts.

Newspapers and periodicals, editors and publishers, are alike bound by the terrors of Rome. If some adventurer attempts anything in this line, his book or his paper is, by some political midwifery, strangled at its birth. But, Earle, it would be nearly impossible to crush a man in your position, and—I know you are fearless.”

“If you can show me the necessity or advantage of such an attack on a creed, Cantwell, I am with you heart and hand. What I desire is the perpetuity of our national principles, and consequently the increase of our prosperity. If any church, any secret society, any organization whatever is sapping our vitality, it is the duty of every patriot to expose these machinations, and destroy the foe. The sanctity of no altar should be a refuge for the enemy.”

“I can show you such a church, such a society, such an organization,” said Cantwell with heat. “It is the Church of Rome, the miscalled Society of Jesus, the organization of the Jesuits.”

“I had always supposed that Romanism could show an irreproachable record. I know they are greedy of gain, arrogant in assumption, and crafty in proselyting, but always as a *church*, always as supporting a creed.”

“No! behind that, *always* as a civil power, *always* as advocating a temporal supremacy.”

“They have certainly some irreproachable exponents of their cause. Look at Bishop Otto!”

“I am looking at him!” said Cantwell — not that the dignitary was more than metaphorically present.

Earle’s Publishing House was 41 Allerton Place; you could look from the door of 41 into Third street, which

was a conglomerate of stores, big and little, warehouses and stalls, honest business and contemptible swindling, wholesale establishments and reeking restaurants down in cellars. Out of Allerton Place you went into Pemberton street, a fashionable thoroughfare, the favorite promenade of city dames, and honored in its upper section by the splendors of the Cathedral, the Bishop's Palace, and still further on by the *House of the Holy Family*, an aristocratic Convent where Sisters who had been well dowered for this world retired to make sure of Heaven in cloisteral seclusion.

Crossing Pemberton at right angles was 16th street, and here lived David Earle; here also Judge Barron, Cantwell's partner; and old Mrs. Estey, with her niece, Alda Burt, and her granddaughter, Lucia Estey, named after her father's buried first love.

As the friends came up the street, they met Lucia, a pretty girl of sixteen, and Earle saluted her with the easy familiarity which fathers of families are wont to use toward young damsels of their acquaintance.

"What is that about old Mrs. Estey?" said Cantwell.

"Ah! Turned Romanist, converted by the united efforts of Miss Burt, Father French and Bishop Otto—though probably the Bishop did nothing more than dazzle by the bright effulgence of his holy character and his churchly raiment."

"What would Fred Estey say to his mother's perversion?"

"He would act rather than speak; he would remove Lucia from her influence. If my business were like yours, a meddling with other people's affairs, I would

write to Fred — perhaps I will some day as it is.”

“Good intentions are of ill-fame as macadamizing the road to a most unpleasant locality,” laughed Cantwell, and as he spoke, Earle touched his arm, saying softly :

“Ah, my friend, there is a face to warm the heart of a forlorn bachelor.”

They were opposite Mrs. Estey’s, and Alda Burt stood at the door dutifully waiting on the departing steps of Father French, the most amiable of ecclesiastics.

Braids and puffs and curls; ruffles and flounces and lace; you saw these accessories first, and then Alda herself, and Alda was tall and lithe, with most sparkling blue-gray eyes, a short chin with a dimple, and a nose small, turned up, and pugnacious withal, a nose that became well a jest, and would have its own way in the world. She was haughty when she chose to be, and so she chose generally—and yet, this Alda who dismissed her numerous admirers with a cool nod would permit no menial to open the door for her priest; with the extremism of some natures, she treated all other men as her serfs, and bowed down to this one as to a God.

Cantwell, looking from across the way, did not admire the father for a foil to set off the damsel’s fairness. The lawyer lifted his hat and bowed profoundly as he met Alda’s eye; but while on other occasions he had felt dazzled by the shining of her smiles, to-night her beauty waned, and passed out of his mind as the moon drifts behind dark clouds and so slips out of sight.

“Another of your admirers?” asked the spiritual adviser of Alla.

“What would you argue of his taste if he were not?” retorted the beauty mischievously.

“Before deciding on so serious a subject as a marriage engagement, I trust you would seek and accept advice.”

“Certainly, father, certainly, if the advice did not run counter to my wishes! And it would be against the lawyer!”

“I cannot say; there are circumstances where it might be *for* him.”

“O, what unpalatable advice!” cried Alda, with a coquettish shrug. She was so accustomed to displaying all her airs and graces, that she produced them unconsciously for the holy father, who was earthly enough to relish them. In fact, Father French’s age was not so venerable as to exclude him from the list of Miss Burt’s admirers; his hat and gown only were in his way, and these caused him on the present occasion solemnly to shake his head at her fantasies as he went down the steps.

A few rods went the father in a half conscious muse on Alda’s words and ways and witcheries; then she faded from his mind as she had from Cantwell’s, and the priest’s thoughts took a new direction; he was going to spend part of the evening at the *Convent of the Holy Family*, where for six months he had been father confessor. That is, he was confessor to the Sisters; their Abbess, Catherine Illuminata, would condescend to pour her holy confidences only into the ear of Bishop Otto.

Evening settled over the city, and in the Convent of the Holy Family the Abbess Catherine was waiting for her guests. The ceiling of the reception room was

vaulted, and from the center hung a bronze chandelier, which poured brightness upon the marble table by which the Abbess sat, and shed a softened twilight upon the more distant parts of the room. On one side of the apartment was a magnificent crucifix in ebony and ivory, before which stood a wax candle and a bowl of holy water; opposite this object of worship was a pipe organ, with a statue of Saint Cecilia; at the lower extremity of the parlor was placed a marble group representing the holy family; while directly before the Mother Superior hung a picture of the Betrothal of Saint Catherine of Sienna, and on this painting the gracious Mother looked with unceasing satisfaction. The thick velvet carpet gave no sound at the light footfalls of several black-veiled nuns, who were making ready for the arrival of the visitors. As they moved about, the light showed the bands of white muslin over each forehead, and the square fold of cloth dropping upon each bosom, on which cloth was seen a heart of scarlet woolen. The business of the Sisters proceeded slowly because there were so many holy objects in the room, passing and repassing before each of which it was necessary to make prostrations. Two of the Sisters wheeled up a grand chair, cushioned with purple velvet and lavishly embroidered with gold and silver; as they moved it to the table, they passed the Holy Family and the crucifix, and before both of these representations fell on their knees, pushing the Bishop's chair meanwhile, so that its progress, oddly enough, suggested the car of Juggernaut. Less magnificent chairs were placed for inferior fathers: and a Sister came in with paper, books,

ink and pens. Some of these slipped upon the table, making a slight noise:

“You are most careless in your duties, Sister Mary St. Hilaire,” said the Abbess tartly.

The Sister, a stately, thoughtful woman of perhaps fifty, at once dropped upon her knees and kissed the floor before her Superior’s feet, in token of penitence for her fault. At this *compliance*, the Abbess gave no sign.

Just as the last chair was put in place, the door bell pealed, and the steps of the portress were heard; the three nuns, with Mother St. Hilaire at their head, placed themselves in line near the parlor door, the portress threw it open, proclaiming “the Reverend Father French,” kneeling as she spoke; the three nuns followed her example, and Father French tossed them a benediction as he pulled off his glove. Meanwhile, the Abbess rose with a lazy grace, and while her nuns departed, gave her ghostly counsellor a seat.

It is curious how character shines out in trifles; Father French was evidently finding in his sister an absorbing study, while the Abbess felt that profound admiration was her due. It would seem almost sacrilegious to suggest anything coquettish in a nun’s head-gear, but it was truly wonderful to note the graceful management of the severe dress of her Order, to see how the shapely foot rested on a bright spot on the carpet, and how the black beads of the rosary, and the large jet cross that depended from them, served as foils to the whiteness of Catherine Illuminata’s hand.

The “Father” glanced at the preparations on the table:

"Your house multiplies itself like a Banyan tree, Sister Catherine."

"So would any house well managed," said the Abbess proudly. "Every nun, every inmate, should be kept at work like the coral insects, Father French; and then we would create kingdoms for ourselves. The secret of our strength is in making use of every individual."

While the Abbess spoke of the theory and object of her life, she altered her whole manner. One moment she had been the embodiment of coquetry, the next she was incarnate ambition.

"You are right," said Father French; "this is the genius of our church, and it is wonderful to see how it is misapprehended. If we made a raid on the White House and carried off the President; if we attacked a heretic conventicle, burned their chapel and slaughtered the congregation, these amiable Americans would wake up to the idea that we meant to do something; but they cannot comprehend working by littles. If I clamored for a Catholic Cabinet, they would cry out; but they think it is beneath my dignity to secure a Catholic *police force*. If I were able to oust their heretic Governor, and proclaim that I did it on account of his religion, they would stir themselves up; but when I begin at the other end of the line, and secure Catholic *aldermen*, they do not notice it."

"You are wary and successful. As to the policemen, I have to thank you for putting our own men on the beat near my house. I hear you are still making converts, Father; was not Mrs. Estey your last trophy?"

"Yes, we re-baptized the old lady Sunday."

"But you had a coadjutor in her family, Father?"

"O yes, Miss Burt; she did her best."

"You go there often? What is Miss Burt like?"

Father French had secured a lead pencil, and was drawing wavy lines across a sheet of foolscap. He replied, still flourishing with the pencil: "Well, Miss Burt's attractions are the prominent idea of her life; she is filled full of herself. She is useful because she is obedient, and not without cunning; in fact, she is just one of the *hands* we need to work in society, unconsciously obeying heads like you and me."

When he first began speaking, the Abbess sent one keen, swift glance at his bent face; satisfied with her inspection, the lids fell slowly over her large dark eyes, and her whole air was that of one politely making conversation, but scarcely interested in it.

"I think there is another young lady in that house—a granddaughter?"

"Lucia Estey? yes, a girl perhaps sixteen."

"And is she also your convert?"

"No; the damsel resolutely declines to be converted. Each Sunday she marches off to some meeting presided over by a parson named Dunbar. She keeps sedulously out of my way, and is, I understand, somewhat of a Tartar."

"Send her here," said Catherine Illuminata.

"To what end?"

"Let me manage that. I feel sure I could influence her. She has brain, family, money, position, a gift of

song, I hear; she is just what I want, Father; let me rely on you to bring her here."

"My Sister, you have more knowledge of my congregation than I gave you credit for."

"It is because nothing is beneath my notice, and I never forget. Promise me, Father; I seldom ask a favor."

The Abbess suddenly bent forward and flashed a look of sweet entreaty on her clerical brother.

"It shall be done," he said, calmly; then exclaimed, "Who could refuse you anything, Abbess?"

Catherine Illuminata sank back in her chair satisfied with her victory, all the softness of her manner gone—a woman of ice.

The portress at the door again,—“Father Rentoul!”

A furtive look about as if watching for a foe—the new comer drops into his chair, and his caped and long skirted garment seems to shut him in to himself; he is not a pleasant third in this party, and the Abbess sees it is time at once to proceed to business. She quietly draws a sheet of paper from the heap on the table, and lays it in full view. “The plan for the Orphanage.”

“And the cost, the cost?” says Rentoul, nervously.

She brings up another paper. “The estimates.”

Father French runs it over, making a humming sound of content, which is fearfully irritating to his brother priest.

“Yes. We can get half or two-thirds of it out of Protestants—there will be work for some of your Sisters, Abbess.”

“And to run the institution after it is built?” queries Rentoul.

“It shall be self-supporting,” replies the Abbess.

Father Rentoul shook his head. “It can have no visitors, and that will deprive it of the constant charities that run up so well in other houses.”

“We must get a grant of a lot with a ninety-nine years lease, at a nominal ground rent of a cent, or a dime, or a dollar, such as these liberal city governments give us,” said Father French.

“The Sisters can support themselves by needle-work,” suggested the Abbess, “and it will remain for us to keep the building in repair, and get back what we have spent on it. To do this we will have an entrance fee for each child, which will be half as much again as that child will cost during the short——”

“We understand,” said Father French, with a wave of his hand. “That is cutting near enough to the mark, Sister; it is best to be explicit only on what is pleasant. You apprehend my Abbess, we discuss, not an orphanage of the ordinary sort, but an unusual and exceptional while not unknown fashion of dealing with — “an incubus.”

An unusual stir in the hall here preceded the entrance of Bishop Otto. He was attended to the parlor door by his servant, a slender young man, wearing a long cloak and holding in his hand a round scholar's cap. At the door the servant took his master's hat, and then found his way to the sacristy, where he remained alone.

“The first thing to be considered,” said the Bishop,

when business was re-commenced after his entrance, "is, is this Orphanage absolutely a necessity?"

"Venerable Father," said the Abbess, pathetically, "there are so many children! They are brought to us by the dozen—paupers and orphans, children of beggars and drunkards, and all that. Consider how many of these children are sickly and idiotic, and will lie forever a burden on our hands. Others will grow up restive and vicious, despite every precaution. We can not take them into Holy Orders when they are grown, for they are not the material we need; they would be hinderances and not helps. If we reject them they fall into the hands of the city authorities, or into the hands of heretical institutions, and so grow up our enemies, to make our struggle harder, and to delay yet longer the obtaining the balance of power. Is it not so, Father French?"

"I see all these difficulties, daughter Catherine," interposed the Bishop. "You have, this week, made the rounds of the convents of the city?"

"Yes, Holy Father, and I see no way for our relief but to establish just such an Orphanage as we contemplate." She shot a look at Father French, who shrugged his shoulders. She continued addressing the Bishop—"At Santa Philomena there are deformed and sickly children, who hinder the Sisters from their embroidery, and make a bad impression on guests. '*Holy Angels*' has nine idiots, and the Infirmary at the '*Sacred Names*' cost the confraternity of '*The Precious Blood*' a large sum of money last year. Aside from the expense entailed upon us, we lose by the appearance of such children.

Strangers attribute to want of care on our part what is solely due to inherited disease and vice. We are even accused of neglecting our protégés."

"Being thus accused, let us make haste to merit it," said Father French, softly. The Bishop caught the low words, and sat silent, looking troubled.

"Our church is one," broke out Priest Rentoul, excitedly; "we design here simply an institution such as they have elsewhere. The question is, shall we be swamped by crowding our boat with these children, shall we give them over to heretics, or shall we—take care of them?"

"More suitably to put it, shall we save the souls of the surplus population, or shall we not? Religious duty says, *save*," exclaimed Father French, as if weary of the discussion.

"Daughter Abbess, you have those who can manage this Orphanage with obedience, skill and decorum—Sisters who may be entirely trusted in their duties?"

"There is no doubt of it, Venerable Father, and by establishing our Orphanage we make our other convents doubly useful, as freed from an encumbrance."

Father Rentoul had been darting uneasy looks behind him; he now suddenly cried out, "Holy Bishop, do you remember an exorcism? There is *One* looking over my shoulder!"

The Abbess shrank into her chair with a cry; said the Bishop, "I hope, Rentoul, you are not going back into that folly."

"You are quite enough to destroy one's mental equili-

brium," sneered Father French; "let me recommend you a nervine."

"For this house," said the Abbess, "we have long rejected both pupils and orphans; the design of the church is here to educate Sisters for any position to which they may be called. I think, Venerable Father, that no nun ever sent out from The Holy Family was unequal to her duty, and we have never failed to mould in accordance with the views of the church such young ladies as have been sent here for particular instruction. In our new project I am not speaking from personal feelings, but simply for the greatest good of all our convents."

"The school-room and nursery have been the most powerful appeals of many religious houses," said Father French.

"Exactly," replied the Abbess, "and that they may continue so, I would fill them with what is healthful, pretty and attractive; weeding out all that shall offend."

"No one, for an instant, could doubt the perfection of your taste, mother Abbess," said the Priest, glancing about the luxurious parlor.

The conference came to an end. Father Rentoul made obeisance, and went into the quiet street, glancing around and behind him, ever like one ill at ease. As he passed under a lamp, a man younger than himself met him with a half exclamation; the stranger was singularly cross-eyed, but his glance was keen; the flashes of meaning seemed to dart over each other, like the glitter of crossed swords—they entered into the Priest's soul. "Curse you, apostate!" he cried bitterly, and then going their

opposite ways, he and his enemy were far asunder.

The Bishop's carriage was at the door, the Bishop's servant stood in waiting with the sacred chapeau, and humbly followed the prelate into the coach.

"Remember, Lucia!" whispered mother Catherine, as the portress came to open the door for Father French.

When her guests were gone, the Abbess opened the door of her parlor, that she might hear the choir singing

"Ora pro nobis,
From sin our slumbers keep,
Ora, Mater, Ora,
Star of the deep."

With her arms folded over her bosom, and her head bent, she paced up and down her room, swift, graceful and powerful, like a leopardess in a placid hour, and the notes of organ and voices came to her from the chapel like angels, to lead her out of the present, through all the mazes and mysteries of her past.

In the still sweetness of this summer night, when all the world seemed asleep in peace, Rome, "the mother and mistress of the nations," uncrowned as yet in the Republic of the West, had taken another long and quiet step toward her kingdom.

CHAPTER SECOND.

STRANGE CONCORD.

Setting an Orphanage in a Good Light—Collecting Money—The Nuns' Arguments—A Mathematical Demonstration of the Burden of Romanism and the Burden of the Poor—The Mother of the Convent and the Father of the People—Secret Springs—A Christian's View of Romanism—The Publisher Convinced—Certain Romish Tenets—A Lost Sister.

“And through covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandise of you.”

The Abbess Catherine rejoiced in the thought that in no religious house in America were the Romish rites and ceremonies conducted with such exactness and magnificence as in The House of the Holy Family. In this convent was no cloistered Sister who had not been able to lay on the altar a handsome dowry. In the whole establishment could be found nothing cheap or gaudy; the pictures and the statuary were treasures of art, musical instruments were perfect in tone, and no inharmonious voice was permitted to jar the ear of the luxurious Abbess, by taking part in the service of song.

Scarcely had day “flaunted its banners among the setting stars,” when the household of Catherine Illuminata trooped to their Chapel for matins. Protestants usually explain this indefinitely as “music;” it is “the morning part of the worship of the Blessed Virgin Mary.” The “Office of the Blessed Virgin” is daily sung in Matins, Vespers and Complin, the *Ave Maria* introducing each portion.

The Abbess boasted that there was no hour in the

twenty-four when worship in the form of music, reading or prayers was not going on in her house. She arranged this by the distribution of *penances*, condemning enough Sisters to night prayers for misdemeanors, in such order that, one after another, the penitents should uphold the holiness of the house through the watches of the night.

Matins occupied the time until breakfast, which Mother Catherine took in state, eating dainty food from silver dishes, waited on by two nuns, while a third, chosen for the melody of her voice and the elegance of her enunciation, knelt at the Superior's left hand and read to her during the continuance of the meal. No eastern potentate was ever more absolute in his authority, or more autocratic over his household, than this Abbess in her convent.

When, after breakfast, the nuns betook themselves to drawing, painting, embroidery, or other elegant arts, whereby they increased the revenue of their Order, it remained for the Abbess to say whether they should retire in solitude to their cells, or sit together in the work room; whether conversation should be allowed, silence imposed, or a reader should be ordered to occupy their thoughts with a book designated by the Superior.

Scarcely had work commenced on the morning after the conference noticed in our last chapter, when the portress called two nuns to the Superior's parlor. The Abbess was in her most auspicious mood; she gave the Sisters, who knelt before her, her benediction, and graciously permitted them to take chairs in her presence.

"Sisters Mary Saint Hilaire and Serena," said the

sovereign lady, "it has been decided to establish an Orphanage, for the aid of the poor and to lighten the burdens of the convents in our city. This Orphanage is for the reception of the children of the very poor; for idiots, cripples, and the incurably diseased of tender age; also for very young infants, whose parents are unable to provide for them. We are convinced that these cases can be more judiciously cared for in a house by themselves. The Orphanage will be open for children of five years *and under*. It will be conducted with economy, and managed by Sisters exactly suited to the office, taken from the convents in the limits of this diocese. You understand that it is to be a public benefaction; it will preserve many children from becoming paupers on the street; it will succor many who would otherwise be left to the charity of the city authorities. Children will be received without respect to nationality, and, that we may not encourage vice, we shall charge a small entrance fee with each child — a fee which, in case of absolute need, *might* be provided by some Sodality. Do you comprehend this Orphanage, Sister Saint Hilaire?"

"I think I do, reverend Mother."

"The first thing to be done then is to raise money for the enterprise. We shall send Sisters of Saint Joseph to the wealthy of our own Church, and you, Sisters Mary Saint Hilaire and Serena, will now go among Protestants to secure their contributions for this purpose. It is only charitable, my Sisters," said the Abbess, reposing comfortably in her chair, and putting words into the mouths of her messengers, "that we encourage in our separated

brethren the grace of benevolence. It is also but justice that they should help us to lift up a burden, part of which has hitherto been laid on their shoulders; it is well that all sects should work together in the service of a Creator who provides alike for all our needs. Good works, my sisters, return upon their doers; we believe that even a heretic may lighten his eternal loss by good deeds performed in the flesh: it is therefore that we send you out with an invitation to them to unite with us in building an Orphanage. Heretofore you have performed such errands in a manner worthy of all praise; at this time show equal zeal and prudence."

The two Sisters set forth on their errand. Sister Saint Hilaire had a grave, sad face, which irresistibly attracted sympathy, while the quiet dignity of her manner inspired respect, even in Abbess and Confessor. This woman had come to the Convent from the graves of her household. The yellow fever, when it raged most fiercely in New Orleans, had swept away her husband and three sons, and, with a broken heart, she had turned away from the beautiful and treacherous land whose sweet breezes had been full of death, and had sought the only refuge which offered itself to one born in the Church of Rome. A woman of spotless life and tender spirit, not without a goodly fortune, even Catherine Illuminata did her honor in her heart, and if she exhibited harshness towards her, it was when goaded by the thought that if Mother Saint Hilaire outlived her she would be Abbess in her room.

Sister Mary Serena became her name. She was placidity embodied; praise, reproof, instruction, never stirred

a muscle of her broad white face, nor changed the quiet look in her light blue eye. Sister Serena was undeniably fat, and Abbess Catherine sent her forth among heretics as an exponent of the healthfulness of Convent life. Who could think of naughty tales of dungeons and discipline, of passion, cruelty and remorse, while looking into thy tranquil face, well remembered Sister Serena? Side by side, with eyes upon the pavement, and equal step, the Sisters who set forth the *dignity* and *comfort* of the cloister, went upon their errand. The Bishop, Fathers French and Rentoul, and the Abbess had placed their names, each with a donation of one hundred dollars, on the subscription list. This was done as a mere form, to get the paper started.

The Nuns had climbed the stairs and reached the office of a rich Commission Merchant.

"Why do you not confine your solicitations to members of your own church?" asked the gentleman, as they presented the paper, with a word of request softly spoken.

"Sir, we trusted there was no sectarianism in charity."

"Come now," said the gentleman, "one good turn deserves another; I am building a Mission Chapel; I will put a donation on your paper, if you will put one on mine."

"But, sir, you forget that we are poor members of an Order; we have taken a vow of poverty; we do not own so much as a pin; our very garments are not our own; we have stripped ourselves of all earthly possessions, to be like Him who for our sakes became poor. We can

only give our prayers, and the services of our hands."

"That may be ample excuse for you, but across the way is one of your church members, James Cathlin, rich as Cræsus. He would not give a dime to my heretical chapel."

"Sir," said Sister St. Hilaire, who did all the talking, while Sister Serena stood by and simply beamed content; "put your donation down on our paper, *as an example* of unsectarian benevolence to the gentleman over the way."

The merchant laughed, took the paper, and wrote down twenty-five dollars as his donation to the enemies of his religion.

In their rounds, the Nuns entered Earle's Publishing House and asked a gift; "Consider, sir, how much expense our Orphanages are yearly saving the city."

"I had a request yesterday to aid a City Institution; I will offer you what I did them," replied the publisher.

The visitors smiled, assenting.

"A Bible for every room."

Sister St. Hilaire was equal to the situation. "Bibles would be of small advantage to babes who cannot read."

"Did you give those applicants *nothing else?*" asked Serena.

David Earle was fairly entrapped. "I did; but the institution was to be like myself, Protestant."

"Ah," said St. Hilaire, with pathos, "when people come to us for aid, we need no plea but their necessity; we never ask of their religion. And, sir, even if you consider our blessed religion false and evil, can you not

take example of the Creator, 'who maketh his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust?'"

The Sisters for that argument got fifty dollars from David Earle; and thus encouraged mounted with light hearts to the office of Roger Cantwell. Sister Mary St. Hilaire took up the line of reasoning which had just served so well.

"Our charity will lighten the burdens of the city, by taking care of the poor, who are yearly a cause of heavy outlays."

"My good ladies, I must question that statement," said the lawyer. "You are about to build an Orphanage; do I not know where you will get the land? It will be granted you by the city at a ground rent of nothing, and exempt from taxation. On the plea of helping to support the charities of your Church, which claims to benefit the poor, irrespective of sect, the city gives you nearly half a million in money each year; it passes over to you valuable land *in perpetuo*, or on leases so long that they mean the same thing—and gives you your leases for the nominal sum of a dollar or two per annum, and changes a lease to a fee for less than a hundred dollars. I put the matter to you mathematically: the city poor cost taxpayers say half a million yearly; we give your church out of the *public money* half a million: have given three millions of property to you, which property should be bringing us a revenue of nearly two hundred thousand; we pay you an average of twenty thousand yearly for the privilege of running streets, etc., through the prop-

erty we have *presented* you. Thus the religion you represent costs us annually, as a city, nearly a million—much more than our paupers. If the money we give to the Church of Rome yearly, were applied to the improvement of our poor, we could have every aged pauper in a good home, every invalid in a hospital, every street Arab schooled and taught a trade, and rescue every beggarly orphan.”

“Sir,” said Sister St. Hilaire mildly, “we are not accustomed to argue; it is not our province to inquire into these monetary statements, but as you cannot rescue *all* these unfortunates you mention, will you not aid us to save *some*?”

“Madam,” said Cantwell, “I tell you honestly, I am principled against it.”

“Far be it from me,” murmured the Nun, “to tempt a man to what he thinks is *sin*. May God at his pleasure enlighten your conscience, then you will help us. This other gentleman will not give us a donation?”

The person indicated had stood with his back to the visitors, absorbed in an examination of Cantwell’s library; he now turned, and being so cross-eyed that it was impossible to tell whether he looked at Nuns or lawyer, shook his head.

When the visitors had left the room, he said, in some excitement: “I know that creed. I know it too well, for I lived in it until I was twenty years old. Then the villainies of a priest named Rentoul opened my eyes to the moral and spiritual pollution of Rome. I hate it with a perfect hatred!”

“Rentoul? That was one of the reverend names on the subscription list,” said Cantwell, meditatively; “but let me tell you, Sanderly, that if you give reins to hate, you will never accomplish any good work; you will be simply a fanatic, rejected by your own party and abhorred by every other. It is not hate that we want, Sanderly, but reason; hate never reasons, it stabs blindly.”

“I am less cool-blooded than you,” laughed Sanderly, with bitterness, running his hand through his red, close-curved hair.

“I say, Sanderly, if you lived and studied with Romish priests, as I infer, you might tell me some of the names of their secret books,” said Cantwell — “books they hide from heretics.”

“And from half of their own people,” said the young man. “Yes, they have books that are very cess-pools of corruption; books whose foulness reeks of the pit out of which they sprung; but they have deeds to match their books.” He went to the back of Cantwell’s chair, and stooping down, began to speak softly in his ear. It took a good deal to blanch the lawyer’s face and set the traitor nerves a-tremble, but the eyes that had not quailed, and the color that had held its own in some of the most fearful revelations which justice has made in American courts, now bore witness to the crowning horrors of the story his new clerk was whispering.

Our Nuns did not confine their calls to gentlemen. At the door of many a wealthy widow or spinster they stood that day, finding words wonderfully suited to their hearers. These two Sisters had been especially trained

by the Abbess for the work of soliciting funds, and there was scarcely a rich person in the city, except the few known to be rigidly Protestant, concerning whom the Abbess had not gathered important items of information, which should shape the appeals to them. To one lady, an ardent advocate of women's rights, Sister St. Hilaire thus held discourse: "Consider the prominent part of women in Catholic charities. You, madam, feel the power of women. Remember that while other denominations hold women's tenderness as a slight working power, and allow it to run to waste, the Catholic Church with profound intuition recognizes its full value; women can have no aspirations after a broad high sphere, which the Catholic Church does not hold the means of gratifying. With us women build homes, found Orders, are canonized as saints."

Sister St. Hilaire won her point.

Now scarcely three doors off, our Nuns found a lady who stood in awe of anything strong-minded, and when she saw two women out on public work, apparently on their own responsibility, she ventured a half rebuke.

"You misunderstand us," said Sister Serena; "do not accuse us of being strong-minded, our only strength is in self-sacrifice."

"Yes," said Sister St. Hilaire, "in the Catholic Church the advocates of women's rights can scarcely look for adherents. That movement is not in accord with the spirit of our religion, which rejoices to shelter delicate and unprotected women in the sacredness of convent homes; and where but in our communion can you find

mothers of families so strictly obeying the apostolic injunction to be keepers at home, and train up their children in holiness?"

Catherine Illuminata, exacting in all things, could claim no more successful day's work than her envoys had accomplished. She even deigned to compliment Sister St. Hilaire, saying: "I think, daughter, that securing the charity of Protestants seems to be your especial mission."

While the Abbess thus praised her collectors, lawyer Cantwell took his friend Earle to task for his donation.

"You have made that fifty dollars under the protection of a government which, like a careful mother, conserves the rights of her children; you give it to be used toward her destruction. It is a poor return."

"What can be more innocent than the mission of an Orphanage or a School?" asked Mr. Earle.

"Schools and Convents!" replied Cantwell. "It is through them that we feed our foe. Romanism and Americanism are the antipodes of each other. As they stand opposed in our country, we find on the Romish side *brawn*, and on the American or Protestant side *brain*. Now, in the nineteenth century brute force cannot lord it over intellectual vigor; muscle in the end must succumb to mind. What then is their hope for obtaining the balance of power, which they assert they will hold in the year nineteen hundred? It will be by getting brain from us, and they are doing it. We may make a few converts from the muscular brigade, but we are not looking to religious conflict; but for every man we get

away from them we give them tenfold; through Convents and Monasteries we are feeding them brain; we deplete ourselves to build them up. Who are some of their strongest men? renegade Protestants. Look at Manning, look at Father Hecker, look at the editor of the Freeman. Where did he get intellect enough to run his paper? He got it in the bosom of the most rigorous and close thinking body of the Protestant Church. The Westminster Catechism, the joint production of some of the mightiest minds in the United Kingdom, he knew as well as he knew his mother's name. That is the way we furnish them with just the weapon they need."

"Well," laughed Earle, "I must say that is a poor show for the Shorter Catechism!"

"I would assert that intellectual discipline is the cure of Romanism; these exceptions prove the rule, perhaps. We should remember that every pervert is an immense advantage to them, an equally immense loss to us; and these pervers are made because public opinion is not properly educated as to the dangers and designs of Popery. The unwary and unwarned mariner begins to sail around the outer circle of the whirlpool, and before he is aware is irretrievably swept into the vortex."

"There is another thing to be considered," said David Earle, throwing aside the lightness which he frequently assumed when business was over. "There are men who suffer continually from the stings of a tender conscience,

"— compelled

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence,"

always accusing themselves, and yet spiritually unen-

lightened. These men fly to Romanism as offering them the most congenial road to what they most desire—salvation.”

“You go where I cannot follow you,” said Roger; “I look on this intellectually, not spiritually. I ride into this war clad in the panoply of reason.”

“Have a care then, for you deal with a spiritual as well as a temporal foe. There will perhaps be a joint in your harness which will admit the arrow even of a flying enemy. Achilles was only vulnerable in his heel, and yet he was slain.”

“Strange,” said Cantwell, “that I, simply as a jurist and a patriot, take the right side of this question, and you, a Christian, are so liberal that you damage your own side, and cannot defend the other. Protestantism and Romanism have nothing in common; if one is right, the other is wrong. You believe your soul is in jeopardy if you have not the true faith of Christ; why do you not boldly and heartily uphold the cause of truth? A religion must come either from Christ or Beelzebub; there is no creed that is a joint production of heaven and hell, with enough in it to save and enough to destroy all its adherents.”

“You will never let me alone unless I repent and do better,” said Mr. Earle. “Come home to tea with me.”

As the two friends neared Mr. Earle’s house, they met his pastor, Mr. Dunbar, and the publisher insisted on his joining them for the evening. On entering the parlor, they found Mr. Earle’s sister, Jocelyn, sitting by the window with Lucia Estey. While in the hall, they had



MRS. EARLE AT HOME.

heard Lucia saying earnestly, "I don't know what I should do without you, Jocelyn; you are old enough to advise me, and yet you don't push me off as Alda does. She says I'm too childish."

"You *are* childish, Lucia," replied Jocelyn, "but I think that is a good fault. There are great possibilities in you, if there is ever any emergency to develop them."

"I have developed nothing but obstinacy so far; Alda and grandma seem to have a rare faculty of bringing out that trait."

Here the gentlemen entered, and it being part of Lucia's childishness not to know what to say to them, she gave a half awkward bow, and drew back into the shadow of the curtain. Impulsive also as a child, she soon called Jocelyn's attention to the street, saying: "There comes Alda home from confession. She has her sins all settled up for a month, and to-night she will rattle off her penances, and feel quite satisfied. But must n't it be horrible, Jocelyn, to have to kneel down and go over your whole life to a strange man? Alda tries to make me do it, telling of the seven sacraments, and all that, but she will never convert me as she did poor grandma."

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed," said Mr. Dunbar softly, from his place near Jocelyn.

"But I'll not fall; it would be a worse tumble than that Shakspeare tells of,

'O, what a fall was that, my countrymen,
When you and I and all of us fell down.'

Jocelyn, I promised Alda to ask you for that new

Cantata ; may I go and look among your music for it."

"Go take what you want," said Miss Earle; and Lucia was presently bending over the music stand in the opposite parlor. Mr. Dunbar could see her from where he sat, the graceful lines of the girlish figure, the merry dimple in cheek and chin, the innocent dark eyes cast down, and the shadows of her chestnut hair brought thoughts of compassion for her lonely young life, her mother in the grave, her father in the Ophir of the West — what snares of temptation were around her feet? He had not heard the whisper of the Abbess Catherine, "remember Lucia," but he heard a whisper from the voice of the Infinite Compassion in his soul, "Warn the child of the evil that is in the world."

He went into the parlor and laid something on the music before her. Lucia started, turned to see who had followed her, and exclaimed, "O, Mr. Dunbar, what a sweet face that is — and different from almost any picture I ever saw! the eyes are sad and loving, and one could never forget that expression. Don't you want to tell me who it is?" she asked shyly, taking up the miniature her pastor had laid down.

"My only sister."

"What a darling sister to have ; but she never comes to see you ; where is she now ?"

"I cannot tell you. We were orphans, and she was in a boarding school, while I was finishing my studies. She was a quiet girl, capable of very strong feelings, but making few friends. Her most intimate companion for several years had been a young French girl, Laure

Vallerie. While my sister was at boarding school, Laure disappeared from her home, and several months afterwards my sister ran away from her school and has never since been heard of. I have searched for her everywhere. Of how many a poor suicide have I read with a thought of agony that that might be my sister. We considered it likely that the two had changed their names and entered a theatrical company. Laure had a passion for public displays, and among the members of her church — she was a Romanist — had made some curious acquaintances.”

“If she was a Romanist, perhaps she persuaded your sister, and they both ran off to a Convent.”

“No, for Laure could have gone there freely if she had chosen that line of life, and she would not have entered such an institution without the easily obtained consent of her parents, and the fortune that would have accompanied it. Laure’s poor mother became melancholy and died heart-broken; for myself, you may imagine that the thought of my beloved sister has been a thorn in my pillow through many a sleepless night. The young and ardent have many tempters, Lucia; you have no mother to protect you, your grandmother is old and feeble, and your cousin Alda can only recommend to you a religion that is in itself a snare. I do not often show my sister’s picture or speak of this sorrow; but I hope this fair, sweet face, so innocent in this picture, and yet which pierced a brother’s soul with so bitter a wound, will be a memory to help you to weigh well every counsel, to lift your heart to God, who is ever ready to direct, that you

may be both good and happy in your life, and that your miniature may never cause your father such tears as I have shed on this."

Lucia gave another long gaze at the painted ivory, and looking thanks which she was too bashful to fashion into speech, she ran across the street to her cousin Alda, with the music in her hand.

"That is a very attractive child," said Mr. Earle as his pastor came back to the company he had left. "She is artless as a little girl, yet just at an age where a sudden trial or a high aim might mature her into an earnest and high-souled woman. I tell my wife sometimes that the race of girls is extinct; we have children, and all at once full-blown young ladies, but she claims that Lucia is the very ideal girl."

"Our friend is discoursing learnedly on girls," said Mr. Cantwell, "that I may not lay his sins before you, his spiritual guide. He has been making a donation towards building a Roman Catholic Orphanage; was he right or wrong? You shall be umpire."

"Wrong," said Mr. Dunbar; "no man can serve two masters."

"But am I forbidden to practice charity to suffering children?"

"Is it not because there is not a God in Israel that ye go to inquire of Baalzebub, the God of Ekron?" quoted Mr. Dunbar meaningly.

"You are right," said Mr. Earle; "there are charities in our Protestant denomination that need all our aid."

"More than that," said the minister; "I believe that



in these Romish houses in the tender name of charity are often practiced terrible cruelties.* Again, one more than doubts the wisdom and expediency of committing the training of children, the care of the sick, and the education of daughters, to women who have not reached their loftiest sphere — wifehood and motherhood, and in whom the highest capacities of their nature must lie dormant. Convents and holy orders exalt celibacy, but God made Eden a home and not a cloister. Adam and his wife, fresh from the hands of their Maker, were the lofty ideals from which the race is fallen, and to which it must return. Even to-day Christian society, all *pure* society, exalts the wife and mother in her office as above every other character and station.”

Perhaps Mr. Dunbar was not aware that while he spoke his glance wandered to Jocelyn Earle’s serene and thoughtful face. Roger Cantwell noted the look. Hitherto, when with Jocelyn, he had ever been satisfied in her society as that of a woman who could both talk and listen. Away from Jocelyn, the witcheries of Alda Burt had often beguiled his imagination. Now the respectful admiration in another’s eye, caused him to consider how well Jocelyn would adorn a home, could make a home by her presence.

He replied to Mr. Dunbar: “That doctrine of celibacy is the curse as it is the article of Rome. Their own authors have said that if you sweep away the celibacy of the clergy, you destroy the Confessional,† and when the

*See “Convent Life Unveiled.” By Edith O’Gorman. Pp. 42, 44, 46.
† Martinet’s “Religion in Society.”

Confessional has perished, the power of Rome is annihilated. Cardinal Rodolf and others, as Paolo, have argued that in sacerdotal celibacy is the foundation of the supremacy of the Pope. Marriage connects men to their civil rulers and their native land, celibacy transfers their religion to the Popedom.*

"Then as patriots we should desire the downfall of that doctrine," said Mr. Earle.

"Which we shall endeavor to hasten by giving fifty dollars to build it up," whispered his friend Cantwell.

"Mr. Earle," said the pastor, "I would rejoice to see you a little more zealous in your Protestantism."

"It is not that I am less Protestant, only more charitable. I cannot find it in my heart to utter a scathing condemnation of all my Romish neighbors."

"That be far from you; what I ask you to condemn is the apostate religion whose sins have reached unto heaven, and the men who are its exponents. Against Romanism I can bring and prove heavy charges. In that Church crime is no crime, and holiness of life is not demanded."

"Prove it," said Mr. Earle calmly.

"'Swear not at all,' Christ says. Rome says, 'To swear out of lightness or vanity is innocent.' † God says, 'Children obey your parents in all things.' Rome says, 'To disobey from carelessness or grossness of mind is not sinful.' ‡ Says Christ, 'Whosoever shall kill shall be in

* Paolo. Vol. II, p. 118.

† "Blasphemia si ex levitate animi esset tantum veniale." Vid. Bonacien tom, 2, p. 211.

‡ "Est veniale non obedire ex negligentia vel sensualitate." Sylvestre. Graffis and Sotus "secundum omnes doctores."

danger of the judgment.' Rome asserts her doctrine, 'To kill a heretic is nothing.'* Here is Rome exalting her brazen brow in defiance of Him who both created you and died for you. Can you hold allegiance to Him and give the least countenance to his enemy?"

"No," said Earle. "And I beg you to believe that I have not desired to strike hands with the ungodly. But, dear sir, love is the compelling power; by love we shall win our adversaries, by opposition, we shall embitter."

"Yes," said Mr. Dunbar, "I grant the potency of love. Love is of God, and God is love. But tell me, has not love more than one aspect? Perfect love has in it wrath as well as devotion. We hold some brother dear as our own heart's blood. What then? His adversary is our adversary; we cannot embrace his foe. We love our God, and as much as we love him we must hate the devil and all his works. As we love truth, in such ratio must we hate falsehood. God loves the soul that He has made, and so in degree as He loves that soul, must his righteous anger flame against the sin which would destroy it. Even when the wild beast in her lair flies in fury against the destroyer of her offspring, you see in her the working of maternal love. You cannot eliminate hate from love unless you rob love of its stamina; wherever we love we must turn hate against what is the antipode of the beloved object. Thus it is that loving Jesus, you must hate Romanism; hate not the individuals who are deluded, or struggling after light, but hate it in

* "Hæretici possunt etiam impune occidi." De Graffis l. ii. c. xi. n. xii.

its aggression, its dissemination, its origin and its results.”

Mr. Dunbar had risen in his earnestness, and stood before his friend. Roger Cantwell grasped his hand as he concluded:

“I thank you for those words, not only because I think they have done much towards convincing our friend Earle, but they have shown me that you too are carefully weighing and studying the weightiest question of the day. The Church is your outlook, the State is mine, and I trust I can argue to Earle as conclusively, as a patriot, as you have argued as a Christian. Roman Catholicism is not a religion, but a political and money-getting power.* It is a state within a state; it is a subversion of allegiance from our own government to a power enthroned in that hoary city on the Tiber, which from its foundation has been the very center of despotism. I heard Father Gavazzi in his lecture on ‘What are the Nations in the Papal System?’ say: ‘Romanism is monarchical—unchangeable—she *never* can support any Constitutional or Republican government. Her servants are everywhere against liberty.’”

* Senator Drake, in Constitutional Convention of Missouri, at St. Louis.

CHAPTER THIRD.

LUCIA BEHIND THE CONVENT GRATE.

Suggestions in the Confessional—Father French and his Parishioners—Lucia in the Convent—The Abbess and her Picture—Convent Manners—Sister Serena and her Images—Good Work—A Modern Enthusiast—Beauty and Ashes.

“I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
Which yet to name my spirit loathes and fears.”

When Alda Burt knelt to Father French in the Confessional, the Priest's mind had been intent on his promise to the Abbess Catherine. Whatever that crafty woman had designed must be for the upbuilding of the true Church and the glory of the House of the Holy Family. The penitent was permitted to rattle off her Confiteor as far as *mea culpa* as glibly as possible, and when she reached, “I most humbly ask pardon of God, and absolution of you, my ghostly father,” the priest made haste to accord his forgiveness, and at once asked :

“Have your instructions turned the mind of your cousin Lucia to the Catholic faith?”

“No, father, she scarcely ever listens to me.”

“Has her grandmother authority to command her attendance on our services?”

“No, father; you remember what a heretic Mr. Estey is. Lucia would appeal to him at once. Besides, we can never hope to influence her, unless we get her away from Jocelyn Earle.”

“Decidedly the best method would be to remove her to a Convent, where all her surroundings would be such as to impress her imagination, and win her affections for our Church.”

“Her father would take her away from the Convent, and be very angry besides,” said Alda.

“It would be most easy to keep from him the knowledge of her whereabouts, until she was converted. As to letters, you write almost exactly the same hand, and care on your part would make the resemblance perfect. There is no doubt that in six months she would be as devout a Catholic as yourself. We should hesitate at nothing when we would save a soul.* I wish you to impress upon your Aunt Estey the necessity of transferring the guardianship of Lucia to the Abbess of the House of the Holy Family for a time.”

With the zeal of a convert, old Mrs. Estey went each Saturday to confession, and the priest in the strongest terms set before her the necessity of removing Lucia from the society of her heretical friends. Mrs. Estey hesitated; she was in awe of her son, and, moreover, was entirely dependent on him for support. Mrs. Estey cared little for her granddaughter, but was fond to excess of her niece Alda, and on this occasion the young woman was more potent than the spritual guide.

“Don’t be so afraid of cousin Fred,” said the young lady pettishly; “he cannot kill us, and he won’t let us starve. After all, perhaps before your Bluebeard gets

*“Hæretici possunt non solum excommunicari sed et juste occidi. Ecclesia relinquit eum—exterminandum per mortem.” Saith the angelic Aquinas, II. 11, III. p. 48.

home, I shall marry some rich man, and not need anything more from our heretic. What do *you* keep Lucia here for?"

"I don't want her," snarled the amiable grandmother, "only this house was her mother's, and I suppose it is now hers; and I'm afraid to put her out of it. Lucia is getting more like her mother every day. I do wish Fred had married Judge Barron's daughter."

"He couldn't when she was dead; and she'd have led you a pretty life, you know she would," said Alda impatiently. "Do aunt keep to a point. Lucia is growing up, and I tell you I'm not going to take her out with me, and be responsible for her; a great girl that has come up from pinafores and doll babies since I came out in society will make me seem as old as the hills."

When Mrs. Estey lost her temper, which occurred often, she began to get her clothes awry, to match the state of her mind. She jerked her cap until it was twisted over her ear, unexpectedly set her collar wrong side before, and pulled her neck-tie until the ends stood out like horns. Such idiosyncrasies of apparel disturbed Alda's nerves, and now perceiving the old lady's demoralized appearance, she flew at her, and began to set her in order, intellectually and externally. "Don't make your cap look so! You can tell Lucia that she is to go to boarding school, by her father's order. Say it is to Troy or Morristown, or most anywhere, so you stick to what you say and don't tell two stories about it. How your breastpin looks hanging over your shoulder! Why will you wear the great old thing? One would think you had

inherited the shield of Ajax! The chief matter will be to get those Earles off the track, and make them think she is where she is not. What do people see in that little brown Jocelyn Earle? she has not one bit of style. At Mrs. Mountjoy's party she had two Senators standing behind her chair for half an hour. The Convent of the Holy Family is just the place for Lucia; you'll be rid of her—let your ribbons alone, I'm tying *them*—and I'll be rid of her, and she'll come back converted. Anyway Father French says we must, and you are a pretty Catholic if you can't obey your priest. There, let yourself alone, and keep straight. You do have the most singular fashion of getting out of order!"

In pursuance of the plans of this worthy trio, priest, cousin and grandmother, Lucia was informed that she was to be sent to boarding school, and she rejoiced at the news. Home was anything but homelike to the motherless girl. The first one to whom she went for sympathy in her prospective happiness, was Jocelyn Earle. She found her copying for Mr. Dunbar the miniature of his sister Una.

"I think he said she was dead," said Jocelyn.

Lucia would not hint of the history which had been confided to her, but she looked at the pretty picture with the deepest interest during her frequent visits to Jocelyn.

"I shall have companions of my own age," said Lucia, "and I am so lonely with grandmother and Alda, that the prospect of having real friends in the house with me, looks delightful. Don't you hope the preceptress will be

real *motherly*, Jocelyn? then I shall try and please her. I would do *anything* for one I love."

"Lucia," said Jocelyn, "you must strive henceforward to be guided by principle rather than by impulse. Impulse is often beautiful in its manifestations, but it is liable to err; it is awakened by external shows, by the specious often in place of the true. Let me give you just three words to guide you,—Weigh all things."

"Life seems easy and pleasant, Jocelyn; do I need such an earnest counsel to-day, will I to-morrow?"

"Life may be most serious very soon, Lucia; whenever you think of me, remember my advice to you, 'Weigh all things.'"

"I will," said Lucia, warmly. "I have been in your Sabbath School class two years, and I have always done the best when I followed your teachings."

Jocelyn smiled brightly. "While in my class, Lucia, you have learned a large portion of the New Testament; you have a wonderful memory, and I do not know any one more thoroughly acquainted with the *letter* of Holy Writ than yourself. You shall go out into the world with that for your defense. Do you remember what Spenser writes of Una, who walked safe among all dangers, with purity in her soul and her lion at her side? The words of the gospel shall be your lion, my darling." Miss Earle and Lucia had been talking thus during a walk. Lucia stopped: "This is the turning to King's court; I promised Alda I would go there on an errand. Please come with me." They entered the narrow court, a quiet place, and climbed to the fourth story of one of

its tenant houses. "Alda," said Lucia, "has discovered a seraph who does embroidery—the seraph has a 'lovely face,' like the Lady of Shalott, and she wears a cotton gown. I believe her discovery was due to Father French, and as a thank offering, Alda has hired her to embroider his reverence a pair of slippers!"

Jocelyn bit her lip, and Lucia flushed scarlet, for as she uttered the last words in her ringing girl voice, the ill hung door by which she stood sprung open at her tap, and behold, Father French, the seamstress Mrs. Ives, and her daughter Nell.

The priest greeted them with a pleasant smile; if he had heard Lucia's speech, he gave no sign.

He held upon his arm a gorgeous chasuble, the embroidery of which he was examining; directly before him stood a tall woman in a widow's cap and scant black gown, amid whose poverty shone a singular dignity. The widow had in her hands an altar cloth, of which the richness seemed to mock the destitution of the bare, miserable room. Yet the woman's heart could not be desolate, for at her side stood Lucia's 'Lady of Shalott,' a radiant young creature, with blue innocent eyes, a head covered with small rings of golden hair until it seemed surrounded with a halo, like a saint's picture. Over the round dainty cheek a blush of pleasure stole as the priest praised the delicate execution of the work he had given them. He laid the price of the embroidery in the widow's hand, and her voice faltered as she said to him, "Reverend Father, you have come to us like an angel from heaven. May God and the Holy

Mother reward you! I can once more take courage."

"I will send for the work," said the Priest, giving the chasuble to the girl, "and I will see to it that you are kept employed at an adequate compensation — *pax vobiscum.*"

As the Priest left the room, the mother dropped the altar cloth on her child's hands, and turning to a poor little shrine bearing a plaster Virgin, cried out, "Ark of the Covenant, most glorious Refuge of Sinners,* to *thee* do I owe this rescue in my distress."

Then turning to the young ladies, she said as she folded up the slippers for which Lucia had come: "I cannot tell you what I owe Father French for his sympathy, his advice, his recommendations. He has saved me and my precious Nell from despair. This is indeed for a Priest to be the father of his people!"

On the evening of the day when the visit was paid to Mrs. Ives, Lucia in company with her grandmother's housekeeper, entered a carriage to begin, as she supposed, the journey to her school. With a buoyant heart the girl saw her trunks carried out, and said her good byes to grandparent and cousin. After riding for some time, the travelers seemed to reach the depot, for they alighted in front of a large building, and before, in the darkness, there was time to question of its silence and gloom, they hurried up the steps, passed along a hall, and Lucia found herself standing alone in the subdued light of a beautiful reception room. Dropping her travelling shawl, Lucia was about to run out of the apartment and

*The Litany of Loretto.

demand why they had stopped thus in their journey, when a tall, splendidly formed woman entered by a door opposite, and coming swiftly to her, clasped both her hands, saying in a voice of wonderful sweetness: "Is this Lucia Estey?"

"Yes," said Lucia, shrinking back, "but where am I? Why, madam! you are an Abbess!"

"Certainly, my dear. The Mother of the House of the Holy Family."

"But what am I here for? I started to go to school."

"Very true; and I was requested to receive you as a pupil. Did you not know you were coming here?" asked the wily Abbess.

"No, indeed, ma'am. And I think my father would not like it at all; he—he—" Lucia stopped embarrassed.

"Never mind," said the Abbess, smiling serenely, "you mean that he does not approve of Convent schools. There is then some mistake about your coming here which must be rectified. However, dear child, it is now night, and I do not know what better to do than to keep you until you write to your friends and get the matter settled. Do you think you will be *very* unhappy with me for a few days?"

Lucia lifted her innocent eyes earnestly to the handsome face bent above her. Abbess Catherine cast a glamour over her from that instant. "No, madam," said Lucia, "I would not be unhappy with you, but I must try and please my father."

"Surely," said the Superior, "that is your duty and my desire. Of course I must please the parents who



A tall, splendidly formed woman entered by a door opposite, and, coming swiftly to her, clasped both her hands, saying, in a voice of wonderful sweetness, "Is this Lucia Estey?"—Page 62.

pay my bills. I have no object in keeping an unwilling pupil. The person who brought you sent in your trunk and went away. Come forward to the light and let me remove your bonnet." Mother Catherine led the girl under the chandelier, and fixed upon her such an eager penetrating gaze, that Lucia blushed uneasily.

"I did not intend to annoy you, my child," said the Abbess, putting her pupil in a chair. "Let us get acquainted. Have you left a mother or sisters?"

Lucia replied with a puzzled constraint to the guileful questions of her new guardian, and after half an hour of poor progress in getting acquainted, the Superior remarked, "Come, my love, there is nothing like music to banish care. Let us go to my private parlor and try what manner of song-bird you are."

No ardent, imaginative girl could enter that room without pleasure. Lucia's face brightened as she looked about it, and, forgetting the music, the Abbess led her from one picture to another, explaining each.

"This," she said, "is the betrothal of St. Catherine of Sienna, my patron Saint. From infancy she was so devout that angels brought her messages from heaven. When only your age, she was the instructress of kings, and worshipped as a Saint. Her devotion to Jesus and Mary was so intense, that the Virgin Mother selected her to be like St. Catherine of Egypt, the bride of her Son in an especial manner. The Holy Virgin sent her, as you see in the picture, a ring in token of her betrothal. I can show you in the chapel, a fine picture of the Blessed Lord and his gracious Mother,

with the two Catherines standing on either hand."

Lucia's eyes were fixed on the countenance of the Saint. "I know," she said, "that I have seen that face somewhere. I am sure of it—those eyes, that mouth, the turn of the head—"

"You are a close observer," said the Abbess hastily, and led her away.

Catherine Illuminata seated herself in her favorite chair, and gave her new pupil a cushion at her feet. "I am sorry you do not think you shall like us, my child. It seems to me we would get on wonderfully well together—love ought to beget love, and I feel already attached to you."

Such an appeal could not be lost on the ardent Lucia.

"I am sure I would be very fond of you," she said, "you are so kind, and you do not know how lonely I am without any mother."

The soft, shapely hand of the Abbess was at once laid caressingly on the girl's head. Lucia continued: "You do not seem at all strange to me, I quite feel as if I had always known you. You look and speak like some one I know; is it a lady or a gentleman?"

"Perhaps you are fond of tracing resemblances," said the Abbess uneasily, withdrawing her caressing hand.

"Now I must try and think whom you are like, what person—or was it a picture?" said Lucia, shutting her eyes to think intently. The Superior marked her absorbed face with growing chagrin. Then she said pleasantly:

"I will solve your doubts, dear stranger. The likeness

to me was in a picture. You may not think it, but that Catherine in the Betrothal was painted from myself. When you saw the picture you noticed the resemblance to me, and when you look at me you trace the picture; that is all. The golden hair of the painting I never had, that was the artist's idealizing; but for the rest the likeness was admirable, for I was beautiful once, though sadly faded now."

"Faded!" cried Lucia with ardor. "O, you are beautiful now."

"Beauty, earthly beauty, is little valued by the bride of heaven," said the Abbess demurely. "Shall I tell you the history of that picture and my own conversion—I mean my vocation?"

"Do, please," cried Lucia, settling herself with a girl's true love of a story.

"The Abbess whose pupil I was, had vowed that picture as an offering in thankfulness for her recovery from illness. When the famous artist came to our Convent to paint it, he saw me among the pupils, and asked that I might be his model. The Superior hesitated, because I was vain and willful. Our Confessor suggested that the serving as a model for so holy a picture might be a means of grace to me; so while I knelt, dressed and placed as you see yonder lovely Saint, a nun on one side of me read aloud from the life of St. Catherine, another dear nun knelt by me offering silent prayers for my soul, and our community performed a Novena in the Chapel. As the picture grew before my eyes, I was more and more tenderly impressed. When

the artist set the divine halo about the golden head, I could no longer restrain my emotions. I cried out, 'Holy St. Catherine, be my patron and my guide! Bride of Christ assist me to consecrate myself to the Blessed Mother of God!'

"From the hour of that oblation, from that consecration of myself, I have lived devoted to the Holy Virgin, and have become the Abbess of this house. Such virtue, my young friend, is in devotion to St. Catherine of Sienna!"

The Superior took Lucia's hand and led her to a little oratory which opened from the parlor. This tiny room blazed in crimson and gold; against these dazzling colors rose a snow white altar, before which two golden hands were extended as if holding and offering fire, for in them the lamps were concealed. Opposite the snowy altar and its crucifix, was a recess in which was placed an alto relievo in Parian marble, of the Angelic Choir. The sculptor had set the very rapture of music on the countenances of four heavenly creatures, who, kneeling on clouds, with uplifted faces, seemed singing the Gloria in Excelsis.

Even while Lucia looked, the hour of evening worship had come, and the Convent chime of bells burst forth in a sweet clamor, a sound divinely beautiful, seeming to give the voiceless ecstasy of that Angelic Choir articulate tones, or as if its prototype might hover in the starry arch above the city, with clear voices keeping time to instruments fashioned in heaven.

The bells ceased. The Sisters in the Chapel took up

the even song; the Abbess knelt before her altar; Lucia stood, not knowing what to do. "Kneel," said the Superior, mildly, "kneel as and where you will, and say such prayers as have been taught you. May the Sacred Mother accept your innocence!"

That night Lucia slept on a sofa in a little dressing-room opening from the Superior's apartment. Youth and health do not need to court slumber, and, though shut in thus strangely by the grey walls of the House of the Holy Family, Lucia's rest was profound. When she opened her eyes in the morning, the Abbess was standing at her side. "It is nearly breakfast time, little one, and how long do you suppose the Sisters have been praying while you have dreamed? I hardly know what to do with you, for I have only Novices and cloistered Sisters with me."

"What, are there no pupils?" asked Lucia, amazed.

"No; it is a great, and seldom accorded favor for *us* to take pupils. I see you as yet hardly appreciate the advantages of our house."

A singular breakfast room it looked to Lucia, with the solitary table of the Abbess placed in state on a raised dais, like a queen's, and two long tables in the center of the room, with black-veiled Sisters at one, and the white-capped Novices at the other, while among the Novices was placed Lucia, appearing oddly enough with her head covered only by her chestnut braids. Before each Sister lay a serviette, in which were folded a knife, fork and spoon; beside this roll was a plate, with the morning 'portion,' duly served out, (no questions asked, and not

to be refused.) The Superior tapped on her cup, a Nun rose and said "Benedicite." "Benedicite," said Mother Catherine. A second Sister then stood up and repeated a short Latin prayer. The Abbess now began to eat, and the Nuns availed themselves of the same privilege, while a Religieuse knelt near the door and read the appointed "Meditation."

Breakfast over, Mother Catherine signed to Lucia to follow her to the parlor, and asked her if she desired to write to her friends and inquire why she had been sent to the Convent.

"Yes, if you please," said Lucia, "because I do not think my being here is in accordance with my father's wishes."

While Lucia wrote her letter, Mother Catherine called one of the Sisters, and went to supervise a private inspection of her pupil's trunk, opening it with the key, which she had abstracted from the pocket of the sleeping girl. The deft-handed Religieuse conducted the search with a nicety and celerity which would have become a custom house officer, and discovered nothing contraband but a Bible and Hymn Book, whereof Mother Catherine took possession with a smile.

The Mother had in her bed-room a little stove, kept not for warmth, but for the safest and most complete destruction of all such books, papers and letters as she desired to be rid of. Half the contents of the Convent letter-box, with no matter what superscription, curled away into ashes in this same stove. In a few moments Lucia's poor little books passed out of existence, and

returning to the unsuspecting maiden, the Superioress dropped the key back into her pocket.

The letter was placed in the Convent mail bag, and the Abbess reminded her charge of the music which had been neglected on the previous evening.

“Music,” she said, “is the highest of all the arts — it is religion. You look as if you possessed the glorious gift of song.”

“I like to sing,” said the girl, “but no one but Jocelyn ever said I did it well.”

“Let me hear if Jocelyn gave a right judgment,” replied Mother Catherine, looping back the curtains from an alcove where stood a piano.

Lucia’s face lit up with delight when she approached the superb instrument, and as her fingers touched the keys, she begun her favorite song, written to the bird of morning by the Scottish shepherd. Her joyous young voice swelled in wonderful tones as if it followed the lark above the clouds, then, with the closing lines, dropped softly note by note, like that bird with weary wing returning to the heather bloom upon the hill. Music and poetry were fresh with the buoyant life of the world from which she came, and they stirred the still Convent air into vibrations new and healthful. The Abbess sighed, sighed may be over a buried youth and an irrevocable vow.

“Such a voice, such a divine gift, my daughter, should be consecrated to heaven ; you should sing the honors of the *Mystical Rose*. Will you not try the organ in sacred song?”

"I can try it for you," said Lucia, delighted with warm praise.

"Stay one moment. I will call my daughters, they shall have the happiness of hearing you."

The Abbess sent for the Nuns, who were in the work-room, and they gathered silently, fitting like shadows into the room, and standing beside the organ. Such a group of listeners made Lucia's fingers tremble nervously. She glanced almost pleadingly at the white-veiled Novices, but looking at the elder sisters again, she caught the encouraging glance of Mother Mary St. Hilaire, and reassured, began "I know that my Redeemer liveth," from Handel's Messiah.

"That is most beautiful. We must have you in our choir," said Mother Catherine Illuminata, as all the Sisters gave a deep breath of satisfaction. "You have truly a most wonderful voice. Try something else."

Another look at Mother Mary St. Hilaire's tender and now tearful eyes, and Lucia began to sing

"And God shall wipe away all tears."

St. Hilaire sobbed aloud.

"Control yourself, Sister St. Hilaire," said the Abbess; "a Religieuse should have every emotion in complete subjection."

A sign from the Abbess dismissed the Nuns, and Lucia asked wonderingly: "Was she wrong to cry at the music?"

"It is the part of a Religieuse," said the Abbess, "to subdue her nature in every particular, else she is not an entire sacrifice."

"I should think she must be very good," said Lucia, thinking of Mother St. Hilaire; "I would like to have spoken to her."

A flame of that jealousy of the Nun which ever in a greater or less degree burned in the Abbess's heart, caused Mother Catherine to say: "I would have put you in her charge, but she is for the most part of her time vowed to silent contemplation; do not speak to her unless I permit you. As you must have some sister to instruct you in our regulations while you remain here, I will now call one and commit you to her care."

She sent for Sister Mary Serena.

"Here," said the Abbess to the Nun, "is a young pupil, who, I suppose, will leave us in a few days, but while she is with us, do you explain our usages to her and instruct her in such observances as are needful to the order of our house. Sister Monica will instruct her in painting; Sister Nativity will be her teacher in ornamental work; and Sister Frances will find her an apt pupil in music. Go, my child, and whenever you wish to see me come to me without hesitation." The Abbess clasped Lucia in her arms and kissed her fervently, at which proceeding Sister Serena was mildly wonder-struck.

There was no doubting the affection that was in the Abbess's kiss. The passionate nature of this woman demanded an object of love; the artless beauty of Lucia seemed to promise her a pretty pet, while the unusual richness and melody of her voice stirred to its depths the sensuous nature of the harmony-loving Abbess. As

rare birds and plants seem to bring into our homes something of the glory of the tropics, as song, story and picture carry us into the glowing regions of fancy, Lucia brought to the Superior the briskness and freshness of the outer world, the ardor and hopefulness of youth, and aroused some of those maternal emotions which slumber in every woman's heart. Catherine's affection was by no means of a lofty order, but there is an ennobling power in love, and the Abbess's love, if it did not make her good in herself, made her good to Lucia.

Sister Serena beckoned Lucia, and conducted her through the halls and Chapel of the Convent. "What a perfectly beautiful place!" cried the girl, in amazement.

"Yes," said Sister Serena, "I am very happy here, I hope never to go away. I did not enjoy myself in the last Convent I was in; I was glad enough when I was called back here."

"And why did you not like it? Were they unkind to you?"

"O, it was so poor and plain," said Sister Serena dolefully. "The Blessed Virgin was merely made of plaster of Paris, and the Divine Infant was battered and dingy beyond all description. But just look yonder at our Virgin! She is evidently the queen of men and angels. She has fifty dresses, among which you can hardly choose for beauty; and I dare say the Reverend Mother will permit you to help us dress her some day. She owns ten sets of jewelry, besides trinkets of all



CHAPEL OF THE CONVENT.

kinds. One of her pocket handkerchiefs cost a hundred dollars, and her best ring a thousand ; so you see it is no wonder that all the Hosts of Heaven worship her. Look at her ! her face is like roses and lilies, and what a perfect little nose ! Then as to the *Adorable Babe*, you shall see him some day for yourself. He is all of wax, I am sure you would love him. There are nice little curls all over his head, not like the frowzy wig of the Sacred Child at the Academy of the Annunciation ; and all his little pink nails are just complete ; his mouth looks as if it would open, and he is all over dimples. I just dote on that Holy Infant. There is nothing I like so much as to dress him for Christmas."

Saint Serena had been given the privilege of conversation, and she was making the best of it. Her usual mission on earth was to stand still and smile ; now she could and would talk, and she spoke of her waxen doll with a loving sincerity which made one wish that a usurping Church had not debarred her the right of marriage, and the privilege of a live infant, whose dimples should be warm and kissable, and whose mouth might open in a triumphant crow. Not that such are unknown in Convents, but coming unbidden and unwelcome, they may not experience the royalty of babyhood, nor motherly cares, and presently vanish away.*

* See speech of Charles Sumner in the Senate Chamber. April, 1860. Gavazzi's Lecture on " Monks and Nuns."

Hogan ; Popish Nunneries ; pp. 241, 284. Clemangis ; p. 26. Lenfan ; I, 70. Bruy. ; Vol. 3, 610, 611.

Vie de Seipion de Ricci eveque de Pistoic et Prato. 3 vols. Brussels edition, 1825.

History of Auricular Confession, par C. P. de Lasteyrie. Edition of R. Bently, London, 1848.

As they passed the altar, the Sister knelt to pray.

"Do please kneel and say an Ave," she whispered.

Lucia shook her head. When the Nun rose from her knees, she conducted her charge to the garden, saying :

"O, how I wish I could convert you !"

"Why? if I am satisfied as I am?" said Lucia smiling.

"For many reasons. It would be a mercy to you ; it would be a great virtue and glory for me ; and it would add to the vast storehouse of good works laid up for poor sinners, who are all the time doing wrong."

"I cannot understand about that storehouse of surplus good works. I have heard my cousin mention it," said Lucia.

"I can explain it to you," said Serena, as they sat down in an arbor. "I trust you remember the words of the holy Apostle, 'He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death and cover a multitude of sins.' Now *I* have converted many heretics," said the Nun, with delightful frankness, "by attendance on their dying beds, and by picking up heretic children and getting them into our Convents. Thus *I* have covered very many multitudes of sins, and it is evident that one multitude would have sufficed for all my own, for I have lived in a Convent since I was a child, and I was even considered devout when I came here. I have always made good confessions ; I have never been denied absolution ; and beyond the penances prescribed by my Confessor, I have performed others, to atone for forgotten sins, or those of ignorance or omission.

When you consider these circumstances, my usefulness, my devout life, you will see," said Sister Serena, with admirable humility, "that I have added my share to the sacred store of good works in the hands of our Sovereign Pontiff at the Vatican."

(Sister Serena evidently thought of these good works as of something tangible, kept like Peter's pence, piled up in treasure chests at the headquarters of her faith.)

"If I, a poor Nun, can do something in this way, only think, dear little sister, of all the excess of virtues to be credited to the holy Apostles, Confessors, Martyrs, and Saints!"

"But, Sister Serena," said Lucia, "I think the Scripture you mentioned has a different meaning; the multitude of sins refers not to the one converting, but the person converted. In turning a sinner from the error of his way, you do not cover a multitude of sins for yourself, but you hinder or prevent a multitude, which that soul, left unconverted by grace, might have committed."

"And where did you get that view," asked Serena, alarmed.

"I thought of it, I suppose," said Lucia.

"O," cried the Sister, relieved, "then I can prove that you are wrong, for my Confessor told me the meaning which I gave you, and he must be right, while it is natural for heretics to be wrong—they always are," added the polite Sister. "When you first spoke I did not know but some *other* Confessor had told you; they do not always explain alike."

"When your Confessors differ how do you know which to believe?" asked Lucia with interest.

"Why, we believe the one who is highest in office, or whom we like the best," said the Nun with simplicity.

The bell struck, and she rose and repeated the Angelus, requesting her pupil to do the same, but Lucia refused.

"It is now time for you to go to Sister Nativity for your ornamental work. You must not talk to Sister Nativity; she is vowed to contemplation. She is so absurd as to hope for a miracle and be a saint, like that other Nativity. Do you know what I mean?"

Lucia confessed her ignorance.

"Dear me, never read the lives of the saints! Sister Nativity was born in France, and she had visions. She saw the Holy Infant in the host; he was living and clothed with light, so that he shone like a little star. At another time, she saw in the wafer the Babe bleeding at every pore; he spoke in an audible voice, demanding to be eaten.*

"Saint Nativity also heard angels singing, and saw the dust dancing in the graves of the saints, when mass was celebrated. Now our Sister thinks she can reach the same visions if she meditates enough. I do n't think she will; I never expect to, and I am quite as good as she is. Visions indeed! why I never even saw a ghost. I thought I heard one one night when I was at prayers in chapel; it seemed wailing down below me somewhere,

* Rayment; Hodson; Bruning; Milner; et al. Quoted by Edgar in 'Variations.'

but I was mistaken, and the Mother Abbess made me do penance on bread and water for a week for thinking I heard anything."

"O, what is that?" cried Lucia, pointing to a dark form passing along the corridor. The figure was bowed and feeble, clad in a nun's dress of black sackcloth, while the face was covered with a black mask, closely bound on with the white head-band.

"That," said Serena, in an awe-struck whisper, "is the masked nun; she must be a great sinner, for she does perpetual penance."

Sister Nativity gave Lucia the corner of an alb to embroider, and while her pupil wrought with the needle, the nun contemplated. Lucia also had plenty of thinking to do; she had heard of vices, and of cruelties unutterable; could such be in the heart of that splendid abbess with the mesmeric eye? She had heard of dungeons and prisoners; were such beneath that beautiful painted chapel?

Ah Lucia, dream on, dream on; soon enough will the awakening come, groans amid the music, death in the flowers, decay under the clouds of incense; you shall cry out as the Roman concerning the Palozzo Braschi: "How beautiful it looks! How magnificent! But take a knife, pierce any wall, any portion of that gorgeous place, and it shall flow with the blood of your country men."

CHAPTER FOURTH.

LAWYER AND BISHOP.

Romanists and Elections—Romish Policy—The Way to Treat an Enemy—Father Fortune—Cantwell begins his Attack—The Priest and the Lawyer—The Priest's Oath—Sanderly in Luck—The Clerk's Search—He Finds an Ally.

“I will tell thee the mystery of the woman, and of the beast that carrieth her.”

“If there is any labor to be undertaken, they leave it to Peter and Paul, who have plenty of leisure, but the splendor and pleasure they take to themselves.”—*Erasmus, Colloquia.*

“It is necessary,” said Father French to Bishop Otto, “that our communicants support one of the candidates in the coming Senatorial election; the question is, which one.”

“Certainly the man best affected toward our interests.”

“What a pity,” interposed Father Rentoul, “that we cannot get one of our own members elected.”

“These Protestants are less likely to vote for a man openly belonging to us,” said the Bishop, “while it accords with our purpose about as well to have a man who is secretly in our service. Just now we cannot carry an election alone, and besides we have no very able politician to offer. These heretics are more powerful demagogues than we can raise.”

“My lord Bishop, I would never yield that, never concede such an advantage to heresy!” cried Rentoul.

The Bishop smiled toward Father French, who

remarked: "There is nothing derogatory in our lord Bishop's remark. The genius of our Church is not republican; we do not educate men to ventilate the accursed doctrines in a popular form. No, Rentoul, the true way is to try the candidates, see who will jump to our pulling of the wires, and then get him into power. We can have a test question now, your Reverence, in regard to that lot for the Orphanage."

"Yes," said the Bishop, "the man who gets us that lot from the City Council will be likely to get us more from the Legislature, and you, Father French, can make the matter plain to him; give us the land and you get our votes. Funds are ready, and we want the building up in three months. Having decided on its necessity, it is better not to delay."

"For my part," said Priest Rentoul, "I hate to creep where we might as well run. Why not press matters to a conclusion, and decide whether this land shall be Catholic or Protestant?"

"You speak, Rentoul," said the Bishop coldly, "not so much from a zeal for the Holy Church, as from a desire in some fierce excitement to give rein to your demon of unrest. Between 1830 and 1840, there was among us a general disposition to press matters to a head and in so doing we aroused the suspicion and hostility of many who would have remained well affected to us if we had been more cautious. In those days, we could in a public court demand the rendition of escaped Nuns, and we could force a Senator in Cincinnati to uncover his head during the procession of the Host."

“Acknowledge the jurisdiction of a secular court, my lord! Is it not written that we are amenable only to ecclesiastical jurisdiction?”* said Father Rentoul.

“That exemption was very fortunate for *you*,” muttered Father French, then spoke louder: “We apply to the civil jurisdiction when it suits our cause to do so. We vote for the heretic when it suits our cause to do so. He that is not against us is for us! You, in England and the Provinces, Rentoul, carry forward the banners of the Church by getting hold of the heirs of peerages, and by converting members, or future members of Parliament. You begin at the top of society and work down; we begin by Convents and the Confessional with the lower strata and work up; some day our labors will meet in the powerful middle class. For us, we begin by obtaining the control of cities which are the keys of power to their States. Votes are our coin; we get in Catholic policemen and aldermen; we secure well inclined councils, judges and mayors; we can purchase for ourselves a worshipful governor.”

“When we have decided upon our man we will notify you how to instruct your people,” said the Bishop, turning slowly toward Father Rentoul. Thus dismissed, that Priest departed, and left Mr. French to consult yet further with Bishop Otto. The Bishop made this Priest his mouthpiece in all secular affairs; the Bishop’s forte was to cultivate learning and piety. The keen-eyed, quick-witted and amiable Father French knew every

* De omni crimine clericus debeat coram ecclesiastico iudice conveniri.
—Decree of Pope Lucius III.

man in the city who was worth knowing, and was unequalled in wire-pulling. Said the Bishop to him: "You have put a million of dollars in our pocket, my brother. I have commended you to His Holiness. It is greatly in your favor that you are not religious enough to seem fanatical."

"My lord Bishop," replied the Priest, "I care but little comparatively for *intangible* religion, but I care much for the Church of Rome."

When Priest Rentoul had left them, Father French, giving a deep breath as if relieved from an incubus, said slyly: "Our reverend brother stands in my sunlight."

"He suits the congregation where he is," said the Bishop. "Those Irishmen of St. Ann's need just his restlessness, his excitement, his smothered fury to make them fear him, and obey him *in every emergency that may arise.*"

"There is a lawyer named Roger Cantwell, partner to Judge Barron," said Father French, "whom we ought to secure. He is rising into considerable popularity. He aims high and has talents of a fine order; I would not be surprised to see him elected Governor some day."

"Then we must secure him at any cost."

"It is my opinion that he is prejudiced against us."

"Votes, business thrown in his hands, a Catholic wife; try them. They have won strong enemies to be strong friends," said the Bishop.

"The first matter is to secure our lot for the Orphanage — on the outskirts of the city," said the Priest, taking his hat.

As Father French passed along Sixteenth street, he saw a gentleman of his own Order walking before him. The good man's long black gown flapped about his ankles, his shoulders under his round cape stooped as if he had bent much in study or in vigils; his high collar was as unyielding as that of a British soldier; and his hat, well crowded over his eyes, prohibited any wandering glances; his sanctimonious expression cast the piety of Father French entirely into the shade. This austere individual never lifted his face, and it was probably by inspiration or by counting the paving stones that he discerned when he had reached David Earle's dwelling, for he ascended the steps and meekly waited admission.

"Ah, ha!" said Father French, "my venerable brother must be some old friend of the Publisher, and so gives us hope in that direction. I must make his acquaintance." Father French saw the door open and the Priest enter the Protestant home.

"There's a gentleman in the parlor wishes to see the ladies," announced a servant at the door of the room where Mrs. Earle and her sister-in-law, Jocelyn, were sitting.

"Did he send up his card!"

"No, madam, he is a Priest."

"Father French! What can bring him here?" said Mrs. Earle to Jocelyn. "However, let us go down."

Passing the door of the library, Mrs. Earle saw her husband there, and beckoned him to follow them. As she entered the parlor, the Priest rose and stood in the full light of the window, with an aspect of much humilit7, waiting to be recognized.

Surprised at meeting an utter stranger, the ladies gave him a somewhat cold salutation, when he paused for an instant, then stepped forward, took Mrs. Earle's hand and kissed it. Mrs. Earle flushed crimson, while Jocelyn fairly grew pale at such audacity, when the Priest said with a laugh, "What! No greeting for old friends!"

"Roger! upon my life!" cried Mr. Earle, stepping from the doorway, while his wife speedily recovering from her confusion said: "You do not deserve a welcome in that disguise."

"There is one consolation, it is perfect if my best friends cannot recognize me," said the lawyer.

"But why have you gotten yourself up in that style?" asked Mr. Earle, walking round and round his friend to examine him.

"I am about to carry the war into the enemy's camp, and I must first get those books I mentioned to you. I propose to have Father French help me buy them."

"And who are you, venerable father?" asked Jocelyn.

"I am, at your service, the Reverend Father Miguel Fortune, of the Church of St. Rose, at Orion. Having lost my modest little library in a fire a year ago, I have come up here to replenish my stock of wisdom by purchasing the works of the holy Fathers Dens, Liguori and others."

"Well, I know nothing whether the books are valuable or not, but is it right to try this means of getting them?" asked Miss Earle.

"All's fair in love or war," laughed the lawyer.

"Nothing is fair but what is absolutely right," said

Jocelyn. And after the fashion of the infidel who would have his wife religious, Roger Cantwell, looking into Jocelyn's truthful face, thought in his heart that such should be the opinion he would have his wife hold.

"I hope your demeanor before Father French will be more in accordance with your assumed office, than your fashion of greeting my wife," said Mr. Earle, merrily.

"My salutation, in my belief, was appropriate to my garb," said Mr. Cantwell. "A man, Earle, is none the less a man because he is a Priest."

"Well, Roger," said Mrs. Earle, who for years had known the lawyer as her husband's particular friend, "I wish you all success with Father French, and I must admit that I never saw such a complete disguise, only your laugh betrayed you."

"I shall not laugh before the Priest. Where is my ecclesiastical hat? I only came here to see if I were likely to be recognized."

"Who helped get you up?" asked Mr. Earle.

"My clerk, Sanderly. He is invaluable, Earle; he owes Popery a grudge, for the Holy Church, in the person of one of its priests, crossed his love."

A few moments later the disguised lawyer was pursuing his pious walk before the house and church of Father French, and that functionary presently came out and saluted him. "You are a stranger in the city?"

"I am. I am too busy and too poor to go from home frequently." And our wily gentleman made known his charge and diocese. He had not fallen into Father French's hands without due preparation, and could

count on immediate belief for his admirable tale.

“Perhaps I can be of some service to you?” said Mr. French.

“You can, my brother,” said the bogus Priest, charmed at an offer of aid which he had supposed he would be left to ask. “Would you direct me where I can purchase some books? Since I lost my library, I have suffered from the want of the *Homo Apostolicus*, and the *Theologia Moralis*.”

“The store where you can purchase them is near at hand,” said Father French, turning about and directing their steps. “I think I saw you lately going into the house of Mr. Earle, the publisher.”

This was news to Cantwell and threw light on Father French’s kindness, but he made haste to say, “I did call there, truly. I knew him, and had great hopes of him, in his college days.”

“Perhaps you also know his friend, Mr. Cantwell?”

The disguised gentleman stole a look from the corner of his eye to see if he were suspected, but he perceived that Father French had carelessly accepted his glib account of himself, and he answered with a profound sigh:

“Ah, I have labored much for that young man.”

“Your labors accomplished very little,” said Father French, smiling at the earnestness of the country Priest. “He has set himself against us, and hopes, I have heard, to raise a party opposed to our Church.”

“What perversity!” groaned the wolf in sheep’s clothing; “but perhaps I can suggest to you how to deal with him.”

“I would like the benefit of your experience.”

“Draw him on in argument,” said the wolf, “and he will get beyond his depth. He will soon show that he is unequal to his subject. He may be learned in civil law, but touch him up on Theology and Church History, and he will expose his ignorance. He will attack you, thinking you dare not answer him.”

“Thank you — here we are.” They were before a book store with a window filled with prayer-books and saints’ pictures, with one seventy-dollar copy of the Bible, free to any poor sinner — who could pay for it.

A few words from Father French to the chief clerk, a mild-voiced indication of his wants from the impromptu Father Fortune, and the clerk nodding mysteriously, went up stairs. After some time, he returned with a carefully folded package, for which *Father Fortune* paid, and full of secret joy at his acquisition, he began to thank Father French for his assistance, and to explain that he must leave town by the first train, as he had a parishioner to bury.

“When your instructions have converted Mr. Earle and the lawyer Cantwell, my brother, I hope I may have the happiness of hearing of it,” were the last words of this naughty wolf.

To Sanderly, who had so materially aided him in his plot, Cantwell thought he owed the first news of his success. When the lawyer entered his office, his clerk seemed engaged in the careful preparation of a legal document. Roger looked over his shoulder, and, instead of the legitimate parchments, saw a lively sketch of

himself in his recent disguise. "R. Cantwell *alias* Fr. Fortune."

"Very good, very good," he laughed; "you have a rare knack for making a picture, Sanderly; greater than for office work. I will preserve my portrait."

A few days after this, Father French made haste to his Bishop. "Our man has taken time by the forelock, and has printed an address to American citizens, and has headed it with a quotation from the Syllabus of '64. 'They are in damnable error who regard the reconciliation of the Pope with modern civilization as possible or desirable.' What course shall we take with him?"

"We can reply by a printed address; we can challenge him to a debate; we can call upon him; or ignore his attack altogether. But for the debate permission must be obtained."*

"As for the ignoring, he is too influential to make the plan safe. With your permission, my lord Bishop, I will call on him."

"Write him a note then, requesting an interview. I have made careful inquiries about that man, and am not without hopes that we shall gain him over yet."

When Father French and Roger Cantwell met each other with a friendly clasp of hands, and amiable smiles, they looked as well matched as ever racers on the turf, when stakes run high, and chances are so even that all betters hold their breath in an agony of expectation.

* "Public discussion with heretics on religious subjects is forbidden unless special permission be had from the Pope."—Archbishop of Mexico.

The lawyer, we are told, had truth on his side, but Father French had the Bishop on his.

“I hope to show you that you have judged us hastily,” said the Priest.

“It would ill become me to utter a hasty judgment of a Church which has had two hundred and fifty-six unerring exponents of the divine will,” said the lawyer.

“What I object to is that you would make us politically odious. Why do you attack a Church on the score of politics? We have nothing to do with legislation; we have no votes as a Church. The fact is, Catholicity has never wielded nor tried to wield a power in the state. There is a German vote, and an Irish vote, but never a Catholic vote.” *

“If I speak plainly, Mr. French,” said the lawyer, “remember I am not rating you, as an individual, I am speaking to your Church. You need not plume yourselves upon having no Catholic vote as such, as if the omission were a concession to American spirit, for why should there be a Catholic vote any more than a Baptist or Methodist vote? But the fact is, that while members of other denominations vote for a man because he is able, honest, or the exponent of their principles, your people ascertain first how he is affected to their religion, and what he will do for their Church while he is in power. This principle is recognized by politicians when they or their families attend your services just before an election.”

“But, my dear sir, you speak as if because a man is a Catholic, he is less a patriot.”

* Catholic World.

“That is precisely my view,” replied Mr. Cantwell.

“But you are mistaken in that view. The great principles on which American Republicanism is founded were first promulgated by the Holy See. The justice and equality which you boast, came to you first from friars in their monasteries, and from the fountain of all good, the Papal Throne, ages before your pilgrims brought these ideas here in the Mayflower, or planted them on the banks of the James.* For myself, I yield to no one in my loyalty and in my devotion to liberty.”

“But what say your own authors concerning that Puritanism which *you* say had its root in your Church? They say this: ‘Our Catholic brethren have an *instinctive horror* of Puritanism; and have they duly considered that the democratic principle, whether in the Republican or Democratic party, that is, the doctrine that the *people are sovereign, and majorities have an indefeasible right to govern, is only Puritanism* transformed into socialism? We can have *no sympathy* with the Jacobinical interpretation they receive from the majority of the American people; therefore we *repudiate* the popular doctrine of the country.’ † Yes, repudiate! and yet you say your Popes and friars taught these doctrines, and that your Church is forever the same. I hold you in error in your assertion of the origin of our principles, Mr. French, for the weight of testimony of your own authors, and of all history is against you. Sir, are you a Priest in good standing?”

* See “Catholic World.”

† “Tablet.” R. C.

“Without doubt,” said Father French.

“And to the best of your ability set forth the doctrines of your Church as you have learned them?”

“That is my manifest duty, I trust faithfully performed.”

“And you would on no account break the sacred oath of your office, sworn when you entered the priesthood?”

Father French turned a shade paler, but said firmly, “No.”

“Permit me, sir, in all courtesy to remind you of that oath,* having taken which, you still claim to be accepted as a loyal citizen of the American Republic. Hear now: ‘Heretics, schismatics, and rebels to our said lord, the Pope, I will to my power *persecute and oppose*. The rights, privileges and authority of our lord, the Pope, and his successors, I will endeavor to preserve, defend, increase and advance. I do declare from my heart, and without mental reservation, that His Holiness hath power to *depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths and governments, all being illegal, without his sacred confirmation; and that they may safely be destroyed*. Therefore I will defend His Holiness’ rights against all usurpers of the *heretical or Protestant authority* whatsoever. *I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince or state named Protestant, or to their inferior magistrates or officers*. I do declare the doctrines of the name of Protestant to be damnable, and

* Barrows’ “Supremacy of the Pope.” Pp. 42-44. “Foxes and Firebrands,” by Usher. Baronius, Lab. Concil. Tom. 10, p. 1504, et Tom. 11, p. 1565.

they are damned, and to be damned ; and I will do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestants' doctrine, and to destroy all their pretended powers, either regal or otherwise.' Now, Mr. French, I, as a lawyer, would interpret that as *high treason*."

Judge Barron, who sat near Father French, took a quick glance to see how his partner's shot had told. Father Perry, who accompanied Mr. French, looked confounded, but Priest French recovered himself quickly, and explained the oath, as Antonelli in the Council, explained the anathema, when the European powers protested against it.

"You put a material and temporal gloss on those words, Mr. Cantwell ; I, as spiritual, read them spiritually. What ! would we Priests lift, or permit to be lifted, a hand against law and order ? "

"Not after you have 'called all the heavenly host to witness' that these are your *real intentions*, and have 'taken the holy sacrament of the Eucharist upon it ? ' You will admit, sir, that I am not alone in my reading of this oath ; a better authority has said of it ;* 'That oath which the Roman Prelates and Priests now take, of unreserved allegiance to the Pope alone, is, in fact, a *solemn promise*, not only to be *unfaithful* to every *lawful government*, but also to *betray* it as often as the interests of the court of Rome may render it necessary.' Whatever you might be, left to your unbiassed judgment as a *man*, Mr. French, is superseded by your sworn duty as a

* Rucellai, Secretary of the Government of Tuscany, on *Bull in Cœna Domini*.

Priest. When you admit that you teach your people as you yourself were instructed, you admit that you inculcate a political *animus* which is totally opposed to the genius of the American Republic."

"Not to intrude too long upon your time," said Father French, after some further conversation, "I will leave you, hoping to have the pleasure of meeting you again; assuring you also of my deep respect for your learning and ability."

What could Mr. Cantwell do but return the compliments of this amiable ecclesiastic, and part from him in the greatest good will.

Inspired by the recent conversation, Roger Cantwell set himself to finish an article on "Romish Politics," which he was writing for an illustrated journal published by Mr. Earle. The arguments of Mr. Cantwell and Mr. Dunbar had convinced the publisher that Christian patriotism is opposed to Romanism; he had, therefore, declared himself, in all the periodicals under his control, upon the anti-Romish side.

The article finished, Roger handed it to Sanderly to be carried down stairs. The clerk eyed it wistfully.

"Do you wish to read it?" asked Mr. Cantwell.

"If I might?" said Sanderly, with eagerness. The lawyer nodded, and Sanderly retired to his own favorite corner, the dimmest and dustiest in the room. Two hours passed. The office was quiet, save for the scratch of pens, the turning of leaves, and the buzz of a blue-bottle fly in a sunny window. Sanderly bent over his desk, now and then shaking his head, or his thin shoul-

ders as in great glee. At last he returned to Cantwell's table, the roll of manuscript in one hand, a sheet of paper in the other. "Here is *my* version of your theme."

The lawyer gave one amazed look at the paper, then burst into a roar of laughter. Judge Barron lifted his gray head in astonishment; the busy and perspiring clerks glowed with curiosity. Mr. Cantwell considerably passed Sanderly's paper about, and Judge and clerks echoed his merriment. Amid all the mirth stood Sanderly, with his usually bitter face, his satisfaction in his achievement seeming to be of the grimmest description, "a glow of dusky redness in his eyes as if his heart had caught fire and was blazing out of the upper windows."

"Come with me, Sanderly," said Mr. Cantwell, leading the way to Earle's office.

"Here, friend," said he to the publisher, "is my article and here is an illustration which I commend to you."

Mr. Earle took the picture from Sanderly, studied it carefully, and said, "Did you do this, Sanderly? Will you let me have it?" The young man bowed.

"Write your name here on the corner — honor where it is due, you know; and then run down to the engraver with it as fast as possible." He glanced at the artist's forlorn coat and frayed shirt collar. "I might as well give you the pay for your drawing now; here, Sanderly, take this check to the bank on your way."

The fellow's bony yellow hand shook as he took the paper.

"Have you any more of these things? Perhaps I can give you constant employment if you wish it. Bring me your portfolio."

“A jewel in the mire!” said Cantwell, when his clerk was gone.

“If he has the genius for law that he has for drawing, he is a wonderfully gifted man,” said David Earle.

“He has no genius for law, I assure you,” said Cantwell. “He never copies anything correctly, and is unable to comprehend the beauty of legal repetition; his penmanship, (like copper-plate,) and my pity have kept him in our office. The first time I saw Sanderly, he begged me for employment, in the street; said he had been two years in a law office in Montreal, but here he could get nothing to do. I put him off, but his seedy coat, patched boots, and an almost hunger in his face, made me compassionate him. He saw it, and he haunted me; finally I engaged him, because he seemed so despairing I thought he might make away with himself. The wages are small enough, but he appears to be wonderfully grateful for them. I suggested that he should be better dressed, and he says he is in debt. If you can give him employment that will keep soul and body together, I will thank you; the poor wretch is in my office like a skeleton at a feast, and he has been of service to me in some ways, so that I feel responsible for him in a measure.”

The clerks had gone to dinner, and the indefatigable Cantwell still worked at a case, when Sanderly once more stood at his elbow.

“Sanderly,” said the lawyer, “you could make yourself rich with your brush and pencil.”

“Wealth,” replied the clerk, “is for the artists of the beautiful, for those who work from love. I might once

have labored from love of art, but all my soul grew bitter, and my only inspiration is hate of Rome. You think, sir, I must be merry when I draw an amusing caricature. No ; I take the grotesque because it attracts attention, and will sting like a scorpion."

"Sanderly, it is my belief that you waste your time while you remain in my law office. You will never make a lawyer ; you are hasty and illogical ; you are also filled with only one idea ; and, if you'll excuse me, your countenance is against you ; the eye has much power in pleading, and a jury or a judge would be at a loss to know whom you were looking at. Devote yourself to your pencil, my friend. Mr. Earle says he will give you constant employment, and higher pay than you get from me. Take courage, and you may yet win fame and fortune by your work. You are poor now, Sanderly, and have grown crabbed from hard times ; a full purse, generous dinners, and new clothes will make you less bitter. Fanaticism, Sanderly, never carries conviction. Your desk will be down stairs if you accept Mr. Earle's offer, but consider me always as your friend."

The gaunt face grew a little softer as Sanderly grasped the lawyer's hand. "Sir, you have been very good to me when I most needed goodness."

Mr. Cantwell's encouragement, and the money paid by Mr. Earle brought a transient gleam of sunshine into Sanderly's day. He went out of 41 Allerton Place thinking the money earned by his picture so precious that it would seem more appropriate to lay it up like something sacred. "Honesty is more precious and I owe

a few dollars yet on my rent," he said to himself, as he turned into King's Court. Now at the corner of King's Court stood a little meat shop; for a fortnight Sanderly had passed this with averted eyes, for beset by a poverty whose depth had never entered the conception of lawyer Cantwell, the clerk had been subsisting on scant meals of dry bread and water.

Now he smiled to himself, "Revenge is sweeter than money; he who lives for revenge must not starve himself;" he turned into the shop for a few purchases. Mrs. Ives was also there, and saluted him with a friendly interest. How many days had she watched him climbing the attic stair with his tiny loaf of bread and a brown mug of water. She felt a womanly sympathy for the haggard man, who dwelt alone in poverty, and evident heart-sickness.

On the ground-floor of No. 20 King's Court lived the woman from whom Sanderly rented his attic; she had also done his cooking and washing, when he had money to pay for such services. This woman was preparing her supper, while a younger woman paced the floor, hushing a babe in her arms with every accent of the fondest love.

"Can you fry some meat for me, Mrs. Harmon?" asked Sanderly.

The old woman twisted her hard face into its best smile, as she turned to say, "And glad you have it, sir. You live too light even for hot weather, Mr. Sanderly, dear."

"Here is the money I owe you, and you can get my washing to-morrow."

“Good luck light on you, sir, as pays like a gentleman. I’ll fetch up the fry in a minute, and you’ll not think me bold if I bring along a cup of me own tea?”

“Thank you,” said the artist, and followed widow Ives up the stair. As Mrs. Ives opened her door, Sanderly caught a glimpse of the Lady of Shalott, pretty Nell, sitting on a low stool embroidering a purple veil designed to cover the Bishop’s vestments as they lie on the altar during mass. In Romanism the splendor of the worship forever sets in strong relief the general poverty of the worshiper; the beggar kneels before the gorgeous shrine his miserable and ill spared penny helped to rear. No thought of this crossed the mind of golden-haired Nell, as the purple velvet fell over her thin, patched dress, and her tired white hands set the elaborate stitches. To her, at this time, her religion was bringing bread and butter, and she was duly thankful.

Said Mrs. Harmon to her daughter, as Sanderly went up the stair, “Why don’t you speak to him, Liz? he’s unmarried, and a gentleman, if he is poor; what matters that he is cross-eyed and cross-grained; he’ll get into good business some day and could keep his wife like a lady. No doubt you could marry him out of hand, if it wasn’t for that brat.”

“Hush, mother!” cried the young woman lifting angry but handsome olack eyes to her mother’s face, and then kissing her baby with ardor added, “Mother, you’re always scheming and begrudging!”

“You’ll take his supper up to him anywise,” said the crafty dame; “I’m not going to climb all them stairs.”

Lizette went to the attic with the tray of supper in one hand and her child lying on her shoulder. Sanderly had propped his broken table by the window and was busy drawing. Not to be incommoded in his work, he told Lizette to set his meal on the floor, or bed, or anywhere she pleased. She stooped to put down the tray.

“O, sir!”

“What’s the matter?” asked Sanderly.

“I caught sight of your picture and it scared me!”

“Don’t look at it then,” said Sanderly with a short laugh.

When Lizette was gone, Sanderly drank his tea in hasty gulps as he worked at his picture. Then he took his plate on his knee, and turning the drawing on its face, began to take more interest in his meal.

“Scared her, did it? It will scare him, and the next thing will be to find him.”

He made himself as neat as his poverty permitted and went out for a stroll. The Romish bookstores were his chief attraction, and thus he fared in them:

“Have you a list of your clergy in our city?”

“No, sir.” Short and sharp.

Again: “Have you a Church Directory containing your parishes and their priests?”

“Not any, sir,” with a non-committal countenance.

Next place, growing desperate, “Can you tell me if there is a gentleman named Rentoul connected with a church in the city—a priest?”

“Do not know, sir.”

“It is of no use,” sighed Sanderly; “they see I am not

one of them, they will never give me satisfaction. I will walk through every street and inquire about every Romish church I pass."

Night after night Sanderly walked the city for hours. When he saw a Romish church his haggard face brightened, he looked about for some one to question. "What church is this? Who is the pastor?" Then his countenance fell and he pursued his walk, until it grew too late to collect information, when he went home to bed.

He spent his days working for Mr. Earle, illustrating with wonderful humor and spirit whatever Cantwell wrote. So life went on with him for two weeks, when pursuing his evening rambles he came to a new church. Half a dozen boys were playing marbles on the sidewalk. Sanderly singled out the sharpest and raggedest imp of all and approached him. This juvenile's trowsers hung in elaborate fringes about his ankles, while from huge holes behind some mysterious under-garment waved like a flag of distress; a hat with neither brim nor crown, being reduced to a simple ring of straw, surmounted his frowzy pate.

"Be you lookin' at anybody, sur?" cried this infant shrilly.

"I'm lookin' at you," said Sanderly with tranquility.

"Your 'e'ds afire; want me to put it out?" said the imp, springing towards the hydrant.

"I want you to tell me what church that is."

"O, pious be you? That's St. Ann's."

"And who preaches there?"

"Father Rentoul; pardons all your sins for sixpence."

At last he had found what he sought. Sanderly dropped five cents into the imp's hand.

"Does Father Rentoul live near by?"

"Jest 'longside the church, guv'ner."

"If I see you here to-morrow night I shall have a dime for you, my boy."

"I reckon you'll see me, guv'ner," piped the boy, going back to his marbles, while Sanderly sped to King's Court feeling as if his patched boots were the winged sandals of Mercury.

CHAPTER FIFTH.

LUCIA MAKES DISCOVERIES.

Sanderly Enjoying Revenge—Father Rentoul Becomes a Victim—The Imp of the Perverse—A Refuge for Babies—Lucia's Progress—Dark Hints—The Stall of Penance—Midnight Musings—Serena Explains Mysteries—Catherine in her Double Character—Secrets of a Convent—The Masked Nun.

“Lest she should fail and perish utterly,
 God, before whom lie ever bare
 The abysmal depths of Personality,
 Plagued her with sore despair.

“But in dark corners of her palace stood
 Uncertain shapes; and unawares
 Came white-eyed phantoms weeping tears of blood;
 And horrible nightmares.”

Sanderly's desk stood in Mr. Earle's private office, and whatever Sanderly did was good in his employer's eyes. Equally quick at suggestion and execution, a speedy and prudent messenger, writing a beautiful hand himself, and able to read like an expert the most villainous chirography, willing to do anything and everything, never wasting a moment, seeming absolutely delighted by a press of work that kept him over hours, no wonder that Sanderly was held in high esteem. That burden of a few dollars, debt, so petty and yet so galling, was done away; the clerk had a new pepper-and-salt suit, and there was no longer any reason to suppose that his shirt came to an ignominious conclusion at his dickey; but with all this Sanderly's face never brightened. Old Mrs. Harmon grew more complaisant as her lodger's prospects improved; she sent Lizette up every day to make his room tidy, she

cooked his meals, and ironed his clothes with care, and told him that Lizette did it all. As for Lizette herself, wherever she went, she carried her baby, holding it as a shield between herself and all the world; loving it, toiling for it, feeling every weight light when her child was in her arms.

Not only had Sanderly these amenities of civilized life to supersede the ragged, dry-bread, in-debt days, but he had now a faithful retainer, a body servant of his own. This was no other than that Imp of the Perverse, who played marbles, and had a flag of distress waving from the rear of his trowsers. The services of this retainer, Sanderly required at uncertain intervals, but the Imp engaged to be always on duty at marbles or leap frog, in front of St. Ann's between seven and eight in the afternoon; when his employer did not come, the Imp had his game and lost nothing; when he came, he made a dime's clear profit. He never failed to greet the artist with the stale joke: "Be you a-lookin' at me?" Then Sanderly put some bit of paper in one hand, and the money in the other, and the tatterdemalion promptly deposited them in Priest Rentoul's letter-box, or handed them to the servant under various disguises.

"'Ere's the 'potecary's bill," was the information accompanying the first 'compliment' sent by Sanderly to the Priest. The girl carried the envelope to her master.

Father Rentoul was drinking tea; he had his cup almost at his lips as he opened the slip of paper carelessly. Only a name fairly written —

"Bertha Rentoul."

He started up with a cry, pouring the scalding tea into his bosom, rushed frantically to the door, and looked up and down the street; then he cursed the unhappy servant until she wept; after that, he lighted the bit of paper, and watched it breathlessly until it burned down and scorched his fingers, and so fell to ashes.

For days the unhappy man walked in terror.

As a cat plays with a mouse, suffering it to recover and almost to escape, then paralyzes it again with a blow, so Sanderly left Father Rentoul to outgrow his fears, to gain courage once more, to get about his daily avocations; then he strolled down to St. Ann's at nightfall, summoned his Imp, and sent another card, "the compliments of a friend." On this card was only a word—"Carrafield, B. A."—but this simple word was a demon to strike Father Rentoul across the face, so that his brain grew dizzy, all the air seemed full of blood and flames, there was a clutch of fingers at his throat, he strove to cry but could only groan. By-and-by he opened his eyes, and the demon was gone. Wet cloths were on his head, from which cold drops trickled down his cheeks; the servant girl stood by crying with fright; his arm was bare, and on the table was a bowl of blood, and the doctor was wiping his lancet. The paper with the fatal word was still crushed small in the Priest's right hand; he could not burn it unobserved, so he thrust it in his mouth and swallowed it.

Thus at intervals, Sanderly sent his "compliments" to the Priest, and more and more he gloated, demon-like, over his revenge, and Rentoul's life was a growing curse.

While all this had been going on, a gift of a twenty-five thousand dollar lot had been received by the true Church for the Orphanage of the Holy Innocents, from the city. The property was vested in Bishop Otto. His coadjutors in the new scheme were Fathers French, Rentoul and Perry, and when they had this substantial token of good will, they were able to ordain for what office-seeker the Romanists should vote. These ecclesiastics were no laggards. The Orphanage of the Holy Innocents went up as if by magic; a plain two-story house, with two long, low, wooden out-buildings; a square yard thickly covered with tan-bark; and about the whole a brick wall fifteen feet high, with six-inch iron spikes set closely about the top. In the front of the wall was a little iron lattice gate; at the back a big double iron gate — verily over it might be written:

“Facilis descensus Averno;
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor est.”

Three months from the time when the erection of this Orphanage was decided upon, the building was completed and furnished; the Abbess Catherine Illuminata sent six Nuns there, the housekeeper being from the House of the Holy Family; and then the Convents of “Santa Philomena,” “Holy Angels,” “Sacred Names,” and others, sent their quota of surplus babyhood to Holy Innocents; and the news suddenly spread abroad that there was an Orphanage where a certain class of children could be *well taken care of*.

Rome should have taught us of the electric telegraph long before Professor Morse perfected that invention

which the Pope has officially cursed as one of the "objects, powers and results of modern scientific investigation." The Confessional is Rome's electric telegraph. Every Confessional is an office, every Priest an operator; from parish to parish, from town to town, from diocese to diocese, from State to State, and from land to land, Rome flashes her secret intelligence, until what was spoken in the ear, is proclaimed upon the house-tops, and what was whispered in darkness blazes into the light of action.

And where, while remorse gnawed and vengeance fattened on its carrion, and that *alma mater* of the babies, "Holy Innocents," lifted itself in the light of heaven, was our Lucia? Still at the House of the Holy Family. In answer to her letter of protest and inquiry, old Mrs. Estey assured her granddaughter that all was right, and that her father desired her to remain where she was. Those were days when California was far off, and letters thence were few, with great intervals between. Mrs. Estey had written her son Fred that his daughter Lucia was getting headstrong, and ought to be put to a good boarding school; he, in reply, had given her authority to select one. When Lucia wrote to her father from the Convent, the Abbess took the letter from the mail bag and burned it, dictated another which Sister Nativity wrote, sent this to Alda, who copied it in a hand very like Lucia's, and after convenient delay, sent it off. By this means, Lucia was quietly kept in the Convent, and she was not unhappy there. The Nuns petted and cajoled her, the Abbess loved her with a strange ardor, loving in her, her own lost youth, and the children who,

had she been left to the changes of ordinary life, might have called her mother. The Convent was full of pictures, music, statuary, and wonderful illuminated books, that read like the Arabian Nights, full of tales of the saints, and devotions to Mary, visions, trances, and biographies of devout Sisters and Brothers. The Convent garden was a paradise of flowers; the Sisters' faces smiled at her; Lucia grew quite happy and content. She sang the devotions in the chapel, she prayed the ordained prayers, she knelt at all the stations, feasted and fasted, crossed and worshiped with the rest. There was one thing she would not do, and that was go to Confession.

On Friday mornings the Nuns all gathered in the parlor, and confessed to the Mother Abbess. On these occasions Lucia ran into the garden, and would not come in until the ceremony was over. On Saturday, the Sisters confessed to Father French, and the Superior to Bishop Otto, but neither of these venerable gentlemen could persuade the damsel to enter with him the "tribunal of penance." "Let her alone," said Bishop Otto; "she is doing very well, she comes nearer to us every day, she will fall into the habit unawares." Therefore when the Bishop came to the Convent, Lucia was always sent for to bring him wine in his own particular golden cup, and to present him with a bouquet; then she discoursed sweet music to him, while the Abbess listened with the proud and happy face of a mother displaying the accomplishments of her child; after that the Bishop gave her his paternal benediction and sent her away. This acquaintance with the Bishop had hardly begun,

when Lucia found herself watching the Bishop's servant; she thought she did so because the servant began by watching her. The servant always accompanied the prelate, and at the parlor door took his hat, and retired to the sacristy. When Lucia passed the sacristy with the golden cup, she saw the servant's black eyes gleaming curiously upon her, and she found herself expecting him to come and peep at her while she played and sang, and she would turn suddenly from the instrument to catch a glimpse of this black-eyed and black-coated young man vanishing from the parlor door. On more than one occasion, she thought that the Bishop detected the espionage and smiled.

Lucia often met Father French in the Convent and sent messages by him to her friends. These messages the Priest hid in his soul, until, like good seed, they germinated, and brought forth their own replies. So Lucia always *seemed to be* in communication with her own friends, which, perhaps, answered as well for her as the reality. When Father French came to visit the Abbess, Lucia was politely permitted to retire to chapel or garden. The Priest came often unexpectedly, and Lucia, who spent a great deal of her time with Mother Catherine, would be sent off to wander as she pleased, the Abbess never supposing that her favorite could get into mischief. In these hours of idleness, Lucia frequently met the masked Nun going to or from the chapel, and always spoke to her, though never getting a reply.

One Saturday Bishop Otto and Father French reached the Convent for Confession about the same hour. After

Lucia had sung for the prelate, she left the parlor and passed the servant standing in the corridor. "I have been listening to your song," he said. "I love music, and often sing for the Bishop."

Lucia nodded, but ran on; the white-faced, black-eyed young man frightened her by the smothered excitement of his manner; and then what did he watch her for? She had heard from Serena that this youth was rich and intelligent, and had come from a distance, considering it a great favor to be allowed to live with such a holy man as the Bishop.

Hardly was Lucia seated in the garden, than the dark youth was at her side, saying:

"You wear gay colors like the flowers; do you not then intend to remain in the Convent?"

"O, no, I am going back to my friends before long."

"Perhaps you have a lover waiting for you; is that why you do not take the vows of the Order?"

"A lover!" cried Lucia with simplicity, "no, of course not."

"But does not the Mother Abbess urge you to join her sisterhood? Does not your Confessor recommend it?"

"I have no Confessor. Yes, Mother Catherine and the Bishop say I have a vocation, but then you see I know better."

"Which do you love better, the Abbess or the Bishop?"

"Why, Mother Catherine, to be sure."

"And do you tell the holy Mother everything?"

"Yes, certainly I do. She is very fond of me."

“But suppose the Bishop or Father French bid you not to tell?”

“They would have no right,” flamed Lucia. “What do I care for the Bishop or Father French? I am a Protestant, but I love Mother Catherine all the same as if I were a Catholic.”

“Ah! Then she will get you to stay here forever! I know. Hark you, there are other things here than you see. Did you ever hear noises under the chapel? Did you ever see a Sister carrying black bread and old bones down into the cellar? Did you ever ask the Nun with the mask if she has gone lower down than the ground floor of this house? Come now, you are young and pretty, better go home, let me tell you. If you doubt me, do you go down into the vaults, and see what you shall see. Now, if you tell the Abbess or the holy Fathers what I have said, I shall kill myself, and my ghost will come and haunt you!”

Lucia sprang up from the grass where she sat and ran away. Looking back, she saw the young man laughing at her. She could not tell whether his words had been jest or earnest.

She walked slowly through the long path near the wall that encircled the Convent garden, and came back to the chapel door. In this beautiful chapel, fragrant with incense, glorious with pictures and frescoes, and gleaming with rainbows of light, which sifted through painted windows, Lucia loved to sit and dream. Here was her favorite shrine —

“Where the maid-mother by a crucifix,
 In tracts of pasture sunny, warm,
 Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx,
 Sat smiling, babe in arm.”

Just behind this representation, was a stall lined with black, kept for the prayers of those doing particular penance, and was most frequently occupied by the masked Nun, and from this stall, as Lucia stood before the picture, she heard a voice of wonderful sweetness mourning, “Be happy? How can I be happy? I shall die in this horrible place.”

“This *holy* place,” replied the voice of the Bishop’s young man. “O, be content with the salvation of your soul.”

“Can *you* talk of salvation? Do you think I have gone so far from the instructions of early years that I do not see your sinfulness? Oh, I know what you have done; you meant to atone for your transgressions by sacrificing me. Did you not deceive me with words that would have deceived an angel of light? Did you not tell me that here I should find holiness and happiness? Did you not tell me you lived here in the practice of piety, and that if I desired to go away I should be free as air? And now you talk to me of saving my soul! *How fares your own?*”

The unknown voice was very clear and sweet, but most pitiful, as if all hope, yes, even all possibility of tears, had gone out of it. The reply of the Bishop’s servant was thick with sobs. Then the sweet voice answered:

“Forgive you? It is very hard to do that, but I hope to be forgiven. You live on a false hope. First, I shall

never die a Romanist; next, if I did, it would be only added sin for you and me; and again, if to die a Catholic would save my soul, it would not wipe away one shade of *your* sinfulness, for God has said, 'none of them can by any means redeem his brother, or offer to God a ransom for him; for the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever.' My holiness, were it ever so great, could not help you; and there is no hope of help from masses after you are dead, for the redemption of the soul is so precious that the blood of Jesus alone can compass it, and at the moment of death opportunity has ceased forever."

"God pity us both," said the Bishop's servant, and Lucia heard him go out of the stall and pass through the corridor. Ten minutes later, she saw him with an unruffled countenance holding the Bishop's hat at the parlor door.

Those words earnestly spoken in the penitential stall awoke Lucia from her dreaming. She had floated with the current; she had grown satisfied for the present and had been lulled into carelessness for the future. The teaching of by-gone days had sunk under some slow-rolling Lethe stream; that Word of God, which Jocelyn had told her should walk with her, her Lion, through dangerous places, had been well-nigh despised.

During these months, Catherine Illuminata had directed all her efforts toward the conversion of her protégé; she would gladly have kept the girl in the sisterhood always, but the chief desire was to make her a Romanist. By every art of affection, of poetry and sensibility, she strove

to win the girl ; no undue force, no arrogance, no sharpness, was permitted to be used toward her. The Sisters accepted their Superior's policy, and Lucia was everywhere indulged. Sometimes Catherine gratified her affection and her enjoyment of Lucia's society, by having the girl occupy a room within her own ; at other times she placed her in an upper dormitory where slept some of the Novices under charge of the benign Mary Serena. Lucia was now occupying a bed among the Novices, and she could not sleep. The instructions of early years rose up before her like accusing angels ; sentences of Scripture shone before her as in letters of fire ; had she not thought herself firm in faith ; had she not said her feet should never slip from God's truth ; and was she not daily yielding more and more to that apostasy which changes the truth of God into a lie, and worships and serves the creature more than the Creator ? O, " the purple and scarlet color decked with gold and precious stones and pearls " had dazzled Lucia's eyes, as young eyes are dazzled every day. Who hath part in the first resurrection of the dead ? Souls " which have not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark on their foreheads, nor in their hands. " " Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection of the dead ; " and was Lucia depriving herself of this blessedness ? She sat up in her narrow white bed and clasped her arms about her knees ; the moonlight streamed through the window and fell brightly over her. There was a slight stir through the long ward, then the soft steps of Sister Serena over the floor :

“Is my little Sister sick?” asked the mistress of the Novices.

“No, Sister, I am only thinking.”

“Lie down. You will take cold. There is nothing so useless and distressing as thinking. Repeat a prayer to the Holy Angels.”

Lucia was not given such a hard pallet and pillow as were assigned to the Novices, but to-night her bed seemed full of thorns. She recalled the plaintive tones of the masked Nun's voice, the sobs of the Bishop's servant, and those hints of the vaults. Would any one ever lock her up in a vault? No, indeed; she was as sure of Catherine Illuminata's love as if she had been nursed in her bosom. There had been some intense meaning in Catherine's often uttered, “my child, my child.” No, the Abbess would not shut Lucia up, and if there should be any prisoner pining under that beautiful Convent, Lucia would find it out, and charge the Abbess with it, and beseech her on her knees to release that captive. The emergency had come which should transform the child Lucia into the woman; she had not matured too rapidly, she was now nearly seventeen, and she was strong for her new life. During her stay in the Convent, the Abbess had been cultivating enthusiasm in Lucia, she had developed her emotional nature, looking for it to burst forth in some flame of passionate devotion and self-sacrifice, as had been her own case, when she consecrated herself to Mary and St. Catherine. Sooner than the Abbess expected, fires of excitement blazed, not into a fever of Mariolatry, that she should offer her

young life a holocaust on the altar of Rome, but she had heard of a wrong to be redressed, a bold deed to be accomplished, and such resolutions as animated a Joan of Arc, or a Charlotte Corday, woke up in the ardent soul of this girl in a Convent.

Lucia could not lie still and think such thoughts; she raised herself once more, and the moonlight fell whitely over her night-dress and the unbound masses of her hair. Again the little stir in the room, the knowledge of her restlessness was conveyed somehow, and the bare feet of the patient Nun pattered over the floor.

“Why are you sitting up, little Sister?” asked Serena with the most angelic long-suffering.

“Never mind me, Sister, I do no harm sitting up.”

“But it is my duty to see that you comply with rules and lie down.”

“I am only thinking, Sister Serena.”

“You should leave thinking to the Mother Abbess and the Confessors; it is quite enough for them to think; no need for us to do it.”

“Tell me then, Sister Serena, why were we given minds?”

“I’m sure I do not know. Perhaps that we might say our Aves and repeat the rosary correctly.”

“May I speak, Mother Serena?” asked the nearest Novice.

“What have you to say?”

“It is no wonder that Sister Lucia has to do her own thinking; she will not confess, and so has her own sins to bear.”

“That is true,” said Serena, much enlightened. “If you would confess and get absolution, your mind would be empty of vexation, and you could sleep.”

“I wish I were home,” cried Lucia, crossly, “if I can not sit up in bed without having such a trouble made about it.”

“That is a very wicked wish,” said the Nun mildly. “If you were to die suddenly at home you would be lost, while if you died under this consecrated roof, the angels who wait for the souls of the faithful would receive you, and God might possibly accept of our masses for you out of consideration for your dying in a holy Convent.”

Thus speaking the Nun gently pressed Lucia into her place, and signing the cross to scare the demons who beset heretics, returned to her bed.

Lucia lay in great excitement, planning what she should do. Should she speak to that secret Protestant, the masked Nun? should she demand of the Bishop's servant an explanation of his hints? should she question the Abbess? The irrepressible Lucia was again sitting up in bed. Up again rose Sister Serena. This time she put on her gown and slippers, and took her beads.

“My dear Sister,” said the imperturbable Nun, once more settling Lucia on her pillow, “I am going to kneel by you and say the whole Rosary and the Litany of Loretto. I shall repeat them until you fall asleep, and do pray be quick about it, or I will be kept here until matins. You are giving me quite as much trouble as if I had a penance to do. To be sure the Rosary and the Litany will get me an indulgence from days in purgatory

but I think I have very few days left for purgatory, as I have earned so many indulgences. On the whole, Sister Lucia, if you will try to go to sleep quickly, I will ask that these prayers be set down to your account."*

Serena's delicious absurdity set Lucia into a smothered laugh. The laugh was a good sedative; the tension of her nerves relaxed, the painful exaltation of her spirits was subdued, and she soon fell asleep.

"I think, dear Lucia," said the amiable Serena to her the next morning, "that your trouble last evening was due to various imperfections in your conduct, which I should have heretofore corrected. There was so much to teach you that I have forgotten these things, but my guardian angel reminded me of them as I prayed for you last night. Sister Lucia you drink like a heretic; to be truly pious, you should take water in three swallows."

"For what?" demanded Lucia.

"In honor of the holy Trinity. Again, my little Sister, when you leave your plate you must cross your knife and fork, thus, as I cross my fingers; you sinfully leave them side by side."

"And why must I cross them, Sister Serena?"

"In memory of the sacred cross, my dear child. Then you get into bed without ever making the sign of the cross over it, to cast out evil spirits, who may there be lying in wait for your soul. Finally, one of the worst things about you is, my dear child, that you have not permitted us to give you a saint's name. Had you taken

* "Spiritual Mirror," p. 70, (approved by F. P. Kendrick, Bp., Phila.) Manual of Sodality of B. V. M., p. 197, approved as above.

the name of holy Agnes, Theresa, Cecilia, Margaret, or blessed Mary, the saint would have, in a measure, been bound to protect you; but I never heard of a saint named Lucia, and you received the name, moreover, by heretical baptism, therefore it makes you weak, wicked, accursed, and an emissary of hell, my dear Sister; showing you void of true religion, and if you do not repent and take a saint's name I am quite certain that you will be carried off by the devil to everlasting fire; so now you may go to Sister Saint Nativity for your wax-work."

Sister Serena delivered explanations, assertions, exhortations and threats all in the same easy-going tone which effectually robbed them of their terrors.

Serena had been favored with another listener than Lucia, no less a person indeed than the Abbess Catherine. The Nun was now summoned into her Superior's presence, and found that lady, her eyes sparkling with rage, her face flushed, and prepared to give her a warm reception. Sister Serena fell on her knees in due form.

"What folly is this you have been talking to Lucia?" cried the Abbess. "It is no wonder that she remains unconverted if you render our religion ridiculous in this fashion!"

"My Mother, I beg your pardon," said the Nun, meekly.

"Pardon, indeed!" exclaimed the reverend Mother, stirring herself to greater and greater rage each instant. "I gave you, as a teacher of piety, to a girl whom I would sacrifice my right hand to convert, and what do you do, you fool, but run over a string of epithets to her,

calling her evil and accursed and an emissary of hell in the same mild drawl you use for your paternosters!"

The wrathful Abbess made a swift step forward, and treated her kneeling inferior to a sound slap on the ear. The venerable lady had good precedent for such an act. Elizabeth of England, a dame of kindred spirit, thus relieved the towering excess of her passion, and our Abbess copied her this agreeable little habit of venting her rage. Lucia, it is true, would have been amazed to see the handsome, gracious and devout Abbess, slapping her dear daughter's face. She had only seen one side of this woman's nature, but there were two, which were widely diverse —

"The rapture of Sienna's saint,
The temper of Petruccio's Kate."

The rapture shone beatifically before Lucia, the Nuns were treated to the temper.

"Thank you, venerable Mother," said Serena weeping, and bowing to kiss the floor in token of her profound submission. "I beg you to accept my penitence, and believe that my fault was that of ignorance."

Sister Serena with entire truth might have said that she had only taught her pupil what was to be found in the oracles of her faith. But a Nun, however falsely or illogically accused, dares never justify herself to her Superior.

"Ignorance!" stormed Catherine Illuminata, "the grossest ignorance. The girl has brain, a commodity which you seem to lack entirely; you can do penance on bread and water, and devote yourself to your studies for

a week to come, and let us see if you will have more sense and less fat; you are growing to a perfect monstrosity. Now go!"

"Thank you, holy Mother," said Serena, polishing off the last of her tears.

She had scarcely gone when Lucia came tripping in. The Abbess was now sure of her ascendancy, and did not fear a rival in Lucia's heart, so she said, kindly: "You have confessed to me an admiration for Mother Mary St. Hilaire. She shall now be your particular instructress instead of St. Serena.

"Thank you, mother," said Lucia, "but I should be sorry to have you suppose that I do not like Mother St. Serena. She is very kind."

"She does well, Mother St. Hilaire may do better; let me commend to you her piety. Now go and gather your flowers."

The autumn was growing late, but still the Convent garden glowed in beauty, and one of the privileges accorded Lucia was to make the bouquets for the Superior's room, and for the chapel. She was thus pleasantly occupied for some hours each day. On this day as she went her rounds to place fresh flowers on each shrine, she found Mother St. Hilaire rising from her knees before the pictures of Sts. Joachim and Anne. The Nun gave Lucia one of her grave sweet smiles, less brilliant than Catherine's, but strangely tender.

"Mother St. Hilaire," said Lucia, placing a new bouquet, and removing the offering of yesterday, "why do you pray to these pictures?"

“It is not to the pictures, my child, but they serve to raise my thoughts to the holy saints they represent, and I entreat those gracious ones to intercede for me with the Blessed Virgin.”

“And why do you ask their intercession, Mother St. Hilaire?”

“Mary, ever Virgin, is most willing to hear them, daughter Lucia. These venerable persons were her parents. ‘These are the snow-clad mountains, from between whose summits we see Mary Immaculate springing, a child untainted with sin.’* She yet venerates them, and yields to their entreaties, model of daughters, as of mothers.”

“Then, Mother St. Hilaire, your picture lifts your praying thoughts to Saints Joachim and Anne, they present your prayer to Blessed Mary, she intercedes with Jesus, Jesus is your advocate with God; oh, Mother St. Hilaire, is it not a long way for a prayer to travel? Do you not know that it is written in Scripture, ‘At that day ye shall ask in my name: and I say not unto you that I will pray the Father for you, for the Father himself loveth you, because ye have believed in me, and that I came out from God?’”

“That must be for the Popes, my dear child. The holy pontiff being equal with Christ,† may, perhaps, dare

*“T. Joslin. Month of Mary.”

†“Possessed of power above all powers, both in heaven and in earth.”—Declaration of Stephen, Bishop of Petraca, in the Council of Lateran.

“The pontiff possesses a plenitude of power, and none dare say to him more than to God, What doest thou?”—Jacobatus and Dur. And “The Pope is not a man,” says the glossary of the canon law. *Papa non est homo.* Sext. Decret. L. I. Tit. VI. c. 18.

“Who occupies the place not of mere man, but of true God.” Pithou; Gibert; Musso, et al.

approach in the presence of God, but not sinful worms such as we."

St. Hilaire moved away, and Lucia saw that the masked Nun was kneeling near them, apparently listening intently. Lucia laid a dish of white flowers at the feet of the Virgin, and while thus occupied began to speak softly, so as not to be noticed by any one passing or entering the chapel, for she had not been three months in a Convent without becoming wary.

"Do not be afraid of me," she whispered. "You are a Protestant; so am I. You are unhappy, I would like to comfort you. Do you want to go home?"

"I have no home. I cut myself off from that. I have taken the irrevocable vow, and who does that shuts out all hope. Why do you ask me to speak to you? Are you a spy on me?"

"Indeed," said Lucia, flushing, "I am no such thing. I want to be your friend."

"Perhaps so; but one can trust nobody in a Convent. I spoke to Sister Nativity once, under promise of sacred secrecy. I asked her for advice, for comfort; she led me on to do so, but she *was a spy* and told the Abbess. I was locked up for it; it may be so again; but what matters it? my days are numbered; the sooner I die the better."

"Do believe me," said Lucia. "Let me be your friend."

"The Pope is all and in all and above all, so that God himself and the Pope, the Vicar of God, are but one consistory, for he is able to do almost all that God can do, *clare non errante*, without error."—Hastiensis.

"What can you make of the Pope but that he is God? He has power to dispense with all things, even the decrees of Christ."—Decretal. *Do Translat. Episcop. Cap. Quanto.*

I am a favorite; shall I speak to the Abbess for you?"

"That would be the worst thing you could do for me."

"I will then be silent as the grave. I heard you speaking to the Bishop's servant yesterday, and oh, how I longed to help you."

"Beware of the Bishop's servant. There you have an enemy."

"An enemy! what for?"

"Jealousy. You will be advised to do what will get you into trouble."

"He has told me to search for dungeons below this lovely chapel. Are there any?"

"God knows and I know. Do not be curious, I beg of you."

"You are crying; what shall I say to you, Sister?"

"There is little I want that you can get for me. I want peace with God. I want to know how to be justified."

"And you think I know nothing of those things because you have seen me worship like the rest here, and they have not been able to help you. My pastor warned me that this religion kept men from Christ, instead of bringing them near him.* It is true I am not a Christian, but I can tell you what my teacher, Miss Earle, taught me; then I remember our pastor, Mr. Dunbar,

* Roman Catholicism drives us from the religion of Jesus Christ. Who among us born Roman Catholics, brought up in Romanism, and having practised it with sincerity even after leaving that church retains any Christian feeling, i. e., love for Jesus Christ? Nothing in Romanism draws us toward Christ or to the books which would make us acquainted with Him.—University of Ghent, Chair of Jurisprudence, Professor F. Laurent in "Religion de l'avenir."

preached us a sermon about the willingness of Jesus to save."

"What is your pastor's name?" gasped the Nun.

"Robert Dunbar, and he is such a good man. Well, his text was, 'The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost.'" Lucia suddenly glided away and put a bunch of violets and heliotrope at the feet of St. Joseph; the shadow of Sister Nativity had fallen across the threshold.

She did not see the masked Nun alone for some days. Meanwhile Lucia had returned to the room next to the Abbess; Saturday and Confession had come round again, she had filled and presented the Bishop's golden cup, and the servant had watched her through the sacristy door. As she went from the parlor, the servant whispered through a little window in the door, (for there are plenty of peep-holes in Convents): "What did my lord say to you to-day?"

"Nothing but to give me his blessing, and — and —"

"And what?" demanded the young man, sharply.

"Why he said it was good to see such a sunny face
Why do you ask?"

"Hush, not so loud. Did you find the vault?"

"No; I did not know where to look."

"See now. Yonder passage has a little dark door and the key hangs by it. But below there is a great door and Mother Abbess has the key, a big one, No. 26. Once through there, you find little doors locked and the keys in them; and oh, you will see what you will see!"

Despite the masked Nun's warning, Lucia was wild

with curiosity. Like Fatima, warning only whetted desire. There was nothing in heaven above or earth beneath that drew her like the imaginary vaults. If she looked and found none, who would know that she had been duped? if she did see wonders and horrors, may be some great mission waited her, wrapped in their gloom. These thoughts possessed her until Monday evening. On this evening, Bishop Otto, Fathers French, Perry and Rentoul, had come to dispose of a vast amount of business. The Sisters Nativity, Hilaire and Serena were summoned to the parlor, and, to Lucia's amazement, a message was sent to the masked Nun that her brother wanted to see her in the sacristy. There was no one in the sacristy but the Bishop's servant. Lucia was going to the organ loft to practise when she heard the message sent. When she had finished her lesson and returned, she heard the servant speaking earnestly :

“ I have remembered and tried to help you. Do not judge me harshly. Did I not tell the Bishop that unless you were permitted to go about the Convent, and were treated leniently, I would drown myself? ”

That was all Lucia heard in passing, but it suggested that this Nun had been a prisoner, and rendered her yet more excited about the vaults. She went to her room. Catherine came and kissed her good night and blessed her, then went out, leaving the door open between her bed-chamber and Lucia's. Lucia began to think. The Sisters were in their cells, the parlor conference would last long; if anywhere in Catherine's room she could obtain those fatal keys, she could run down the



Then she opened the door, fearing greatly, and saw a young woman in a black dress crouched in one corner.—Page 125.

corridor and find out if the servant said truth. No harm in it, she would keep the keys as she went on, so no one could lock her in. She must! she would! She put on wrapper and slippers, and searched the dressing table for the well known bunch of keys, so often in Catherine's hand. Surely she found it, and key No. 26. "I'm resolved," whispered Lucia, in high excitement, securing a wax candle and some matches. It was easy enough to get through the little door in the corridor, closing it after her and taking its key; there, too, was the great door which No. 26 opened; O, how chill and damp was the air, how dark the great stone paved and pillared basement, revealed by her little candle's gleam. Yes, there were doors of cells, and their keys were in them, and Lucia opened one or two, finding only emptiness, cobwebs, a little straw, and a pale flicker of moonbeam through a small aperture high up, which showed dimly when she hid her tiny candle-beam. She tapped at one or two doors, laughing at herself, for what right had she to condemn cellars as long as no ill use was made of them? and the idea of prisoners! bah! She tapped at the last door hastily, intending to hurry up stairs. She heard a little cry. Trembling she tapped again, — another low sound. Then she opened the door, fearing greatly, and saw a young woman in a black dress crouched in one corner. There was straw on the floor, a crucifix on the wall, and the loaf of black bread and jug of water at which the servant had hinted.

Lucia held up her little candle, and at the beauty of

her face in that drear spot, the poor prisoner cried out :
“An angel! an angel!”

“No,” said Lucia, “O no! but what are you here for?”

“Because I will not conform.”

“Conform to what?”

“To the worship of images, angels, saints or Virgin when God has said, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.”

“But why did you come here? Why do they not send you home?”

“My friends sent me here to be cured of my contumacy, but I will not belie my faith, I will die.”

“Yes indeed, you *will* die in this terrible place,” cried Lucia.

“Then I will go to God. Heaven may be all the brighter for the contrast.”

“But can you not yield a little? Enough to get out of here, poor soul?”

“That would make me a *poor soul*, indeed. Do you think I can adore the Host as the Real Presence, when I know my Lord has ascended on high, and does not come down and multiply himself to be eaten at the command of a Priest, who, moreover, is generally a great sinner.”

“But can I not do something for you? Let me speak to the Abbess,” for Lucia had faith in the Superior, and in her own influence over that potentate.

“The Abbess! she is my jailor” said the prisoner. “But are you a heretic, and have you read the Bible?”

“O yes; and I know much of it by heart.”

“What a blessing! They took mine away almost as soon as I had it. There was a passage of great comfort about the Lord a Shepherd. It rings through my head, yet I cannot set it into the right words.”

“Perhaps the Psalm, ‘The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want?’”

“Yes, yes! O, can you repeat it?”

Holding the taper, Lucia sat down by the prisoner on the straw, and slowly recited the precious Psalm. They heard a rustle, a light flashed across them — the prisoner cried out. Lucia turned, and there at the cell door, lantern in hand, stood the Abbess Catherine Illuminata!

CHAPTER SIXTH.

DE CONTEMPTU MUNDI.

The Abbess Disarmed—The Conflagration—Memories—Catherine's Reasoning—Saving a Soul—The Heretic in a Convent—Sickness in a Convent—Romish Parents—Luxuries and Employments of a Sisterhood—Mother St. Hilaire—Jails *vs.* Convents—The Masked Nun.

“ A woman that is neither fair nor good, what use serves she ? ”
Gar.—“ To make a nun of.”

[*Rabelais' Gargantua, Book I.*]

Lucia had, during the months of her Convent life, been living in an unnatural atmosphere. Imagination had been excited, sober reason repressed, the hints she had received had wrought her to the highest stage of enthusiasm ; then came her midnight visit, the prisoner—the words of Scripture she was repeating in no way soothed her, the sentences dropped from her lips mechanically, she was conscious chiefly of the stone prison, the straw, the white, heroic face before her—then came the Abbess. To Lucia, the Superior had been all love and indulgence. Lucia had come to her as a real daughter, and she to Lucia had filled the place of the mother, dead so many years. The girl felt no fear of her when she saw her lofty figure in the doorway ; she appeared to Lucia an embodiment of power, of help. Lucia sprang up and with a loud cry threw herself upon the Abbess' bosom. Had she defied her after searching out her secrets, had the knowledge of those secrets filled her with terror or suspicion, the love of Catherine would right

speedily have turned to hate, but this taking refuge in her arms showed that Lucia felt no abhorrence, no condemnation for her, but looked to her to unravel the mystery, and make dark places light.

The voice that might in an instant have hissed threats or stormed in wrathful upbraiding, had now only gentle reproach,—“O, Lucia, Lucia!” but before she could say more, a fierce glare of light lit the gloomy cell. Like the terrified child she was, Lucia in springing to the Abbess, had flung down her taper, and it had set the straw in a blaze. The Superior cast Lucia from her into the corridor, and cried hoarsely to the prisoner, “Come!” The girl sprang toward the door, but she had to go through the fire, and the flames caught her thin garments. With that presence of mind which formed so great a part of the strength of her character, and her fitness for her present position, the Abbess closed the cell door on the instant, and pulling the shawl from her shoulders, wrapped it about her prisoner, striving to tear off her burning clothes. Lucia, the moment she saw the flames, was restored to common sense; she seconded the Abbess’s efforts, and eager only to help, wrapped her own woolen skirts about the burning girl to smother the flames. In two or three moments all was over, the blaze was extinguished; and, severely injured, her hair entirely burnt away, and only a few scorched rags hanging about her, stood the girl, whom one hour the holy Abbess had been doing slowly to death with cold, imprisonment and hunger, and the next had risked her own life to save.

“O, Mother!” cried Lucia, “the fire, the Convent!”

“Hush,” said the Abbess, calmly, “straw cannot set fire to stone and iron, there is nothing in the cell to burn. Do not open the door, or the smoke will get into the Convent by the stairway, and alarm the sisterhood.”

The Abbess wrapped the scorched shawl about the prisoner and blew out her lantern. Then, in the dark, she grasped a hand of each of her companions, and led them on, whispering them to be silent. Reaching the little door at the head of the stairs they found the hall dark. “Quietly now,” said the Abbess, locking the door and hanging up the key, and they hastened to her bedroom. The lights were burning, there were the keys whereof Lucia had taken No. 26 to enter the Blue-beard Closet, there through the half opened door could be seen her own abandoned bed; she had scarcely looked about, recalling the incidents of the past hour as if they were the history of years, when the poor prisoner with a groan sunk to the floor. The strong Abbess gathered the girl up as if she had been an infant, and laid her on her couch. “Get to your bed quickly, Lucia, and do not speak,” said the Abbess peremptorily, and she hastened away. Half undressed, Lucia crept under the bed-clothes, and dutifully shut her eyes, as Catherine Illuminata came back with Mary St. Hilaire.

“I have been unfortunate, Sister St. Hilaire. I went below stairs to see if our ward were safe, and if the good angels whom I continually invoke for her had wrought upon her to conform, when the candle dropped from my lantern into the straw, and before I could get the child out she was in a blaze; it was all I could do to save her

from serious injury, and she is badly burned — as soon as I brought her up here she fainted.”

To lie was part of the holy mother’s business; and she did it admirably.

Saint Hilaire gave an exclamation of distress, it might have also expressed unbelief and a conviction of treachery on the part of her venerable Mother, but her eyes fell on the Abbess’s hands, which were sadly scorched. There had been no *malice prepense* in this adventure, and Saint Hilaire remorsefully cried out: “Oh, dearest Mother, look at your hands!”

“That is nothing; a little pain is good as a mortification to the flesh,” replied the Abbess. “See, this girl is coming to herself, and she will suffer much. Is any one now in the infirmary?”

“No, Mother.”

“Take the key then, Saint Hilaire, and run quietly for oil, lime and linen; bring also a cap and gown, we will dress these burns here, and then carry our patient to the infirmary; I appoint you infirmarian. Silence, Sister St. Hilaire, is a choice virtue.”

Lucia, simulating sleep, but lying where she could see into the Abbess’s room, must be excused for keeping her eyes partly open; moreover, she had ample reasons for not falling into a slumber. The deft-handed Saint Hilaire and the self-assured Abbess soon had their patient bandaged and dressed. The Superior then administered an opiate in a glass of wine, and Lucia saw the two Nuns carry the prisoner to the infirmary. When the Abbess returned she came to Lucia’s bedside; the girl looked up.

“Not asleep yet?” said the Abbess, sternly, for she was beginning to find time for reflection, and anger was rising at the cause of all these troubles.

Tears came in Lucia’s eyes, but she silently held out her arm. In helping the girl below, her sleeve had been burned, and her arm severely blistered.

“Poor child,” said the Abbess, getting gracious again, and she sat down to dress the burn.

“Once when I was a little girl, I scalded my foot, and Mrs. Barron came over and dressed it. It was just after mother died, and Mrs. Barron was so kind; you make me think of her, she sat just as you do,” said Lucia.

“Ah?” said Catherine Illuminata, and changed her position.

As Lucia remained silent, the Abbess presently said, quietly :

“Mrs. Barron is an old lady?”

“Yes, mother. Her hair is white as snow; it has been white ever since her daughter died. You know, dear mother, it must be very hard to have your daughter die far from you.”

“I do *not* know,” said the Abbess with a rigid face.

“Mrs. Barron has always loved me because I was named for her daughter. The daughter was to have married my father, and do you know,” said Lucia, smiling, “I sometimes wonder if she *had*, would I be myself, or would I be some other body, and would I look like the portrait that hangs in Mrs. Barron’s parlor. Do you know Mother, that Mrs. Barron goes in there every

evening before she goes to bed, and says to the picture, 'good night, my daughter!'"

The Abbess gave a cry.

"Do not mind me, I will do well enough," exclaimed Lucia, "my arm is quite easy now. Let me see your hand; does it pain you?"

"Sister Hilaire dressed it," said the Superior, recovering her equanimity.

"So much suffering and trouble for my carelessness," said Lucia.

"For your unlawful *curiosity*, Lucia," said the Abbess firmly. "Tell me, how came you to go down those stairs?"

Lucia was wise enough not to betray any one. If she gave the Abbess another object for her vengeance, it might fall heavily.

"I wanted to see what was down there, Mother Catherine."

"How came you to think anything was there?" asked the Abbess.

"If nothing *had* been there, there was no harm in my seeing an empty cellar," said Lucia, evasively.

"Answer me truly, Lucia; did any of the Sisters mention it to you?"

"No, indeed, Mother Catherine."

"I must know the truth. Did Sister Serena speak of it?"

"No, truly, no. O, you may believe me, Mother Catherine."

"St. Hilaire?"

Lucia shook her head indignantly.

“Some one must have done so. Did *any one* speak of it?”

Then Lucia bethought herself. That singular young man of Bishop Otto's, who had promised to commit suicide and haunt her if she told, though haunting was impossible—Lucia grew wise in a moment, so wise even as to mislead the Abbess.

“Mother, you know I have always lived among Protestants. I have heard talk and read books about Convents. Now, Mother, one grand point with them is that you are cruel in Convents, that you have dungeons and prisons, and even worse things. I wanted to know. It is all very beautiful here; music, pictures, incense, but I knew there was a down stairs, and I felt wild to know what was there. So your keys were a temptation to me; I went to see if you had been maligned. Suppose down there I had only found innocent old rubbish, or stores such as are kept in the cellar at home? I know Mother Catherine, I only found one prisoner, *but there were many cells*. Only one prisoner, but she was one *for conscience' sake*. Oh, Mother Catherine, why is this so? Why is there a dungeon, and a prisoner, sitting on a heap of straw, if you are all powerful here, and burned yourself to save her life, and you have been so kind to me?” Lucia grew incoherent in her earnestness.

The Abbess had sat gazing on the floor, she lifted her eyes now to look reproachfully at Lucia, and mildly replied: “I am not all powerful here, Lucia, I am a servant of the Church, and only obey her will.”

“But if that will is cruel, I would *not* obey it; I would run out into the world, and never come back,” cried Lucia, fiercely.

“Is the salvation of the soul of so little value?” said the Abbess. “The cruelty is only like God’s cruelty, when He sends woes and scourges on men to drive them to repentance, and we do not call it cruelty, but the loftiest form of love. You call the Church cruel because she would coerce her child who desires to wander in the ways of the evil one. Is it not better to be forced into the kingdom of heaven by a dungeon in this world, than to be permitted to go on in sin and miss salvation in the world to come?”

Lucia was mute; there was something wrong somewhere, but she did not know how to put it into speech. While she was thinking, the Abbess continued:

“This girl was born of christian parents, and baptized into the true Church. Her parents have a right to dictate concerning her religion, and to demand her obedience to the saving of her soul. This girl defies them. She strays from their faith, she rejects the vows of her sponsors; they bring her to me. She will not obey our rules, nor receive instruction; then the father demands that I shall try the power of judicious restraint, of solitary reflection. He has as much right to command her to be in confinement until she yields obedience, as your father has to send you here to learn music and painting. For my part, I only carry out the wish of the parent in either instance. Moreover, as I said, I am a servant of the Church; our Confessor and our Bishop govern this

house, and what they ordain, I do. O, my child, if this clear explanation of my own obedience, of the value of the soul, and a true faith, and of the holy zeal of the Church, will make you consider the importance of religion, and bring you into that Church which with parental love entreats, exhorts, teaches and constrains its children, I will look on the pains and troubles of this night as a blessing. I will bid you good night, as—as that lady—”

“Mrs. Barron does her daughter’s picture? O, I wish you could see Mrs. Barron and the Judge. I do not know as it is right to tell it, but as you never go out in the world, I will. Once I staid there all night. When I went down stairs very early in the morning, I saw the Judge standing before that portrait, and he was saying, ‘O, for one last word with you, my daughter; oh, that I parted from you in anger. Have I lost you, my child?’ Was n’t it sad? Mrs. Barron told me afterwards that it was their daughter’s birthday. The poor Judge ate no breakfast—” The Abbess stepped quickly into her own room and shut the door. She had forgotten to say good night after all.

Lucia lay awake for hours, neither body nor mind was easy. The Abbess had seemed to reason well and devoutly, and to make her case clear. Lucia did not know how to answer her; to be sure the salvation of the soul was the one important affair, which being secured, all else was of little consequence; parents did have a right to govern their children, and the Abbess was bound by a vow of obedience. Still, after all, it is the inalienable right of every American citizen to worship God

according to the dictates of his own conscience—and here under the broad banner of a Republic was a girl kept in a dungeon for conscience' sake. Was it not this paternal and blasphemously called God-like coercion of holy Rome, which had lit martyr fires, and filled the Waldensian valleys with blood? Lucia knew that the laws of her native land were founded on the great principles of justice. "Freedom to worship God," was the glory of America, and if the Abbess made such freedom appear dangerous and unlawful, she was reasoning falsely. All that that girl in the dungeon had asked, was what Lucia had been given all her life, until she came to the Convent, liberty to say her own prayers, and to read her Bible.

In an ordinary community, the events of this night might have occasioned comment, but Nuns know better than to ask questions of their Superiors. Some one was in the Infirmary, and Sister St. Hilaire was on duty; who was the patient, or what was the matter, no one inquired; such things had happened before and might a hundred times again, so Sisters sang matins, vespers, the angelus, the litanies, making music for all the hours; if any little tragedies were enacted among them, they would shut their eyes, and never whisper a shuddering fear that their turn might suddenly come.

The conversion of Lucia was an object of great anxiety to the Abbess. At any time the girl's father might return home and take her from the Convent; then these months at the House of the Holy Family would be thrown away, and there would be no tie left between the

girl and the Superior. It was now needful to remove any unpleasant suspicion left in her mind by the discovery of the prisoner. Accordingly the Abbess called her protégé to go with her to the infirmary, where she was about to spend an hour reading to the invalid. The Superior's voice was musical, the expression of her countenance most devout, for whatever she did, she did with all her heart; when religion was the business in hand, she was—for the moment—thoroughly religious. She read from the "Spiritual Mirror." Lucia listened quite delighted with any grain of sense scattered through that admirable little volume, and found the nonsense sweetened by the Abbess's elocution, as sugar disguises the pill. At the second chapter, as the Superior read the prayers, Mother St. Hilaire made the responses, and Lucia was duly affected by the *Hail Marys* and the *Holy Marys*.

"Daughter Mary," said the Abbess, turning to the quiet figure lying on the narrow white pallet, "tell us if you were not born and baptized into the Catholic Church?"

"I was," replied the sick girl gently.

"Are not your parents now Catholics?"

"They are."

"Do you not know that at your baptism your sponsors renounced for you all heresy, and solemnly vowed that you would remain in the Catholic Church, living and dying in that holy faith?"

The patient made no answer.

"When you, setting up your judgment against that of

your lawful spiritual guides and instructors, turn aside to what your sponsors, speaking in your behalf, have forsworn, it becomes their duty to warn, instruct, and, if need be, compel you to your duty. Daughter Mary, it is a very small thing we ask of you, to worship the Lord humbly in the Church of your fathers."

"It is not a small thing to peril the salvation of my soul," replied Mary, in a clear voice.

"We ask of you to secure the salvation of your soul," said the Abbess, in an unmoved tone. "There is no salvation outside of the Catholic Church, and the apostate is irremediably destroyed. There can be but one religion, my children, for Christ is the Head and Source of religion, and he cannot send forth diverse streams, he cannot contradict himself. No religion that is not of Christ is good, and we know that our religion holds in itself all that is needful for salvation, TRUE FAITH AND GOOD WORKS. It is absurd to say that God can reveal two contradictory religions, each equally good: since there is but one religion for those that are saved, those who are not of this religion cannot be saved. Good sense alone would teach us the marks of the true religion. They are *Unity, Holiness, Catholicity and Apostolicity*. All these marks are in the holy Catholic Church, and in none other. Daughter Mary, all we ask of you is to believe in the only true Church."

"I believe," replied Mary, "in the only begotten Son of God."

"That is well, so do we all. But why turn aside from His Church? In this Church you alone find unity, that

one fold with one Shepherd of which the gospel speaks. Our Shepherd is our Holy Father the Pope.”

“‘I am the good Shepherd, and I lay down my life for the sheep,’ says Jesus,” replied Mary.

“Very true; the Pope is Christ, that Shepherd on earth. The unity of our Church is exhibited in the language of her worship, the same in every land, her worship in all its ceremonies and ornaments forever the same, her creed the same from Nice to Trent, and from Trent until to-day.* Her teachings and practices are always the same. The Catholic Church in all times, nations and places is one. Why not worship in it, humbly and devoutly, my daughter?”

“Because I am bidden to worship the Lord God only, and the Catholic Church worships *Mary*. I leave it to you, reverend Abbess, does not your Church offer ten prayers and invocations to the Virgin for every one it offers Christ? How is it in the Rosary? how is it in the great and little offices?”

“For that there is abundant reason,” said the Abbess, looking angry, but speaking steadily. “We need her intercession. Christ is obedient to Mary as a son to a mother. He heeded her on earth, he heeds her in heaven. As in Galilee he created wine at her command, so he creates holiness in the hearts of her worshippers when she bids him do so. Holiness is a mark of the true

* These arguments of the Abbess are from “*Sure Way to Find out True Religion*.” Three great parties in the Roman Catholic Church divide on the Councils. The first party admit eighteen. The second admit the same number, but accept different Councils. The third count but ten Councils. The Western Emperor, the French Church, and two Popes *rejected* the Council of *Nice*; France, Spain and the Netherlands *rejected Trent*. Behold Catholic unity!

Church, holiness of doctrine, of practices. Our Church is absolutely holy in doctrine.”

“She is not in accordance with the Bible, madam.”

“The Bible is not to be understood by the laity; the Church is in accordance with the Bible as the Priests understand it. We have the traditions of the Fathers, which are of more value, for ‘the Scriptures in themselves are nothing but a dead letter.’ The word of God derives all its authority from the Pope.* God intended that his Scripture should be concealed.† The Scripture is become useless since the schoolmen have established the truth of all doctrines.‡ Whosoever shall despise traditions, let him be anathema.” ||

“It has pleased God to enlighten my mind. I accept Jesus as my only Savior, and the Bible as my only guide. No persecution can shake my faith. You have tried me long, reverend Mother; will you not send for my parents that I may beg them to give me their blessing and take me home?”

“I do not see how you can talk of persecutions and of being tried, girl,” said the Abbess, rising. “A few days of solitude, when you were fed like a princess, was gentle treatment, I should say.”

Lucia saw the sick girl’s lip quiver at the words, “a

* Tetzels, Cardinal Eckius and Sylvester Prierias, et al.

† Pope Gregory VII. Epist. 7 to King of Bohemia.

‡ Richard du Mans in Council of Trent.

|| Council of Trent, session 4.

“Reading the Scripture without the traditions of the Church, makes the gospel of Jesus the gospel of the devil,”—Arnaud, *Defense de Ver.* page 63.

“Without the authority of the Church, I would believe Matthew no more than Titus Livius.” Brille, S. S. See Bellarmin, *de verb. Dei non Script.*, Lib. 1, Cap. 4.

few days,” but she did not contradict them. When the Superior spoke of food fit for a princess, Lucia recalled the dry bread, the jug of water, the straw and the penetrating damp of the dungeon.

“As for sending for your parents,” said the Superior, “I will do so gladly. All I ask is for them to take you off my hands.”

The venerable mother then retired with Lucia, and told her a long story of this girl’s evil temper; how patient she herself had been with her, how the girl had abused and despised her, and how her general character was of the worst description.

After all, Lucia could not believe this, and took occasion to ask St. Hilaire if her patient were troublesome. “She is meekness itself,” said the Nun. “I feel forced to love her if she is an apostate, but I console myself thinking that Christ ate with sinners, and wept over Jerusalem. The poor soul acts like a saint, and she prays constantly. Though her prayers are not like ours, they touch my heart.”

Mother St. Hilaire kept her patient neat and quiet, and was very gentle with her. She also brought her suitable food. There are of course no physicians allowed in Convents, but there is a dispensary and a Sister who serves out medicine. Mary was very ill, and *medicine* was served to her daily, at the order of the Abbess. The powders were chalk and flour, the drops were sugar and water, and poor Saint Hilaire gave them with the most implicit faith in their healing properties.

One morning Mother Mary St. Hilaire appeared in the

parlor. Kneeling, she said: "Mother Abbess, pardon me, but the sheets sent for my patient's bed are very damp, by some mistake; may I order others, Mother?"

"It shall be attended to," said the Abbess; "and Sister Hilaire, lest you grow absorbed in secular matters, you may spend an hour now at prayer in the chapel."

"Thank you, venerable mother," said Saint Hilaire, and while she was at prayers, the excellent Abbess called Sister Nativity, and ordered her to put those same damp sheets on the sick girl's bed.

According to her promise, Mother Catherine sent for Mary's parents. When she had detailed her version of the accident, the father said coolly, "It is a just judgment on her heresy."

They were taken to the infirmary. Poor Mary was wasted to a skeleton, and except for the scarlet marks of her burns, was white as a corpse. She held out her trembling hands, "Oh, my dear parents, have you come to visit your child?"

"Do not call us parents, if you reject our religion," said her mother frigidly, while the father asked, standing by the bed:

"Will you abjure your heresy, and return home with us?"

"I cannot tell a lie, or forsake my Savior," wept Mary.

"Then you rest under your parents' curse," said her father.

"Oh, my dear parents, take me home, let me see my brothers and sisters once more," pleaded Mary, pitifully

“No, you would only poison them by your heresy,” said her mother.

“I think,” said Mother St. Hilaire, mildly, “that your daughter is going into a consumption. She is very ill, and coughs terribly. Would you not wish to have her die under your own roof?”

“We utterly reject her, if she continues a heretic,” said the father. “If she will confess, receive absolution, and the sacrament, she may return to us; if not, in virtue of the donation made by me to this house, I claim that you here hide her apostasy.”

“It is understood,” said the Abbess, “that our coercion has been by your parental authority?”

“Yes,” said the father, “and you may resume it at your judgment. I have nothing for an apostate but my curse.”

The sick girl lay with closed eyes, the tears slowly stealing over her sunken cheeks; she was a sight that should have moved a heart of stone, and Sister Saint Hilaire unconsciously stroked the poor pale hand that lay trembling on the counterpane. The Abbess saw the motion and glared at her. “Sister St. Hilaire, I trust you are not countenancing heresy.”

“No, Mother Abbess, pardon me; I am but compassionating it.”

“The best method of exhibiting compassion will be to pray for her conversion. During the next two hours remain in the chapel.”

The presence of a dying apostate cast no gleam over the House of the Holy Family. Very few of the Sisters

knew or thought anything about it. The Abbess retained Sister St. Hilaire as infirmarian, because she felt sure that this Nun's faith would not be shaken by the patient, and Sister Hilaire was judicious and never given to gossip.

The Abbess Catherine Illuminata knew well how to occupy the hands and minds of her sisterhood. These Nuns, as Saint Hilaire had assured Roger Cantwell, were vowed to poverty so rigidly that not one of them owned so much as a pin; but while poor individually, they were enormously wealthy as a Convent. The changing fashions of dress occupy part of the time and demand the taste of women in secular life; our Sisters in the House of the Holy Family had the Queen of Angels whereon to exert their powers in millinery and mantua-making. They did not, it is true, get up the Virgin most venerable in basques, paniers and polonoise, but they made her sacred robes *en train* and *decollete*. They fashioned them of velvet, silk, cloth of gold and tissue of silver; and we confess that sometimes while decorating the Mystic Rose, they fell into fierce and unsisterly disputes, and the Abbess was forced to remand them all to their prayers. The Nuns had also that Adorable Babe in wax, over whom Saint Serena grew eloquent, and they made him garments of rare embroideries, very different from the "swaddling bands" wherein his gentle mother wrapped him when she "laid him in a manger." The House of the Holy Family kept all the festivals jubilantly, and on the appointed days of fasting they draped their Convent in black, and mourned pathetically. They kept the

birthdays of Joseph and Mary, Zacharias, Elizabeth, John Baptist, and Joachim and Anne. There were days when all the altars and tables, the sanctuary and the shrines, must be decked in white, others when the reigning color was purple, scarlet or blue; and, as we have said, others when all things wore the somber pall of death. These celebrations and decorations were carried on in a house which in its architecture and ornaments was nearly the perfection of beauty, bearing on every hand the impress of the sensuous and cultivated Abbess. We have seen what Catherine was,

“ A glorious devil, large in heart and brain,
That did love beauty only, beauty seen
In all varieties of mould and mind.”

A Sister deformed, poek-marked, cross-eyed, stammering, might serve to worship God in some less magnificent Convent, but she could not do so under the sway of the autocratic Catherine. The Abbess had been known to extemporize a mission for cross-eyed or deformed Sisters who offended her sight, while she was equally likely to banish Sisters who were guilty of more than ordinary beauty.

In the infirmary a life might ebb out in darkness, let but pictures glow, organs swell, and priests admire and jest in the boudoir of the lady Abbess. There might be captives and agonies in the cellars, only let the golden thurifers swing, and “ *Christe eleison, kyrie eleison, Christe audi nos!* ” be properly sung in the chapel. The tragedy of Starvation might go on in some stone cell unheeded, if Mayonnaise and olives, tarts and truffles, were well served upon Saint Catherine’s table

But let a singer trip on a note, or jar the music out of tune; let the Mayonnaise lack cream, the olives be too salt, or a spot or a speck tarnish the silver, or defile the damask of Catherine's state board, and her celestial mind would glow with a wrath that would throw Juno's into the shade. The sister-wife of Jove might cause her adversary to suffer much by land and sea, but his tribulations were a mere nothing to the woes of the holy Sisters when Catherine began to deal out fasts, vigils, prayers, hair-cloth and barefoot promenades, and all these penances were to be performed where they would not disturb the Abbess by coming under her eye.

One might thoughtlessly imagine that under such a regime the Nuns would grow restive and revolt. But no, the vow of *obedience* is as rigid as that of poverty, and obedience is insured by weakening the will, depleting the moral powers, and diverting the mind to trifles. The Abbess knew how to vary punishments with rewards; and rebuke with approbation; she understood that to make an immense stir over little things sometimes serves to prevent excitements on great subjects.

There were state occasions when the Sisters' heads and hands were busy reduplicating the *Agnus Dei*. This is a cake of wax stamped with a lamb bearing the Papal banner. After it is made by the Sisters, it is supposed to be sent to Rome to have rare virtues conferred upon it by the Pope's benediction. This journey to the seven-hilled city was accomplished mysteriously in Bishop Otto's cellar, where the *Agnus Dei* lay a suitable time, and was then returned, sanctified by an apocryphal bene-

diction, to the Convent. The Sisters also had certain weeks for making wax candles, for use in the chapel and Cathedral. Then they kept a pair of lambs, which they fed daily with milk, petted and decorated with ribbons, and finally sheared, that they might card, spin, weave and shape the wool into a sacred *pallium* for the venerable Archbishop with their own immaculate hands. The Archbishop got a new *pallium* each year. It was a long labor to prepare a new *tapete* of elaborate design for the Bishop to kneel on at mass ; then there were red, brown and black scapulars to make, and all kinds of scapulars stitched together for the higher holiness of the wearer. They must also concoct delicate sweetmeats for the Abbess, and the nicer the sweetmeats were, the more amiable was the Abbess. Bishop Otto liked comfitures of all dainty kinds with his golden cup of wine ; Father French could devour unlimited quantities of delights such as the highest-priced confectioner could not rival ; Fathers Perry and Rentoul came in for their share, and whenever these venerable confessors came to see the equally venerable Catherine, she set before them a refectation that a queen might have envied.

A more sacred duty still, was preparing the wafer for the mass. What a privilege ! The Sisters compounded by rule, stamped with I. H. S., and baked by thousands wafers which presently, at the fiat of—let us say Father Rentoul, or the astute Perry—would be no longer bread, but—divinity. Cicero (*de natura Deorum*) says : “ We have so many follies about our divinities, that only one more can be invented, namely, that a man may eat his

God." The Papist has now reached the one folly beyond the daring of the pagan!

Amid all this bustle and stir, calculated to distract the mind from serious thoughts and distort the views of right and wrong, there were two influences working counter to the Abbess Catherine in Lucia Estey's heart. From the infirmary came at intervals the dry, hacking cough of poor Mary, and the darling of the Superior would steal in to catch a look at the pale, patient face, and the meek glances of one who was most truly a martyr for Christ's sake. Should this girl on whom gospel light had shone but a little time, be so steadfast in her faith, and Lucia, who was cradled in Protestantism, be led into idolatry? Lucia slipped into the infirmary one afternoon when the Abbess was very busy with the accounts of the Orphanage of the Holy Innocents. Sister Saint Hilaire was by the window making wax flowers, and softly singing a hymn to the Virgin,

"Hail happy Queen, whom heaven's choice
Has made the source of all our joys."

Lucia leaned over the pallet and kissed Mary. The girl raised her eyes with a wistful look. "You know much Scripture, you tell me. Do you remember those words about *overcome*? Tell them to me, you do not know how hard it is to lie dying far from home, and hated by those of your own blood, when one concession would restore you to them."

She spoke very faintly, but Lucia's clear young voice could not tone itself down to such whispers. She did know the Scriptures "To him that overcometh." They

had been a favorite lesson with Jocelyn. She began to repeat them: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God. He shall not be hurt with the second death. I will give him the morning star," and so on to the grand promise, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

"Where did you learn those sweet words, my child?" asked Mother St. Hilaire, who had put aside her work to listen.

"They are the words of God, Mother Saint Hilaire," replied Lucia.

"Thank you, I am strong once more—to wait until God shall call," said Mary.

The Nun took Lucia's hand, and saying, "Our Superior does not wish you to be in this room, dear child," she led her to the door.

Lucia clasped her arms about the Sister's waist.

"Tell me, will not Mary die, Mother St. Hilaire?"

"I feel sure that she will not live long, Lucia."

"And you are very tender to the poor thing, are you not?"

"Yes, as I hope for tenderness in my last hours, dear child."

Mother Saint Hilaire went back to her work; she shaped a pond lily and mused. She was kind to this dying girl, but something seemed to go wrong. The medicine did no good, the nourishment ordered by the Abbess was not of quantity or quality to rebuild strength. Saint Hilaire was often sent from the infirmary to the

chapel, and while she was gone the bed-clothes were apt to be changed, or a window carelessly left open where the air would chill the patient. If Saint Hilaire had not become a childless widow, and if she had had a daughter who lay ill as this girl did, would not that daughter receive very different care and assistance from that allowed by Convent rule? By all means, thought Saint Hilaire, and the maze of thought becoming painful, she fell on her knees and began to say her rosary.

Lucia dismissed from the infirmary, wandered into the chapel, and there was the masked Nun, with whom for many days she had not been able to speak. The Nun, still repeating her prayers, signed to Lucia to approach.

“Kneel there and do your devotions. Where are your beads? Ah, now while you count them, tell me something more that your pastor has told you. You said his name was—”

“Robert Dunbar.”

“And he is a very good man?”

“O, very good and wise, indeed. He is very kind to those in trouble, and knows just what to say to them.”

“I am very wretched,” sighed the masked Nun. “I find that you have been true to me, so I dare speak to you, for my heart is breaking. O, if I could only get back to the friends and instructions of my early years!”

“Why do you not go back? This is a free country, and you are not in jail.”

“In jail? No, very much worse than in jail. In jail you are under the laws of the land, and can be brought out and tried, and you are sentenced in accord-

ance with the laws, but in a Convent you can never look to get out, you have nothing to hope for ; you may complain, and then you will only be shut up closer and closer until you will never be heard from. What do Superiors and confessors care for your miseries? Nothing ; all they care is to see that you tell no tales. Are you ever going home ? ”

“ Yes, indeed, I hope so.”

“ Let me know before you go. You may be able to do me great good, and confer a favor upon one of your best friends. But of all things do not take the irrevocable vows. Do you know the law is, ‘ Nunneries shall be kept carefully closed, and egress be absolutely forbidden to the Nuns on any pretext whatever without episcopal license,’ and ‘ if any Nun pretends that she has taken the vows under influence of force or fear, or before she comes of age, she shall not be heard within five years after making profession ; she shall not be permitted to make complaint, but be compelled to remain in the cloister, and be punished as an apostate.’* I know what that is by deed and by letter. Do anything, do everything but become a Nun ! Never do that ! ”

The Nun wept as she spoke, then she whispered, “ Are we alone ? ”

“ Quite alone,” whispered Lucia.

“ Go make the stations, so that you can see all the chapel, and if no one is here, come back to me.”

Lucia went as bidden, and returned.

“ There is one thing I must tell you,” whispered the

* Abstract from the Canons of the Council of Trent, 25 session.

masked Nun, as they knelt together again. "My sins are many, but I have asked Christ to forgive them. I love my friends whom I deserted, and all I want now is to get to heaven."

"Jesus says," replied Lucia, much moved, "that he will not cast out any who come; whosoever will, let him come freely. There is Sister Nativity, sh-h-h—"

It was the old story, beauty and ashes, sanctification and Sister Nativity. Here truly

"— that sweet incense rose and never failed,
And, while day sunk or mounted higher,
The light, aerial gallery, golden railed,
Burnt like a fringe of fire."

Yet, says Gavazzi, "Make ever so small a puncture in the walls of any Convent, and tears and blood will flow from the wound!"

CHAPTER SEVENTH.

TRIALS OF STRENGTH.

The Monarch of Aurora Lane—The Priest and the Imp—Priests in a Fray—Remissness of a Priest—Romish Morality—Rome and the Press—Rome's Divine Right—The Center of Authority—Lawyers and Priests—The Holy Bishop.

“The clergy of the Romish Church is the beast seen by John (Rev. 13, 11) having two horns, like a *lamb*, but who spoke as a *dragon*.”—Bordas-Demoulin.

Before Father Rentoul all the inhabitants of Aurora Lane trembled—all but one; that one was the ragged attache of Sanderly. Out of Aurora Lane went the inhabitants to worship at St. Ann's; to St. Ann's they went for confession; in St. Ann's they were married; from St. Ann's they were buried; they cursed and hated and coveted their neighbor to the Church steps, and then taking off their hats they went in and worshiped. Not that they were sinners above all that dwelt in Galilee, but they lived in the dark places of the earth; ignorance and poverty pressed hard on them; there was little of day-dawn in the Lane except its name; and to them, groping painfully, had been held the flickering, uncertain light of saints and ceremonies, instead of the gospel of the Sun of Righteousness. Thus it was that Rentoul reigned supreme in Aurora Lane, going up and down before them like the cockatrice; before his baneful glance all heresy and insubordination fled; but to this priestly cockatrice

the ragged imp played weasel, never quailing before his fiercest indignation.

Sanderly's satellite was alone in the earth ; to the best of his knowledge he had got into the world in some underhand fashion, indebted for existence neither to father nor mother ; he lived in Aurora Lane on sufferance, picking up a living as best he might, and protected by that broad compassion the very poor so often feel for those who have found a deeper depth than themselves.

The maid servant of Father Rentoul had divined that a certain series of communications were dregs of bitterness in the cup of her master's life ; she had also convinced herself that the distressful and marble-playing imp wrung out these dregs to the Priest with his little grimy hands, greatly delighting in his mission ; she therefore resolved not only to accuse the satellite, but to bring him to judgment.

On a certain evening the retainer was, according to his engagement, occupied with marbles in front of St. Ann's, when Father Rentoul's servant, by a well-planned and brilliantly executed flank movement, succeeded in seizing him unawares, caught him by the nape of the neck and by the band of his fragmentary trowsers, and held him, yelling, between heaven and earth. The attache gave signs of slipping out of his jacket, and escaping, like Joseph, with the loss of a garment.

"It's no use," said the Herculean maid, "you may yerk yourself out of the jacket, but you can't get out of your skin, nor yet more out of your trowsers. Now I'll have

you to his Reverence, and we'll see what the likes of you has to do bringing bits of imperence writ on paper to our house!"

Thus saying, she rushed into her castle, sometimes permitting her captive's toes to touch the ground, and sometimes carrying him altogether. Flushed with triumph, she set him before the Priest, still holding to his arm like a vise.

"There now, your Reverence, here's the imp of Satan as brings them bits and slips of paper from heretics, as spoils your appetite, and vexes your soul for the wickedness ov 'em," said the maid, putting the best possible construction on the clerical gentleman's terrors.

"What is your name, sir?" demanded the Priest.

"Nothink, please sir."

"And where do you live?"

"'Roarer Lane, sir," said the Child of Morning, making a dash at one of his own eyes, as if intent on obliterating it, but relenting, left it gleaming dimly through a haze of dirt and tears.

"And what is your business, you young rascal?"

"Please sir, I'm a conveyancer," said the satellite, trembling.

"A conveyancer! As how, pray?"

"I conveys sir, please."

"And what do you convey, scamp?"

"Bundles, sir, when I gets 'em. Compliments, sir, when folkses sends 'em; when I'm hard up, I convey things what is his'n to be mine, sir, like 'andkerchers an' happles an' buns, sir."

“Why, you young scoundrel, I’ll have you before a magistrate!”

“Been there, sir.”

“And what did they do to you?”

“Set you an example, sir; they advised me and let me go.”

“See here, you boy, you have been bringing letters and cards here; letters and cards bearing threats, and hints of assassination,” said the Priest, making his case clear to his maid, that she might, when needful, gossip correctly. “Now, if you do that again, I will flog you within an inch of your life, and send you to jail.”

“Please, master, ’taint my fault; if they say it’s the baker’s bill, or the taxes’ bill, or the christnin’ fee, or sich, how can I help bringin’ ’em, sir, me not knowin’ how to read?”

“Hereafter you can refuse to bring anything. What sort of a looking man is this person that sends these—these things by you?”

“I has to bring ’em, bein’ a conweyancer, an’ dependin’ on my business for a livin’,” said the satellite, attacking his other eye, and nearly expunging it. “An’ the gentleman, O, he’s old, got white ’air on ’is ’ead, and two legs, an’ a humpback, an’ arms like other folkses, an’ he’s four or five or six feet high, sir; and his eyes is black or blue, or some color, I disremember.”

Having given this lucid description of his employer, the imp prevailed on himself to weep plentifully, and made ineffectual efforts to bring the flag of distress from the background to the foreground of his vision.

It was poor policy to make too much of his anonymous correspondence, it might excite suspicion. Rentoul could only imitate the Jerusalem Sanhedrim, further threaten his captive and let him go. Moderation, however, was a virtue unknown to Father Rentoul, therefore he took the apostle of Aurora Lane by the shoulder and thrust him into the street, fighting him all the while in the rear after the fashion of Cossacks who hover around and assail the vanguard of a retreat.

“Go now, little devil!” said the Priest, flinging him toward the gutter.

“Cross-eye’s got to pay me for that yere kickin’!” said the attache, tucking in his flag, clearing up his face with his elbows, and nimbly clambering to an awning post across the street from Rentoul’s house. Secure here from maid and master, the imp yelled out his vengeance and his ire :

“Won’t I bring any more ov ’em? That I will, willin’ for half price, seein’ they’re pizen to yer. Won’t I yelp, ki-yi! through yer key-’ole when I bring ’em? Ki-i-i-i! yi-i-i-i! Letters from Cross-eye! Fire! fire! bills, tickets, compliments! yi-i-i-i ach-i-i!” Just as his wrath waxed inarticulate, one of Father French’s vigilant policemen came round the corner to see whether a heretic or a son of the faithful was thus stirring up the night; the imp practicing his antics on his awning post like Paul Konewka’s Puck, suddenly slid down and fled up Aurora Lane.

Later in the evening, Father Rentoul went into an apothecary’s shop and silently held out a little silver box.

The apothecary was a worshiper at St. Ann's. He filled the box with opium pills. When the Priest got into the street again he swallowed some of these pellets.

O, for a draught of Lethe: but since he could not get at Lethe, he ate opium.

Father French was not at home, and Rentoul went to his parlor to watch for him. The room was warm and quiet, the dose of opium had been heavy, and of late the Priest had known many wakeful nights; he stretched himself on the sofa to await his holy brother's coming, and soon the golden light of fire and gas grew somber, soft low sounds hummed through the weary brain, Father Rentoul's head sunk deeper into the cushions, and he was in a profound slumber. There the Fathers French and Perry found him. "Halloo, Rentoul!" said the former, but the sleeper did not stir. Father French approached the couch and studied his confrere's face. "Why, the pig is dead drunk!" he exclaimed with that disgust always present in his mention of Rentoul.

Father Perry leaned over the unconscious man and touched his eyelids. "No," he said calmly, "he has taken more opium than usual, that is all; Rentoul uses a great deal of that drug. For my part I pity him." He shook the poor wretch's arm, "Wake up, Rentoul, here we are!"

Rentoul sat up, rubbing his eyes, yawning, striving to shake off his stupor, and remember what he had come for. Priest French stood with his elbow on the mantel-piece, talking in his usual easy, idle, half-jesting fashion. He was telling of a man who had come for him in haste

to administer extreme unction to a dying person. "That is their way, they have so little common sense; the man was in a fit, and they should have sent for a doctor to restore him; now instead of bringing help to keep him alive, they rout me out of my bed to help him die! I mentioned this to them, but they said my office would help body and soul, and it was better to die all right, than to live without the dying grace. There's logic for you, Perry. It was an absurd sight; not one of the family had stopped to dress, and they stood about the bed wrapped in sheets and quilts, or whatever they could pick up, looking about as you did, Rentoul, when you did penance on the doorstep of *All Hallows!*"

Rentoul was too much affected by his opium to be master of himself, but the idle remark of Father French stung him to fury; he sprung up like a tiger, flung himself on his host and tried to drag him to the floor. Striving to release himself, and astounded by the attack, Father French kept moving backwards about the room, while Rentoul, foaming with rage, now sought to trip, and now to choke him; thus scuffling, they stumbled into a little shrine, and the Virgin thereon fell between their feet; mad with passion, Father Rentoul kicked it out of his way, and it shivered to atoms against the opposite wall. The crash and the firm grasp of Father Perry, who had come to the rescue, brought Rentoul to some sort of reason; he staggered back to the couch, and hiding his face in his hands, began moaning painfully. His misery touched even the flippant Father French. He said: "Come now, Rentoul, you're not yourself to-

night; you are in a fever; better go home and sleep it off, and we'll do up our business to-morrow."

Rentoul presently went out, and Father French, resuming his position against the mantel, remarked: "To think he should fly into such a fury over that hint! But indeed, Perry, the penance was ridiculous beyond anything. It was in the parish of Carrafield, after his last-misfortune. The old Priest up there condemned him to a good old-fashioned penance: to stand wrapped in a sheet, saying his Aves, with a wax candle in his hand, until the candle burned out. The Confessor furnished the candle, and it was a proper long one. Now in that parish it is my belief that Satan had assumed the disguise of a goat, for there was the most diabolical quadruped roaming about there, that it has ever been my lot to see. This goat came ambling around the church corner, his hoofs pattering, his eyes blazing like two fires. Of course he took exception to Rentoul's piety: at him he dashed, carried him clear off his feet, down the steps and into the drain, where he trampled on him, miring the penitential sheet, and extinguishing the candle; I came along just then, and cast out the evil spirit, exorcising him with a club — picked up the penitent and expounded to him that the candle was out and the penance was over. After all that, to think of his flying out at me for a mere hint!"

"It is a sore subject," said Father Perry, leaning back in his chair. He was a fat, comfortable man, and he began to reason like a Plato. "There is a sting called remorse, Brother French, which may not yet have entered your

soul. To feel it is to die a thousand deaths, and yet to live dying a thousand more. You, French, despise our friend Rentoul, contemn him; scorn and contempt, my brother, are an ascending series. Rentoul, a divinity in his confessional, though a devil to you, upbraids and ordains to penance and then absolves the villain who steals a flannel shirt to keep out the cold, or cracks a store to feed his hungry youngsters; Rentoul regards you as a man lifted above his own temptations and his errors. It is barely possible, my brother, that you have unfolded to our Bishop at the tribunal of penance some error of judgment and of action which contrasts you with that venerable Bishop as Rentoul differs from you.

Father French laughed, half embarrassed. "The truth is," he said, "that our Bishop Otto does seem set on some grand pinnacle of holiness, above other men. I wonder sometimes if there is no inconsistency, no fault in him, no trespass on the moral law. I watch and find none."

"Not to impugn the holiness of the Bishop," said Father Perry, "I would suggest to you that *great craftiness can set the same result before the world as great holiness*. It would be idle for me to arrogate to myself saintliness in your hearing, but all the same I *appear* to be a saint before the world, which accomplishes an exactly similar end. To return to the beginning, you are too hard on Rentoul for what is not a sin."

"Not a sin!" cried Father French, hastily; "then in the name of heaven, what is a sin?"

"Come, come, you reason as a *man*, but not as an

enlightened Catholic, much less as a *priest*. Let me argue with you, brother. Does not baptism regenerate? Being regenerate, can a man commit sin? Can what God hath cleansed be unclean? No, saith the Holy Council of Trent.* ‘All sins are pardoned and *eradicated* in baptism; it is *actual* regeneration.’ That concupiscence, which the Apostle calls *sin*, the Synod declares ‘the Catholic Church never held to be sin truly and properly, in the regenerate; but because it proceeds from sin and inclines to sin;—if any person shall think otherwise, let him be *anathema*.’ Again, Etherius says: ‘*Baptismate nos in illo (Christ) transformamur.*’ † Therefore, my brother, as a baptized Christian our Rentoul cannot commit a sin that *is* a sin. Yet more, we are *priests*, and therefore we are holy. Peter hath bequeathed to the Popes an inheritance of perpetual innocence and merits; so though the Pope be not *apparently* holy, he is yet *absolutely* holy; though he appear to sin, he is sinless; for if he be guilty of homicide, theft, or adultery, he may be excused, forasmuch as David and Samson did likewise; and the merits of Peter redound to him. This merit and this holiness the Pope confers upon his subordinates, as Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and Priests, so that in virtue of our predecessor, Saint Peter, we are embodied virtue. The Pope is *in unction Christ*; so, by transfer of that unction are we. The Pope is God on earth; we are God in the confessional. He who accuses us of sin, or we, if we accuse each other of sin, accuse God of sin and are

* Consil. Trident., Sess., v. 5.

† Etherius adv. Elipan. I. Beda, 6. 365.

guilty of blasphemy.* But now, that I think of it, we cannot be guilty of blasphemy, being holy; so our blasphemy must be accounted another form of virtue." †

Father Perry was by no means jesting; he was a thorough Jesuit, and by these sophistries of his religion he had often lulled an awakening conscience. The good Father was considered an able man; he was a master of ecclesiastical Latin and well read in his church authorities. As we have seen, his most admirable reasonings were liable to bring him to results startling even to himself; setting out from false premises, however well he argued, it is no wonder that he reached false conclusions; but as Luther clung to a fallacy, and to the most convincing and exhaustive demonstrations would stolidly reply, "hoc est corpus," so when Father Perry had arrived at a climax which appalled his common sense, he satisfied himself with the words, *Patres dicunt*.

While Father French was yet admiring the logic of his friend, Father Perry took from his pocket an illustrated newspaper. In this Roger Cantwell had advanced an argument and Sanderly had flung a caricature against that creed which is pushing itself upward to be the State Church of America. It has been the State Church of Spain, and overshadowing all things, has obtained results thus set forth by Senor Castelar to the Spanish Assembly: "There is not a single progressive principle that has not been officially cursed by the Romish Church; not a soli-

* Hugo, Dist. 40, Cap. *Non Nos*, Glossa. Caus. 12, Quest. 3. Cap. *Abis*.

† Caus. 11, Question 3. Cap. *Si inimicus*, Glossa; "And if any Priest shall be found —," &c. See "Illustrations of Popery," p. 209; also, for above referenees, the "Corpus Juris Canoniei emendatum, et notis illustratum Gregorii XII. Pont. Max. jussu. Editum, cum licentia."

tary reform that she has not anathematized. We are a great charnel house, and Rome is the cause. We have no agriculture, *no learning*, no industry, through maintaining this religion; Rome has ruled us for fifteen hundred years, and this is the result."

Roger Cantwell had attacked the Convent system, which is to Rome as the apple of her eye. The two Priests laid the paper before them, it was only one of many which they had examined with rage and alarm. "Do you see," said Father French, "he is very crafty. He has begun with statistics. He gives the numbers of Catholic and heretic girls; then exhibits the number of pupils for whom we prepare accommodations, and shows that we provide for the instruction of twice as many young women as we have among ourselves. Half our pupils, he says, are Protestants. Then he asks if they remain so, and here again are his accursed statistics, and from them and from our own admissions, he proves that seven-tenths of these Protestant girls become Romanized; and then of course he is able to show how many daughters of heretics we are gaining every year. Next he goes on to average by the tables how many of these girls will marry; how many children they will average, and these children will be brought up Romanists, and our Church will have so much clear gain in the next generation, all proved by a pretty little sum in the style of compound interest. I tell you, Perry, these facts will creep out where there is a free press. The free press is our great enemy, and it seems to me that we can never hope for steady advance until we throttle that press."

“We have done it in a great measure,” said Father Perry comfortably; “we have now for years had many of the editors and publishers completely in our grasp; if they ventured to pipe out opposition we choked them instantly. I look at it in this way, French: the papers and publishers are either secular or religious. The secular paper is political, and we have held our vote over it *in terrorem*; those that are not against us are for us; if you will observe those papers which cater to our prejudices, they *cry up* our churches, our charities, our books; give much space to our festivals and our obituaries; and just in proportion they *cry down* all that is inimical to us. If a book is written against us, these friendly papers convict it of ignorance, inconsistency, venom, and general dullness immediately. We have had very much of the secular press pretty well in hand, but I confess to you that I tremble at the idea of a waking up, and I’d rather have given my right arm than have this David Earle take the stand he has. But in regard to the religious press, we have pretty thoroughly beguiled it with the siren song of *toleration*—religious toleration. We have entreated them to set an example of Christian unanimity; we have shown to them that we must be allowed to be at least a part of Christ’s kingdom, and that it is unchristian to condemn us. The holy meekness of our attitude has worked wonders; still even here, French, I admit to you my uneasiness; the religious press of the heretics is stirring in its sleep. This nineteenth century seems to be the war time of our holy Church, and I would to heaven that it had already vanished in the past and left our

Church triumphant, even if it had triumphed above our bones.”

“It is,” said Father French in all sincerity, “the most amazing thing that these people can not see our divine right to rule. Christ is King of kings and Lord of lords; they admit that; all history, tradition and inspiration prove that He has delegated His earthly dominion to the Holy See. Our Church, in her venerable Head, is ruler over nations by divine right, and these northern races are forever resisting that authority. This Cantwell, having got through with his statistics, gives a chapter of what he calls ‘facts concerning Convent atrocities.’ But the worst thing he has done at all, is to get hold of Liguori’s “*Nun Sanctified*” and publish it in bits of tracts, without note or comment inside, but on the cover setting it forth as a compendium of Convent Morals. Now, Perry, that is a very damaging thing for us, for you know the *Nun Sanctified* is not intended for general distribution, nor for immature minds; it is only for those well instructed in our faith.”

The result of this conference was a morning visit paid by the two Priests to Roger Cantwell’s office. Three gentlemen were in the private room, Judge Barron, Roger Cantwell, and Mr. Dunbar, who was diligently taking notes from a valuable stock of Romish works collected by Cantwell and Sanderly.

“Gentlemen,” said Father Perry, “we come here obedient to the divine command, ‘If thy brother trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault.’ You, Mr. Cantwell, have made an attack upon our Convent system;

this system is sacred in our eyes, ordained of God, venerable in antiquity, abundant in blessings, and a bulwark of our Church; yet you are rousing up ill feeling against it, you are rendering it odious, and demanding legislation for what can not be legislated upon. Your attack, sir, is persecution; Convents are a religious growth, and to legislate against religion is persecution; the Church, sir, must conduct her own affairs."

"The Convent," said Judge Barron, "is not merely the refuge of your faith, it is an aggression upon ours, a proselyting house."

"But it is open to you also to make proselytes—if you can. You are trying to do it every day in missionaries, tracts, mission schools, and what not. You can not bring the law to bear on proselyting," replied Father French.

Judge Barron was simply making a feint to inaugurate the conflict. Roger Cantwell took up the theme. "A weightier charge is, that the Convent is a sink of pollution. The Church of Rome has reached the culmination of all blasphemy in instituting a celestial harem, and making the Son of God the master of an unlimited seraglio. You understand, gentlemen, that in conducting these discussions we intend no personalities; we must speak strongly, but we disclaim all rudeness to yourselves. You will permit me to express myself clearly; I have studied this Convent subject, and I look upon these Convents as dens of iniquity and houses of prostitution."

"Even if that were so," said Father Perry, "which I utterly and indignantly deny, you can not legislate against Convents on that ground; such places are tolerated,

legalized. But you speak of blasphemy; what are you guilty of in characterizing as you have done a place that is the only gate of eternal life?"

"Can you say that in the face of Scipio de Ricci's *Secrets of Nunneries Disclosed*, and Ricci was Secretary of Tuscany?"

"His book is a slander all the same," said Father Perry.

"Can you say it in the face of such a book as the *Nun Sanctified*, of Saint Liguori?"

"But that is not intended for the laity, and the clergy interpret it differently from other men," said Father French.

"May I refer you to what Clemangis and Bruyere say?"*

"We are accustomed to being traduced," said Perry resignedly, "and you avoid the real question, which is that you advocate an illegal and invidious attack."

"I am coming to that," said the lawyer. "We can not legislate against Convents because of their proselyting or their immorality, that is evident. But above all this the Convent is a private prison, it is a sectarian prison. In it American citizens are shorn of personal and property rights, and it so comes in contact with the peace, dignity, and freedom of Republican society. In our land the Convent alone stands a so-called public institution, which rejects public inspection; it is a despotism in a Democracy; for the most part it can defy a writ of habeas corpus; it makes no returns of births or deaths; and there are *no post mortem examinations, no Coroner's*

* "Anjour d'hui voiler une fille c'est la prostituer." Bruy. 3. 610, 611.

inquests there. We do not ask a law forbidding Convents, but we have a right to demand a law altering their present status. They should be open to public inspection; free to the visits of friends, and the inmates should have full liberty of egress, and not be divested of property rights. Your convents create a class of paupers and make them forever incapable of inheriting or holding property."

"Sir, if people choose to divest themselves of property, if they choose to build and live in Convents they have a right to do so. I claim individual rights," said Father French.

"But the individual has liberty only to exercise those rights which do not interfere with his neighbors. Himself alone considered, he can do every thing he chooses; his neighbor considered, he can do only such things as shall not interfere with the other's peace and prosperity. A man's voice and stomach are his own, to use as he sees fit; yet if he pours whisky into his stomach and then uses his voice to howl like a demon along the streets, he is extremely liable to get into the lock-up. Your Convents, as they are, interfere with the greatest good of the greatest number, and therefore they are a nuisance which must be abated."

"All this trouble and misconception arise from a subversion of the Divine law," said Father Perry. "Mr. Cantwell, which is higher, the finite or the infinite? The temporal or the eternal? The physical or the spiritual? As a reasonable being you can answer in but one way. Now then which is the higher, the secular or the religious?"

That which concerns the lower or that which concerns the higher? The Church or the State? The Church by all means, yet in this country you are ruinously striving to abase the Church at the feet of the State. You are making the State inspect and control the Church, when the Church is ordained by God to judge men and angels. Why is it that for fifty years honesty, integrity, chastity, and public spirit are wearing out, are worn out?* It is because you have cast yourself loose from the habits and the authority of the Holy Church!"

"It is a blessing for which I can not cease to be thankful," said Roger Cantwell, "that we have France, Spain, the Italian States, Brazil and Mexico, as exponents of the virtue, learning, public spirit, national improvement and general progress inspired and nourished by the Church of Rome, where she holds her legitimate position as head of all things, and has the State laid an abject serf in the dust at her feet."

"My reverend friends," said Mr. Dunbar, "your argument concerning the supremacy of that which is spiritual and eternal was a good one. Your error is in your assumption as to where that spiritual power and dominion center. You say in the Church. We say, not so. Christ is king over the princes of the earth. He dwells not in one particular sect, but He gives us His word, by which we may conserve our individual, family, and national life."

"There it is," said Father Perry, rising. "The Bible, the Bible is the religion of you Protestants, and is capable

* Catholic World.

of being twisted so many ways that you are forever getting at loggerheads. We, on the contrary, have the succession and supremacy of St. Peter, venerable in the past and powerful in the present. We can rest on that."

"May I ask for information?" said Cantwell meekly.

"You do me honor," replied Father French graciously.

"The '*Homo Apostolicus*'—is it for the clergy or the laity?"

His question was a bombshell which exploded in his enemy's camp with marked effect. The two Priests went down stairs without reply. Cantwell laughed. "The mention of the arcana of the infernal regions routed them. Somebody in the office there, call up Sanderly."

Sanderly speedily presented himself.

"Sanderly," said Roger Cantwell, "Mr. Earle and I have decided that you would better spend the next week in visiting the city public schools, teachers and trustees. The points you will notice are: how many of the schools comply with Section 44 of the laws, which reads, 'All the public schools under jurisdiction of the Board of Education shall be opened by reading a portion of the Scriptures, without note or comment;' ascertain how many of the schools have Romish teachers; how many use Romish books; what manner of men are the Trustees; of what business; of how much intelligence; and of what religious proclivities. In fact, Sanderly, what you are to ascertain is, whether the school system is being built up or torn down; whether the tax-payers are getting what they pay for; whether our schools are being conducted in the interests of the American Republic, or

whether they are being diverted to the purposes of the old gentleman in the Vatican."

"Mr. Cantwell," said Dunbar, laying his hand on the lawyer's shoulder, "I would that you were doing all this with singleness of heart, to serve your God."

"I make no pretensions to any higher idea than to serve myself; to achieve reputation and position by a path no other politician has hitherto trodden; to be the pioneer of assured national safety, and to reach the true model of liberty. But after all I attain the very end as a patriot, which I would reach if I were animated by the religious purpose you suggest; it is not the same thing, but it arrives at a similar result."

So we see that the lawyer argued like the Priest, and the Pastor's comment on his assertions was, "The end is not yet reached." Mr. Dunbar went home to his study to continue to prepare himself for taking up Roger Cantwell's work, if he should grow weary and forsake it.

Heretofore Bishop Otto had made his Priests his mouth-piece, in dealings with the enemy who had arisen in his diocese. The Bishop now resolved to make Mr. Cantwell's acquaintance, and bring to bear on him the full power of his dignity and his devoutness. Erasmus, in his Colloquia, showing us how godliness was left by each class of men to some other class, says "that finally by the mendicants it was abandoned to the Carthusians, among whom piety was buried so deep that it was scarcely ever to be seen." Erasmus was so unfortunate as to live before the days of Bishop Otto. This dignitary was a burning and shining light, eclipsing all others since the days of

John Baptist. The holy Bishop was the cynosure of all eyes; against him not a dog, nor even a heretic durst wag his tongue. To say that his own Priests had never caught him tripping, is to reach the utmost power of language; an immaculate purity surrounded him like the nimbus of the Gods; from his very garments breathed the odor of sanctity, or of patchouly—which in the circumstances may be very much the same thing.

CHAPTER EIGHTH.

SPIRITS IN PRISON.

Penalties of Priesthood—The Golden-Haired Maiden—The Bishop's Warning—Francis—The Canons of Trent—A Way to Use the Confessional—Visiting a Convent—A Priest's View of His Office—Holy Nuns—Catherine the Magnificent.

“Shut up as in a crumbling tomb, girt round,
With blackness, as a solid wall,
Far off she seemed to hear the muffled sound
Of human footsteps fall ;

“As in strange lands a traveller walking slow,
In doubt and great perplexity,
A little before moon-rise hears the low
Moan of an unknown sea.”

Down Pemberton street went Bishop Otto and Father French, on a bright, cold winter morning.

“The fact is,” said the Bishop, “that many very useful men die, and those whose life is a burden to themselves and others live on. It is one of those Providences we do not understand.”

“Rentoul is a great burden to me,” said the elegant Father French, with the air of a martyr. “When one, my lord, is sitting comfortably down for an after supper smoke, how trying it is to have digestion disturbed by a visitor whose presence is odious as a leprosy !”

“We are all sinners,” interposed the Bishop with propriety.

“True practically, but not theoretically ; the regenerate cannot commit sin that *is* sin,” said the disciple of Father Perry.

“I admit the canon, but we commit, most of us, what rises from sin, and leads to sin,” said the Bishop.

“Yes, my lord, taking us as a sort of caravanserai on the road; but what I mean to say is that the moral discrepancies of most of us are more respectable, and less patent than Rentoul’s, wherefore I loathe him. As I told you, it is very hard to have such a man rush in on you, with his frights, fancies, opium, exorcisms and what not. If the man were not a Priest, my lord Bishop,—”

“But he is a Priest—degraded once, then restored. When we take away a man’s gown, we must, as saith the Apostle, ‘Restore such an one in the spirit of meekness,’ after a time, unless he become a heretic. If a Priest is secularized, what becomes of him? He goes to ruin, unless he entirely sells himself to heresy, and the heretics help him. If he secularizes himself as a Catholic, there is no hope for him; once a Priest always a Priest, he is fit for nothing else; you might as well force a river to flow back to its source as to change the current of a clerical life. The vow of a Priest is a fetter of brass, if he desires to withdraw from it; but if he submits equably to the consequence of its voluntary assumption it fits gently and gracefully as his ring and chain. This status of the Priest is absolutely necessary to the preservation of the Church. A long training and experience are requisite to make a man successful in his duties; but if the absolute necessity of remaining in the priesthood after entering it did not press on every cleric, he would in nearly every instance desert his office within a few years under the temptation of matrimony. You know, friend,

that almost without exception the Priest sees some one with whom, if it were lawful for him to marry, he could be happy. The possession of that woman seems to him to be the one thing desirable to his life; he would marry if he dared. But a celibate clergy is absolutely needful to the existence of our Church. What then? if he marries he must cease to be a Priest; but to cease to be a Priest is to cut himself off from all friendship, from all support, from every hope in this life, and from what ever hope he has for eternity. About him is built an invisible wall, so high he can not scale it, so strong he can not break it. To marry is to destroy himself and the woman he loves. He must remain a Priest or he is accursed." The Bishop sighed a sigh that was almost a groan.

As Bishop Otto spoke a young girl came around the corner near them; her eyes shone like stars; over her tasty little blue hood her curls were tossed by the wind like a shower of spun gold; she bowed reverently to Priest and Bishop, with a deepening glow on her round dimpled cheek; it was the Lady of Shalott—Nell Ives. She tripped on before them into a fancy store.

"A beautiful child!" said Bishop Otto. "Does she belong to your congregation, Father French?"

"Yes, my lord Bishop," said the Priest gravely.

They passed the fancy store; Nell had not gone to the counter, but lingered at the door, as if watching for some one; no part of the reverential, adoring look of those sweet eyes fell on the Bishop; the girl saw her God on earth in Father French, and she saw nothing else. Bishop Otto fixed a long, steadfast gaze on his subordinate's im-

perturbable countenance. Again the Bishop sighed, sorrow and sympathy blended on his thoughtful face. He mused, hesitated, weighed well his words; he had intuitions he could not put in speech, but he must give some hint of what was in his mind.

“I speak to you as a friend, not as a superior. It lies within the power of man to destroy himself in a sudden passion, or to grow grand in his own knowledge by his self-restraint. I do not know what hopes and beliefs and rules you have laid down for yourself, these differ with our mental constitutions; we put naturally our own gloss on ordinances and canons. But I do know that there are some innocent, loving, untainted spirits, with whom we come in contact, who dwell in an absolute unquestioning faith, who believe all things, who know no evil, and to open to one of them the gate of unbelief, crime or despair, is to hang a millstone about our own neck that all the power of the Church can not remove. The dispensation of the Sovereign Pontiff has not drawn from Rentoul’s heart the dagger of remorse; and more refined errors may bring a pang which no dispensation can heal.”

“My lord, this is the Court-room,” said Father French.

He had not flinched at the Bishop’s remarks; and now they had reached the room where Roger Cantwell was pleading in an important case. It had been arranged that Bishop Otto was *accidentally* to enter the Court-room, and just as accidentally to get near Mr. Cantwell, when, as a mere matter of politeness Father French was to introduce the prelate and the lawyer.

Accordingly when the sitting of Court broke up at noon, amid congratulations and encomiums Roger Cantwell turned and beheld Father French leaning carelessly on a desk, and chatting with his acquaintances. The gentlemen shook hands cordially.

“You have given me a feast,” said French warmly; “permit me—Mr. Cantwell, Bishop Otto—without doubt *Judge* Cantwell after the next election.”

The Bishop shook hands with *empressement*. “I think myself fortunate in having strolled in here this morning, sir. The fame of your oratory has reached me often, and I am delighted to have heard your speech, which must carry conviction to all who listened to it. And I am still more happy to have made your acquaintance. You and my brother French have had your little tiffs, I believe? Ah, well, a good earnest argument never hurt any one.” Thus the Bishop, all amiability, frankness, grace.

Roger Cantwell walked out of the Court-room between the Bishop and Father French, not unmindful of the dignity of his companion, and not unconscious of the favorable influence that promenade might have on the next election.

And now; up Pemberton street. The Bishop could converse admirably; Father French was pleased to be witty, and so the three went on until they reached the episcopal residence.

“Come in,” said Bishop Otto, “come in; I want you to see my house and how I live.” He laid a hand on each of his companions, and as his servant opened the door, gently forced them into the hall. The servant eyed the

visitors with that suspicion which he seemed to feel toward all who approached the Bishop.

The host led his guests from room to room; the furnishings were luxurious, and the house was filled with curiosities and objects of art, collected from all parts of the world. The library and cabinet would have gratified the most captious taste.

“It is here,” said the prelate, seating himself in a commodious chair, “that I find a retreat from all the cares and storms of life. The noise and bustle of the world have always been distasteful to me, but here I rest at ease, as a ship rides in some land-locked harbor, when storms strive on the open sea. Kingdoms rise and fall, it matters little to me; our kingdom is not of this world. Politics jar and gnaw the souls of men, but I can hold communion with the noble Fathers of our Church, and my clerical sons and brothers come to me to discuss the heavenly and eternal.”

A bell pealed through the house. The Bishop threw open the window-blinds, and showed a low, stone building in the rear of his own. “It is there,” he said, “that we educate our churchmen. We have thirty or forty young men who have taken some steps toward the Priesthood. The lower floor is the refectory; let us go and see them at dinner.”

As they entered the refectory the prelate remarked: “We have not the luxuries and abundance of the institutions that turn out your notable lawyers; we are coarse and humble, but such as we have does well enough for us poor priests.” The long table extending through the

hall was guiltless of a cloth; blue delf mugs and with a steel knife and fork crossed over each, were at intervals before high, oaken stools; a huge bowl steamed at each end of the board, and a servitor with great loaves of hard baked bread in his hand, and piled them in three heaps upon the table. The priestlings filed in, fat, common looking fellows, most of them, with here and there an exception in a keen or handsome face, such as betokened a future Father French or Perry. They stood around the table and recited several Latin prayers; the Bishop pronounced a benediction, and then a lector took his place at the head of the board, and stood up, reading the Epistle of James in a loud voice from the Vulgate, while the other young men fell heartily to soup and bread. Roger Cantwell left the Bishop's house favorably impressed.

"There must be," he said to David Earle a few days after his visit, "some great good in the Bishop. He talks well, but many a rascal can do that, and I do not predicate much from it; but the devotion to him of his servant Francis, is something wonderful. Francis is a handsome, melancholy fellow, who seems to live and breathe only in the Bishop; he follows his steps, catches his eye, is affected by each change in his voice and face. Only some great nobility of character, or sweetness and generosity of disposition, could secure such devotion from a valet."

"I have never heard any thing to Otto's discredit," said Earle, "and of course we know that there are some

good people, some striving to be Christians, even in the Church of Rome."

"Not to seem uncharitable," said Mr. Dunbar, "I can not believe that these men who are the exponents of the Papal creed, who are versed in all the intricacies of the Synagogue of Satan, and are bound to teach its sophistries to others, can be Christian men, men after God's own heart."

While this conversation was going on, Bishop Otto's servant, Francis, was seated in the library window looking toward the west. The young man's head drooped on his hand, and his whole attitude exhibited the deepest dejection. The prelate paced the room, glancing uneasily now and then at his companion. Presently he stopped and laid a hand on his shoulder: "Are you unhappy, Francis?"

"O, no, not unhappy," said Francis, rousing up, and striving to gaze more cheerfully toward the gold and crimson sunset.

"Does this life grow painful to you, Francis? If it does, and you desire to retire to a religious house, do not fear to say so."

"A religious house!" cried Francis passionately; "why not say to be dead and buried at once? No, never, never—unless you are weary of having me stay with you, and want to send me away."

The Bishop paced on, up and down, up and down. Francis grew restive before his master spoke.

"Weary of you? Oh no, never think that. I am only too grateful and thankful for your unselfish, untiring

devotion." Then he paced and mused again, the melancholy that was in his face growing deeper. Again he spoke: "Well did St. Paul say, 'who shall deliver me from the body of this death? The evil which I would not, that I do.' Men count me happy, envy me. You know, Francis, how I am bound with fetters which I can not break: that I must teach and practice—and must also live—a lie. What golden lands of peace and honorable seclusion rise up before me sometimes, realms to which I can not attain! I also see men daily going wrong, straying, falling, but I can not hold them up. I say to them, 'Behold me; look at Bishop Otto; I do not err as you err.' Then, Francis, I come home, and what do I see? what do you see of me but a—"

"I see," cried Francis ardently, "the grandest of men! Do not I know you well, and would I have you different? No, no!"

"Poor Francis," said the Bishop, looking into the fireplace with its glowing coals, "poor Francis, this is devotion indeed. See you, Francis, these coals warm me, and so doing they burn themselves away."

"That is what they were created for, from the beginning," said Francis.

The Bishop had said to lawyer Cantwell, that he would be most happy at any time to render him a service. Not long after that visit to the ecclesiastical abode, Mr. Dunbar came one morning to Roger's office. Cantwell was taking notes from a huge folio, to serve in an important case which he had undertaken.

“Friend,” said the minister, “I want to get the **Canons** of the Council of Trent.”

“So do I,” said Cantwell, making a note.

“And I have searched the city in vain for a copy.”

“And I have had Earle send everywhere for one, but can not find one.”

“Really I must have that book; and I thought you, if any man, could devise a means of obtaining it.”

Cantwell made another note, shut his folio and laughed.

“So I can. I have a new idea—I will go and borrow it from the Bishop.”

Mr. Dunbar shook his head.

“See whether I do not! Barron will be here in an hour, then I will take myself to the palace and get the Council. You shall have it to-night.”

Accordingly Roger presented himself at the Bishop's. Otto was superintending some improvements in the Cathedral, and thither his visitor followed him. He found the prelate in the organ loft, and was cordially received. After a little general conversation, Cantwell said:

“Bishop, you know I am interested in the study of your faith. Now it seems to me singular that you so sedulously conceal the books which most clearly expound your tenets. That which is good should not shun the light of day. Other churches invite examination, discuss their doctrines and desire to be known and read of all men. When your Church so shuns examination, people are ready to conclude that you have dogmas that will not endure criticism. Do you blame us for such inferences?”

“Pardon me,” said Bishop Otto, “we do not so conceal

our standards; they are not hidden from the honest inquirer."

"Am I wrong in supposing that the Canons of the Council of Trent contain the doctrines and teachings of your Church? Certainly I am not; and yet money will not obtain that book for me. You, Bishop Otto, as a Bishop, must have it. You have said you would be happy to do me a favor; lend it to me."

The Bishop, standing in the shadow of his organ, lost and then recovered his equanimity, and said blandly: "Yes, I have a copy of the Canons, and will lend it to you. If we do keep them from the booksellers' shelves, it is because they are in a tongue which the ignorant can not read, and because, being spiritual, they might be falsely interpreted by the carnal mind. We do not hide them from shame, but from Christian charity, lest they might cause our enemies to slander, or to blaspheme. You, sir, a man of culture and liberality, will do neither; let us go to my library and I will get for you the notable Canons."

That night Cantwell carried the volumes to Mr. Dunbar.

"Here are your books," he said, "but lent to me in such a fashion that I feel myself prohibited by courtesy from making any use of them. Make such extracts as you please in your own behalf; next week I shall return them."

Scarcely a day passed that Father French did not pay a visit to his Bishop.

The prelate, having carefully studied the lawyer, advised Father French in this fashion: "Have you not told me that Mr. Cantwell pays some attention to Alda Burt? Urge her then to look upon him as a lover. Make this your theme in the Confessional."

Father French shrugged his shoulders. "Miss Burt is capricious; she is a belle, and has a high idea of her attractions."

"All the better; use those caprices, pique her into a resolution to secure the lawyer. Show her that he will attain high position and great wealth; explain to her that she could distinguish herself and render all her friends jealous of her success if she got this man for a husband. Tell her that he is wary and hard to please, and hint that some other young lady is taking advantage of her negligence."

"Miss Jocelyn Earle, for instance," laughed Father French. "They are rival queens of society, and Miss Alda is bitterly jealous of Jocelyn Earle."

"Indeed! that will then be the very thing. Instruct your penitent in these matters, for they are exceedingly important. The man will be a valuable friend, a dangerous foe."

"Of course I obey your suggestions, my lord, but I see little prospect of gaining the lawyer for a friend," said the Priest.

"Love and ambition, my brother—these will win any man who is not absolutely strong in a principle," replied the Bishop.

"And he is not so strong?"

“No. His religious convictions are not firmly grounded; he is his own god, and in politics he finds the altar whereon he offers sacrifice to his idol.”

Alda Burt was regular at Confession. The duty was by no means onerous, it was simply a new fashion of flirtation, and the penances imposed were just sufficient to keep her mind perfectly easy as to her spiritual condition. It was no new thing for Alda to discuss her lovers and her treatment of them in the Confessional; it was therefore not out of Father French's way to remark: “This game of love-making must become reality after a while, and when it does you should have an eye both to the Church's interests and your own. There for instance is lawyer Cantwell; in a few weeks he will undoubtedly be Judge Cantwell. For such men the way is short to the gubernatorial chair, the Senate, even the Presidency. It would not be to our prejudice to see you mistress of the White House.”

Alda's eyes “shone beneath dropped lids;” she laughed a little.

“You know very well, father, that he is the enemy of our Church.”

“So much more your glory if you convert him to a friend.”

“Ah, but suppose I could not do it!”

“I believe you to be all-powerful. What is beauty good for but to command the souls of men? You under-rate your strength if you can not win the lawyer for us, and for yourself. Do you mean to leave him to the brown-eyed Miss Earle?”

“That little dark gypsy! No, I don’t. You shall see father!”

“I will see,” replied the wily Confessor, with a flattering smile but doubtful words, “I will see which is the wiser woman—you, or the charming Miss Earle.”

What a delightful thing is a word in season! As Alda went from the Confessional to the House of the Holy Family to visit Lucia, she weighed the lawyer against all her other admirers; she looked forward to his future success, and backward to all the attentions he had paid her. As she walked and mused on the way between the Church of the Visitation and the Convent, she passed Jocelyn Earle. Jocelyn was on her way to King’s Court to visit Nell Ives, and engage some embroidery for Christmas gifts. Alda, with the impertinence common to many who claim to be well-bred, began a cool stare at her rival’s gaiters, and carried it up to her gloves, and thence *via* the lace on her mantle and the jewel at her throat to the very tip of the plume that floated from her hat. By this time the young ladies were near each other, and Alda cried: “*Good* afternoon, Miss Earle; charmed to see you! Lovely day, isn’t it?” Then they had drifted apart, going their diverse ways, and when, at the Convent, Lucia asked after Jocelyn, Alda peevishly replied that “she was going on as usual, was making a dead set at Roger Cantwell, and flirting abominably with Mr. Dunbar; and for her part, she could not see, for the life of her, how people could be so bold, or what there was pretty in Jocelyn.”

Alda never met the Abbess at the Convent during her

infrequent calls. The portress admitted the guest, Sister Nativity received her, Sister Serena brought Lucia to the interview, and sat reading her prayers while it lasted. Not that any one doubted Alda, the lamb of Father French's fold, but at the House of the Holy Family the most admirable circumspection was exhibited in all affairs from the least unto the greatest. As Alda had never seen Catherine Illuminata, she was dying with curiosity about her, and many were the questions she asked. "Is she handsome, fascinating, accomplished? I've asked Father French, and he won't tell me a word! Do you know,"—this in a whisper—"I believe he is dead in 'love with her."

"O, Alda, he is a *priest!*"

"What if he is, is he the less a man, and hasn't he a heart, and does he not admire beauty when he sees it, child?" replied Alda, with the most delicious *sang froid*.

She was mistaken however; the depths of that priestly heart were not to be scanned by Alda's superficial eye.

While Alda, at the Convent, was condemning Jocelyn, Jocelyn was at Mrs. Ives', where she was always welcomed by mother and daughter. She had considered these people as a sort of bequest from Lucia, whom she dearly loved; and it deeply grieved her that Lucia going to her new *school* seemed to have cut herself loose from old ties, and forsaken old friends. The petty falsehoods doled out to her by Alda had not made Lucia's case look any more hopeful; and Jocelyn little thought that her friend and pupil was no farther away than the House of the Holy Family!

Jocelyn had made many visits and taken much work to Mrs. Ives since the summer afternoon when she went there first with Lucia ; there was a dignity and womanliness about the widow which won the young lady's esteem, and then no one could help loving Nell, with her bright hair and tender blue eyes.

The fire burned cheerfully in the widow's room ; on the Virgin's shrine glowed a little bouquet of hot-house flowers, filling the room with fragrance ; mother and daughter were busy, but the look of pain and want had died out of the widow's face, and the Lady of Shalott was something better dressed than before.

" You are very good to us," said Mrs. Ives, as Jocelyn spread out her work. " No one offers us such prices as you do. Next to Father French you are our best friend. O, Miss, you are not of our Church, but it seems to me that any one must see it is a good Church that has such men in it as Father French. He is like an angel of light, he came to us and saved us when we were in the the deepest poverty and distress ; all the gratitude of my heart can never repay him ; and then to hear him talk, he is holiness itself. Mrs. Harmon, on the first floor, does throw up things now and then, but she has grown hard to the world, poor creature, and I know very well that Father French can do no wrong."

Nell had dropped her work, and sat gazing at her mother, drinking in her words, at first, with a wistful beseeching look, then more of content stole over her face ; some jarring chord was stilled or some doubt satisfied.

" I am glad you have found a friend in whom you



NELL IVES GOING TO CONFESSION

have such confidence," said Jocelyn, striving vainly to explain to herself the expression of Nell's fair face.

"Did I tell you how we found him so friendly, Miss? Do you know we were fearfully bad off, after so much illness and death, and many advised us to go to a Convent and take vows, Nell and me, saying we would be sure of a home there, and the Sisters would take us gladly because of the embroidery we learned in the old countries. I don't think, Miss, one should take the vows unless she has a true vocation, and though no one honors the holy Sisterhoods more than I do, yet I could not think of joining one. I was very happy in my home and I'd choose for Nell to marry a good man and dwell in her own household. It is evident there are many sorrows and temptations for those in orders, and then, if I had taken vows in my early days, I never should have had my girl to love me and to do for; and indeed, Miss Earle, the possession of a child is a great satisfaction to a woman's heart. Still we got so poor that beggary or starvation seemed before us, and I did not know but I must go to a religious house. I had no money to pay my church dues, and I had not been to confession for some time; it seemed as if my heart was breaking. At last I went to confess to Father French one Saturday, and I told him just how things were. I had no money for my dues, no bread for my child, was in debt for my rent. Ah, the goodness of the man! he forgave the dues, he gave me absolution, gave me work, lent me five dollars, and since then he has got us work from the Bishop, from churches, from rich people, and never a week passes but

he comes to see us. He is a priest and a father, sure enough."

It is probable that Jocelyn never thought so well of Father French as when she went home that evening from Mrs. Ives'. The widow's story was well sounding and it was true. Father French was fastidious, æsthetic—he could not bear the cruelties of poverty. If a grimy, scrawny beggar had come to the tribunal of penance and whined this tale in street slang, the Reverend Father would have given him fifty cents, and gotten rid of him as soon as possible. But here was gentility in distress; a story of woe uttered in soft, well chosen words; here was a dignity in suffering, and the Priest sympathized and assisted. His word of recommendation was easily spoken; his five dollars were readily lent, and honestly paid back; by a little judicious kindness Father French had exalted himself to be a divinity to two of his parishioners. He had so far done well; why did he not stop there?

Alda read Father French one way, Mrs. Ives read him another, Bishop Otto saw in him something different from either of these penitents, and the many-sided Priest was a puzzle even to Father Perry, who was much in his company. The Reverend Perry would sometimes wonder if there were any depths to a nature which seemed so shallow; had French, the trifler, the flippant reasoner, any deep emotions?

Fathers French and Perry frequently passed their evenings together, and almost as frequently Rentoul joined them, seeking in their society to escape from the

remorse and fears that pursued him. On such an occasion Father French said to his friend :

“Perry, in talking to the Bishop the other day, I stumbled upon a question with which I did not dare disturb his placid mind. I put it to you, you delight in casuistry. To begin, is not baptism *absolute* regeneration according to the canon ? ”

Father Perry bowed, almost indifferently ; Rentoul moved uneasily, he feared something might be coming that would refer to him.

“And after baptism does not the canon of the Council of Trent say that the regenerate man can not commit sin that is really sin ? ”

“Whoso thinks or says otherwise let him be anathema,” said Perry.

“Well and good. Now is not heresy sin, awful, absolute, damning—meriting death to the body, as the church has oftentimes visited, and bringing destruction to the soul unless recanted in the flesh ? ”

“All very true,” assented Father Perry.

“Then has not the baptized and regenerate Catholic Christian very many times fallen into this damnable sin of heresy, never repented of it, and been very judiciously put to death for it ? Now, Perry, my question is, was it sin in them ? How was it sin ? If you say it was sin, you are *anathema* according to the Council.* If you say it was not sin, you are also anathema according to the Council.” †

* Council of Trent, Sess. v, 5.

† Directory for Inquisitors, approved by Gregory XIII, issued at Rome, October, 1584.

Then Perry, sipping wine and setting down his glass, replied, as of old, "I can not tell."*

French laughed. "Can anybody tell? It is one of those occasions when starting from a given point and going straight on, you arrive at a very unexpected conclusion! It is so with your life sometimes; you think you are sure of certain dispositions, or certain strength in yourself, and you go on trusting to these, and suddenly you find yourself a weaker man, or a different man from your expectations. Hah, there, Rentoul, have you fallen asleep? an admirable specimen of politeness are you!"

"Opium again," said Perry. "You have arrived at such a point, French?"

"Yes. I have thought I was made for a Priest, and only for a Priest. I held myself aloof from other walks of life; I accepted the amenities our Church offers us. But now of late I have found myself measuring my life with that of other men; have I found anything to justify the sacrifice I have made? I thought once it was no sacrifice; I felt that I chose an easy, honorable existence. Now I believe in myself I could be happier and better in a secular life."

"Not in our Church. Secularize yourself and you are lost. Your only resource would be to turn heretic—and what then?"

French shook his head.

"Impossible. So I see it," said Perry. "There are times, French, when I am sure of nothing. I drift on, not *believing* that another world will open on me beyond

* Matt. 21, 27.

this, but then there is always the *possibility* of it. For that possibility it is well to be prepared. If God, judgment, heaven, are no myths, then it is only wisdom, when you make sail from the shores of time, to have your passport bright, and your banner one which will give you a safe harbor on that distant shore. If there is a God to be placated, he is only to be reached in a religion of his own ordaining; we, unassisted, should not know how to satisfy him. So it is evident that the Catholic religion, God-appointed, is our only chance of safety; if we accept that, obey it, live in it, we lose nothing; for in very truth we make our living and our personal safety out of it; then if there *is* a hereafter, we reach it safe and sure in the divine way; if there is none, why we are none the worse off for the faith we have held. I've pondered it many a time, and I find it is wisdom to be on the safe side. Weighing all the chances, it is better to make a preparation that shall never be needed, than to lack a preparation that is demanded."

French looked gloomy. "We give up a good deal for an uncertainty."

"And for a certainty. Here you have ease, money, power, position. You have your chance of preferment as a Priest; while out of holy orders you might have been a starveling clerk or copyist, dragging out your days, half fed, half clothed, distracted by the wants of half a dozen children and a sickly wife. There is compensation, French, in every lot; at least it is well to think so, for ours is a lot from which there is no escape. We are placed," continued Father Perry, in a musing

tone, "in a narrow way, fire on one side, an infinite abyss on the other, our path crumbling beneath our feet as we pass over it, so that there is no return; we must press on, on to the bitter end, be it bitter or sweet." He rose and paced the room. "Do not doubt there has been a time when these considerations were torture, when my priestly robe was the shirt of Nessus, when I raved, deplored, resigned myself, and sought thenceforth the ameliorations granted to my lot. We are men, French, if we are Priests; there come to us, by nature, perhaps, some honest purposes, the striving for a *free* spirit, longing to throw off a yoke that galls us, the wakening instincts of the husband and the father, but there is nothing for it but to cast out these demons as best we can; they may be angels to secular men, they are ruin to us."

"And yet," said French, "some men have set themselves free."

"Forswear the thought," said Perry, earnestly; "among millions of men, only two have got out of life in other way than through the gate of death. Among countless days, only once the sun stood still, and the shadow on the dial turned back; there was many a boy playing on the plains of Troy, but the eagle carried only one to the top of Ida. Accept your situation, make up your mind to it; we all come to a crisis like this, weariness, disgust, longing; but it passes off after a while, and we can be jolly in our own way. No situation is hopeless, French."

Father Perry sat down. It was evident that his

philosophy was that of practice, as well as of speech, and Father French took him for his guide.

But while these fierce rebellions against fate, these heart-burnings, and yearnings after something better, and this sullen settling to the inevitable, were the portions of Priests, did the lives of the Nuns, even in that gorgeous and wealthy Convent, the House of the Holy Family, pass peacefully as a sweet dream between sleeping and waking? Were the brides of Christ holy and content? Did no surges of despair, remorse or doubt break the quiet of their hearts?

If there was a Nun who had sought refuge from the world humbly and heartily, it was Saint Hilaire, and she watching with the compassion of an honest womanly heart by the death-bed of Mary, was thus importuned:

“Call that young girl who knows the word of God, dear Saint Hilaire, and let her bring me comfort before I die.”

“The Mother Abbess would not allow it,” said the Nun, reluctantly.

“Saint Hilaire, consider my trouble. Behold the extreme suffering of my body, and think how I am cast out by parents, brothers and sisters, dying alone, cursed of my kindred, bowed down under the remembrance of their cruelty. *Can* you refuse the only thing that can give me one ray of comfort? Suppose, Sister, that you had a dear daughter dying as I am, would you be deaf to her last entreaty?”

Mother Saint Hilaire knelt by her patient and wept. Her vow of obedience entered as iron into her soul.

Obedience meant cruelty, obedience meant the subjection of her better nature to what was hard and cruel. Bound to obey, yet abhorring her enforced acts, Saint Hilaire had often been compelled to question if in entering an order she had done well. She questioned now more than ever, but "there is no discharge in that war—" she was a Nun, and saw no way ever to be anything else. Weeping and lamenting, she bethought herself of the seven penitential psalms. They were in her prayer book, yet were a part of the Bible which Mary held above all price. Hastening for her book, Saint Hilaire read these psalms until, soothed and consoled by their sweet words, her patient fell asleep.

But the Abbess Catherine Illuminata, high in office and power, how felt she? Even she, in her luxurious Convent, met the chill of disappointment, felt the galling of her chains. While Saint Hilaire knelt in the infirmary weeping, the Abbess, with blazing eyes, paced her parlor, as an angry leopardess paces her cage. The Abbess was capable of no feeble emotions; when regret and repentance came to her, they took possession of her ardent soul, and she repented and sorrowed in high tragedy. Now she wrung her hands, she gazed at Lucia sleeping in her little room; then rushed away, recalled her happy youth, her home, her friends, the glorious height from whence she had fallen—but there was no return. Since one cruel day, her life had been a colossal lie, she dwelt in walls of adamant raised by her own hand, she had built her own prison, and made it strong. On that instant, Catherine the magnificent would have

exchanged places with the poorest beggar in the streets. She writhed, she groaned, but repent she ever so sorely to-night, she would be firmer than ever in the old ways next morning. Catherine was doing up remorse for six months to come, so it behooved her to do it well.

CHAPTER NINTH.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

Filling an Orphanage—Mrs. Harmon's Plot—A Horrible Picture—Trusting to a Priest—The Serpent among Flowers—A True Friend—The Revelation—Accusing a Priest—Sanderly's Compliments—Rentoul's Trouble—The Imp's Visit.

“Quhen scho was telland as scho wist
 The curate Kitty wald have kist,
 But yit ane countenance he bore
 Degist, devote, daign and demure!”

Kittie's Confession, by Sir David Lindsay, A. D. 1531.

Why, in his improved circumstances, Sanderly should retain his attic room, no one could tell. Mrs. Harmon was in daily terror of seeing her lodger move off to better quarters, and so crush the hopes she continued to cherish in regard to Lizette.

“He would make you a good husband, Liz; a deal better than you have a right to expect,” said Mrs. Harmon to her daughter.

“Yes, mother, a deal better, but he doesn't cast a thought on me. It is all your own notion, mother, so let it drop. We shall fare together, baby and me, and want no other in this world.”

Baby, grown a sturdy, handsome youngster over a year old, crowed out his reply and reached up for his mother's kiss.

“Bless you, boy,” said Lizette. “God knows I love you, even well enough to die for you.”

"I don't see why you should," said this excellent Mrs. Harmon. "He is ever in your way of work and wages, or getting a husband."

Lizette's black eyes filled with tears, but anger also glowed in them and burned the tears away.

Christmas, Lent and Easter had come and gone. The early warm days of spring were brightening the earth. Lizette took her boy and her sewing and sat upon the doorstep. Presently Father French came by.

"You are still at home, Lizette. Is not that a tax on your mother?"

"I do my share," said Lizette, rather sullenly.

"Of course. But you might have a good place in service, with some rich family, and make wages large enough to enable you to lay up a bit of money for illness or your mother's old age."

"Folk won't take a woman with a baby," said Lizette, with a red face.

"True; it hinders the work, but there are places where you might put your baby, if your mother is too busy to take care of him."

"I'll not tend it," said Mrs. Harmon, coming behind her daughter. "Not I, I've me own work to do, and the young 'un would worrit me to death."

"The Church provides for such emergencies," said Father French, blandly. "It is not a year since we built the '*Holy Innocents*,' an Orphanage for just such children. The city papers have praised its design frequently." This praise was such a ghastly joke, that Father French smiled when he mentioned it.

“I don’t want to part with my baby to any one. I take in washing and slop sewing at home, and we don’t cost much, boy and I. I earn more than I spend, mother knows I do,” said Lizette.

“I think it would be infinitely better to act as I suggest,” said Father French, who had promised a brother Priest that he would make this effort. “The Sisters know exactly how to take care of babies.”

“A mother knows best,” said Lizette, hugging her child with such ardent affection that Father French winced.

“I feel certain that if you put your boy at ‘*Holy Innocents*’ it would in the end be better for all of you. You, unencumbered, might make high wages, and not having him with you, you might in time make a good marriage.”

“I *could not* endure to part with my child.” cried Lizette passionately.

“We do not know what we can endure until we are tried. The very bitterest pains die out in a few months, and perhaps we find ourselves better off for having suffered them,” remarked Father French philosophically.

Lizette leaned over her plump, black-eyed darling, and began kissing him, and saying: “They sha’n’t part us my love, my joy, my idol. No, days will come when you shall make up to your poor, lonesome, deceived mother for all the past!”

The Priest looked upward, perhaps to see if any cloud was shutting out the wicked plotting of his heart from the eye of heaven. Looking up, he saw Nell Ives lean-

ing from a window to set a rose tree on a little shelf in the sun. Her golden curls fell veiling her fair face; her shapely white hands held the red earthen pot. There came a thought into Father French's heart that caused him an inexpressible pang; there was one serpent thought that could sting and poison all his easy-going nature. "Do as you choose," he said huskily to Lizette, and hurried away.

Old mother Harmon was not willing that her girl should do as she chose. Lizette had risen to her feet, and now her parent stood in her way, raving: "You care no more for me, you ingrate; you care only for that child! You shall put it out in the Orphanage; I won't have it here."

"Mother, I can not. I'll do anything, work hard, do all but give away my boy; he alone loves and does not despise me."

"Don't whine to me. I'll put that child out, see if I don't. I'll find a way. You'll come home from an errand and find him gone. If you put him out yourself, you'll know where he is and can visit him; if I take the matter in hand, you'll never see him again!"

"Never, mother? How can you—" A great agony surged in Lizette's breast. It rose up and pressed her heart, and choked her breath, the room swam slowly round her, Lizette staggered, then fell to the floor with her boy in her arms.

Mrs. Ives, who had been to the little shop at the corner, had neared the door in time to hear Mrs. Harmon's threat. She had paused, desiring to intercede for

Lizette, and now sprang forward to help lift her to the bed. Even the hard-hearted mother was alarmed at the effect of her words, and as she and Mrs. Ives sought to bring Lizette to consciousness, the kind neighbor remonstrated with her. "You know how mothers feel; your daughter loves this child devotedly—why try to rob her of her only joy?"

"She has no business to love the brat," said Mrs. Harmon, angrily.

"O yes she has. That love is sent into her heart from heaven. Be kind to her. Love the boy yourself; one day he may be your blessing and support. Lizette is very quiet and industrious, she strives to please you, she stays at home. Be kind, I pray you."

"Would you think the same, would you act the kindness, if you were in my place—and your Nell in hers?"

Mrs. Ives caught her breath, sick and faint at the mere imagination, but she answered, "God helping me, I would."

Lizette opened her eyes. "Cheer up," said the good Samaritan of King's Court, bending over her. "Your mother did not expect you to take her words so to heart. She does not want to part you and the boy. See, he is safe and happy." She lifted the child to the bed, knowing that his presence would soothe his mother; and then after staying to say a few words to placate Mrs. Harmon, and change the subject of conversation, she climbed up to her own room, feeling tenfold more mother-care and mother-tenderness for her child than ever before.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Harmon, noticing her daughter's

blanched cheeks and feeble steps, communed with herself. "If she's going to kill herself over parting with the child, she'll e'en have to keep it; but what is left to me will be to make sure of Mr. Sanderly."

That very evening, while Lizette had gone home with some work, (taking her baby along, we may be sure,) Sanderly came in to pay his weekly bills. They were larger than formerly, for Mrs. Harmon cooked two good meals for him each day.

"Thank you, sir. I'd be main sorry to lose you. Do you think of leaving?"

"No, I had not thought of it."

"Well, it's like a man such as you will be taking a wife soon."

"I am not a marrying man," said Sanderly, grimly.

"Not? Ah, none of 'em is, until the day they gets married! Surely a snug box of a house, with a pretty wife not too proud to keep it neat herself, and do for you, would make you comfortable enough. If a man looks too high for a wife, sir, she's apt to take her own way; if he looks a bit lower than himself, she'll do *his* way."

"Ah" said Sanderly, absently.

"I'm more than troubled about my Lizette," said Mrs. Harmon.

"What's the matter?" asked the artist, not connecting this remark with the foregoing.

"Well, many things. Lizette's a fine girl and handy, such a housekeeper, such a seamstress; though I say it, she'll be a choice wife to him as gets her, barring the child, and that I'd keep, or put out to board. I'm

troubled that Lizette has no home, no one to look to. I'm growing old, sir," said Mrs. Harmon, getting pathetic, "and suppose I die, Liz is left lone, sir!"

Just here Sanderly caught sight of a crucifix and Virgin by Mrs. Harmon's bed; it angered him as such things always did; there was ever something to rasp the festering sore he carried within him. He replied then crossly to Mrs. Harmon's pathos: "Why don't you put her in a Convent?"

"O, dear now, sir," said Mrs. Harmon, pleasantly, anxious to chase away the impatience betrayed in his tone, "Did I ever tell you what me friend Mary Ellen said to the Priest? Then I will tell you. Says the Priest to Mary Ellen, Mary Ellen, says he, wouldn't you be afther likin' to join the Sisters? Faith Father, says Mary Ellen to the Priest, Father, says she, *I'd much sooner be liking to join the brothers!* That's what Mary Ellen said, and didn't she catch his Reverence up well? That's the way with my Liz, she'd sooner have a house of her own, and a husband, nor join a sisterhood of them all!"

Sanderly was already leaving the room, being little interested in the question of Lizette's preferences. Mrs. Harmon said, despairingly: "Even a good place at service, or a kind of better paid sewing, would be a great comfort to Liz. Sir, if you see a chance to say a good word for her, will you keep the poor, dear, pretty creature in your mind?"

"O, certainly, certainly; shall be very glad to," said Sanderly.

The next day Sanderly left his office and came hastily home in the middle of the morning—he had bethought himself of a picture, the work of his leisure hours for months, which he had left on his table. When he reached his room he found Lizette there. She had gone up to scrub and dust the place; her child sat on the bed, and she, instead of being at her work, was bending over the picture. It was a small drawing in pencil, a terrible faithfulness to life in every line, or, we should say, a faithfulness to the actual, for he had not drawn life, but death. The scene was a northern forest, with grim hemlocks and pointed spruce trees, towering firs, under whose shadows flowers and grasses do not grow; there were brambles and dead white limbs spreading near the ground and filling all the spaces; there were fallen trees also, with a sickly lichen growth on the rotten trunks. Amid this gloom and horror lay the corpse of a woman long dead; shreds of clothing hung about the perishing limbs; the shoes had fallen from the skeleton feet; around one fleshless hand and arm a growth of deadly fungus had sprung; the long mat of hair, beaten by the rains, clung among the lichens and pine needles whereon it lay; over the breast once warm with a girl's glad heart, a little snake writhed on its journeyings; the right hand in its death agony had grasped a low, overhanging limb, and still clung there, as it slowly fell to dust. The artist, with shocking fidelity, had drawn the ants and slugs that crawled, the clammy toads that hopped upon and about the face that had once been fresh and comely. After seeing this picture one could

no longer wonder at the gloom and bitterness, the misery of Sanderly.

He reached across the table to take away the picture.

"Sir," stammered Lizette, "I couldn't help look at it; it is such an awesome picture, and you have worked at it so long. O, sir, could one lie like that? Could you carry such a thing in your heart? then no wonder that you never seem to see the sunshine. Sir, how came that poor girl to lie dead in such a dreary place?"

Sanderly had locked up his picture, and Lizette was bending down for her scrubbing brush. He leaned over and hissed in her ear: "*She trusted to a Priest!*"

"Now may God help us, that was what I did myself—trusted one, and found 'em all a sham with their holiness," said Lizette to herself as Sanderly rushed down stairs.

There was still another who had trusted to a Priest. The shadow had fallen over Lizette's life; she had met taunt and scorn, even from her mother; this unknown, unnamed girl whom Sanderly had depicted, had trusted and had died. One other had drifted into danger unawares; * she who for home and bread had sat weaving

"night and day

A magic web of colors gay—"

a web that had grown into alb, cope, stole, chasuble,

* Auricular Confession and Direction, by Michelet.

Hogan, p. 555.

Chiniquy's Reply to the Vicar-General Bruyere, pp. 15, 16.

Dens' Moral and Dogmatic Theology, Vols. 3 and 4.

"Canons Penitentiales," authorized by Pope Gregory XIII.

"Homo Apostolicus," Liguori.

"Ritual Formulario." *Con Licentia*, used by Spanish Priests.

Claude d'Espence de Continentia, Lib. 2, Cap. 7.

Bernard, de Persecut. Cap. 29, "which can neither be concealed, it is so frequent, nor seeks to be concealed, it is so impudent."

cappa and berretta—she had found a poison among her sacred things, even as Eve found a serpent lying in her Paradise.

Poor Lady of Shalott, a very guileless heart was thine; sole care of a good mother, sheltered from the world, growing up like a flower in the depths of the forest, knowing nothing of the evil that was in the earth! Mrs. Ives, loving and cautious, feeling that her child was fair and unwary, shielded her with a vigilance that never slept; but from the one quarter where the mother had expected no evil, danger came; at the hour when she thought her child's soul would be absolved from earthly taint and lifted upward to the kingdom of God, fell the blight and curse.

Slowly over the blooming face of our Lady of Shalott had crept a shadow. Doubt, fear, concealment, left their darkening impress; the laughing countenance was subdued to wonder and a growing sorrow. Some of the dimples and rounded curves faded away, and gravity took the place of mirth. Satisfied in her child, Mrs. Ives at first noticed no change, then she began to fear that the girl was toiling too steadily, and would urge her to go out in the sunshine, and walk, and be glad. When Nell seemed loath to go, her mother feeling sure she knew what was best, devised errands for her, and sent her forth, to change, if might be, the dreary current of her thoughts. The widow thought her child was grow-

Clemangis de Fræsul., p. 168. Bayle, v. 2, p. 1392. Mezeray, 1, 263. See Illustrations of Popery. Variations of Popery, (Edgar) chap. 18. Gavazzi, Lecture on "Monks and Nuns," and on Auricular Confession. Hogan on Auricular Confession. Life of Edith O'Gorman, pp. 105, 115, 168, etc.

ing morbid, for she became reluctant to go to Church or confession, and at last would return from the latter duty weeping.

"Has the Father withheld absolution?" asked Mrs. Ives anxiously.

"No, mother."

"Did he reprove you? Did he give you a heavy penance? Have you made that best of men, our benefactor, angry?"

"No, mother," said Nell, with a fresh burst of tears.

"It is very strange," said the widow, and when next Father French came to meet them, she watched to see if he appeared to condemn Nell. But no, he was paternally kind as usual, though Nell seemed to shrink from him, and Mrs. Ives thought she detected in her Priest's face a look of pain at this avoidance. As he departed he laid his hand on Nell's golden head, and said his usual benediction. The girl, when he was gone, buried her face in her arms and wept passionately.

"This is very strange," said Mrs. Ives.

"No, mother, you will not think it strange," sobbed Nell.

The girl's melancholy so increased that Mrs. Ives had told both Father French and Jocelyn Earle of her anxiety. This confidence was in Jocelyn's mind when one afternoon she saw Nell wandering along a little-frequented street, her head bent wearily, her hands hanging listlessly at her sides, her steps slow and hesitating as if she hardly knew where to go. There was none of

that brisk consciousness of health and prettiness which had heretofore been in all her movements.

"Bear ye one another's burdens," is a divine command which Jocelyn Earle ever heeded. She would lighten Nell's trouble now, even if she gained thereby a new care for herself. She hastened after the girl and touched her shoulder.

"Where now, Nell?"

"I—I don't know. It makes no difference to me," replied Nell, forlornly.

"Come with me then, to the park, and let us sit down a while. I want to talk with you."

Nell seemed to shrink into herself at this, but walked with Jocelyn, who directed their steps.

"There comes to most of us," said Miss Earle, "a time of some grief, when we feel as if there was nothing to live for, when trouble overshadows all the good that God gives us in life."

"Yes," sighed Nell, "when it seems dreadful to live; when you *can't* live; and when it is just as horrible to die!" Tears rained down the girl's face, and Miss Earle saw that she was speaking what she felt. She replied, earnestly,

"In such an hour, if it is right for us to die, our Lord will take us to himself; if he does not so call us, we should see that to live is far better for ourselves and for others."

"I don't see how," said Nell, shaking her head despondingly, as they sat down on a secluded bench in the park.

“Because there may be some one, a mother, let us say, who would go mourning all her years if we left her lonely; and added days of life are the opportunity God gives us of repenting, of getting near to him, of learning his grace. Dear child, there is no sin so black that God will not forgive it to the penitent. You look weary and unhappy, Nell; do not forget that Jesus calls such to give them rest.”

Nell wept abundantly. “Can you tell me your trouble, Nell?”

The girl shook her head.

“Nell, I have been a friend to you; I assure you I will so continue your friend in the face of every wrong and difficulty, if you will promise me just one thing. Only one promise, Nell—go tell your mother.”

“I can not, I can not. Better go and kill myself, Miss Earle!”

“No; suicide is the last fatal act that can not be repented of. That shuts the door of hope forever. Do the one thing I ask of you, go home and tell that loving, most devoted mother all your woe.”

“And break her heart, make her hate me!” burst out Nell, frantically. Miss Earle spoke on, quietly,

“Mothers’ hearts do not break when their children need them. Mothers like yours never learn to hate. Nell, I believe I am setting before you your last chance of happiness in this world or the next. Go home and confide all your trouble to your mother.”

“It ’s impossible. I never can,” wailed the miserable girl.

“Very well then, I will go and do it,” said Miss Earle in a kind but determined tone.

Nell started wildly. “You! You can not!”

“Yes I can, and I shall. If you do not promise to do it, I will go and tell her to-night.”

“And make her abhor me. No, no, I’ll go and drown myself!”

“Do I abhor you, Nell? No, I love and pity you. How much more your tender mother. If you kill yourself you will break her faithful heart.”

Miss Earle wiped away Nell’s flowing tears; she held her trembling hands, and talked soothingly to her. She set before her all the good possibilities that lay beyond the present misery; she led the theme to God’s bountiful, forgiving love. After a long conversation Nell grew calmer; they left their seat under the maples, and bending over the basin of an adjacent fountain, Nell drank, and then bathed her face and smoothed her disordered hair. The insane despair which had been tearing at her heart like a wild beast was gone; instead, she had a patient pain and repentance. Jocelyn walked home with her *protege*, and even went up the tedious stairs to her room. Outside the door she clasped her hands and looked searchingly into her face. “Nell, you will not fail me: you will tell your mother?”

Nell bowed, too much distressed to speak.

“I will come here in the morning.”

Nell entered the little room, once so bright and love-full; now she was bringing it a shadow which should rest upon it forevermore.

“O, darling, how pale and worn you look!” This was her mother’s greeting.

Nell threw herself on the bed and turned her face to the wall.

“Are you sick, my precious?” asked the mother, dropping her work and bending over her idol.

“Sick, mother, sick at heart,” said the girl with a quick sob.

“Nell, Nell dearest, what troubles you?”

“Mother,” said Nell, growing wonderfully calm, and speaking clearly, with her face still turned away, “sit down here on the bed, but do not touch me mother, only answer me. If one does wrong shall they live and break hearts that love them, or shall they drop down in some deep river and hide their own wretchedness?”

Mrs. Ives felt as if a sudden cold wind blew across her and sent back her blood in a chill current to her heart. She faltered, “Whatever they do they must take life as God’s mercy; live and repent.”

“If I become no longer your comfort, but your curse, mother, should I go and hide myself somewhere where you would be burdened by me no more, or should I stay with you still? Which would be easiest for you, my poor mother?”

“Whatever happened or could happen, you should stay with me, my child, my beloved,” said Mrs. Ives, huskily. But now her hands lay rigid in her lap, and the blood around her heart was freezing very fast; her pulses scarcely stirred.

“If one,” said Nell, her voice growing hard now,

“one whom you thought an angel—a glorious saint; one who was your guide and counsellor, whom you never doubted, never questioned, always obeyed as bound to obey, led you into evil; and then when you came to rouse up and see that what you had been told to be right was wrong, and that sin is sin, whoever says not,” cried Nell, fiercely, “then—then after that if he said to you, there are sisterhoods where you can go in and never come out, only you must not let your mother know; if he bid you so deceive, and leave to doubt and misery the mother who had been your one true friend in all the world; if he even got to saying it was better to go drop down in the river, and he would buy your masses,—then, mother, could you believe him or think he was good forever more?”

The summer day was warm and bright, but Mrs. Ives no longer felt as if she had part in the sunny stir of life about her. She had gone suddenly down into a dark and loathsome crypt, and found all her love, her hope, her peace, her future, buried there. She was far away from human sympathy and helping; all seemed darkness and isolation; then a blessed insensibility was stealing over her—might she be lost to the world even for a little time? But no, the one voice that had power over her, the wailing voice of her child, reached her.

“Mother! What shall I do?”

“Trust only me, your mother, my poor child.”

“Can you care any more for me, for me being now only a shame and a curse and a burden to you? But mother, mother, you told me every day how good he was,

you bid me trust him and obey him, you called him our best friend, our benefactor, for whom no gratitude of our hearts was enough. O, mother do you understand me? Do you see all the misery that is past and is to come, more than all the dark days before he helped us?"

For one wild instant the widow felt as if she must cry out to God to let her die, to take her from a world that held for her no further good; but the thought of her unhappy daughter who now needed her more than ever she had done since she lay, a new-born infant at her breast, checked the despairing petition. To know her child's life blighted, ruined, would surely be misery enough, but to Mrs. Ives came the added sting that all her faith in humanity was crushed, that almost her faith in heaven was destroyed. Gratitude, reverence, devotion had been poured forth at the feet of this man who had appeared in the best sense her friend and guide; and he had proved false, he had given her material help and comfort, but he had plundered her of her one treasure, her one consolation. He had destroyed her dearer life; he had blackened her honest name; he had done this in the guise of a religious instructor!

If the Priest were thus vile and false, that smiling Virgin in whose sacred heart she had so often sought refuge might be deaf or careless, or lifted so far up into glory as to be out of reach of earthly pleading. All her idols were shattered, her Priest, her Virgin, and her child. But that child at least had need of her. Her fortitude departed. She lay with her face hidden, moaning as if her young, ill-starred life would perish with

each heart-drawn, despairing cry. Well had Jocelyn said that mothers such as this woman neither die while their children need them, nor can learn to hate. She gathered her suffering girl to her true heart, and weeping over her, loved and would console her still.

Over Mrs. Ives' life had broken many a tempest of sorrow. She had known those terrible wakings from the first sleep after a loved one's death, when one rouses first to a sense of feebleness and recent anguish, like the recovering consciousness of shipwrecked wretches, who struggle back to sensibility and find themselves bruised and stiffened, cast on the shingle after the battle with the waves. Then comes the realization that the life that was dearer than our own is gone, there will be no greeting for us in look or tone, and the woe that sweeps back upon us is worse than the first knowledge of our loss. All these griefs Mrs. Ives had borne and had wondered how her heart having broken, had yet brokenly lived on.

Now in the early morning after Nell's miserable story had been made known to her, the widow woke from a short terror-haunted sleep and realized the crowning agony of her life. Loss, death, poverty, debt, illness, these had she borne; husband and sons she had seen laid dust to dust; but the loss of the blameless name, the ruin of that only daughter, these were the thoughts to pierce that mother-soul with keenest pain. She rose and went about her household toils, uttering no complaining word. The Lady of Shalott sat with her embroidery under the little dormer window, sighing sometimes, growing paler all the while.

Mrs. Ives would have gladly hidden herself from every eye, but poor people can not have the luxury of seclusion. By and by she must go out into the gossiping little court for milk and meat and the morning loaf. Her face was white, but her "eyelids heavy and red." She drooped like one overburdened.

Coming back, that amiable neighbor, Mrs. Harmon, waylaid her. She had watched Nell and Miss Earle go up the stairs together, and moreover Mistress Harmon had an admirable knack of what she called "putting one and one together to make two."

"Eh, well, neighbor Ives, what's the matter this morning?"

Mrs. Ives could neither have denied nor admitted her distress.

"Soh! there's more than me has trouble with their girls, and knows what it is to keep wolves for sheep dogs, eh?"

There was no doubt this fierce-tongued creature knew the trouble already, or if she had only guessed it to-day, she would be sure to-morrow. There was a question which Mrs. Ives must ask her now. She schooled herself, went back a few steps, and said in a resolute voice, "Mrs. Harmon, answer me one word. Was — was — Father French —" She could say no more.

"Well, no," said Mrs. Harmon, setting her arms akimbo, and replying nonchalantly, "'t wa'n't Father French. I never knew nothing agin him as I can say, unless you've got something to tell me."

Mrs. Ives went up to her room and impatiently waited.

the coming of Miss Earle ; she had now no one else to take counsel with.

“The question is,” she said to Jocelyn when she arrived, “where shall I go with my child, and how shall we live. I can not stay here any longer, here where we have been happy and hoped, and have lost all. We must get away from King’s Court.”

“I should think,” cried Jocelyn, with some indignation, “that the first question is to punish that man. Is there no power on earth to touch him?”

“Yes, there is a power doubtless,” replied Mrs. Ives, “but I do not seek revenge. A father or a brother might look for that, the impulse of a mother or sister is to hide the matter ; besides, Miss Earle, he has been our friend. I believe when first he helped us he had no thought of wrong to me or mine. O, my eyes have been opened! Those whom I have looked on as gods, high above human weakness, are only men, and have *temptation and opportunity*. O, Miss Earle, if he has the least spark of humanity remaining in him, he must feel the sting of remorse for this evil work. I shall see him ; I shall set his sins in order before him, but I shall not seek to punish him—let God do that.”

“And can you hereafter see him stand and preach to the people? Can you, or can she meet him in the confessional?”

“No! no! no!” cried the widow in agony, “my hope has perished, my faith is broken. I have no church, no priest, no worship.”

“But you have still God, the Father of His people,

and Jesus the true Shepherd of the flock. Rest your wounded, fainting heart on them!"

Mrs. Ives shook her head, she was not able to get hold of this thought now. Jocelyn realized that the earthly helping could draw her nearer to the heavenly, that the kind human hand would teach her better than words the clasping and guiding of the divine hand. She had come with a plan and she unfolded it.

"If you will find yourself a room quite away from King's Court in the upper part of town, you will be more secluded, and before you get started at work to take home, which I will try and find for you, as this embroidering for the Church, got through your Priest, has come to an end, my sister-in-law will engage you for three or four weeks to sew at our house by the day, both you and Nell. Do not fear to come, you will be completely retired in a little sewing room up stairs, and after you have finished at our house, Mrs. Barron would like you to come to her; and she is such a dear old lady, I know you will be comfortable while you work for her."

Tears began to steal over the widow's face once more.

"You are most kind," she said. "Our foes, God help us, have been out of our own household, our friends are from strangers."

During all this while Nell drooped like a flower on a crushed stem. She neither spoke nor raised her eyes; pale, listless, withdrawn to a distant corner, she sat putting stitch after stitch in her embroidery, become a mere working machine to outward appearances, but her young heart was weeping tears of blood.

Mrs. Ives chose the close of the afternoon for her visit to Father French. She knew the Priest's habits, and that this was the hour when she should find him alone, idling his after dinner hour away.

"His Reverence don't like to be disturbed," said the girl on the portico.

Mrs. Ives quietly put her aside, went into the parlor and closed the door. The Priest looking up saw a blanched face—a woman in plain widow's garb before him. He knew her errand. He had stolen her ewe lamb! He dropped his paper and cigar, and reddening, hung his head.

Her deadliest foe! She could no longer call him father. "Sir," she said, as she had schooled herself to speak, her mighty sorrow giving a dignity to speech and gesture, "Sir, you know my errand! You have robbed me of the one ornament and jewel of my lonely life! Your robbery is so great, so fatal, that reparation can never be made. This matter lies between us two, and shall so lie until I face you at the bar of God, accusing you of blaspheming, and of destroying a pure soul you should have taught in the way of life. Death has been cruel to me, but not so cruel as you! Poverty has been cruel, but poverty left me an honest name! Enemies have been hard, and friends have forsaken me, but false friend and angry enemy left it for you, my Priest, the man who stood between me and God, to lay a spoiler's touch upon that child, my dearer life. For hearts like mine it remains to hide a wound; I shall not denounce you here on earth, except when on my knees I spread out this

wrong before my God. You were kind to me once, I think with no dishonest motive"—Father French unable to speak, shook his head vehemently—"and so I shall never accuse you before men; but if thus left without punishment, you go on in sin, if you in the tribunal of penance pour poison into other ears, break other hearts, wreck other lives, then may God's greatest curse smite you like Herod; may the agony of your death be proof and beginning of an agony that shall make you mad forever!"

She had drawn up her thin form, and held out her hands like some weird prophetess while she spoke. She had no tears now; anger in this man's presence scorched tears away. Controlling any passion of emotion, she had as she promised, "set his sin in order before him."

As for the Priest, here was a wrong that had cost him wakeful nights and troubled days. As the woman began to speak, he hid his face, and as with her words the image of the light-hearted, beautiful girl rose up before him, he broke into an agony of weeping. Mrs. Ives' words had relieved his mind of one great dread—an exposure before the community, and denunciation to his Bishop; but that other load, the burden of conscience, could not be lifted. Mrs. Ives turned to leave him, he reached out his hand and cried imploringly, "Stay, O, stay, one moment! Pity me, while I tell you how abased I feel before you; while I beseech you for a pardon you can not and should not give. Do not add to my crime that it was wilful or malicious, because she had no protector but a widowed mother. Would God I had died!

I can not make restitution, but I can show contrition. For the noble leniency with which you have treated me, let me offer you aid, take half of all I have—”

“Live on the price of infamy!” cried the indignant mother, with withering scorn. “A curse upon the thought! I ask but one favor—never come within our sight; never see us nor ask for us; we are dead; here between you and us I dig our grave, wide and deep; we are buried in it; seek for us no more. We ask nothing from you but to be forgotten; we have nothing for you but horror and fear.”

She went back to her home as the dusk was falling. On the stair she met Sanderly coming down; in his hand was a roll, the picture of her “who trusted to a Priest.”

Sanderly went toward St. Ann’s. There was the imp of darkness, and the game now on hand was shinny. His shinny stick and the brickbat he was striving to keep dancing between heaven and earth, had a singular facility for taking in their way the tenderest spots in the corporality of his friends and neighbors. Our imp was jubilant, for his brickbat had just elicited a yell from a comrade, when he espied Sanderly, and darted forward, crying:

“Be you a-looking at me!”

“See now,” said Sanderly, holding out the roll, “if you will get this to yon Priest, if you will manage to see him open it, and mark how he acts, and then come to my room and tell me, I’ll give you a dollar.”

“A dollar! yi-i-i-i—” and the child of ’Roarer Lane was off with a yell, which would have stirred a Sioux to agonies of envy. Homewards went Sanderly, gloating

over revenge as a miser gloats over gold. At the corner shop he bought a jug of beer and some ginger cakes to treat his retainer. He climbed to his attic, and long seemed the hour before his prime minister came; and longer still the time before that functionary could be persuaded to unfold his tale.

“You got it there—gave it—saw him? Speak, saw what?” cried Sanderly.

“Golly, gov’nor, how tired I be! That ain’t beer, are it? O, come now!”

The child of dawn seized the jug in one hand, some cakes in the other, and chairs being scarce, balanced himself nicely on the foot-board of the bed, enjoying it as he did an awning post.

“Tell mè!” shouted Sanderly, breathlessly. “He did what?”

“Now, gov’nor, you scare me clean out of common sense. *Can* I hev a pull at this ’ar beer!”

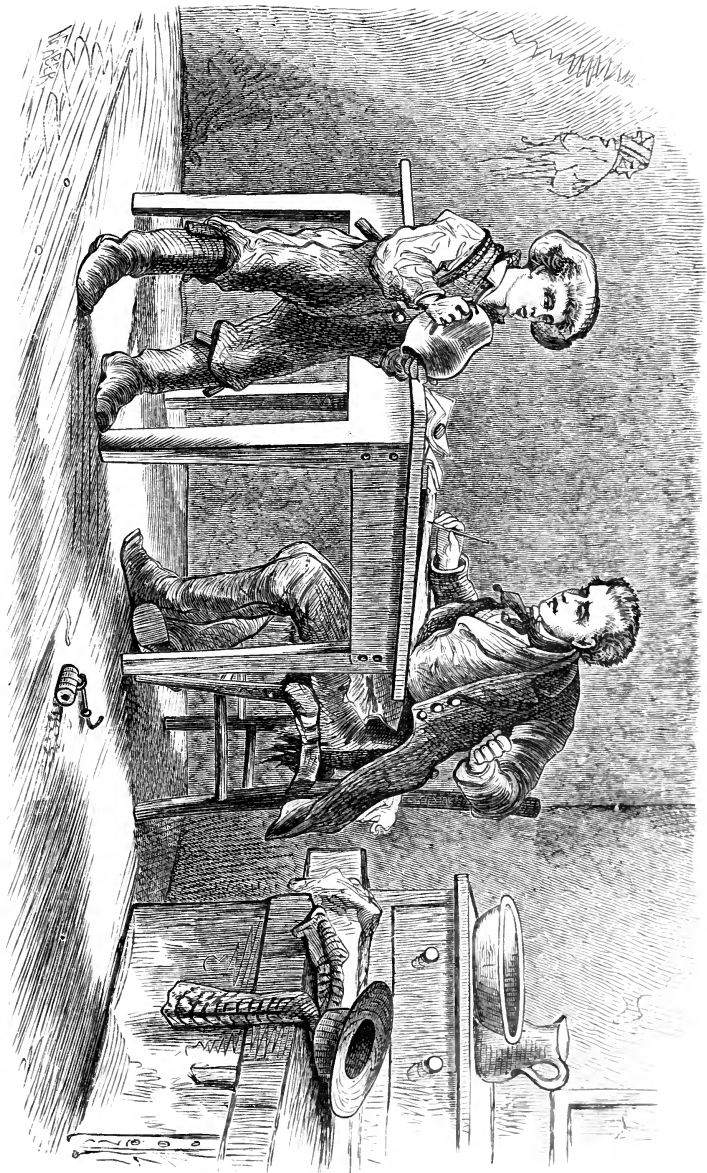
“Take it all—only speak,” said Sanderly, imploringly.

“All?” The attache gulped beer, he filled his mouth with cake, he choked, he drank again.

“Tell me what happened—quick!”

“It’s wot I’m getting at,” said the imp, burying his face in the beer jug, and emerging calm and philosophical. “Gov’nor, le’me tell you. This is the way it are with them here complimenters you sends him as. down at St. Ann’s forgives yer sins at two an’ six a head, and more ’ordin’ as ye’re able to pay. When you sends him things he’s bad; when you don’t send ’em he’s wuss, ’cause he’s allus a ’spectin of ’em to come. Them yer

"Can I hev a pull at this 'ar beer?"—Page 224.



things work him just like a dumb old bad tooth, what aches a mighty sight when it's thar, but it aches a mighty sight wuss when it ain't thar, that's what." The son of Aurora Lane betook himself to beer.

"Out with your story—speak or I'll choke you to death."

"Then you loses your story, that are all," said the imp coolly.

"Down with that jug and tell me what you saw," shrieked Sanderly.

The lad seemed bound to put the jug down his throat, for he tilted it over his mouth, and swallowed and strangled and smacked his lips for the next five minutes. Then he came forth fresh as his brother the lark. Beer was on his eyelashes, it bedewed his scraggy locks, it dripped from his chin, foamed about his nose.

"Now, gov'nor," he said encouragingly, "now we gets at our story. That 'ar man what's at St. Ann's, and me and you does our little business with, why he knows me like a book, an' he won't tech what I'd bring 'im with a ten-foot pole. So I hires a boy, one of his lambs, wot got confirmed last spring, though he cheats at marbles, that's what he does, stole a bull's-eye, an' a glassy, an' as true an agate as ever—"

"For goodness' sake let the marbles slide. You hired a boy?"

"The marbles is slode," said the reprobate, looking for beer and finding none, whereat the soul of Sanderly sung for joy. "Yes, gov'nor, I *did* hire a boy. Sez I, you go give this to his Reverence, what'll give you a five

pence for carryin' it, an' I'll do likewise, bein' so afeared to go nigh him, 'cause I ain't confirmed all pious like you. You tell him the Bishop sent it, what it's a plan of that thing they're a-goin' to build. You see, gov'nor, they ain't a-buildin' nothin' as I knows on, but then they allus is a-buildin' suthin, so it 'peared to me them words was a safe investment. Well, in he goes, and I follers to see all straight, and I clomb up outside of the winder to wink in through the blinds to notice how he took things. Secin' the boy, he reckoned it was all right, and out he unrolls that yere paper. Then his eyes fix on it like this,"—the imp glared—"his jaws dropped like this—his hands gripped like this—he began workin' like this—." The imp had now got himself up into such a horrible similitude of a man going into a fit that Sanderly's flesh chilled with terror. "He blew bubbles like this,"—the imp foamed beer—"he went like this, and this, and this." The amazing little beggar leaped, contorted and rolled over on Sanderly's bed, fixed as in the agonies of death. Such a consummate piece of acting gluttled even Sanderly's vengeance for a time.

Presently the boy spoke in a sepulchral tone, "That are all. There he lay, an' there he kep' on a-layin'." He rolled himself to the floor, and standing up continued,

"The boy, he yelled; the girl, she yelled; the p'lice, he yelled; everybody yelled; and they run for a doctor; 'long as they was running, the p'lice sees me winking in at the winder, and he lifts me down by seat of my trousers. Sez he, You make yourself scarce round here, there's a man sick."

Sanderly drew several deep breaths. Then he searched for the dollar promised to his grimy confederate, saying, "You keep a watch and let me know how things work. See all you can, hear all you can, and I shouldn't wonder if you earned another dollar."

"Ain't got no more of that beer, have you?"

"No more," said Sanderly, anxious to be alone.

"Nor no more of them cakes, no how?"

"No," said Sanderly, taking up a book.

"Nor you don't care if I mentions your eyes, gov'nor, nor asks in a cheerful way, be you a-lookin' at me?"

"No, not in the least."

"Same to you!" This was the attache's choicest form of compliment; it held some unknown depth of elegance and scholarship. Having delivered himself of his politeness, and finding himself empty, swept and garnished from that quality, he skipped down stairs, waking the echoes of King's Court with the refrain, "Ki, ii, i, cross-eye! Ki yi, ii i-i, cross-eye-i-i-i!"

CHAPTER TENTH.

THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN.

Father Perry's Views of Sin—Bishop Otto Holding up an Example—Lizette's Place—What Nuns think of the Orphanage—Deeds of Darkness—Exploring Secret Places—A Child's Sufferings—The Plea of the Dead.

“ But the young, young children, O, my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly !
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free ! ”

“ How art thou fallen from heaven ! ” Father Perry was speaking and his tone was comfortable ; he sat in his usual after-dinner state, serenely smoking the pipe of peace. He addressed his brother French, endeavoring to arouse him from a gloomy reverie which had lasted more than an hour.

“ The old Spartan idea, my friend, was that evil lies not in a deed but in its exposure ; sin ever so much, it is right if you are not detected ; I don't know but there is sound philosophy in that. Are good and evil more than imaginary distinctions ? Good and evil are so changed by circumstances—for example, for my twin brother to marry is a sacrament, for me to marry is perdition. What is a sin, *per se* ? If a deed is not a sin *per se*, is it a sin at all ? Attention, my brother ; I am applying to you my own cure. How often have I taken an act that disturbed me and held it up in different lights, and looked at it this way, and looked at it that way, until all

unpleasantness passed from it; I grew so accustomed to it that it ceased to trouble me. Let us weigh a crime by its punishment; it is worth so much, but if there is no punishment it is worth nothing. You, my friend, are liable by the *Corpus Juris Canonici* to twelve years of penance for your late indiscretion; but you are not to have the penance meted out to you, the case goes by default as I apprehend it; the complainant does not appear; go, you are free, you must have done nothing amiss or somebody would make a fuss about it, that is the reading of the civil law. For the ecclesiastical let me remind you of what that wise and precious divine, Carbery, most logically and eloquently maintained at the general council of Basle; which demonstration of the canonist was rapturously received by the assembled fathers, and coming down to me through the goodly line of the centuries, has been a balm to my soul."*

"It is not that," burst forth Father French excitedly. "I have long since ceased to look for a clean thing out of an unclean! The miracle of a spotless priest is a miracle that needs more abundant proof than any other on the catalogue; our mother the Church is so indulgent to our weaknesses, so little expects us to stand, that it is no wonder that we fall. But I tell you, Perry, I love that girl, I love her, and would God I were man enough to break loose from these vows that hold me like chains of adamant; that I dared marry her and face the good or ill of life with her."

* *Labbeus Consil.*, 17, 980, 988.

See also Edgar's *Variations of Popery*. P. 573-574.

“Heaven forbid! the last error should be worse than the first,”* cried Father Perry, delivering the opinions of the doctors of his faith.

“Fear not,” said French bitterly; “my office has made me so much the less a man that I am too cowardly to take that step; my living, my physical comforts, my future, the gratification of what ambition I have left, all bind me to my present position. Wretch that I am! I will permit her to be tossed on the tempests of life alone, and I will cling to my well feathered nest.”

“Don’t be too harsh with yourself,” interposed Perry. “Recollect that if there is a hereafter of loss or gain, and our church possesses the passports to future bliss, your only salvation lies in your holding fast to the office you have assumed.”

“I shall not abandon my priesthood; time and eternity are for me wrapped up in my clerical investiture. This grief may wear away after a time, but for now I can only see the happiness that might have belonged to me in some other line of life; I can only remember a divinest beauty fading and a gentle heart broken.”

“Well, you have played your cards poorly for so shrewd a fellow. There are Nunneries—why not secure her competence and respectability by getting her into one?” said Father Perry.

“I did try. It was the best thing I could think of, but she clung to the idea of her mother’s loss and would not consent. She would not even retire for a year and then come back.”

* Coste-us, chap. 15.

“A painless death is by some preferred to an unhappy life,” said Father Perry meditatively. “I have not made up my mind yet whether that is sound philosophy.”

“In my distraction, for I had then before my eyes a public *eclaircissement*, which has been so happily escaped, I even hinted that, but I am rejoiced that the possibility was not enlarged on.”

“As the affair now stands, the young person’s friends will be quiet and the matter need not go beyond our two selves and the Bishop. I suppose you have not forgotten that the hour draws near for your visit to the Bishop. Never fear, our venerable Father will only give you a paternal rebuke.”

Father French found the servant Francis in the library with the Bishop.

“You may leave those records now, if you please, Francis,” said the Bishop. Francis obeyed reluctantly.

“See, I wish you would carry these letters to the post office yourself.”

The Bishop paced the room without addressing his visitor until he had seen Francis leave the house. He then turned and said mildly,

“My son, you have deeply pained me. Did I not warn you one day last winter? Have I not set before you the dignity and beauty of self control? Have you never learned that he who denies himself for the Church’s sake in this present life shall receive tenfold more in the life to come? Are you of those who have deliberately counted the cost and resolved to seize what you could in this world and give up the future glory?”

The reverend Bishop paused. He grew deadly pale, grasped the back of a chair to steady himself, and with a strong effort continued his speech. Uzzah thoughtlessly laid polluting hand on the sacred ark and died. Bishop Otto, trembling at his sacrilege but deliberate in it, now rebuked his priest from the word of God, which word should have smitten his daring lips with palsy.

“Whoso causeth one of these little ones to offend, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the depths of the sea. If thy hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, to the fire that is never quenched. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; it is better for thee to enter into life having one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire.’ There are others that may talk to you of expediency, Mr. French, I tell you what I know to be *right*; I preach to you virtue and religion.”

“And you practice it in your life!” cried Father French with the ardor of sincere conviction.

“And I practice it in my life,” repeated the Bishop, with that little tremor again. “And if I can so practice why cannot you? Behold the example that I set you.”

The Bishop drew himself up, and stood beautiful and impressive as when he stood in the pulpit, and saints and heretics flocked to hear his sermon, and cried out, “How holy a man is Bishop Otto!”

“Like Paul, I need not commend myself to you, but bear with me a little in my folly. I boast not myself in

things beyond our measure; receive my example; I have wronged no man; I am known as not behind the very chiefest of the prelates of our Church in labor and example. Do not wonder that the Church puts on her ministers such abundant glory, for it is needful when Satan transforms his emissaries to angels of light. Be such an one as I have been; what is possible to me is possible to you. I do not condemn you. Let this pain of the present be the lesson of the future. Go, and sin no more."

It was thus that Bishop Otto rebuked, exhorted and pardoned Father French.

Mrs. Ives and her daughter were gone from King's Court. Father Perry had made a visitation in that locality and had stirred up anew in Mrs. Harmon's breast the desire to have Lizette's child sent to the Orphanage of the "Holy Innocents." On this theme the excellent old woman dilated night and day, until resistance was almost worn out. Lizette appealed to Sanderly to take her part with her mother, and the mother in her turn begged him to use any influence he might have in getting her daughter a situation. All these appeals Sanderly heard and straightway forgot, he was so absorbed in his watch of Father Rentoul. Each evening the imp from Aurora Lane appeared in Sanderly's attic to state what had during the day taken place at the Priest's house.

"The doctor goes three times a day and says he are a-going to die. That ain't wot I calls fair, to send 'im what'll make him die, even if he did kick me that there

time; kickin' ain't killin', an' you an' I ain't going to pull together no more if you makes your jokes so serus as that, gov'nor."

"Pooh, he won't die," said Sanderly. "What's the matter with him?"

"That's what I can't tell. I clomb up and peeked in his winder to see if it was measles or small-pox or yeller fever, but 'tain't none of them. He wor talkin' like blazes without knowing what he wor sayin'."

"And what did he say?"

"Why, he kep' hollerin' about a girl what her name were Bertha. The hired nuss says what's wrong is suthin' pressing atop of his brain. Now, if it's your fault, gov'nor, I'll peach on you, certain."

"My fault!" cried Sanderly; "why, you little fool, how could I have put anything on his brain. Did I ever speak to him, much less touch him? Don't let me hear any more notions."

Thus Sanderly and his satellite parted in anger; but the Priest got better and once more ministered at St Ann's altar. Then the imp saw that he had accused his employer wrongfully, and took him into favor again, making an evening call and saying, "We're all right, me and you gov'nor, I don't lay up nothing agin you, not a hair."

Yes, Rentoul was better, and Sanderly was not grieved thereat. A dead man would be out of his reach, and besides he did not desire to bear the burden of the Priest's death; his more amiable intention was to fill his life with wretchedness.

He could think of affairs beyond his own now, and when one day Mrs. Earle came into the office complaining of the difficulty of finding a chambermaid, Sanderly recommended Lizette as active and polite, and once having held that position.

Mrs. Earle sent Jocelyn to King's Court to negotiate the engagement, and Jocelyn arrived there just as Lizette and her mother had concluded a wordy war about the little one.

Lizette had often admired Jocelyn's gracious ways when she had seen her going to Mrs. Ives'. Her home was wretched, and the girl had a notion that to go to a stylish place where her employers drove in a handsome carriage and wore fine clothes would be very pleasant ; to be out of reach of that fault finding tongue which was like a continual dropping on a rainy day was worth a sacrifice—but the child!

"Indeed, I'd like much to go to you, but my boy, I couldn't take him," said Lizette half questioningly.

"No, that is evident," said Jocelyn, "but could not your mother keep him?"

"Not I," said Mrs. Harmon. "I go out for day's work ; he'd be the ruin of me ; but Liz knows there are places where she can put him."

"Could you not board him at a neighbor's?" asked Miss Earle.

"Why, Miss," replied Lizette, "when poor people take children to board they are mostly apt to neglect them. The pay is small and they have their own families to look to and the strange baby has a bitter bad time.

I'm so tender of this little fellow, ma'am ; O, I do love him, and the thought of parting cuts my heart."

"She loves him too much for her own good," said Mrs. Harmon crossly. "Now Miss Earle I will tell you there are rare good places of our own Church made for the likes of him. There's Orphanages where I've told her over and over to put him—but my Liz cares no more for her mother."

"But you do not care for my boy!" cried Lizette.

Jocelyn Earle had heard so much lately of Romanism that she could not advise Lizette to send her babe to a Catholic Orphanage. She looked from the shrewd, hard face of the one woman to the anxious expression of the other ; the child stood between them holding to his mother's finger—a large, rosy, happy youngster, with great black eyes and soft curls like a baby just stepped out of a picture.

"Settle the matter between yourselves," said Jocelyn. "If you like to come, Lizette, we will engage you ; but we must know soon."

"Might I have this one night to conclude?" asked Lizette, her lip trembling.

Early next morning Lizette presented herself at Mrs. Earle's.

"I'll come, ma'am, as soon as I can find a place for the boy. I am going about to the Sisters' houses, ma'am, to get him in one of them."

"I am in a great hurry for a servant," said Mrs. Earle. "I will tell you what we will do. I will take the carriage and drive you around to these places until you find

one that suits you. You can take the boy along, it will save time."

Mrs. Harmon had been strongly in favor of leaving the child at *Holy Innocents*. Perhaps for this very reason Lizette desired to find some other place; she knew her mother's hostility to the grandchild, and she felt in her heart that what the mother recommended would not be for the little one's good. Mrs. Earle had long intended to visit some of the Catholic institutions to see what they were like; she had, therefore, a double motive for accompanying her prospective maid.

Lizette had a list of houses and *Santa Philomena* stood first. Thither they went and were received in the sacristy, where a pleasant faced woman soon waited upon them. Lizette explained her wishes, tears filling her eyes at the sad necessity of parting from her child.

"We would gladly accommodate you," said the Nun sweetly, "but we take only girls at *Santa Philomena*, we cannot receive a boy."

"My mother wants me to put him in *Holy Innocents*," said Lizette, looking anxiously into the friendly face.

"Do you know anything about *Holy Innocents*?" asked the Sister.

Lizette shook her head.

The Nun hesitated, looked from mother to child, stroked the little one's curls, and said finally, "I would not advise you to put him in *Holy Innocents*. It is—it—you know there are many sickly children there, and a healthy child like this should have hearty, lively play-mates. You see—he might lose his health."

The next place tried was *Sacred Names*. The Sister was a calm, indifferent looking person; she glanced coolly at Lizette and remarked,

“I don’t think our house would suit you. We only take boarders here, and charge quite a high price. We give the best care and attention, and it is necessary for us to ask suitable compensation. Three dollars a week for a baby of that age is our lowest.”

“O, I could not pay that, it would be all my wages,” said Lizette.

“I thought so,” said the Nun carelessly. “Well, there are other places; try *Holy Angels*.”

It was found on inquiry that *Holy Angels* declined to take charge of children under five years old.

“It is against our rule. Such small children need so much care, they interfere with the business of our house,” remarked the Mother in charge of *Holy Angels*.

“She has been told of an Orphanage for infants—the ‘Holy Innocents’—can you tell her anything about that?” said Mrs. Earle.

“I have heard it was unhealthy, so many sickly children there,” said Lizette eagerly, “and I want my dear, pet boy where he will be well and happy.”

The Nun looked at her keenly for a moment, then at the child with a kindness provoked by his unusual beauty. She said tranquilly,

“I could not recommend ‘Holy Innocents.’ There is an Orphanage out in the country much better situated and in a pleasant neighborhood, *St. Mary of Consolation*, eight miles north.”

"O, but I could never get there to see him," cried Lizette.

"But he would be *safe*," said the Nun quietly. "Besides you know where they take little ones they do not want mothers to visit very often, for it keeps the babies fretting for them and makes trouble; the mothers have to stay away until the children get weaned from wanting them."

"But it is so hard for a mother to keep away from her child, and for the baby to be taught to forget her," pleaded poor Lizette.

"There are a good many hard things in this life," said the Nun calmly. "There is the address of *Consolation*. Good morning."

"I don't know where else to go," said Lizette to Mrs. Earle, "unless it is to Holy Innocents."

Mrs. Earle's suspicions had been excited by the manner of the Nuns with whom they had conversed; so, resolved to have nothing to do with Holy Innocents, she bade the coachman leave Lizette and her child at King's Court. About two hours after, Lizette presented herself at Mrs. Earle's, quiet, but her face swollen with tears. Her mother and the neighbors had succeeded in persuading her to send her boy to the Orphanage, and her mother had taken him there with five dollars for an entrance fee. That, she told Lizette, would be the only charge for the best of care.

"I am not to visit him for three weeks," said Lizette to Jocelyn. She did not shed tears, but she turned dead'y pale as she spoke.

“I really wish we had never mentioned the matter of her coming,” said Jocelyn to Mrs. Earle. “I feel guilty, as if we had taken away the pretty child she seems to hold so dear.”

“I suppose she needed the place badly, and her mother was very anxious to get her here,” replied Mrs. Earle.

Lizette was faithful and patient, but evidently unhappy. Her diligence in her work and a certain wistful way she had of looking at the children and lingering in the nursery awoke her mistress' sympathy.

“I wish Lizette had never taken the place!” cried Jocelyn, somewhat more than a week after the girl came. “She pines so for her baby I'm afraid she'll be sick; do you notice, sister, how pale she is, and I believe she scarcely eats anything.”

Not an hour after this, Mrs. Earle found her chambermaid sitting on the stairs, her face flushed, her head burning hot and full of pain, almost unconscious of what she was doing. Mrs. Earle called her nurse, an experienced woman, to put the poor girl to bed and administer such remedies as seemed suitable. By evening Lizette was so much worse that a physician was sent for. He found her threatened with brain fever and ordered her to be kept as quiet as possible. When morning came, Mrs. Earle sent for Mrs. Harmon to come and wait upon her daughter.

“I'm allus a-having some trouble with Liz,” said Mrs. Harmon, with a peevish attempt at resignation, as she entered the room where her daughter lay unconscious.

“It seems to me,” said Jocelyn, who was standing near

the bed, "that this trouble is all your own fault. She is ill of misery, because you insisted on her giving up her child. I hope you'll have her get the boy back, and all of you live together again, as soon as she is better."

The old woman shook her head doubtfully. "She'll be better off," she muttered; "don't I know what's for her good?"

Toward night Lizette in fevered dreams began to call out pitifully for her child. Mrs. Earle had come in to see the patient, and said to Mrs. Harmon who sat knitting at the foot of the bed, "I wonder if having the child would not quiet her and help her to get better."

"It's no use, madam dear," said Mrs. Harmon confidentially, "he can't be got; I don't know as he's alive, ma'am."

"Not alive!" cried Mrs. Earle. "Why, he was as fine a looking child as ever I saw, why should he not be alive?"

"O, well," replied the old woman, shaking her head more and more, "I'm just telling you what I think. I went to see him three days or so ago, and he looked like he wouldn't last long."

"Then you should have taken him home and nursed him well; you should not have left him sick among strangers," exclaimed Mrs. Earle indignantly.

"Indeed, ma'am they could do better for him than I could," replied the grandmother doggedly.

"But why did you not come and tell his mother? She should have known it, so that she might have her sick child in her own care."

“ Truth now, ma'am, wasn't it far better to let her get weaned from him like, and used to being without him, and break the news gently to her that she might take it reasonable? You can see for yourself, madam dear, that he's a sore weight on her hands though she don't know it, and without him she'll be more like to get a good husband.”

All along with the shrill notes of the woman's speech ran the painful undertone of Lizette's ravings, “ My baby—my boy—come to your mother—kiss me, my pet—my innocent—my treasure; boy, boy, where are you, where is the little soft hand—O, come back! come!”

These sounds filled Mrs. Earle's ears, so that she could not sleep; in the darkness she saw the hard face of the old woman, the sorrow of Lizette, and the beautiful features of the little boy. She recalled the hints of the Nuns; she compared them with the cruel words of the old grandmother; she heard again the moving tones of the distracted Lizette, and thought she could hear through all the night the pitiful wailing of a suffering child. She rose and walked through the nursery where her own little ones were laid in comfortable slumber; the weight of that other child's misery pressed on her womanly heart; she resolved with the earliest day to unravel the mystery that hung about Lizette's baby in that refuge for babyhood, the Orphanage of Holy Innocents.

Long before breakfast Mrs. Earle was in Jocelyn's room. “ I feel as if there were something wrong about that child and that I am responsible for ferreting it out. We will take the carriage as soon as breakfast is over

and go to that Orphanage. O, Jocelyn, there is a perfect horror over me ; I seem to hear a baby screaming in my ears continually. But do not mention where we are going."

Accordingly the burly black coachman brought up the carriage when the morning meal was done, and Mrs. Earle and Jocelyn, keeping their own counsel, drove to *Holy Innocents*. It was some distance off, quite on the farther side of the city.

A haggard young Nun with a scared face set the door of *Holy Innocents* ajar and heard their errand. Mrs. Earle was a resolute woman on all questions of right and wrong, and being determined to enter this house, as she was speaking, she thrust her arm into the aperture of the door, saying, "Open this wider, we are coming in." Taken by surprise the portress admitted the visitors, and showed them to a little room furnished as a dispensary. It had a counter, some weights and scales, and shelves with boxes and bottles of drugs.

The carriage waited at the door, the ladies waited in this dispensary ; the Orphanage was as still as a tomb ; not a sound stirred the heavy air, no voice, no door opened or closed, no footfalls.

"If there are children in this place they are wonderfully quiet," whispered Jocelyn.

A whole hour passed while they sat thus. Jocelyn grew nervous ; Mrs. Earle put herself near the door and listened. Presently there was a stealthy step in the passage way ; she flung back the door and grasped the arm of a passing Sister.

“Do you know we have waited an hour for some one to speak to?”

“I did not know it, madam.”

“We have come for a child who was put in here two weeks ago to-day — a boy eighteen months old, Bertie Harmon. Go inquire for him. We have come to take him home, and are tired of waiting.”

The nun was gone some fifteen minutes and returned saying, “There is no such child here.”

“There is, I know there is, and I will not leave without him, or sure information what has been done with him. I shall search for him by means of a writ of *habeas corpus*, if I can not find him without.”

At this famous *writ*, mentioned in Mrs. Earle’s most impressive tones, the Nun quaked. “I’ll look again,” she said.

The case was growing dark, and the sisters Earle glanced at each other anxiously.

The Nun came again. “There is a mistake about that child, madam. Still, to satisfy you, you may come into the yard, where you will see the children together, and can ascertain for yourself that that child is not here.”

“Is he dead?” demanded Mrs. Earle.

“I don’t know,” replied the woman in a singular tone, and as they passed from the shadow of the house to the blazing sunshine of the unsheltered yard, Mrs. Earle caught her first clear view of this Nun’s countenance — a murderess, a zealot, a penitent, a walking spectre — she looked them all. Mrs. Earle drew back and whispered to Jocelyn, “If I believed in the lore of the supernatural

I should say here is a woman who is haunted by horrible *accusing* ghosts."

"O, these children! these dreadful children! Sister, see!" cried Jocelyn.

About a dozen children were in the yard. This yard was covered with tan-bark, and had in it but one tree, that one dry and nearly bare. On one or two wooden benches and on the tan-bark lay those dozen or fifteen of listless children. Their faces were wan and painful; their clothes and heads dirty; every one had red inflamed eyes; all were wasted, all gloomy, none spoke, none played. One child standing by herself was fat and ruddy.

"How different she is from the rest," said Mrs. Earle to the Nun.

"*She* came in yesterday," said the woman in that same singular tone which had before startled her visitor. "She is a German."

Mrs. Earle regarded the little girl carefully. An expression of terror and misery was on her face, and the depth of amazed sorrow in her round blue eyes haunted the lady for days.

"See, such a child as you seek is not here," said the Nun.

An instant after, Mrs. Earle turned and saw her conductress slipping away from them into one of the long sheds which she had supposed to be a laundry.

"Stay here," whispered Mrs. Earle to Jocelyn, and gathering up her rustling skirts she went swiftly after her escaping guide. All the ground was covered with

bark and gave no sound. Mrs. Earle was in the low wooden building; it was furnished with a row of little boxes on either side, in each box was hay, and on such beds lay the orphans Rome had undertaken to nourish. Each babe had on one wretched filthy garment; the bodies of the children were miserably emaciated, and the prey of dirt; in every pinched face the eyes were closed, the swollen inflamed lids would never be lifted to look reproach on their nurses. Great God, can the sun shine on, and such things beneath it! Here was a slaughter of the innocents whereat Herod would have blanched. Dying, dying, every one, the pitiful nurslings of Rome! Mrs. Earle's heart was sick, but she retained her presence of mind, and as the Nun bent over one box-bed as if to lift out the child, the lady stepped swiftly up, laid her hand on the infant, and looked carefully in its face. It was Lizette's unhappy son.

"This is the little one I am after," she said, "and you know how it came into this desperate condition; and how these other babies are being done to death."

She took the loathsome child in her kind arms. The Nun with a low agonized cry dropped upon the ground and grovelled at her feet.

"For the love of heaven pity me and go away. If it is known that you got in here, that you saw all this, they will kill me."

She sank prostrate on her face, flung her arms up over her head, and gave low, frightful moans. Mrs. Earle hastened away from the horrible scene, from the wretched babies, and the still more wretched Nun. She spread

her veil over the almost inanimate child which she carried. "Come Jocelyn," she called softly, and they passed through the hall, unlocked the front door, and let themselves out to the street, where their carriage waited. They left the door wide open, and a Nun suddenly stood in it like an apparition. Mrs. Earle turned back. "Will you give me a pillow to carry this dying child upon?"

"We have no pillow to spare. That is a very feeble child, it is of no use to try and help it," said the lovely Sister.

"It is frightfully exhausted; won't you give me a little milk for it?"

"We haven't a drop in the house," said the Nun.

"This must be an admirably arranged Orphanage; babies and no milk for them," said Jocelyn wrathfully.

"I can give you some excellent eye-water," said the apparition.

"I should say it had had too much eye-water already," replied Mrs. Earle, stepping very carefully into her carriage with her burden. "Drive gently, Thomas."

Having gone a short distance Mrs. Earle saw a neat, humble home and signalled Thomas to stop. "Jocelyn, go ask that woman at the window if she will sell me a clean pillow to carry a sick baby on."

Jocelyn preferred her request, and presently the woman brought the pillow to the carriage and helped lay the infant upon it. She gave it one long, compassionating look. "One of the *Holy Innocents*, madam; no hope for it!" she remarked significantly.

Still a little farther on, Mrs. Earle stopped again.

“Jocelyn, this child will die unless it is fed. Go into that druggist’s and buy a nursing bottle, and get it filled at that little shop across the way where they have milk for sale.”

Jocelyn procured the food, and while she held the child upon the pillow, Mrs. Earle forced the bottle between its withered lips. At first it seemed quite unconscious, but as a few drops of liquid slipped down its throat it made a convulsive effort to get more.

Having given it what nourishment she dared, Mrs. Earle went on toward home; and in this way they made their progress, stopping at times to rest the exhausted victim of Orphanages, giving it nutriment as they could, keeping it comfortably laid on its pillow, and fanning it to assist its feeble breath; they at last reached home, and carried the sufferer to the nursery.

The good old nurse burst into tears at the pitiful spectacle. Jocelyn called Mrs. Harmon. She entered the room, looked terror-struck, angry, disappointed, and went away without speaking.

The nurse managed to put a clean gown on the sick creature, washed its eyes in warm milk, and bathed its head. Mrs. Earle had sent for the doctor; he examined the child with a shocked face, and heard the story, he felt its shrivelled limbs and lifted the eyelids gently. “It will never see, the eyes are nearly gone.”

“And by what treatment?” cried Mrs. Earle excitedly.

“The case is bad enough without making it worse than necessary,” said the doctor. “What you tell me about all the eyes is *very suspicious*; but we will believe that

the truth is this : the eyes suffering from the weakness and neglect of the whole system become inflamed, and eye-water prepared by ignorant hands is injudiciously used to cure them ; instead of curing it destroys."

" Will the child live if we take excellent care of it ? " asked Jocelyn.

" It is not likely. I wonder it has lived thus long ; it must have been uncommonly vigorous."

" And what do you think has been the cause of it's present state ? " demanded Mrs. Earle.

" He thinks just what I do," said the old nurse sagely.

" And that is ? " cried Jocelyn.

The doctor replied, " STARVATION ! ! "

CHAPTER ELEVENTH.

ROME JUSTIFYING HER DEEDS.

Rome Justifies Crime—Murder is Right—Virtue and Advantage of Infanticide—Christian Burial—In the Name of Charity—Rights of Creeds—Romish and Protestant Morality.

“When troubles come of God, then nought behooves
Like patience; but for troubles wrought of men,
Patience is hard—I tell you it is hard.”

“And to help on this cause I gave fifty dollars!” So said David Earle as he stood in the nursery and looked down to the pillow where Lizette’s boy lay gasping away his life.

The babe being clean and tenderly cared for was a less revolting spectacle than when he lay in a box of straw at the Orphanage; but even now he was a sight to sicken the stoutest heart. The shrivelled skin clung to the bones of the face so marred by suffering that it looked as if the weird creature had lived centuries rather than months. The nurse kept the skeleton hands and feet covered; the lips were drawn tightly over the little white teeth, and the eyelids were sunken where eyes had been. The nurse and doctor had done their best for the little unfortunate, but hopelessly—death was stamped upon him, and it was wonderful how he lingered.

“God spares him these few days to impress upon our minds the *nature* of Romish charities! This is the way

Rome nourishes children and proclaims her horror of infanticide," said Jocelyn.

"Yes!" exclaimed Mr. Earle; "those Nuns came to me asking help in the name of charity, claiming to be the friends of childhood, and to be providing for orphans in a tenderer and better fashion than was known in any other institution." He stopped a moment and recalled the faces and words of Sisters Saint Hilaire and Serena. "And I do not believe that they knew what they were begging for; I am sure the real nature of this *benevolent enterprise* was not understood by them!" he added.

"I have told you how the Nuns whom we visited seemed to realize the intention of this Orphanage, and to shrink from recommending it," said Mrs. Earle. "But, doctor, when I remember the children I saw in that horrible place, when I consider that those little victims who lay about the yard, have now been taken into those box-beds, and that the babies I saw in the beds are now in their coffins—when I know that this destruction is systematic, and goes on every night and every day, then I feel nearly frantic; the weight of all that baby misery crushes my heart; it has become a horror to me; the voices of my children recall the awful sufferings of those little ones."

"Did you not tell me," said the doctor, "that in all that house you heard no cry; that there was perfect silence?"

"There was silence and the silence was wonderful; how could children be brought to suffer so patiently?"

"It was not patience but immobility, Mrs. Earle. Let

me give you my theory of this new fashion of murder. The children get no nutriment but small quantities of sugar and water, in which is a free admixture of opium. To this liberal use of opium is to be attributed the dullness, the inanition, the silence of those slowly dying children. And here is a curious mental characteristic to be noticed: silent suffering is not realized. If these children were not stupefied, if they shrieked out the pangs of hunger and of their ruined eyes, if they filled the air with moans, there could not be found hearts hard enough deliberately to carry on their destruction. But this silence seems to the wretch in charge to rob the crime of half its cruelty; the victims die peaceably and it does not seem so shocking to put them out of the way as if they resisted. Murder is there just as much as if they cut their throats, but they do not realize it to that degree; the act looks more to them like the ordinary process of disease. Of course it would be less cruel to smother them with chloroform or administer all the opium at a dose and so put an end to them quickly, but it would look worse to the perpetrators of the act. Our sympathies, Mrs. Earle, are very easily reached by sound, we are grieved for the woes of some unseen person whom we hear groaning or sobbing. Deaf mutes are frequently fierce and abusive in their actions because they are able to hear no sounds of suffering; they do not apprehend half the pain of the blows they may be giving, because they can not be touched by cries. The crime at Holy Innocents is shocking enough, but lest you grow morbid in musing over it, I want you to fix in your mind the

fact that insensibility is in a great measure reached in proportion to the decay of the system."

"Consider also," said David Earle tenderly, "that when the pain of living and of dying is ended, those baby martyrs of the nineteenth century exchange the abominations of that House of Murder for the peace of heaven; they are free from their persecutors and rest in Christ."

The hapless child of Lizette Harmon had now been three days in Mr. Earle's house. Lizette's disease had in a measure departed, and being informed of the condition of her infant, she insisted upon being bolstered up in a chair in the nursery, and holding her broken idol constantly in her arms.

Mrs. Earle was too much grieved for this mother and child to remit her watchful care over them, and remained with them in their sufferings as if they had been of her own kindred.

Roger Cantwell had called, and Mrs. Earle and Jocelyn went to him in the parlor. Jocelyn with glowing cheeks and heart-stirred eloquence detailed her visit to *Holy Innocents*, and the pitiful condition of little Bertie Harmon.

"I will go to-morrow and explain the whole matter to the editor of the *Thunderbolt*," cried Cantwell. "I will see if he is afraid to expose a wholesale murder. What did I tell you, Earle, when you gave that money—"

"Don't refer to it," pleaded the publisher; "it makes me feel as if I were a party to the death of these little ones."

“And how many Protestants besides yourself have given to such charities and become unconscious agents in a crime!” said Jocelyn.

“Yes,” said Cantwell, “they talked to you, Earle, of the service they were doing the state; this is that service—the murdering of her future citizens. They dilated to you upon mercy shown to the sick; this is that mercy, the creation of disease. They spoke of taking care of children; this is that care, securing their death. And do you know that in these proceedings they are carrying out the teachings of the angelic fathers of their faith. In the church of Rome, while murder is undoubtedly in many instances looked on as a crime—for the *Taxe Sacræ* demands of a murderer seven years of penance unless the Church forgives him part of the penalty—there are other circumstances in which murder becomes a matter of indifference or mounts into the region of virtue. Ariault teaches (page 319) that it is no harm to murder your enemy if you do it so secretly as to occasion no scandal. Guimenius affirms the same in his seventh proposition. Molina in his sixteenth disputation avers that it is right to kill any man to save a crown, with which proposition Taberna in his *Practical Theology* perfectly coincides. To come to the case in question—infanticide—I can only tell you the authorities in favor of that deed are too numerous to mention.* I will give you the moral animus of Jesuitism in the words of F.

* For the sake of concealing infamy and preserving reputations, infanticide is not only permitted but enjoined by Ariault in his *Propositions*; by Marin, *Theology*, Tract 23; Navarrus; Castro Palas; Egidius; Bannez; Henriquez; and many other Jesuits.

Xavier Makami, Prefect of the Jesuit College at Rouen. He says in a thesis, (*Heroes faciunt, &c.*), 'Fortunate crimes make heroes. *Successful crime ceases to be a crime. Success constitutes or absolves the guilty at its will.'*"

The following day Lizette's baby died, and in the tumult of that occasion, every one in the house had something to say. The cook, a vehement Romanist, burst forth in this fashion to Jocelyn,

"And is it condemn' the holy Sisters ye are? Shure, they do right. If ye'd let the child alone his soul would have been in glory days ago. Don't the angels carry every babe of them that dies right to the bosom of the Virgin? There's no such luck for them as dies in a heretic house, and you've done the child a worse turn than ever the Sisters did, bringing of him here to die outside of holy bounds. Faith, the Church knows that the likes of them children may grow up thieves and murderers, or heretics, which is a deal worse, so they just save the souls of 'em the surest way possible."

"Then they should complete the process by giving them poison strong enough to carry them off at once, and not wait for slow torture."

"Heaven preserve us! Is it poison ye're talking of for the holy Sisters to use? Why, ma'am, that would be murder sure."

"And isn't this murder, this way they take?"

"Troth it *ain't*, it's lettin' alone, that's what it is, and no harm to any of them. There's no doubt the holiness of the Sisters is made more and more by every soul that goes safe through their hands to glory."

“ Holding such views,” said Mr. Earle to the irate servant, “ I do not know what modes of increasing your own holiness you might fix upon in my house ; therefore you will take the wages due you and leave as quickly as possible.”

“ The child’s better off,” mumbled Mrs. Harmon ; “ what’s the use of fretting ? ”

“ If you’d paid your five dollars almost anywhere else in the world, your grandchild would have been better cared for,” said Mrs. Earle.

“ They charged me no more than they thought he’d cost ’em,” said the conscientious grandmother. “ Five dollars is three weeks’ board, and they ask no more. If the child dies they buries it decent, and if this child ain’t to get respectable Catholic burial I’m going home,” so she put on her bonnet and departed.

“ What I can say,” spoke up the seamstress, “ is that I served for five weeks opposite the back gate of Holy Innocents. Every one in the neighborhood knows well that a milkman never stops at the Orphanage, but that from two to five little coffins go out of that back gate between dawn and dark in the early mornings.”

“ A friend of mine dropped in last evening,” said the nurse, “ and she told me she knew of three cases where children were taken out of Holy Innocents, in just the condition of this infant. Two of them died, but one which had only been there a week finally got well. The eyes were in every case like this child’s, fairly running out.”

The dead child was an occasion of much trouble to the

Earle family. They did not wish to place it in their family burial ground, and finally got from the proper authority permission to bury it in the Potter's Field. Opposite this graveyard was a Romish church.

On the morning of the burial a hearse came for the coffin and Jocelyn followed it in the carriage with Lizette and the nurse. At the gate of the burial ground stood a Romish Priest. He came forward, fixed his eyes on Lizette, and demanded, "Was not your child baptized in the Catholic Church?"

"Yes, Father" said Lizette trembling.

"Then I claim for it Catholic burial," said the Priest, and ordered the hearse driver and coachman to carry the coffin into the open door of the adjacent church. Jocelyn and the two women followed, Lizette finding some consolation in the fact that her child would be laid in *consecrated* ground.

The proceedings of the Earle family had evidently been closely watched, for in the church all was ready for the burial. At the door stood an exorcist with a bowl of holy water, and a choir boy doing duty as cross-bearer. Mrs. Harmon suddenly appeared on the scene, stood beside her daughter, and glanced somewhat defiantly at Jocelyn and the nurse.

The Priest left them at the church entrance, but almost instantly reappeared *in cornu evangelii*, clad in his black stole and chasuble. As he met the little coffin before the chancel, two boys in the choir sang a short requiem to persuade the angels to take charge of this babe's soul; the Priest then made a prayer, sprinkled the coffin thrice

with holy water, and taking the thurifer waved it over the corpse. He then motioned the men to carry the coffin into the adjacent graveyard, where after another prayer and another sprinkling, the earth rattled down on the narrow bed and sods were piled over Lizette's baby.

Miss Earle waited until all the services were over, and then as Lizette was evidently too feeble to walk, she was allowed to return in the carriage, though her mother and the Priest seemed to regret the necessity, and having taken her aside in the vestibule talked earnestly to her for a few moments.

True to his promise, Roger Cantwell, now elected as Father French had predicted, to the judgeship, gave the editor of the *Thunderbolt* a glowing description of Mrs. Earle's visit to Holy Innocents, and what she had found there. The editor at once declared that he would send a reporter over to the Orphanage next day ; if the reporter were refused admission the fact would be proclaimed in the *Thunderbolt*, and if being admitted he found these dismal sights and sounds, they also would be fully developed in the columns of that enterprising paper.

The visitation was to take place next morning. Just after nightfall, a very quiet, sleepy looking porter belonging to the *Thunderbolt* office, waked up to new life and made the best of his way to the home of Father Perry. In less than an hour a servant of Father Perry had been to the *House of the Holy Family*, and went thence to *Holy Innocents*. There may have been no significance in these calls, nor in the fact that the reporter who went out to secure reliable information for the *Thunderbolt*, the

next morning met Father Perry near *Holy Innocents*. The Father made the young man's acquaintance, was deliciously affable, happened to be going to *Holy Innocents* and would be glad to act as guide, philosopher and friend during the visit.

Said the Priest, "Holy Innocents is a very quiet, humble charity; very few beyond the poor whom we help know anything about it. I have wished such a useful institution to be better known. Now, my young friend, I am glad an enterprising fellow like yourself has come to look at us and let the public know about us. I'll show you what is to be seen. I know what your time and work is worth; this will be a little business matter between us you know; you speak well of us, and we settle for the advertisement at business rates in a business way. You see, Mr. Reporter, I do not come to you like some of my Protestant brothers, saying, 'I'm going to preach a big sermon Sunday, come report my eloquence for the Monday paper, and here's your ten dollar note.' No, that isn't my way; I admit to you I don't write big sermons, I give just a short a b c talk fit for these good-hearted, hulking bodies who work in gas-houses, coal yards and laundries the year round. But I say to you, I'll show you my Orphanage, wherein my credit as a pastor is so greatly concerned, be honest, say what you think of it, and good or bad give me the worth of this."

The reverend maneuverer's hand went from his own vest pocket into that of the reporter; Father Perry winked a knowing wink, rang a bell at a place which he

affirmed to be *Holy Innocents*, and the reporter was admitted to a sacristy filled with pots of paper artificial flowers. The Priest called attention to the neat workmanship of these flowers; then showed a dispensary nicely kept, and dilated on the medical knowledge of the Sisters. Said Father Perry, "There are no such good nurses to be found anywhere as in our holy orders. The famous Florence Nightingale knew little of the care of the sick beyond what she learned from the Sisters of Charity."

A Nun now came in and Father Perry asked to be shown to the work-room. Here they found the Sisters making more paper flowers, while some children were gyrating in and out among the workers.

"Where is the nursery?" asked the Priest; "my friend here wishes to see it."

"O, here it is, work-room and nursery, everything in one place; we're all happier for being together. There are several small babies in the next room with a Sister; one of them is sick."

She opened a door and showed three babies asleep in tidy cradles, and a sick child assiduously nursed by a Nun. Two or three children ran by through the hall in a game of romps.

"What a noise they make!" cried Father Perry.

"O, it is natural and healthful," said the Nun. Then turning to the reporter, she remarked, "The kitchen and laundry are in the back of the house, and up stairs we have only sleeping rooms, I suppose you do not care to see them."

"O, no, no. I have an excellent idea of your Orphanage now."

"And are pleased I hope," said Father Perry.

"*Delighted*. I shall give my experiences here to the public with the greatest pleasure; I shall do you justice," said the young man.

"Thank you, thank you, there's Christian candor!" cried Father Perry in a state of rapture, clasping the hand of the ingenuous youth.

It was this man's report of the Orphanage of *Holy Innocents* that in the columns of the *Thunderbolt* reached the public eye. He expatiated on "unpretending charity," "marvellous neatness," "faces of angelic purity," a "home for the homeless," "the happy faces and voices of children," "wisdom and patience incarnate in the forms of these Sisters."

Mrs. Earle was indignant; what did the man mean? She knew what she had seen; was not the death of Lizette's child an absolute reality? Had not she been told of many similar deaths, and had not Rome justified her own infamous acts; acts which were now ignored, and the House of Infanticide changed to the paradise of babyhood in a night? Yes, in a night. This vision that met the eyes of the reporter of the *Thunderbolt* was one of the *mysteries of Romanism*. Was it really the house of *Holy Innocents* which he entered, and in one night had death been hidden under paper roses, healthy children and more cheerful Sisters imported, and all gotten ready for public inspection and an appearance in the *Thunderbolt*? Or had our reporter been beguiled into

entirely another institution, improvised for the occasion? It may never be known until the day when all these deadly secrets are laid open by the Judge of the earth.

“I know what I saw,” said Mrs. Earle, “and I know it was a very different something from what is reported in the *Thunderbolt*.”

“Let it be,” said David Earle quietly. “God may some day flash another gleam of His light through the dark places of *Holy Innocents*.”

Lizette regained some measure of health, but she was very quiet; she seemed morbid, exceedingly unhappy, yet holding herself aloof from sympathy; she did not wish her child or her past to be mentioned. In a few weeks after the funeral she left her situation without notice, and when Jocelyn went to inquire for her, Mrs. Harmon said her daughter had another place and a very good one, but she would not tell where it was.

“I am sorry to have her leave us,” said Jocelyn.

“Asking your pardon, I’m not,” said Mrs. Harmon. “I’ve seen the ill that comes of foreign interfering, meaning no offense. My girl is a Catholic, you’re not, and you might turn her head. There is in our church—Father French’s Church of the Visitation—a family well off and good Catholics—all but one. Mary, their girl, got to going to heretic revival meetings, and all at once she took to mourning for her sins, which the holy father had absolved, every one for good and all. The next thing was, she set up that the Lord had pardoned her, which he couldn’t do and she never going near a priest. Well, she got a Bible unbeknown to her people, and went

on to be converted as she called it, and don't she turn an out and out heretic on their hands, quoting Scripture, the huzzy! Says Father French to her, 'Don't quote the Bible to us; the Bible is the religion of Protestants, not Catholic religion.' Her father was well-nigh wild, so was her mother. Says the Priest, 'Her death would have been a far less trouble,' and so it would, though she was a fine girl until then. So fearing for her bad example to the other children, they put her off somewhere and she's not been home since. Ah, you meant to be kind to my Liz, but asking the pardon of all of you, I took her away so she'd not be made a heretic."

Jocelyn went home wondering what had become of this Mary, who had been "put off somewhere." As she went, she passed the House of the Holy Family, little thinking that the high brick wall, with spiked battlements, and the gray granite of the house were all that kept her from Lucia, bending over the death-bed of Mary herself.

Bishop Otto, knowing that the facts concerning Father French and the *Holy Innocents* must be in possession of Judge Cantwell, was greatly anxious about the use he might make of them.

"A Judge now, a Representative to-morrow, Governor before long, most likely, he will be a friend or an enemy in power," meditated the Bishop as he walked down to Cantwell's office. The Bishop had arranged a little legal business as his pretext for visiting the lawyer.

Convinced that Cantwell knew of the wrong done by Father French, the Bishop was certain that he should

lose nothing by taking that gentleman into his confidence. The prelate therefore commenced his interview on the ground of old and intimate acquaintance. His manner was such as almost to make the wary Cantwell feel that they were the best of friends.

Having explained his legal difficulty, the Bishop said, "These are vexations of life in which a man of my profession feels as ignorant as a child. Sure of your knowledge, I come and roll all this burden of care on you, but there are some troubles peculiar to my office, which I can not shift to other shoulders, and in which I can only ask your sympathy. I believe I shall have it."

What could Cantwell say to that, except just what the Bishop wished him to say?

"Do you ever," asked Otto, "feel the wrong doing of your client resting like a heavy burden on your soul?"

"By no means," said Cantwell tranquilly; "my client never does wrong. I am always quite sure that he is a saint and a martyr; I never allow myself to see him otherwise, for losing faith in him would spoil my speech."

The prelate smiled. "Would that I had the same power to see good and never evil in my subordinates. I am in deep distress, Mr. Cantwell—Judge, I beg your pardon. *May* I relieve my overburdened mind by explaining my troubles to you?" And before Cantwell could realize what was to be the nature of the revelation, the Bishop had poured forth the story of Father French, and ended by saying, "This confidence is not my own, but another man's, and I could never have brought myself to open my heart thus to you, if I had not such

implicit faith in your honorable keeping of the secret. Of how much wrong and suffering do you lawyers become the repositories! Talk of the Confessional," continued the Bishop, with a sigh, "your penitents are more than ours. Thank you for your patience, Judge. I trespass on your time."

"Not at all," said Cantwell. "As you have opened this subject with me, may I ask a few questions? Why do you let this transgressor go unpunished?"

"He is not unpunished. He has the prescribed penance."

"Still why does he retain his position?" urged the lawyer.

"We emulate the mercy of God, who will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax. The man is wonderfully penitent, and the Scripture is, 'if thy brother sin against thee, forgive him.' Human law, Judge Cantwell, is only justified when it punishes the guilty; divine law can forgive the sinner, if he accepts the satisfaction that has been made. We of the Church, sir, must shape our acts according to the rules laid down for us by our Head. The injunction is, 'count him not as an enemy, but admonish him as a brother;' also, 'so that contrariwise ye ought rather to forgive him, and comfort him, lest perhaps such a one be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow.' Judge, the gospel is a gospel of forgiveness, else it would not be *gospel* to us poor sinners."

"But the example," said Cantwell; "if you do not publicly punish such an act, do you not lead people to

infer that you make but little account of it. Perhaps you should punish not for his sake that did the wrong, but for their sakes that know it, lest others be led to transgress."

"That," said Bishop Otto, "is the practice of churches whose position, if you will permit me to say it, is not so well assured as ours. Confident in the immaculate purity of our Church, we know that her doctrines and her history will vindicate her sanctity in the face of any aspersions cast upon her on account of her leniency in dealing with penitent sinners. And this brings me to another point, Judge: the injustice with which many of our enemies treat us. When one of our priests is caught in evil doing, every one cries out as if it were the most horribly amazing thing, unheard of in other churches, whereas some of the parsons in the various denominations of our separated brothers also do wrong."

"Now if you will permit me to express my views clearly to you," said Cantwell, "the difference lies just here: we are led to think that your men sin *because* of their form of religion, and our men in *spite* of theirs; we do not hold doctrines that drive a man to sin, nor do they palliate a sin accomplished; and here lies the strength of our argument against you. For example, your Church forces men into an unnatural mode of life; they take their vows at an early age, when they do not apprehend their own character; they may find after a time that they have assumed obligations which it is impossible for them to keep, and their Church also furnishes opportunity unlimited for trampling on these

obligations.* The Scripture is, 'Let every Bishop be the husband of one wife.' Your Church says, 'Let *not* any bishop be the husband of a wife.' Again, your Church makes light of † a class of sins which Protestant churches visit with the heaviest indignation. My charge against you lies here: your Church condemns her priest to an unnatural form of existence: she puts temptation in his way and says if he falls, *est veniale*; therefore we charge your Church with the sins of her priesthood. Our churches, on the contrary, tell a man to live as God ordained from the beginning; they hedge him about from temptation, and if he does then run into sin they set him aside to repent in private life, remembering that it is written, 'be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord.'"

The Bishop winced. He had thought of these things far oftener and more painfully than had Cantwell. He rose and held out his hand. "Some day you and I will be of better accord in all these matters; we shall understand each other's views and modify our own. It has been a comfort to me to talk to you, and confide a secret to one who knows how to keep it."

As the Bishop went homeward, he felt that his visit

* See Hogan on Auricular Confession.

Gavazzi's Lecture on Auricular Confession: "The Church of Rome pretends to the morality of her clergy when she casts them into the lust of the Confessional! The sacrament has been abused by the Confessors in thousands of millions of cases. There are four different bulls of four Popes directed against Confessors for abusing confession for lustful purposes. Confession is ruinous in its effects, first to the Priest himself, then to families."

See Illustrations of Popery, p. 307. Bayle on Auricular Confession. Michelet sur Confession. Buchart's Decrees, book 19.

† See Edgar's Variations of Popery, p. 559. Pithon's *Canon Law*, approved by Gregory XIII.

"Nam illos habere persuasum quasi recte faciant," &c.—Cardinal Campeggio

had not been wasted. Cantwell had uttered some hard truths, but the Bishop had effectually silenced him on the subject of Father French.

The slaughter at *Holy Innocents* did not fail to be discussed in the office of Barron and Cantwell.

“For my part,” said Mr. Dunbar, “I feel like prosecuting the institution as an establishment expressly designed for manslaughter.”

“And have the matter tried before a bribed court, by a half Romish jury. That is the way the affair would be carried on,” said Judge Barron. “The American people are not yet prepared to be honest with this creed.”

“In such a case I would challenge the jury,” cried Mr. Dunbar.

“I don’t think the challenge would be sustained in the present ultra liberal state of public feeling,” said Mr. Earle.

“You are right; doubtless it would not be sustained,” said Judge Cantwell. “And yet it ought to be. These Orphanages and Convents are a part of the Romanist’s religion; he sets out with the proposition that they are right, and that whatever is done in them is right, and nothing will convince him to the contrary. Accuse them of any crime, prove it however satisfactorily, and his verdict is still *not guilty*. Knowing this, we can see that the Romanist is not a fit juror in cases where the proceedings of his Church are in question; yet if we challenge him on account of his religion, the public cries, ‘bigot! bigot!’ When the head of a gang of thieves may sit as a juror at the trial of his confederates; when

a murderer may inquire in court into the crime of his accomplice; when pickpockets enter the hall of justice to inquire into the crime of larceny, then may the Romanist who swears in effect that the crimes of his Church are the religion of his Church, be a fit juror when that Church is brought to answer before the majesty of the law. But as yet the American people do not recognize even so plain a proposition, and they see the Romish judge and the Romish jury trying Rome and acquitting her and look well pleased upon the outrageous farce in the name of legal justice!"

"The cry of *bigotry*," said Mr. Dunbar, "it is that which makes cowards of us American heroes. Where is one of us honest enough and brave enough to dare to be called—a bigot?"

Cantwell's eyes flashed. He spoke ardently, "The sophism by which Romish institutions which are opposed to all republican principles are sought to be sustained, is that these institutions are parts of a religion. The despotism of the confessional is religion; the barbarism of the Orphanage is religion; the tyranny of the Convent is religion. Religious toleration is one of the fundamental principles of American government and of the federal constitution, therefore Romanism in all its anti-republican branches is protected by the Constitution, and all attacks upon it or laws enacted against it are unconstitutional. If the millions of Americans were barbarians or if our government were an unlimited sovereignty—a despotism—it is needless to say that our Constitution and institutions would not exist. I feel degraded to find it

needful to instruct American citizens that our Constitution does not require, nay, does not allow practices which are at war with the very existence of civilization. There have been religions which required human sacrifices to the sun, as the Aztec; or the destruction of infants, as the Hindoo; the murder of the aged and the cannibal feast, as in the South Sea islands; but if these practices were brought to-day into our land, is there a citizen so mad as to justify them on the plea of religious toleration? No. We consistent Americans would not permit the Hindoo to destroy his baby, but we allow the Orphanage to do it. We will not have human sacrifices to the sun, but we will have the Convent prison unexplored, unrestricted, the private mad-house, the law-defiant institution where there can be no post mortem examination to put in a demurrer to sudden deaths!"

Cantwell was listened to by the friends in his office with attention and conviction. The time had been when he would have made such a speech in public, expecting to carry the feelings of the citizens with him. But of late in studying the popular mind in reference to Romanism, he had found that it was not to be remodeled in a day; if he were to go before the people as the advocate of anti-Romanism the period of his political success must be far off. A year of open rebuke of Rome had shown him the temporal advantage of her secret love. In his office, among such friends as Earle, Dunbar, and his partner Judge Barron, he was the man convinced of the dangers of Romanism; but in public, Cantwell was already becoming cautious, and was warily ascertaining the mind

of those whom he would win for his constituents before he proclaimed his own.

There was a time when Cantwell's conscience reproved him for his secret treachery to his sense of right. It was the time spent with Jocelyn. Miss Earle had no suspicion that Cantwell's zeal against Romish wrong had had its spring in selfishness, and that the very same selfishness was checking that zeal. While in Jocelyn's presence, Cantwell seemed lifted to higher motives; her enthusiasm fired him, her appreciation of his arguments and the quickness of her sympathy made him feel that she was the only woman worth living for, was the true companion for his life. Then as a check to these convictions, would come the certainty that the absolute rectitude of Jocelyn's character would demand from him an undeviating adherence to right; he would find in her no apostle of political expediency. When Cantwell was working in a way worthy of himself, when he was the man of learning and the man of honor, he adored Jocelyn and sought her society; when by unworthy means he pursued selfish ends and the presence of Miss Earle would have rebuked him, he took refuge with Alda Burt. Our lawyer lived two lives; in his intellectual life he sought Jocelyn; when he gave himself up to folly he made Alda his companion. There were hours when he feared Miss Earle, other hours when he despised Miss Burt. On the one hand, Alda spurred by pride and urged by her priest, pursued the Judge, while Cantwell dwelt in a wearisome questioning whether Miss Earle even cherished friendship for him.

It seemed plain to David Earle that a wife like Alda

Burt, vain, trifling, with no settled principles, and moreover the slave of her priest, would accomplish the ruin of his friend, but the matter was a delicate one on which he could not even hint advice.

In the twilight of a summer evening, Mr. Dunbar passing down Sixteenth street, saw Roger Cantwell and Miss Burt setting out for the opera. Alda stood on the steps, smiling, chattering, and drawing her blue satin cloak about her, while Cantwell held the carriage door, waiting for her. Alda delayed, secretly hoping that Jocelyn, her unconscious rival, might catch a glimpse of her splendors and her escort.

“What an inexplicable creature is that Cantwell,” said Mr. Dunbar to himself. “Called one of the finest minds in the State, eloquent and able, yet when he might spend an evening in the society of such a woman as Jocelyn Earle, he goes to the opera with—Alda Burt!”

However, Roger Cantwell’s mistake was Robert Dunbar’s good fortune, for he, finding the coast clear, speedily presented himself in the publisher’s drawing room.

Jocelyn was reading her brother’s weekly paper.

“Here is something you will appreciate, Mr. Dunbar,” she said. “I suppose it is one of Judge Cantwell’s articles, as it is on his favorite theme, *Rome and the Book*. Let me read you part of it.”

She read with fervor; the well-rounded periods gained a new beauty from the reader’s emphasis; the argument seemed to have a new strength and clearness from her intense appreciation of it. Dunbar listening, flushed like a school-boy.

“There,” cried Jocelyn, as she laid down the paper, “I have heard people criticise Judge Cantwell and say that he could convince himself that whatever he desired was right, that self-interest was his first motive. After reading such an article as this, I never can believe he is other than a fearless, unselfish advocate of right, considering first a good cause, and afterwards his own advantage.”

Mr. Dunbar was silent; he had no echo for her praises.

“Vexatious man!” said Jocelyn in her heart. “I wonder if he thinks I praise Judge Cantwell too warmly. He has written nobly, and I shall not hesitate to say so.”

Her brother came in. “I have heard your article highly commended, Mr. Dunbar,” he said.

“So have I,” replied the minister, glancing at Jocelyn.

“What article?” demanded that young lady.

“Rome and the Book,” said the publisher.

CHAPTER TWELFTH.

DEAD AND BURIED.

Affairs at the House of the Holy Family—Death in a Convent—Burial Services—The Masked Nun—Death at Vespers—The Consecrated Hour—The Bishop's Servant Keeping Vigil—Lucia's Grave and Lucia's Ghost.

"We are not obliged in making choice of the way of salvation to take that which is most certain or probable, because there may happen to be an error in that which is not certain. For example, it is probable to me that the coat which I wear is my own, but it is more probable that it belongs to you; I am not therefore obliged to give it to you, but I may take care of it for myself."

Castro Paolo on "*Virtues and Vices*," Part 1, Point 12.

Mary, the prisoner, had seemed to gain a new lease of life about Christmas time. She became stronger and was able to leave her bed and walk about her room. Mother St. Hilaire rejoiced greatly at this improvement, but her joy was of short continuance, for the Abbess acting as she said by the parents' orders, removed the invalid from the infirmary and gave her a little, fireless room, lighted by one small window high up in the wall. The room was better than the cell in the basement, but was yet bad enough; the floor was bare, the pallet poorly supplied with coverings, and the Superior kept her victim furnished with work that occupied her while daylight lasted. The food that was sent to Mary—for she was never allowed to leave her cell—was poor and scanty, but the girl received all uncomplainingly. St. Hilaire dared not remonstrate; it would have been rebellion and

disobedience for her even to ask for more tender care of the convalescent. Lucia finding Mary gone from the infirmary, was most anxious to know what had become of her, but Catherine Illuminata refused to gratify what she called *curiosity*. Lucia began then to imagine the girl dead, or again a prisoner in that wretched dungeon. Dwelling upon these horrors, she became exceedingly melancholy.

“What is the matter with you, my daughter?” asked the Abbess. “Surely you are not home-sick, when I am doing my best to make you happy.”

“You make me unhappy by not permitting me to know where Mary is,” said Lucia. “I am afraid she is starving in that horrible place.”

“Which you would not be made miserable by knowing anything about, you foolish child, if it had not been for your curiosity.”

“But Mother, does it not make you miserable to know that any one is suffering?”

“I do my duty, do what is expedient for the glory of the Church, and do not admit anything else into my mind.”

“And is it ever duty to be unkind, Mother Abbess?” urged Lucia.

“It is always duty to obey. Moreover, I have told you often that the highest kindness seems cruelty to the uninstructed observer. Still, rather than that your unbelieving heart should be miserable over Mary, I will permit you to go with Sister Nativity when she carries her her food.”

Lucia was constantly with the Abbess, who, notwithstanding her vows of poverty and the denial of the flesh, lived luxuriously; the choicest refreshments were always on hand, and Lucia prepared for her evening visit with Sister Nativity by wrapping herself in a large shawl and hiding under it a package of cakes and sweetmeats.

"The Mother has said you are to come with me to see our rebellious ward," said Sister Nativity. "I hope you will take to heart the lesson which the reverend Mother would teach you, that it is never best to be contumacious, but you should always submit to your superiors."

Sister Nativity unlocked the chill little room; it was growing dusk and Mary had folded her work and sat with it in her lap. The Nun put down a jug of cold tea and a square bit of corn bread.

"How long will it be before you conform, you obstinate?" she said.

"I shall not change my views," answered Mary quietly.

"You will die in your sins. The reverend Mother has a set of sheets for you to hem if you expect to live long enough."*

"That will be as God wills," replied Mary.

"Without doubt we shall see you translated like Elijah. When you go up in a chariot of fire let us see the sight, and don't forget to speak a good word for us who worship the Virgin most blessed and who adore the Host."

During this conversation Lucia, who stood behind

* See Miss Read's "Six Months in a Convent."

Sister Nativity, slipped her parcel of eatables into Mary's bed.

"Come," said the Nun, "you see this girl is obdurate. She will not live long, and having wasted her hour of grace, she will find her death-bed beset by fiends. Take warning!"

The Abbess reclining in her easy chair in a well warmed and brilliantly lighted parlor, a richly bound book in her hand and a dish of foreign fruits at her elbow, was a striking contrast to poor Mary with hectic cheeks and wasted hands, shivering in her cell. Lucia felt the difference.

"O, Mother Catherine," she said, "why do you let such things go on in your house? Why do you not put that poor sick girl in a cozy little room, and take good care of her?"

"She could have the best in this house or in her own home, if she would submit to the commands of her natural guardians."

"But, Mother, if you are sure she is doomed and will never see joy after death, you should in compassion give her comfort in this present life."

"Not so, Lucia. We trust our enforced severity will lead to repentance."

"It is *goodness* that leads to repentance," said Lucia stoutly

"Ald why, my distrustful child, will you persist in blaming me? Do you not know that this girl is under control of her parents and of the Bishop of the diocese, and I am simply a woman bound by a solemn oath to

obey the Ordinary of this house, and I but execute unquestioningly the commands laid upon me. I have no authority either to bind or to set free."

"Then Bishop Otto must have the power, and if he tells you to do differently in regard to Mary, you will gladly obey, will you not?"

"O, certainly," replied the Abbess, indifferently; "go Lucia, give me some music."

When the Bishop came next day, Lucia made haste to get his cup of wine from the housekeeper. As she carried it through the hall, the Bishop's servant stepped from the sacristy.

"Can not some one else carry that?" he asked.

"O, I want to do it; I wish to see the Bishop."

"For what?" questioned the servant, scowling. But Lucia hurried on, and stood before the Bishop holding the two-handled golden cup.

"Well, my daughter, do you daily grow in grace and in knowledge?" asked the Bishop.

Lucia blushed. "Ask Mother Abbess."

"Our little sister is becoming most accomplished, but she is not very religious," said Catherine Illuminata.

"Devotion would be even more beautiful than the roses in your cheeks," said the Bishop. "We are instructed that there are two kinds of goodness of soul, the supernatural and the natural. First, the supernatural, as Catholic faith, innocence, and so forth, which conduce to eternal safety; second, natural goodness, as memory, intellect, accomplishments. While you should not despise the second, you should heartily strive for the first."

“Thank you for your advice, my lord,” said Lucia ; “and this morning I want to ask a favor of you. There is a young woman here whom our Abbess is under orders to lock up because she will not conform ; and, sir, you have no idea how feeble she is and how gentle. Mother Catherine would very gladly do better for her if she had an order from you.”

As Lucia said this hurriedly and half afraid, the Bishop looked toward Catherine Illuminata and faintly smiled.

“Perhaps, Abbess, we would better have this contumacious young person brought before us, and inquire into the reasons of her obstinacy.”

Catherine bowed and gave an order for Sister Nativity to bring Mary.

As Mary with feeble steps entered the parlor, death written in the hectic of her hollow cheek and in the glitter of her eyes, Lucia looked appealingly into the Bishop’s face. Without doubt the prelate was touched by the contrast between these two girls, the one vigorous, beautiful and buoyant, the other bending already over an early grave.

“Sit down, my child,” said Otto to Mary ; “I wish to converse with you. Can you say the creed ?”

Mary repeated it.

“Do you believe it ; is it accepted by your heart ?”

“Yes, sir,” said Mary.

“That is well,” replied the Bishop encouragingly.

“Now let us hear the confiteor.”

“No, sir ; that I cannot say. I confess only to God in

the name of Jesus, who is the only mediator between God and man."

"But do you not believe it right for friends on earth to pray to God for each other's happiness and holiness?"

"Certainly," replied Mary. "I often pray for my friends."

"Then will we ask more charity and faithful love from a friend on earth than from a friend in heaven, from a saint in the body than from a saint in glory?"

"The difference lies here," said Mary earnestly. "God has commanded his people on earth, 'pray one for another,' but we are expressly taught in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus that the saint in heaven, even though so high as Abraham, the father of the faithful, can do nothing for man or for a lost soul. Our praying days end with this life; we pray for nothing in glory."

"I am sorry to see you so opinionated," said the Bishop. "To proceed, do you believe in the Real Presence?"

"Sir, I do."

"I am rejoiced to hear it," said the Bishop. "This is an important point."

"Perhaps you misunderstand me," said Mary. "I believe in the daily real presence of Jesus my Lord, who has said, 'Fear not, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' He helps me to endure all my afflictions, and though while in the flesh I can neither see Him nor touch Him, I feel sure that I shall soon meet Him in heaven."

“You can only meet him in the way of his appointment.”

“And that is by heartily coming. ‘He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out,’” replied Mary quickly.

“Has not Mother Abbess by instruction, exhortation and good books tried to convert you, Mary?”

“Sir, she has.”

“Would you like to attend religious services in the chapel?”

“No, sir.”

“Do you see anything that I can consistently do for you? Can I take any other method than to leave you to reflect in solitude?”

“Sir, I leave that to your own conscience,” said Mary.

The Abbess signed to Sister Nativity who bade her prisoner follow her.

Lucia touched the Bishop’s arm, “Do let me give her my shawl, you cannot think how cold her cell is.”

The Bishop smiled. “What an earnest, innocent child this is, Abbess.”

Lucia triumphantly wrapped her shawl about Mary.

After that Lucia made several visits to Mary by stealth or by the secret connivance of Mother St. Hilaire.

As spring advanced Mary faded daily. Her cough returned with increased violence and her coarse food was untasted. While the heart of the Lady of Shalott was breaking in silence, and while Lizette’s babe was killed by letting alone, Mary’s once elastic and vigorous consti-

tution was finally destroyed by Convent discipline. She was removed from her cell to the infirmary in a dying condition. Lucia had not been permitted to see her, but taking advantage of the supper hour she ran into the infirmary. Mary was weak but conscious; Sister Saint Hilaire stood by the bed. Lucia spoke with tears in her eyes.

“Dear Mary, I wish I could have done more for you.”

“I need nothing now; I am dying and I am happy.” She beckoned Lucia to bend lower. “Child, don’t give up Protestantism. Hold fast the faith of your Bible or you shall not see God.”

Lucia began to weep.

“Mother St. Hilaire,” said Mary, “I believe I shall see you in heaven.”

The step of Sister Nativity sounded in the hall. Lucia not daring to be seen in the infirmary stooped behind the bed.

“Here is Mary’s medicine,” said Sister Nativity, holding a cup.

Mother St. Hilaire administered the potion. Sister Nativity went away, and Lucia ran to supper. After the meal was over, the Abbess rose saying,

“My daughters, a soul is passing away; go to your prayers that the good angels may bring holy thoughts, and that our departing sister may die at peace with the Church.”

She then called Sister Nativity and Sister Mary Felicite, and going to the infirmary dismissed Mother St.

Hilaire. The infirmary door remained locked for an hour, then the Abbess appeared in the chapel with Sister Nativity. She addressed the Nuns.

“Rejoice now, my daughters, your prayers are answered. Our daughter Mary is no longer rebellious, but asking pardon for her sins, desires the last sacraments. She is now by reason of our tender restraints and instructions entering the door of eternal life, held open by the Church. You may come to witness the edifying spectacle of a holy death, and increase its grace by your prayers. The choir will remain singing the offices for the dying until the soul of our sister has left her body.”

The masked Nun was kneeling alone in a corner and the Abbess whispered something in her ear. She shook her head. Mother Catherine then took Lucia's hand and led her to the infirmary, saying, “See now, my child, the fruits of my zeal and resolution in the salvation of a soul. Mary recognizes the mercy of what you have called severity. She is content.”

Entering the infirmary Lucia stood near the bed. To her surprise Mary seemed entirely insensible.

“She is in a trance of holy ecstasy,” said Catherine impressively.

Lucia thought the dying girl's stillness more like the stupor of physical exhaustion or of opiates, than like a trance of joy.

“Our dying sister has expressed her desire to receive the viaticum and the sacrament of extreme unction,” said the Abbess. “She has confessed to me her sins and begs

you will pardon all evil example set by her, and pray for the salvation of her soul."

The assembled Nuns knelt and began reciting prayers; the Superior assisted by Sisters Nativity and Felicite now put about Mary's neck a cord holding the brown scapular, of which the efficacy is so wonderful that no one wearing it can die without absolution. The Nuns folded Mary's night dress smoothly about her, laid over her bosom the square of cloth with the scarlet heart sewed upon it, and a smaller piece with the letters I. H. S. They then clasped her fingers about a little crucifix, laid a rosary across her wrists, and an Agnus Dei in the palm of her hand. She looked a very devout Catholic in this dying state. The ringing of a small bell preceded the entrance of Father French, of whose congregation Mary had once been a member. The Father spread the corporal over a little table, laid thereon the pyx, and all present silently adored the Host. He then sprinkled the sick girl and the room with holy water, and addressed Mary, asking if as a true Catholic she desired the consolations of religion in her last hours. Getting no reply, he turned to the Abbess, "Has our dying sister expressed contrition for sin and a desire for the sacraments?" *

The Abbess bowed.

"In that case," said Father French, "her present unconsciousness does not dispense me from the duty of administering to her that Eucharist which being received shall work in her dying grace." †

* Compendii Theologiæ Moralis. Tom. 2, caput iv, page 307. Also, pars. 1, Artic. II, page 149.

† Sacramenta enim ex opere operato operantur in eis, qui cupierunt ea recipere. Compendii Theo. Mor., p. 148, vol. 2.

Father French then put a purple stole over his surplice and with the holy oil touched Mary on the eyes, ears, lips, nostrils, hands and feet, saying with each touch, "Through His most holy pity the Lord forgives to thee whatsoever sin thou hast committed with thine eyes, with thine ears," and so forth.

This ceremony being concluded, the Priest administered the wafer with part of the ceremonies observed at Mass. After these ceremonies Father French left the Convent. Mary's breath became shorter; presently there was a rattle in her throat. Sister Nativity called out in a loud voice, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph! receive her spirit!"

The Sisters now went to the chapel to sing the office for the dead. Lucia stood in the choir and sang with the rest.

"From the gates of hell
Deliver their souls, O Lord,
Grant them eternal rest, O Lord,
And let perpetual light shine upon them."

While they chanted the offices Mary's body was carried in in solemn procession, laid before the altar, and surrounded with lighted candles.

As the Sisters were leaving the choir Lucia heard a Novice say to Sister Serena, "Do you think Sister Mary knew what they were doing when they administered the holy ordinances?"

"That is no affair of ours," said Serena. "The ordinances made as good an impression on us as if she were sensible."

"How strange that after being perverse so long she could be penitent and die well!" exclaimed the Novice.

“Do you suppose,” said Sister Serena, “that Mother Catherine would permit any one in this house to die a heretic or without the viaticum? She would not be so disgraced. Mary was baptized in our holy church, and when she grew so ill as not to know what was best for her, the venerable Mother took the matter of her soul’s salvation into her own hands and made all secure.”

Mary was buried with all due ceremonies; her parents came to the funeral, evidently much relieved by her death and the account of her last moments.

Lucia glancing at the impenetrable countenance of Catherine Illuminata wondered sometimes if the Abbess were deceived herself or willfully deceived the Sisters.

After the funeral the Abbess was very kind. She granted indulgences, additional hours of recreation, pleasanter occupations, and various unusual luxuries at the table. She wished to dispel from her joyous Convent the gloom cast upon it by the recent death.

In the relaxation of strict rules Lucia found opportunity, long vainly sought, for conversation with the masked Nun.

“What were Mary’s last words to you?” asked this Nun.

“She charged me to remain a Protestant.”

“Then it is not likely she recanted and died a Catholic.”

“I think that was all a pretense,” whispered Lucia.

“The same pretense will be made over me. I have not long to live. You may one day leave this house and

see my friends. Tell them that repenting of my sin and folly, I died trusting only in Jesus."

"But who are your friends? How shall I find them? I do not even know your name," said Lucia.

The Nun glanced about. "We are quite alone, I will tell you my story. When I was quite young I had a dearly loved friend who was a Catholic. Our friendship was romantic. She persuaded me secretly to embrace her religion and take refuge in a Convent. She said we would take the vows together and never be separated. When we reached the Convent she deserted me. I found out my mistake too late."

"But why did you not leave the Convent with your friend?"

"I could not. She had friends in power; I had none. Besides she did not cease to be a Romanist as I should have done. I can not tell you where she went or what her life has been; that is her secret not mine. Still she has used her influence to soften the bitterness of my lot. Ah, you poor stranger in this dreadful place, how little you guess the secrets of sorrow and crime that are about you. Take my advice, and get away from the Convent as soon as possible."

"But your name—your name!" cried Lucia.

"I am under a solemn oath not to tell it. For the same reason, lest some one recognize me, I wear this mask. On condition of this care, I am permitted to go about the Convent. Think, have you never heard a story like mine? You have seen my friends; you have mentioned them to me—"

“There comes Sister Felicite!” whispered Lucia, making haste to escape unseen by the Nun.

Lucia was losing faith in the Abbess; she never thought of asking her concerning the mysterious Nun. She dared not so much as hint that they had ever spoken together. Lucia was becoming restless and unhappy; the beautiful Convent was now to her only a whiteâsepulchre; she had been drifting carelessly into Romanism when the incidents connected with Mary had changed the current of her thoughts. Still outwardly conforming to many of the ceremonies—confession excepted—Lucia revolted more and more in heart from the gorgeous creed.

As she mused over her last interview with the masked Nun, a thought that this singular being might be Mr. Dunbar’s lost sister leaped into her mind. If so, this Bishop’s servant was undoubtedly the young man with whom she was rumored to have departed from school. Where then was Laure Vallerie, the idolized, deceitful friend? Where did she live, bearing in her heart the secret of Una Dunbar’s abduction and imprisonment?

“If she can not tell her own name, I will get her to tell the name of her friend; if it is Laure, I will know the masked Nun is Una, and then I am sure I can easily get word to father or Jocelyn or Mr. Dunbar, and be the means of restoring her to her friends,” thought Lucia, little knowing that she was as entirely cut off from communication with her family as if she lived in another world.

Only a day or two had gone by when help and uncertainty passed out of sight together. Lucia was



She bent over the railing of the gallery, crying, "Una Dunbar, Una Dunbar!"—Page 289.

accustomed to sing the solos in the choir, and especially delighted the Abbess by her part at Vespers. As the choral service closed, Lucia stepped to the front of the gallery. The masked Nun was with the other Sisters near the altar, and as she passed out of the chapel Lucia wanted to give her some sign or glance of friendship. As the black-veiled Sisters came crowding down the aisle the masked Nun in the midst of them, she stopped, gave a cry, threw up her arms and seemed to struggle for breath; in this spasm of distress, she clutched her mask and tore it from her uplifted face, falling backward at the same moment. The Nuns were confused and shrieked, the Abbess hurried forward, and Lucia leaning from the gallery saw all her suspicions confirmed, for the unmasked face of the prostrate Nun was that of Una Dunbar. Tears and sorrow had faded the once brilliant countenance, and it is probable that Lucia would not have recognized the likeness to the much admired portrait had she not already found reason to believe that the masked Nun and the lost sister were one. Unconscious of what she did she bent over the railing of the gallery, crying, "Una Dunbar! Una Dunbar!"

Sister Nativity caught her by the arm and put her hand over her mouth. "Crazy child! what are you saying?"

The Abbess Catherine made her way through the crowd of Nuns.

"Lift her up! carry her to the infirmary; restore her, it is a faint."

"Pard'on me, Mother, she is dead," said Sister Saint Hilaire.

“Dead! Of what?” cried the startled Abbess; and all the Nuns as they followed the body out of the chapel echoed, “Dead of what?” but they hid the wonder in their hearts.

Sister Nativity had led Lucia to the parlor and ordered her to stay there. The twilight was falling, the marble Holy Family, the organ, the crucifix, the Betrothal of St. Catherine, were slowly fading in the evening gloom. When the first half hour passed, the bell of the chapel slowly began to toll. Yes, Una Dunbar, the hapless masked Nun, was surely dead. Sister Felicite came through the room to get wax tapers to burn about the corpse. Lucia paced up and down in the gathering darkness, recalling all her interviews with the dead Nun, and fixing in her mind the message that was to be delivered to Robert Dunbar, the message that should bring him sorrow and relief. Another half hour, Lucia heard the steps of those who carried the corpse to the chapel. At last the portress lit the lamps, and then the Abbess came. Catherine Illuminata looked much disturbed. She leaned back in her favorite chair and mused some moments before she spoke. Then with a certain sharpness in her tones she called Lucia.

“Come here, child. How came you to know the name of our unfortunate sister who has so suddenly left us? Had you ever seen her in the world she left for the Convent?”

“No, Mother.”

“Did she then tell you her name?” demanded the Abbess, with a darkening face.

“No, Mother. I—I had seen her portrait before I came here, and when her face was uncovered, I knew her.”

“Are you then so keen at tracing resemblances?” asked the Abbess, glancing uneasily at the picture of St. Catherine, and shading her own face with her hand. “I have reason to fear, Lucia, that you are not the guileless child I received into my heart with more than a mother’s love. I fear you can hide knowledge until you are ready to use it for your own ends. Tell me—”

“The lord Bishop!” said the portress, and the prelate entered the parlor. Catherine rose to meet him, saying hastily to Lucia, “Go, until I send for you.”

Lucia went to the bed-room and thence into the hall. She wandered into the sacristy and suddenly remembered that the Bishop’s servant had claimed to be the masked Nun’s brother. She was sure that Robert Dunbar had had no brother. She considered a while on this. The halls were unusually quiet; the sudden death had disturbed the usual order of evening exercises; confused by Lucia’s unexpected knowledge and by the Bishop’s arrival, the Abbess had neglected to give her orders for the Sisterhood, and the Nuns remained in their cells awaiting her commands. Lucia stole to the chapel door; all was gloomy; no light shone except from the tapers that surrounded the black-draped body lying before the altar. The dead woman was in full nun’s dress, and the faded wreath that had crowned her head when she took the fatal vows was lying at her feet. Lucia longed for one look into the quiet face. She would be able to tell

Robert Dunbar in what his sister had changed, and how she looked in her last sleep. To go up the dark central aisle was too formidable an undertaking, but Lucia knew she could enter by a small door near the altar of the souls in purgatory, and reach the high altar from the side. Shielded by the altar and the gorgeous tabernacle which contained the Host, before which a small lamp burned perpetually, Lucia could look down on the face that had so long been sedulously concealed.

Hardly had Lucia taken this position when a slight sound told her that she was not alone with the dead, and to her amazement Francis, the Bishop's servant, who seemed to have been bowed upon the floor, lifted himself and bent over the body, sobbing mournfully.

"Gone without a forgiving word, without the last offices of our faith. Perhaps you are lost, and my sacrifice is of none effect. Did you love me, poor Una? was your heart broken? did not all the beauty and sweetness die out of our lives long ago? I took human love to live for; I gave you faith; your faith proved a broken reed, it has deceived you in life, it has deceived you in death. Una, Una," this singular mourner paused and kissed the cold white face and hands. "O, to lie like you. Death is better than the misery of living!"

"Francis!" the voice was Bishop Otto's. He laid his hand on his attendant's arm. "My *poor* Francis! Do you indeed long for death?"

"It is better to die than to live uncared for and forgotten!"

"Uncared for!" said the Bishop in a tone of deep

reproach. "You of all others have least reason for such a thought."

From the moment of the prelate's appearance Lucia had been only anxious to fly unseen; she scarcely heard the words that passed between the ecclesiastic and his servant, and seizing a moment when Otto bent his head as if to utter some consolatory word to the mourner, Lucia darted from her hiding place through the door by the altar of the imprisoned souls. She heard a loud exclamation; the prelate had perceived the flight, and knowing the Convent thoroughly, rushed through another door into a dark passage-way and caught her. "Who is this?" he demanded, grasping her in the gloom. Lucia trembled and remained silent, hoping yet to escape.

"Which of the Sisters is it?" cried the Bishop, and moving his hand over her dress, he suddenly touched the mass of soft hair that fell upon her shoulders and recognized her, for Lucia's was the only unshorn head in the Convent.

"Lucia Estey!" He said no more, but taking her hand in a firm clasp, he led her into the presence of the Abbess.

Catherine sat with her head on her hand in an attitude of deep reflection. She lifted her face in amazement when the Bishop brought in his culprit.

Otto took a chair, leaving Lucia standing like a prisoner at the bar. He then uttered his accusation.

"Here is a young person who is forever getting into the wrong place and obtaining forbidden knowledge. Girl, speak, what do you know of—"

"She knows," interrupted the Abbess bitterly, "that the Nun who died to-day bore the name of Una Dunbar!"

Lucia grew desperate. "I will tell them everything," she thought, "and it may make them afraid of me, and they will refuse to keep me here longer. There is nothing I want so much as to get home." So she burst forth,

"Yes, I do know that this Nun with the mask was Una Dunbar, and that she wanted to leave you and could not. Her friends have looked for her for years and have been heart-broken about her. Her brother has a church in this very city; and I know more," she added, turning to the Bishop, "I know that your servant Francis is the young man with whom she left her boarding school."

"The young man!" gasped the Bishop.

"Yes, sir. She was seen at different times talking to a strange young man, and every one was sure she went off with him. I know it is true now. That Francis of yours deceived her in some way by bringing her to this Convent; I heard her say so."

The Bishop's look suddenly changed from agony to intense relief; he strove to frown but his frown was of the mildest. He asked cautiously, "If Francis had been so cruel as to deceive this girl in any way, why should he mourn her death?"

"I don't know," replied Lucia innocently; "perhaps he liked her all the same, and thought it was a kindness to make a Catholic and a Nun of her."

The Bishop regarded the ingenuous face of the Convent pupil with increasing satisfaction. He said mildly

"You misjudge Francis; youth is apt to be hasty."

"Go to your room, Lucia, and remain there," said the Abbess.

When the young girl had left the room, Catherine looked fixedly at the Bishop. "Then your servant Francis is *not* her brother?"

"Certainly he was," said the Bishop, with entire presence of mind; "but this inquisitive child does not know it. Would it be well for that parson to know of a brother in my service?"

"By no means," said the Abbess dropping her eyes, but the prelate felt that she was not satisfied with his reply.

"One thing is certain," said the Bishop, "this girl is too wise in our affairs to go out into the world again. We must keep her here; the question is how."

"I can easily manage that," said the Abbess, proud of her skill.

"There is no doubt that with judicious management she will take the vows and be a very useful member of the order," remarked Otto.

"None in the least," replied the Abbess confidently.

"And what measure would you take in regard to her?"

"Suppose I notify her friends of her death?" said Catherine.

"That plan might be tried once too often."

"Never fear," laughed the Abbess.

"A dangerous game," said the reluctant Bishop; "and yet she must remain with us. She looks frank, but she

may know more of our secrets than we give her credit for."

The Abbess was watching the Bishop to discover wherein he particularly dreaded Lucia, and what he had to conceal. She brought him a daily paper, a copy of which was furnished her by Father French each morning and carefully studied. She ran her finger down the columns until she reached a paragraph descriptive of a contagious fever which was exciting some alarm in the city.

"Lucia has only her grandmother and cousin in town, and they would not dare contagion to visit her in sickness. Two letters written to-morrow will make the case clear to them, and the day after to-morrow we can send Miss Dunbar's coffin to the Estey's as Lucia's."

The Bishop was aghast at the audacity of the proposal. "Suppose they open it."

"Rely on it they will not. People of their stamp are afraid to look on death, particularly if there is a risk of contagion. Even if they did, it is easy to suggest a mistake where several deaths have occurred. These two coming together clear our way remarkably, but I hope soon to have more cheerful times in our Convent. The Sisters are getting dull and frightened, and I confess for my own part I do not like to hear the death-bell tolling."

"You would not do well living at 'Holy Innocents,'" said the Bishop remorsefully.

"Ta, ta, ta, holy Father," said the Abbess, "unpleasant things may be ignored if they are not present to you."

“Arrange this affair with your usual discretion,” said Otto. “Where is my poor Francis? he feels his sister’s death keenly. Come Francis.”

Francis glided from a recess in the hall and followed the Bishop into the carriage. The Abbess stood musing :

“This Francis has for years been the Bishop’s shadow; he went to the episcopal palace about the time Father Otto was made Bishop, that was—three months before this Una Dunbar came to our house; a postulant and a novice two years, and a Nun for six, she was the first who took the black vows after I became Abbess; Serena took the black veil at the same time. Yes, there is the difference, this Una has let her troubles eat her life away; she has been restive and unsatisfied, and so has incurred restraint, while Serena, fat and stupid, has no hope, no idea beyond her present mode of life.”

Such was Catherine Illuminata’s hasty review of a few years, and intent on ferreting out the secret of her revered prelate, she entered Lucia’s room.

Lucia was seated on her bedside, her face hidden in the pillow and her arms flung up over her head. Lucia was recalling Jocelyn’s watchword, “Weigh all things.”

All things—the House of the Holy Family, and she found it wanting; what was she gaining in this Convent seclusion but dark suspicion, the habit of concealment, and an oppressive knowledge of the miseries of human life? As the Abbess touched her shoulder, Lucia lifted herself up and cried, “O Mother Abbess, let me go home, I am heart-sick for my friends. Are not you yourself weary of this place?”

“Are your friends then so dear that you long to go to them when they do not come to visit you? Only your cousin Alda comes and she does not seem to care particularly for you.”

“No,” said Lucia, her eyes filling with tears, “but others do. Jocelyn was my real friend.”

“And could let a year pass by without visiting you?”

“Because I am in a Convent, Mother Abbess; that is why she does not come. Then there was dear Mrs. Barron, she loved me; loved me,” said the girl, smiling through her tears, “because my name was Lucia.”

“Lucia!” said the Abbess, her voice dwelling melodiously on the name, “Lucia, I love you for a better reason still.” She sat down by her pupil and clasped her arm about her.

“Most gladly would I let you go home, however much I should miss you, if in going you could be happier. But duty must be done, my child, and your guardians gave you to me as a sacred charge and I must keep you until they claim you. A long time has gone by without your hearing from your father, Lucia.”

“He is far away; a long time often passes without hearing; a letter or two may be lost. I am sure he is safe, Mother Catherine.”

“Let us hope so, death is painful to contemplate.”

“Ah, there is so much death here, and it is so sudden. Think of to-night, that Sister dropping down when we were singing *Regina Cæli* at complins. Of what did she die, Mother?”

“Of disease of the heart doubtless, from which she has

long suffered and by which she expected to be taken away. The unfortunate Sister was a monomaniac, a charge of whom I would gladly have freed myself, if I could have done so consistently; let us hope she rests in peace, we leave her soul with God. We have understood that the Bishop's servant was her brother."

"I do not believe he was," said Lucia; "I think she had no brother but one, and he was my pastor."

"Bishop Otto has taken the greatest interest in this Sister Gratia who died to-night. He permitted her interviews with Francis; and when her conduct was rebellious and disorderly, he always interfered for her, yet I do not think he ever spoke with Gratia. What do you think of Francis, Lucia?"

But Lucia had no thoughts on which the Superior could hang a new suspicion.

"Will you not try and be content until your friends send for you?" asked Catherine. "Have I not been kind to you? are not the Sisters kind and setting you a worthy example?"

"I cannot think such concealment and enforced stay as poor Gratia's are right," said Lucia firmly.

"How can I explain to you what seems very clear to me," said the Abbess thoughtfully. "Gratia took solemn vows, to break which would be to ruin her soul. The rule of our order is to hold fast to those whom Satan would draw into perjury and infidelity; we will not let the poor tempted heart destroy itself; closer and closer we draw our protection around it, and as a reward for our care a scandal is prevented and we believe our

prayers are efficacious to rob the evil one of his prey. Lucia, will you never comprehend the greatness of our love, the wisdom of our acts? Child, why so distrustful?"

Again Lucia yielded to the fascinations of the Abbess. This woman believed whatever she uttered at the time she was saying it, and the fullness of her conviction fastened itself on those who heard her.

Scarcely had day dawned, when Catherine Illuminata called Sister Nativity, the craftiest of the Nuns, the one who had always represented to Alda Burt the House of the Holy Family. Sister Nativity conveyed to Alda by a carefully worded letter information of the dangerous illness of Lucia, who had been seized with a violent and apparently contagious disorder. Two of the Nuns, said Saint Nativity, had died within a week. Should the sick girl be sent home? would her friends come and see her, or would they still trust her to the sleepless care of those who had guarded her in health, and would watch by her sick-bed with parental devotion?

Alda wept when she read this letter to her aunt.

"Poor dear Lucia, she was so lovely and artless," sobbed Alda, speaking of her cousin already in the past tense. "It is the new fever aunt, and no one ever gets over it. If we go to her we will surely catch the disease and spread it in the neighborhood. It would be wrong to go, at least for me; you might, you are her grandmother."

"But I couldn't do the precious child a particle of good," cried the old lady, "and I'm frightened to death at the idea of taking the disease. After all, Alda, the

Sisters are better nurses than we are, and we would better write them to take first-rate care of her and let us hear twice a day. Poor Fred!" added the old lady with considerable feeling, "trouble seems to pursue him. He lost Lucia Barron, and then his wife, and he *was* fond of her; and now Lucia—" Mrs. Estey twitched cap and collar awry as she spoke her distress, and Alda, whom trouble made cross, looking up from the note she was writing, snapped, "She isn't dead yet, aunt, and likely won't be; she's got no end of a constitution. Do you suppose we could catch that fever from the Sister's note? People that are in the midst of contagion ought not to send letters unless they have been smoked, or have been buried in earth for a while."

As she spoke, Alda lit the unfortunate note and showed herself as skillful at burning correspondence as Catherine Illuminata herself.

Evening brought sad news to the Esteys. Sister Nativity informed them that the fever had finished its fatal course and Lucia was dead. The body would be sent home in the morning unless the friends preferred on account of the dangerous nature of the disease to have it buried at the Convent.

"She must be brought home," said Alda; "cousin Fred would be furious at anything else. We will send word to a few friends, and, aunt, to keep people from talking, let us ask Mr. Dunbar to officiate at the funeral. Lucia went to his church and to have him will look better. We will set the time for early in the morning, and have only a few friends here. After all, until Cousin

Fred gets back, no one needs know she was in the city at a Convent, but when he comes there *will* be a time."

Fathers Perry and French had been sent by the Abbess to assist the judgment of the Estey's, and Father Perry with the greatest propriety called on Mr. Earle and Judge Barron and informed them of Mrs. Estey's loss, while Father French waited on Mr. Dunbar and respectfully requested him to bury his late parishioner.

Sisters Felicite and Nativity dressed in secular clothing accompanied the coffin that arrived at nine next day at Mrs. Estey's. Lucia's trunk came with it, and Alda was not too much overcome with grief to order that said trunk be set in an outbuilding and properly fumigated before it was brought into the house. A few friends of the bright and loving Lucia had gathered in the darkened parlor. No one suggested the opening of the burial case, for the fear of contagion which possessed the souls of the relatives had communicated itself to the friends. Mr. Dunbar tried to get some account of Lucia's last hours from those staid females Nativity and Felicite, who had assumed the roles of housekeeper and English teacher at the fabulous school which Lucia had attended. The disguised Sisters, however, only wept plentifully, avowing that their dear pupil had been in every way lovable and admirable, and that her illness was so short and severe there had been no opportunity to ascertain her feelings in view of death.

A short service, a prayer, a chapter, the few carriages following the hearse to the grave. Friends wept for Lucia Estey dying in her life's young bloom and promise,

and Robert Dunbar standing to hear the clods rattle down upon the coffin had no thought that there the worn face of his only sister was shrouded from sight, and that in this narrow bed he was burying the bitterest sorrow of his life. Over his sister he had spoken solemn words of the resurrection and the life. Una and her brother had come so near together that there was only the coffin boards between. But on that coffin lid was the inscription :

LUCIA B. ESTEY,

ÆT. 18.

It did seem strange that while Fred Estey lost his only child the Abbess still possessed that child, object of her tenderest love. It was a curious circumstance only explicable on Convent principles that while Lucia lay in her father's parlor, coffined, stark and still, that very Lucia, warm and supple, was entering the presence of the Abbess Catherine. Still, Catherine's was a faith that dealt in miracles and prodigies, and the Abbess was not a woman to be balked by the impossibility of having a girl living and dead, and in two places at the same time. It is true that the Superior played a dangerous game, but in such she delighted; they were worthy of her powers, they added a zest to a life that would otherwise be insipid in its sameness. The death and resurrection of Lucia occurred opportunely to interest her when Bishop Otto was moody, and Father French for some reason unknown to Catherine, failed to carry on spiritedly the old game of flirtation.

CHAPTER THIRTEENTH.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

Sorrow for Lucia—Catherine's Penitence—Religious Flirtation—The Religion of the Future—Unexpected Success of the Abbess—Reaching after more Property—A Meeting of Foes—Rome and the School—Divisions of a Policeman.

"*Marcion.*—Polycarp, own us.

"*Polycarp.*—I do own thee to be the first-born of Satan."

Lucia, dead and buried, opened her eyes to the sunlight that streamed into her window in the House of the Holy Family. The first duty was to dress, and she looked to see what garments had been assigned her. Surveillance is characteristic of Convents, and since Lucia came under tutelage to the sacred Sisters, she had never had possession of her own trunk; one of the Nuns brought her requisite apparel to her room at night. On Sundays and Fridays the Convent pupil had been required to wear black; on other days she dressed in bright-colored clothing, glowing among the black-garbed Sisters like a summer flower.

When Lucia woke on this particular June day she saw at her bedside mourning robes; it was no church fast, no time of humiliation; indeed the Abbess had been striving to enliven her Convent after the two deaths that had occurred, so Lucia sat gazing at the prepared clothing with misgiving.

To her buoyant spirit nothing seemed more dreadful than the prospect of religious vows, a life-long abode

with the Nuns ; the cloister to its consecrated inmate was in her view no golden portal to the heavenly city, but the very nightmare death in life. Were these black robes the beginning of such an end ?

Lucia had not long to wonder, for Catherine Illuminata entered with soft footsteps and a face toned to sorrow and compassion. She bent and kissed her favorite as one kisses the dying or the heart-broken. A vague terror chilled the girl.

“ Why am I to wear such clothes, Mother Abbess ? ”

“ They are the guise of sorrow, and sorrow has come to you.”

“ But what sorrow, Mother ; my cousin, my — my — ”

“ Beloved child, your father is dead,” said Catherine.

Lucia gave no cry ; she dropped back on her pillow, her face grown white, her eyes filled with such intensity of grief that Catherine’s better nature mourned like a good guardian angel over the part her worse nature compelled her to play.

“ Lucia,” she said softly, “ in the order of creation children weep for their parents, but your grief will be no less bitter because it is common to the race. Now in your hour of sorrow trust me, my child ; let me be as both father and mother. Do you not know how much I love you ? Can I not feel for you ? ”

“ But did you ever lose your father, Mother ? Is he dead ? ”

The Abbess paused a little, then made reply, “ In all the world, Lucia, I am alone. I have no home but this house, no mother but the Church, no father but the Pope,

no kindred but these Sisters whom you see about me daily.”

“But if you gave up your family freely, Mother Catherine, you can not understand how I feel; I have had only my father to love me, only him to love, and I have looked forward every day to his coming home and being glad and proud for me, and that we two would live in one home and be all and everything to each other, like many fathers and daughters I have seen.”

Lucia wept bitterly as she spoke, and the Abbess sitting on the bedside tenderly stroked her hair and strove to soothe her, whispering, “Believe that I know how you feel and am sorrowing with you.”

“You can not, you can not,” moaned Lucia. “If you gave up all you loved and came to this house, it was because you chose to do so and found something to make up to you for home and friends. I find nothing to make up to me for my father, my mother died so long ago; and he was all the one left to love me; now I am alone, all alone.”

“Nothing,” said Catherine, her better nature broadly asserting itself, “has ever made up to me for what I have lost. Now all are gone; my friends are dead, and I am dead to all the world. Sorrows come to you that are not of your own making; they will heal and peace will return; but Lucia, the misery caused by a wrong act does not die away into peace; blessed are they who have griefs that can be buried. Innocent child, out of the graves over which you weep there will come no ghosts to haunt and reproach you. My wounds are forever being

torn open by unconscious hands; yours shall close and leave never a scar behind."

Lucia cried softly for a long time, and the Abbess sat patiently beside her. Finally the girl, checking her tears, asked, "When and how did my father die, Mother Catherine?"

"Of a fever in Sacramento, and as I understand, no particular account of his last hours reached your grandmother."

"And when am I to go home?"

"You are to remain here. The Court will appoint a guardian for you, and your grandmother prefers that you remain with us."

"She has no right to keep me here!" cried Lucia fiercely.

"She has with your guardian's consent, while you are a minor."

"And how long must I be ordered to stay here whether I like or no?"

"You are now but little over seventeen; it will be nearly four years."

"It is cruel, it is unjust," broke out Lucia.

"Child," said the Abbess, "is this kind to me? Have I ever wronged you? do I not indulge you? do I not try to give you a home here?"

"I know you do," said Lucia moved to penitence; "I mean no disregard to you, Mother, but *is* a Convent a happy place for a girl like me? Other girls go about among friends and companions and have their pleasures, and does it not seem that five years spent in a Convent

by a girl who does not mean to be a Nun will be five years nearly thrown away?"

The Abbess smiled to herself; five years bring such a change to a girl's thought and purpose. She only said,

"We will try and not have these years lost; they shall be spent in fitting you to take your place and act well your part in life; besides one of these years has already passed, one and more. And now, Lucia, as you will not feel for a few days like taking your ordinary place in our Convent, you may act as pleases you and no one shall disturb you. I do not condemn indulgence in natural grief; stay here, stay with me, or in the garden, and only resume your studies and your intercourse with the Sisters when it suits you to do so."

Lucia rose and began to dress herself, while Catherine went out and presently returned with a server holding a daintily prepared breakfast. As she entered, Lucia stood before her in deep mourning apparel, her eyes swollen with weeping, and the roses faded from her cheeks. The Abbess kissed her, sincerely compassionating the misery she had caused, but without a thought of removing it.

Lucia could eat no breakfast; she tasted a little of it listlessly to show her gratitude to the Abbess, then she laid down her fork and sat with her head on her hand, sighing. In a moment she cried out passionately, "I shall never be happy again; O, why, why did my poor father die alone, far from his friends!"

"You will be happy," said Catherine; "only sin causes endless suffering."

She looked so gracious and so sad as she spoke, that

Lucia felt for her a new affection, and throwing her arms about her neck, cried, "I know you never were capable of any great wrong, Mother."

"Go, go," said Catherine hastily, "rest yourself in the garden, child." And no sooner was Lucia out of sight than the Superior rushed to her oratory, flung herself on her knees, and upbraided herself as a sinner above all others, making moan in her despair with the most entire self-abnegation. Humility, penitence, aspirations for a higher life, all these were expressed and absolutely felt by Catherine in her oratory; her last crime, the torturing of Lucia with fabricated news of her father's death, weighing most heavily on her soul.

"It was necessary, necessary for the credit of the holy Church," she cried to herself. "In no other way could I keep the child here quietly, and the Bishop told me she *must* stay. It was necessary, but oh, how cruel! Forgive me Mary, and you most tender saints; forgive me, most blessed Peter, keeper of the gate of heaven, the wrong I have done to serve the Church; forgive me, Lucia, child that I love too well." So wailed and pleaded this baptized pagan in high places, her emotion dying with its expression!

When evening came, the Abbess, no longer penitent, but jubilant, rejoicing in her beauty and her power, welcomed a visit from Father Perry, set before him all manner of eates and confections, and flirted with him like an adept in that high art; flirted and jested, forgetful of the beloved Lucia, weeping alone over her desolate orphanage.

“What pity, is it not,” said Father Perry, “that such a woman as you are is condemned to hide in a Convent with no adorers but a wary and frosty Bishop and a few poor priests.”

The Abbess laughed. “How often do I recall a line of my heretical reading, a relic of long ago, ‘Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven.’”

“Surely, Abbess, the Convent can not be quite so abhorrent to you—you can not call it hell.”

“No,” said the Abbess lightly, “not quite. I bury the thorns under roses now, and some day will make it the shrine of my piety, while I prepare for death; but we will let that pass, it is still far away. If I had remained in the world I would have had my rivals, I would have been one among many; I love power and here I have it, I reign alone. It is also a solace to know that during many years of absence I am yet unforgotten, and simply as a memory I have been able to rule one man’s life.” There was triumph in the Superior’s tones.

“That is not to be wondered at,” said the obsequious Father Perry, “when you are found potent to conduct many of the councils of our Church in this city; when you rule over Convents and keep in order several hundred Nuns in different establishments. Why, most magnificent sister, like that maniac who raves in Maud, I can say

“My heart would hear you and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;
Would start and tremble under your feet
And blossom in purple and red!”

“Fie,” said the Abbess, “what language from a man

who loves himself first of all living things; sentiment does not become you, Father Perry."

"And why does it not become me, charming sister?"

"Because," said the Abbess, shrugging her shoulders, "you are so fleshy, and you are too fond of good living."

"Perhaps you prefer sentiment in my reverend brother French because he is slender and dark-eyed, and luxuriates in sips of proof brandy like liquid fire, and preserved peach pits with a sting of prussic acid in them!" cried Father Perry snappishly.

"Mr. French is charming," said Catherine with malice.

"French is in love," retorted Priest Perry.

"With whom, pray tell me?" demanded Catherine.

"With some divinity he discovered in his congregation; now she has fled and he is left mourning. Why were you not more potent, my most admirable sister?"

"We were both too busy forwarding the interests of the Church to give our time to folly," said the Abbess loftily. "No one idles precious hours in empty talk but you, Father Perry; it is an error you must correct. Here you are quoting poetry to me when *my* mind is quite absorbed in ecclesiastical business. Do you know our Bishop is endeavoring to obtain possession of one of the hospitals belonging to the government? one of the steps toward making ours the State church, and then the ruler of the State. When I look forward to that day when people in my position and in yours shall rule the nation, my soul is on fire with zeal, and I reproach an unkind fate that I was born too soon."

"The State taking shelter under our wings is repeating

the old fable of the pigeons and the kite," said Father Perry coolly.

"How dare you?" flamed the Abbess, all the trifler lost in the enthusiast.

"I look at things as they are, but do not condemn them; it is another statement of your own proposition. When we are in the ascendant, Abbess, it will be all church and no State, that is, the State will be the mere appanage of the church."

"May heaven speed the day," cried Catherine.

"So pray I, but not in faith; in my soul I believe that day will never come. Like some grand star that has crowned the night, that has wheeled its mighty cycles and burned itself away, dropping out in blackness, is our Church to-day."

"What blasphemy! You, a Priest, can say such things. What will then become of you when the Church has perished?"

"I shall be dead and gone. If there is no hereafter, I shall be dust, turned by the ploughshare to make harvests for a distant generation, or trodden under their feet. If there is a future of endless reward, as a hard-working son of the Church and a zealous preacher of her tenets, I shall have reached it. Before that ultimate decadence, will come a time of triumph, brilliant if brief. But I tell you truly there is no longer stamina in our Church to fulfill a future like her past; she has burned her strength nearly out."

"She will never end until the world ends," cried Catherine.

“True, but in my view she may exist simply as chilling ashes when the flame has gone. Come, gracious sister, do not mar your beauty by pining over your Church. What wine is this! what macaroons! Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.”

By one of those singular rulings which worldly men call fate, and Christians providence, and which seem for the present to further the designs of the unjust, and to mock at the sorrows of the innocent, at the very time when Catherine Illuminata to rivet her chains upon Lucia had fabricated the story of her father's death, that father, Frederic Estey, strangely disappeared.

Only a few days after Mr. Dunbar had buried Lucia in the person of his lost sister, a letter arrived from Mr. Estey to his daughter stating that within a week he would set out for home.

The first thought of Mrs. Estey and Alda on reading this letter was, “How shall we tell this man of his daughter's death, and how shall we answer to him for having placed her in a Convent?”

How indeed! As they prepared and donned their mourning for the girl who had perished like a blossom untimely torn by the tempest, they dreaded the grief and the reproaches of the home-coming man. The time of his arrival drew nigh, and they awaited it with trepidation; no letter warned them of his nearness; they began to look for him with every even-fall, day after day, week after week; the weeks grew into months, and still he did not come. Old Mrs. Estey began to mourn over her son as for one dead; none of her family was left her but

Alda, and to Alda she clung, while that shining light of womanhood bore but petulantly with the querulousness of unhappy age.

“What shall we do?” Alda asked Roger Cantwell, whom she had sent for to give her advice. “What ought we to do? Dictate to us, instruct us; we are two lonely helpless women; aunt Estey looks to me, and I—I know not where to turn.” Her slender figure drooped languidly against the cushion of her chair, her bright blue eyes gazed beseechingly at the lawyer, her voice was like minor music, sweet and pathetic, the dimples were still in cheek and chin, not naughtily playing hide-and-go-seek with each other, but constant little Cupids watching above her crape and bombazine.

“It is well,” thought Roger, “to marry a woman who is not too self-contained and too self-conscious. I do not know but I prefer a wife who unquestioning comes with me where I go, than one who fearlessly presses on after some Bethlehem star unseen by my earthlier vision.”

Father French had visited Alda the day before, and had left her a commission. Toward executing the will of her Priest, our damsel now directed her words.

You thought her so innocent, so heedless, so transparent in the very shallowness of her nature, friend Roger! You did not know that she saw a point from far and sought it by ways almost as devious as your own! Again the tender voice spoke:

“Death has made life seem so vain, Mr. Cantwell, if it were not for poor dear aunt I think I would join the Sisters of Charity; doing good is all that is worth living

for. But aunt needs me—and you do not believe in Sisters of Charity, Judge Cantwell?”

“I think one could do better than join them; you may do good and yet not take the vows of the Sisters or their frightful dress. Only fancy yourself in it, Miss Alda!”

Alda smiled. “Yes there are many ways of doing good. One can visit the hospitals, for instance. Do you know I felt so sorry to hear that the government hospital is going a-begging for some one to take care of it?”

“I did not know that it was,” said Roger.

“O yes, there are so few patients and the expenses are so great. I hear that they want some company or order, like the Freemasons perhaps, to take it on advantageous terms—is it so, and what do they want? *Can't* you tell me?”

“Why no, I can not,” laughed Roger.

“O, indeed. I thought you knew everything, especially concerning such business. But I am in earnest about the hospital; I have had visions of going to it to read to the poor fellows there, and to carry them fruit and jellies. So, Judge Cantwell, if you don't want me to join the Sisters you must find out all about the plans and purposes of this hospital and let me know.”

“Certainly, any commission of yours I feel honored by executing; I had no idea you were so philanthropic. But to return to your own affairs, you and your aunt must just live on here as usual; make no change in your plans; there is income enough to maintain the present establishment.”

“Live here, now that poor cousin Frederic is dead!”

“In the eye of the law he will not be dead and his estate can not be administered upon for seven years.”

“Seven years! Does it take so long for a man to die legally? You know very surely, Judge Cantwell, that cousin Fred is not the person to disappear on purpose, and give no sign. He is dead.”

“The law cares nothing about that, but views all men alike.”

“Tell me, please, at what part of the time does he die, at the beginning, the middle or the end of the seven years?”

“On that point, Miss Alda, important suits have rested and eminent jurists have divided.”

“Ah, but tell me what *you* think; I shall know that to be right.”

“Thanks. When I am retained in a case I think whatever is most favorable to my client.”

“Naughty man! But you are a Judge; tell me what you think in that character. So now, I have cornered you, lawyer.”

“Spare me; I have not delivered a decision on that point yet, so I must not compromise myself. Let us return to your affairs once more, in which I seem more interested than you do.”

“Are you truly, Mr. Cantwell? *How* kind! Yes, tell me what to do.”

“Stay here and go on as usual; when seven years are passed the business will be brought to court and settled lawfully.”

“*Thank you,*” cried Alda with *empressement*. “How lovely it is to have some one to decide for you, to do your thinking.”

“As I must do other people’s thinking, and have a case for to-morrow, I am now compelled to leave my charming client for severer duties.”

“And those horrid law books. Well, good luck to you, and the next time you come you will know all about that hospital.”

Cantwell left Mrs. Estey’s smiling and satisfied. It was very pleasant to spend an hour in talking to a pretty girl who looked up to him, and Alda was so exceedingly pretty, and looked up so confidently. Roger went on, considering how well Alda would preside over his future household, and what were her social and pecuniary advantages, for Roger was a selfish man and in all things looked to the furtherance of his own interests. As he thus walked and mused, his eye fell on a tall, ungainly, stooping-shouldered figure swinging along before him—no other indeed than Sanderly. Sanderly was attended by a diminutive *human* wearing an apology for a hat and an exceedingly well ventilated pair of breeches. This creature revolved around the artist like the moons of Jupiter, prefacing his remarks with “*yi, ii,*” and ending them with the same sound.

“Where has Sanderly picked up that rascalion?” thought Roger. He had just reached the corner of the quiet street where he lived, when he saw Sanderly dart forward with a smothered cry, seize a passing traveller and pin him to a high blank wall, using no further per-

sonal violence, but pouring into his victim's ears words of frightful vehemence, of which only the passionate tones reached the Judge. Meanwhile the scare-crow satellite danced about the pair, leaping as if the pavement were red-hot, yet careful amid his antics to make no disturbance to attract wayfarers from the busier streets.

Roger hurried forward and grasped his former clerk by the arm.

"What is this, Sanderly? Hands off, sir; have you turned highwayman? This is a flagrant breach of the peace."

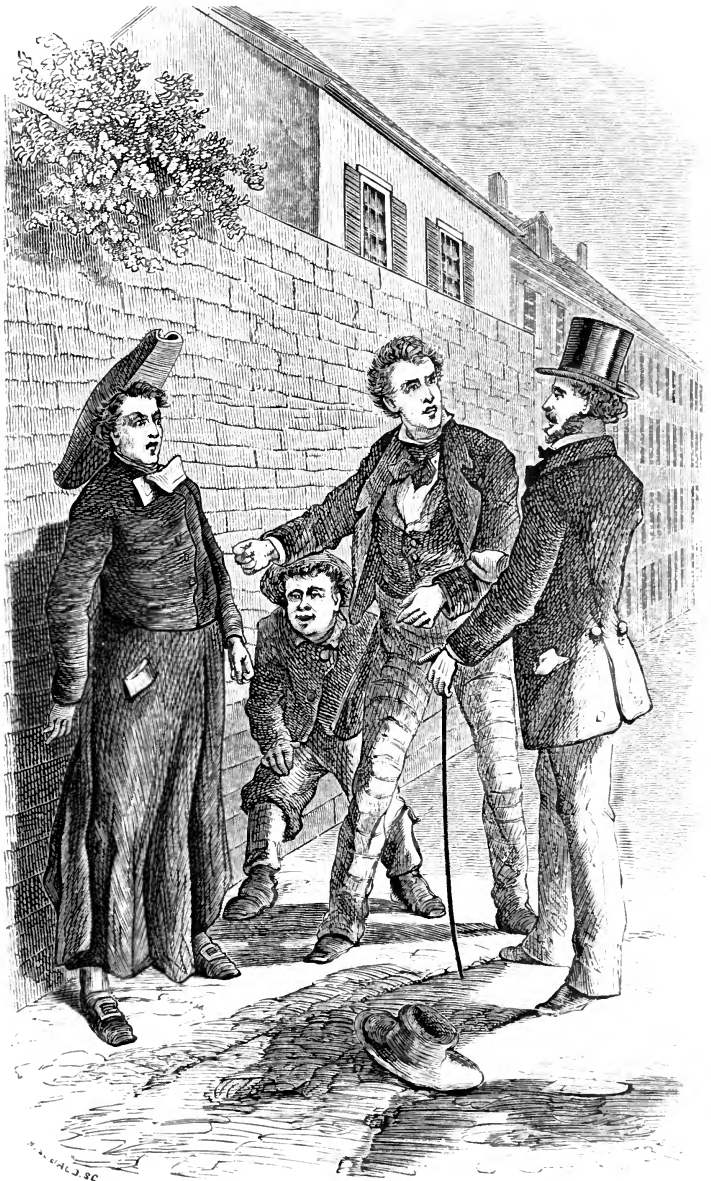
Sanderly released the throat of his enemy, his arm being like a child's in Roger's vise-like grip. As his captive, pulling hat and coat into shape, strove to slip away, Sanderly swung himself before him, detaining him a moment while he cried,

"Look well at him! See the mark of Cain! This is Rentoul!"

Had he said, "this is a tarantula" or "a cobra," the lawyer would have shrunk back from contact with no more intense horror. His recoil made a way of escape, and panic-struck Rentoul seized his opportunity and fled along the street with a pitiful cry.

"Sanderly come to my room; I'm surprised at you; I must talk this affair over. Do you realize what you are doing, committing a deliberate assault on the public way. Suppose every one of these people thus vented their private hate, what a Pandemonium the thoroughfares would be."

Sanderly followed the Judge without replying, the imp



"Look well at him. See the mark of Cain. This is Rentoul!"

from Aurora Lane followed Sanderly, and when the lawyer and the artist had entered Cantwell's private room, the immature demon squatted unnoticed in the shadows of the half-open door. Cantwell spoke.

"Sanderly do you consider that this man may bring suit against you and disgrace you publicly?"

"He dares not," said Sanderly doggedly; "he does not wish to have his former deeds ventilated."

"Then having to such a degree the advantage over him can you not feel some pity and spare him a little? Misery is written on that poor wretch's face, Sanderly."

"And what is written on mine?" demanded the clerk fiercely. "Do *you* know what it is to be knocked about friendless and motherless, unhelped and unloved from the time you wore petticoats to the day when you were able to help yourself? Have *you* made resolves, have you mocked at temptation, and toiled like a hero? have you trusted a man as if he were a god and found him a devil? Have *you* found a human creature to you the perfection of beauty, lived ignorantly in the light of her smile, dreamed her an angel, secretly worked and hoped for her, put your heart under her feet, had an ideal home which her presence glorified, known love first and only in seeing her; and then found her beauty blighted, her name desecrated, her life trampled out in the mire, and seen yourself used as the scape-goat by the man you called your friend? Have you known such griefs, such indescribable tortures as these?"

"No, my poor fellow," said Cantwell, "I have not."

"Then how can you school me, and reprove revenge,

and talk of mercy. May God forget me if I cherish the most distant thought of mercy."

Cantwell sat with his chair tilted back amid this burst of anguish from a fellow-being, coolly admiring to himself the intensity of his clerk's passion, and considering how well such emotion would become a pleading in court, and how nearly a sham excitement might be made to resemble the real.

As the artist paused Judge Cantwell said calmly,

"Putting this enemy out of the question, my friend, consider yourself. One needs not to be a physician to predicate from such violent feeling and such unresting pursuit of vengeance on your part either death or insanity."

"Let it come, let it come!" shouted Sanderly; "as a maniac I should still shriek the crime of Rentoul to heaven and to men; and if I died, I would never rest easy under the sod; but if spirit never walked abroad before, I would return and fill every hour of night and day with new tortures for that accursed creature. I *crave* to be rid of my mortal flesh that I may the more effectually torment him!"

Watching as a careful student and imitator of human nature this new burst of frenzy, Cantwell's vision passed beyond Sanderly and received the ragged, wizened image in his doorway. While he still studied this apparition, wondering how it had gathered boldness to come there, following Sanderly's eloquent despair, piped the shrill voice of the tattered attache,

"Be you a-lookin' at me?"

Thus ever the comedy jostles the tragedy of life.

"Sanderly, where did that creature come from?"

"He belongs to me," said Sanderly grimly. "Like master, like man."

"Your lackey wears no very splendid livery," said Cantwell.

"No, truly. But I see my own forlorn childhood in him. He is the specter of my past; I have a sympathy with him in that ridiculous array which I might fail to experience if he were more stylishly gotten up. He is the one being in all the world who aids me in the purpose of my life, and he, poor rascal, does it rather for lucre than for love."

"And how do you pursue this purpose? Are there many such scenes as I intruded upon to-night?"

"While I work," said Sanderly, "I consider how I may torture *him*. He meets me at his gate; he hears me under his window singing airs he sung long ago; when he accomplishes the idolatry of the Mass, he suddenly sees me among the crowd of worshipers, and then, since it needs the *intention* of the priest to complete the sacrifice, I warrant you there is no true Mass from his distracted brain."

"And is this all the labor of your life?"

"I make pictures," said Sanderly, "good pictures, and people laugh at them, you know they do. Besides I act as one of Mr. Earle's reporters; I have been for the third time visiting the public schools for him—see, here are my notes, he wants a pamphlet on it. We will let my enemy rest while I tell you what I have learned;

one's mind must have some relief. It will do you for an article; I expect Mr. Earle will look to you to write it up for him."

"Read on," said Cantwell, but with very much less interest than he had once shown in this subject. Cantwell was running for the United States Senate and his eye was on the greatest number of votes.

"Is that image to stay there?" he asked listlessly.

"Gov'nor, I be," responded the imp with solemnity.

"Here goes for the *State Church*," said Sanderly; "to begin with school trustees. These were once men of property, intelligence and decent character; I have found them now groggery keepers, landlords of emigrant boarding houses, liquor dealers, billiard saloon keepers, and junk-shop men. Under such auspices the education of Young America is progressing favorably. I have found some of the common schools keeping Romish fast days and feast days, with exercises appropriate to the occasion; in two I found the Catholic catechism taught as a witness against sectarian education. The Romish Bible is used in some schools, while most of the others during the past twenty years and less have politely ignored the Scriptures altogether. Where the common schools are conducted with discretion in the Romish interest, the priest is a frequent visitor, pats the children on their heads, and teaches them morals and religion—patriotism being left out of the question. The use of the Lord's Prayer is considered an infringement of private rights; in some schools the teachers are Nuns, properly habited in hood, veil and black gown, a switch in hand and rosary at

girdle. Catholic teachers are becoming constantly more plentiful and Catholic school books are running out the legitimate variety, as Canada thistles get the better of more decent vegetable growths. There now, a man who believes that the common school is the bulwark of the State, absolutely necessary to national prosperity, our glory and our earnest of future happiness, can find a chance for fine writing and fine speaking in such revelations."

As Cantwell listened some of his enthusiasm returned. He was once more true to his highest convictions. He took the paper from Sanderly's hand. "Go, go," he said, "I feel now quite ready for my work."

Sanderly departed, his imp dodging after him. Cantwell forgetful of his suit, oblivious of lovers' dreams, and giving all care for to-morrow's speech to the winds, seized his pen and fired by the consideration of his subject, wrote for hours upon an eloquent and trenchant article, which, issued the next week in Earle's journal, stirred thousands of hearts with its clarion call to the defense of the invaded common school.

Sanderly's rage had for the nonce exhausted itself. Weary of excitement, he strolled slowly toward his attic, his satellite following him with a new and tender interest aroused by the hints of a boyhood as hard and desolate as his own.

While thus the man and the boy pursued their way, a woman rushed screaming out of a grog shop, chased by a man mad with drink, who brandished the back of a chair which had just fallen a prey to his fury. Making a long

stride, the rum-maniac seized the fugitive by her streaming hair.

"Police!" yelled Sanderly, rushing to the rescue. The preserver of public peace was not far off, but had deemed it unwise to interfere in little private differences of opinion such as this. When Sanderly shouted the wearer of the star flew at him before he reached the contending parties and with a scientific tap of his billy knocked him down.

"Here thar, my gov'nor wa'n't doin' nothin'!" cried the imp.

The vigilant policeman darted toward him in turn, and Sanderly had time to pick himself up. No sooner was he on his feet than he was arrested. The man and woman were yet fighting, surrounded by several lookers-on; Sanderly referred to them as the culprits and asserted his own innocence

"Wind up yer noise and come along; a station house is the place for you, my bird; I know yer thricks, bedad," said the policeman, one of Father French's *proteges* and a communicant of St. Ann's.

"Come now, I won't stand this," said Sanderly, turning away.

The policeman held him fast, crying, "Don't you 'sault me, you beggarly picture maker."

The imp yelled consolation, entreaty and billingsgate all in a breath, to suit the needs of his hearers; and the misfortunes of Sanderly divided the original combatants. The woman came forward and proved to be Father Rentoul's servant maid, who had gone into the grog shop to find a recreant brother.

The girl cried out eagerly to her acquaintance in office, "Take the villain along wid ye, Mister Mulrooney; sure I knows him well, and if he ain't doing mischief now he means it soon. He's a 'cendiary, a thief, a 'sault and battery, a murderin' trollop, as Father French will tell you; mind ye don't let loose of him."

"Aye, aye; I'll have him in jug this night, and you'll be round to swear you saw him assault me, a p'leeceman, to-morrow; I'll have the matter up in the morning."

"Aye, I'll come," said the maid, "and Pat too; won't ye, Pat?" turning to her brother, whose recent rage had simmered down to a grin of foolish delight.

He replied appropriately. "Yis, yis; Mr. Mulrooney 'saulted-'im-with-billy, seen 'im do't, seen 'im, seen 'im, hitimwithbilly."

"You've got it wrong," said his sister. "Mister Mulrooney wouldn't be obliged for such a character from you. But come away home, and I'll put the rights of it to you when you're sober in the morning—I'll have him on hand, Mister Mulrooney."

The young woman wound up her hair, polished her bruised face on her apron, pinned up her torn sleeve, and taking her brother by the arm conducted him to Aurora Lane and put him to bed, to the satisfaction of their aged mother, doing more for parent and brother than many a well-dowered soul who plumes herself on self-sacrifice and fraternal fidelity.

It was thus that while Sanderly had that evening committed an assault and suffered nothing for his ill doing, he was unexpectedly arrested as a rioter when he

aspired to the rescue of womanhood in distress; and instead of sleeping in his attic, he was luxuriously accommodated in the vilest cell which it was in the power of the admirable Mulrooney to select for him.

"There's more than one of us after you, my bird," soliloquized the policeman as he left his victim. "Five of us at St. Ann's has our orders, and ye'll stand a fair chance for the stone jug whether ye toes the mark or ye don't toe it, bedad."

The fledgeling of Aurora Lane, deprived of his employer, for whom he had conceived a new affection, betook himself to the attic of Mrs. Harmon's dwelling and slept on the door sill like a faithful dog, guarding the interests of Sanderly. Early in the morning, he obtained the key and provided himself with his patron's toilet apparatus and boot blacking. He then went to the landlady and meekly asked for a hot breakfast put up in a pail for Mr. Sanderly.

"And where may Mr. Sanderly be?" demanded Mrs. Harmon.

"Sittin' up with a sick friend," lied the imp glibly.

"And why can't he get his breakfast at his friend's?" asked she suspiciously.

"The friend's only livin' in lodgings. Howsumdever, I'll tell Mr. Sanderly which you declines to get him his breakfast." The wily youth made a feint of departing.

"O, I'll pleasure Mr. Sanderly, by all means," said Mrs. Harmon, making haste to supply the demand of her early visitor.

To admit these amenities of civilized life to his pris-

oner was clearly not the province of the jailor, but the son of Aurora knew his way to the heart of such officials; practice had made him perfect in cajoling them, and he was presently admitted with his loading to the presence of the demoralized Sanderly. Sleeping in a lock-up has anything but an improving effect on one's personality.

The attache presented towel, comb and collar; he went on his knees and blacked Sanderly's boots; he opened the tin pail and prayed him to eat. Then while Sanderly refreshed his inner man, he perched himself on the end of a bench and held discourse with the wisdom of the immortal gods.

"Gov'nor, you ain't the fust one as the p'leece has took up for doing nothink. When Pete Ryan was a-stonin' a school house winder a p'leece what I knows took a boy up for bein' a corner lounge, which boy were only carryin' of his little sister across a gutter on his way home. There was an order for 'restin' of Tom O'Neil for keepin' a disorderly house, and the way the p'leece did was to grab John Davis, which were sittin' down to eat reg'lar with his family; a tidy man were John Davis, gov'nor. Last 'lection when the roughs were howling like mad for their candydate, sir, the p'leece shot a deaf and dumb man for makin' of too much noise! What's the trouble with the p'leece, gov'nor, did you say? Why, them priests 'lect their men to do their work and that's the way it does work, gov'nor."

CHAPTER FOURTEENTH.

THE COMPACT.

The Lawyer's Adviser—The Power of Votes—The Bishop's Proposition—Diamond Cut Diamond—Priests Outwitted—The Bishop and his Servant—A Confessor's Monition—A Marriage—Ghosts and no Ghosts.

“The Pope and the Jesuits can not exist apart. They are the columns and foundations of the temple of Dagon: and we invoke from heaven a Samson to embrace them, Pope and Jesuits together, and give a strong and hearty pull that will level them with the dust, though he himself perish in the ruins.”—Gavazzi.

Judge Barron and his wife having been left childless, took that mature orphan, Roger Cantwell, into their parental hearts. As the Judge grew older he gloried more and more in the growing learning and prosperity of his junior partner. To Cantwell, urbanity was second nature, and in regard to the Barrons it was also excellent policy. Roger felt no little affection for the goodly old couple, and like a son he waited on the steps of the white haired Judge. As the two passed along the streets, the younger man supporting his senior with a strong arm, or dutifully carrying an umbrella to shield the reverend head from sun or storm, the public looked on well pleased and pointed to Judge Cantwell as the model man. Nor was this attention shown only on the thoroughfares. Roger went daily to the dull family mansion, brightening it with his cheerful, hearty presence, carrying into it the buoyant vigor of his middle life, stirring its silence with

his ardent speech and the activities of every day, calling a smile to dame Barron's faded cheek by addressing her as "Mother Barron," and pretending to stand in desperate need of her sympathy and advice. She was a portly, gracious old lady, who, having worn the weeds of sorrow for many years, could not forbear to relieve them with ruffles of rich lace and the broad white ties of her becoming cap. She doted on Roger and sympathized with him as women will, particularly in his love-making. She was not much of a match-maker; when she thought of weddings she thought of her daughter who had never lived to greet her marriage morning; nevertheless she had selected a bride for her friend Cantwell, and that bride was not Alda Burt. Indeed, Mrs. Barron cherished a mild scorn of Alda and her frivolous existence.

Roger was paying his respects to Mrs. Barron as usual. The old lady sat stately and beautiful in her crimson-lined chair; her guest leaned against the mantel, pulling at the leaves of a parlor ivy that rioted over a tall vase and drooped gracefully toward the floor. Mrs. Barron spoke severely:

"I can not think what to make of you. Such women as Jocelyn Earle are not to be met with daily in *this* age." Mrs. Barron mentioned with scorn the degenerate days in which her life had fallen. "And you, you will let Mr. Dunbar step in and carry off the prize which might have been yours, while you are wasting your time trifling with Miss Burt."

"And Mr. Dunbar is in love with Miss Earle!" cried Cantwell.

"Yes, surely; one can see he dotes on her and is too bashful to speak; he will find his tongue while you are dallying. Truly you are old enough to marry if ever you mean to do so; and suppose you reach the governor's mansion or the White House, will you not want a wife there with you?"

Cantwell smiled a self-satisfied smile. "What have you against Miss Burt, mother Barron?"

"Nothing in life," returned the old matron, pleased by the title; "but when a man reaches a high position where he receives the best men and the best minds of a nation, he needs a wife who can say more than 'O, indeed!' 'I think so!' 'There now, naughty man!' and can delight in higher themes than the cost of her jewels, the length of her train, and the success of the last ball."

Mrs. Barron imitated Alda's tones to perfection, and Roger laughed heartily. "But she is pretty, so pretty; and O, how she dresses—like an angel, if angels lived on our avenue."

"Dress and looks! all that men, even the wisest men care for. Well, go off with you; I'm sure *I'll* not be forced to live with your wife, and if you make a miserable mistake I shall not be responsible," cried the good lady pettishly.

"Don't be angry and forsake me, honored Egeria," pleaded Roger in his best tones. "I declare I am going to do exactly as you tell me; if you say Miss Earle, why Miss Earle it is, until she refuses me."

"When that day comes you have my permission to rush to Miss Burt for consolation," said the delighted

counsellor. "I know, Roger, you are not so indifferent as you seem. A man of your sense must recognize the importance of a tie that once formed can never be broken. A man should find in his wife one to sympathize with him, counsel him when he dares unfold his cares to no one else, loyally keep his secrets, be true to him and help him to be true to himself. A man of your temperament and of your prospects, my friend, is in especial need of a firm, wise, sweet-natured wife; such a woman would be half the battle. Such a woman is Jocelyn. Such an one would have been that dear girl Lucia whom we buried not long ago, whose death so painfully brought to my mind the death of my own Lucia, for whom she was named."

Tears strayed down the desolate mother's cheeks; she wheeled her chair about so that the portrait of her lost daughter was more fully in her view, and looked at it long and lovingly.

"There was one who would have been a royal woman, Roger. Ah, my child, my soul's darling, what splendid beauty faded when thou wert hidden in the dust! Such spirit, Roger, such ambition, such pride; and oh, such winning ways that would compel every one to accord her her desire. There was one concerning whom no lover would have dared vacillate. To this day Fred Estey adores her memory—and how often has he hoped his child would look like her. Well, the two Lucias are together now, buried, and we are left alone. O, Roger, what a thing it is to lose an only child!"

Such pathos of tone, such passionate yearning and

lamenting that had survived the lapse of years and become a part of this parent's existence touched Cantwell tenderly. True, as he looked at the face that lived on the canvas, a glowing splendor of beauty that compelled a painter's skill, and would have inspired almost any man with genius who undertook to represent it, Cantwell could not but recognize in Lucia Barron one who could be as easily greatly bad as greatly good; who saw no rule of morals but her own will. Ah, mother tenderness, that buried all imperfections in the grave, and saw the remembered pride, ambition, spirit and cajolery as fair as the violets and lilies that had their birth in the sod, and stood up lovely and fragrant on that narrow mound!

Leaving Mrs. Barron, convinced of Jocelyn's merits and piqued by the idea that Robert Dunbar might be considered his rival, whom should Cantwell meet but Jocelyn, whose first words were in commendation of his last article on the schools. The damsel was sure of her ground this time; she had catechised her brother David as to the author, and she greatly rejoiced over the production, for she had heard hints that the lawyer was becoming lukewarm in the cause which he had so warmly espoused. Jocelyn was unwilling that her faith in humanity should be rebuffed by Roger's defection; she felt that the right side needed all its bold and able defenders; she would have blushed if the enemies of truth might triumph over a notable pervert; so now, as she gave the gentleman her hand and spiritedly congratulated him, she was unconsciously seeking to encourage and strengthen him in the right. Never had she appeared

so radiant, so admirable. Roger accompanied her home, lingered to tea, and far into the evening, greatly to the chagrin of Robert Dunbar, who came and found an adversary in possession of the field. Mrs. Earle's wishes were with her pastor; he was the husband she would have chosen for Jocelyn; but she remembered that love will not be driven, and like a prudent woman she gave no sign. She talked over the Sabbath school, the new organ, the popular book and city politics, and then when the reverend gentleman, despite her kindness, was departing evidently crest-fallen, she gave him her hand with so bright a look that it raised his spirits and renewed his courage.

From that evening Cantwell became Jocelyn's most ardent and pertinacious suitor; whatever heart he had outside of his personal ambition, and it was not a little, he devoted to Miss Earle. He gloried in her fascinations, in her abilities; he saw in her the crown of his future life; she was a woman who would grace any sphere; he grew accustomed to her interest in all that interested him, and began already to conform to the requirement of the ritual, "and forsaking every other to cleave to her alone." Now to be strictly honest in describing Cantwell's experiences, we must state that about this time Jocelyn's charms were greatly added unto by the inheritance of a fortune from an aunt whose name she bore, and Cantwell's zeal in his wooing increased in the ratio of the increase of Jocelyn's attractions.

The first one to note Roger's attentions and aspirations was Alda; for why did she live opposite Jocelyn unless

to make a good use of opportunities for discerning who went, who came, and how long they stayed? Was it possible that Miss Earle was to be the sharer of Cantwell's prospective advantages? Then too what could be more aggravating than the news that Jocelyn had heired so noble a property? Alda was not without expectations that after the allotted seven years needed to convince justice that a dead man is not alive, and after the masterly delays of the law, she might come in for a goodly slice of the fortune of the defunct Frederic; but what are expectations!

"Men don't marry people for their expectations if they can find a body that has possessions," quoth Alda. "I do say, aunt Estey, it is the most provoking thing in life that I had to put on mourning and mope myself at home just at the very time when I ought to be in society. What man would think of coming and making love to a girl who is doing the depth of bereavement in no end of odious black clothes. Mourning doesn't suit my style, I always told you it didn't!"

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Estey, growing uncomfortable and getting her cap twisted behind her left ear; "perhaps it is a pity you put it on."

"Humph! What could a body do if folks will go and die? If I did not wear black every one would talk, and if I do wear it no one I care for comes to see me. I am the most unfortunate creature—" and Alda flung herself on a lounge in a comfortable position preparatory to getting up a scene and being inconsolable.

If Alda was distressing herself over Roger's love-

making, her Priest was quite as deeply exercised about his political principles. Rome, in the person of her ecclesiastics, had hoped much from Otto's judicious handling of the Judge, but now all the Bishop's condescension seemed thrown away. So important a friend or foe was Roger that a council of Priests met at the episcopal palace to consider his ways.

"He seemed all right, and was letting us alone finely," said French, "when all at once he took this start. He must be stirred to new zeal by that girl he is making love to; you know she got up that excitement about *Holy Innocents*. But we can not detach him from Miss Earle."

"Perhaps we can by buying him over to our side," said Bishop Otto.

"And how? The man has money enough," said Mr. Rentoul.

"Votes, votes. Ah, the power that is in the ballot box! How a few hundreds of votes sway the mind of the American politician!" said Father Perry, detecting the Bishop's plan

"Yes," said Otto; "there is no use of further delay. A little bait is no temptation to this Cantwell; I will try a great one. Once more, my reverend brothers, leave the Judge to me."

"There are yet nine weeks before election and you can control fully fifty thousand votes, Bishop Otto," said Perry.

"What a power!" sighed the restless Rentoul. "If I had fifty thousand men at my back, I would lift the Pope's standard in the light of heaven with the stars and

stripes *beneath* it,* and try the issues of the day in this boasting republic."

"Such action is not bravery but braggartism," said Otto. "It is by more subtle advances we win the day."

The morning after this conference Bishop Otto appeared in Roger Cantwell's office. The prelate had a little business with the lawyer which he professed ever to desire should be privately discussed. The business seemed chronic; it never made any advance, never appeared to need to make any progress, and Cantwell often smiled benignly over the apparent simplicity of Bishop Otto.

Otto always assumed to the Judge the bearing of an intimate friend. On this day he said earnestly, "Never mind my poor little affairs, let us talk of your more important interests. I tell you, Judge, there is no man whom I would rather see win the coming election than yourself; I would make *any* sacrifice to aid you, but my hands are completely tied; I can do nothing."

"Indeed," said Roger, doubting greatly, "is it so? Now the fact is, Bishop, my opinion has been that you control the vote of your Church."

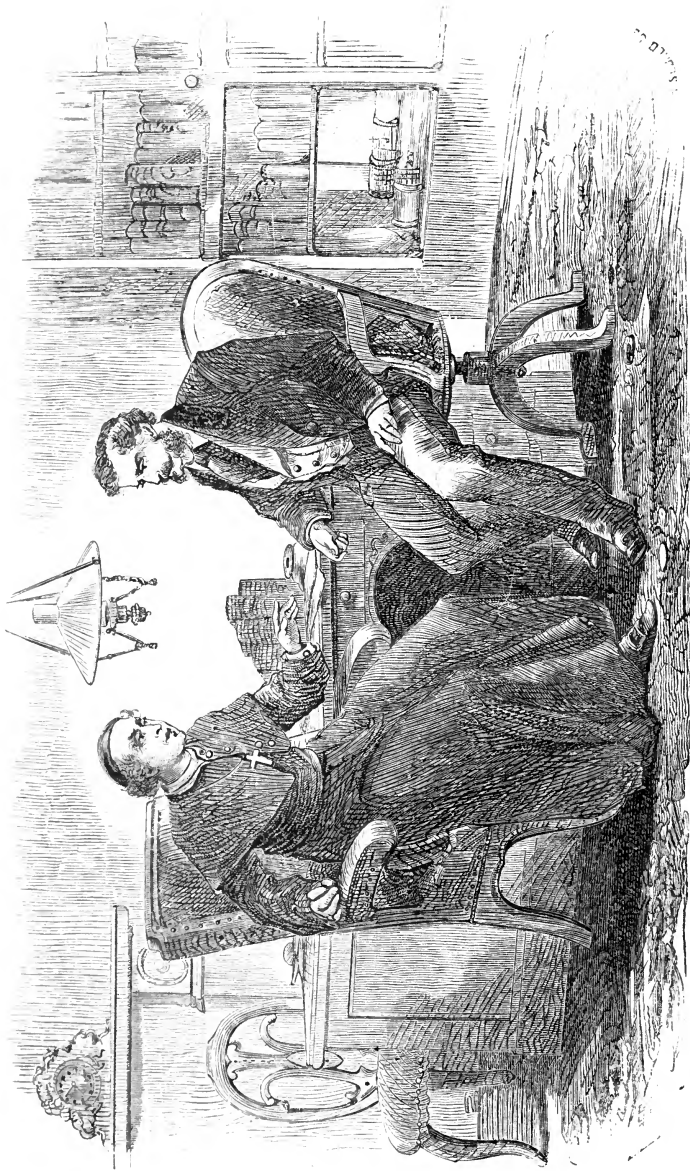
"And suppose I do?" said Otto calmly.

"Then if you say, vote for this man or vote for that, they obey you."

"What then?"

"Why, evidently if you chose you might be my most powerful constituent. That is the light in which *I* view your position."

* The Pope's flag and the "stars and stripes" appeared thus in Cincinnati in the procession in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Pius Ninth's pontificate.



"Now, I admit to you that I control the Catholic vote of this diocese, and with one word I could turn it all in your favor."—Page 337.

“And it is no false view. With your accustomed acumen you have divined the absolute facts of the case. What then stands in the way of my throwing all my influence upon your side? You, my dear Judge, are the only obstacle. We are accused of buying men; we are accused of seeking undue influence; of reaching as a church after money, lands and power. It is a cruel aspersion, my friend; we want only justice, yes, *justice*; to be received as others are; to be permitted to rise or fall on our own merits; to save souls, sir, in peace, and enter unmolested into the kingdom of God. This is the one desire of my heart, the one pure, undivided aim of my church. You are a man who will see that justice is meted out to all. In your hands I feel as safe as if you were my brother; I have the most entire confidence in your integrity, your wisdom, the Spartan simplicity of your views, and in the unpurchasable honesty of your judgment. All we Catholics want is fair play, and *you* would see that we had it. Now I admit to you that I control the Catholic vote of this diocese,* and with one word I could turn it all in your favor. But how can I consistently do this when you are not simply letting us alone—all in life that we ask of you—but you are assailing us, and that violently. If I say, ‘Vote for Judge Cantwell,’ my men, who are no fools, cry out, ‘Why, Bishop, the man is our enemy; he hates us; he attacks us; he does not give us fair play; he won’t let us alone.’ Now here is the matter in a nut shell: if I can say to my men, ‘The Judge is going to let us sink or

* A boast Archbishop Hughes was fond of making.

swim on our own merits; we have thrown no stones at him and he will not cast any at us; he will let us be; accept us as facts and let us live peaceably like other denominations; so vote for him, for he is learned and virtuous, impartial and honest,' then fifty thousand votes are yours and secure your election without a doubt."

"But the party — men vote with their party," said the candidate.

"Their party! I am their party; the Church is their party; if you give me your hand on *just merely letting us be, you are their party.*"

Great temptation for the unassisted soul! Cantwell had opposed Romanism confident in the justice of his cause, but moved by hope of political success; the same hope caused him now to hesitate, lured by the splendor of the Bishop's offer.

The Bishop said, "Do I ask so strange a thing? Do you attack Lutherans, or Episcopalians, or the Reformed churches as you attack my church? Do not honor and friendship and Christian charity, and even political impartiality, unite to urge you only to let my poor, persecuted, struggling, beleaguered and faithful church alone?"

He held out his hand. "I do not bribe you, you are above such a thought. I do not entreat you for love's sake; by honor and by conscience I beseech you give me your hand in this reasonable compact; you will promise no more to attack us and hold us up to obloquy, honestly but mistakenly; and I may then say my heart out and proclaim you the man of my choice."

No more holding back. Roger Cantwell deliberately

laid his hand in the Bishop's outstretched palm. The room darkened a little, they thought from a cloud passing over the sun, but perchance it was because Roger's grieved guardian angel fled away from him when he shut his ear to heavenly counsels.

Otto's eyes roved to the particular book-case where were those terrible books which by some mysterious means Cantwell had obtained and whereby he had done such damage. But Otto's part of the mission to Roger was accomplished; he would now return home and send Father Perry to restore that dangerous literature to the bosom of its mother, the Church of Rome.

Rome's books to Rome repeat the baleful tale of Sin and her horrible offspring as Milton hath it—

“ These yelling monsters that with ceaseless cry
Surround me, as thou saw'st, hourly conceived
And hourly born with sorrow infinite—

Into the womb

That bred them they return and howl and gnaw!’

begotten in Rome's pollution they prey upon and shall eventually destroy her.

With a congratulatory hand shake the Bishop departed serene, delight irradiating all his face.

He met Robert Dunbar on the stair.

So meeting, the minister had an intuition that was like a revelation. It flashed upon him that Judge Cantwell had in some fashion made friends with the Church of Rome. He entered the office, and *his* eye also fell on the inestimable volumes that reveal the secret soul of Romanism. Despite that private disagreement on the subject of Jocelyn, these men, the judge and the minister, were

good friends. Roger felt that he was making progress in his wooing, and this thought made him amiable to Dunbar, and willing to grant any little favor that might be asked. Dunbar as he sat in the office resolved to be wise in time and obtain possession of Roger's Romish library.

"Are you using those books now?" he asked carelessly.

"Why, no, not frequently. I am pretty well versed in their contents, and I am very busy just now. One must not have too many irons in the fire at once, Mr. Dunbar."

"Just as I thought," mused Dunbar, then spoke; "Well, I am not well acquainted with those books, and I am very curious in regard to them. Would you give them to me, Judge Cantwell? It is a great gift, and I recognize my boldness—"

"Not at all, not at all," said Roger, seeing here an elegant way of getting temptation out of his reach, and being rid of volumes that would injure the feelings of his new constituents. "You may have them and welcome."

"There is no moment like the present," thought the judicious Dunbar, and going down stairs three steps at a time, he begged of his friend Earle a porter to carry the books to his own house without delay.

While the rejoicing Bishop with illuminated features entered his palace and sent for Father Perry, the books so important to all parties were being carried off by their new possessor.

Roger Cantwell laughed at his friend's expedition. He contemplated the vacant shelf and considered that he had done a pretty good thing in getting rid of obnoxious literature.

Toward evening Father Perry's portly figure loomed in the doorway of the inner office and the politician welcomed him amiably. A Romish Priest, especially a Jesuit, never speaks directly to the matter in his mind. He approaches his subject in the most roundabout method possible, the more tortuous the intellectual journey the more perfectly does it respond to the training he has received and the requirements of the founders of his order.

The Jesuits were the founders of the Circumlocution Office.

At last by brilliant verbal evolutions Father Perry reached his object.

"Judge, you have some books, some of our authors, which are rare and valuable. You are to be congratulated on their possession, and in fact are better off than I am. How you ever got hold of such recondite literature I can not tell."

"By purchase," replied Cantwell curtly.

"Of course they are obsolete, and *we* don't use them nowadays. When we did use them we put a different construction on them from what your legal mind has done. There is very much in the *gloss*, sir."

"Ah, yes, I suppose so. I am no theologian."

"You do yourself injustice. You handle every subject in a masterly manner. But about the books. Will you loan them to me? They are too valuable to be *begged*, else I should be tempted to do so—but lend them."

"Right gladly—but you are too late. Some one less modest than yourself came in and boldly sought the gift

this morning ; I accorded it, and the books are already gone. I've agreed to use them no more, you know. Sorry I can not oblige you."

Father Perry was wroth and his countenance fell. He could not recover his composure. He mumbled something about disappointment and necessity, and mixed it up with the weather. Then he said it was late and he must not occupy the lawyer's valuable time. After that he got into the street and went to Bishop Otto's swearing in his secret soul, and looking so black that the children in the streets got out of the way as quickly as possible. The Bishop had gone to the House of the Holy Family ; thither Father Perry followed him.

The Bishop was enjoying *otium cum dignitate* in the presence of the magnificent Catherine. A new interest, and not exactly of an agreeable variety, had grown up between Otto and Catherine. The Superior watched the prelate to catch him unawares and read some important secret hidden in his soul. The Bishop felt her espionage and resented it privately.

The portress ushered in Priest Perry. Wine and macaroons had made the genial Bishop more genial. He greeted his subordinate,

"Hah, Perry, have you come to tell me of your success? Abbess, we have the lawyer on our line at last, and are playing him skillfully."

"You have many lawyers on your line, my lord," said Catherine graciously.

"True, true ; but they are little fry ; this is the grand big fish. You got the books so soon, Perry ?" he asked,

turning to the Priest, who stood by glowering over his disappointment and ashamed to tell of it.

“No, my lord Bishop. I did *not* get them. The double-faced villain has given them away to that precious upstart Dunbar. The Judge is playing us false. He has felt that those books were part of the price required for his election, and he has held it back. It is of no use, Bishop; the man is as tricky as Beelzebub. He will yield outwardly and fight us secretly; he will take the pay and fail to do his work. Let us throw him overboard.”

“Overboard? Yes, we will that!” cried Otto, flying into a rage unusual to his mild temperament. “There are other ways to handle such an enemy. Let him go. You are right, Perry, I will have no more to do with him; you can give the word—”

“My lord Bishop,” said the mellow voice of Catherine Illuminata, “may I say a word to you in my oratory?”

“Surely, Abbess, but first let me tell Mr. Perry—”

“Let *me* speak first, Bishop,” said Catherine sweetly.

They went together into the oratory. No sooner were they shut from sight than the eager face of the watchful Francis, who lingered in the hall, peered in at the half-open door.

Perry, restless, vexed, wishing to divert himself, received Francis with a cordial smile and winked in the direction of the oratory. Francis began to burn with rage. Perry winked again. Francis, unable to restrain his anger, crossed the room and knocked on the oratory door. There was no response. He tapped again. Still

the latch did not move, and drawing a chair close to the closed door Francis sat down and leaned his head against the wall, but even there no words came to the ears of the listening servant, only a low murmur of sound.

At length the Bishop turned the latch and the two came out, the prelate gallantly making way for the lady. As Otto saw Francis he looked disturbed and whispered, "Are you not forgetting yourself?"

The daring Abbess did more, she turned and gazed searchingly upon the servant. The Bishop either resented the look or would disarm it. He said,

"Francis, my faithful fellow, as usual you remind me of my forgotten engagements. Yes, Francis, I *have* an appointment and I will return home immediately. My brother Perry, I will see my friend the lawyer. Perhaps he gave away those books from the best of motives—merely to have them off his hands, and with no thought of damaging us. We must deal gently, Perry, with a new convert, or one on the road to conversion. Besides, it is written, 'Judge not that ye be not judged.' Have patience yet awhile, Mr. Perry."

Father Perry looked puzzled, but retired to obey the commands of his superior. Otto also and his servant left the Holy Family.

How came it that Catherine Illuminata shut apart from the busy stir of the world could intervene in behalf of Roger Cantwell, could alter Otto's decision? Sitting apart in secret places, Catherine's eyes with wonderful prescience marked the affairs of secular life; her white hands held many threads which no one would have

thought of following to a Convent, and these threads she spun like a Fate into tissues to suit her will. Rumor was that Catherine could fly into furies, strike and rage—this, among her Sisters and subordinates; priests and prelates could say,

“—I find you passing gentle;
’Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar,
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous.”

Something had to-day stirred soft chords of memory to make music in Catherine’s soul. Her face was mild; she stood before the picture of the “Betrothal of Saint Catherine,” and studied the face of the kneeling virgin. “Image of my lost youth,” she murmured, “only this, and this,”—she looked about the room—“and power that may slip in an instant from my grasp; only this for such enormous sacrifice!”

Lucia entered. Catherine beckoned her to her side and clasped her arm about her. Pointing to the picture, she said, “Lucia, could you have loved me then?”

“I love you now, Mother Catherine,” said the girl.

Catherine put her hand under Lucia’s chin and studied the fair uplifted face. “How subtle are these spiritual lines,” she said; “how facts meet us which we can not explain. Child, Lucia, Lucia, there is a wonderful tie between us two!” She removed her hand and turned away her head with a short laugh. “See, I have become a philosopher.”

“Mother Abbess,” said Lucia, “You love my name, you dwell on it; won’t you tell me the reason?”

“Curious still? Yes, Lucia, I will tell you why; for

me that name is the sole inscription on a white stone under which lies one buried, one like her, twin to her who kneels in this picture."

"What! your twin sister, Mother Abbess?" cried Lucia.

"My twin sister! oh yes; soul of my soul, beauty of my beauty, my very other and better self, moldered to dust and ashes. Sing to me, Lucia; play on the organ and sing, my David, to drive away demons."

Lucia placing herself at the instrument, began the *Vexilla Regis*, singing on for three verses while the Abbess allowed herself to be soothed. As Lucia sang,

"Among the nations God, said he,
Has reigned and triumphed from the Tree,"

the variable Abbess became the artist, her soul awoke to the strains.

"Stop," she cried, "there are not voices enough to do that justice; go daughter," (to the portress,) "call the leading voices of the choir."

In came the obedient Sisters and sang in unison,

"O, Tree of Beauty! Tree of Light!
O, Tree with royal purple dight!"

Yes, the world might roll on as it pleased, ashes might lie in their graves and youth be dead, the Abbess was lost in the luxury of music.

Meanwhile the Bishop and Francis had rolled home in the prelatical coach gorgeously emblazoned, and on the way that incomprehensible servant lad had exhibited new idiosyncrasies.

"What did the Abbess say to you? The Abbess hates

me; she suspects me, I see it in her eyes and I am inconsolable."

"Francis, after these years of devotion can you think that any one could change my faith in you? could lessen my dependence on you?"

But Francis crouched in the corner of the carriage and wept weakly in his distress. The Bishop looked deeply concerned. He bent forward and touched his companion's hand.

"Do I not owe my life to you? Who nursed me in sickness with a devotion that rescued me from the gates of death? Who but you, Francis, watches my every hour, follows my every step, and stands between me and a horrible isolation? In these years that you have been near me you have grown only more necessary. I could not do without you."

Francis uncovered his face and turned on Otto a look of gratitude and devotion, eloquent beyond all speech. Such an expression often illuminated his dark, sensitive face. Cantwell caught such a gaze the very next day, when Otto, attended by his servant, called at the office and adroitly discovered the reason and the manner of his getting rid of his books, books so dangerous to be in heretical hands. The Bishop was chagrined indeed to find himself outgeneralled; he saw that Cantwell had intended no false play, but he suspected the motives of Robert Dunbar. He conversed on the subject that evening with his confidant, Father French, saying,

"He meant no injury to us. The fact is that now the Judge stands on the fence and wants to make friends

with all parties. But you know, French, how that plan works. 'He who is not against us is for us.' By slow degrees he will incline more and more to us; by and by he will be wholly on our side. Wait and see."

"That will happen unless the manner of his education prevents it. He is thoroughly impregnated with these ideas they call American principles."

"I have a most important and, for the time, private reason for wishing to secure the friendship and assistance of Judge Cantwell," said Otto.

"To secure him we should get him a wife from our own people. But he is infatuated with Miss Earle," remarked Mr. French.

Bishop Otto mused. "If we could convey it to Miss Earle that we *bought* the Judge, that he sold himself to us for a bribe, I think from what I have heard of her, we might make a breach between them," he said.

Father French caught at the idea and cried eagerly, "I will manage it for you. It is an admirable plan."

"Be cautious," said Otto; "if you are too bold you may occasion a charge so grave that he will be able to deny it. Say enough to excite suspicion; take heed that it is not traced to you. If we could only break off that match!"

The plan of these wily priests worked well; hints and trifles light as air went to the Earle family. David Earle knew that his friend had given away certain books once highly valued, and that he declined on plea of business pressure to write articles in which he had once delighted. These facts were canvassed at the publisher's

house. Cantwell had offered himself to Jocelyn and she had taken time to consider his proposal. David Earle was openly in his friend's favor. "Will you not accept him?" he asked his sister.

"I shall first ask him of the truth of these rumors," said Jocelyn.

"And what difference would that make to you, my sister?"

"Every difference," replied Jocelyn with spirit. "If he can be false to his deepest convictions of right, he can be false to me. I could not respect a husband who did not follow unwaveringly the path of *duty*. He might reach the highest offices of the nation, and if he reached them by corruption, by a denial or ignoring of his convictions, if he in the least sacrificed honor to obtain preferment, I should despise both him and his position."

When an erring lover comes to visit a damsel in this lofty mood, he is likely to receive a less than cordial reception.

The moral difference between Jocelyn and her lover was so immense that he could discover no harm in or even laud as good policy that which to her was the basest turpitude. So small a sense had Roger of his sins political, that when Jocelyn asked him why his pen was idle in the cause he had espoused, he replied that "it was not well to stir up ill feeling at election time, he must pat his enemies kindly on the head until they had cast their votes." He said it with nonchalance.

"For shame!" cried Jocelyn, "to deny your principles even by silence."

"Is it not written," said Roger, "to be all things to all men that I may win some. Do you consider me compelled to harp on that string?"

"By no means; but if you are silent it should be because silence is right and not because you wish to bribe an election."

"To bribe an election! That is hard language, Jocelyn."

"Take care that it is not *truth*," said Jocelyn. "You can take bribes and be guilty of bribery in more ways than one."

"And are you not interested in my winning this election?"

"Only if it can be won by ways of the most perfect integrity."

Word led to word, provocation to condemnation. Cantwell defiantly stated his future course; he found that he could not succeed as the foe of Rome, he would then succeed as her friend—success he must have.

"Then," said Jocelyn decisively, "you and I could not walk together and be agreed. I know in this promised silence, in this placating the Romish party, you trample on your sincerest sense of right. He whom I marry must be true first to God and his country, then I may expect him to be true to me. There are things I hold higher than human love, Judge Cantwell—religion and patriotism."

They parted thus. Roger in a blaze of shame and disappointment, and with some real pain of wounded love rushed away, resolved in some manner to show to



ALDA BURT IN THE GARDEN.

the world that the blow he had received had been less severe than it seemed.

“And you have finally refused him,” said David-Earle. “Can you so easily cast aside love?”

“I know not if it was love,” said Jocelyn. “I loved an ideal and not the real man; it is well to find out one’s mistake—in time.”

Yet doubtless Jocelyn sorrowed in her heart to find her idol clay. Cantwell was too proud a man to wear the willow for a living love; he chose to show Jocelyn that his heart had not been at her mercy, he would marry right speedily. If Jocelyn refused him, Alda would surely accept. In less than a week he resumed his visits at Mrs. Estey’s.

Alda received her prodigal with favor. She concluded there was some little difference between Jocelyn and Roger, and it behooved her to occupy well her time.

Cantwell had been so angered by Jocelyn, felt so incensed against a woman who clung so resolutely to her opinions, that Alda Burt pleased him best when she was most unlike Miss Earle. Alda’s mourning had found time to soften to purple, white and lavender; it shone with bugles, and jet and pearl jewelry; it was airy with ribbons and laces, ruffles and quillings. Alda was in her most enchanting moods; she no longer bemoaned her fate; she flattered her lover, and predicted his success; she seemed to form all her opinions on his, and happy was that morning when Alda was able to fly to Jocelyn Earle and suddenly assuming her to be her dearest friend

asked her to be first brides-maid in her approaching marriage to Roger Cantwell.

“I know you will sympathize with me, dear,” said Alda. “We have been devoted to each other for a long time, but I felt it due to dear cousin Fred to deny myself all company while I was in mourning for him, and so poor Roger had to amuse himself where he could; but that is over now, and you *will* be my brides-maid, won’t you, love?”

Thus Jocelyn became Alda’s attendant on her bridal day.

We said Alda *seemed* to form all her opinions on Roger’s. Father French was the man who *really* molded this young woman’s mind. He, in the confessional, taught her what to believe, how to think, act and speak; she was the puppet in his hands.* It was Father French who dictated to Alda the terms she made with her future husband. “I ask but two concessions from you, Roger: go with me *sometimes* to my church, and promise to be with me at my evening devotions.”

Roger laughed. Alda doing devotions! She looked such a very material saint, with her coquetries and her blandishments. It would be no hardship to assist at her evening devotions—no hardship and no danger. But Father French thought differently. He said,

“You are not very pious, Alda, but you are very Catholic. Obey me, and you will have the triumph of

* “We see the conscience of the penitent in the hands of the priest, and the soul bowed under this close inspection and this constant direction loses at last all energy, all elasticity.”

La Revolution et l’Eglise, par F. Arnaud.

bringing this man into our Church. I will tell you how to manage your husband: yield everything in appearance, and so yielding have everything your own way in reality. Use your position for us, and we by advancing your husband politically will reward your obedience.”

Alda had claimed a separate establishment for herself, and Roger was far from desiring to live with old Madam Estey, who was accordingly doomed by her loving niece to solitary state in her son's mansion. The day before the marriage Alda confessed to Father French, paid her church money, was advised and absolved. The wedding was celebrated in the Cathedral with due splendor; the married pair departed on their tour, and left Mrs. Estey to dwell alone. The old lady was lonely, but she saw no ghost.

There was a ghost in Bishop Otto's house—the ghost of a woman who glided through the rooms in the silent night.

CHAPTER FIFTEENTH.

ROME AND WOMAN.

Evening Worship of a Romanist—Uses of the Confessional—Priests and Wives—Supervision of Priests and Nuns—A Priest's Trials—Francis and Lucia—Otto's Servant—The Ghost in the Bishop's Palace.

“Auricular confession is said to be a religious institution, but practically it is made, in astute hands, a political instrument. Master of the secrets, of the conscience, of the soul of his penitent, the priest is a more effective tool of despotism than armed legions.”—Gavazzi.

“Use your position; let us have the benefit of your power,” Father French had said to Alda; “but withal use it carefully. Begin by conceding something. Bring your husband to our church; but lest he seem to be yielding too much, I give you permission to go sometimes with him wherever he may choose. Keep him to his promise of being present at your prayers.”

Accordingly when the newly married pair returned to the elegant home which pride rather than good policy had ordained for them, one of Alda's first efforts at proselyting was the repetition of her evening devotions. For these she was prepared with all elegant accessories; an embroidered cashmere in which to do religion becomingly, a *prie dieu*, a beautiful new Virgin, a painting of the Mother and Child, and a crucifix of pearl and gold. These were duly made ready in her dressing room. She reminded Roger of his agreement.



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"I do not ask you to join me, but you said you would be present."

"And what shall I do?" asked Roger constrainedly.

"Anything you like," replied the obliging Alda; "read a book or smoke a cigar. I don't mind smoke; indeed, I quite like it."

This relieved Roger's mind immensely; hers was an accommodating piety whose orisons would not be disturbed by smoke or light reading. The lawyer ensconced himself in an easy chair; Alda unbound her locks of flowing gold, took a graceful position and a splendid prayer book and went to work. "In the name of the Father," etc., devoutly the pretty head bowed over the velvet cushion, and sweetly the prayers rolled on through "Our Father," "Hail Mary," etc., and here Alda's uplifted face turned to the pictured Mary. Then were the white hands clasped as in self-despair, and the Creed and the Confiteor went on like music. What more tender than the tones of Alda's prayer for the *Souls in Purgatory*? Here Alda thought it best to take breath for a while. She turned about and sat down on her prie dieu, slipped her rosary through her taper fingers, shook it and twisted it, and addressed Roger confidentially.

"I always feel so in earnest in that prayer for heretics, but I don't consider *you* a heretic, dear. And then the prayer for the souls in purgatory—dear me, Roger, I always think of poor cousin Fred and Lucia when I think of purgatory; it's altogether likely they're there."

"Very delightful to think of," said Cantwell.

“O, dreadful, of course; but they’ll be out some day. Do you know I gave Father French the price of a new set of jewelry which I meant to have, just to say masses for those two.”

“It is getting late,” said Roger, glancing at the clock, “are you done?”

“Bless me, no! Why I’ve the litany and no end of prayers to do yet. I hope your book is interesting—I must go on.”

So Alda addressed herself to the Virgin, and began the litany of Loretto; a long, long litany to Mary; a few short sentences to the Lamb of God; a prayer to the Father, and one to all the saints beginning with “Glorious Saint Michael, prince of the celestial hosts.” After this the *Memorare* earnestly and pathetically delivered; then the *Angelus Domini* and the *Regina Cæli*. When would she ever be through, thought Roger, whose cigar was out long ago.

Alda turned to him in the midst of her prayers.

“What comes next is supplication for parents that you may be their comfort, and so on. Mine being dead, I just put St. Gertrude’s prayer to our Lady instead, I think it is ever so pretty.” And Alda glibly went on with St. Gertrude’s effusion. Again, “Sweet hearts of Jesus and Mary be my refuge! Mercy, O, Jesus! Great Saint Joseph, pray for us!”

“What an immensity of prayers,” thought tired Roger. But the long prayer for the Holy Church was yet to come; priests, vicars, bishops, chief bishops, the faithful, the souls of the departed, the living, the benefactors and

beneficiaries ; Alda's ordained prayer embraced them all, to the last amen.

Then she approached Roger, book in hand, "I have to say them in English, but you could do them in Latin ; and O, the Latin sounds so grand when Father French repeats it !"

"Do you do all this every night ?" asked Roger.

"Oh, yes, to be sure. Why not ?"

"I should think you would get amazingly tired."

"No, indeed ; one can thus do up their religion for all day, and it is very comfortable to be safe and settled for twenty-four hours. I say my prayers, and being all right I can make myself happy doing what I please. There's Jocelyn, she is perplexed with scruples and rules and dictates of conscience and ideas of consistency every hour in the twenty-four."

Alda's pertinacity in her prayers was something wonderful to Roger ; he saw her coming home late from balls or operas and getting at her long devotions in spite of weariness ; this zeal inspired him with a sort of respect ; he grew accustomed to the words of the prayers, and when Alda said, "Do, Roger, say the *Regina* in the Latin," or, "Come, Roger, begin this litany with me," he would do so, rather pleased with the form.

To Catholic church went Roger with his wife. To heretic church went Alda with her husband ; the one getting constituents, the other displaying her toilettes ; theirs was an easy religion, like that of Mr. By-ends. They could say with him, "We are always most zealous when Religion goes in his silver slippers ; we love much

to walk with him in the streets if the sun shines and the people applaud him."

Alda was constant at confession, but of this duty she very prudently made little mention to her husband, who was rather bigoted in some matters and had more than doubts as to the virtue of that sacrament. Alda had no doubts; from the age of seven she had been accustomed to the tribunal of penance. The Council of Trent teaches (chapter 5) that "they who would escape perdition must make the most unreserved, intimate, and circumstantial" replies to all the questions of their confessor. These replies were made not only in reference to Alda's personal affairs and spiritual life, but bore upon domestic relations, her husband, his prospects, his friends, his business, his private correspondence; the Romish wife in virtue of her very Romanism, was made a household spy, the unconscious betrayer of husband's interests.

Judge Cantwell had gained his election, but to a man so ambitious, a success was only a spur to new efforts and higher aims. By nature Roger was fond of display, and Alda was one of the most extravagant of her sex; simple as she seemed she knew how to manage Roger, and profuse expenditure was represented as a help to him on his upward way. To dress, to give brilliant entertainments, to appear often in public places, Alda held were ways to make friends for Roger, to bind men to his interests. Perhaps she believed what she said, but in her gay parties she worked rather for her priest than for her husband, because Father French understood her power and knew how to direct it. The Priest was never

at the assemblies of gay friends in person but he was there in influence. Was a nomination, a vote, a gift, to be obtained from a certain individual, Father French said to Alda, "Invite this man to your house." And Alda knew a hundred methods of making Roger form the acquaintance and extend his hospitality. The priest also guided his penitent in her feminine friendships. He would say "Follow that woman up; make her your confidant and become hers; make yourself necessary to her;" and wonderful was the way in which Alda became necessary to many new friends. Alda was never without good servants, and she was always able to procure them for other people. No matter what manner of employee was needed, clerk, governess, seamstress, lady's maid, or the lower divinities of the kitchen, Alda was ready to say sweetly, "Yes, I know of a person that will just suit you. I will send the very creature you want—the best chance, positively."

Then she wrote a note for Father French, who seemed to keep a private intelligence office, and the requisite servant was at once forthcoming. Not that Alda was in her priest's confidence—he told her that in his vast congregation were many excellent people who applied to him for places at service, and that she performed an act of charity when she gave him opportunity to provide for them.

Where Father French's *proteges* came from only the good angels could tell. These servants served him and they served his church; they had been educated in convents and in monasteries for this very service.

That supervision of families and of nations which Rome claims as an indefeasible right, yet which the present age does not willingly accord her, she grasps in secret ways, sending abroad her trained emissaries, who in meekness of demeanor and in private treachery are worthy of their teachers. Rome is forever busy in little things; her plans grow like the dwellings of the termites or rise like the islands of the coral insects. The plans of Father French looked small and almost unworthy to Alda. What did Father French care who was warder of a prison, or matron of its woman's department? How very condescending it was for him to get Tom Regan, whose vile temper prevented his keeping in employment, an appointment as policeman and arm him with a billy! But Tom did the work of the church; he was skillful in singling out erring heretics in a fray and capturing them while the faithful escaped. Tom's eyes never saw the "roughs" who shouldered venerable old men away from the polls, and elbowed peaceable citizens who would do their duty on election day.

Alda laughed in her sleeve when she was helping the widow Rooney to a support by getting her appointed as matron in the city prison; it could make no difference to any one but Mistress Rooney, thought Alda.

It did make a difference. When the Bible woman went her rounds in the prison wards widow Rooney was powerful to prevent her seeing women who were likely to be influenced by her teachings; the widow could forbid the prisoners speaking to this missionary; she could take away Bibles as a punishment; she could shut

in the dungeon the women who welcomed the Bible reader, or condemn them to bread and water. Then when the Bible woman complained to the officials she was bluffed off with growls that "they knew nothing about it," "did not wish to interfere," "were too busy to hear her," "presumed it was all right," and so on. But these officials were Father Perry's obedient children.* The Bible woman went to Jocelyn Earle with her troubles, and Jocelyn strove to aid her. She wrote an article on the invidious treatment this friend of the prisoners received, and sent the protest to a leading paper. The editor was unwilling to offend Bishop Otto and Jocelyn's article found its way to the waste basket. Meanwhile the Nuns went and came in the prison, taught and prayed, and Mrs. Rooney saw to it that all those in her charge attended to their instructions.

From the *House of the Holy Family* came Sisters Monica and Serena to ask Alda to obtain from a leading surgeon permission for them to visit the hospital wards. From *Santa Philomena* came the Mother Superior, anxious to send her Nuns to carry religion to the lying-in hospital. *Holy Angels* had a deputation of saints moved with heavenly sympathies to the infants in the children's hospital. The Almshouse, the House of Refuge, the Old People's Home, and the House of Correction were not forgotten.

Alda was not the only lady thus besieged and thus helpful; dames and maids who had been educated in

*The Bible women maintained in Cincinnati by the American and Foreign Christian Union had similar experiences.

Convents and were more or less Romanized, aided the good cause of Rome. When these women were wealthy, were wives of generals, senators or government officers, their influence and the demand for it were duly increased.

“How did you become a Romanist?” asked Roger of his wife.

“My mother was one,” replied Alda.

“And what made her one?”

“She was educated in a Convent.”

“And I suppose you hope to make a convert of me,” said Roger.

“O yes, you will come into the true Church some day for my sake.”

“Great rills from little fountains flow,” laughed Roger.

But if this man had been privileged to hear one of his wife's confessions; if he had seen her deliberately hand his private papers and letters to Father French for examination, at that confessor's request, Cantwell's eyes would have been opened once for all. And he had studied Romanism; he had read Saint Liguori the eminent, and holy Father Dens; Escobar and Charli's Propositions. He knew that such betrayals were not only permitted, but were absolutely enjoined on the conscience as a means of salvation. He knew this, yet he said, “Such things may be done in other families, but it is not possible that they are done in mine.” And so says every husband of a Romish wife, and all are equally deceived, because it is impossible to enter the tribunal of penance and to retain one's spiritual integrity.*

* See Bayle, Bernard, Michelet, Quintel, De Pradt, et al.

Nor is the penitent alone in the tremendous injury suffered through the confessional. We blame Father French for the part he played in making the wife the spy upon her husband, calling evil good and good evil; but Father French was the slave of his vows; his Church held him chained hand and foot, condemned him to crush his manhood and despise his honor. A just horror of the papal *system* should generate pity for its *agents* even with all their loathsome vices and cruelties, who have been subject to its influences; for the men we mourn, but the doctrine and the Church we execrate.

Said Father French to Bishop Otto, "I recognize the confessional as the bulwark of our Church; I know that without it we could not exist, we could not maintain our empire over the souls of men, we could not organize and control and press forward our dominion; but by this same confessional which secures the Church the man is ruined. I might have been a better and a truer man but for that tribunal. I see from whence I have fallen in aspiration and purity. 'To fall,' says my brother Perry, 'is not so bad if so be you reach a comfortable place.' I have not Perry's easy philosophy; high of aspiration, poor of purpose, weak of will, and tender in conscience, life is to me a bed of nettles."

Otto's head was bent; a shadow lay on his thin, eager face, a face that seemed constantly searching and longing after a good never to be found.

"I pity you, French," he said; "I also can sympathize with you. But he who doubts is damned. We must believe our Church no matter how heavily her influence

seems to work against us, no matter what contradictions seem to be in her doctrines; she is the one Church; beyond the Church is no salvation; to her we are shut up; by her we live, move and have our being; trained in her principles, supporting them and supported by them, we are lost if we swerve from them one hair-breadth."

Not such was the consolation offered Father French by the jolly Priest Perry.

"You are looking ill, my brother."

"I am ill," said French despondently; "my constitution seems breaking down; I am ill, unhappy, remorseful."

"Not pining after that golden-haired damsel?"

French shook his head. "I can not tell you how I feel. I think to the laity confession and absolution must bring rest—relief."

"But not to us Priests who know all the ins and outs of that excellent ordinance. Well, they *do* say that familiarity breeds contempt. I suppose if I were in daily intercourse with the angel Gabriel I should find myself falling into familiarities and cracking jokes with him. The trouble with you, French, lies here: you are not willing to take the world as it is and be satisfied with the possible, you seek to be better than you can be. Why pine and fret, for instance, after a holy life; it is unattainable, and salvation does not depend on holy living. If water salted by us Priests can purify and meeten the soul for heaven, what is the use of a holy life? If extreme unction gives us remission of sins, cheer up, you can drop your foibles and moral blots with your

earthly habiliments. Behold our vantage ground: mortal sins are pardoned in penance, in baptism,* and in extreme unction. † If our mortal sins are thus effectually gotten rid of, our venial sins are even more easily lost to sight; holy in ourselves, holy in Peter our head, holy in our Church—it is a most comfortable doctrine, French. I thrive upon it, and so may you.”

“So may Rentoul,” said Father French.

“So he may; don’t begrudge the poor dog his salvation. So may our venerable and pious sister Catherine Illuminata. I went to the Holy Family last Saturday and found a fine breeze blowing. One of the Sisters had broken an elegant vase of engraved glass, sent to the Abbess by an Italian Cardinal. Faith, it *was* a loss! and all the Sisters were in tears. Our Catherine had given the offender a royal good beating with her own vigorous hands; she had then banished delights of all kinds, condemned her daughters to go barefoot, eat black bread, pray through all the entries on their knees, and, indeed ordained more penances than I do in a year. As for penances, French, I am easy on them. If the faithful pay us their dues why persecute them with impositions? A man says to me, I have sinned so and so, eaten beef on Friday, lied, been false to some little trust, done this, done that; of course I ask him if he is penitent, and of course he says yes; well then, why make any further ado? I say it is a little matter, don’t discourage yourself, say an ave the first time you think of it, repeat

* Aquinas, Soto, Valentia, Scotus, Bellarmine, Faber, et al.

† Estius, Calmet and the Council of Trent.

three rosaries this month, remember your patron saint; in future be careful. That is the way to sit in the stall of the confessor; men are sinners, take them as they are; don't be too hard on them; we all must die; live while you live! Our Catherine is forever in an ecstasy of some kind. She and you will burn out, while I grow fat and old and merry all at the same time!"

Doctors differ then even in the holy Catholic Church, of which the unity has been so often boasted. Rome proclaims herself united and proves by her unity her divine authority.* But is Rome thus one in doctrine? By no means. It has not needed the disputes at the last Ecumenical Council, nor the division into "old" and "new" Catholics in Europe, to teach us that in Rome are more parties and more diversities in belief than are to be found anywhere else. If differences are heresy, then Rome is the first and chief of heretics! Friars of different orders, wearers of diverse scapulars, scandalize humanity by their quarrels.

In France and Spain there are almost as many Virgins as there are districts; and one Bishop—as during the late Franco-Prussian war—says, "Implore *my* Virgin;" another says, "Nay, *my* Virgin is the one for the present emergency." When Charles and Philip fought for the crown of Spain, the *Virgin of Pilar* favored Charles, this Virgin being an imperialist; while the *Crucifix of San Salvador* fought under the banners of Philip, being "affectionate" to him. The imperialists were so angry at San Salvador—in plain speech, Jesus Christ—that

* "Sure way to Find Out True Religion." Dialogue 2.

they would make no gifts to his altars; while Philip's men cut the acquaintance of the Holy Virgin because she favored Charles!*

In 1542, Dr. Augustine Romirez in Spain (Saragossa) published in a book on the Virgin, that Mary the Queen of heaven in a celestial council had been *affronted by the Holy Spirit*, who declared that until her altars were enriched on earth, she *was not equal to the Holy Trinity*.† At this time, the Virgin in a vision informed a Spanish priest that for fifteen years she had had so few offerings made her that she was ashamed to open her lips to God the Father.

About the immaculate conception of the Virgin the Dominicans and Franciscans have never agreed, and mutually accuse each other of heresies. There has never been a Council in the Catholic Church which has not condemned some other Council. The fact about Romanism is that it agrees in nothing but disagreeing. Three great parties in the Romish Church have divided on the Councils and their promulgations.‡ All the Councils have been denied by one or another of the Fathers.

Some of the most able and magnificent swearing matches on record have been when the venerable authorities of Romanism got together, officially to curse each other and their deliverances. Whenever these holy fountain-heads of wisdom came into council, and each uttered his mind, it was found that there were as many

* See Antony Gavin's history of that time, and Master Key to Popery, pp. 206, 207.

† Book of the Virgin of Pilar, Saragossa, 1542.

‡ Edgar's "Variations of Popery," chaps. 2 and 3.

opinions as men. Each then proceeded to anathematize his neighbor and his neighbor's faith. The sacred Bishops arrayed in their canonicals made their council chamber a Mount Ebal which had no Gerizim to offset it. In one of the Alexandrian Synods a Catholic saint bestowed upon an equally Catholic heretic thirteen distinct cursings, a kindness which the heretic returned with amiable alacrity. Cyril, Nestorius, John, Gennadius, Memnon, Ibas, Theodoret, in different ages and quarters of the globe cursed each other with the highest cordiality and piety.

Popes have condemned Popes. There have been two *universal* Popes and two *universal* Councils at the *same* time, each particularly proficient in the fine art of execration. Urban was Pope, not so much *Dei Gratia* as *Catherinæ Gratia*, the Saint of Sienna having particularly propped his falling throne. The Ecumenical of 1870 has fixed the infallibility of *all* the Popes. What then was the divine utterance by the mouth of Pope Boniface in 1294? The most shocking of blasphemy which the pen trembles to write, "The soul of man is the soul of a beast, mere dust, with no hope of immortality. I believe no more in Mary Virgin than I believe in an ass, *nor in her son than in the foal of an ass.*"*

In the face of all this contradiction and internecine war, what can the Romish Church do but exactly what it has done, *i. e.*, to proclaim the infallibility of the Pope, and hereafter accept the decree of his lips as the word of

* "Je ne crois plus en elle qu'en une anesse ni a son Fils, qu'en un poulain d'une anesse."—Bruyere, vol. 3, p. 346. Du Plessis, p. 529. Alex. 22, 319, 327, Bossuet, 1, 278. Dachery. p. 228.

God; and when the Popes contradict each other, saying that a thing is and is not at the same time, the Catholic Church must content themselves with the assurance that such contradictions are holy mysteries, like the Trinity and the Conception of Christ, not to be doubted nor disputed but humbly accepted. This doctrine of the immaculate conception of Mary gave the Romish Church in effect an additional person in the Godhead, a holy Quaternity. The decree of the Pope's infallibility gives that same Church a divine Quinternity, in the name of which for consistency's sake they should be baptized.

Following thus the universal practice of their Church, Priest Perry and Francis the pupil, servant and friend of Otto, based their religion and their hopes on entirely different grounds.

Perry relied on the sacraments. He had learned that "baptism completes the destruction of the 'old man' and communicates to the soul the life of Christ; the neophyte leaves the fount radiant in holiness."* "He is saved as he was lost, by an act independent of his will." He knew also that confirmation perfects the Christian.† The sacrament of penance is moreover the *plank of salvation* for the shipwrecked soul, as say the Fathers. "Ordination fills the soul with grace."‡ Extreme unction, the Church's last purification, says, "Go forth, Christian soul, confident of salvation."

Francis, on the contrary, believed wholly on Mary. Francis had an altar of the Virgin richly adorned in the

* Martinet: "Religion in Society," p. 143.

† Ibid.

‡ Martinet, p. 145.

Bishop's oratory, and there he prayed five times each day. Beside the altar lay a French book by Alexander de Salo, one highly prized by the Romish authorities, "*Methode pour servir et honorer la Verge Marie,*" and one passage gave Francis peculiar comfort. It was this, "None of those who live and die the servants of Mary can be damned, for many of them who were abandoned to wickedness have obtained eternal life." "As a Cardinal by simply putting his hat on a criminal can deliver him from punishment, even on the road to execution, so Mary hath even more power to liberate a miserable sinner whose greatness of iniquity hath bound him over to eternal woe."*

Francis wore the brown "scapular of our Lady of Carmel," having on one side sewn the picture of Mary with I. H. S.; on the other I. M. I., (Jesus, Mary, Joseph,) as directed in the scapular book. Francis had learned that "none wearing this habit shall suffer the vengeance of eternal fire, for the mercies of the Lord are in the hands of Mary." So full was this servant's faith in this teaching that when he knelt to adore Mary his face grew bright with confidence, the sorrow that often hung about him vanished. Feeling that it was impossible for a servant of Mary to be lost,† Francis rejoiced in spirit before Mary's altar.

At such occasions Otto would sometimes enter the oratory and stroking Francis's head tenderly would wistfully ask, "Does this comfort you, my Francis?"

* Cardinal de Castro.

† Damian and Antoninus.

"Yes, truly," Francis replied; "there is no doubt about the safety of the Virgin's servant."

"None," replied Otto; "of all the practices of piety there is not one which makes our predestination so certain as this; we should therefore give it the preference over every other.* The Son will listen to the Mother, and the Father to the Son. This, Francis, is our ladder of salvation; this is our greatest trust, the groundwork of our hope."†

"Blessed truth," said Francis; "Mary the hope of the just and the unjust. The just are sheltered in her bosom, and sinners are brought back to God by her intercession.‡ Remind me of this in the hour of my death."

"Do not say death, Francis," said Otto, with a look of anguish. "I pray God that you may close my eyes, that I may feel in dying that one heart still beats for me faithfully, loving not the Bishop but the man."

There came not infrequently a day when the Bishop's palace was silent and darkened; when servants trod on tiptoe and life moved mournfully. These were the days when Otto was rocked by a nervous disease which physicians had not been able to remedy. On these days no one but Francis could minister to the sufferer, and Francis showed a rare skill. Hour after hour in the gloomy chamber where every ray of light was a torture, Francis applied the means of restoration and soothed Otto by soft touches and softer words, coming and going

* Pere de la Colombiere.

† St. Bernard, Sermon de Nativ. B. V. M.

‡ Weninger's Manual, p. 163.

with swift, noiseless steps, a peaceful, tender presence, making silence and darkness endurable, medicine palatable, food tempting. This was Francis. Then when Otto was able to go about the house once more, to sit in his study, Francis read, sung and ministered to him until no one would wonder that to the Bishop life without Francis looked a dreary void. Such good and beautiful traits this servant displayed at the palace; in the Convent of the Holy Family he had hitherto exhibited repellent characteristics. There he seemed the spy; the Bishop's shadow and emissary.

Lucia had shrunk from Francis with suspicion. He had evidently tempted her to trouble about the vaults; and the masked Nun Una Dunbar, whose truth she could not doubt, had warned her, saying, "Francis is your enemy." But why an enemy? Francis was not Catherine's friend nor the friend of the Nuns, only the devoted attendant of that pacific Bishop. A romance invested Francis; he held the clew to mysteries; he could tell the private history of the ill-fated Una; he could explain the fate of Laure Vallerie. These were secrets which Lucia wished explained before she went into the world again, for Lucia had no idea that she was a prisoner. The influence of this mystery was to fix Lucia's mind much on Francis; by some subtle magnetism of thought he seemed likewise drawn to her. Unusual as the proceeding was, the Bishop's authority made the Convent halls and garden free to Francis during the prelate's visits; and while Otto and Catherine discussed high affairs of Church and State in the parlor, his servant and

her *protege* often met, passed and finally spoke in corridor or arbor.

More and more lonely had Lucia grown. Once she had had Mary and the masked Nun to look for, and exchange words of interest with; now there were only the platitudes of Serena, the sameness of the other mind-starved Sisters, or the melancholy of Hilaire to occupy her when she was away from the Abbess. Francis was free; he went and came from the outer world; perhaps he could tell her news of life beyond her living tomb. For this she met his advances at acquaintance with some show of cordiality. Francis disappointed her hopes it is true; he never had a satisfactory answer to any query; he seemed never to go anywhere, nor to meet any one. On his part Francis was equally anxious to question; Lucia's employments, expectations, observations on her surroundings, and her opinions of people were his subjects.

Again and again Francis wound round to the questions, "what did Lucia think of the Bishop?" "what did he say to her?" and "how did Catherine like the Bishop?" The Bishop was the one idea of his servant's life. Lucia had questions to put to Francis about the past—about Una.

"She is dead," said Francis with a sigh; "let her rest in her grave; it is made with her kindred. They sent the corpse away."

"There is another person you can tell me about if you will."

"Who is that?" asked Francis.

"A girl who was lost long ago," replied Lucia.

"I am sure I know nothing about her. I have had no acquaintance with girls except this Una."

"If you knew Una you knew her. Will you answer me honestly?"

"Why not? Speak plainly I entreat you; you excite my curiosity."

Lucia sat on a garden bench twisting honeysuckle sprays together. Francis leaned against a tree near her. Lucia turned about and looked him full in the face.

"Where is *Laure Vallerie*?"

"O my God!" said Francis in the slow tone of one freezing with horror. "What is this you are asking, and what do you know of *her*?"

"I know nothing, but I want to know much," replied Lucia. "She was Una's friend. She was lost like Una; for all I know she may be one of these Nuns. I should like to ask her if she knows her poor heart-broken mother died crazy over her loss."

Francis had sat down on the root of the tree, and turned his face from Lucia's earnest gaze. "That girl is not one of these Sisters; do not look for her, you will never meet. She is turned to dust long ago; she is dead. Do you hear? She is dead! Yes, she *did* know about her mother. It was hard, very hard, but a higher love and duty had called her away; a love and duty *you* can not understand."

"I understand that God has said 'honor thy parents,'" said Lucia. "No law is higher than God's law; *Laure Vallerie* trampled on that."

“Nevertheless it was the best she could do,” said Francis. “You talk of law; there is other law which you do not understand; nor do you understand her; what is milk of roses running in your veins was leaping fire in hers. When did you see this Laure last?” This he said sharply.

“I *never* saw her,” said Lucia honestly.

“When do you expect to see her?” demanded Francis.

“How can I ever see her if she is dead, as you say?” said Lucia.

“Ah, you deceive me, you cast my words in my teeth,” cried Francis.

“I do *not* deceive you!” retorted Lucia, angry and amazed at Francis’s tragedy acting. But it was not acting, it was earnest to poor Francis. He said,

“Then you feel an interest in a dead girl whom you never saw?”

“But I did not know she was dead until you told me.”

“True; be content then. Laure Vallerie is dead. I have sat down many a time and cried over the grave of her youth. Poor Laure Vallerie!”

“Ah! then you loved her?”

“*Did* I love her? I do not know; I only am sure that I loved some one else very much better. And I do not repent—I do not repent,” reiterated Francis fiercely.

“Only repent if you have committed wrong,” said Lucia, alarmed.

“I have done no wrong; it was right—very right!”

Francis rose, looked at his watch, and made haste to wait on Otto.

Evening in the episcopal palace.

In the library Francis stands behind Otto's chair. The Bishop is reading, but it is late.

"Will you read long and make your head ache?" asked Francis.

"No; be satisfied. I will not be long at my reading, Francis."

"Do you know what Lucia at Holy Family asked me to-day? She said, 'Where is Laure Vallerie?'"

The Bishop's book fell to the floor. "What—what could you say?"

"We can be calm at terrible moments," said Francis quietly. "I said that Laure was dead. Did I not say true? Has not her beauty gone, her youth gone, is not all gone that is worthy to be loved or remembered?"

"No," said Otto passionately, "she is *not* dead. She lives in a devotion like a saint's; she lives a heroine, a martyr; her beauty can never perish, I see it fairer day by day."

"Good night, then," said Francis; "if you tell me she is not dead, I am bound to believe you; I shall sleep glad in that thought."

"But what meant that girl's question? Does she know the secret—has she ferreted out the mystery? If she has—"

"Do you suppose I could stand here tranquilly if such were the fact? No, she knows nothing; Laure Vallerie is to her only a fading name."

Francis went away and after a long time Otto resumed his book. Despite his promise he read late, for Otto

loved literature and to read uninterrupted in the night quietness was a luxury to him. While he read the ghost that haunted his house began to walk. Through the upper rooms, in and out, along the halls, down the stair, by the study door it went and came.

Suddenly Otto looked up and saw it—a ghost in white, slender, with flowing garments, a set face, uplifted eyes with no speculation shining in their depths—stood the palace ghost. Otto sat breathless. The ghost turned and passed up the stair, and Otto taking off his slippers to go as quietly as this midnight visitant, followed it. Along the hall and into the Bishop's splendid bed-chamber went the ghost and stood beside the silken-hung couch and smoothed the pillows with a tremulous hand, and then found speech and said only, "Laure, Laure, Laure Vallerie, where are you? Where is your beauty? Dead and gone!"

Then the ghost went out of the room, the Bishop standing aside to give it way. It went into an opposite apartment and shut the door. The Bishop waited a while, then he opened that door and looked in; there was no ghost there; it was gone; no one was there but Francis, asleep, breathing quietly. In his library once more Otto sits and weeps. "May heaven forgive me! The way of transgressors is hard. I cannot retrace my steps; all that is left is to go on; I must no longer think of myself, but of a nobler suffering heart. Holy angels, intercede for me now and in the hour of death. Did ever man more need your intercessions!"

The bells ring out the noon of night. Alda has been

merry all the evening with private theatricals; she is now doing her devotions and Roger Cantwell listens as usual. At the House of the Holy Family Father Perry is taking leave of the Abbess Catherine. They stand under the chandelier, Priest and Abbess.

“Father French is losing his spirits; he never goes out for an evening now,” says Catherine.

“Morbid. Do you know I believe he’d doff his robes and marry that girl I mentioned—if he could find her.”

“Fie, then, what a slander! I believe you’d doff your robes if you could find a better living anywhere else!”

“Ha, ha, my sharp sister; but then you know I can not. I sail in this ship until she wrecks or makes port as luck sends it.”

On, on, in the still night sails the ship Rome, the Jesuits at the helm. Her freight is human souls, crowding her decks and gangways and cabins by the million; ropes of sand her cordage; rotten her sails; her lading, secrets black as hell and sighs and tears and crimes which make the devils shriek with joy; human tradition her erring compass, she steers along over dangerous seas for what full many lorn spirits aboard of her think the shining celestial gate, but which is indeed the lurid mouth of the pit; and so at last is she doomed to make her port in perdition!

CHAPTER SIXTEENTH.

PURPLE AND SACKCLOTH.

Public Opinion and the Law—The Secret of Strength—Is Romanism a Part of Christianity?—Pride and Woe—The Holy Family—Strife in a Convent—Losing for a Principle—Who can Afford to be true?—The Abbess in Danger—Sanderly and his Imp—Wars in a Holy Family.

“While like a phantom fell behind her pacing
The unfurled flag of night, her shadow drear
Fled as she fled, and hung to her forever.”

When Roger Cantwell at the call of self-interest sacrificed his sense of right, he greatly disappointed his best friends, but in no wise surprised himself. He had but one firm principle, and that was to look to his own advantage.

In this he was not alone among men.

As time revealed the extent of Roger's defection, David Earle mourned over him greatly. “Words,” said David to his pastor, “can not express the greatness of my disappointment.”

“I am grieved but not disappointed,” said Dunbar. “Cantwell has never seemed to me to be of the race of Reformers. There are few men who dare stand alone, or nearly alone, in the fore-front of battle for the truth; it is great valor only that will carry forward its colors in the face of the enemy, and see one's own battalions unequal to the conflict, falling far behind. The crucial test is faith in your own conviction when others falter

and fail; few men can stand that. It is common enough to be behind your age and be called *conservative*; conservatism is highly respectable, and you have plenty of company; but to stand a century before your age, or fifty years before it, for that matter, is a trial endured only by men whom God has made for such work, ordained to be Reformers. We find such in every age, because every age has need of their services."

At this point in the conversation, Roger and Judge Barron entered Mr. Earle's private room. Mr. Dunbar laid his hand on Cantwell's shoulder. "We were speaking of you."

"Good, or evil?" laughed Roger.

"Evil, but doing it tenderly. You did run well in Protestant principles, Judge; what did hinder?"

"I'm biding my time," said Roger, who well knew how to be all things to all men. "There was no advantage in striving to accomplish impossibilities. To do a good work one must hold a high position."

"No," said Mr. Dunbar; "the matter is to recognize duty and then perform it. God does not hold you responsible for where you work but how. The plant's business is to grow, whether it finds itself in the valley or on the mountain."

"A good illustration *for the pulpit*," said Roger merrily. "Wait, wait until I have a chance to develop my powers as a legislator; what we want is law, *law*. If I had power to frame laws on this subject they should suit even you."

"Doubtless," said Mr. Earle, "if you were grand

autoerat of our nation and held your seat so firmly, Cantwell, that Romish hands could not disturb you, you might dare to make laws expressive of your convictions."

"It is not a law that we want," said Mr. Dunbar, "it is the conversion of public sentiment. There is no advantage in having a law higher than public opinion. If opinion is not with the law it will not be executed. You, Cantwell, had a chance to mold public opinion."

"Let us come back to the old question," said Judge Barron, "is Romanism well enough for those that believe it? Is the man doing well enough if he only lives up to his doctrines?"

"By no means," replied Mr. Dunbar; "the nearer he keeps to his doctrines the worse the man. Romish doctrines are immoral; they are the antipodes of the decalogue. The best men in their Church are those who hold most loosely her tenets. Romanism partakes of every error under heaven; Romanists are atheists when they avouch the infallibility of Leo Tenth, who cried, 'O, how profitable has this fable of Jesus been to us!' They are deists in denying the supreme authority of a revelation; Mohammedans in extending their Church by fire and sword; heathens in their worship of images. When atheists, deists, Mohammedans and pagans are right, Romanists will be right—never before. What is their morality? It is this: that a man may live an adulterer for twelve shillings sixpence; he may murder a layman for seven shillings sixpence. He may by papal pardon be discharged from obedience to God, says Bellarmine.

A true Catholic living up to his Church's doctrines must be an idolater, (in the Mass and in image worship;) he must be a persecutor, believing that the rights of heretics and infidels are not to be respected; he must be a traitor, holding the Pope's will superior to civil law, an opinion which Vattel in his *Law of Nations* tells us is 'equally contrary to the law of nations and the principles of common policy;' he must believe it needful to break the ten commandments for expediency's sake; and yet in the face of all this we are obliged to accept him as a good Christian. All the men of that communion are not idolaters, persecutors, traitors and immoral, but it is because they are better than their religion, and have not learned these its depths of Satan."

A tap at the door—there stood Alda. It was a grand festival day in her Church and Roger had promised to go with her to see the magnificent ceremonies at the Cathedral. Perhaps he blushed to think of his concession, not to his wife but to her Church, but he rose and hastened away with her. It was the feast of All Souls, (a festival, by the way, stolen like many other Romish rites from the heathen.) In this feast the Romanists commemorate the dead. The dead are divided into two classes,* those who are to be prayed *for*, and those who are to be prayed *to*. The first is by far the larger number; and we may also state that the division runs thus, those who are to be *paid for*, and those to be *paid to*. Peter, Paul and saints innumerable are paid by offerings to be merciful; and other souls who *may* have got to heaven, but are quite as

* Martinet: Religion in Society, p. 146.

likely to be writhing in purgatory are paid for that they may be released from their pains.

In the Cathedral, Bishop Otto sat on his episcopal throne; his gorgeous vestments had been wrought at the House of the Holy Family; he looked like a man at the very acme of power and glory; Francis, kneeling with hidden face not far from the chancel, knew better.

Before the feet of Otto was laid a pall and a shroud to remind him of his fellow-sinners who were laid in the dust; a kneeling attendant presented the prelate with a vase of holy water. Otto rose and sprinkled the shroud three times, uttering prayers for the repose of the dead. The choir broke forth into the requiem; the sobbing notes like mourners searching for their lost ran along the aisles and wandered up the fretted arches of the roof, and searched about the altars, desks and pulpits, wailing, wailing for the dead, because Rome has no sure hope for them. Still the requiem swept on in melodious pain, and out into the vestibule and to the street, and among the passers-by plained the notes, invisible mourners. Still wailed the requiem on; it was Rome's reminiscence of the passionate East, "Consider ye and call for the mourning women that they may come; and send for the cunning women that they may come; let them make haste and take up a lamenting for us that our eyes may run down with tears, and our eyelids gush out with waters." The priests prayed, the organ music died away, the souls had been remembered, and there was silence.

Hark! a new strain. A song of peace, the lost are

found; this is the Requiescat they are singing. The invisible mourners are comforted; they tell their new joy to the people in the aisles, to the painted cherubs on the ceiling, to the passers-by in the busy ways of men.

It is needful also to say Mass, to renew the sacrifice of Calvary which was made once for all; it is well to atone now for those who have gone out of life, and are already irrevocably lost or irrevocably saved! Verily this is a religion of contradictions and mysteries attractively presented. There is a bell down there under the altar, and it is struck again and again giving a hollow sound. Why does it ring? It is to notify the souls in purgatory that Mass is being said up on earth. Then the souls in purgatory all fall down and worship.

By and by the Festival of All Souls is over; people go out congratulating each other that when they are dead their souls will be remembered; it is a beautiful ceremony. How delightful it is to be Romanists!

They have celebrated Mass at the Holy Family and kept the festival of All Souls. White flowers every where, little knots of black ribbon, clusters of violets, flowers of hope. When Lucia knelt among the Sisters, not joining in the prayers but winding in reveries of her own, she thought of Mary, of Una Dunbar, of Laure Vallerie, of other Sisters who in the years she had been in the Convent had slept the mornless sleep.

There were numerous Priests at the Convent festival, for after service there was to be a splendid feast befitting the occasion. In the parlor there was music, and as usual Lucia's voice led all the rest. In the latter part of

the day Bishop Otto came in. He was pleased that Roger Cantwell had appeared at his morning service and spoke of it.

"I went to see him this afternoon," said Father French, "but he was absent from the office; his partner's wife is very ill." The Priest's voice died in inarticulate murmurs, for the Bishop had made a peremptory sign of silence.

Again and again that evening did the Abbess Catherine become distraught and silent in the midst of the mirth of which she should have been the center. One moment voluble and gay, the next smitten with some swift palsy of fear and woe. The Bishop and the priests noticed it; Francis passing in and out to wait upon Otto marked the variable Abbess with his keen eyes, saw her turn almost wistfully and appealingly toward Otto; and he put his own construction on her manners.

Bishop Otto invited Father French to go home in his carriage, and an invitation from Otto was equivalent to a command. Catherine saw that she and Priest French were not to get private speech with each other, but the Abbess could outgeneral the Bishop. Otto thought he kept these two well apart, but Catherine found time to whisper, "Did you say Mrs. Barron was ill?"

And Priest French ever amiable to a woman, gave a quick glance to be sure that he was unobserved and replied, "Very ill."

All the guests are gone from the Convent. Catherine seeks her room and there is Lucia reading.

"Not in bed yet? I am glad of it. I am dismally

lonely and out of spirits to-night. Come close by me, child, and tell me something of your childhood. Bring me a cluster of your innocent memories of that world I have left. They come to me like crocus blooms when one has grown weary of the snows and frosts."

"Shall I tell you of my father? I think most about him," said Lucia.

"What did he wish you to be like? tell me and perhaps you can grow into that likeness now."

"He wished me to look like the one I am named for. He thought her the most beautiful of women."

"And to *be* like her?" questioned Catherine.

"He never said that, but Mrs. Barron did. She would say, 'O, to have you like my lost daughter.'"

"She spoke often of her daughter then?" said Catherine.

"Surely, Mother Abbess; are not the hearts of mothers always faithful to their children? I know Mrs. Earle seemed to think of nothing so much as to make her little ones happy. Then Mrs. Barron never had but this one child, and she had hoped to have her marry and live at home, and care for the old age of her parents, and lay them at last in their graves lovingly. Instead of her last years being comforted by her daughter's children, she is now left all alone."

"Perhaps this is your young romance. She may never have hoped this."

"Ah, but she did; she has told me so. I used to visit her nearly every day; as I said, she loved me for having her daughter's name. She has so many mementoes of her

Lucia; I wish you could see them, Mother Catherine! There is the child's first sewing, a doll's pillow case made with such careful little crooked stitches; it is put in a box with the tiniest silver thimble. There is a purse she knit for her mother when she was but eight years old; and a sugar toy she bought for her mother's Christmas gift. Mrs. Barron keeps the primer in which she learned to read, and the last book she used at home; she has, too, the little half-worn shoes, her first pair; I have seen her kiss them and cry over them. Then, Mother Catherine, there is a sadder thing. You know I have told you Lucia died in a Convent; when she went back the last time she would not carry the Bible her father had given her for a birthday present, but she hid it between the mattresses of her bed; there her mother found it, and it has made her very unhappy. O, you would pity Mrs. Barron if you but knew her. I am sure she misses me."

Lucia looked up; Catherine's face was pale, tears were streaming over her cheeks.

"What is the matter, Mother Abbess?" demanded Lucia anxiously.

"Your story is most affecting," said the Superior, striving to control herself; "besides, Father French mentioned to-day that this lady is lying very ill, and I was thinking of the loneliness of her dying bed."

"Is she ill?" cried Lucia. "O, *do* please let me go and see her. She must think it very strange, my being here so long and never visiting her when she was so kind to me always. I had no mother, she had no child, and

if her child had lived she might have been my mother, you know, and now so very long I have been here and have never visited my friends nor they me, any more than if I were dead. Will you not let me go just once?" Lucia pleaded well with lips and eyes, but Catherine, wiping away her tears, resolutely answered,

"Do not ask what I can not grant. I am the simple servant of an Order; I must do my duty, Lucia, and that duty is to keep you here until your guardian commands otherwise. Be content, my child; little do you know the value of the innocence that lives in your bosom. *You* have broken no hearts, lived no lies; never returned evil for good, and never thrown away the gifts of heaven."

"If I am so innocent, Abbess, why keep me a prisoner?"

"A prisoner! Say rather a beloved child, tenderly shielded from the cares and temptations of life; a cherished pupil of an Order."

"And you will not let me go to see Mrs. Barron, only once?"

"It would be impossible. It pains me to refuse you."

"But she may die! Ah, if you only knew her; the beautiful, white-haired, sorrowful old mother, you could not deny what would make her last hours brighter. But you never yield anything, Mother Catherine; I often wonder how one can be so firm as you are. Still, her daughter will be there—she thinks so."

"Her daughter! how can that be?"

"Mrs. Barron has long prayed that she might see her

daughter at the hour of death. She believes she will come in spirit to her dying bed. She loved her with so great a love she thinks it can draw her even from the spirit world to give one look on her last hour."

"It is a sweet, false dream," said Catherine huskily. "When that hour comes, I trust God will give that bereaved mother a better presence than the spirit of her child. And she thinks she will come! Go to your bed, Lucia. This is the vigil of All Souls and I keep it always in humiliation. How many have I seen die since I came to this house! I have added to its beauty stone by stone, day after day, making the House of the Holy Family a palace in the midst of the land; and here the angel of death has kept pace with the angel of beauty; on nights like this I hear the death-bell tolling while the Sisters sleep. In your innocent prayers remember me, the most unhappy Catherine."

She goes through the long parlor, velvet under foot, frescoes overhead, fragrance in all the air, into the oratory gleaming like a jewel with crimson and gold; falling prostrate before that snow-white altar, while the calm faces of sculptured saints and angels look unmoved upon her agony, lies the Abbess Catherine through the watches of the night.

In their cells the sacred sisterhood may pine and mourn; they may cherish petty spites; they may feel old grief corroding their hearts; they may gnash their teeth against the cruelty of Catherine who rules them with an iron hand; they may cry out after the love, the hope, the liberty lost to them forever. Poor souls! hard is their

fate indeed, but none of them suffers so keenly now, none wears so heavy a chain as she, their Abbess, keeping the vigil of All Souls.

Catherine's period of sackcloth lasted long; she doffed the purple of her pride and imperial state; she sent for a hard pallet like the Nuns'; she kept consecrated hours in the chapel; she did penances, confessed every day, and ate black bread and the coarsest Convent fare. The Nuns looked on awe-struck; gloom brooded over the Convent; the Sisters dared scarcely move or speak, and hourly expected some new infliction to make them sharers in their Superior's grief; but Catherine was too much occupied with herself to trouble her spiritual daughters.

Each day the Abbess managed to send for Father French and ask him after Mrs. Barron. Meanwhile Otto had upbraided his priest for giving irrelevant information and bidden him hold his tongue. Father French therefore declined to answer Catherine.

"Never mind what I said, Sister; it was a mistake," he replied. Catherine looked at him fixedly.

"You are telling me a lie, my brother," she said coolly.

"You are sharp-witted, delightful Catherine."

"And you lie to me at the bidding of Bishop Otto."

"Your prescience is greater than I dreamed, my sister."

"It goes farther," said the Abbess. "Listen to me, Louis; I am resolved to have this information, but I may not tell you why. Possibly the Bishop and I share a secret. But, Louis, you and I will share a secret also, for Otto has one which he is keeping from us. Come

hither, Louis; you and I have been friends, and I discover that you have a heart. Did you ever know a priest to fall in love? Perhaps, Louis, you have seen some fair-haired damsel, some one with eyes like violets when they bloom and weep to find the snow-drops dead. You have lost her; if you only knew that she was not in poverty, if you could hear that her life again was tranquil, that you were forgiven, that some little child in her arms was well, perhaps life would be more comfortable for you. Louis—”

“And how did you know all this?” demanded French, his lip trembling with emotion, for Catherine had fathomed all his heart.

“I put this and that and that together to find out much. Has not Lucia told me of the golden-headed girl who embroidered for you garments that you loved better to wear for her sake than for the ministry at the altar, though Lucia did not know that? Has she not painted a ‘Lady of Shalott,’ with sunlight kissing her head, looking as innocent as the Virgin on the shrine, and holding over her arms a purple veil for the altar? This was the girl that you saved in all kindness, Louis; then, man that you are, found you had saved her but to destroy!”

The picture and the charge were so truthful that Priest French wept. Catherine was all the woman now, and said, “I pity you; more, I will help you, but do you help me. Give me your hand, Louis, we are better friends than ever; let us be true to each other for we have enough of enemies, few real friends.”

After that Father French played false to his Ordinary

and was faithful to Catherine, and brought her news each day of Mrs. Barron lying at death's door; and still Catherine prolonged her penances.

Meanwhile Jocelyn Earle took a daughter's place at the childless mother's bedside, and with reverent care watched her way down the valley of the shadow of death; and still the mother spoke much of her dead child. Lucia's portrait was taken from the parlor and hung within her mother's view. But as earthly visions faded, as heaven dawned clearer to that mother's sight, as nearness to the unseen world brought light into the glooms of this, the mother became conscious of a heaven without her child.

"Jocelyn," she said, "I dare not tell my husband; let him cling to his hope, whatever it is, but I shall never see my child again. What has become of her I can not tell, I dare not think; I leave all to God, He does right, whatever he does. But I feel, Jocelyn, I feel that I am not hastening to meet my Lucia. Beloved child, where are you and what are you? I dare not question. While I needed this hope of meeting you I had it; it clings to me no longer. O, my child! my child!"

Perhaps Bishop Otto suspected Father French of perfidy, for he sent him on a mission away from the city, and for some days the Abbess looked for him in vain. She could no longer control her nervous distress. It was not often that Catherine went abroad; only when trouble or business in some Convent demanded her counsels or commands, she called the close-shut Convent carriage, and hidden from the eyes and sights of the world she

had renounced, she passed in darkness and in silence through its jostling ways. She now ordered the carriage, gave her directions to the driver, and accompanied by St. Hilaire rode forth. On former occasions the Abbess had in her coach occupied herself with her rosary, and been a model of devotion; thus did St. Hilaire to-day. Not so the Superior; she peered through a crevice in the carriage blinds, knew how they passed down Pemberton street and into Sixteenth. Still she looked forth curiously, herself unseen. The Convent carriage went at a funeral pace because it held those who were dead and buried, strangely let loose now from their tomb.

But it met a real funeral, and drew up on one side of the road to let it pass from Judge Barron's door. The Abbess saw it; she marked the velvet covered coffin, the hearse with nodding plumes; behind the hearse was a coach occupied by a venerable, lonely man. Old, white-haired, sorrow-bent; with none to comfort him, no kindred to sympathize, no filial hand to wipe his tears, rode Judge Barron behind the coffin of his wife. Catherine saw him, saw the noble head, the frosty autumn wind lifting his hoary locks; saw the bowed figure which had held itself erect so long. The numerous train passed by; it was the last honor rendered to one well known and well esteemed.

Suddenly Sister St. Hilaire pulled the check-string and cried to the driver through the little window, "To the Holy Family as quickly as you can. We will not go to Sacred Names to-day, the Superior is taken very ill."

Terror reigned in the Convent when the Abbess was

carried in struck with dangerous illness. Change in a Nunnery may be for the worse, it is seldom for the better; the Sisters realized that greater misery might await them than to dwell under the sway of Catherine Illuminata. All felt this but Sister Nativity; *she* looked darkly at St. Hilaire who alone stood between her and the succession. St. Hilaire did not see these looks, she was devoted to the Superior. Known to be the best nurse in the establishment, and possessing a quiet power which carried its own way, she gave her orders to the sisterhood, had Catherine laid in her own room, and sent for Bishop Otto.

Through the halls the Nuns crowded like frightened sheep.

“This is the result of too much penance,” said Sister Serena. “Our Abbess does not take kindly to austerity and it has overcome her.”

“She is liberal enough with it to other people,” muttered Monica.

“Penance!” cried Nativity. “This is the judgment of God.”

The eyes of Sisters Monica and Nativity met and flashed fire; each had said a foolish thing before her greatest enemy.

There were but two who mourned over Catherine’s danger; St. Hilaire sorrowed from womanly compassion, and from a sense of duty to her Superior; and Lucia whose friends had deserted her, (as she thought,) and who had found only the Abbess to love and caress her, was filled with grief at the idea of losing her last friend.

While St. Hilaire and Lucia attended at Catherine’s

bedside, a messenger went swiftly to the episcopal palace to summon Otto to bring the viaticum and the anointing oil, as the Abbess was dying. Otto was reclining in his library with the dutiful Francis reading aloud to him. When he received this news from the Convent, the prelate sprang up in the highest excitement and distress.

“Catherine dying? Impossible; it must not be—an unspeakable, irreparable loss. Has she asked for me? Has she spoken? What has caused—Francis, you are skillful in nursing and in medicine, come with me—but no, I forget myself, *you* can not attend upon the Abbess.”

Thus Otto raved incoherently, and his gaze fell upon Francis. The servant’s face was white with passion; his eyes blazed.

“She is my enemy! You betray yourself. Is Catherine then your greatest loss? Why am I not lying in her place that you might suffer less? Ah, has she spoken? spoken to betray your secrets? Has she spoken to tell her hate and her opinion of me?”

“Calm yourself, my Francis; this is the idlest frenzy,” said Otto. “Catherine Illuminata would be a tremendous loss to the Church; a loss none can understand but those who know her history, which is the only secret between her and me, I assure you. I must go to her.”

“And I too am going,” said Francis, rising.

The Bishop shook his head but made no remonstrance. “Send the messenger for Perry. Call the carriage if we are going together.”

In a short time Otto was entering Catherine’s room,

while Francis lingered without the door, looking in with jealous eyes.

"Has she spoken since this seizure?" asked the Bishop eagerly.

"Not a word," said Lucia; "O, that she would speak. Mother Catherine!"

"She can not hear you; she is utterly insensible," said St. Hilaire.

"And what occasioned this illness?" demanded Otto.

"My lord, I can not tell. I was attending her to Sacred Names on some business, when she fell prostrate in the carriage."

"In the carriage! What did she see? where were you?"

"Sir, the blinds were closely shut and I was engaged in prayer. What was there for her to see? As to the place, why somewhere on the street; I suppose we were taking the ordinary route to Sacred Names."

The Bishop scanned the Nun closely to see if she spoke the truth; he could not satisfy himself that she withheld anything. He then asked which driver had been employed, and added that he had sent for his own physician, who was here ushered in with much parade by Sister Serena.

The doctor examined the patient and administered some remedies.

"Is her life in danger?" asked Otto.

"I hope not," replied the physician.

"Then," said the Bishop to Father Perry, "you may

wait in the parlor; we will not at present administer the sacraments."

Otto then seated himself by Catherine, watching every breath. As the invalid began to revive, Otto's watch became more intent, and as she recovered speech he ordered all present to retire and leave him alone with her.

As Lucia went into the hall she met Francis.

"Is Madam better?" demanded the servant.

"We hope so," replied the weeping Lucia.

"And why is my lord Bishop left alone there; are there no nurses?"

"It is his command. He may desire to confess her," said Lucia.

"Come into the sacristy," said Francis; "I have a word to say to you."

Lucia shook her head, and wrapping her shawl about her went into the garden, dismal in the late autumn. In a moment Francis was behind her.

"What do you most wish for?" asked Francis.

"That the Abbess should be better," said Lucia.

"You care more for that than to hear of Laure Valérie—than to get out of this Convent? So now I am sure you do not love to stay here."

"No; I want to go away, but I have nowhere to go. My father is dead; my friends have forsaken me; my home is lost."

"Then I suppose you must stay here and be a Nun."

"That is impossible; I am a Protestant and do not believe in Nuns."

“They will make you one nevertheless. Let us be friends, you and me. I pity you, truly I do. I will tell you what they mean to do with you; I will warn you if they intend to veil you by force; I will even help you to go home perhaps. In return you must not tell what I have promised you, and you must find out two things; one is, if the Abbess has any unkind suspicions of me; and the other is, if she has any secrets about Bishop Otto.”

“That would be dishonorable; besides, I am not good at finding out secrets,” said Lucia, drawing away.

“I speak for the Bishop’s benefit; I am his best friend. As to the honor, it will not be very honorable for the Abbess to drug you and then make you take the irrevocable vow; and I only can save you from that.”

Lucia hurried toward the house to find St. Hilaire; this mysterious servant always filled her with terrors. The Bishop was just coming from Catherine’s room; he held a whispered conference with the doctor; informed Father Perry that the Abbess seemed recovering and would not need the sacraments at that time, but asked him for the pyx. Perry gave him a small glass box carefully folded in purple silk and then enveloped in white linen. Bishop Otto received his god with due reverence, for this pyx is that which holds the mass wafer. He then beckoned Sister St. Hilaire to follow him to the oratory. He solemnly held out the pyx.

“Daughter St. Hilaire, you are brought into an important and delicate position. Our beloved sister, the Abbess, lies ill; she is the repository of valuable secrets

belonging to the Church ; her disease impairs her mind ; she may babble of that whereon she has been reticent. You are to swear to me on this holy host two things : first, to suffer no one in her room but yourself ; second, to make known to me without hesitation or reservation all that she may say in your presence. It is needful for the welfare of the Church. Be moreover most careful and faithful to her, for her life is of especial importance."

Saint Hilaire kneeling and crossing herself gave the required promise.

For several days after this no one saw Catherine but St. Hilaire and the Bishop. The Nuns kept a Novena in the chapel for their Superior's recovery ; Lucia busied herself with drawing or embroidery, her heart heavy with fears for the future, but striving for the present to keep out of the way of that terrible servant of the Bishop.

On the fifth day Otto gave Lucia permission to visit Catherine. The Abbess was sitting up and even handsomer than ever. She bade Lucia take an ottoman at her feet and sing for her.

Looking up into the Superior's face, Lucia sang, "O, that I had wings," and her soul poured out its longing in the words.

"Poor child ! Do you so pine for that world where there are so few to love or to welcome you ?" said the Abbess. "Would I open these doors and deprive myself of you if I could ? I know not if I am equal to the sacrifice. Few children that have a bird will set it free because it beats its wings. Sickness makes the time drag,

child; I have told St. Hilaire she might pray for an hour or so while you kept me company. Tell me something more of your little romance about the Lady of Shalott, as you call her. I must ask Father French to bring me some of her embroidery. Where is it that she lives?"

"In King's Court, unless she has moved; I have been here so long, Mother."

"And who lived in the house with her?"

"On the first floor a Mrs. Harmon, whose daughter Lizette had such a pretty black-eyed baby."

"Dear me," thought Catherine, "if that is not the baby that gave me such a world of trouble at Holy Innocents!"

Meanwhile Lucia talked on. "There was a clerk named Sanderly in one of the attics; he was cross-eyed, and behaved as if he were crazy. He was a clerk either for Mr. Earle or for Barron and Cantwell, anyway for some one in Earle's big house—O, how pale you are!"

"Not at all," said Catherine; "your gossip entertains me. Who were this girl's friends?"

"Father French first of all. He can tell you all about Nellie."

"Nonsense! When a man has hundreds in his congregation what does he know more than to be good to them and hear their confessions. It is you that have the romance about the gold-haired girl."

"But she *was* beautiful! yes, indeed, like the Virgins in the chapel, the young, happy Virgins, not the sad ones. Jocelyn Earle said so too, and she promised always to be this Nellie's friend. I dare say she is."

“And Miss Earle has forgotten *you!*”

“It seems so, but then I do not believe it. Jocelyn is truth itself.”

A tap at the door; then it opened, and Father French came in; he had just returned from his mission. He regarded his sick sister ruefully, and as Lucia left the room said, “A pity I did not obey my Bishop’s orders; I have heard of your illness.”

“You did what was best,” said Catherine wearily; “I have not forgotten my promise. You are a stupid man if you are a priest; can you not trace that girl through the people in the house where she lived?”

“I’ve asked them all but one. Sanderly, Earle’s clerk, would hate me for my gown’s sake, he’s rabid.”

“Then be sure he has ferreted out this girl’s story.”

Father French dropped his head. Catherine continued, “He is Earle’s clerk, Miss Earle is this girl’s friend; the clew lies among them somewhere. Go on and talk about them; I always get the best ideas from what people think is of no account.”

“It is idle to hope for information from that quarter; I should not dare look for it. This Sanderly has been a nightmare to Rentoul, and I don’t wish to stir him up. I only wonder that Rentoul has not been driven to desperate measures with him.”

“Is he married?”

“No; lives alone, except for a scamp of a boy who is his shadow.”

“What is the boy like?”

“A scare-crow. A yelling, beggarly, spry, ridiculous

foundling; he was picked up somewhere in Aurora Lane near St. Ann's."

"And how did this Sanderly get him?"

"Bought him, I suppose. He began by paying him for errands most likely, and the little villain hung on after that."

"Do you pay him too. Find out what he knows and what he will do. As I understand it, you only want information and to send money to this girl and her mother."

"That is all," said Priest French with a sigh; "anything that will relieve me of this anxiety and remorse. I thought it would wear off, but it does not. You do not believe in me, Abbess; *do* you believe me when I say I am truly penitent?"

"Yes, I do," said Catherine. "Possibly your penitence is of a kind that would prevent a repetition of your error."

"Before God, it is," said Priest French earnestly.

"Ah, that is a good kind, a better sort than some attain to."

So at this time affairs in the Church, the Convent and the world changed a little. Catherine and Priest French formed a coalition and took the imp into their pay. Bishop Otto had his suspicions, and set Father Perry to watch his brother French. Francis strove to make friends with Lucia. The imp was true as steel to Sanderly, but he thought it no harm to make a private arrangement with Father French.

Meanwhile Catherine Illuminata got better, and found

that under the mild sway of St. Hilaire the Nuns had formed cabals, and were in the midst of an internecine war. Envy, jealousy, hatred, had broken loose; the Convent was in an uproar. Catherine summoned her Nuns for a general confession; they knelt before her in rows.

“Of what do you accuse Sister Monica?” asked Catherine of Nativity.

“She condemns your rule, holy mother; she says you give us penances which you would not perform yourself.”

“It is false. *She* is your enemy; she said your illness was a judgment from God; all the sisterhood heard her.”

“What do you answer to that, Nativity?” asked Catherine furiously.

“It is a slander, Mother Catherine,” shrieked Nativity.

“Venerable Mother, Sister Nativity is not to be believed,” cried Monica; “she is a heretic; she crossed herself with her left hand in contempt; I saw her do it.”

“Ask Sister Monica,” retorted Nativity, “if she did not make faces at the picture of the ‘Betrothal of St. Catherine,’ which every one knows is your own holy and beautiful countenance!”

“She did, she did!” said several of the Nuns together.

“Venerable Abbess, they accuse me to conceal their own faults,” sobbed Monica. “While you were ill they all carried cakes and comfits in their pockets; very likely you would find some in them now; and they ate up nearly all the jam in the store closet.”

“Sister Serena,” thundered the Abbess, “you are acting housekeeper; is the jam gone?”

“Reverend Mother,” faltered Serena, “I am not confident about the jam—if any one has taken my keys—it is true, Sister Felicite once borrowed them saying she wished to get cordial for you.”

“Mother Catherine,” exclaimed Felicite, “the sisterhood will bear me out in saying that Sister Serena declared our troubles came from doing too much penance.”

“Yes, yes, yes; that is so, she did,” rose a Babel of voices.

“Silence!” shouted Catherine Illuminata.

“Mother,” wept Serena, “they accuse me falsely. I did not mention *our* penances; I said you had overdone your sacred strength in penances, which had occasioned your excellent illness, serious Mother,” protested Serena incoherently.

Catherine had found a victim to begin on. She rose with amazing strength for a convalescent, and seizing Serena shook her soundly.

“To your cell for a week on bread and water. *My* penances are none of your business; look out now for your own. Sister Monica, lay off your veil; wear your gown wrong side out, and say one hundred aves as a punishment for making faces at the ‘Betrothal.’ Sister Felicite, take a lighted candle and a bell and walk bare-foot through the Convent saying the Confiteor. Sister Nativity, you will act as scullion and eat behind the door for one month. Let all the Sisters turn their pockets wrong side out.”

She was obeyed. What a spectacle! Were these

abject creatures women, or were they a horde of miserable idiot children before a terrible keeper, or imbruted slaves brought from barbarous climes? *This* is Convent discipline; *this* a saintly Abbess; *these* are Brides of Christ. Amid the strife, silent and self-contained, knelt Saint Hilaire, like an embodied Peace; and Lucia wandered in the frost-nipped garden.

CHAPTER SEVENTEENTH.

MINISTERING AT THE ALTAR.

The Money Getting Power—Rights of the Pope in America—The Ancient Church—Romish Plotting—Is Romanism Decreasing?—Father Fortune—The Wandering Jew—The Head of the Holy Family—The True Church.

“By the multitude of thy merchandise they have filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned; therefore I will cast thee out as profane from the midst of the mountain of God.”

“Sanderly,” said Mr. Earle, “you have made no pictures for me these two months; nor have you done any work in the office.”

“I found you a man who could make better pictures than ever I did; a man with not too much hate in him to be an artist; a jolly, generous, royal man with a good coat and a studio, not a bitter, crabbed, slovenly, God-forsaken wretch like me.”

The publisher glanced at Sanderly. It was one of Mr. Earle's luxuries to have a bright fire in a grate to brighten and warm his office in cold weather. Before this fire sat Sanderly, seedy, uncombed, meagre, defiant, looking “God-forsaken” indeed.

“What is the matter with you, Sanderly?” Earle asked kindly.

“Nothing new,” said the poor fellow, bending forward and stretching his thin, yellow fingers over the fire. “Even this blaze can not cheer and warm *me*; I've given

up trying, Mr. Earle, that's all. I did think that perhaps for art, ease, success, friends, I might take new courage and find strength and manhood left in me; but I see that the troubles of my life have worn me out; there is nothing left in me to begin on. You *talk* of office work, sir, but you know you only make it for me out of pity. I did cheer up a little and try to do something, but the flash of power died out. I lived on revenge awhile, but even that does not satisfy except at intervals. This artist I engaged for you is far better than I am and all that you need. Never mind me. The only thing I want to do you won't let me—I *would* like to write articles." Sanderly spoke with an injured air.

"But, Sanderly," remonstrated Mr. Earle, "your articles do not suit me. They are mere bundles of acerbity; they are rant without logic; venom without facts; you go at the matter in a wrong way, my man; what we want is not passion but clear unassailable exposition."

"I suppose it's all right," said Sanderly; "I can't do the style of work you want. The fact is, no place can hold me and my misery very long; I go roaming about like nothing but the Wandering Jew. I can't die, and I can't go mad; all I can do is to go off on a tramp, and I mean to do it. It is coming on spring and I shall start."

"You would better have some object in going; then the change and exercise would do you good, perhaps."

"I'll make stump speeches against Romanism," said Sanderly.

"And get into fights over them? No, Sanderly, you are animated by hatred, and that works no good. Sell

books; that will get you bread, lodging and shoe leather at least, besides being respectable and a method of doing much good. Help yourself in my store to what books you can carry; pay for them as you choose. Really I have wanted to be a friend to you."

"You are very good," said the monomaniac, tears rushing into his eyes, "but goodness comes too late to save me. My parents were children of the Holy Church, and I, as a consequence was a foundling; commend me to Rome for illegitimate children! They are among her chief products!* Flung thus on the charities of Holy Church, I was badgered, kicked, starved, beaten, until I was strong enough to fend for myself a little. Then, fool that I was, I chose for master, teacher and friend, a Catholic priest. When you rely on a man whose religion tells him, 'You need not keep an oath when it is for your interest to disregard it,' you may rely on being deceived. Finally, when kindred and friendship had proved false, I chose for my love that priest's sister, and love was false also. You see then that all things have been against me; the scorn and foot-ball of my fellow men, no one is so weary of me as I am of myself."

"I wish—I *do* wish I could rouse you to one more effort," said Mr. Earle, his heart aching for this forlorn waif of society.

Sanderly shook his head.

* Sanderly being a monomaniac is over harsh; but let any one examine the statistics of France, Austria, Spain and Italy and compare them with Russia, England and America, and they will perceive that illegitimacy increases in proportion to the increase of Romish authority. Search the facts concerning Papism and it will be seen that the popular idea of purity among Romanists is a myth.

“At least you will take the books; and Sanderly, if you need any money—and you look poorly clad—you are welcome to what you want.”

“The outer suits the inner man,” said Sanderly. His imp had been picking up papers and polishing hearths and knobs while Sanderly talked thus freely to the publisher; the artist spoke before his attaché as if that juvenile were a favorite dog or cat. However that evening he said to him,

“You heard what I said to Mr. Earle this morning? I am going off. Mr. Earle will keep you to do odd jobs and give you enough to live on, my lad. I shall start to-morrow morning.”

“Humph!” said the satellite.

Sanderly began packing a shabby portmanteau.

The attaché had lately had business with one whom he called the “Captain.” This *captain* was no other than Priest French. He said, “Seein’ you’re busy, gov’nor, I’ll drop in on the cap’n.”

“It’s the boy,” said Father French’s maid to her master.

Mr. French left his brother Perry and went out to the vestibule.

“Cap’n,” said the imp elaborately, “I can’t run no more of them there arrants; me an’ the gov’nor is goin’ on a tramp.”

“What’s wrong with your governor now?” asked French carelessly.

The satellite tapped his forehead knowingly, “There’s a ’ole ’ere, sir.”

“And you are setting off on a tramp with a crazy fellow, poor child!”

“I be,” said the youngster sententiously; “otherwise who is there would look after my gov’nor, cap’n?”

“And what on earth ties you to him? Here, fellow, I’ll do better by you,” said Father French with some interest in the boy.

“What ties him and me? He ain’t got nobody; no more have I—that’s it.”

“And you can go no more errands? I believe you have been honest.”

“Cap’n, I have; but *you* ain’t paid me for that there last arrant.”

Father French handed him a piece of silver, closed the door carefully, and said in a low voice, “How did you tell me you found them?”

“All sound,” said the attaché. “You see I scraped acquaintance by droppin’ in to warm and speakin’ to the little un, and now they looks for me and makes me welcome. They was all well; the old one, the little one, and the other one.”

“Well and happy?”

“’Appy? Why they never laughs nor yet smiles, except the little one; but they works and is quiet, cap’n.”

“And,” said French greedily, “the mother sat by the table and worked? and—and the daughter?”

“She sewed and rocked the cradle with her foot, and the little one he lay with his eyes open playin’ with his fingers. He wor chucklin’, poor little shaver. Well,

cap'n, he ain't so old as me yet; when he is, he'll know a thing or two 'bout trouble."

The Priest sighed. "Good-bye, my lad; I'm sorry you are going. You are sharp and faithful. If you leave your employer—"

"I shan't leave cross-eye," said the imp, darting up the street yelping "yiiiii!" and narrowly escaping being arrested by the faithful policemen Mulrooney and Ryan.

Early in the morning Sanderly was ready to depart. He held out his hand, "Good-bye, my boy."

For answer the imp shouldered the portmanteau and went resolutely alongside.

"Why, you are not going, youngster?"

"Gov'nor, I be," said the attaché succinctly.

Thus they started on their travels; the heart-broken, half-crazy Sanderly, and his little attaché, following in his footsteps like a faithful dog. Hard looks, hard fare, hard life altogether; but these were by Sanderly little noticed, because the mental agony was so much sharper than the physical pain; by the child of Aurora Lane all things were endured for him who was kindred in loneliness and suffering, who came near him in their common desolation.

Sanderly was gone; his thin ill-clad figure no more haunted the office; Mr. Earle's sympathies were no longer excited by the tattered imp, but he sent some anxious thoughts after these two as they wandered up and down the land.

While Sanderly thus went his own ways, his old friend and employer followed a widely different course. While

Roger Cantwell pursued politics ardently and extravagantly, lavishing money freely to obtain his ends, Alda, his wife, was a priestess at the high altar of fashion, and prodigal were her expenses. While money was thus flying hither and thither, Bishop Otto and Father French thought it right they should have some, and in the confessional this gift and that gift were boldly demanded.

Letters were being written to the Holy Pope, and a present of money was to go with them. Alda was urged to give five hundred dollars; she also was persuaded to sign a contract promising that when the estate of her defunct cousin Fred should be administered and she should come in for her share, she would give the Church three thousand dollars. Alda was ready enough to promise for by and by; the present five hundred were hard to obtain.

She said to her priest, "Roger thinks his *influence* is enough to give, and he would make a terrible fuss about so much money. Don't let him know I gave it. I must tell him it went for a new suit and trust to his not noticing the difference."

"Certainly, certainly; we have to manage these little things, and I will carefully keep your confidence, my daughter."

We need not wonder at this deceit. Rome instructs her children that "a wife may *steal* from her husband *in behalf of the Church.*"*

The Priest was able to make some return to Alda for

* *Monita Secreta.*

her monetary favors by adding to the circle of her acquaintances.

We are apt to imagine that Romanism is of the lower classes of society, but since Rome became the *Established Church* of the United States she numbers some high and mighty people among her communicants.*

At one party largely political given by Alda she entertained four judges, nine justices, two senators, three members of Congress, three members of Assembly, the city chamberlain, commissioner and counsel, a general, a major, two naval officers and two millionaires, who all were members of the holy Romish Church.

Alda hereby felt her faith strengthened, and Roger took a more complacent view of his platform when so many fine people occupied it with him.

When our friends were in Washington they found even more brethren in the faith. Alda went to Mass in company with the wives of the highest officials; she met these ladies coming out of the confessional, where they had opened not only their own hearts but their husbands' affairs and the politics of the country to their priest. In the houses of these friends and in the houses of friends who would by no means countenance Romanism, Alda saw the servants she had procured from Fathers French and Perry; she saw them as servants and nothing more; Fathers French and Perry coming down, beheld them *spies*, and received their reports.

Bishop Otto visited Alda at Washington and Alda had an ecclesiastical dinner party. To this party Bishop

* Putnam's Magazine, July, 1869.

Otto brought a ward of his from a Convent in the city. The ward was black-eyed, ringleted, beautiful exceedingly, and dressed in a manner to drive Alda mad with envy. The fair ward kept close to the Bishop as was meet. Roger during the evening saw her tear her pretty hand on a pin in her sash.

Next morning Francis waited on the Bishop at table with an unusually bright, happy face. Roger found himself watching Francis. As the servant passed a cup to the Bishop, Roger watched his hand.

"Ah!" said Roger the cunning.

The ward appeared in public several times. After Otto was gone, Alda drove to the Convent to call on this young lady. The Superior was sorry to inform her that they never saw visitors. Alda reported this to her husband with some chagrin.

"Ah," said Roger, "Ah!" and yet again he said "Ah!"

While Bishop Otto was in Washington, in Baltimore, and in various other places, visiting, enjoying himself and serving his Church, Fathers Perry, French and Rentoul with others carried on the work at home.

"Behold," said Father Perry, "what an admirable article I have found in a Protestant paper. It shows conclusively that our Church is now and ever shall be in a contemptible minority. It says: 'Popery *really* progresses backward. According to its own showing, it does not retain its accessions by immigration alone. It has less than five millions,' etc."

"An admirable article," said French; "I wish they would publish such a one every week."

Father Perry leaned back in his chair, patted his hands, and whistled, "By O, baby bunting!" "That's it, French, that's it, 'Hush, my dear,' and so forth; and they *shall* hush; meanwhile we keep awake."

"We wake and work," said Rentoul. "These papers may sing their lullabys, but the State knows we are a power; we have taught them that. The Pope is the legitimate, indefeasible sovereign of this country, and when Americans toil to build up America, they are toiling for the Pope and the Church in him."

"Your earnestness, my Rentoul, is commendable," said Perry. "You expect to be saved in virtue of your ultramontanism, and you are particularly strong on that point."

"And do you deny the position I have taken?" cried Rentoul hotly.

"By no means," said Perry; "I admit it with all my heart. The question is, can we maintain as well as admit?"

"Yes, we can," said Rentoul.

"The facts are," said Perry, blandly ignoring Rentoul and looking past him to his friend French, "this country belongs to us by original possession. These Yankees prate about their Puritan pilgrim ancestors. Said ancestors are an admirable point in a Fourth-of-July oration, but they were only a little handful, dwindling and dying out on the rocky shores of Massachusetts. Who settled Maryland? Our Church did. Maryland belongs to the Pope as much as does the purse in his pocket. Those Huguenots planted themselves in Florida, but our Church

knew they had no business there and sent down an expedition to wipe them out. Did any nation question the right of our Church to administer laws in Florida then? No; Florida was *ours*. Look at Louisiana; she too is ours; our priests raised the cross above her; her allegiance was to the head of the Church; these Protestants were intruders, vile weeds, running out the roots of faith. From Louisiana went the explorers up the Mississippi, and who were they? Our priests, who explored, taught, established missions, converted the Indians, and raised the flag of the faith. Who took possession of California? Franciscan friars; they lifted the cross, said their prayers, built a monastery and made the land Catholic. It has been perverted; can we bring it back? Again, where did these Yankees get Texas? From Mexico; and what was Mexico but a Catholic nation, a fief of our father the Pope? Mexico had *no right* to cede Texas; the Mexicans were the vassals of the Pope, they had no right to assign their master's territories. Do you suppose Pius doubts his lawful authority here? No; he knows every foot of the land as well as he knows the Vatican; he sends money here to help bring back his escaped possessions. The people here think he is ignorant, forgetful or satisfied. No, he is not ignorant that this country is necessary to him; he is not forgetful that it once belonged to the Holy See; he is not satisfied to have it heretical. As I said at first, the question is, *can we accomplish restoration?* ”

“Archbishop Hughes took some long steps in that direction,” said French.

“He did, faith; but did these Americans perceive it? Not they. They believed him to be an *American*, interested in this country’s interest, understanding and subscribing her policy, and able to represent her abroad,” laughed Perry.

“The best thing we can do now is to get Protestant money, and votes, and land: they are good in the present and good for the future,” said Rentoul.

“Some of all these we obtain from *your* friend Cantwell, brother French,” said Father Perry. “The Bishop was right after all. That man is very valuable to us, and especially so from his former position; *honest* men—the only men we are in danger from—can not understand how greatly he has changed his tactics.”

“Honest!” interrupted the fault-finding Rentoul “what do you mean by *that*?”

“Don’t pick one up so snappishly, man; by honest, I mean men that have *convictions*; who believe in what they profess; who arm themselves with facts, and go about butting into errors with their heads, like unruly goats! eh?”

As Father Perry said this sneeringly, Rentoul jumped up in a rage and left the house.

“I must go to Santa Philomena,” said Perry; “the new Superior has sent for me; she finds some difficulty for me to solve almost daily. Very pretty eyes has the Superior, and she rolls them about charmingly. I think sometimes that is the real secret of her difficulties; it does not pay to roll such pretty eyes at the sisterhood!”

Father Perry went out laughing, and priest French sat

and sighed. Finding thought painful, French soon wandered out into the streets, and then took his way toward Cantwell's office; he had formed an intimacy with the Senator. The private office was cheerful, and Father French passed hours there, reading, lounging, listening and chatting.

To-day, as he glanced at the vacancy left in the bookshelf by the volumes Mr. Dunbar had carried away, he said, "I'm sorry you gave away those books, Judge Cantwell. We wanted them. Can't you get them back?"

"It would be quite impossible."

"At least tell me how you got them. I've often hinted that I would like to know. Now I ask outright."

Roger laughed, "I believe I will tell you," he said. "Were you ever acquainted with a Priest named Father Fortune?"

"No, never."

"Think again—a simple old fellow from the country, had his parish up in Orion; his church, *St. Rose*, had been burnt out, and all that sort of thing?"

"Yes, yes," said Father French, "I think I do remember that innocent old creature, quite a dummy in his way; but we find those simple ancients do a great deal of good in certain districts."

"Yes?" said Roger, his eyes twinkling; "and this personage claimed to be an old acquaintance of Earle's and mine."

"I remember; and he thought he had a mission to convert you. I trust giving you those books was not a means to that end."

"It was one of them," quoth Roger, demurely.

"Why the confounded old fool!" cried the amazed French.

Cantwell took from his desk the portrait drawn by Sanderly.

"Do you remember this picture? Is it like?"

"I think I *do* see the likeness. Father Fortune it is, and—why—" French began studying the picture closely.

"Fortune was a wolf in sheep's clothing," said Cantwell.

"Was it, could it be—"

"It was myself, and no other. I got the books of *you*. I set you on to the controversy with myself. Liguori, Dens, a host of those saintly Fathers you obtained for me! Your Church is crafty, Mr. French, but in that little affair I outdid her. What do you think of it?"

"If I had been outwitted by a less able man, sir, I should tear my hair with rage, and do penance in sackcloth. One thing I do beg of you, do not tell any one of this freak. I think my blindness was excusable—my superiors might *not* think so."

"I'll remember you, my brother Priest," said Cantwell laughing loud and long at his joke in playing "Father Fortune."

"If you realized what it is to be a Priest, you might not think it so funny, sir. There comes Perry, be reticent."

As Cantwell's office was considered neutral ground, meetings of different parties sometimes happened, and on this day Father Perry had not long been there when Mr.

Dunbar also entered, and presently Mr. Earle. These gentlemen never met without falling into a controversy. They never reviled each other, but they made valiant attacks on doctrine. Almost before they were aware, they were in the midst of a discussion as to the *true* Church.

“There is one only true Church,” said Perry, “founded by our Lord, delineated by the Apostles, and remaining until the present day.”

“That I grant you,” said Mr. Dunbar.

“And that Church is the Holy Church of Rome.”

“That I do *not* grant you; the Romish Church is a shameless apostate.”

“The Bishop visited me in Washington,” said Cantwell to Mr. French, “and had a ward of his to dine with us — uncommonly handsome she was. The Bishop is lucky to have such a ward; do you know her?”

Here Perry answered Mr. Dunbar, “No, sir. I can prove to you that ours is the true Apostolic Church, by her venerable antiquity, by her priestly line being unbroken since the days of the apostles, when Saint Peter held the See at Rome.”

“Really,” said Father French to Roger, “I have not had the pleasure of meeting the Bishop’s ward, but I know she must be well cared for.”

“She looked so wonderfully like Francis that I thought she might be a sister of his. Do you know that I heard of Otto at Baltimore, and he had a very beautiful ward there; and he was visiting in Richmond, and there also was a ward; which proves—”

“I can prove,” said Mr. Dunbar, continuing his dis-

cussion on the other side of the room without regard to these asides, "that Peter never was at Rome, and that that claim is as absurd as those false Decretals, which every one knows to be forgeries—"

"Which proves," said French, taking up Cantwell's theme on their side of the office, "that our Bishop's probity and wisdom are held in high esteem outside of his own diocese. The highest mark of confidence a parent can give is to bestow the guardianship of a child—"

"Peter's chair is at Rome," said Father Perry.

"I do not think the Bishop has any wards in *this* city, Mr. French."

"That is a pagan chair," said Dunbar, "the relic of some Consular man. If Peter had that chair built he was a pagan, and lived in the fifth century. The ornaments on that chair represent the twelve labors of Hercules. Your Popes hold their spiritual and temporal power in virtue of their being *successors* of Peter. This implies that Peter was Bishop of Rome, and this again that he remained there for some certain period. The foundation stone of the Papacy is the alleged fact that Peter was at Rome. Wiseman, Manning and others hold this a vital point, and rightly; for unless you establish the fact that Peter was at Rome you can not prove that he was Bishop there, and if he was *not* Bishop there, down comes your gorgeous fabric of Papal supremacy. Now, Mr. Perry, you can not prove that Peter *was* at Rome; I can prove that he was *not* there. If the foundation of my faith were as frail as yours, my soul would tremble with horror unspeakable."

At this moment Father French was replying to Judge Cantwell on this wise:

“The reason he has here no young people in charge, though one of the young men at the College *is* under his care, is, that if he had pecuniary affairs unconnected with the church to deal with, he might be accused of a mercenary or worldly spirit. I believe there never was a man so careful to keep himself void of all earthly spot or stain, as Bishop Otto. When I see him, I bow in reverence before the most saintly of living men.” French spoke ardently, the Bishop’s life seemed so high above his erring way! The loud voice of Perry interrupted his encomium, crying angrily,

“If *my* church were as modern as *yours*, a mushroom sprung up in the night of the sixteenth century, *I* would tremble.”

“Let us keep to the present point, and attend to the antiquity matter afterward,” said Dunbar. “The idea of Peter having been at Rome was broached by Cardinal Baronius, to support his cause against the Reformation. The *evidence* adduced by Baronius was, that some nameless writer of the third century calls some person ‘the thirteenth Bishop from the days of Peter;’ but does that even hint that Peter passed his days at Rome?”

“Ah, really!” said the unscrupulous Roger, keeping to *his* point regardless of Father French’s growing annoyance, “Bishop Otto *is* esteemed a pattern. I admit his extraordinary holiness, but it seems quite as extraordinary that his wards are all well grown, and well-favored damsels—dark beauties every one.”

The goaded Father French now dipped into the other conversation in self-defence, to rid himself of the exasperating lawyer. He said to Mr. Dunbar, "But there was a skeleton—"

"I'm just coming to those dry bones," said the minister, tranquilly.

"My dear Mr. French, concerning the origin of those wards—" said Roger.

"They were dug up in the catacombs in the fourth century," said Dunbar speaking of the *bone* question. "The Bishop of Rome then on the throne oracularly pronounced them those of Peter. A Greek writer of that period said, 'then Peter must have been crucified near that spot.' The bold assertion of the bishop, and the *conjecture* of the Greek, are all that the 'testimony of the bones' amounts to, Mr. Perry."

"But the Golden Legend," suggested Father Perry, who argued better in church casuistry than upon facts that never existed.

"What do you suppose the Bishop will do with his wards by and by, Father French?" said the pertinacious Roger; "that one at my dinner party just doted on him, I saw it in her eyes."

Father French reddened; "You speak on an ungracious theme, Judge Cantwell. We can speak lightly of other men, but not of Bishop Otto."

"I beg pardon if I have offended, but it did strike me as curious, and I thought it a pity the *guardian* was not married; for however he may preserve his soul in patience, that the lady was devoted to him I have the evidence—"

“Now indeed, we have reached the most formal evidence offered,” cried Dunbar to Perry, warming with his subject, “The Golden Legend does positively state something. It says that Simon Peter *and his daughter* were carried to Rome in a fiery chariot to oppose Simon Magus, a sorcerer. The *evidence* of legends is below par in the nineteenth century; there are legends of the Hippogriff, of waxen wings, and of a lad who drove the horses of the sun, but these are not admitted to be matters of history. These three foundations, the nameless writer, the bones, and the legend, are that whereon Baronius built his theory. If there had been anything better he, or the zealous Bellarmine would have discovered it. Read the ‘Mission and Martyrdom of St. Peter,’ by Collyns; that shows by all the ancient text on the subject that there is no proof that Peter was Bishop *at or of* Rome.”

“Sir,” said Perry with authority becoming Peter’s successor and mouth-piece, “the fathers of our Church give us careful records of Peter’s life, and show that he was twenty-five years Bishop of Rome.”

“They show on the contrary that he could *not* have been Bishop of Rome for that time. Thus, he was eighteen years in and near Judea; *your* writers tell us that he was then seven years at Antioch, and, jewels of consistency that they are, they say that he was martyred *nine* years later; yet contend that in these nine years he was twenty-five years Bishop of Rome! Look to the Scriptures; does Peter ever write *to Rome*, so-called seat of his power? Does he ever write *of Rome*, or say that

he is going there, is, or has been there? Paul is slow to mention neither of these matters concerning himself, but Peter never hints of Rome. Moreover, Paul is, by your authorities, said to have been imprisoned *with* Peter. Paul never speaks of this, though he mentions his host; he never sends salutations to his brother apostle, Peter, God's vicar in Rome; Peter went not out to meet Paul at Appii Forum; nor did he go with the rest three days later to hear him speak. Six epistles are written from Rome, but none refers to Peter."

"Well," said Roger Cantwell to Father French, when Mr. Dunbar had reached a pause, for his ardor had compelled them to listen to him, "I see I annoy you, and I will hold my peace. But, sir, this matter trenches upon my chief doubt about the wisdom of your Church; I do *not* believe in a celibate clergy."

Father French raised his eyebrows, and pointed to Mr. Dunbar.

"But he is not one by force, and in spite of himself," said Cantwell.

Meanwhile the other gentlemen had listened as they might to this double discussion between French and the Judge, Perry and the minister.

"But Cardinal Bellarmine tells us that this very *silence* is a proof that Peter *was* at Rome," said Father Perry.

"If silence is a proof, it proves many impossible things; the Bible says nothing about Simon the magician having been a head of the early Church, therefore he was a head of the Church; is that it?"

"It is useless to argue with you if we cannot agree upon

the premises," said Father Perry. "I accept our Church authorities, you reject their testimony; we have then nothing to begin upon."

"I only accept historical evidence," replied Mr. Dunbar; "but in your second query as to the origin and antiquity of Protestantism, I am ready to argue with you, and also to agree on the premises. Will you accept the authorities of your own Church?"

"Assuredly," replied Perry, exultant; "and again I ask you where was your Church before Luther, where was it before the sixteenth century?" This is a favorite question with Romanists, and Father Perry asked it with relish, rolling it like a sweet morsel under his tongue.

"Two hundred years before Luther, Protestantism stood with Huss at the stake; for what else did your Church burn him?"

"The heresy of Huss was doubtless of the same stripe as that of Luther; there have been bad *men* in all ages; but *the Church*, that is what we are after—not separate individuals," said Mr. French.

"Individuals make *churches* as they do nations. Let us take two hundred years further back; the noble lesson of the Waldenses was the product and exponent of a *church*. We are four hundred years behind Luther now, and to go back still two centuries, we find your Church sending her ministers to Saluzzo in 1056 to destroy heresy—a heresy holding all the present principles of Protestantism. During these two hundred years we have in the records of your Church *five papal bulls* directed

against this heresy, or Protestantism, that *protested* against Rome.”

“You have still a thousand years to account for,” said Father Perry, getting uneasy under Dunbar’s handling of his subject.

“Claudius of Turin, in 817, held all the opinions of Protestants of this age. While your authors were building up theories in one century and council, and tearing them down in another, the doctrines of Claudius were our doctrines, proclaimed alike in the ninth and nineteenth centuries; and your Churchmen in the year 839 complain that large bodies of men held the views of Claudius.”

Watching Priest French, Judge Cantwell saw that he was looking annoyed, and considering how valuable was this man’s favor, began to regret his recent innuendoes as to the Bishop. He cast about for an apology, touched French’s arm. “Do not misapprehend me; I sincerely admire Bishop Otto, esteem him—”

“And he deserves it,” said French, but his face did not relax; for truth is, he was vexed at his own and Perry’s singularly lame conduct of an unexpected discussion.

“And which of our authorities mention this?” asked Perry.

“Raineros, Seysel, and Alexander, among others. The first two admit that the Waldensians, Albigenses, or Leonists, were vigorous as a church, and in the spread of their doctrines, which they proved by Scripture—the Bible you know is the religion of Protestants—in and from the reign of *Constantine*, and Constantine died in 337. What more? until this time, the reign of Constan-

tine, the church was pure, united, and held itself separate from the State. But at this time occurred a great defec- tion; the State polluted the Church, and a vast heresy, the heresy of Romanism, split off from the original lowly, pure and God-ordained Church of Jesus Christ. This Romish heresy arrogated to itself supremacy and civil power. Earth affords congenial soil to wrong; ill weeds grow fast; the schism thus formed spread, became strong, outnumbered that Protestant Church, which from protest- ing against Judaism and Paganism was forced to take up its protest against the heresy that had departed from its own bosom. Rome went from bad to worse, she broached new doctrines—the papacy; image worship; seven sacra- ments; invocation of saints; purgatory; prayers for the dead; monkery; mass; venial and mortal sins; indul- gences; the immaculate conception of Mary; her equality with God; latria, hyperdulia, and the infallibility of the Pope, believed if not decreed.* This is your heresy; but we are one from Christ until this present day. What is your so-called Christian Rome but a splendid phœnix, sprung from the ashes of Rome pagan, with all the gor- geous beauty and more than all the strength of that old time human religion; but like that religion it wings its flight not toward the Heaven of the Lord our God, but to the altars of the sun, and like that sun shall perish in eternal night.”

To all this debating Roger Cantwell listened with a perfectly non-committal countenance. It would not suit his present programme to afford aid to either party; he

* And now decreed.

schooled lip and eye to give no sign, but in his secret soul he rejoiced in the evident discomfiture of Father Perry. Father French, though throwing in a remark now and then, manifested little more interest than himself.

“Why couldn’t you wake up and help me?” demanded Perry of French as they walked home together. “Did you not see that that scurrilous parson had his arguments all cut and dried, and caught me up unawares?”

“My brother, you are so much better versed in our Church than I am that I could not think of interfering.”

“Pah!” said Perry, angrily, “and you left him to get the better of me.”

“Not at all,” replied French, quietly. “He thinks he has carried the day for his Church, but that is something different from really doing it. Advantage depends not so much in speech as in action. Let him boast, Perry; it makes very little difference, so long as our Church can rise up and put his vaunted Protestantism under her feet. I think that it would compensate me for being a priest—and for being that you know, Perry, I have suffered—if I could have one assured vision that our Church should stand in this new hemisphere and stretch her sceptre from the Polar sea to Terra del Fuego, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts. What would matter our losing ground in Europe, which has fed us for centuries, if we sucked our growth out of the full veins of this mighty land?”

Perry looked with interest into his companion’s excited face. “And you *do* feel this enthusiasm for our

Church, French? There have been times when I thought you did not care!"

"There are times when your thought would be right, when soul-weary, I care for *nothing*; but there are other hours when I remember I was nursed on the bosom of this great Church, and my sick heart flies to her as a child to his mother." Father French's face grew pale; there was a vision that now ever rose before him at words of a mother and her child.

They were at Father French's door, and Perry, nodding good-evening, hurried on, led by strong yearnings for his supper; such nice suppers as he had, of tarts and muffins, and all sorts of dainty salads!

French's house was next his church, and there was a choral service going on, conducted by the choir and his assistant priest. The great door of the Church of the Visitation was open and the Priest stood in its shadow; it fell over him darker and darker, wrapping him from the street and from the sparsely scattered worshippers within the nave. He stood there in desolation of spirit. He had within the last two years passed through some tremendous spiritual conflicts.

Sister Serena might exist in easy credulity; Saint Hilaire might lose sight of earth in yearning after the land whereunto her beloved had entered; Bishop Otto might gird himself for his daily warfare by Herculean resolution; Catherine might be satisfied with power; Father Perry with the pampering of the flesh, which his Church encouraged; but a moral earthquake had convulsed poor French, had rent asunder his faith, his

prejudices, his hopes, his peace, his sophistries. Torn and wrecked he found no healing for his spirit; every course that was open to him seemed equally wrong and wretched. He stood in the shadow of that Church of the Visitation, severed from all his race; he had no country, no home, no parents and kindred, no wife, no child whom he dared own, no domestic enjoyments; he could take no oath without mental reservations; he dared own no allegiance but to that distant Pope; he was allowed to cherish no integrity, no manhood; he was set as a traitor and a spy among men. Darker and more terrible grew the shadow and the pain; the voice of song died into silence; prayer and incense fainted under the fretted arches; the worshippers went their ways, the assistant Priest went his, and unseen, Priest French lingered in the blackness of the portal. He was more wretched than Sanderly who, pack on shoulders, strode toward a wayside inn; for behind Sanderly trotted like a faithful terrier, tugging along his shabby portmanteau, unashamed of his forlornness and of his master, the imp from Aurora Lane, found steadfast and devoted, where all others had failed. Sanderly had his attaché, French had nobody.

A world full of loneliness and throbbing pain: Lucia felt it, as she sat in the Abbess's parlor; she bowed her head against the arm of a sofa and murmured something to herself. Catherine Illuminata lounged in her easiest chair, but she, too, seemed *ennuyed*, and sighed; perhaps the golden gloom of the apartment bred melancholy.

"What are you saying, Lucia?" asked the Abbess.

"Some poetry I learned once for an exhibition."

“Repeat it to me, child; you have a talent for recitation.”

Lucia lifted her head, and repeated with pathos Bonar’s poem on Convent life.

“ This is no Heaven !
 And yet they told me all heaven was here,
 This life the foretaste of a life more dear :
 That all beyond this Convent cell,
 Was but a fairer hell—
 Ah me—it is not so.

This is not home !
 And yet for this I left my girlhood’s bower,
 Shook the fresh dew from April’s budding flower,
 Cut off my golden hair,
 Forsook the dear and fair,
 And fled as from a serpent’s eyes
 Home and its holiest charities.”

Catherine sprang up and fled into her oratory, chosen retreat where she hid her remorse, her agonies, and whence she came calm and resolute.

When Catherine was inclined to moodiness, she generally invited some of the Sisters to spend the evening in her parlor; this evening she had sent for Saint Hilaire and Serena, and they now entered with their work, finding Lucia alone. Saint Hilaire turned on the gas.

“What is the matter, Sister Lucia? you look sad.”

“I am wretchedly out of spirits,” said Lucia, turning away.

“Let me recommend to you a sprinkle of Holy Water,” said Serena.

“What is the good of Holy Water?” asked Lucia, testily.

“The good!” said Serena in a surprised tone; “it has

spiritual and temporal usefulness; it drives away devils and evil thoughts; it wipes away venial sins; imparts strength, and gains the favor and presence of the Holy Ghost. In its temporal use it cures sickness, purifies contagion, is the remedy against barrenness, and heals infirmities of body and mind." *

"Do you believe all that, Sister Serena?" asked Lucia smiling.

"Certainly I do. Holy Water, next to relics, is the most effectual preservative of body and soul. As for relics, I have held in my hands a fragment of Christ's cross and shroud. When I was sent from Ireland to Italy, I saw in Milan Cathedral the towel wherewith He wiped the disciples' feet, a bit of his cradle, two teeth of Elisha, and some of the beard of Zacharias, besides eleven bodies of the slaughtered innocents"—she might have seen *those* at the Orphanage on any day!—"and in France I saw the head of John Baptist, the teeth of Stephen, and the rod of Moses. Yes, Lucia, there is wonderful efficacy in relics!"

* Inscription in Church of San C. Borromeo, in the corso at Rome.

CHAPTER EIGHTEENTH.

HIDDEN SPRINGS.

A Bishop's Anxieties—A Priest's Scruples of Conscience—Bribes Offered by the Holy Church—Stock Gambling—Money Loans—Nell's Child—Sanderly and his Imp—Father French and the Abbess—Missionary Work—How to Furnish a Cathedral—The Use of Taxes—Ecclesiastical Financiering.

" 'Tis something deeper yet—
 The unutterable void within,
 The dark, fierce warfare with this heart of sin,
 The inner bondage, fever, storm and woe,
 The hopeless conflict with my hellish foe,
 'Gainst whom this grated lattice is no shield,
 To whom this cell is victory's chosen field."

"And you tell me that French is going back to his idols, Perry?"

"He is doing worse, my lord Bishop."

"He has then disappointed me grievously. I thought him penitent for what was certainly a great fault."

Perry shrugged his shoulders and the Bishop looked angry.

"He narrowly and by the merest good fortune escaped giving rise to a great scandal, and if he ventures to err in like manner again, I shall remove him to some other field. You say he has been searching for this girl and has found her?"

"Been searching and *has* found her," assented Priest Perry.

"And has visited her, of course."

“No, Bishop, I think he has not presumed so far, and besides I do not believe that those women would receive him if he went to them.”

“Ah! Then the affair looks brighter. And how did he find her?”

“By means of a beggarly limber-jack who belongs to that Sanderly, formerly artist for Earle. Another thing is, Bishop, that I think this Sanderly is in possession of the *facts* about Rentoul, and haunts Rentoul with threats and hints.”

“Impossible, Perry. That trouble happened so far away.”

“Nevertheless, I think Sanderly knows it, may be had a part in it, and came here for the express purpose of following up Rentoul.”

“*Then*,” said the Bishop distractedly, “Rentoul must be removed to some distant parish, or another scandal will be ventilated. These things are very bad for the Church in this country.”

“At present,” said Perry, “this Sanderly has left town; he is a book dealer of some kind, rambling about the country, and may never live to get back; he looked like a death’s-head, the last I saw of him. I have been in countries, sir, where it would be a fixed fact that such a troublesome customer should *not* get back; but here they manage affairs differently.”

Again the Bishop frowned, then asked impatiently, “And this boy whom French has employed, where is he?”

“Gone with Sanderly for the time being; so French is

left without a messenger and naturally is reluctant to employ a new intermediary; as he can not do his own errands in that locality, communication is cut off."

"Then as the matter stands I see no present trouble. We can watch French to see that he does not entangle himself, and watch Rentoul's enemies to see that they do not spring a trap on him, that's all; and we are used to *watching*." The Bishop sighed, adding, "I have so many of you to look after to prevent scandal that I am distracted."

"I beg your pardon, it is *not* all," said Father Perry; "the danger with French is a mental one."

"What! not going mad—not giving sign of insanity?"

"Of a spiritual insanity, or a moral one, I should say, certainly. I have studied up that subject as you desired, and here are my conclusions. French is brooding over an idea of this kind: he feels that he owes some restitution to that girl—Ives, was it? yes, Ives. He also feels that he is morally responsible for that child, and besides, he has a craving both for the woman and the boy; he dwells on the idea that he owes them shelter, protection, support, all these things which heads of families are supposed to owe their households."

"And you think he does not thus owe them?" said Otto.

"Of course not; the Church absolved him from such responsibilities before he incurred them.* A solemn vow

* Paolo, 2, 118; 449.

Edicts of Siricius and Gregory VII.

Pithon, 47, (Pithon published by order of Gregory XIII; his edition is recognized by the Church.)

incapacitated him from ever assuming such obligations ; if there is any religion, right or duty in the matter at all it is all on the side of his cleaving to his priestly functions and immunities, and ignoring the other matter."

"Certainly he must do so," said the Bishop ; "it is the only course open."

"Well, there is a by-road which some men get into, and I see my brother French very near the fence thereof," said Perry. "Now I am coming to my point ; I fear that the upshot of this brooding will be that our French may slip away from his order, may go over to the enemy, may marry this—this Ives, and establish himself as an honorable paterfamilias."

"Heaven and earth!" cried Otto aghast. "Why, it must not, shall not be ; we must interfere, we must send him on a mission ; we'll send him to Rome, and we'll send a letter to see that he is detained there ; he can be assigned a charge in the holy city until he gets over this folly. We must take active measures, Perry."

"Even going so far as to give him a bishopric *in partibus infidelium*?" laughed Perry. "However, Bishop Otto, I just hint my own thoughts ; he may be the farthest possible from these intentions."

"And how long since he communicated with—these people through that boy?"

"Quod sacerdotes fiant mariti, multo esset gravius peccatum quam si plurimas domi meretrices alerent."—Campeggio in Sleidan, 96.

Costerius, chapter 15.

"Maluerunt illi legislatores sacerdotes suas cum infamia habere concubinas, quam cum honesta fama uxores."—Agrippa in Bayle, 1, iii.

Pope Innocent III, Extravag. cap. *de Bigamis*, explains that a married Priest must be degraded, but a Priest guilty of concubinage "quod executionem sacerdotalis officii poteris dispensare."

“Some months. You see he sent no direct message nor did the boy ever mention him to the women. I have been at some pains to ascertain how it was; I set Mrs. Harmon to find out when the boy went to the Ives people, how he conducted, what they thought, and so on. Sharp is that ragged boy; he traded on his miserable appearance and his needs. He put himself in their way as a penniless orphan, wanting to warm by their fire and begging a crust; then he was artless and won their pity; then he made love to the baby. After his visits he reported to Father French how he found these people, how they looked, what they said and did, and so fed our man’s feelings on this subject. Besides, the boy found various pretexts of conveying money and work to these women; he gave no hint that he was French’s almoner, and they looked on the little rascal as an ally. I found all this by means of the Harmon woman; I saw that French employed the boy, and I set Harmon to follow him up; the Ives women were not particularly glad to see her, they wish to cut off their lives from King’s Court. But I’ll tell you what I have found, Bishop, and that is a helper in the house where Mrs. Ives lives.”

“And what sort of a helper have you discovered?” asked the Bishop.

“A woman named Porter, who was exsented from our Church for marrying a Protestant. This woman is now a widow and anxious to make peace with us. I intend a pastoral visitation to her and shall commend her to Mrs. Harmon’s good offices. There is one thing, my



NELL IVES AND HER CHILD.

lord Bishop—"Perry began to hesitate in his speech, he was on difficult ground.

"Say on what you have thought of," said the Bishop dreamily.

"Of this; if this Nell—Nell, is it? Yes, if this Nell had not that child, French would be relieved from much of that idea of duty and responsibility and so forth; moreover of much of his craving. If, for instance it would please the holy angels to carry that infant with them in one of their upward flights, it would relieve us of a very great difficulty; since the angels are not to be relied on, why, we have the Holy Innocents, an excellent Orphanage."

"O, my God!" cried Otto, suddenly wringing his hands. "Holy Innocents, to me such a word of terror, Perry!"

"But since we have it why not use it for the purpose for which we erected it? It is not unprecedented, nor is it, viewed calmly, especially obnoxious; and if it *were*, why, my lord, you know the idea of our Church is that the means are always justified by the end."

"Well," said the Bishop, "you have the interests of the Church and also her doctrines at heart, Perry, and have always done your part faithfully. In the present instance I confide in you to look after French and see that he is not led to betray our interests or his own. You know I should regret exceedingly to remove him from the Visitation, for he is useful and popular and by all means the very man for the place."

"By your leave," said Perry, "I will sound the

Abbess at the Holy Family a little. She is piqued at French for not visiting her lately, and she has the supervision of the Innocents; I can question a little and not betray anything."

"Be careful," said the Bishop; "our Sister Catherine is wily beyond comparison."

Father Perry departed. Bishop Otto had repressed excitement and distress in his Priest's presence, for he would not betray himself; but now that he was alone, he bowed his head upon the desk before him and spoke his irrepressible pain.

"Dare French do this? Can he give up all for love's sake, for honor's sake? And *is* it honor to be outcast, degraded, forsaken, scorned by all your early friends? And is it not honor to undo a wrong, to live so that no ghostly ruin of a life beloved shall mock your dying bed? that you shall never have cause to curse yourself above some dead face, all too dear? O, this burden, too heavy for mortal spirit, to be a priest and yet a man! Have we not obligations, responsibility, duty of restitution? What shall *I* do? what *shall* I do?"

From a curtained recess stepped the light-footed Francis and laid a gentle hand on that bowed head, saying, "Bishop!"

"O, Francis, are *you* here?" said Otto, shrinking away in agony. "Have you heard all this?"

"I have heard it, and so let me answer you," said Francis.

The servant was looking brighter and better. He always looked thus improved after a trip with the

Bishop, and the two had been off on a journey for several weeks.

“Let me answer you,” said Francis. “What shall you do? Do as you are now doing—that is best. It would not be honor for you to leave your lofty place, to step down from this elevation and be not only a common man but a scorn among men, because you were high and then became low. No ruin shall mock your dying bed, for you have wrought none, unless it is ruin to make a life happy; no dead face shall reproach you, but it shall bless you. If Father French chooses to leave all his position, his vows, his prospects, for some selfish girl who would accept such a sacrifice, let him do it; he has not your prospect of being Archbishop, not to say Cardinal.”

The conversation was interrupted by a ring; Francis looked through the blind. “It is Mrs. Cantwell,” he said smiling; “they will take her to the drawing-room.”

“Ah,” said Otto, rising with alacrity, “she has come to show her zeal for our new cathedral in Wardleigh;” and throwing aside his trouble, he made ready to descend with all dignity and sanctimony to meet his guest.

“Some persons are much impressed by detail,” he said in his dressing-room as Francis brushed his garments and put upon him various *religious* fragments of clothing. “That is it;” he displayed a cross elaborately upon his bosom, a ring representing the crown of thorns, and took a missal and a pious note book bearing a device of angels.

Alda had called on the Bishop once or twice before, and she esteemed it a privilege. She liked to say to her

friends that she had been to the episcopal palace. She had now been making collections among her acquaintances for the building of a new cathedral in Otto's diocese, and her success had been even more magnificent than that of Serena and Saint Hilaire.

"I have been working for you for two months busily," said Alda as she greeted the Bishop with reverent devotion.

"Would that every daughter of the Church were as faithful," said Otto.

"And I have succeeded admirably. Only think, Bishop Otto, I have obtained five thousand dollars. I made aunt Estey give five hundred of it; she said it would pinch her income for a year, but as I told her, when people have lived for themselves and done nothing for the Church during a *lifetime*, it is quite proper for them to *think* and to be charitable when they have one foot in the grave, as she has."

"Quite proper indeed, a noble thought," murmured the Bishop.

"Aunt Estey has always been very worldly," said Alda, casting up her eyes.

"You set her a most lovely example of Christian zeal," said the amiable Otto.

"O, *thank* you! do you think so? Here is the check, Bishop, drawn to your order; the money has been deposited in the bank. Now what else can I do for you? I just dote on that cathedral; Father French showed me the plan. I should love to furnish it; O, if I only could! I have such a delicious idea of it. Cushioned

throughout with a heavenly blue, like a reflection of the ceiling, which is to be blue; then velvet carpets in the secretarium, chancel, and so on; and chairs inlaid with ebony and pearl, I saw some perfectly enchanting ones at Casserly's; and the galleries—O, if I only could!"

"You can," said Bishop Otto.

"Ah, you over-rate my power. I have begged about all I can get, and I have no more myself just now; Roger prates no end about hard times, and I really thought the bills for my last party never would get paid," cried Alda pathetically; "so what can I do, Bishop Otto?"

"I will tell you," said Bishop Otto, and Alda became all attention. "Social influence, Mrs. Cantwell, often-times goes further than money. We are not unmindful of what you have done for us pecuniarily, but the measure of your social power is greater still. *May* I instruct you how to use it?"

Alda made haste to assure the Bishop that she always received his instructions with the highest delight.

"You spoke of cushions," said the Bishop, his cross gleaming more than ever in a ray of sunlight. "Those would come from an upholsterer, say Vantry. Let it be made worth Vantry's while to *present* us that upholstering; and how shall it be made worth his while? In this way. Get Vantry an order for something in his line that the city needs. Suppose this is worth two or three thousand; let him, like the steward in the gospel, take his bill and sit down quickly and write twenty thousand. Then, if *we* have seen to it first that he got the city order, and

second that the Common Council pays his bill without question, why, it is evident that Vantry can upholster our cathedral pews for *nothing* and put a good consideration in his pocket besides. Now, my dear Mrs. Cantwell, you see the *religious* policy of this? Vantry is *our* man, the cathedral is *ours*, and the surest way to make the city ours, is to build up our communicants in their power and property, and turn as much of the city funds as possible into our hands. Thus far, we Catholics have been salt of grace to save this unrighteous land from supreme destruction; we have done as the ten righteous men of Sodom *would have done* if they had been there—saved the place. But the sooner we can bring over the whole city to the bosom and divine guidance of the holy Church the sooner we ensure its everlasting salvation; so this business which I have explained to you is just as truly missionary work as preaching the faith.”

How brightly beamed the golden cross!

Alda clasped her hands in an ecstasy of admiration. The Bishop, after a pause that his words might take effect, proceeded:

“Let us consider the carpeting; say Willigby has it. The Court House needs carpets; we secure the trade for Willigby; he throws our carpet in, and puts an extra five thousand or ten, it makes little difference, in his city bill. You mentioned chairs at Casserly’s. The Court House needs chairs; I shall say to Casserly, make it worth my while to get you that order; he will do it, Casserly is used to these little matters. Your part, my dear, indefatigable and exemplary daughter, is simply

this: keep our counsel, and use your influence, use it with your husband, with these gentlemen who call on you. Get up a champagne party — by the way, I will lend you my plate for this especial purpose, and the cathedral will be as really furnished by you as if you earned the money with those dainty white hands.”

Admirable teacher! Most admirable pupil! Dear Judge Cantwell, here is this woman whom you thought such a piece of simplicity, ready like wax to receive the impression of your stronger mind, to think your thoughts, and work your work. Her priest has been before you; it is he who molds, directs, rewards; and at his bidding she gives your champagne parties, invites your guests, hints, requests, implores their favor, and even convinces you that it is well to employ Vantry, Willigby, Casserly and Co. in the service of the *city*. These priests pay no taxes; they have no fear of civic burdens before their eyes; they have no income, no dwellings, no anything taxable; but how beautifully they can divide their share of heretic taxes, and how deep is that pocket of Bishop Otto where hundreds of thousands vanish away!

“Bishop,” said Priest French to Otto, “Mrs. Cantwell is doing wonderfully well for us, and we ought to devise some token to encourage her.”

“And what shall it be?” asked the Bishop, like the mother in the spelling book. And as Bridget in that famous tale of Three Boys, was prepared with an answer and said autocratically, “Cakes,” so Priest French knew the proper reward of merit, and said:

“Nothing could be more appropriate and more valu-

able than your portrait—say a small ivory-type set in gold.”

Francis was sitting near arranging the prelatical writing desk ; Otto turned to this confidential servant and asked, “ What do *you* think of that, Francis ? ”

“ I see no objection,” said Francis ; “ Father French always knows how to do the right thing at the right time.”

“ How very condescending of the Bishop to consult Francis ! ” thought French.

“ I will go and have the picture taken,” said Otto immediately.

What a triumph was it to Alda to receive that portrait ! She bought a mosaic table whereon to lay the treasure, and set it conspicuously in her drawing room. Every night she locked the portrait up with her jewelry, before she did her devotions. No friend called but she exhibited the present and the letter which had accompanied it.

Nor was this the only glory and honor won by her in her religion. She proved so docile, so obedient, so eminently the very woman for the position she occupied between her Church and heretical society, that after a time she received a fine painting of the cathedral for which she had labored so zealously ; in a corner of the margin was the name—of the Archbishop, written with his own ineffable fingers !

What a loving, watching, bountifully rewarding mother is Rome ! Alda’s cup of blessing was not yet full, but soon it swelled to the brim and fairly overflowed with

sparkling waters of delight. On a glorious, never-to-be-forgotten morning, an artist called at Judge Cantwell's with letters of introduction from the Bishop.

"A patron of the Convent of Santa Philomena has lately left a bequest of ten thousand dollars to procure for the chapel a picture of the Virgin of the Rose of St. Dominic. I have been engaged to paint the picture, and I am looking for a model. Of course in these matters we idealize, we reach an impression of the heavenly, but we need something to begin on, some earthly beauty to transport our souls to the celestial; some real loveliness," the artist bowed to Alda, "to lead us up to the ideal perfection. May I venture, may I beg—am I too bold when, with the permission of the venerable Bishop Otto and Father French, I dare come and ask *you* to sit as the original of my *Holy Mary of the Rose*?"

Could Alda believe so great an honor? was it possible that her picture was to hold up to the eyes of generations Mary of the Rose? Before her limned face should bands of Sisters, Novices, Postulants, be prostrate in devotion? She was in such a whirl of vanity and exultation that she could not speak.

"The robe," continued the artist, "will be blue, and your style suits blue. Roses to crown the head, roses in the hands, roses under the feet; I may mention that I excel in painting every variety of roses, and that the shape of your head and the arch expression, if you will permit me to mention it, of your face, will become these roses admirably. Moss roses, white roses, buds, and the shades of pink and red."

“I should only be too happy,” murmured Alda; “certainly, at any time, if,” she added on a second thought, “if Mr. Cantwell does not object.”

Mr. Cantwell did object; he misunderstood the matter, and remarked indignantly that he did not intend that his wife's picture should be hung in a church for the gaze and criticism of the rabble. Women of too questionable character had sat as originals of this sort of thing for him to covet the privilege for Alda.

“Shame on you, Roger,” sobbed Alda, “to hint such cruel, heretical falsehoods. What would the Bishop say? If it were wrong, he and Father French would not countenance it, I know.”

“And I know the Bishop and the priests are not immaculate.”

“Besides, the picture is *not* for a church or to be put before a rabble, just as if a rabble ever worshiped in our churches, or dared to criticise the Holy Virgin! It is for the chapel at Santa Philomena, and for those dear, sweet, angelic Sisters—that is all.”

“O, that puts a different face on it,” said Roger; “and if you really care for it, Alda, and the Nuns wish it, so long as it is not to be made a public exhibition of, I have no farther objection.”

Thus Alda became the original of Santa Philomena's altar-piece, *The Virgin of the Rose of Saint Dominic*; and in all her future life, whatever vexation, disappointment, or fading may come to her, here remains *her* strong consolation; to her portrait a devout sisterhood daily utter their orisons, and worship in her face the Mother of God!

Such flatteries and rewards of merit bound Alda forever to the wheels of the chariot of Rome; her husband needed more enduring tokens of the Church's interest and gratitude. In the flush of his success, in ardent efforts for a higher advantage, and zealously aided by his wife, Cantwell had spent money lavishly. A financial crash would be no help to him, but such a crash seemed imminent. A few creditors whose hopes of payment are bound up in a politician's success, may be as partisans a profitable investment, like a national debt on which some bodies politic thrive, without which they could not exist; but a horde of small duns after one like hornets, hanging about one's heels and treading on the toes of guests, or jostling clients in the office passageways, are not to be endured. Roger found that he was walking on slippery places and must establish himself on a firmer financial basis. What more suitable, more profitable, every way more advantageous than to speculate? Stock gambling, gold board hazards, the lottery of wonderful investments; these seem generally congenial to the American soul, and to them Roger Cantwell directed his thoughts, but not without mentioning these monetary troubles and questions to two who had become his close friends—Bishop Otto and Priest French.

"Times are becoming confoundedly tight," said the Judge to the Bishop. "I must turn over what money I have left or I shall break. I have thought of several men and means; can you recommend any, Bishop?"

"O, certainly," said the Bishop, never at a loss. "There's the President of the Crash Railway, and the

brokers Bubble and Puff are particular friends of mine; while three or four of the rich men of Visitation are investing in a mine, and I dare say French could introduce you and get you into a very good thing there. In fact there are plenty of ways to bring up matters when one gets in arrears. There is Blowit is making up a company for our own church members, and he asked me for my name as one of the guarantees; I will tell him he shall have it if he will take you in on even terms, without money down."

"Why, really, that is a great offer, and I am under deepest obligations."

"Not at all," said Otto; "I am not doing this for nothing. I want repayment, but not in kind and not now. The fact is, Judge, that by and by I shall have a grand property lawsuit; how soon I can not tell; I wish you to act as my leading counsel in that case. Just now I will use my knowledge and my influence for you and get you on your feet firmly; and when that day comes when my business is brought to bar, do you give me your time and your eloquence as your return favor."

"Very good; rely on me," said Cantwell in the highest satisfaction.

From that moment Roger Cantwell began to thrive. Otto and French introduced him to new friends, and these friends opened to him those wonderful arcana shut up in the souls of capitalists. They were not scrupulous men; they never flinched at getting an orphan's patrimony, a widow's all; they rolled easily in chariots which like Fulvia's were red with some old man's blood; they

dwelt in double houses which rose, three story brown-stone fronts and all the modern conveniences, on a foundation of graves; but what did it matter? They were sons of a tender and judicious mother who canceled sins for gold, who said of the wrecks made and the soul-ruin wrought, *est veniale*; as to Cantwell, being in the ring, he did not understand all that was within its magic circle. What pity that all stock gamblers had not this same maternity as their excuse! But behold them, many of them are in and of the most orthodox churches under the sun!

Once in a while Cantwell wondered what the Bishop's great inevitable property suit might involve; whatever it was he was prepared to plead it with all his power; to bring law, testimony and precedent to bear upon it, and to consider that the only legal justice under heaven lay in winning it.

Bend your ear, Roger, in some of those breathless pauses that come in the midsummer noons, or in some of those silences broken only by the snapping of your winter fire; listen for a rustling from the parchments in your office crying to you, "Otto's case is here!" hearken to the slow breathings of your venerable partner as he dozes in his chair, and let them whisper, "the case is here." But, no, the office is still; Judge Barron sleeps and dreams and shadows of smiles flit over his face, and he stretches his wrinkled hands—feeling in them the strength of his prime—to catch the dream-land visions of wife and child; the hands close feebly on nothing; he wakes, the darling phantoms fly. And so, for all you

know, Roger, the Bishop's case may vanish out of a feeble grasp which he had thought full strong, and may never be pleaded by a most learned counsel before an enraptured jury, a dignified Bench, and a crowded court room. Who can tell?

Cantwell was no man for half-way measures; whatever his hand found to do, he did with might and main, so long as it redounded to his own interest. What question that to make money was for his interest? and the mania of money-getting took possession of his soul. He invested all he could raise of his own funds with the friends and brothers whom Otto and French had pointed out to him, Messrs. Bubble, Puff, Blowit and the Grand Crash Railway Company. Like seed sown in good ground these funds produced some thirty, sixty, a hundred fold. Doubtless this was owing to the craft and experience of his coadjutors, but Roger began to believe himself as good a financier as a legist, and that he was gifted with the Midas touch, and he resolved to do some speculating on his own account. But where to get the money? Judge Barron had the money. The Judge was old; he leaned on Roger as a son, he trusted him, yielded to him, there was little doubt that he would let Roger manipulate his fortune if Roger presented the matter properly. When our lawyer expounded the case, Judge Barron shook his head.

“At my time of life, Roger, childless as I am, why should I try to make money?”

“Money is good, and it is always best to have as much as is possible,” said Roger oracularly.

“But,” replied the old man, “what I have is safe; to use it and move it might be to lose the whole; I have made my will, Roger—”

“Yes, I know; but it will be no harm to have more to give under those same bequests.”

“You see, my friend,” said the Judge, “if it had pleased God to spare my daughter, all would have been hers. Now I have made various charities my heirs, and I want them to have the money. There is that school endowment, Roger; there some girl may be saved from going to a Convent, like mine, to die blinded by a false creed. There is that refuge for old people, old and childless as I am, Cantwell, and without the property I have. Age and loneliness are sorely hard to bear, my lad; let me do what I can for them. There is the Children’s Home, too; once I had a little child—let me sit alone now for a while, and I see those black eyes shining in baby joy; the dimpled form, the divine beauty of face, those childlike storms of passion and bursts of glee, present forever to me as an innocent, clinging, loving child. Ah, Roger, how her memory softens my heart to children! I would not lose their portion. Then the money for the Home for working girls; those young women who are toiling for daily bread as my child had never to toil; who are tempted as she never was tempted; who are forsaken as she never was forsaken; in the name of my lost Lucia I must do something for them. If Lucia Estey had lived, I should have left her a portion for her name’s sake; now let these charities have it all.”

“Certainly,” said Roger, half impatiently; “no one

wants to take it from them ; I am only showing you how you could double and treble these bequests, and so be all the more a benefactor. Your property is large ; double it, and you can give right royal gifts and do honor to your name."

"It is not honor for myself, but good to others, from a lonely old man."

"The more good to others then, the better," said Cantwell.

Thus returning to the theme day after day, Cantwell as usual won his cause, and by degrees was investing and speculating with all his senior partner's fortune. He had success too ; here he gained and there he gained ; prosperity kept pace with his movements ; he told the Judge with triumph of the money increase, and showed him in glowing colors how grand it was to add so vastly to his donations. The old man was satisfied, was interested beyond his wont.

Not to be in leading-strings to anybody, Roger conducted these ventures privately, and concealed what he was doing from the Bishop and all his party.

While all these cares and triumphs occupied priests and politicians, into the city at the dusk of evening crept Sanderly and his tattered follower. The pack of books had dwindled away ; the portmanteau was much the same, it could hardly be leaner or shabbier ; Sanderly was much the same, passion-worn and gaunt, as if he had been born brother to death and hunger and partook of the nature of the two. The imp was much the same, sharp, wiry, dauntless, dirty ; out of his rags and grime

the one jewel of devotion to his master shining, a stray token of that heaven which before the fall dwelt in the hearts of men.

As usual, Sanderly strode ahead, bent, eager, swinging his arms, and now giving furtive glances here and there, if perchance he might see Rentoul and pin him to some blank wall while he wreaked vengeance on his unhappy head. No Rentoul appeared, but shadows were gathering blackly, and Sanderly knew that he must somewhere find a shelter. He fell back to consult his attaché.

“Well, gov’nor,” said that retainer cheerily, “I knows a place where I used to drop in once in a while, and I reckons we could hire the attic; ’t any rate ’t won’t be no harm to see; ’sides there’s a couple of ladies which is friends of mine as will no doubt cook us a supper. There’s plenty of people as lives in that there house to do for us all as Miss Harming done; I didn’t like her no way, nor I didn’t like her eye—ki, yi-i-i!”

“Hold your tongue!” said Sanderly sharply; “what are you setting up that row for?”

“Gov’nor,” said the imp humbly, “I seed a boy what I used to know in ’Roarer Lane; there he be, gov’nor, which has often stole my marbles.”

“Hist now! ask him, ask him—” the question choked Sanderly, so suddenly his fury swelled within him.

“I know, gov’nor,” said the ready imp; “I’ll ask him if him as forgives sins an’ so on is yet alive an’ kickin’.”

The imp bobbed off, overtook his *ci-devant* comrade and conferred with him.

“Gov’nor, he be,” said the imp returning satisfied.

“Go on to the place you mentioned,” said Sanderly “pass before me.”

The attaché ran in front. He seemed to have a chronic objection to a hat with a rim; a ragged felt crown encircled his shock head; the shabby portmanteau rested on his back making him appear humped. His slop jacket was a world too short and wide; he had fallen heir to a pair of Sanderly's trowsers, which flapped about his heels, frayed by attrition with the roads, and, trailing some inches, encrusted with mud and dust; being one of those juveniles apparently doomed to poor protection in the rear, a flag of distress was waving as usual.

He darted on, accustomed to the streets, to toil and hardship from his birth; the way was long, yet he had no thought, no pity for himself; he looked back, crying blithely, “’Tain't far now, gov'nor, are you holding out well?”

“Aye, aye, boy,” said Sanderly with some kindness of tone.

At last they reached a clean tenement house in a quiet street.

“Here we be,” said the imp, trotting up to the third story, setting down his burden, and tapping at a door, while Sanderly stood on the stair.

Mrs. Ives in her widow's dress, sadder of face and voice than ever, but with the honest dignity of other days, opened the door. Sanderly could see behind her a very fair young woman sewing, with a playful child on her lap.

“Why, here is our poor little boy,” said Mrs. Ives.

"What has become of you for so long, child? Come in. Nell, here's that little fellow—" Sanderly followed his retainer so closely that Mrs. Ives concluded her sentence by saying, "and here is Mr. Sanderly too!"

There was no particular pleasure in her voice, she had so much desired to cut herself off from "King's Court." Nell looked up flushed and embarrassed, then glanced at her work, tears filling her blue eyes. She had been pure and happy once, when first she had seen this Sanderly.

"He's my gov'nor," said the infant of Aurora.

"Indeed; well you look sick and worn out, both of you; come to the fire—rest yourselves."

"I've been traveling about for health, change, business; because any change seems an improvement," said Sanderly; "and we want to hire one of the attics here, if one is vacant."

"One *is* vacant," said Mrs. Ives, with no encouragement in her manner.

"I hope, Mrs. Ives, you never found me a troublesome neighbor. We are poor and shabby, this boy and I, but we will keep to ourselves; we shall not intrude. I have had no kindness from my fellow-creatures that I should force myself upon them.

"Don't speak so, Mr. Sanderly," said Mrs. Ives, touched; "I am sure if I can be any help or a friend to you I shall be most happy. I will speak to Mrs. Porter, who sub-lets these upper lodgings, to get the attic ready for you. Nell, we will try and cook these travelers some supper."

As Sanderly warmed himself and ate his supper, he

glanced now and then at Nell and at her child, his face growing bitter and full of pain. What memories she stirred; the sight of her fair face, reduplicated in her child—though in the child was the flash and ardor of some other nature strangely mingled—woke to renewed fury those vulture memories which preyed on Sanderly's soul. The very air of this city seemed to goad him to frenzy because it was the air which his enemy breathed.

They were settled thus again under the same roof, some of those who had lived and suffered in King's Court; and once more Mrs. Ives bowed daily to Sanderly as she passed him on the stair; and now Mrs. Porter, who had secretly returned to the bosom of the true Church, was a legitimate successor to Mrs. Harmon, called aptly *Harming* by the imp.

Not many days passed before the imp, stirred by some of Cantwell's ambition to better himself, made his way to Father French.

"Which we are back, cap'n," said the laconic son of Aurora.

"O," said Father French, taken by surprise, "and you are the lad who once did my errands."

"Be there more sich?" asked the imp. "If there be, I can do 'em, cap'n," he added in a gush of enthusiasm. "When me and my gov'nor came back I thought of *you*, I thought of my gov'nor, I thought of a attic! I puts you all together, and I has me an' my gov'nor livin' in a attic, over the heads of them ladies; *your* ladies, cap'n!"

Father French breathed hard; "Are they all well, my lad?"

“They be. The old lady, as usual; the young un, prettier; the little un, oh!” The imp’s crafty exclamation conveyed beauties inexpressible. “What kin I do for you, cap’n?” he asked in a low tone, implying confidence.

“Come in now and then, and tell me how you are, how they all are.”

“Aye, aye. They’re well. I’m well. The gov’nor’s well, cap’n.”

Finding it needful to explain himself, Father French casually remarked, “They’re relations of mine. The oldest lady is my aunt; the other—is—of course, my cousin.”

“Ki, y-i-i-i,” said the satellite, under his breath, “I’ll mention you, cap’n.”

“By no means,” cried French, hastily; “we—are not on good terms. There, keep faith with me, lad, and if any of them are sick, or in trouble, or need anything, let me know quickly; here is a present for you.”

“All right,” said the attaché, his brown hand closing over the half dollar. He had not gone far from French’s house when some one behind grasped a handful of his slop jacket, and drew him backwards, turning up his face—“Ki-yi—rob-b—” a hand was clapped over his mouth, and his captor studied his features for an instant. The captor was Father Perry. “You back in town! and that fellow you travel with, where is he? Don’t yell, or I’ll choke you; answer civilly.”

“Gen’l, my gov’nor’s well, an’ in town again,” said the imp meekly.

“Living where?” demanded Perry.

But by this time our imp had had opportunity to remember the primal lesson of his life, to wit, that a lie is always better than the truth; “We be living in ‘Roarer Lane, gen’l,” he said humbly.

“Confound it,” said Priest Perry, thinking of Rentoul and St. Ann’s. “Where have you been now, boy?”

“To see my grandmother, gen’l; she lives in the poor-’us, sir; we ain’t rich, gen’l,” admitted the imp, with pathos.

Forced to smile at the title the young rascal gave him, but feeling that the imp’s grandmother was as entirely a figment of fancy as those relatives priests are prone to have for housekeepers, the astute Perry, versed in the ways of humanity, with a strong finger pried open the captive’s hand, and discovered the half dollar. “What is that?” he demanded sternly.

“It are fifty cents,” replied the imp, “which ladies gave to my grandmother, and she sent me to buy tea with, gen’l.”

“No doubt you will lose it, or waste it on pitch and toss. Here is a tea shop, come in and buy; you are not to be trusted.”

He marched the imp into the shop. Poor imp, taken in snares!

“This ain’t the kind she wanted, gen’l,” submitted the imp.

“Every kind is here; lay out your money, immediately.”

“But this ain’t the store she told me; I must mind my grandmother.”

“You must mind *me*,” said the autocrat Perry; “I see you mean to lay out the money for yourself. Fifty cents worth of green tea, clerk!”

Outwitted imp! He went meekly from the store, tea in hand. Priest Perry having got the better of four feet high of ragged boy, strode off in triumph. The imp lurked in a cellar way until the priest disappeared; then, all tears, humility and general demoralization, he returned to the tea shop and offered the package, glancing around for a commodity not there.

“Which it were *herrings* my poor grandmother wanted, your honor, and me so forgetful, if you please. Won't you exchange for me, your honor, me being so poor, and my grandmother with one foot in the grave, sir?”

The clerk pitied the little rascal; took the tea; off went the imp with his money. Father Perry outwitted!

Thus the imp learned a not unimportant lesson—to beware of Priest Perry.

This return of his messenger awoke new conflicts in Father French's bosom. He had often tried to see the fair Lady of Shalott, walking by her home for that purpose, but had never succeeded in meeting her or her mother. A fatality, favorable to the designs of the Bishop, seemed to attend this Priest. Now if he could not see Nell, he could hear of her; but suddenly his fortunes changed, and he saw her.

It happened in this wise: He was going home one morning, and passed the Pemberton Street Church. It was open for a wedding—the wedding of Robert Dunbar, pastor of this Church, and Jocelyn Earle.

Carriages drawn up along the street, a large company, plenty of smiles and congratulations—for David Earle was wealthy, and Jocelyn and Dunbar were popular. The ceremony was over, and amid the hum of happy voices, and the gaze of admiring friends, the wedding party were leaving the church. Father French, through the wide open door, saw them coming down the aisle; saw the half-blushing but satisfied look of the bride, and the proud glance of the bridegroom's eye; he gave a bitter, envying groan, at sight of this man, who, ministering at the altar of Christ, instead of the altar of Rome, could boldly take the hand of the woman he loved, and in the sight of men and God be one with her thenceforth.

But French caught a glimpse of another face, which almost caused his heart to stand still in his bosom; unseen for so long, *so long*; the Lady of Shalott! She could not let that beloved benefactress take her marriage vows and not be witness of her joy; she had gone, love-drawn, to the church, and stood meekly in the pew nearest the door, unnoticed by the glittering throng. French saw her; saw how sad were the violet eyes; what pathos of entreaty and humility dwelt on the lovely lip; saw that the pink was gone from the dainty cheek, and that as fitted one whose hopes were dead, whose honor had been cruelly murdered, whose youth had suffered blight, she wore, even like her mother, a cap and widow's weeds. Yet from under the cap on brow and snowy neck, one golden curl had loosened from its fellows, and lay in beauty. How this poor man's eyes hung on the face he had in absence grown to love more and more! Since his

terror of discovery and disgrace had fled, he had had time to think of her.

He saw the bride amid her happiness notice Nell, and greet her kindly, and he blessed her in his heart.

He forced himself to be satisfied with that one look at Nell, and hid in the crowd that she might go home without seeing him; how could he meet her, poor, wronged, forsaken child—he a Priest, having seen a heretic, in all due honor, take the hand of his chosen, and make her his wife?

CHAPTER NINETEENTH.

THE MODERN MEDEA.

Managing a Priest—Clerical Chicanery—Some of the Privileges and Emoluments of the Clergy—Priest French has Enemies—He takes Refuge with the Abbess—A Nun's Craft—The Holy Innocents—Murder—Saint Hilaire's Protest—One Nun less at Holy Family.

“On corpses three months old at noon she came—
Which stood against the wall!”

“That mad fellow Sanderly is back again, and he is living in the same house with Mrs. Ives and her daughter. His little servant is with him, and I caught the young rascal paying a visit to our brother French.” Thus Father Perry reported to the Bishop.

“What shall we do about it?” said the perplexed Otto half asking advice.

“It is yours to command,” said the obsequious Perry, “mine to obey.”

“I might remove him to another field,” suggested the prelate.

“The fact is,” said Perry, “that if French has fixed his mind on that girl in such a manner as to make it unsafe for us to permit him to remain in the city, it would be just as unsafe for him to be anywhere on this side of the Atlantic; the country would not be wide enough to keep them apart if French makes his mind up; and that girl is not to be deceived again. She and her mother

have their eyes open ; it would be the reparation of marriage or nothing."

"And that is a reparation which, being a priest, he can not honorably make," said Otto firmly. "But I can not tell you what a distressing subject this is to me, Mr. Perry."

"And to me also," said the obliging Perry ; "and be sure that I do not charge French with any such ridiculous intentions ; I simply suggest possibilities."

"I know, I know," said Otto hastily. "To send French from Visitation would be a great loss ; he is popular as a man and as a preacher, and has rare tact in holding fast the rich members."

"And the women," sneered Perry ; "he is popular with them, good-looking and sentimental ; the Abbess Catherine adores him."

"You are mistaken," said Otto testily ; "Catherine is a million times more ambitious than loving ; as for French, he is popular, but there have been no complaints and no scandals—unless this one."

"Well," said Perry rising, "if you have no commands I will leave you."

"Stay," said Otto, "we will conclude on something. I see I must send French out of the country. He must have a mission to Rome ; there they can consider upon his state of mind and let him come back or not as they think proper."

"They let Rentoul come back soon enough," said Perry.

"True, but Rentoul had not the least idea of marrying.

This mission must be set before French as an honor; you will mention having heard of it, and desiring the opportunity to go. I do not wish to alarm or anger French, for really I would like to have him return here. Yes, we must send him on a mission."

"If he will go," said Perry meaningly.

"If he will go!" blazed the prelate, all his pride and authority rising in arms at the bare hint of a rebellion, "*if, when I order him?*"

"Yes, my lord," said Perry humbly; "we see where *duty* lies, but profit and pleasure lie in remaining here. To tell you the truth, the laws of the land and the jurisdiction of the civil courts do here so overshadow the authority of the Church that I have often wondered that some of our priests, becoming impregnated with American ideas, have not resisted these removals,* and taken refuge in secular laws and rights. Such conduct would be damnable, but I suggest it as possible."

Father Perry seemed to delight in suggestions of the possible, and on hearing this one Bishop Otto was thunderstruck. He sat with open eyes and mouth, gasping in astonishment. At last he managed to articulate, "Sir! Mr. Perry! a man who had this audacity, who so rebelled, would forfeit his unrighteous life and would not live an hour."

"Pardon me, my lord Bishop, but a man who took that position would firmly establish his existence until God removed him; for this reason, that he would attract

* This course was taken in 1871 by a priest named Stack, in Scranton, Pa. Stack got out an injunction against the Bishop's removing him.

so much attention, and make his action so marked, that if there were the least of mystery, suddenness or suspicion about his demise, it would kindle a flame that would sweep from Maryland to California."

"And why, why do you bring up such suggestions?" said Otto.

"Not to displease you, my lord Bishop, but to show *possibilities* and to suggest that we be exceedingly wary. As the matter lies, if French communicates with those—people, or if he seems to incline toward them, he is to be sent on a mission.* His return will depend upon the obliteration of that memory from his mind. At all events, I say, as I angered you by saying before, that to put the child in Holy Innocents will be the best thing we can do in regard to it."

"I was not angry," said Otto, driven to desperation; "I merely regretted a necessity. How to accomplish that child's removal to the Orphanage is the question. The family has withdrawn from us."

"Heaven may provide a way," said the impious Perry, as if heaven countenances the murders of the Synagogue of Satan!

"Take the affair into your own hands then, Perry, as regards the child, only don't make a scandal; if you do occasion an excitement and a scandal, be sure I shall ignore and discountenance all your proceedings, disclaim you and rest all the odium on you. A scandal about the Church is infinitely dangerous."

"My lord," said Perry, shrugging his shoulders, "we

* See Appendix for a fact.

poor priests are accustomed to such burdens; we undertake business for the Church—if we do our best and fail the Church washes her hands of us; if we should happen to succeed—”

“Successes obtain promotion,” said Otto tartly.

“Very true; so it is all fair.”

Before Father Perry now lay three important pieces of business: to try and get Nell’s child into Holy Innocents; to watch Sanderly and his imp; and to introduce to Father French the subject of a mission to Rome.

Mrs. Porter, ground floor tenant of the house where Mrs. Ives and Sanderly found their homes, was to be the instrument for the first work. Mrs. Porter was a dried-up, middle-aged woman, with about as much human kindness and conscience as a mummied relic of the days of Pharaoh.

“The lodgers in the third story are, as I told you, strays from our Church; I compassionate them and desire to get them back. It is my duty to prevent all heresy and to restore all wanderers,” said Perry to Mrs. Porter.

Mrs. Porter sighed, and strove to look first penitent and then grateful.

“The original difficulty began in that child,” said the Priest. “The young woman was guilty of an error which we particularly deplore and condemn, and which is infrequent among the children of our Church,” said the Priest with amazing truthfulness. “She is therefore ashamed to appear in our communion or among her former associates; we of course yearn over our lost and unhappy child. If she were freed from the burden of

the babe, and were not by its presence continually reminded of her fault, and indeed forced to proclaim it abroad, she would return with confidence, and the unfortunate occurrence would be forgotten and forgiven. You understand?"

Mrs. Porter understood the merits of the case perfectly.

"We have," continued Priest Perry, "an Orphanage designed to help such unhappy mothers and their children. In Holy Innocents these children are safe, their parents relieved, and the honor of the Church is upheld. That babe ought to be there, but those peculiar women shun me, ashamed of their transgressions, and doubtless would not consent to commit the child to the refuge provided."

Mrs. Porter remarked that very often people did not know what was for their own good; it was then a charity to force improvement upon them.

"Now, Mrs. Porter, if in a quiet way you could see an opportunity to get that child committed to the Orphanage only for a few weeks, in a case of illness or press of work, or so on, you could communicate with me, and your zeal to do good would not be forgotten."

Mrs. Porter promised to bear this act of charity in mind; and the Priest called now and then to commune with her concerning it.

That wide-open-eyed imp of Sanderly's was not slow to perceive that his enemy Perry visited Mistress Porter; that Mrs. Porter was given to prying and advising in the Ives family, and moreover that Priest Perry with a singular fatality detected him, pounced on him, and

questioned him whenever he had called on his employer, the "Cap'n."

During these days, Sanderly worked but little. Odd jobs done for Mr. Earle, who remained his compassionate friend, served to keep his winter fire burning feebly, and to provide some coarse fare for himself and his faithful adherent. Hour after hour Sanderly would sit gnawing his nails, pondering over the past, and muttering curses upon Rentoul. But true is the Arab proverb that curses like chickens come home to roost, and the avenger Sanderly was to the full as miserable as the object of his hate. Rentoul's life was wearing away with remorse; Sanderly's brain was going farther and farther astray.

While Sanderly sat thus half-distraught, his imp squatting on the floor would regard him with pitiful eyes, and when the boy nature could no longer endure this silent sympathizing, he would wander off to find gossip to retail by the evening fire, to call his master's mind into action. Alas, that the undiscerning imp too often sought the news that he thought would be the most acceptable to Sanderly; followed Rentoul, reported concerning him, and so fed the disease under which his friend's life wasted!

The satellite did a better act when he stole to Mrs. Ives's room, and by speaking of his unhappy master, awoke for him that woman's sympathy. That divine spark of self-sacrifice which animated this poor imp was capable of kindling in others a kindred fire, and whereas if Sanderly had appeared in the house alone, Mistress Ives would have feared and shunned him, she now helped

and pitied. This double kindness to his master and himself developed in this forlorn boy a new capacity for affection; he was ready to take Nell for his patron saint and swear by her; no knight of old more heartily admired and desired to serve his lady love than the dismal offspring of Aurora Lane worshiped the Lady of Shalott. The imp would have broken every command in the decalogue with less compunction than he would have disobeyed Mrs. Ives. Up stairs toiled this little tatterdemalion, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water for these two women in virtue of his own desire to serve them. Laying aside the racing and yelling, characteristic of his Aurora Lane existence, he crawled dutifully about in the character of elephant, bearing Nell's rejoicing child on his back; for this infant's delectation, he stood on his head for terrific intervals, and indulged in ground and lofty tumblings which would have called forth coppers and cheers on a street corner.

At intervals the satellite went to report to Father French, and with strange acuteness studied that reverend gentleman's feelings. To show how the boy read the soul of the man and knew how to stir his emotions, it is only needful to say that he dwelt much on the child, on his infantile exploits, his essays at speech, and the usual wonders of babydom. Listening with greedy ears, Father French nevertheless thought it needful to say gruffly, "Nonsense, boy; what do you bring me that pack of nonsense for?" or, rousing as if from reverie, "What is that you are telling me, lad? I did not notice." The attaché knew whether he heard or not.

On one occasion the boy drew a small parcel from his pocket and began to unwrap it. He revealed at length a crumpled knot of red ribbon, a thin, narrow, cheap ribbon, tarnished by use. The imp held it forth.

"See here, cap'n; this yere is one of that little shaver's sleeve *tie-ups*. He lost t'other un when we was out walkin', so I thought it no harm to bring this un along to show you like. He's a cute un!"

"Pooh! boy; do you take me for a ninny with your scraps of ribbon and your nonsense? See here, sir, do you go to school, and what do you learn? and don't you know it is your duty to become a useful member of society and not a loafer about the streets?"

It was thus that the Priest sought to effect a diversion in his own favor; but the keen-eyed imp noted that his hand closed over the red, crumpled knot, and so held it fast.

Away went Sanderly's lad; and left alone, Father French leaned back in his chair and holding the relic of his unknown child in his hand, contemplated it. Misty longings, hopes and projects swam in his mind, and perhaps the tawdry ribbon grew strange and shadowy, seen through the tears of this man whom sorrow and repentance had sorely chastened.

The heavy Father Perry could tread like a cat; he stole in now with unheard steps, and looking over his clerical brother's shoulder, beheld the relic.

"Hey, eh! now, my French, what is this? Not a love token?"

"O, no," said French, crushing it away, and striving

to speak lightly, "it is merely a scrap of silk I picked up in the street; and I was thinking that, trifling as it is, it may have had a history which would fill a three-volume novel."

Priests always accept each other's most solemn assertions *cum grano salis*. Father Perry felt assured that this poor scrap of ribbon was a memento or love token from Nell Ives, and reported accordingly to Otto.

Knowing beforehand what the Bishop's course would be, Perry during his call on French referred, as he often had before, to a mission to Rome, and informed French that he was likely to be honored with the position of the Bishop's envoy.

"I do not care to go," said French uneasily. "I have said so before; but, Perry, if you think it an honor, go yourself; I'll use my influence for you."

"We priests must do as we are bid," said Perry, "and can't get honors for asking. You know the object in hand is to move toward getting a cardinal's hat for the Archbishop. The man employed in aiding to gain this distinction will stand high in favor with the new cardinal, may be made his private secretary or chaplain, and might even come one day into Bishop Otto's chair. We can none of us live forever, my French."

"I am sure I am willing our Bishop should," said French sincerely. "But I shall decline this commission, and trust the Bishop will regard my wishes. I have been in Europe, I do not love travelling, I have worked hard here at Visitation; the church needs me, and I do not desire to go away and lose the toil of years."

“Nonsense, man, you would step into something better,” said Perry.

“I do not want anything better,” said French; and into his thin, eager, handsome face came a sudden firmness, a resolute look that caused Perry to say to Otto at his next interview, “French is bound not to go; you’ll have trouble with him, I think.”

“I shall *command* him to go,” said Otto wrathfully, the amiable man lost in the autocratic Bishop.

The Bishop sent for Priest French, and with the suavity of one conferring a great and unexpected favor, informed him of the projected mission to Rome. In vain did Father French plead that he was greatly needed at Visitation; that Father Perry coveted the place now offered to himself; that his own health was infirm, and he dreaded fatigue and a change of climate. All was useless; with an amiable persistency that nothing could countervail, Bishop Otto expressed his fixed resolve to send the envoy of his choice. Father French was not prepared at once to defy his superior; the chains of habit were firmly upon him; he must have time to consider, but this he did not indicate; he only avowed his respect, his obedience and his gratitude, and withdrew. He needed a counsellor, and to whom could he turn but to the Abbess Catherine?

To the Convent of the Holy Family therefore our Priest bent his steps. As he went he considered within himself that this design of removing him from the city, had kept pace with his intercourse with Sanderly’s imp; that said imp had warned him that he was watched,

waylaid and questioned by Father Perry; that of late Perry and not himself had been the man of the Bishop's right hand; he recalled how both Otto and Perry had followed him closely and had sought to catch him tripping in his speech. "They are against me," said the Priest to himself; "if I go to Rome I shall never come back, and then what will—"

In the Convent, favored as usual with a private interview, he unfolded his troubles and the plottings of Bishop and Priest to his sacred sister.

"Well, it would be a pleasant trip," said Catherine; "I enjoyed my mission to Rome wonderfully well. Saw many of the Cardinals, Bishops and Vicars-General and was magnificently entertained."

"I can not go," said French impatiently. "I tell you, Abbess, I am so bound to this city that I can not leave it."

The Abbess raised her eyebrows, "The golden hair—"

French flushed. "Yes, yes. I tell you I *can not* go."

"Truly I am ashamed of you, Louis," said Catherine Illuminata.

"I swear to you," cried French, "that I have never seen one of them—except *her*, by accident, and *then* I did not speak. I have been careful, my sister; but I feel that being here, I may shield those innocent unfortunates from some trouble, and"—looking still more embarrassed—"I may be able to do something for *him* when he grows."

"Eh? Your *nephew*?" said the Abbess with emphasis.

"My *nephew*," replied French. "As I said, I *can not* go; and how avoid it?"

"Go," said Catherine; "it will not take you long; a year will bring you back, my friend, and while you are gone I will take your place in caring, at a distance and in secret, for those people; I will be kind to them. You may trust me, Louis; indeed I will be truly kind."

"Catherine," said French in a voice of agony, "I tell you if I go I shall never come back. You know how it is; I may go with commendations and instructions in my pocket, but following me by secret means will go condemnations and other instructions; and my life may go out in darkness. How many have you and I known of clerics and of seculars, of Priests and of Sisters, who have as the dying travelled to a bourne whence there is no return!"

"But they had enemies, Louis."

"And who can be sure that he has no enemies? Besides, it is not only enmity that does it, but a man may be suspected of being unsettled. How many of my brother priests in the city may aspire to my position? some woman scorned may have filled our Bishop's ear with calumnies; Otto may consider me aspiring, though heaven knows I do not covet his place. I tell you, Catherine, I can not go; for if I do, I shall never return."

"Then indeed you must not go, Louis," said the Superior.

"Catherine, help me!" pleaded the distracted Priest.

In the first part of the interview the Superior had been the indolent, capricious, admiration-demanding coquette;

she had changed to a kindly, earnest woman; now suddenly this chameleon character exhibited a new feature, she glowed with keenness, craft and subtle power, a Pythoness of Rome!

“If you choose a physician, my brother, you must take his prescriptions.”

“I rely upon you,” said Father French.

“Go to-morrow to Bishop Otto and tell him that having considered, you see that your church will in your absence thrive under his care; say that you have consulted your physician, who assures you that this trip will benefit your health; express your gratitude for the distinction proffered you; tell him you have begun your preparations and will at any moment be ready to start. In three days, Louis, you must be taken ill; you must send him word that you hope to be better, but you must grow worse; you must keep your bed a while, your room a while, you must be feeble. While this goes on, if the mission is no plot against you, Otto will send some one else; and besides, we shall gain time to influence the Bishop, restore his confidence in you, and outwit Perry.”

“A good plan; but the Bishop will be suspicious, and if I plead sickness he will wish to be certain that I *am* sick. I must have a physician, and how to deceive *him*?”

Catherine, smiling a confident, superior smile, of one who glories in an unmatched cunning, unlocked an escritoire and lazily explored its contents. She drew forth a small volume.

“We must find you a disease, my brother, and you must learn its symptoms. We will select one to fit your

appearance ; you are slender, have been growing thin ; you shall have consumption, Louis, and indulge in a hemorrhage of the lungs."

" Catherine ! "

" It is easily done. I had one myself, *of the same kind*, when I was resolved to visit the Eternal City, and our Mother, who was then Abbess, had objections. My life being *very* important, I gained my point ; but, Louis, none of the sisterhood can outwit the *present* Abbess of the Holy Family ! To proceed, Louis, your side should be sore and painful, and you can simulate that. The doctor will blister you, but that is one of the little inconveniences you must submit to, to gain your end. Blood and exhaustion are the grand symptoms, and those I will furnish you ; listen and obey. In the first place, here are some leeches, take them home and hide them ; you may consider it nauseous to put them in your mouth, but it will be better than being *put out of the way* yourself at the holy city, eh ? Have your hemorrhage at night and alone, and occasion delays about getting a doctor ; send also for a young practitioner. Having taken these precautions, proceed thus : I will procure you a bottle of bullock's blood ; between the leeches and the blood and a little warm water you will do very well, and can have hemorrhages to order, my Louis."

Father French stood as one transfixed. He was a priest, therefore he was cunning, but shades of the double-tongued Tyrians ! how he was excelled and eclipsed by his sister the Nun !

' The exhaustion,' said Catherine Illuminata, " is

another matter ; you must be exhausted in proportion to your loss of the vital element, and in that you must be your own judge, Louis, and be careful. I can tell you on what portion of medicine to begin ; increase it as is needful."

She took two vials from her escritoire and stood before him, one in each hand ; eyeing the bottles, she poured from one into the other and shook them.

Father French grew a shade paler ; had he ever given the Abbess any cause of offence ? How completely was he now in her hands ; how magnificent, how lofty, how unscrupulous she looked standing there, her black robes only setting off her majestic proportions, her fairness, her beauty, glorious as Lucifer's when he fell from heaven—standing with what might be death in either strong, white, cruel hand !

"What is that, Catherine ?" asked French.

"Digitalis this," said the Abbess, holding out one vial.

"And the other ?"

"A secret, Louis ; one of the many things I learned by careful study ; I learned it in Rome, where they are wise in hidden arts.* The effect of these potions will be to lower your pulse, checking the rapidity of the circulation, and chilling the extremities. As their effects leave you, you will apparently regain strength after *that hemorrhage* and revive."

"Catherine, are you going to deal truly with me ?

* Anthony Gavin, Priest at Saragossa, Spain ; p. 73, 74, 189, et al.
See "Female Jesuit." Published in London and New York.

These are dangerous secrets, and here I put my life under your feet. What will you do?"

Catherine dropped her hands a little, lifted her proud head, and boldly met French's eager eye.

"Louis, what power is in here," she glanced at the escritoire, "I will not say, but it has never dealt out death, and shall do so least of all to you. I have power to defend myself, power to revenge myself, but with you, Louis, I need neither one nor the other. We are friends, we have formed a coalition; it is not for my advantage to lose you by death or by a mission. Perry does not like me, the Bishop is no warm friend; what are my sisters but secret foes? You, French, bring me news of the world; you help me, and I help, am now helping you. Trust me."

For answer French took the medicine she had prepared and put the vial in his pocket.

"I would drink it now if you chose, Catherine."

"It would be of no advantage. Take care of it, of all that I give you; let no one find them. The remedies supplied you by the doctors will not be unpleasant—water, lemons, or other acids, and so on; those you can take ostentatiously, and throw away others unseen of any one. You can be peevish and demand agreeable medicines. In this world, Louis, it is sound policy always to get the best you can; always to escape the unpleasant. I regret the blister and the confinement, but those are inevitable. I shall be distressed on your account and make you a visit; I wish to see what manner of actor you are, my Louis."

A word spoken in season, how good it is! Catherine's words were not like apples of gold in pictures of silver, but they were anchors of hope to which Priest French clung in his despair. To hear her was to obey.

As he left the Convent, he passed Lucia; Lucia lovelier than ever, but having lost some of her childish bloom; Lucia growing up as a blossom in the shade.

According to orders acted Priest French. He visited the Bishop; he dissimulated; he fell ill—and that was a tremendous dissimulation—and he conducted himself in all particulars so as to deceive the very elect—if there had been any among his associates!

As French had expected, Bishop Otto no sooner heard of his illness than he came on an inquisitorial visit to ascertain whether there was any sham in the sickness; as Catherine predicted, he was deeply impressed by the sufferings and danger of his subordinate.

From Priest French Otto went to the House of the Holy Family, and there casually informed the Abbess of French's misfortunes.

Catherine sighed. "Mr. French was in here the other evening, and I foretold just such an attack. 'It has been coming upon him this long while; the man takes no care of himself in his devotion to you and to his church; then he was enraptured at the idea of seeing the Holy Father and Rome once more; excitement has done this, Bishop.'"

"I'm afraid," said Bishop Otto, eyeing her keenly, "that French has had more on his mind than the service of the Church—his attention has been diverted to other things, perhaps."

“How you surprise me!” cried Catherine. “He may be eager for the political advancement of our Church, but you would not condemn that; he may be avaricious, but that is no harm, for all the property gained goes to your bishopric. If you mentioned Mr. Perry or Mr. Rentoul as being unsettled, I would not be so amazed as at such a hint in regard to that devoted, scrupulous Priest, Father French.”

“I hope he is all right, but I fear. There is no use in being secret over what you know already, and you remember that there was a trouble about a young woman belonging to the Church of the Visitation.”

“Fie, fie!” said Catherine coolly. “That was a pity, to be sure, but it is only an accident such as frequently happens; all passed off quietly. French will do better hereafter, and has doubtless forgotten that by this time.”

Meanwhile, Lucia and Francis, who had become friendly, as usual occupied the time by conversing. The garden or the chapel was the scene of their talks, and Lucia finding some little recreation in chatting with some one from the outer world, the Bishop being, moreover, responsible for Francis’s behavior, Catherine permitted the acquaintance, provided the amiable Sister Serena should be reading her prayer-book in sight and out of hearing of the ill-assorted pair.

“Did you know,” said Francis, “that Father French is to go on a mission to His Holiness?”

“Yes,” said Lucia; “Mother Catherine told me of it. She is very sorry.”

“And why sorry?” demanded Francis.

"He is such a friend to her," said Lucia; "they have been long acquainted, and he is like her brother; he advises her and sympathizes in all her anxieties. It is good to have a friend, is it not, Francis?"

"I suppose so. I have only one, and he gives me a world of trouble. But the Abbess really cares for Father French and wishes him to remain?"

"To be sure. He comes here more than any one else. I think he is a real friend to her; I am sorry he is going, for her sake."

Francis looked keenly into the innocent face; there was no reservation, no shadow of wrong there. Whatever sort of woman Catherine Illuminata was, she had girt her idol round with such a wall of gentle watchfulness, of calm and purity, that Lucia dwelt as yet in the region of Platonic loves. Besides, she had never been in the confessional. This was wonderful, perhaps; but Catherine the resolute knew the foulness of that pit of corruption. She cherished Lucia as a mother does a child, and when Priest or Sister ventured to remonstrate concerning Lucia's heathenism, the Abbess would reply, "There is time enough yet; I will see to this by and by. Her mind is now an unspotted page; *let it remain so.*"

"The Abbess," said Francis, still scanning the frank face of Lucia, "is very beautiful."

"O, she is *most* beautiful!" cried Lucia enthusiastically.

"And Father French is a very handsome man," said Francis.

"I do not know. The Abbess says that he is, but I

never noticed. I, in fact—I am afraid of Priests, Francis, and run away for fear I may have to confess; and, O, I would'nt go to confession for the world."

Francis laughed. "And are you also afraid of the Bishop?"

"Why, I don't know as I am; the Bishop has such a fatherly air."

The eyes of Otto's servant shot sudden baleful fires; there was a little quiver in his voice as he said, "And does the Abbess prefer the Bishop to the Priest?"

"You see the Bishop is higher in station, and so I suppose he must be more revered; but I think Father French comes nearer as a friend."

"Does she ever call Mr. French by his first name?"

"Louis?" said the unwary Lucia; "you have no right to ask such a question; it is no affair of yours, and I shall not answer you."

"You *have* answered. How did you know his name was Louis except from her?" said Francis triumphantly. "I hear the clock strike, the Bishop is going," and the servant darted off in a transport of exultation.

Lucia strolled near to Saint Serena and remarked peevishly, "Francis is so ill-tempered and inquisitive that I often think I will never speak to him again. He is disagreeable and bad—"

"He can not be *bad*, for he is the holy Bishop's servant," said Serena, for whom the Bishop sanctified all with which he came in contact.

Francis and Catherine Illuminata being hostile to each other it is wonderful to think they should work for the

same object, but thus they did. The Bishop and Francis were in the library together that evening, the servant sitting half-wrapped in the window drapery.

"And so," said Francis, "when Mr. French gets well you will send him to Rome?"

"Yes," said the Bishop without looking up from his book.

"I am *very* sorry," said Francis.

"And why sorry? What difference can it make to you?" asked Otto.

"I had selected Father French as the Priest to hear my last confession. You know the Tractatis advises, if possible, some other than the—"

"Francis! what is this? Your last confession? Are you ill? is there any disease hanging over you? have you any presentiment?"

"None of these," said Francis coolly; "but we must all die some time, and I have regarded Father French's presence here as a comfort in view of any sudden emergency. He is your friend; he is a sympathizing man; he is not so selfish as Mr. Perry, nor so savage as Mr. Rentoul. He would do well to go on a mission *after* that," said Francis, looking up with a strange flash passing over his face.

"Francis, say no more; you surprise and distress me beyond measure. Anything that is a satisfaction to you, I rejoice to procure, but in this matter I can not understand your feelings, I must confess."

"I have those feelings all the same," said Francis quietly.

Meanwhile until a change was decided on about the mission it was needful for Priest French to be ill. His physician came to restore him; Catherine Illuminata, with Sister Serena for appearance's sake, came slyly to instruct him how to remain sick.

Now a man can not keep his bed and indulge in potions of such drugs as digitalis, aconite, and other trifles from the pharmacopœia without disordering his system, and Father French showed the wear and tear of his singular stratagem. A master of finesse in himself, and with that queen of empirics as his coadjutor, he imposed upon all that knew him, and only that wise old dame, Nature, was not to be humbugged, and revenged herself upon him for his wiles.

While Father French proceeded with his artifice, disease and death held high carnival in the city. Some men talked of the judgments of God in the fever that stalked abroad; others protested against imperfect sewerage, and inveighed against the Board of Health and the Street Commissioners. Whatever was the cause, the effect was patent; the death-rate increased rapidly; from house to house went sickness and terror, and no one knew who next would be stricken down.

For months Father French had sought to exercise a guardianship over Mrs. Ives and her daughter, and they had not needed his care; now by his ruse while he was shut up in his chamber, and cut off from communication with the imp, the prevalent contagion entered their dwelling. They lived by each day's labor; they could get nothing laid up for a time of want; to pay the rent

in advance and keep flour in the barrel required their utmost exertions. Now Nell, the bright-haired, broken-hearted Lady of Shalott, lay scorched by fever. Her skillful fingers had ceased their toils, her mother's time was fully occupied with care for the invalid and the little one, and terrible apprehensions filled her heart that she and this child should be smitten; and what would they do without money and without friends? The ragged boy from Aurora Lane seemed to multiply himself to meet this trouble. He nursed the child, made fires, ran errands, was forever on the alert, and earning a few poor pennies now and then, laid them out in fruits to cool the sufferer's parching lips.

Mrs. Dunbar—our Jocelyn—came with money and advice, and seeing the extremity to which her friends were reduced, suggested that during the mother's illness the little child should be sent to a Home of which she was one of the managers; in a purer air, removed from contagion, she hoped it would escape the fever, and Mrs. Ives would be left free to wait upon her sick daughter. Reluctant to separate from the little creature, Mrs. Ives left the matter in abeyance for a few days. During this time Mrs. Earle and one of her children were very ill, and Jocelyn was unable to leave them; however, she found opportunity to write a ticket of admission to the Home for Nell's child and send it to Mrs. Ives. Still the grandmother delayed, but Nell grew worse and was wildly delirious, and, O, how in that delirium she raved pathetically of the trouble of her life! Mrs. Ives was in dire extremity, and here was the hour of Mrs. Porter's

opportunity. She was in Mrs. Ives's room and Mrs. Ives showed her the ticket.

"As soon as our little friend gets in this evening, I must have him take the dear child to the Home, and leave it there until we are better."

"La, don't wait a minute," said Mrs. Porter kindly; 'the cherub is pining in this fevered air, and his noise hurts his mother. Give me the ticket, I'll dress him up and carry him to the place, and come back and tell you all about it; I'll call there every day on him and bring you word, too. Bless you, I've never said much, but I do dote on that girl of yours."

In a short time Nell's crowing, delighted child was dressed in his best; his spare clothes were made into a bundle, his grandmother kissed his rosy lips and laid his soft cool cheek against the burning face of his unconscious mother. Then with a prayer in her heart which a good God heard, she put him in Mrs. Porter's arms, and that angelic creature conveyed him straight to the Orphanage of Holy Innocents, and then went and told Father Perry.

Mrs. Ives had not the least knowledge that her neighbor was returning to the Romish fold, or that she was visited by Priest Perry.

But Mrs. Porter had not done her errand unobserved. The imp returning from a day of errand seeking, spied her from afar, and bolting into Mrs. Ives's room demanded,

"What's Mrs. Porter been and done with our little shaver?"

"She took him to a Home Mrs. Dunbar gave him a ticket to, to stay until we get better able to do for him," said Mrs. Ives, wiping a tear.

"Is it a good place?" asked the imp.

"A very good place, and Mrs. Porter will visit him each day."

The attaché was satisfied; but in the silence of night He who heard Mrs. Ives's prayer sent thoughts into the head of that forlorn boy sleeping, or rather lying awake in his straw bed in the attic. The imp considered that he had certainly seen a Nun open the door for Mrs. Porter; that Mrs. Dunbar was not likely to deal with Nuns; and that moreover that gentry were not people to be trusted. His anxieties grew with the growing dawn, and when he had as usual aided Mrs. Ives with her morning tasks, he said, "Why can't I go see our little shaver as well as Mrs. Porter?"

"You can," said Mrs. Ives cordially, "here is the address; go by all means."

The sharp imp went as directed. It was not the place to which Mrs. Porter had gone; and besides this, the child was not there. The imp reflected that Mrs. Ives could not leave her daughter, and it was useless to worry her; he must work out the affair in his own way. He went to Mrs. Dunbar, but she could not be seen; he went to Mr. Earle's store, the shutters were up, and crape floated from the door; one of his children was dead.

Then the boy betook himself to Father French's house. He could not see the sick Priest, but unluckily met Father Perry on the door-step, and had his life half

shaken out of him on the charge that he was "a prowling beggar and alley sneak." This ended the search for that day, but at night the imp unfolded these matters to his master.

"No doubt the young one's well enough off," said Sanderly indifferently.

"No 'tain't; it's been bamboozled into some Catholic place," whimpered the imp in distress.

Sanderly fired in an instant. "You shall show me the place in the morning, and if it has been juggled into some den of priestcraft, I'll raise the city and tear the place down stone by stone," yelled Sanderly in fury.

The imp having nothing good to tell had considerably kept out of Mrs. Ives's way. Mrs. Porter on the contrary said that she had been to the *Home* and the child was *all right*.

Next day the imp showed Sanderly the Orphanage, which stood modestly in a suburb, and did not blazon its name on its walls, and then Sanderly devoted himself to discovering what the house was, to whom it belonged, and what was its history; being morbid, half-crazy, and very erratic, he passed the day in making these inquiries.

Again Mrs. Porter asserted that she had visited the home; the child was cared for "most lovely," but it showed some symptoms of the dreadful fever.

Meanwhile Nell seemed a little better.

Sanderly had found out at last that the place the imp showed him was Holy Innocents—that Holy Innocents once invaded by Mrs. Earle and her sister, where Lizette Harmon's babe had sickened. Unknown, beggarly,

excitable, having no authority, Sanderly felt that the only hope of rescue lay in Mrs. Dunbar, and for her aid he went.

They were burying Mr. Earle's child and he could not see her.

Mrs. Porter was quite sure the baby would have the fever. Nell, unconscious of ill news, still improved, and Mrs. Ives meant to visit the child at the earliest moment when her daughter could be left without danger.

Another day, and now Sanderly saw Mrs. Dunbar, and Mrs. Dunbar visited the Home, then went to Mrs. Ives and spoke to her privately so as not to alarm Nell or excite Mrs. Porter's suspicions. But inexorable night set in and another day must brighten before a rescue could be effected.

At last Mrs. Dunbar and Mrs. Ives were in the carriage with Mr Earle, and the imp sat on the box with the coachman. They reached the Holy Innocents, and it was agreed that the ladies should endeavor to get the child back quietly; if they were detained or needed help Mr. Earle would summon a policeman and go in after them.

The good Lord who heard that voiceless prayer ordered that on the steps of the Orphanage should stand Saint Hilaire, making her first visit to the place and sent there by Father Perry through a mistake while Catherine Illuminata was paying a call to sick Priest French.

With that recognition which one true, noble soul gives another, the minister's wife and the Nun divined each a kindred spirit and greeted each other. Together they

entered the sacristy, and Saint Hilaire sent for the Sister in charge. Saint Hilaire's business lay with this Nun; she had had no intention of going farther in the house than to the sacristy, delivering her orders, and departing. But when Mrs. Dunbar said, putting the case as mildly as she could, in kindness to that womanly face, "that a little child had been sent there during its mother's illness, that the mother was better and they wanted the babe back, would pay for any trouble and were in haste, as the mother craved the presence of her child," Saint Hilaire, who had known a mother's loving and longing, appreciated the case, and asked that the child should be brought immediately. This was impossible; the Nun in charge evaded and haggled. Saint Hilaire had not lived in Convents without learning her authority; this Nun owed her obedience, being her inferior, and she said firmly,

"Show us to where that child is instantly."

"Mother," whispered the Nun, "it is in the long ward up stairs—it is early in the morning, and—and—during the night—"

"I know, I know," said Saint Hilaire, "the ward may not be in good order, but these ladies will excuse it; all they want is their child. Lead the way to the long ward at once or I must report your disobedience to a Superior."

Pallid and trembling—Saint Hilaire thought in fear of this threat—the Nun led the way up stairs. Mrs. Dunbar steeled her heart for what she must see; Saint Hilaire was unsuspecting, though a little ruffled.

The long ward! May God be merciful to sinners! Thirty wretched beds; thirty thrice-wretched babes! O,

filth, disease, anguish and horror inexpressible! So long, you know, had this work of death been going on; but through heavenly mercy in this night just past, *eight* baby souls had been lifted out of pain, and eight wan baby corpses lay there in the morning light. For all this crime, this helpless infant woe, may God forgive the land that suffers it; the foolish Protestants who were beguiled to build the house—Mr. Earle out there in his carriage among the rest—and again we pray him to be merciful to sinners!

One long, wild, passionate cry from Mrs. Ives; then running frantically between the beds she saw that her child was not of the dead. Stupid, sore-eyed, wasted, dirty, but living, she clasped it to her bosom and turned to flee. Saint Hilaire grasped the Nun's arm.

"What—what—" her question gurgled and died in her throat.

"It is what it is for," hissed the anguished Sister; "why did you make me bring them up? The Bishop, the Priests, Mother Catherine, will be the death of us for this piece of work."

Saint Hilaire dropped her arm as if it were red-hot, and hurried down stairs with her guests. Her eyes were opened. She and Mrs. Dunbar passed into the street together, but not one word could this Romanist utter in exculpation of her Church's deed. She rushed toward the House of the Holy Family as if pursued by a pack of demons.

"Is Mother Abbess at home?" she demanded of the portress.

“Mother Abbess is in her parlor,” was the reply.

Catherine lolled in her chair, her cheeks glowing, her eyes shining with joy and pride that she was outgeneralizing Bishop Otto, laying Priest French under heavy obligations, and that she was a power in Rome, while now as hitherto they did not *dare* to thwart her. To her, dreaming proudly as Nebuchadnezzar in Babylon which he had built, rushed Saint Hilaire, white and threatening, bringing terror and doom like that voice which fell from the skies, from a watcher and a holy one, into the kingdom of Chaldea.

Stretching out both arms and lifting her noble face toward heaven, she cried,

“O, Abbess Catherine, Abbess Catherine, I have come from the Orphanage of the Holy Innocents, and what have I seen there! *I* have been a mother, *I* have held babes on my knees, and nursed them at my bosom; I have filled their little veins from mine, and smiled into their uplifted eyes. What! can I see babes murdered day by day in cold blood? Can I know that their innocent eyes are blinded, that their soft flesh is shrinking, and diseases are drinking up their strength like vampires, and filth and famine batten upon them? Can I see Herod outdone by women vowed to holy living—at the order of the Church can murder be committed? Can I see the name of charity blasphemed among us, and know that *I*, ignorant and well intending, helped on this most accursed work? And shall I not proclaim my innocence and my agony to you, to angels, to God? Great King, avenge these slaughtered children! Render seven-fold



"A curse upon you, Catherine Illuminata, woman and monster, all in one!"—Page 495.

upon those who planned this horrid work and have wrought it out! A curse upon you, Catherine Illuminata, woman and monster all in one!"

Catherine sat overwhelmed, quelled by this unexpected tempest. The mighty passion of this Southern heart had burst its boundaries and poured forth the lava tide of its wrath and scorn upon the guilty Abbess.

She had uttered her protest. She turned, strode through the hall, signed to the portress, who knew her only as the holiest and highest of the Nuns. She was gone into the street—Saint Hilaire had ceased forever to be a Nun.

CHAPTER TWENTIETH.

CHANCES AND CHANGES.

The Lawyer Finds his Limit—Priest French Dares to Recover—The Priest and the Imp—Visiting the Holy Family—An Interruption of the Mass—Sanderly in Hospital—First Day Out—Viewing a Corpse—A Priest's Obsequies—Mobbed—What Nuns are Made of—Dead.

“And there rises a passionate cry
 From underneath in the darkening land—
 What is it that hath been done?
 O, dawn of Eden, bright over earth and sky,
 The fires of hell broke out thy rising sun,
 The fires of hell and hate!”

Providence had with another bright flash of light lit up the black secrets of the Orphanage of Holy Innocents. David Earle did not fail to inform his friend Roger Cantwell of all that had occurred. Roger blushed. He made no pretence of being a Romanist, but he knew that by silence and secret assistance he was in Romanism countenancing adultery, robbery and murder for self-interest's sake, and his manhood revolted at the thought. This self-contempt and unexpressed dissatisfaction made him restive, watchful, and more than usually scrupulous concerning other matters, and helped to bring about a crisis in the history of his perversion. Coming down from his dressing-room, he casually asked a servant where his wife was. The servant replied that the Priest had that moment called and was in the parlor.

Roger knew of Father French's illness, had even visited him during it; he had never taken the trouble to inquire who performed the sick Priest's pastoral duties,

and hearing of a clerical call at once imagined that Mr. French had sufficiently convalesced to be abroad.

Not so. Our wary gentleman knew that it was not yet safe to announce a recovery, and still kept his room, while the Priests of the city and young men from Otto's college performed his priestly functions. The visiting was divided among those supposed to be most suitable to the task and best acquainted with the congregation.

Cantwell, feeling that it would be only wise and kind to congratulate Mr. French on his advancing recovery, stepped into the drawing-room, hat and gloves in hand.

Alda never laid aside any of her little coquetries and enchantments because her guest was a cleric; she thought men of that stamp as vulnerable as any other, and demanded admiration from them as from the rest of the world. She now sat on a velvet-covered couch between the windows, her head and hands held as painted for adoration in the Rose of Saint Dominic, a spray of moss buds falling behind her ear, and lazily swinging a down-fringed satin fan. Near her in a chair, bending forward to speak confidentially, and so setting his features in the full light of the windows, was a man whom Cantwell had seen but once. Seen once that face, it was forever photographed upon his memory; for he had seen it then convulsed with shame and terror, pinned by Sanderly against a blank wall, and Sanderly had cried, "Behold him! Look well; this is Rentoul!"

Cantwell did not vaunt any personal holiness; he felt himself besmirched by a knowledge of many shameful crimes, by defending some of them, and by ostentimes

drowning honor deep, while he steered his way along the shifting seas of politics. Never dreaming himself immaculate, he felt that this Rentoul was a man whose presence breathed even on him a deadly contagion; a moral leper, from whom he shrunk even on the highway as from the vilest contamination. And yet this man—this sinner reeking and loathsome with his unnatural sins—sat there in close conference with the lawyer's *wife*; and that wife beamed on him the smiles, and lisped the pretty nothings which drew a circle of admirers about her at ball and opera. Roger had never esteemed his Alda a saint; he saw her little foibles, her vanity, her petty ambition, but he believed she was an honest woman—and—Rentoul was speaking to her, sat in her presence, O, Heaven! might even have been her confessor! Cantwell grew white to his very lips at the odious thought.

“Who is this—person, Alda?” demanded the indignant husband.

“Our Priest now, while Father French is ill—Mr. Rentoul. He will be happy to make your acquaintance. I am sure.”

“Sir, step to my library; I wish to speak with you.”

The guilty Priest, forever conscious that he had forfeited esteem among men, shrunk at the words and tone; but Roger would admit of no delay, stood aside to give him wide room to pass, motioned him to the library, and as the trembling Priest dropped into a chair Roger stood before him, rage scintillating in his eyes, rage burning a white heat in his face, rage rising and hissing in a powerful voice that had many tones at command.



"Sir, step to my library. I wish to speak with you." — *Para. 108*

“How dare *you* enter my house! how dare *you* venture into any woman’s presence! Do you not know that you are a foul and accursed thing? that all the rivers could not wash clean your filthiness? that you are a moral pestilence? that there is no creature so vile, so abandoned as not to be degraded and debased by your companionship? I know *you* and *your crime*. Remember Carrafield! remember Bertha! murderer that you are; black with human blood, guilty of the death of souls, perdition yawning before you, and all hell shrinking from your coming which will pollute pollution! It would take more mercy to save your soul than to save all the world besides; if every man but you were sinless you alone are enough to condemn creation and to justify the heaviest judgments of the Almighty. Man that you are without manhood, wretch without shame, human without humanity, demon in the flesh, dare you call yourself a Priest? dare you minister at the altar? Will you mock God with your prayers, baptize babes, and bless marriage vows? you who have trampled on every vow, on every tie, on every decency of life! And you come here, enter my home, which can never be cleansed from your presence; crawl into the society of *my wife*, when the veriest vile and most abandoned creature on the streets is a world too good to touch your garments!”

Higher and higher rose the passionate voice, filled with intense loathing of this sinner and his sin; and also, O, poor humanity! in him scourging all the speaker’s own short-comings and prevarications, and striving to make square his reckoning for all the times when he had

“done those things which he ought not to have done, and had left undone those things which he ought to have done.”

Crouching, shrinking, withering away as before the blast of a sirocco; moaning like a wounded and dying dog, he whose remembered crimes had haunted him and gnawed his heart by night and day, to whom living and dying were alike agony, between which there was no choice, bent his head to the tempest of fury, wishing that it could annihilate him, wipe out body and soul as if they had never been. He strove to speak, his quivering lips vainly sought to shape themselves to words; useless as it was, he would wail out something of the great horror of remorse which made him even more hateful to himself than to his vehement accuser. But savagely Roger Cantwell checked him in the feeble effort.

“Begone! Out of my house! Let me never see your face again, or all the city shall hear of your infamy; you shall fly from the place you contaminate! Go!”

But Rentoul could not obey; from the cushioned chair which he convulsively clutched to save himself, he fell upon the floor, foam and blood pouring from lip and nostril; writhing, twisting, a wretched worm bruised and broken in the dust.

This agony could not move Roger; he considered it retribution. They who are least true to themselves are so apt to be most severe on other sinners. Death could not have purified that miserable carcass so that Roger would have touched it with the tip of one of his gloved fingers. He would not permit a servant in his house to render a

kindly office to that guilty sufferer. He went to the door and three dirty, ragged wretches were slinking by, coming from the docks and ash heaps, where they had fought for bare existence during the day. He called them.

“There is a man here taken with a fit; come carry him out.”

They entered; Rentoul lay still and insensible. Roger glanced about; there was the wide chair Rentoul had ruined by resting in it.

“Put him in that and do not bring it back.”

On the center of the floor lay a drugget; here Rentoul's feet had been; here he had writhed and foamed. Roger tore it up and flung it over him to shut the body from the face of day.

“Where shall we take him?” asked one.

“Curse him! anywhere; I do not know.”

“I know,” said another man, a ruffian from Aurora Lane and Saint Ann's. “He's Priest below us there.”

Cantwell followed them as they staggered out of the house with their burden. Mr. Dunbar was upon the walk.

“Why, friend, what is the matter? Who is hurt?”

“No one,” said Roger gloomily, and weak from the excess of his rage.

Mr. Dunbar lifted the covering; compassion like the Master's grew into his face. He knew how to pity the fallen and the tempted

“It is Father Rentoul from St. Ann's,” he said gently. “Carry him easily, my boys, and let us get him home.”

So he went with this man, wounded, despised, forsaken, hated by his own self, and by all who knew him, and became to him a good Samaritan.

Twice each week Catherine Illuminata paid a visit to her sick brother French. She had not dared to tell any one of the last scene between herself and Saint Hilaire, but had reported to Otto that this Nun had come into the Convent in high excitement, saying that she had found a friend ill and in poverty; had then left the Convent as if to go to this friend, and had never returned. The Abbess could give no further explanation. She fabricated this tale to explain at second-hand to the portress the reason of the loud, earnest tones she must have heard. Catherine had not failed to go to the Orphanage, question the Nun in charge on all particulars, and blame her severely. "The only way in which you can escape a heavy penance," she said, "is to keep this matter entirely secret, and never mention it to confessor, Priest or Sister. I command you."

Aside from this, Catherine intended if the affair crept into the papers or to the ears of the Bishop, to disclaim all knowledge of everything connected with it. This is a pleasant fashion Romish superiors have of shifting heavy burdens to the backs of their subordinates.

"Who was this child?" asked the vexed Catherine.

"I don't know; we never ask questions, Mother. Of course we expect people bring children here knowing what they are doing. A Mrs. Porter, an Irish woman, who had married an American Protestant and left us, but is coming back now that her husband is dead, brought

the child and said Father somebody knew of her doing so. The child, she told us, was not her own."

It is not to be doubted that Saint Hilaire's earnest words had roused in Catherine Illuminata's bosom remorse and sorrow; but the Abbess had her position to maintain, even a loftier height of ambition to reach, and these were to her of the first importance. She resolutely laid her repentings under her feet and used them as stepping-stones to climb toward her goal.

She had gone to Father French at last to tell him that the progress of his recovery might be a little swifter, as Otto was giving signs of change and would doubtless relinquish the idea of the mission to Rome. As she was leaving the door she saw a weazened, undersized boy, whose hat, trowsers and general appearance would seem to have been the especial prey of the gnawing tooth of time. Time had treated him hungrily in fact, and had devoured great mouthfuls of his garments, leaving gaping windows in his rear, which, after the fashion of paupers, seemed to have been stuffed up with dingy rags. Something in this boy, his watchfulness, caution, and preternatural cunning, made the Abbess sure that this was the attaché of Sanderly, and the young messenger of Father French. She swept a glance of caution about, smiled benignly, took firm hold of the juvenile's arm, led him into the parlor, and set Sister Serena on guard in the hall.

When the imp was carried captive, it was his practice to submit servilely to the arrest, and devote his whole attention to telling lies. Force with this infant was nothing, fraud was everything.

"Sonny," said the bland Abbess, "did you wish to see Mr. French?"

"I wanted 'im to give me coppers, I 'm 'ungry," sobbed the ready imp.

"And do you know Father French then, my son?"

"I 'm in his catechism class; he 's goin' to confirm me next week."

"My child," said the Abbess serenely, "you are telling falsehoods; confirmations will take place next spring, not before."

"That 's what I meant," said the imp, weeping plentifully; "folks can't talk straight when they 're so scared as I be."

"Do you know a person of the name of Sanderly?"

"No ma'am; 'pon my word an' honor, I do n't. I 'm a poor boy, I be."

Very effective sobbings at this point, but the Abbess went on remorselessly.

"You need not try to deceive me; I know all about you. I do not blame you for trying to keep Mr. French's secrets, but they are known to me. I am his friend; you want to see him; he is anxious to see you, but can not because he is ill. You bring him word of some friends—his relations—whom he helps, and you may leave the message with me; I will deliver it and pay you. These ladies—his cousins—are quite well are they not?"

"No," mourned the imp, seeing subterfuge unavailing, "they be sick; leastwise the youngest lady has been pretty nigh dead. She can't get up, and she looks like a shadder, so she do."

“And they are very poor I do not doubt.”

“Werry, ma’am. Now they needs what beforetimes they didn’t need.”

“I will see that they are provided for. I will trust you with the money, my good boy; Mr. French says you are an honest child. What more?”

“That ar little shaver—that ar baby—he’s werry bad. Mrs. Porter she took him off to a orphan house, and they got him out a livin’ skeleting; and his eyes was that bad, the lamb.”

Now indeed was Catherine startled and discomfited. The rescued but nearly murdered babe was the child of Louis French!

“I’m deeply grieved. But to hear this would make Mr. French worse; see that you do not tell him. Promise me. See, there is money for them; and here, if you will promise not to injure poor Mr. French by this sad story, is money for you.”

A three-dollar gold piece glittered on her palm. The imp thought, poor little soul, what luxuries that would buy his master.

He reached for it eagerly, crying, “I’ll promise you, ma’am, certain sure and true as blazes!” then took the money, ducked a bow and ran out, wickedly resolving to get back and tell the whole tale to Priest French as soon as possible.

According to Catherine’s instructions, Father French began to recover rapidly; was able to sit up and be left alone at night. The air was warm and balmy, and he kept his windows open to enjoy it.

By much slyness, with many risks of breaking his neck, our imp had discovered that Mr. French's chamber windows were in the rear of his house, and opened upon the top of a trellis built to support certain grape vines, now in full leafage. Cats were wont to climb this trellis, and like them the imp climbed, and hid himself, crouching among the broad, green leaves. As he lay there like the spies among the flax on Rahab's house-top, the imp looking up to the stars, watching the slim crescent of the moon sailing like a silver gondola down the skies, may have had thoughts above the turbid, fetid currents of his daily life. He turned from the stars to notice all that passed within the priest's room. He saw the dainty supper, the bird, the cream toast, the dish of berries, the silver pot of smoking tea, set before the convalescent. He saw Father French eat it indifferently, send half of it away on the server; and the imp thought how strange that the Priest might scorn luxuries, while the beautiful Lady of Shalott, feebly rallying from her sore illness, must eat the coarse, untempting fare which her mother alone could provide.

Left alone the Priest sat musing with a worried look. Slowly the attaché lifted himself among the leaves and gave his signal, his old call, "Ki yi-i-i!"

Mr. French started, turned pale, looked eagerly toward the window. The leaves rustled. "Ki yi-i-i!" low and clear.

"Hist, boy! where are you?" said French softly.

Louder rustled the grape leaves; the trellis creaked as a dark figure crawled along it; a shock head rested on

the window sill. "Ki yi-i-i!" breathed shrilly through the room.

"In with you boy—quick. Here, this is my wardrobe key, open the door and creep in; leave it ajar while you talk. If any one comes I will push it shut. What do you want, my boy?"

"To tell you what you want to know, cap'n," said the sharp imp.

"I want! Well, yes, I *do* want; one must remember his own flesh and blood, boy. How are my cousins?"

"They 're werry bad. They have scrimped and strived, and by means of what Mrs. Dunbar gave 'em, and some lady I met nigh here onst, they ain't turned out of doors, and they ain't starved, but the pretty one has been werry sick—like to a' died, sir. Her face is as white as white can be, and so thin as never was; and her little heart 's broke over the baby."

"What is wrong with her baby?" asked the Priest huskily.

The imp graphically described the child's adventures in the Orphanage.

"Miss Porter says she lost Miss Ives' ticket out of her pocket, and upon her soul—which she ain't got any—she thought she was a-taking of it to the werry place they meant. She lies, cap'n. *Some folks will tell lies*; it are a werry bad plan, sir," moralized the imp, forgetful of his own unsurpassed exploits in that line.

"But this child you are telling of?" urged Mr. French.

"Why it were heavy with drugs, cap'n, and black with famine. Oh, I know wot it is to be 'ungry, don't

I? But *I* ain't a shaver just out of such a pretty little mammy's arms. *I* knows wot it is to be dirty; *I* knows wot it is to sleep on straw and on nothink; but *I* don't know wot it is to be a skeleting, and a-moaning and a-conwulsioning because of my troubles; 'cause, cap'n, *I* 've never been a orphing Holy Innocent; *I* was a 'Roarer Lane orphing."

A curse come home! Father French airily detesting and striving to conceal the abominable design of this Orphanage, had known and abetted it from its inception; and here was this child, never seen, but known of, and stirring in his soul depths which he had supposed were not in his nature; this child, breaking up the sealed fountain of paternal love and making another and a better man of French, had been foully dealt with and well-nigh destroyed in this very Holy Innocents. Those were most bitter tears Father French shed behind his hand as it shaded his face.

This painful story roused the Priest; he could no longer afford to play the invalid; he must get better at any risk. He supplied the imp liberally with money; writing a list of luxuries and necessaries for which he must expend it.

"Have them sent there without giving any hint of where they came from. Keep my secret, boy; see that they use these things, and do you come every second day with news. You can climb the trellis?"

"Like a brick, cap'n," said the emphatic imp.

"Come that way then, at night, and don't be caught in the act."

By questioning the satellite, French assured himself that the lady who had interviewed him was no other than Catherine. The Priest's first visit was, therefore, to the House of the Holy Family.

"You are out unexpectedly, perhaps prematurely," said the Abbess.

"I had need to be out," said French morosely. "Sister Superior, you have seen my messenger and heard his news; I feel more than ever guilty and condemned. I have never visited that Orphanage, it was so distasteful to me; and I never realized what it was until—until I knew who had been in it; then, Catherine, the enormity of that place rushed upon me like a flood of fire. What are we, what have we done, what is this terrible creation of our hands?"

Catherine bit her lips, flushed and paled. "Do not speak of it, Louis. We are helpless, bound hand and foot; it is our Bishop's work; he is head of this diocese, and here nothing can be done without him. We are not to be blamed. Besides, the place seemed a necessity, we were so overburdened. The wrong children get in sometimes—seldom—and there is no disputing that there is a surplus population that no one knows what to do with. Our way of solving the problem may be just as good as the more popular style of letting the infant vagabond loose to ravage society, then swing him off the gallows, or lend him a knife to cut his throat. Anyhow, Louis, the souls of the surplus at Holy Innocents"—Catherine shunned the word *children*—"are saved, for I assure you the Sisters baptize all they are not certain about."

A strange, puzzled, half-scornful, half-anguished look came into French's face at Catherine's justification. Something in himself and in this splendid, daring, wicked woman recalled an old play he had admired. He clasped his fingers over the white hand of the cruel Catherine, which lay like a rare sculpture upon the marble table.

“What need we fear? Who knows it? And there is none dares call our power to account. What! will these hands ne'er be clean? All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten these hands.”

“There, you quote wrong, Louis; spoil the text for politeness' sake, which is not well; besides, how can you compare an inexcusable crime with a work of necessity, which after all saves souls and helps the Church?”

Between Priest Rentoul's terrible meeting with Judge Cantwell, and that Priest's next appearance at the altar of St. Ann's, intervened weeks of illness. This man lay on his bed, unconscious of the present, incapable of rest. Day after day he dwelt in the accumulated horrors of the past—a monstrous passion; the outcry of the monitor within; crime; discovery; punishment; penance; restoration; a more frightful fall; the scorn and hate of men; his room seemed full of clustered faces that looked on him with aversion; his ears rang to scoff and taunt and reproach; these terrors filled the weary weeks. He grew feebler; he seemed now to be held between heaven and hell; he saw the earth with that glorious hope that has crossed it linking it to safety; could he ever touch with his trembling feet that golden way? He could! he floated nearer and more near; one moment more—but

no; suddenly he was swept back, the shining path was lost to sight, and flames leaped out of horrid caverns to embrace him. Yet a gleam of hope; he was borne back as on invisible wings to the realm of opportunity; lifted up to the bright summits where peace lay broad and clear; an eager reaching—no chance for him, for back, back, farther still, he is withdrawn to infinite darkness. Thus for days, known only to himself, the apparently unconscious wretch was swung in dizzying alternations between hope and despair. What agony! when would it end? Since he could never seize those gleaming heights with a strong grasp on their gift of peace, it was infinitely better to fall away into the abyss than thus to vibrate between heaven and doom. It ended by his wakening to the hopelessness of life once more.

He was chained to the ministry of the altar as a slave to the galley. *Attritus ægra macie*; tottering, his heart a desolation, a neglected hearth, foul with the dead ashes of his manhood, he must yet stand before those credulous, humble, ignorant souls who knelt in Saint Ann's, and create for them a Christ upon the altar. O man, if you could call Christ from heaven, it was not by the fiat of authority, but by the bitter wail of self-despair! If you could bring a Jesus from above, why not to wash your soul in the all-cleansing blood? But no; the Priest of Rome called his Lord in his divinity to lie in a gilded and gaudy tabernacle; to tremble on the tongues of the worshipers, very Lamb of Calvary, and then the kneeling Rentoul lifted high the chalice, opened wide his mouth, that the liquid God might not be polluted by

contact with his teeth which are somehow supposed to be especially unholy, and drank the "body, blood, soul and divinity" of his Creator. But no; it needs the *intention* of the creature to create a Creator, and just as Rentoul lifted the chalice he saw in the crowd—Sanderly.

Sanderly was kneeling because he *must* kneel, but he was glaring at the officiating Priest like a madman. Their eyes met; the electric spark of hate flashed between them; Sanderly was mad with rage, Rentoul with terror. The two sprang from their knees and toward each other; the railing of the chancel was between them; Rentoul held out his hands as if to ward off a blow, Sanderly stretched forth his as if to grasp the man he hated and tear him limb from limb; a cry of execration and a shrill shriek of "murder" rung up the pointed and painted roof.

In an instant a dozen broad-shouldered sons of St. Ann had sprung up to protect their Priest, while as many more seized on poor, wild Sanderly, dragged him down, cursed him for interrupting Mass, kicked him, trampled on him, bruised and blinded him, tore his clothes, and dragged him forth from the church bloody and senseless.

Another shared this treatment. Sanderly's faithful follower had besought him not to enter St. Ann's that day, but finding his master resolved had gone with him to share his fortunes. This lad, noble in his devotion, when he could not keep Sanderly from flying at the Priest, had striven to hold him up against assault; had fought for him with all his puny strength, had flung himself over the prostrate form, and had received wounds

meant for his employer. Thus the irate crowd dragged two bodies from the church and flung them on the walk limp and helpless—Sanderly and his satellite. The white faces streaked with blood, the wan frame of the late disturber of the peace, and the rags and youth of his little friend, moved to pity even the outraged denizens of Aurora Lane.

A woman cried, "The man is crazy, poor lout."

Another shrilly screamed, "The boy did no harm, the creature!" and the men, whose vengeance was glutted, turned over the helpless victims of their rage, felt for the fluttering pulses, hoped no harm would come of this, called for a shutter and a covering and proposed making haste to the hospital. But the women, with woman's tenderness, had laid hands on the imp. They fetched water from the hydrant and bathed his face with their cotton kerchiefs; one taking from her pocket a suspicious bottle, forced some of its contents into his mouth. They bound up his head, rubbed his hands, spoke to him, and seeing him reviving, carried him off in triumph, consoling and encouraging him; and taking him into the parlor of a little grog shop, laid him on a red calico settee, and began to compound for him dainties and medicaments, such as punch, oyster broth and weak tea.

Sanderly was conveyed to the hospital and entered there as a crazy man injured in an attack he had made on an unoffending gentleman; the policemen in and near St. Ann's being of the right sort, made no arrests; and soothed and exhorted by his people and assistants, Father Rentoul strove to continue his services. The ceremonies

went on lamely ; Rentoul's voice faltered and broke, and the choir boys introduced unexpected quavers into their parts of the music. Before the altar swept the gaudy-robed assistant, with his swinging thurifer incensing the tabernacle and the Priest ; he needed it enough, this Rentoul, but earthly incense could not make sweet his soul ; perhaps he realized it suddenly, for he swooned and fell upon the floor, bruising his head, *in cornu Epistolæ*, and so was carried from the church. It was a dark day at St. Ann's.

Food, friendship, a bath and a long night's sleep restored the imp to himself. He awoke next morning somewhat stiff from his bruises, but strong, rested, and anxious for his friend. No sooner had he been informed of Sanderly's whereabouts than he made haste to follow him. In the afternoon visitors would be admitted and he was bidden to come then, but he waylaid the attending physician and obtained news of his master. Never was the imp more alert to earn money than on that morning ; perhaps his pale face won him work, for he earned coppers and spent them, and appeared at the hospital with an orange, a lemon and three figs. He was admitted and conducted to Sanderly, but the man was raging in a brain fever and knew nothing of him.

Day after day Sanderly lay at death's door and his imp haunted the hospital. Nurses and doctors and porter came to know the weazened, cunning face, over which flashed gleams of such self-forgetful love for that poor wreck his master. As time passed, the imp became almost a fixture at the hospital ; quick and keen, he did

the bidding of every one, and ingratiated himself to such an extent that like a privileged character he went and came as he chose; visiting the wards at all times, welcome to all. It was good to see this odd, unkempt infant come in with little treats twisted up in paper, paid for out of the midst of his own hungry poverty to regale his master; and while Sanderly feebly tasted what had thus been purchased—so small a thing and so large a sacrifice—the imp mounted on a chair back or a bed post, swung his unshod heels and grinned delight.

During this illness Sanderly's attaché never thought of seeking friends for his master. It seemed to him evident that the lonely man could have no friends but himself, and for this very desolation he loved him and clung to him the more.

The rent of the attic had been paid a quarter in advance—a sharp business spirit was Mrs. Porter, that returning lambkin of the fold of Rome; the imp kept the key, went once in a while to sweep, to open the window, or to obtain rags of clothing, and when thus visiting the house was sure to take a meal with Mrs. Ives and have a play with the baby. Nell was slowly regaining her strength; her child was no longer in danger, but its violet eyes yet shrunk from such light as other children love, and the troubles of its babyhood had given it an old, wistful, frightened look, pitiful to see.

When some rumors of the immediate cause of Sanderly's illness reached the hospital, the doctor pronounced that his behavior at St. Ann's was occasioned by disorder of the brain, then fastened on him; it was the ebullition

of a crazy man, and his disease being quelled there would be no danger of a similar outbreak. If the imp held a different opinion from the man of science he did not venture to unfold it; his chief desire was to get his master back to their home; and at length the wish was gratified, and man and boy were in their attic once more.

When Sanderly went abroad his satellite followed him more closely than before. They were on one of their expeditions when the attaché perceived that his employer was drifting into dangerous quarters.

“Don’t ye do it, gov’nor,” he pleaded, “’tain’t healthy for you in these here parts.”

“Come on,” said Sanderly gruffly; “I know where I am going.”

“Now, gov’nor, ’Roarer Lane ain’t the sweetest place we knows on; nor yet St. Ann’s ain’t a flower garding, nor is that yere Priest an angel to yer eye. Let ’em be, gov’nor.”

“I’ll have another look at them anyway,” muttered Sanderly; “but they *did* handle you roughly, boy, so if you are afraid—”

“I ain’t afeard of nothink,” said the imp stoutly. “Come on.”

On they went; and the door of St. Ann’s was open. It was a Wednesday evening in summer time.

“What’s going on, I wonder,” said the gaunt Sanderly uneasily.

“Gov’nor, I’ll wink in an’ see,” said the boy, still yearning to keep his miserable employer out of trouble.

Sanderly leaned against a lamp post, and the boy

climbed the steps "winking in." Turning as he stood, he made reports to Sanderly in shrill whispers, shading his mouth with his hand.

"Gov'nor, ki-i-i-i! It's a fun'al."

"Hah!" said Sanderly, roused and glowing with fierce interest.

"Gov'nor, there's about a dozen of folkses prayin' round the church, and a Priest—it ain't *him*—readin' prayers; and six boys singin' soft, and one boy swingin' a sass-pan or suthin' as smokes; and gov'nor, in the middle yisle there is a big, black, plummy thing, what ain't a bed, nor a hearse, nor a chariot, but betwixt and between them all."

"A catafalque!" said the excited Sanderly.

"Gov'nor, it 's likely you 're right; I ain't goin' to conterdick you."

"Boy, boy," said Sanderly, pushing his way up the steps panting with the exertion, "I *must* go in and see the dead!"

The attaché clung to him and detained him, imploring, "Gov'nor, *I* don't care for myself, but, O, gov'nor, promise me you won't make no row in there. Whichever is dead, him or strangers, don't you go to stirring up of St. Ann's—if they knows you!"

"They won't," said Sanderly, "there is very little light there but the tapers round the corpse; I'll be quiet, boy, for your sake."

"I don't care on *my* 'count," protested the satellite, following him down the aisle to where some corpse lay in state for those to come and view it who chose; but the

church had only just been opened and the tide of lookers in had scarcely begun to flow.

Lying in state; white and still under the nodding plumes, in the shadow of the great crosses, and in the flaring light of the candles, that wavering, flashing and fading betimes, gave the face of the dead a look as if he moaned, ground and twisted in some silent torment! Lying in state in all the gaudy paraphernalia of the sacred office; lying in state in cross and vestment,

“Wrapt in a Christless shroud,
Sleeping the Christless sleep,
Above him, the eternal cloud,
Beneath, the fiery deep.”

Poor Rentoul, is it thou? Criminal, passion-stained and tossed, and most unhappy, art thou here?

Standing by the corpse of the man whom he had pursued with a quenchless hate, does Sanderly in anywise relent? does he pardon the dead? does he soften one line of his hard face? No, alas, no! He cursed the living, may he be forgiven! now he curses the dead. He goes off rejoicing, and even his faithful imp is shocked thereat. He treats himself to a festive supper of beer, bologna sausage and fruit pie; but while he feasts in cruel joy, the imp can not eat—though he is thin and starved enough—for that dead face has set him to a solemn thinking, and he is reproaching himself that he has been made a portion of that man's misery.

Up in the morning is Sanderly, brushing and washing, and taking some interest in his personality. He is going to watch that funeral, and the imp fearful and sorrowful, having moreover no means of improving his appearance,

is resolved to follow his master to see and share the approaching end.

The ceremonies are in the church, but Sanderly does not enter there; he waits for the funeral train on a street corner where some boxes and barrels are piled high, and them he mounts; his attaché stands below. Then they wait patiently.

At the church the services were long and pompous. Bishop Otto was there in all his sanctity to give the absolution to the body of the dead. When the end was reached the Archbishop gave the general benediction, standing uncovered; at the end of the Mass he turned before beginning *Sit nomen*, because the altar was not *ad orientem*; this does not sound very important, but we are assured that it is "strongly calculated to excite the devotion of the faithful, because it is an exact fulfillment of sacred ceremonial!"

The procession left St. Ann's. It was headed by a force of police, (Father French's children,) accompanied by two full bands and a detachment of soldiers. The street cars ceased running in its route; two hundred women walked on the street side; there were one hundred and twenty carriages. An Archbishop, two Bishops and ten Priests graced the occasion; sodalities and confraternities marched with their banners.

High up on his perch Sanderly watched these honors and begrudged them; this miserable man battered on revenge like a hideous ghoul among graves, and having followed the living like a bloodhound on the scent, could not suffer the dead to go by unmolested in his solemn state.

The respect paid to his enemy fired him to frenzy; the blood surged wildly in his delirious brain, he shrieked in inarticulate passion; then holding out his lean hand toward the cross-decked hearse, denounced the dead Priest as a liar, a villain and a murderer! At once the fury of the crowd turned against him; he was hurled from his position, and as he fell was fired upon, the ball, well aimed, passing through his chest. In the *mélée* that ensued, the *attaché* was unhurt, and an hour later might have been seen running into the familiar hospital in the wake of those who had carefully lifted up and were carrying his dying master.

Exhibiting a wonderful tenacity of life, Sanderly though his wound was incurable, rallied and lingered. Mr. Earle having seen an account of the fray in the papers, visited him and made every provision for his comfort. The imp followed the bountiful giver with grateful eyes. Mr. Earle recognized him.

“Why, lad, are you here with him still?”

“Yes I be,” sobbed the imp wildly, “I be! I hain’t nobody but him. He wor a poor, kicked about boy like me, and he knows how I feel; and he hain’t had no luck in life, has my gov’nor; and now he’ll die, he’ll die! O, gov’nor, don’t ye, don’t! *can’t* ye get well, gov’nor? Do, oh do!”

“Poor little rascal,” said Sanderly with kindness in his tone; “*he* does care for me; one heart true at last, and that a ragged boy’s. My lad, you might have saved me if I’d seen you earlier.”

He laid his hand on the rough head that burrowed in

his bed-clothes and looked expressively at Mr. Earle. The publisher nodded.

Knowing his beloved master to be going from him, this boy from Aurora Lane scarcely ate or slept. He dozed in snatches by the sick man's bed, and his piteous entreaties and Mr. Earle's influence secured him toleration there. He saw all who went and came, and no one gave a kind look or word or deed to Sanderly but the attaché thanked him with his sorrowful eyes.

Through the wards one morning went two black-robed *Sisters*, distributing books, tracts and little crucifixes to all who would accept them. They drew near Sanderly. "This man will die," said one; and at the voice Sanderly seemed to start a little, and looked up keenly. If the speaker had ever known him, he was beyond recognition now with his shaved and bandaged head. The other *Sister* spoke.

"Do you die in harmony with the Holy Church, my friend?"

"No I don't," said Sanderly sharply, his unhappy bitterness still fierce within him.

"How sad," said the other *Sister*. "Then you will be a lost soul."

"Are all saved who die in full favor with your Church?" asked Sanderly; and as the first speaker assented, he grasped her wrist, jerked her forward, and looked into her face.

He was satisfied and let her go, crying scornfully,

"Lizette Harmon! You! This is the stuff Nuns are made of!"

When they were gone, Sanderly lay muttering; and so the day wore away.

“Gov’nor,” said his little friend, perched by his bed, “can’t you find nothink to rest on like? Gov’nor, ain’t it hard to die feelin’ so mad with folk? Don’t ye mind the pieter wot I liked in the books we sold—Him with the glory ’round His head who says, ‘Go in peace?’ Gov’nor, can’t ye think of Him as wears that glory for a crown, and be more peaceable like? O, gov’nor, I don’t know nothink, but it ’pears to me like if I wor a-dying I’d think of Him and try to get hold of Him somehow.”

Sanderly with a softening in his hard face shook his head. Presently he spoke,

“Boy, as soon as I am dead, go tell Mr. Earle.”

“Gov’nor, don’t die!” Such a change passed over the white face that even the boy knew it was useless to cry out against the approaching end; he took the other theme. “Gov’nor, can’t you see Him as wears the glory round his head? O, can’t you get a look at Him wot holds peace for everybody?”

Sanderly shook his head, and now it kept on shaking, rolling to and fro on his pillow with no volition of his own.

“He is worse; he will hold out but a little time,” said a nurse.

Still under the wan flicker of the light that haggard face moved to and fro. There was no sound but now and then the despairing boy crying out of the one good thing he knew, the glory-crowned head of the Savior. “O, gov’nor, can’t you see him shining on you now?”

And still the head upon the narrow pillow rolled to and fro. The night passed; and suddenly with the chill sweep of morning air, came a rush as of dark wings and left a shadow on that unhappy face forevermore!

Lonely foundling of Aurora Lane, losing the only friend and comrade he had ever known! He could not endure to see them straighten out the form of his master for the coffin, and so ran down through the grey mists of dawn to 41 Allerton Place and sat upon the steps to wait for Mr. Earle. The man of business came betimes and found him there.

“Why, who is this? Ah, I know you now—and Mr. Sanderly?”

“Which he are dead,” wailed the boy; and bending his poor little face between his knees, he broke into a passion of weeping that convulsed his meager frame.

The publisher, much moved, stood by in silence until this grief had had its way; then as his sobs subsided, took his hand, saying, “Sanderly’s life was hard, my boy; let us hope he is at rest.”

“Squire,” said the boy, reaching for some title to show respect, “my gov’nor’s was the tiredest heart ever a man carried, and I hope he is at rest.”

Mr. Earle doubted. Ah, more than doubt must cloud the memory of him who lived but for hate and revenge, for into the city that hath foundations hate may not come.

Then Mr. Earle led this faithful and friendless boy into his office, and from that hour became his patron and his friend.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIRST.

ORANGE AND GREEN—THE BISHOP'S SERVANT.

Failure—Orange and Green—American Rights—Braving a Bishop—A Warning—At the Convent—Lucia Meditating Flight—Plans—Danger and Escape—The Dead Alive Again—A Strange Meeting—The Bishop's Servant—A Dying Bed—French Receives a Lesson—The Priest's Reparation.

“Then cries of pain and arms outreaching,
The stream grows wider and swift and deep,
Passionate words as of one beseeching,
The river drowns them—we walk and weep.”

High noon glowed over the city. In the office Judge Barron and Roger had had some theme of painful interest, for now the Judge sat ashy pale, his face twitching with emotion, and Cantwell strode up and down, his head bent, red and pale by turns. He continued speaking,

“I *did* try to keep this from you. For six months I have had my fears, and have striven with all my power to avert the ruin. I longed to shield your age from this calamity; I thought if you did not know it, your days might go on in peace; I could quietly provide for the present and no want could touch you. Other ventures have done pretty well for me, and I have been trying to withdraw funds to replace as far as possible that which you have lost. It is all my fault, my more than father; how can I answer for having lost you the fruits of a life of prudence and toil? I can only say that I believed in

these schemes, and on my own part risked and lost in them."

"Yes, yes; I do not blame you, Roger. If I had but been content, satisfied with abundance; if I had not been greedy of gain in my old age, all would have been well."

"You were not greedy of gain, I urged you to these speculations. You only desired to give what you had to good work; and I, in the name of charity, urged you to increase your means of giving. How good you have been to me, friend of my life; and how kind was that dear lady now in her grave; and I have squandered your all!"

"Unintentionally, Roger; ignorantly, and ever with the best of motives, I am sure. But now, my son, you will permit one word from an old man of long experience. Roger, bear with what I say. It is long since affairs have gone truly well with you. You have looked for much and it has come to little; you brought home your increase and a breath of destruction blew on it. The blessing of the Lord has not been with you, my son, and you can not prosper. I will not say that you have sold your opinions, but you have bartered away your freedom of expressing them; that is a dangerous thing for any man to do, but especially for a man who stands in your prominent position. How often have I warned you of this; that high over the affairs of nations and ruling the voice of the people, sits the Lord God; and the man who does not fear him shall not succeed in his ways. Roger, there are men whose eyes have never been

opened to certain truths, who do not recognize right when they see it; they may be held accountable for their ignorance, but when a man knows the better way and does not walk in it, when he sees the light and turns his back upon it, when he denies truth for self-interest, he is running up a heavy score, my son, and may fear the day of reckoning. Do not be angry at my plain speech, I owe it to you as an elder friend. Think better of your plans, my son, and God bless you, Roger. I am going home."

"Stay, I will go with you," cried Cantwell.

"No, no; you have appointments; I will go alone."

"Allow me to go; I do not like to see you starting off by yourself."

"I would rather you did not come, my son. However if my being alone troubles you, there is a pleasant, keen-eyed boy below in Earle's, I will have him walk along with me."

At the door, the old Judge paused and looked around all the room as if he were taking a last farewell.

Roger Cantwell flung himself in a chair in a bitter muse. He had in his rash speculations lost all of Judge Barron's fortune; the funds which had been intended to do a noble work among the needy had gone to line the pockets of a precious set of rascals who, like Montague Tigg, played upon the credulity of society. Yet the man whom he had ruined had excused him, had sought to comfort him, had said, God bless him! How petty, how shameful seemed Roger's own self-seeking course beside the integrity, the Christian humility, the noble

clearness of Judge Barron's record. The old man was wise, and he had said God's blessing would never come to the time-server; and deny it as man may, there is no success without that blessing. Roger reviewed his course; he chafed and fretted and despised himself, yet knew not how to set himself free of the toils wound about him. Truly he had been false to his early principles, false to his expressed convictions, false to his real idea of civil liberty.

And just at this point in his reverie enters Priest Perry. The Priest wanted something done for Holy Church, desired some new sacrifice, or he would not have come to the office. Perry had no time to lose. He came to his point rather quicker than usual, and was somewhat more abrupt and arbitrary, for the lawyer had made so many concessions that the Priest began to consider him his purchased tool, and to use him accordingly.

"Now Judge," said Perry, "we want your influence with the Mayor and City Council, with the Governor and all that. Show us what you'll do when you are Governor yourself. Ha ha!"

"Well," said the secretly flattered Cantwell, "what is the matter now?"

"Matter enough. Those accursed Orangemen are getting ready for their celebration, and *we* won't stand it. Their parade and their insolence are more than Irish flesh and blood can bear; more than our whole Church, Irish or not, can bear; and we won't have it."

"Why, I can't understand that," said Roger. "What is it after all but a strain of music, a few hundred men

marching, a picnic, a dozen of banners and mottoes? nothing more than that.”

“But that is too much. It is the parade of heresy against the Church, the glorifying of an excommunicated villain. It is a flaunt and a mock at *us*, and we will not endure it. That procession must stop or blood will flow some day; it is one of our test questions, and we must be respected. We demand our rights in this country. Our Church is made up of naturalized citizens, Judge, and they are as good as anybody; their feelings must be considered. We won't allow this Orange procession.”

“But, good heavens, Mr. Perry! you can not stop it. The Orangemen are also naturalized citizens with the same rights as other people. As long as we permit processions, theirs must take place with the rest; as long as we remember Bunker Hill and the surrender of Cornwallis, they will remember the siege of Londonderry and the battle of the Boyne; as long as we cherish the memory of Washington and you the day of St. Patrick, these men are privileged to honor William. While you wear the *green* ribbon they can claim the *orange*, and I don't know that there is any way of getting rid of it. If your day, your badge and your procession are tolerated, their day, badge and procession must have equal rights—free streets, free country, equal rights for all.”

“Now, by the Holy Virgin!” shouted Perry with his face aflame, “they can not have that privilege; it is an insult to religion; it is an insult to the Pope! and what are they to us, this handful of paltry Orangemen?”

“You may be to them as ten to one, my dear sir; you

a multitude and they a forlorn hope; but we Americans must see fair play, and the law of the land is to respect the privileges of every one. They can parade so long as they do no one any damage, and are on the same footing as other processions. This is the American idea."

"But they *shall not* march. A curse on the American idea! That procession is an insult to every Catholic among us."

"No more than your procession is an insult to every Protestant among them. There needs be no insult at all unless you make it so between you. Mr. Perry, my part was considered to be, demanding for your Church fair play and equal rights, and *that was all*. Now this notion of yours is encroaching on the rights of others, and you do not carry me with you," remonstrated Cantwell, who had some honor left, and who had reached the limit of his political forbearance.

"They shall not be permitted to parade!" cried the infuriated Priest.

"Then by the same logic you shall not be permitted to parade on St. Patrick's day, *we* shall not be permitted to parade on the Fourth of July, and Good Friday must forever pass-unnoticed."

Father Perry caught up his cocked hat and rushed from the office. He hurried after Bishop Otto, and in about an hour brought that sanctimonious gentleman to overawe Judge Cantwell. But the hour had sufficed to revive Judge Barron's warning, and to set the present question clearly before Roger. His Americanism was up in arms.

"I assure you, my dear friend," said the suave voice of Bishop Otto. "that this question will breed trouble. The wisest and easiest course will be to forbid the Orangemen exhibiting themselves. They are but few, too few to contend with the government."

"They may be few," retorted Roger, "but the men who understand the principles of civil liberty are many. They will not see power put in place of principle, nor might override right. Those who now care nothing for the Orangemen would awake to interest if those people were denied just claims. To forbid that procession would be to fire a magazine; you would see what spirit would wake up from Maine to Texas, from Alaska to Florida. And moreover *why* should this procession, a peaceable, jolly, civil parade, be forbidden?"

"Because," said the Bishop amiably, "the temper of our Church will not suffer it; you rouse the savagery of our members, good fellows, too, when they are let alone, but hard to manage when they get aroused. Now, to tell you the truth, my dear friend, *I* can't manage them. I know their spirit in this matter, and therefore I warn you."

"Then it comes to this," said Cantwell indignantly, "that constitutional rights, governmental protection, and republican principles must cater to your Church *as* a Church. The country must no longer be ruled after the early laws, the original institutions, but must yield to the whims and the passions of strangers to whom she has given refuge, and must bend her laws to suit the interests of the papal throne, a foreign power. I can not lend myself to this, sir."

“You may get yourself into serious trouble,” said Otto menacingly.

“Then let the trouble come. I’ve gone with you as far as I can, Bishop.”

“And politically you will be killed, Judge, I assure you.”

“I’d rather be dead as a mummy three thousand years old than be such a caitiff as to sell my honor and rights as a citizen of this republic,” cried Cantwell, thoroughly in earnest.

Bishop Otto, in a white heat of rage, was on the very verge of breaking all friendship and faith with Roger, upbraiding and threatening him, when it came into his cautious mind that this course, while it would gain no good, might work harm. Moreover his mind went suddenly back to Catherine Illuminata’s white and crimson oratory; he saw the magnificent Abbess, her hand on his arm, reasoning with him of a time when this lawyer could be of infinite service to him and to her. Amid all this, he could even recall Francis’s hurried tap on the oratory door and see his angry face as they came out, and somehow a thought of him always softened the Bishop. He said stiffly to Roger,

“Sir, we differ, and I deeply regret it. I give you advice which has in view the peace and good policy of the State; I wish to make you the instrument of public good; you scorn my intervention. I forgive you. Perhaps while I am thus set at naught, you will not wholly disregard a warning given in all kindness. Your friend, Mr. Earle, has published a book written by Mr. Dunbar;

this book is exciting great rage—which I deplore—among the members of our communion; this book is directed against our Holy Church. Do not try us too severely; human nature has its limits. I would be grieved at a mob, at any injury to Mr. Earle in person or property; but while I can instruct my people spiritually, I can not control their zeal, which while Catholic and laudable, may sometimes take a wrong direction, much to my sorrow. Good day.”

The rebellion of the lawyer might go farther even than had appeared to-day; it was well to be guarded against all emergencies. Otto did not like Catherine; the Abbess and the Bishop were jealous of each other; but with her he must take counsel, so he became even more frequent than usual in visits to the Holy Family. Francis always went with him, but now the servant's singular suspicion and excitement were greatly augmented.

Latterly whenever the prelate and his attendant reached the Convent, they found Father French in Catherine's company. The fact was that since Sanderly's death the imp having settled respectably, went no more to communicate with the excellent Priest, and the only method of hearing of the Lady of Shalott and her little son was through the Abbess.

Catherine, fond of intrigue, loving to circumvent the Bishop, whom she believed to be her secret foe, and desirous of binding Father French to her interest, had contrived means of hearing from Mrs. Ives and her daughter. Indeed, they were almost constantly embroi-

dering for the Superior, being entirely ignorant of her name and station.

Father French's own vacillation and timidity, the power of the Bishop and the influence of Catherine, had combined to keep him in his position and away from Nell, though month after month the longing for her and for their child grew in his heart. Perhaps the sanctity, the self-control and self-sacrifice of Otto had more than anything else kept Mr. French in his church and office.

Now when the Bishop fairly haunted the House of the Holy Family and Father French was invariably there before him, the keen, angry eyes of Francis turned from their watch of the Abbess and fixed upon Lucia. The passing years had brought Lucia to her twentieth birthday, still revolting at Convent authority, still longing to be free, still rebelling against confession, and still more than ever loved, indulged and cherished by the singular Catherine. Lucia warmly returned this love which for years had been the one blessing of her lonely life; she saw Catherine's faults, and seeing, forgave; she admired her with infatuation, and, indeed, Catherine deserved her gratitude and affection, for she protected her with a strong arm, and on the subject of confession boldly lied in Lucia's behalf to Priest and Bishop, so that no one fully knew how the matter stood.

But in these years Lucia's eyes had been opened to Convent violence and fraud. She knew that in some way she was detained by force at Holy Family, and that there was little likelihood that she would ever be set free. She did not love Catherine so well as for her sake to

reject the hope of escape; and moreover she had come upon Catherine's hours of remorse; she had heard muttered words when she believed herself alone; she had learned startling truths from Catherine's lips in dreams. She was searching with all her heart for opportunity for flight; and now Francis began to watch her, and all the more that whenever Otto saw Lucia in the hall or in Catherine's room he was moved to tender kindness at the sight of her plump figure growing delicate, the cheek forgetful of its early roses, and the head robbed of its wealth of ringlets by inexorable Convent shears. He would stop, take her hand, say, "How is my child to-day?" He would even stroke her hair or touch her cheek, remarking, "Our little sister grows pale."

Could Francis the jealous and irascible endure this? No. But in these years Francis had gained a pity and gentleness of feeling toward this poor, imprisoned child.

"See you, Lucia," whispered Francis, "time is short. Do you know that they mean to force the vows and the habit upon you? Then this place is your prison forever. What do you think of that?"

"What can I think of it!" cried Lucia, sick with horror. "But what can I do? Weak, helpless, friendless, watched by enemies—O, if I could but die? What can I do—what can I do?"

"There is a friend," said Francis, "one friend to help you, but one whom you will not trust; in him lies your only hope, and you despise it. Lucia, I am he."

"You, you!" cried Lucia, half shuddering; "would

you help, could you help?" then added in despair, "I'm afraid of you."

"I know you are," said Francis, "but you need not be; I would be true to you and set you free. For the sake of Una, for the sake of Laure Vallerie who is dead, and for whom I saw you shed a tear, I would be most true to you, Lucia Estey. I am your friend, a cool friend enough, for I really care for no one but the Bishop; but for the sake of two young, unhappy girls, I would set you free."

Thus again and again Francis urged, and finally Lucia in her despair consented.

"I will follow your directions; I can be no worse off than I am."

"So now," said Francis encouragingly, "don't fear; you will be better off, you will be at home."

"What home?" sobbed Lucia. "My father is dead, my friends have forgotten me; no one cares for me, no one will receive me."

"Cheer up; they will some of them rejoice at your return. Tell me the names of some of those you knew; I'll tell you if they are where they used to be."

"Miss Alda Burt?" said Lucia.

Francis shook his head.

"My grandmother, Mrs. Estey."

"She's alive and where she always was."

"Miss Jocelyn, Mr. Earle."

"Don't know Miss Jocelyn, but Mr. Earle is in his old place making as much of a nuisance of himself as ever. So is Cantwell, nearly. Let me tell you: you must

pretend to be me, and escape in my clothes. We are nearly of a height; I will during two days bring extra clothes of mine, and we'll hide them in the sacristy chimney, there's an opening in it; then when the whole suit is on hand, I will sit reading in the sacristy, you will lock yourself in the great closet and dress yourself. It is well your hair is cut."

"But mine is brown, yours is black," faltered hesitating Lucia.

"Dye will change that; I will bring a bottle. When you are dressed, I will stuff your clothes into the chimney. You shall wear a standing collar and my largest neckcloth, and crowd your hat down over your eyes; all you will have to do will be to decide on some order to give the coachman, just any street and number; walk boldly out of the house; the portress will open the door without a word; then get into the carriage; when it stops, step out, say, 'Go for the Bishop,' and walk away wherever you choose, as fast as you can."

"But how can I dress up so? how can I keep up the pretence?"

"Then, coward, stay and be made a Nun!" cried Francis angrily.

"I can not; that is worst of all. Francis, I will do as you say, but if—if you do this only to make enemies for me, and to betray me to the Nuns—O, Francis, how will you answer to God for that?"

Lucia lifted to Francis's dark face such a pleading, sorrowful gaze of beautiful, pitiful eyes, that Francis was deeply moved. He cried earnestly,

“If I deceive you, Lucia, may God forever forget me, and I stand in need of his broadest mercies!”

“I will trust you,” said Lucia. “But tell me, it is so long since I have been out of this house that I know nothing. Where can I go, and where get other clothes? I can not go before my friends dressed as I escape, Francis.”

“Dear me, can’t you? Well, to be sure not. I am so accustomed myself—” Francis stopped, gasped and flushed nearly purple. “Ah, I will put under the seat of the carriage a suit proper for you in a bundle; you can take it with you when you leave the coach, but you must decide for yourself where to put it on.”

“I know,” said Lucia; for she had heard Catherine say where Mrs. Ives lived, and she resolved to go to her.

“There is one thing more; give a solemn promise, Lucia, never while I live to tell what part I had in your escape,” said Francis.

Lucia promised; but the succeeding days were agony. She was ready to feel sure that Francis, an agent of the Priests, was only striving to decoy her from the care of Catherine and shut her in another Convent. Still she would venture to go, this was her only chance of escape, and she could not risk a longer stay at the Holy Family. If Francis were untrue, she could only hope that the powerful and crafty Catherine would discover and regain possession of her.

On the night before her projected escape, how tender was Lucia to the Abbess; dreading to leave her, and

feeling that a worse fate might be before her than to be her prisoner !

Francis had fulfilled his bargain. The clothes were in the closet, he sat reading in the sacristy, the carriage was before the door, the portress in the inner vestibule. Lucia stole to her hiding place unseen. There was a pale wash to bring her cheeks to Francis's olive tint ; a dye to blacken her chestnut locks ; gloves, a light cloak, all the ordinary garb of the Bishop's servant. Lucia, locked in her closet, trembled as she arrayed herself. What if she should be delayed, questioned, meet the Bishop or Abbess? Once dressed, a sudden calmness came to her as if she were turned to stone.

"You are my very self! Courage! make haste; say nothing but street and number, and when you leave the carriage give the order, 'Go for the Bishop.' Heaven keep you!" said Francis hurriedly.

"And you too, Francis, if you are true to me in this thing."

"I *am* true to you, God is my witness. There, I want you to be out of the Bishop's way forever. Go quickly."

A swift step in the hall—the door entered four years before is open at last. Once more in the free air of the outer world! The carriage door is opened; the coachman does not question or delay, but while Lucia is in a torture of suspense, drives as directed. She finds the parcel inside the seat. The carriage stops; it is the corner she indicated; a corner Sanderly and his imp have passed entering the city on a dreary night. Alone, unwatched, free! O, joy and wonder, free! Parcel in

hand, she summons the knowledge dormant for these four years, and threads her way towards Mrs. Ives's upper room.

While the afternoon before her escape Lucia had sat at the organ, striving by practising to conceal and soothe her agitation and dread of the morrow's adventure, a tall, brown, bearded man had entered David Earle's sanctum.

"Old friend!" It was a hearty, ringing and familiar voice.

Earle rose from his desk, his eyes fixed on the intruder, and leaning on the back of his chair still looked, as one amazed.

"No word of welcome after so long an absence, David?"

"Fred Estey! Frederic! Why, man, we thought you were dead."

"Not yet. But no wonder you thought so; a prisoner among the Indians, but not even dead in law yet, David. Only three years gone—short to think of, but long, how long in passing! And how are my people, Earle? I dared not go home until I saw some one to question, and your advertisements informed me you were here at work."

Earle grasp'd the returned wanderer's hand. Must he break this poor man's heart in the hour of restoration. He was silent.

"Let me hear of my people!" cried Mr. Estey, a look of apprehension darting into his face.

"Your cousin Alda is very happily married. Your mother, she is old, my boy, and aged all the faster for

thinking you were dead, but you will find her living still in your own home."

"That is well. But the daughter, David—my Lucia, little Lucia, grown a woman in the seven years of my absence, and thinks her father dead this three years. My daughter, how is she?"

"A girl to make a father proud, Estey," said the publisher with exceeding kindness of tone; "a sweet, bright creature whom we all loved as a sample of perfection. She was a most innocent and winning soul, my friend—"

"She was! My Lucia gone? Can you say my child is dead?"

"My poor fellow! We buried her before you were lost; the gentle heart was spared aching over that, Estey. She died at school."

So this, after hoping, despairing, suffering and imprisonment, was Frederic Estey's home-coming.

"There's another thing I must tell you before you go home, my friend," said Mr. Earle reluctantly. "After your cousin Alda went to live with your mother the old lady turned Catholic. It is a sad pity, but she was overpersuaded by Alda and the Priests, and may be hardly realized what she was doing."

"I might better have died among the Indians," groaned Frederic Estey. "My daughter dead, my mother a Romanist!"

Estey was a reticent man; ever doubly reserved in his times of sorrow. He asked few questions after he found that his only child had died suddenly, away from home.

Indeed, he had opportunity to ask few, for his mother was bewildered and hysterical from her surprise, and Aida nearly crazy between excitement and the sudden loss of the expectations she had cherished of inheriting Mr. Estey's estate.

Almost the only thing the bereaved father cared to know was where his Lucia was buried, and there next afternoon he went to her grave to mourn over the destruction of his hopes. Not far from the white column that bore Lucia's name and age, was the monument he had set up in memory of her mother, and near at hand the snowy memorial of Judge Barron's beautiful daughter, and the more recent grave of his sorrow-stricken wife. It was a sad spot to this lonely man; and standing among the tombs of those whom he had most loved, he grieved over his loss and desolation, and lingered until almost evening.

During these hours Francis had opened to Lucia the Convent of the Holy Family; Lucia had reached Mrs. Ives's and there arrayed herself in appropriate apparel. She had dared to do this, because in her conversations with the Abbess she had casually learned that the widow and her daughter had for some reason withdrawn from their Church and lived entirely separated from society.

Making no delay, afraid to be out at night alone, and terrified with a foolish idea of recapture, Lucia resolved to hasten to the dwelling of her grandmother, and staying there but a few moments, go two or three doors farther and throw herself upon the protection of Mr. Earle. Thus the father and the daughter, each believing the

other dead, were making the best of their way to the same place at the same time.

They met upon the threshold—and each stopped with troubled spirit. Who, questioned Estey, was this stranger on the doorway of his home? Such might *she* have been over whose grave he had that hour been weeping. This girl had a something of the womanly sweetness of the wife long dead; a something—by a mystery of nature—of the royal beauty of the beloved of his early manhood; and stranger still, a something of himself, as if his soul in its best mood were looking in a glass capable of mirroring the spiritual. He stood and gazed, and all his heart cried out to her.

And what felt she? Into her mind came full and clear a memory she had often vainly striven to fix—the image of her father. This face was older and more worn, and grave with recent sorrow, but in the eyes was the light that had shone on her childhood; and besides this, in chin and brow and the shaping of the head, she saw herself, cut in a little sterner mold.

Though there was on her part the certain news of his death, and before him the green grave of his daughter, nature vindicated its authority and she cried, “*Father!*” and he, “*My child!*” and Frederic Estey and his Lucia entered their home together.

When Francis having apparently once left the Convent in his own person, soon appeared before the portress, going out again behind the Bishop, he satisfied that “*Sister*” by coolly remarking that he had just come in at a little rear gate.

Despite the precautions taken, Mother Catherine Illuminata no sooner convinced herself that her idolized Lucia had in reality fled the Convent, than she fixed upon Francis as the instrument of her escape. Francis had so managed it as to have the Bishop and his two Priests, French and Perry, off together that evening, and Catherine could do little to trace her fugitive before morning. Strong in all her emotions, now that Catherine was grieved, angry and greatly alarmed, she was indeed a woman to be feared. Amid these contending passions, the Abbess forgot her usual discretion and boldly flamed out against Francis to the Bishop.

“All Convent rule and decorum have been transgressed in bringing that creature here and according liberty to one all unworthy of it. Does Francis consider me a fool? Have I not eyes? can I not see what passes before me? Am I to be deceived? No, truly. I will proclaim the high crimes of that same Francis. Who but Francis made Lucia dissatisfied? Who stole her away? Who has brought us shame and contempt, and perhaps a mob to our Convent? What incalculable harm has been done our church by *Francis!*”

Hate implacable was in the Superior's look and tone. The Bishop drew from her words that she knew about Francis exactly what it had been his study to conceal. He thought Catherine wiser than she knew, and from that hour abhorred her, but at present he dared not take vengeance on her. The danger from Lucia's flight was great; a *scandal* (his especial horror) was imminent. How could it be prevented? He had no time to quarrel

with Catherine, but he said in tones of suppressed passion, "One word against Francis, and *you are a lost woman!*"

At home, Otto's manner was sufficiently strange.

"Francis would you ruin everything? How *could* you do this? Consider what a scandal this will occasion."

"I was mad," cried Francis in a passion of weeping, "mad with jealous fear."

Father French going secretly to sound old Mrs. Estey, found that her son was returned; and that on account of Lucia's strong love for Catherine Illuminata no steps would at present be taken against the Convent.

And now troubles and dangers thickened. Bishop Otto had not yet given up his hope of influencing Cantwell. On a day of smothered excitement when some sort of a moral tempest was brewing, Bishop Otto, on pretense of going to his room to sleep, stole out of the house leaving Francis in the oratory.

Some time after, the coachman, a kindly fellow devoted to his master, came to Francis, saying anxiously, "His reverence went off alone two or three hours ago, and I'm fearin' as sum'at has happened him. Folk are lookin' for a stir round town to-day, though may be there 'll not be any. Howsumdever, there 's been mad looks agin Earle's print shop since that bad book was out, and his lordship goes that a way so often, I'm thinking if times gets rough he may be towzled and put upon that 's all, Mr. Francis."

The countenance of Francis expressed the utmost anxiety. "Go, go," he cried, "bring the carriage and

take me down to Judge Cantwell's office. We must find the Bishop at once; he is always thinking of others and never of himself."

Poor Francis!

It was growing late in the afternoon; the red light of the declining sun burnished spires and chimneys, and fringed the roofs with flame. To the terrified Francis everything wore the hue of blood; the sewers seemed filled with a horrible crimson tide, and the hum and rattle in the busy streets came to his ears as mingled with groans and shrieks. But no; all the city was at peace: men went their several ways without a fear; alarm dwelt only in the bosom of Francis.

Leaping from the carriage, the servant was hurrying up the stair when he met Cantwell coming down.

"Where is Bishop Otto?" cried Francis.

"I do not know; he left here half an hour since with Mr. French."

"But I heard there was some disturbance going on."

"Not at all; why should there be? All is quiet."

Partially comforted, Francis came down the steps with the lawyer, Cantwell eyeing him intently all the while. Mr. Dunbar was leaving the book store, and the gentlemen stopped to shake hands. In an instant, before they could understand the cause, the carriage horses made a plunge, throwing down the driver, who held the reins, and alas! flinging Francis under the wheels, which passed over his chest.

There were few in Allerton Place at that hour, but all who saw the accident sprang to the rescue. Some

secured the horses, others cared for the stunned coachman, but Dunbar and Cantwell lifted the lifeless form of Francis and carried it into Earle's deserted sanctum sending our Aurora Lane boy for a physician.

Roger poured water on Francis's head and face, while Mr. Dunbar with busy anxiety undid his neckcloth and vest to ascertain the extent of the injury. The delicately molded, uncovered throat, the fair, soft skin of the feebly heaving bosom, revealed Otto's carefully cherished secret. Dunbar sprang back with a cry of great surprise,

"Cantwell, it is a woman!"*

Roger reached for an afghan lying tumbled on an adjacent chair and drew it pitifully over this Francis. The wet hair of the unconscious stranger fell in heavy masses about the pallid face; Cantwell, with a sudden thought, divided it in the center and smoothed it back with his fingers, studying the features well.

"The Bishop's ward! Poor soul! I suspected but dared not believe this, long ago. O, pity, pity!"

"Friend," said Dunbar hastily, "this *eclaircissement* must not take place here, in mercy to that unhappy man and this poor girl. Before the doctor comes, let us carry her to Otto's house and leave him to manage the affair as best he can."

"Yes," said Roger slowly, "I think she is dying; let her die there. The carriage is at the door, bring those cushions; I will carry her out. Have one of those boys get a bottle of brandy next door."

As the two gentlemen entered the hall of the Bishop's

* See Appendix.

residence bearing their insensible burden, Otto met them wringing his hands, with a great cry. He motioned toward the library sofa, saw plainly that all was known, and in his anguish forgetting his dread of scandal, closed the door, imploring, "Stay and help me! I can not have these servants know this. You, you understand it now, have mercy on me, Judge Cantwell."

"Friend," said Roger sincerely, "anything and everything which we can do is at your service. Let us see if we can restore consciousness here."

"Is there any hope?" gasped Otto.

Mr. Dunbar shook his head. "Evidently none."

They had laid the limp figure upon a sofa, removed a portion of the clothing and applied restoratives. Bishop Otto knelt sobbing by the couch, holding the white hands in his own. Still striving to restore consciousness, these anxious watchers saw Francis's eyes open, and evidently realizing the present danger, the first glance fell upon the Bishop with such tenderness and compassion as moved even Roger to tears.

"Francis!" cried Otto in an agony.

"Not Francis now," said the dying one slowly; "that is past. Call me by the name you said was dangerous—Laure—once more."

"Laure! my Laure! angel of my life! devoted, self-sacrificing, most loving Laure!" cried Otto wildly, "O, that I might die for you or with you!"

"That can not be," said Laure, stroking his face gently. "Poor Otto, what will you do when I am gone?"

"Laure, beloved, I have ruined your life, beguiled you

from home and friends, shut you out from society, made you most unhappy. Can you forgive me—forgive all this?”

“I have nothing to forgive; *I loved you, Otto.*” Such a wonderful devotion was in those tones that Dunbar, covering his face, turned away.

“Let *me* speak, Otto,” said Laure, laying her hand over the Bishop’s lips. “Let me speak to these two who have learned what we have so long concealed, even from those who dwelt under the roof with us. *Sirs,*” Cantwell and Dunbar drew near, looking compassion; Laure spoke in slow, soft tones, for she was growing very feeble, but every word was well weighed and plain. “Mr. Dunbar, you may not remember me, but I know you well. Laure Vallerie was once your sister’s dearest friend; that may arm you against me, but recollect that I loved her, and felt that in my Church only could she find salvation. By her conversion also I hoped to atone for this life which you despise me for leading. My plan failed, Mr. Dunbar; your sister, as you must have heard before this, died a Protestant. Alas, I fear she is lost!”

Laure paused a moment, then spoke again.

“*Sirs,* you see in me one who has lived a lie, who has never been blessed with a marriage vow; you despise me, you despise and condemn *him*. But hear me a moment for my justification, for I have a last request to make, and I make it of you two. This Bishop is much older than I, but from the hour that he and I first met—it was in church after service, Otto—we have loved each other so truly and so devotedly as to forget all the world

besides. If our Church had been like yours, sir,"—she looked at Mr. Dunbar—"I should have been his wife in name as in heart. Sir, our Church is true and holy, but in some things she seems ordained rather for angels than for human beings; we are in this the victims of our Church, for she is strong and we are weak. The sacrament of marriage was denied us; we could only promise each other to be true and loving, each to each, and let no one else come between us; for the rest, we took care that no one suspected me, that we might save a scandal to the Church. I am dying, I shall be beyond fear, shame or scorn in a few hours, but, sirs, *he* will not. I do not repent this thing; you have been so kind to me, Otto, and have needed me so much; and you know our Church shut us up to it; and, sirs, we have atoned for this fault by extreme devotion to the Holy Virgin who is most pitiful and tender."

"Do not hurry me, Otto," she continued; "you know I wear the brown scapular and can not die before I confess. I hope the Lord and all the angels will forgive me, for I have tried to live well in all but that, and you will find your chief happiness in saying many masses for me, my Otto. But, gentlemen, his peace and honor are now in your hands; there may be hints and surmises, but he can look them down, if you two, who may be supposed to know the truth, will only be silent. Promise me that you will thus be merciful to him. For think, if you had been in his place, cut off from family and friends, never an equal or companion near you, no one with true love for you, none to call you by name, to tend you in illness,

O, if you had found one to love and to love you, you might have done as he has done."

"We promise you," said Dunbar. "It will do us no good to add another care and sorrow to the Bishop's life. We pity you both. He is not in our hands to be destroyed; to God only must you look and give account. Do not fear us."

Otto had sent for a physician of some skill belonging to his own congregation, and Laure Vallerie now being relieved from her chief fear, said to the Bishop that she wished to confess to Father French.

From this the Bishop shrank, saying, "Why not to me, Laure? It is permitted in the *Compendii Theologiæ Moralis*. You remember that. Is it best to call in another Priest, my Laure?"

Laure looked distressed. "I wish it so, my Otto. It is a terrible thing to die; it is best to be well prepared. I could wish—" *

"No more, beloved Laure. I will send for him instantly."

The physician came. Mr. Dunbar and Roger with a silent bow withdrew.

The doctor found no reason to hope; Laure Vallerie had but a few hours to live. Having done what he could to relieve pain and make her last moments easy, he

* Quæ. 3°. An sacerdos possit absolvere complicem in articulo, vel periculo, mortis?

R. Affirm. Si non possit advocari alius sacerdos, qui munus confessarii obiri possit; secus vero si adsit sacerdos alter, etiam non approbatus, qui pœnitentis confessionem excipere queat. Constat ex Bulla citata; *Apostolici numeris. Tractatus de Pœnitentiâ, Appendix I.* Tenetur tamen sacerdos complex talia infamiæ vel scandali pericula præcavere, si possit, aliquo prætextu discendo, etc.—*Ibid.*

departed, leaving her to the ministrations of Father French. Otto stood by the window weeping, while Father French bent over the bed to receive Laure's last confession.

"I trust," said the penitent, in conclusion, "not only in your sworn secrecy as a Priest, but in the natural kindness of your heart."

Father French bowed, pronounced his absolution, and sat down; then he looked toward Otto. "Bishop, the viaticum; the time is short."

"Short!" A heart-rending groan burst from Otto; he hurried to Laure, bent over her, kissed her repeatedly, murmuring words of affection.

"My poor Laure—and the reward of your devotion is an unhappy life, a violent death."

"No, the reward is your love, your happiness, Otto. I have not been unhappy. If I had not been so fiercely jealous of the Abbess, of Lucia, of every one who was near you, I would have been most happy. But that was my nature."

"You had no need to be jealous, most dearly beloved."

"Ah, I see it now. Yours was not a love to grow weary and reject me; it was my folly to think so; in that I wronged you."

Otto turned to French. "Make ready the viaticum, French. I am abased before you; pity, if you can not excuse me."

When the last rites of the Church had been performed and Laure was dead, Priest French left the palace and

went to the sacristy of the Church of the Visitation. Standing there alone, he looked at the paraphernalia of his office.

“This strife is ended,” he said. “Would I put Nell in that poor girl’s place? would I be Bishop Otto? If he could not contend with his fate, can I? No; but say what they will, there is but one course I can take after this day’s lesson. I will go to Nell and marry her.”

So, leaving his robes and his Church, Priest French went forth resolved to seek with honorable intentions the long unhappy and injured mother of his son.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

Judge Barron's Death—The Bishop's Visit—A Revelation—Enmity—Revenge—Catherine at Holy Innocents—Despair—Lucia is Visited by St. Hilaire—Lucia and the Bishop—Visit to Holy Family—Catherine and her former Lover—A Blind Fanatic.

“And death and life she hated equally,
And nothing saw for her despair,
But dreadful time, dreadful eternity,
No comfort anywhere.”

From the hour when he had heard of his loss of fortune, Judge Barron did not return to his office. The news had been a severe shock to a feeble and aged man. The destruction of his plans for the division of his property and his schemes for doing good, had insured the destruction of his little remaining strength. For weeks he grew more and more feeble; confined to his house, he dwelt on memories of the past, and seemed for hours to hold communion in fancy with his wife and child. His last words were to the heart-stricken Roger;

“Do n't fret, my son. It is all right somehow. You meant well to me. Good-bye. Do n't forget my warning. God be good to you, my son.”

The Judge died and was buried.

Roger and David Earle examined the affairs of the estate. Everything was gone; the house and its furnishings must go under the auctioneer's hammer to pay some debts and the last expenses of housekeeping and the

burial. It seemed useless to try and prevent this, as there were no heirs; and Roger could not have helped if he would, for he was much straitened by recent losses. His transactions with and for Judge Barron in speculating were known but to himself.

A week after the funeral Bishop Otto called on Roger. He had not seen him since Laure's death, and looked greatly humbled and much worn.

"What was the amount left by Judge Barron?" he asked.

Roger shook his head, reluctant to unfold matters.

"And how was it devised? What will did he make?"

"He willed his property to public charities."

"But if there were heirs?"

"There were none, his only child died years ago; he had no relatives. The Judge married late in life."

"Suppose it could be shown that a child of his survived him, could not that child claim the inheritance in spite of the will?"

"A legitimate child?" queried Cantwell.

"O, certainly."

"Why, yes; such offspring would undoubtedly inherit. But that is a wild fancy. There was but one marriage, one child, Lucia, a daughter, buried up yonder by her parents."

"It is not a wild fancy, it is a sober fact," cried the Bishop excitedly. "Judge Barron's daughter was converted to the Catholic faith; she dared not meet the anger, nor incur the curse of her parents; she had them informed of her death, because she *was* dead to the world

and its follies. This is the case of which I hinted to you, and for which I retained your services long ago. Miss Barron took the veil; she devoted herself to study and the practice of piety; she spent some years in Rome; she longed for the conversion of her parents, ever cherished their memory, never neglected to pray for them."

"And left their old age untended by filial love, permitted them to mourn, gave them no sign, withheld the comfort she might have given!" cried the astounded Roger.

"She was a *religieuse*, and this was her duty. She suffered in it, but was brave to endure for conscience's sake. She has heard of her father's death; she mourns him tenderly; through me she demands as his only and rightful heir all his estate. A large estate, too," added the Bishop musingly; for on this estate his Church had for years had their eyes, and for the sake of gaining it they had endured the arrogance of the expectant heir.

"And who is this long-concealed daughter? Can she prove her identity?"

"Nothing easier; all is clear as daylight. She is the Abbess of the Convent of the Holy Family, Catherine Illuminata."

"Tell her then from me," said Roger sternly, aghast at this duplicity and hardness of heart, "that of the estate for which she has waited there is not left one dollar. I was unfortunate enough to engage my late partner in some unsuccessful speculations; in these he lost his all. I grieved over it then, now I rejoice; for I do not doubt that he would have preferred losing it to

having it go to such a daughter and to such a Church. Bishop, you retained me once to gain this property in your behalf; it seems that Providence has retained me to lose it."

"The money all gone, sir? Impossible!" cried Otto rising.

"There are papers to show that it is a plain fact. There are outstanding debts which the public sale of the house and furnishings will no more than cover. Lucia Barron has waited long for this money; it will never go to her. It was lost—and well that it was."

"You have become my enemy, and I can not defend myself!" cried Otto.

Roger reddened and held out his hand. "I am not your enemy; let us be friends. There is much in you, Bishop, which I admire; but we would better seldom meet. I will give you proofs of the truth of my statement concerning this property. Loving Mr. and Mrs. Barron as I did, I can not look with any allowance on the cruel conduct of their daughter."

"And *is* all gone?" repeated the Bishop, unable to realize "that in one hour so great riches had come to nought."

"Gone to a penny," said the Judge. "All this long deceit has accomplished nothing. I do not say deceit on your part, Bishop—that I know nothing about; but I do know that this could not have been carried on without her concurrence."

The Bishop departed, nursing wrath, and unhappily comforting himself by a possibility of wreaking vengeance.

The next visitor was David Earle, running up stairs three steps at a time.

“I say, Cantwell, did you know Father French is married?”

“Married! Is it possible?” *

“Possible and certain. It is time for him to make the *amende honorable*, I think. He married Jocelyn's beautiful protégé of course. I suppose the good father was wise enough to ‘retire with a competence;’ at least he had enough to buy a box of a house in the suburbs, and he has taken his wife, child and mother to it. Jocelyn got him a place as German correspondent with one of the forwarding merchants who belong to their Church. So all's well that ends well in that quarter, eh?”

In his amazement, Cantwell tilted back his chair and whistled half a tune; then he got up and shook hands heartily with Earle.

“Married! Well done, upon my soul! I wish they would all get married, David; it would greatly promote good morals in this and other countries. Moreover, I believe in my heart that the greatest dangers from the Romish Church lie in clerical celibacy. Not only the immorality that springs therefrom and the confessional would be destroyed if Priests were free to marry, but this vast system of espionage, of intrigue, of domestic interference, and indeed the shocking mysteries and abuses of the Convent, would be abolished if the Priests might marry. But if—*if*, Earle; *if*—that is an *if* indeed. Father French marries but is no longer a Priest. As

* See Appendix.

long as Rome exists, she will intrench herself in the celibacy of the clergy.”

From the manner in which Bishop Otto had spoken to Judge Cantwell of Catherine Illuminata, one would suppose the Abbess was the idol of his admiration, the sister of his soul. Instead of this she was his particular aversion.

He could never forgive the Superior for much arrogance and insubordination in which she had indulged, because no one dared offend her until she had claimed her father's estate and made it over to the Church; but now the fortune was gone, Mistress Catherine had played off her airs and had no money to bestow in compensation; the prelate was wrathful in proportion to his disappointment. Again, Catherine had been contemptuous of Francis, and was to Otto a legacy of dislike from the dead. He believed from Catherine's angry words that she had long known the secret of Laure Vallerie. Here he was mistaken; it is part of the punishment of criminals always to believe their crimes detected.

Policy had heretofore hindered the Bishop from expressing his feelings; there was nothing now in the way of his avenging his own offended dignity and the memory of his Laure upon that haughtiest of women, the Mother of the Holy Family. The Bishop was in the position of the debtor in the parable; he had done an enormous wrong and people had forborne to chastise him, but he went forth to take by the throat and imprison this woman who had injured him by sharp speech and daring glances!

The Abbess was waiting for him. During the days since she had heard of her father's death filial affection had reasserted itself, and she had experienced agonies of remorse. She had now nerved herself to contest for the possession of her father's fortune, but her heart still ached with the violence of its recent strife—Lucia unconsciously had said so much to soften her feelings, to set her parents and their sorrows clearly before her.

“You have seen Judge Cantwell, my lord Bishop? and what does he say?” demanded Catherine eagerly.

“He says,” cried the Bishop, “that the money is gone, lost—gone, *gone!* Do you understand me? Your father died bankrupt. You have waited all this time to pick us a golden apple, and it has turned to an apple of Sodom—dust, and nothing more! On the inheritance of this property you have plumed yourself as if already in possession; you have vaunted of your power; you have held yourself as a queen; you have ruled this house with a rod of iron!”

“And I have ruled it well,” cried Catherine with spirit; “your lordship knows that. I have worked well for the Church; all who know me will say so. I have been a power to be felt; I have been a fortune to the Church in my own person, and without a penny. Do me justice, Bishop Otto.”

“I *will* do you justice,” cried Otto. “I will do you justice for all your insubordination, for all your contempt of one who is dead. You have been the counsellor and coadjutor of that villain and renegade, French; you have forgotten your vows, and in soul gone back to the

world and its follies, when for the sake of an early and heretical lover you brought that Lucia here and indulged a human affection for her, and doted on her, recalling friends and lover and the life you had forsworn in your Nun's vow. I tell you I *will* do you justice. From this hour you shall rule no more at Holy Family, you shall have no more luxury and adoration, you shall work, and be restricted and restrained; I appoint you Sister in charge of the Orphanage of Holy Innocents. You will go there instantly, and you will labor there in humility and obedience, and in submission to the Superior whom I shall set up here!"

Humility — obedience — submission! Words in her vow, and often impressed by Catherine upon others, but never understood as applying to herself; but now they were used with cruel bitterness, and driven home by the terrible consciousness that she was truly and hopelessly in the Bishop's hands. He could, if he chose, send her out of the country to some horrible foreign Convent; he could incarcerate her in those dungeons where Mary had wasted, and been, O, so patient!

While her heart was bursting with rage, anguish, and dread of the future, pride came to Catherine's rescue. She was one of those who could have been torn in pieces without giving a sign. She would not let this prelate with his frosty eyes and cruel tones see what frightful stabs he was giving her and how she was rent with torment. Never had the high head of Catherine been held more loftily, never had her clear voice expressed such indifference as when she said,

“Very well, my lord, Catherine Illuminata can as well do honor to the Orphanage of Holy Innocents as to the House of the Holy Family.”

But even as she spoke St. Hilaire's hot words rushed to her remembrance, and seemed to brand themselves upon her brain.

Out of that splendid house, where piety dwelt royally as Lucifer in Pandemonium, where was gold and glitter, music and jewels, luxury and pride—if no peace of soul—went Catherine Illuminata. Here she had queened it these years; here she had feasted and flirted and tyrannized, and made amends by a few hours of desperate penitence. Here she had projected cruel wrongs, and ordained that they should be done out of her sight that they might not shock her sensibilities!

And now from ease and state, from receiving homage like a god, from speaking and seeing herself obeyed, from the glamour of sensuous beauty, pampered and feared, this woman was going to the bare brick walls, the low-ceiled, narrow, scorching rooms, the poverty, the barrenness, the pain, the destruction of life, the unbridled cruelty, and the unmitigated misery of Holy Innocents.

Ah, this had not been in her mind when, forsaking her parents and her lover, she had become a Nun! This was not of the pictures Abbess, Priests and Sisters had painted for her girlhood in glowing speech. Ah, no, no. But this one of the chances and changes that befall those who give themselves into the keeping of an unbridled power, who yield soul and body to the Secrets of Convent and Confessional.

The narrow front door of Holy Innocents opened to Catherine Illuminata; she thought with a shudder that most of those who entered there left, carried out in pine coffins, through the still narrower door in the wall behind.

The Bishop dismissed the Nun in charge to Santa Philomena; he bade that terrified, wan-faced Sister who had betrayed her secret to Mrs. Earle conduct the new Mother over the establishment; then he stood in the sacristy, bitterly and cruelly triumphant, waiting until the dainty Catherine returned, to see how she had been tortured and scathed by the sight of the mysteries of this Orphanage.

She came at last. For the first time she had seen it all; how Rome had carried out the project; for the first time, this elegant lady had looked on disease, blindness, starvation, filth and death in all their horrors.

“How do you like it?” asked Otto. “What do you think of the work of your hands?” For the Bishop, like such dignitaries in general, never shouldered the responsibility of that which was not praiseworthy.

“My lord,” said Catherine, folding her arms over her bosom and looking at him composedly, “it matters little how I like it, inasmuch as there is no question of my being and remaining here.”

But when Otto was gone, when there was no eye to mark her agony, when there was none to despise her, or insult her with pity, Catherine gave way to the raging tempest in her soul. The immense sacrifice of her early life, the equally immense sins of which she had been guilty, all the losses, the hopes, the proud anticipations

come to wreck, the ruin of the present, the blackness of the future, the helplessness of one who had been so strong, the retribution heaped upon her, the terrible revelation of cruelties which she had ignored or justified, the revolting of her high soul from her degraded lot, all these strove and fought like demons within her. The despair of this woman was something as magnificent as the insolence of her days of pride. One of those who have no moderation in anything, at this most tremendous moment of her life her stormy nature lashed itself to fury like the sea in a hurricane. She tore her hair, she cursed her name and day, she beat her turbulent bosom, and clenched and bit her white hands. Ah, what a piece of tragedy! It would have immortalized her on the stage, and was infuriate, earnest, every whit.

But she could not always remain alone and give way to her intense excitement; a knock at length sounding on the sacristy door, told that some one would speak with her. Checking with iron resolution the vehemence of her emotion, Catherine looked about for something to occupy her, and remove the traces of the last hour's excitement. A basin stood on a little table, and by it a large glass ewer of what she supposed was water; she hastily emptied it into the basin to bathe her eyes; as she dashed the fluid over her face, she called "Enter," to the person without, and in the same breath gave a wild shriek of agony that rang through all the house.

The Nun who answered her summons cried out in horror, and ran to snatch away the fatal basin exclaiming, "Mother, Mother, you are ruined! Ah, saints and

angels! you are blind. Help, holy Virgin! What is this that has been done?"

"I thought," faltered Catherine, gasping in agony, "that it was pure water."

"Ah, Saint Christopher! it is the children's eye-wash in its strongest state, and when used we dilute it by six or seven parts; this is just made. O, heaven, what will we do!"

She brought warm water, procured milk and emollients of all kinds, and called the most skillful Sisters to her aid, but the curse had come home, and God was avenging the little children!

Weeks had gone by. There was a visitor waiting in the parlor of Mr. Estey's house for Lucia. No name had been given, and the girl ran down with curiosity to see who her guest might be.

Dressed richly, but in black, still as grave, as noble, and as good as ever she had known her, Saint Hilaire stood waiting to greet her.

The warm-hearted girl flew to her arms, crying, "Sister Saint Hilaire!"

"Not that," said the lady gravely; "I am no longer a Nun. Lucia, can you so kindly receive me when you must think me a party to what was really your imprisonment? How can you endure the thought that I came out into the world and never told your friends where you were?"

A troubled look crept into Lucia's face.

"My child, believe me, I knew nothing of the real

facts of the case. There were some things the Abbess knew that I could not endure, and she kept them from me; this was one. I thought you were really a ward placed there by your guardians. Your lot was a hard one."

"Not nearly so hard as it might have been. Every one was kind to me, and Mother Catherine kindest of all."

"I think she really loved you, Lucia."

"Yes, and I loved her. I do love her now."

"That is well," said the visitor smiling. "I have come to ask you to do her a favor."

"And what favor can *I* do the Abbess of the Holy Family?"

"Lucia, you know that in my position I can ask no boon; I would even better keep out of the way of those who know me and had authority over me as a Nun. Catherine Illuminata I have heard of, and she is in sore trouble. She has by an injury become nearly blind, and has been removed from her position as Abbess of the Holy Family. The Bishop has some pique against her. In her affliction she is a more devoted Catholic than ever, but I can imagine her distress, shut out from the Convent she had made so beautiful and loved so well, and kept where all is coarse and rude and jars upon her taste. You, Lucia, have a claim upon the Bishop, and I do not think he would dare refuse you any moderate request. Go to him, plead your love for Catherine, entreat him to restore her to the Holy Family, not to be Abbess, as she is too blind, but to live there and practise

her religion without restraint, unkindness or annoyance; ask leave to visit her now and then as you choose. I know her nature, Lucia; she will now become the most austere of devotees. Will you do this?"

"Indeed, indeed I will—right gladly."

Lucia's father made no objection to her call on the Bishop, provided he himself accompanied her.

"My daughter feels, Bishop Otto, that she can claim some concession at your hands," said Mr. Estey in the course of conversation.

"Your daughter, being a favorite of mine, may prefer what request she chooses, and it shall be granted if within my power. But really, my dear sir, do not blame *me* for her abode at Holy Family; I could not be aware of all the maneuvers of Mother Catherine. Lucia knows what a willful woman she was, and how crafty in getting her way. Every one believed you dead, sir; and, after all, you come back to find your daughter well, beautiful, accomplished and unmarried, as might not have happened if she had had any other home than Holy Family."

Thus the Bishop chose to forget what he had declared to Catherine, that Lucia *must* not leave the Holy Family.

As St. Hilaire had predicted, the Bishop hardly dared refuse Lucia's petition; perchance also, her forgiving spirit moved him to emulation, and his heart may have been softened by Catherine's terrible misfortunes. He promised to restore her to her Convent, have her tenderly treated and permit Lucia to see her.

Again Saint Hilaire was right in prophesying that Catherine Illuminata would be a fanatic. She slept on the floor of her cell; she wore sackcloth; she kept vigils, and fasted and prayed and meditated; she served her Church now as she had formerly served herself, and pursued piety as resolutely as she had pursued power.

It was thus that Lucia found her when she visited her accompanied by her father. The ex-Abbess desired that she would come to her in the chapel, and Frederic Estey being suspicious, was by great favor permitted to stand in the chapel door.

Catherine was worshiping before the altar of the Virgin; she wore coarse robes, and there was no more coquetry in the folding of her head-gear. Over her eyes was bound a green silk shade.

“Dearest Mother,” cried Lucia, clasping her hand, “your misfortunes break my heart.”

“Do not pity me, my darling child; I had my day of pomp and pride; now by piety and self-sacrifice I am making myself meet for heaven.”

“But, my dear Mother, you can not—”

“There, I know what you would say; leave it unuttered, child. I am stronger in my belief in the holy Catholic Church than ever; she is the one true road to glory. I never could convert you, Lucia, you had too much of your father’s spirit in you.”

“And you are content now, dear Mother Catherine?”

“For myself, quite content,” said the Nun with a deep sigh. “I do not forgive the Bishop, but he will not live forever.”

“And they are kind to you, Mother?”

“Yes. If that Sister Nativity with her visions had been set over this house it might have been otherwise, but she has gone abroad, and a Sister from England is Abbess here. All goes well.”

“Mother Catherine, you were very kind to me; I shall always love you.”

This instance of a forgiving spirit did Catherine Illuminata more good than six months of pious practices. She shed a tear!

“My father is waiting for me at the door, Mother; I must go.”

Catherine laid her hand on Lucia's shoulder, and walked with her.

“It is the Abbess, father.”

Catherine could by no means have touched his hand; she folded her arms over her breast and bent her head. “Behold the wreck of the girl you worshiped, Frederic Estey.”

Estey's gaze was fixed on her. Lucia had often described her, and worn though she had lately become, and darkened as were the flashing eyes, he felt that beautiful as she was in girlhood, she must have blossomed into a right glorious prime.

“Worship,” said Estey regretfully, “was all on my part. You withdrew from me voluntarily.”

A half-triumphant smile curled Catherine's lip.

“Friend, you remember what I was, and what my home; from babyhood I had a surfeit of love and adulation, until I ceased to hold them for what they were

worth. I cut myself off from early ties in the reckless haughtiness of my spirit. Perhaps, as years rolled by, I repented; perhaps, when too late, I yearned for home and parents; perhaps I remembered and appreciated the love carelessly flung aside. Why did I bring your daughter here, Frederic, except that in her name I saw your love for me? and why did I love her but for your part in her, and for the reminiscences of my lost youth that lived in her?"

There was something so entirely like the girl of years gone by in these tones, half-yielding, half-daring, that Frederic Estey exclaimed impetuously, "Lucia Barron!"

Again the Abbess smiled in pride and sorrow; then she slowly shook her head.

"Lucia and my youth are dead; the Abbess and my prime are dead. Henceforth I have done with all and everything but the preparation for eternity. Lucia, my daughter, farewell!"

"And I may come again and see you, Mother Catherine?"

"Come when you will until I am gone, until there is nothing left of Catherine but her memory."

Once more the half-triumphant smile; she knew her memory could never die in Frederic Estey's heart.

The father and daughter stood in the arched door of the gorgeous chapel and watched Catherine going up toward the great altar, guiding herself by touching now and then the pews on either side the central aisle. Lucia glanced at the stall where the masked Nun had been wont to kneel, at the place where Una and Mary had

been waiting for burial, at the choir where she had sung, at the altars she had decked with flowers, at the pictures which had thrilled her with their beauty; all her Convent life seemed a dream; nothing was real but Catherine Illuminata, now prostrate before the tabernacle telling her rosary.

Father and daughter went their way, and through the clamor and rattle of the streets hummed in Estey's brain the poet's song which might have been written of Catherine,

And so she throve and prospered, so three years
 She prospered; on the fourth she fell,
 Like Herod, when the shout was in his ears,
 Struck through with pangs of hell.

She howled aloud, "I am on fire within!"
 There comes no murmur of reply,
 "What is it that will take away my sin,
 And save me lest I die?"

So when four years were wholly finished
 She threw her royal robes away.
 "Make me a cottage in the vale," she said,
 "Where I may mourn and pray.

"Yet pull not down my palace towers that are
 So lightly, beautifully built;
 Perchance I may return with others there,
 When I have purged my guilt."

APPENDIX.

THE following facts, collected with care from the most reliable sources, are collateral evidence of the truth of the foregoing story. There is in the tale nothing of importance which does not find its parallel in the Appendix. Real life gave us the narrative; it also supports it with incidents known and read of all men. We have not found a moral to adorn a tale, but we have set the tale as the *avant-courier* of the moral. Rome condemns herself, and we let her speak her own words, act her own acts. To chronicle her is to bring her to judgment. These facts can be duplicated to almost any extent: does any ask of these authors? we have them in hand; does any want the names and the places of those who sinned and suffered as stated? it will not be impossible to produce them.

I.

CONVENT LIFE.

CONVENT AUSTERITY.—I will give you an instance: A tender-hearted young sister violated this rule by giving some money to a poor family on the point of starvation; when her Superior heard of it, she made her fast on bread and water for one week. The vow of chastity forbids her to love one of the opposite sex, or ever think of a husband, save Christ. She can not even extend her hand to a gentleman, or look in his face without breaking her rules, nor must she caress a little child for fear of maternal instincts distracting her. But these ardent, impulsive young creatures, with all the woman's loving nature, can not, do not keep this vow! There is not a sister in the Convent but desires a material husband, and they do have their lovers among the priests and laymen. (I have seen six sisters in love with one priest: he only loved one of them, consequently they were unhappy and jealous.) By the vow of obedience she must give up not only her will, but also her judgment and reason. Her Superior, a woman oftentimes of inferior intellect, ignorant, superstitious, and domineering, can not be addressed except on the knees of the subject. She must kneel at her feet and listen to her commands, as coming from the mouth of God. If the subject receives a command which

her judgment tells her is wrong or absurd, she must violate her reason and do the will of another.—*Edith O'Gorman—Lecture in the Tabernacle, New York, 1868.*

HORRIBLE CRUELTY OF NUNS.—I will give you one example of their treatment of these unfortunate children: I witnessed a sister take a little child, three years of age, for the most trivial cause, beat it with a leather strap until its body was covered with blood, and then throw it into a tub of cold water and keep it there until the poor child was so chilled that a fever ensued, which resulted in its death. I shall never forget that poor, motherless orphan; her cries for mercy; that weak, suffering little voice as she cried, "O, sister, please don't whip me! O! don't put me in the cold water!" until the faint voice became too weak to plead longer with that heartless woman bearing the name of a Sister of Charity, and mother to the motherless little ones under her care; but their cruelty and unkindness to children extend farther than the orphans, as the children of the parochial schools can testify. When a child fails in recitation or conduct, the rattan is called in requisition, and the hands and body often bear to their parents the marks of the sisters' and priests' cruel correction. Another mode of punishment is to keep delinquents confined to the class-room from nine in the morning until six in the evening, without dinner or a moment's recreation. Yet the parents stand in such awe of the priests that they dare not complain, or incur the priests' displeasure, who threaten with excommunication all those who withdraw their children and send them to public schools, as some Catholics do, who prefer their children's advancement to the priest's absolution. Orphans often die from ill treatment, and there is no investigation made by the laws of the country.—*Edith O'Gorman—Lecture in Cooper's Hall, Jersey City, N. J.*

MORE CONVENT HORRORS.—Some of the freaks of the Communists, when trying to hold Paris, were mad enough. The imprisonment and murder of the Archbishop of the city and the despoiling of churches are outrages. Some mysteries of cruelty are, however, unearthed by their indiscriminate warfare against religious houses, which, it is to be hoped, will receive thorough investigation. The correspondent of the *London Times* reports that in the Convent of Picpus were found instruments of torture, and three cages in which three idiot women of advanced years were confined. We will let the correspondent tell the story, premising that he visited the grounds and saw for himself:

"At the extreme end of the garden, however, are the three little conical huts, side by side, resembling white ants' nests, which have

been the prime cause of so much excitement and judicial inquiry. When the convent was occupied by the National Guards, these little huts were tenanted each by an old woman, inclosed in a wooden cage, like a chickens' pen, the three buildings being similar in size and construction, six feet square by seven in height, with a slate roof, through which daylight was visible, while the three old women were all of them hopeless idiots. The Lady Superior has kept her lips resolutely closed up to the present time, but admitted, when first questioned, that the three sufferers had lived in their hideous prison for nine years, in an atmosphere of stifling heat throughout the Summer, and half frozen with cold throughout the Winter; 'but,' she added, 'they were idiots when they came.' The conductor of the inquiry replied that if such were the case, it was illegal to have admitted them to the convent at all, and that even supposing them to have been admitted, the place where they were found was not a fit dwelling-place for a dog. A key was discovered among her papers labeled, 'key of the great vault;' but where this great vault may be has not yet been found out. At one end of the nuns' garden stands an isolated building, in which were found mattresses furnished with straps and buckles, also two iron corsets, an iron skull-cap, and a species of rack turned by a cog-wheel, evidently intended for bending back the body with force. The Superior explained that these were orthopedic instruments—a superficial falsehood. The mattresses and straps struck me as being easily accounted for; I have seen such things used in French midwifery, and in cases of violent delirium; but the rack and its adjuncts are justly objects of grave suspicion, for they imply a use of brutal force which no disease at present known would justify."

ANOTHER CASE OF FORCIBLE DETENTION AND REMOVAL.—A prominent pastor sends the following statement (addressed to himself), as vouched for by his Sunday-school Superintendent and the teacher referred to by the writer, a girl of seventeen :

"As I am a stranger to you, but not to my Sabbath-school teacher, I will take the liberty to ask you to see my *teacher*, and tell her not to go to our house; if she does, she will be taken a *prisoner*, as I am, in the cell of a Catholic church for being a *heretic*. My teacher instructed me in religion, but my father and mother are both Catholics. So, that I may not be a heretic, I will be sent to — Convent to be a nun. I do not want to go, but I am forced to go—but I will never be a Catholic nun. When I get there I will try to get away from the convent. There are — girls to go away on — night; some are sent because they will not be Catholics. My teacher's name is E—. I dare not give the rest of her name, for fear it will fall into the

hands of the priest. My name is — —. My teacher was my best friend when I was sick. She visited me every day—she did more for me than my father or my mother could do—if it had not been for her I would have died. I am sorry that I could not see her myself, and tell her to keep away. Do not forget to give this letter to her. She will tell you some things that you would be shocked to hear; your wife can see her, and she can tell her what they do in the convent, for she knows.”—*Christian World*.

CONVENT MURDERS.—At length, one night, a stranger, traveling from Damascus to Beyroot, asked for a lodging in the convent; but the gates were already shut, the hour was late, and he was forced to content himself by lying down in the outer court till the morning.

After a few hours' sleep, he was startled by a sudden noise of opening doors and bolts withdrawn. There came forth from the house three women with spades, followed by two men bearing a heavy white bundle, which they carried into an adjoining place of weeds and stones; a hole was dug, the burden was deposited in it, and, after treading down the earth with their feet, the party returned to the house. The work of the nuns, the sight of the heavy bundle, and the general mystery of this midnight transaction, kept the traveler awake, and he set out for Beyroot at the first glimpse of day.

It happened that he was acquainted with a merchant in Beyroot, who, some months before, had placed two of his daughters in the convent, with a portion of £400 sterling. On naturally asking some questions about the journey, the sleep in the court-yard was mentioned; and in the course of the conversation the mysterious burial—rather reluctantly on the traveler's part—transpired. The merchant was alarmed; he knew that one of his daughters had been taken ill, and he could not but remark that many of the nuns had died. He immediately mounted his horse and rode to the convent, where he demanded to see his daughter. The request was refused. He repeated it still more urgently. His suspicions were aroused by the sternness and insolence of the refusal. Leaving the convent in an agony of despair, he rushed to the dwelling of the emir, and detailed his complaint to the kobic (secretary), who ordered a body of horse to follow him, and if necessary to force open the convent. The grave was uncovered, the body was taken up—it was the merchant's daughter! He then inquired for his remaining daughter; she was found confined in the convent, but almost *dead*, and her narrative revealed scenes of the most frightful iniquity. It was proved that many of the nuns were murdered to get possessions, and others in consequence of objects still more atrocious, if possible.

In the expressions of Colonel Churchill, the development "has not had the slightest effect on the conventual system, which is supported in this country as much as ever. The doors of the nunneries are impenetrably closed on their occupants, but whether God or the devil reigns within, must always be a matter of conjecture."

This utter scorn of the lessons of experience is one of the predicted characteristics of false religion. Rome *never* reforms. The heaviest calamities, the most startling exposures, the most palpable detection of follies, artifices, and crimes, never produce the slightest change. The Papacy at this moment is as besotted with fable and prone to imposture as if the world remained in the sullen credulity of the dark ages.—*Bulwark; or, Reformation Journal, Edinburgh, 1856.*

A RECENT OUTRAGE.—A correspondent from Rome, of the *Jewish Gazette of Pesth*, writes: "Nine years since a beautiful girl of eighteen, named L. Avignon, disappeared from her home. Her parents found part of her clothes on the bank of the Tiber. They believed her dead. This year (1871), when many convents were opened by the Italian authorities, a nun appeared before a commissioner, begging to be returned to her family, of whom she had not heard for nine years. She gave her name and former abode, and told the magistrate that a priest called Hubert, yet living, had ruined her, by force and fraud, and then shut her in a convent, under rigorous restraint, as one baptized and converted. The civil authorities sought for the parents, and found the mother yet living. The unhappy mother could scarcely recognize her once beautiful child, now worn and feeble from convent restraint, physical and mental suffering, in her long imprisonment."

REPORTS OF DEATH IN CONVENTS.—I have heard several times of nuns who were thought by their friends to be dead when they were living shut up in their convent. There are many there, in the secrecy and deception of convents, who live through long, dark days after their families have been informed that they are dead.—*Chiniquy.*

DEATH IN CONVENTS—EARLY DEATHS COMMON.—From Sadlier's *Catholic Directory, Almanac, and Ordo*, we learn that more than half the obituaries are for persons under 32 years of age. 66 years represents the greatest longevity. We have sister Mary, aged 26; sister Seraphina, 28; sister Mary, 32; sister L., 20; sister Mary Evangelist, 17; sister Aurelia, 23; sister S., 20; sister Mary B., 34; sister T., 30; sister Mary S., 25; sister Mary K., 23; sister Mary Paul, 24; sister M. Liguori, 26; sister Philomena, 36. Other deaths at between 32 and 48 are given, one of 66, one of 59. All these are obituaries for one year. Convents do not conduce to longevity.

CONVENT PRISONS IN ENGLAND.—It remains a disgrace to our British Legislature, that when on the convent question our representatives were asked to put Roman Catholic institutions upon the basis of all other British institutions, such, for instance, as prisons and lunatic establishments, that the British Parliament, aided by non-conformist members, said, virtually, the Papists shall have *their* prisons and lunatic establishments free and unfettered. We will not interfere, we will consent to a committee as to the grounds on which the Papists hold their property, but we can not risk party strife by inspecting their establishments! How stands the case? Girls flee at their peril from the convents in which they are immured; they are found, pale and haggard, hiding behind hedges, and making desperate ventures in leaping walls; but a priest or a bishop soon arrives, having started off by road or rail to catch the runaway. Now then, if you please, Mr. John Bull, you must give her up—"It's all right," the sleek-faced priest says, "quite right, she's only MAD." Yes! they will take her back, please, quietly and comfortably; they are used to such cases, and know how to treat them; they will be a little more watchful in future, and take care that you are not disturbed in the night with such piercing cries again. It's quite right, gentlemen; the high walls of convents, bolts and bars, are, as you know, to keep gentlemen out, and not to keep girls in.

True, the escaped one was an English girl, but she's only "off her head" a little—she's only a little mad! But it's a free country; that is the grand panacea for all the difficulties; and of course Rome, with its vast domestic establishments, must be left to its own way. When, in the Summer time, we go to visit some of the Continental sojourning places—"Do you call this a free country," we ask, "where your Government inspects the convents?" Ah! we *are free*, we are in *England*, we are Protestants, as you know. We "rise as one man" when there is any difficulty, but we let the Papists have their own way—that *is* free, is n't it? And they like our free air and enjoy our free institutions so much that their convents have increased from tens to hundreds in the space of a very few years. As to the PRISON aspect of convents, we might ask, Is it likely that girls are kept there against their will? If such a thing were likely, of course we might inspect convents; but is it at all conceivable that girls who have been *gently inclined* into convents from schools, or who have entered them first in their early years, when the beautiful mystic sense is awakening, is it likely that they ever become conscious of their folly, or that they ever yearn for *home* and the sweet enjoyments of *human love* again? For my part, I hold that it is a satire upon freedom to leave hundreds of convent-prisons in Britain uninspected by the civil power.

I have no hesitation in prophesying that the convents will, in a few years, number thousands instead of hundreds. The Papists will send their awkward foreign cases to be dealt with over here. The convents are looked after ABROAD. In Catholic countries there is ever the danger of monasteries and convents being suppressed, but in Britain they are patronized and encouraged. Why, it is often asked—indeed, I have been asked hundreds of times—why make so much of this convent question? I answer—IT IS A TEST QUESTION! It is Rome's opportunity for knowing the measure of her power, and our opportunity for letting her know our intentions. We passed the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, it is true, but we were afraid to put it in force; the consequence being that we have a lot of *titled* ecclesiastics spread all over Britain, who derive their titles from a foreign power. So with convents. We have positively been told by the English press that the POPE will see that there is nothing amiss in the convents. The POPE? Then we have indeed an "*imperium in imperio*" with a vengeance.—*Rev. W. M. Statham, in the London "Christian World."*

SECLUSION OF ROMAN CATHOLIC CONVENTS.—A few days since a motion was made, and carried by a small majority in the British Parliament, to appoint a committee to "inquire into Conventual and Monastic Institutions." An editorial in the *London Watchman* of April 6, 1871, referring to the agitation growing out of this action, properly argues: "The convents are prisons. They are built, as every one may see, almost strongly enough to stand a siege. High walls, massive doors, formidable fastenings, grates and bars of portentous solidity—are these things the favored instruments of liberty? Or are they the habitual weapons of tyranny and oppression? The convents *are* prisons; at least 'the show of their countenance doth witness against them.' Women enter them under compulsion, remain in them under severe and terrible restraint, and disappear from them entirely, leaving no trace behind. It is well known that convents in this country are in communication with convents abroad, and that refractory nuns, or young women who have not yet taken the conventual vows, and about whom unpleasant inquiries are made by friends or lovers, are removed to the Continent; out of reach, sometimes for ever out of reach, of all whom they love. As if to give special point to Mr. Newdegate's arguments, only a few days before he raised this question in the House, an unsuccessful attempt was made to remove a young woman to some convent-prison in France. Happily, the pursuit of her friends and her own vigorous resistance baffled the attempt: but no one who heard her cries for help resounding through the hotel where her spiritual guardians detained her for the night, could well

believe that this 'bride of heaven' *voluntarily* 'sought the refuge of the cloister.' These unlicensed prisons are being multiplied in England at a rate which even the *Times* considers 'startling.' In 1830 there were no monasteries in England, and only eleven convents. There are now sixty-nine monasteries and two hundred and thirty-three nunneries. The increase has been very rapid of late—seventy-one convents and fourteen monasteries having been added within the last seven years. They ought to be regularly inspected and reported upon. Every person who enters them ought to be clearly and satisfactorily accounted for; and every inmate who may desire it should have the opportunity to regain his or her liberty regularly afforded. Till this is done Rome is above law in England. We have not dealt with the question on Protestant grounds; not that we are ashamed of Protestantism, or unwilling to bear its reproach. We firmly hold that the Romish system is nothing less than a gigantic conspiracy against the liberties of mankind, spiritual and temporal. But as Englishmen, and having regard only to the great principles of liberty and justice, we desire to record our solemn protest against the prerogative claimed by the Church of Rome to detain men and women at her pleasure, to enjoy powers and immunities which are not conceded to any other corporation, or to any individual, in the realm."

INSPECTION OF CONVENTS.—There are now between two and three hundred convents, male and female, in Great Britain. What do we propose to do with them? We do not ask our Government to do what the Government of Italy did in 1866, and what the Provisional Government of Spain has done within these few weeks—that is, suppress these establishments, confiscate their property, and expel their inmates. This the Governments we have named have done, avowing publicly as the reasons of their act, that these places were the abodes of indolence, and the nurseries of vagabondism and crime. All we ask is—and surely it is a modest and reasonable demand—that convents should be open to inspection by the authorities. The door of every citizen's dwelling is open to the law; the door of every factory and workshop is open, that the law may enter and see to it that no oppression or cruelty is done to any one within. But when the law comes to the door of the convent it finds it shut—bolted; and let the oppression, cruelty, and crime which may be enacted within be what they may, law can not enter either to prevent or to punish them. Every cathedral, meeting-house, and Jewish synagogue in the kingdom is open, and the law can enter any hour and satisfy itself that all is right. The door of the Popish convent alone is closed. Are Englishmen aware of this? Or are they willing that an anomaly so

unfair, so alien to the whole spirit of the British constitution, and which is creating a new slavery on British soil, should be continued? We have been spending our blood and treasure to put down slavery in distant lands. We pride ourselves on the sacrifices we have made for this great object, and certainly for such an object no sacrifice could be too great. We boast of our love of liberty, and that the instant a slave touches our soil he is a free man; and yet, without lifting a finger, or uttering a protest, we have permitted Parliament to set a hedge, through which law can not penetrate, around these two hundred institutions of the worst of all kinds of slavery.—*Christian Times, London.*

CONVENTS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—A bill has been reported to the Pennsylvania Legislature which provides for the visitation of nunneries or religious houses, of whatever name, where females are kept in seclusion, twice a year, by three examiners, appointed by the judges of the district where situated. The examiners shall have power to demand the presence of each and all the females in the establishment visited, and to them, one at a time, "unaccompanied by any one," propound the simple question, "Are you contented and satisfied to remain here?" and if the answer is in the negative, at once set her at large. The bill also provides for preserving so distinct an account of the money, etc., of every inmate, which has been absorbed by the institution, that, on the discharge of any one, it may and shall be restored with interest.

FORCIBLE DETENTION IN A CONVENT—A CASE IN LEGHORN.—The Evangelicals of Leghorn have just been excited by an attempted act of abduction in the light of day, and under the laws of constitutional Italy. Vanucci, a Capuchin curate, has been intriguing for some time with a school-mistress for the forcible seizure of one of her pupils, Teresa Michelozzi, fifteen years old, and the child of Evangelical parents, both of them having become members of the Waldensian Church. It appears that the girl, who is of a timid disposition, had been several times taken to the priest's house, where she was made to confess to him, and to listen, on the one hand, to fearful threats of hell if she should embrace the faith of her parents, and, on the other, to promises of great kindness and maintenance as a lady, if she would run away from home, and put herself under his care. Both threats and blandishments seem to have been thrown away on the simple girl, who stayed at home and frequented the school as before; whereupon she disappeared, and for several days was hid in the houses of the teacher, a bigoted aunt, and of the teacher's friends, all of whom, in turn, denied having seen the girl. The parents continued,

day after day, the most persevering inquiries, tried in vain to move to action the retrograde authorities, and had it not been that public interest became aroused, and caused the Capuchin to send back the girl of his own accord, the villainous scheme might have succeeded. The monk has tried to exculpate himself by writing a letter to our Evangelical newspaper, which has only brought out further confirmations of all the girl herself has deposed, as to the force, fraud, and lying which were employed to coax, frighten, and remove her.—*Florence Correspondence of the "Evangelical Christendom."* 1864.

II.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

A PRIEST'S OPINION OF THE CONFESSIONAL.—Before I go any further, I must confess before God and men, with a blush on my face and regret in my heart, that I have been like you, and with you, plunged twenty-three years in that bottomless sea of iniquity, through which the poor blind priests of Rome have to swim, day and night.

I had to learn by heart, like you, the infamous questions which the Church of Rome forces every priest to learn. I had to put those impure, immoral questions to the old and young females who were confessing their sins to me. Those questions—you know it—are of such a nature, that no prostitute would dare to put them to another! Those questions, and the answers they elicit, are so debasing, that no man in London—you know it—except a priest of Rome, is sufficiently lost to every sense of shame as to put them to any woman.

I was bound in conscience, as you are bound to-day, to put into the ears, the mind, the imagination, the heart, and the soul of females, questions of such a nature, the immediate and direct tendency of which—you know it—is to fill the mind, the memory, and the hearts of both priests and females with thoughts, phantoms, and temptations of such a degrading nature, that I do not know any words adequate to express them. Pagan antiquity has never seen any institution so polluting to both soul and body as the confessional. I know nothing more corrupting than the law which forces a female to tell all her thoughts, desires, and most secret feelings and actions to an unmarried priest. The confessional is a school of perdition. You may deny that before the Protestants, but you can not deny it before me.

My dear Mr. Bruyere, if you call me a degraded man, a degraded priest, because I have lived twenty-three years in the atmosphere of the confessional, you are right. I was a degraded man, just as you are

yourself, in spite of your denials. If you call me a degraded priest, because my heart, my soul, my mind, as your own is to-day, were plunged into those deep waters of iniquity which flow from the confessional, I confess "guilty!" I was degraded and polluted by the confessional, just as you and all the priests of Rome are.—*Chiniquy's Letter to Mr. Bruyère, Montreal, 1871.*

INFLUENCE OF THE CONFESSIONAL.—Immorality in the Roman Church commenced with her confessors. The confessional is, to the young unmarried priest, a suggester of impurities; there he contracts the stain; outward from the confessional it travels, until it is scattered over every hearth, met in every cross-way.

Auricular confession is said to be a religious institution, but practically it is made, in astute hands, a political instrument. Master of the secrets, the conscience, the soul of his penitent, the priest is a more effective tool of despotism than armed legions.

Confession to man is always bad. If it exist in a country not Popish, it introduces Popery; if it exist in a Popish country, it introduces slavery and misery.

But the Popish Church has her particular code of morality, what is called "Moral Theology," and that, in brief, is the word of man, substituted for the Law of God. I can not now quote all the immoralities allowed by this code, but, as an instance, it allows lies—swearing under mental reservation—perjury—to deceive our brethren for a good end. It allows all manner of deceit under this pretext; for example, to appear a Protestant among Protestants, though really a Roman Catholic—for purposes of conversion this is permitted, sometimes it is obligatory. One great maxim of this Moral Theology is, that a man may do evil if he hope good shall result from it; and another (the great Jesuitical secret) is, that the end sanctifies the means. Therefore, if for the spread of the Gospel it were judged necessary to kill the honorable President, Senate, and Representatives of the United States, these horrible crimes find their full justification in this most Moral Theology.

In the hands of astute priests, especially of Jesuits, auricular confession is no more than the machinery of an universal espionage all over the Christian world. It will be said, "No! because they can not use it." Ah, my friends! you do not know Jesuitical practice. If one member of a family go to a Jesuit confessor, all the secrets of that family are discovered—and used. The confessor does not restrain himself to the secrets of the penitent; if that be a young lady, or a servant suppose, she is questioned about the actions of her father and mother, and masters; who came into the house, what kind

of society was kept, what subjects were spoken of, if the food used on Fridays and Saturdays were such as the Church prescribes; what books be read; if there be any daily worship in the house; which Church they frequent; if they go to confess, to the Easter Sacrament, and so forth. Hundreds and hundreds of such questions are put, not appertaining to the penitent. Why? To know the secrets of the family—to get this great power—and to *use* it.

I can not, according to my promise, clearly speak here of the effect on the confessor himself, because that effect is to make him most immoral—that is the natural effect; if he remains moral, this is an exception. A young man becomes a priest; at twenty-five he may be a parish priest; in a country place, there is probably no other confessor, and, in a few months he becomes absolute master of his parishioners. He is no Samson, and even if he were, Samson was tempted by Delilah. What becomes of him? Does confession make him immoral? “O no!” answer Catholics, “because we have from the Bible, ‘to the pure all things are pure.’” Are they pure? Take firstly the practice of the confessional as it is seen in the Churches, and tell me if there be public light of purity? to say nothing about confessors, when they go to confess young ladies, not always on their dying beds, but always with the greatest mystery; to say nothing about confessors who confess women in their own clerical rooms, where there are no spies or visitors; to say nothing about confessors who have in their churches some secret little cabinet for privileged female penitents. I have gone to a mass-house, and could not enter it, for outside, kneeling, lolling, or lounging about the doors, was a legion of Irishmen, devoted guards of this temple during the service, which they prefer to assist from outside; so that there was no entering for any one.

Lastly, the confessor is a holy man! Well, I do not deny that; but he is always a man. To evade the charge of exaggeration on this point, take, for example, the last period of France. In less than ten years we find more than twenty-four trials of priests, all confessors, many of them parish priests, guilty of immorality, seduction, poisoning, murder, assassination; and, on their trials, they clearly stated that the beginning of the passion was in the confessional. I speak of twenty-four trials, all for immoralities, seduction of girls and young wives, of all which the seed was sown in the confessional. Therefore it is immoral in its effects; ruinous, first to the priest himself, then to the families.

Who is the master in a Catholic family? The confessor! Sons and daughters obey their confessor before their father and mother; and often displease their parents in order to please their confessors,

husbands are only secondarily obeyed by their wives; first in command over them is always the father confessor. Believe my words; they speak the experience of more than twenty-five years among Popish clergy. The great work of Jesuits is always with women in the confessional. Here they dispose of society.

The last warfare of auricular confession against the peace of families is at the dying bed. My dear Protestant brethren, take care for your America and yourselves. From that death-bed all friends, all relatives are purposely excluded, the priest alone remains. What weapons he has in his hands! fear of hell, remorse of conscience, the flame of purgatory, all are used to induce the dying penitent to make the Church partially or totally his heir.—*Gavazzi on "The Confessional."*

CONFESSION AT THE DYING BED.—In Charlotte's Town, P. E. I., in 1855, a Mr. M'Court having been very ill, was absolved, confessed, and received extreme unction. This done, the priest discovered that there was no *holy candle* to place in the hand of the expiring man. He ordered Mrs. M'Court to go for one; while she was gone her husband died, and the priest charged her sixteen pounds, Island money, to make up for the absence of the *holy candle*. He had absolved and anointed M'Court, but needed sixteen pounds to get him into heaven, as he had held no holy candle. Mrs. M'Court being left a widow with some property, the priest was very faithful to her. She became ill, and her daughter was sent for from Boston. Before the daughter arrived the mother was dead, the money all gone, so that there was not a penny to bury her. The priest would make no explanations or returns of the property.

AN old tailor in Nova Scotia had been a very zealous and liberal Romanist. He had two daughters; one married, received her portion and left him, the other married a Protestant and remained with her father, being promised the farm for her inheritance. When this man was dying, the priest, to keep the land from the Protestant son-in-law, forced the old man to sell it the Church for ninety pounds, deducting thirty-six pounds for masses for his soul. The farm was valued at one hundred and forty-five pounds; the daughter received fifty-four, out of which were to be paid the old man's funeral expenses.

THE CONFESSIONAL AND THE FEMININE PENITENT.—She is induced to take the step—when, with a doubting mind and fainting heart, she places her faltering hand on the bell, and is asked which priest she desires to see. The first meeting takes place, and but little alarm is excited.

“The first dream is beamy and bright,
The next dream is mellow in light,
The third dream is dim to the sight—
And it stretcheth away into gloomy night.”

Encouragement is given, and a second interview follows. With a firmer step and bolder hand the bell is again rung—and the second interview has taken place. More questions than at first, but still in such general terms as not to awaken the still slumbering conscience of the visitor. The well-trained visiting lady calls; relief is doled out; a flattering description is given of the amiability, and goodness, and holiness of the priest, and the third visit follows; and now the more probing and searching questions which, when put and answered, make the poor creature the serf, the slave, and the tool of the priest. When in an unsuspecting moment the secret has been elicited, never told before mortal ear, and known only to God, in whose presence it was committed—when she has thus irrevocably and beyond redemption placed herself in his hands, the situation and character of both are changed, and he becomes at once the arbiter of her daily existence and future destiny. Some slight penance, not too heavy to bear, not too severe to terrify, is imposed. She is again required to call, but in the mean time to think over day by day, and to write in its fullest details every particular and circumstance of the one sin of which he has convicted her—a sin of which, it may be, she had borne many bitter remembrances, and which, in the eye of the only Being who had power to punish or to forgive, had been wiped away by the tear of repentance. The whole has to be conjured up again; a new existence and a new reality has to be given to an almost forgotten sin, and which, for the sake of all, had better been forgotten; and while writing down, (if the penitent had capacity,) with here and there the bitter tear falling on the narrative, she is again visited, and again hies her to the priest. He will assure her that although he writes down the whole, no mortal eye save his own will see that sad recital. Her conscience relents from the task, and she repents her promise; but on the one hand a rent day, and on the other the children's wail for bread, nerve her, and the sin and the circumstance which she had almost resolved to bury is again all present; and, moved by insinuations at one moment, by threats at another, of this dispenser of offertory bounty, the task is finished, and the last visit is paid, and the crime is recorded; and the priest, laying his hands on her head, grants her his absolution, which is to cleanse her from the consequences of her sin—his absolution, which is to give her temporary relief—his absolution, which is to qualify her for admission to the sacrament, and to become a pure, and spotless, and regenerated

being. And does it end here? No. From that time she is his slave; she is taught to pay the most abject submission to his will, and the threat of exposure, and the fear of his displeasure, will at any time overthrow any effort of the struggling conscience to free itself.—*Address of Mr. Beal, in London, in 1858.*

INFLUENCE OF ROMISH WOMEN.—If any one doubts that women have rights, and power also, let him read the latest reports from Bavaria, where a most serious discussion has broken out. The men are nearly all adherents of Dr. Dollinger, while the women are infallibilists. At Landshut, the apothecary had collected a hundred and thirty signatures to an address to Dr. Dollinger. Owing to female opposition a hundred and four were eventually withdrawn, and the twenty-six left were stated to be those of bachelors. Now read the book called "The Confessional," and you will find out how the women can manage the men, serve the priests, and support the Pope.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE CONFESSIONAL A SINK OF INIQUITY.—Apropos to this subject, we have the following *fact*, detailed by Wm. Hogan, who states that he has the names of all the parties in his possession, and that the priest in fault was for some time settled at Worcester, Mass. The case is very similar to the story of *Nell Ives*, which latter can be vouched for by credible witnesses:

Soon after my arrival in Philadelphia, and just about the time that Papists disapproved of my endeavors to circulate the Bible among the poor, a Roman Catholic priest, of the name of O. S., called on me, and showed me letters of recommendation which he had from Bishop T., of —, Ireland, and countersigned by the Roman Catholic Bishop of New York, to Bishop England, of South Carolina. After a due course of *instruction* upon the arduous and *delicate* duties of a *confessor*, he appointed him parish priest of —, in one of the States over which he, as he modestly termed it, had *spiritual jurisdiction*.

There lived in the parish to which this now Reverend confessor was appointed, a gentleman of respectability and wealth. Bishop England supplied this new missionary with strong letters of introduction to this gentleman, advising him to place his children under his charge, and assuring him that they should be brought up in the *fear of God* and love of *religion*. The family was large—there were several daughters, some partly grown, and others quite young. Those alone who know the joyous and happy life of a planter's family, in good circumstances, can form any adequate idea of the bliss and happiness that reigned among these children. I happened to leave the

Church soon after the departure of my *quondam* friend, and was located in business in —, through which he passed to his place of destination. His *conscience* would not permit him to call upon me. I had just renounced the Pope of Rome as the BEAST spoken of in the Scriptures. I was a *heretic*, and no good Popish Christian was permitted even to pay me my just debts. He passed on, and what, think you, Americans, were the fruits of his mission? He prevailed upon the eldest daughter of the respectable gentleman to whom he was introduced, to go to *confession* to him, and the next I heard of him was, that he had been seen passing at full speed, in a light sulky, through the village where I kept my office; and what, think you, was the cause of this speed? What drove him in such haste from his parochial residence? Do you not know, reader? Can you not anticipate? Has not the insight which I have given you into the immorality of the Popish priests, already suggested to you that this individual was a fugitive from some crime, and that its avenger was in pursuit of him? It was so, reader. This Reverend Popish wretch seduced the eldest daughter of his benefactor, and the father, becoming aware of the fact, armed himself with a case of pistols, and determined to shoot the seducer. But there was in the house a good Catholic servant, who advised the seducer to fly. He did so, in the manner I have stated, with the insulted father in full pursuit of him. But the fugitive was in time to take steam, and thus eluded his pursuer. He soon arrived in Charleston; the Right Reverend Bishop understood his case; advised him to go to *confession*; *absolved him from his sin*, and, having washed him white and immaculate as a snow-drop, sent him on to New York to preach *morality* to the Gothamites, who enjoy the superlative beatitude of being under the *spiritual jurisdiction* of Bishop Hughes.

But this is only the beginning of the tale, and distasteful as it must be to you, Right Reverend guardians of the morality of the Popish Church, you must hear me out.

As soon as your erring brother disgraced and debauched the daughter of an American citizen, and obtained remission for so doing from his *ghostly father* in the *confessional*, his victim, after a little time, having given birth to a fine boy, goes to confession herself, and sends her child of sin to the Sisters of Charity, residing in —, to be taken care of as "*nullius filius*." As soon as this child was able to walk, a Roman Catholic *lady*, who knew the whole transaction, adopted the child as *her own*, and states now, as she has done all along, to her acquaintances, that it was a poor, unknown orphan, whom she found in the streets, without father or mother to claim it. But the very gist of the story is to come yet. The real mother of the

child soon after removed to the city of —, told the whole transaction, in *confession*, to the Roman Catholic Bishop of —, who, knowing that she had a handsome property, introduced her to a highly respectable Protestant gentleman, who soon after married her. Nor is this all the kind Bishop has done. He soon after introduced to this gentleman the *Sister of Charity* who had provided for the illicit offspring of this priest, concealing its parentage, and representing it as having no father nor mother living. The gentleman was pleased with the boy, and the *holy Bishop* finally prevailed upon him and his wife to adopt the child as their own. Here is a pretty specimen of Jesuitism! The boy is the child of a priest, the wife is the mother of the child, and the husband is the dupe of the Bishop, adopting as his own child that of a priest by his *own* wife.

III.

ROMANISM AND EDUCATION.

ROMISH THEORY OF EDUCATION.—Education itself is the business of the spiritual society alone, and not of secular society. The instruction of children and youth is included in the Sacrament of Orders, and the State usurps the functions of the spiritual society when it turns educator. . . . The organization of the schools, their entire internal arrangement and management, the choice and regulation of studies, and the selection, appointment, and dismissal of teachers belong exclusively to the spiritual authority.—*The Tablet*, (R. C.)

ROMANISM AND THE SCHOOLS.—No more alarming fact appears in the condition of our city—not even the gross corruption of its rulers, and the total decay of public morality—than that its free-school system has received a fatal blow. Its children are ceasing to attend school. Each year the usual increase in attendance has been three or four thousand, but since 1869 it has scarcely been as many hundred. Population advances, but the number of pupils in the public schools remains nearly unchanged.

To destroy our free schools, and, perhaps, our free institutions, has been for many years the constant aim of the extreme section of the Romish Church. The Romish Church has become identified with the Society of Loyola; the Jesuits rule at Rome; the daring and aggressive spirit of that singular body has found a suitable instrument in the Irish Catholics; the Irish Catholics govern New York. Such

is the unhappy condition of our free city that the priestly influence which has been cast off with abhorrence in all foreign lands—except, perhaps, in distracted France—has thrown its blight upon the very sources of our advancing intelligence and prosperity.—*Eugene Lawrence, September 30, 1871.*

COMMON SCHOOLS ATTACKED.—They pursued their assault with persistent audacity. Their first pretext was that, by law, some passages from Holy the Scriptures were directed to be read each morning in the public school. The more liberal Catholics never objected to so profitable a regulation; but the Jesuitical faction exclaimed against it as a fearful insult. They required that the Bible should be wholly disused in popular education; that the principle of Papal Rome should be adopted by American educators. They even boldly violated the express law, and in several Catholic schools the Bible has never been read for twenty years. Next they complained of history—not certainly without some cause, for history must be scarcely less unpalatable to the Jesuit than the Bible; and so successful were they in their appeal that the grievance was redressed, and the study of history, it is stated by a teacher, has sunk to nothing in the New York schools. Text-books have been rewritten; truth often modified or suppressed; yet still our foreign rulers were never content.—*Harper's Weekly, 1871.—Article on Common Schools.*

THE ATTACK SUCCESSFUL.—And now came the final blow. The priests had determined to take the control of the common schools from the people and place it in the hands of a body of men wholly under their influence. If this were done, they modestly suggested, there would be an end of all controversy. In the Board of Education there were still several honest men elected by the people, who were conscientious and resolute, who gave trouble, who must be put out of the way. This could be accomplished only by abolishing the board altogether. The Winter of 1871 came—the most memorable for painful and disgraceful incidents in the history of the city of New York. It was the culmination of the triumph of our priestly rulers. A band of men, united at least in interest, ruled the city, and even the State, with a despotic power seldom equaled, who owed their offices to the priests. A new charter was created, making that power almost perpetual. The wealth of the city was wasted in enormous salaries to judges, officials, and countless dependents, the faithful servants of the Romish Church: and every Catholic institution, from the Protectory to the Foundling Asylum, rejoiced in its share of the plunder of the impoverished city.

In this turmoil of extravagance and corruption the Board of

Education was swept away, and its powers lodged in a new board of twelve men appointed by the Mayor. It is stated that nearly all its members hold office under the city government; that the people have lost all control over the public schools; that no one can be appointed a teacher who is without influence with the ruling faction; that the Bible is being rapidly excluded from all the Catholic schools; that an effort is apparent in several wards to drive away the Protestant teachers; that in one school the children were found celebrating the Catholic feast of the Ascension; that since 1869 there has been a steady decline in the numbers of the pupils, in the discipline and value of the schools. So faithful to its Romish masters is the new Board, that it has excluded from its list of school books most of the publications of an eminent publishing-house, because their periodicals have spared neither the Pope nor his New York vassals; nor can it be doubted that the total ruin of our common-school system must be the final result of the continuance of our present rulers in power.—*Harper's Weekly, September, 1871.*

PUBLIC SCHOOL ABUSES.—In the Sixth Ward the Catholics make up three-fourths of the population, and these are controlled by the priests. Here Mr. Mullany, who has been principal of Ward School No. 23 for twenty-five years, says that the Bible has not been read for twenty years at least; and yet he reports his delinquency every month. There was a disturbance about the matter in 1861, and the salaries of all the teachers in the schools of the wards where the reading was not maintained, were suspended for six months; but the dereliction was finally acquiesced in. Mr. Mullany said that his school and that in Elm-street would be closed in a month if the Bible were read in them. "Father Curran of the church across the way has no parochial school, but if he had n't perfect confidence in us he would open one, and reduce our attendance by three-fourths in a single week." Sometimes a rumor would be started that Curran was to begin a school, and all the teachers of the public school were at once in terror for fear they would lose their places.

James Campbell, who has a grog-shop at No. 82 Center-street, is one of the school trustees in the Sixth Ward. He said to a reporter, "Whin I went into my place here, an' that's a-goin' on eight year, the Bible was n't a-bein' read; an' shure, I did n't ax any questions about it. I guiss it's all right it is, and they've fixed it up wid the Board uv Eddycashun, so as there won't be nothing said about it. Anyhow I could n't, 'pon me honor, tell ye any-thing about it, sur." The power of Catholicism is so great in this ward, that a vote of censure was nearly passed in 1868 by the male principals against Thomas

Hunter, principal of Grammar School No. 35, for ridiculing the style of teaching in vogue in Catholic schools.

In the Twenty-first Ward, Sara J. J. McCaffrey, principal of Primary School No. 16, uses a Catholic Bible, and is in high glee because, after long badgering the Board of Education, she and her backers in the ward obtained the book from the Department of Instruction, it being duly labeled by them and they paying twenty-five dollars and twenty cents for it.

In the Fourth Ward schools there has been no Bible reading for eleven years. Here again the pay of teachers was stopped on account of the omission. There was much excitement, and the teachers brought suit for their salaries. The suit finally went by default. In one case, a trustee carried off a Bible from School No. 1, under his arm, to decide the matter. An evidence of the real animus and intention of the Romanists is found in the fact that a reporter, visiting this school, *found the pupils engaged in celebrating the Catholic festival of Ascension Thursday by singing and other exercises.* The teachers in this ward are nearly all Catholics.

In the Fourteenth Ward there is no Bible reading. In School No. 21 this has been the case for fifteen years. The teachers are nearly all Catholics, but they are very jealous of the parochial schools. All the trustees are also Catholics.

The five schools of the Nineteenth Ward are ruled by Catholic and Democratic trustees, with one exception. The priests are trying hard to build up parochial schools here, and keep their children away from the public schools on religious holidays, and also keep them at home for months together to prepare for yearly confirmation or "first communion." Nothing but the great superiority of the public schools enables them to withstand the competition of the parochial schools. Some parents even pay the price of tuition in the latter while they send their children to the former.

In the Twenty-first Ward two schools still use the Protestant Bible. The recitation of the Lord's Prayer ceased in 1870. John Stephenson, the car-builder, fought for this custom, and, though a warm friend of the schools, and a trustee for many years, has not since been returned to office. Nearly all the trustees are Catholics. The priests of St. Gabriel's Church fight the public schools very hard. They induce the children who attend their schools to call all who go to the others "little Protestants," and one of their preachers proclaimed in the pulpit that parents who wished their children to "learn to steal or swear, or do all kinds of evil, should send them to the public schools." One priest came near being expelled for speaking favorably of the free schools.

In the Sixteenth Ward an illiterate Irish Catholic, named M'Niernay, proclaims himself the champion of Romanism, and strives in every possible way to drive out Protestant teachers and observances. He has kept up a sort of guerrilla fight against one principal—has used his influence so to break down the standing of the school that the principal would be forced to resign. The means he has used has been the forcing of incompetent teachers and a worthless janitor upon the school.

The Fifth Ward was formerly strongly Protestant, but the Catholics are getting the upper hand. A specimen of what American Democrats may expect from their Irish political associates is shown by the following reply of the "Hon." Mike Murphy to the friends of a stanch American Tammany Democrat, who had been a trustee, and wished the nomination again: "Yis, gintlemin, this is all very good, beshure, but the time is passed whin American Dimicrats are again to be elicited to offices in the Fifth Ward; an' bedad, ye may make yer minds that it won't come again very soon. We do n't want any American Dimicrats; bedad an' we do n't. We kin git along widout 'em."

Father Quin, of the First Ward, who is a candidate for the Bishopric of New York, delivers furious tirades against free schools, and frightens hundreds of children into his own by this means. The trustees of this ward are prophecies of the good time coming. They are Peter Disch, emigrant boarding-house keeper; Patrick Baldwin, liquor dealer; Wm. Kenny, ostensibly undertaker, is a gentleman at large, with political influence; John O'Connor, junk store and politics, and Dennis Keenan, liquor dealer.

The wards mentioned are some of those that are most thoroughly under Irish Catholic influence; but many others are rapidly running in the same direction.—*New York Daily Tribune of Sept. 11, 1871.*

CATHOLICS AND THE SCHOOL FUNDS.—\$400,000 have been given the past year to Roman Catholic institutions in New York, mainly for school purposes. Now, what is taught in these Church schools which is not taught as well, if not better, in the common schools? Is it arithmetic, geography, grammar, history, writing, or music? No. The one thing taught in these schools, and the thing for which they are set up, is the religious doctrine of a particular Church. Now I do not object to the Roman Catholic Church teaching her doctrines as widely as she can by all fair means. But shall you and I be taxed to pay for that teaching? This is the question. By an act of the last Legislature the city treasury is to be taxed over \$200,000 a year for such schools. Here we have the worst feature of an establishment—

taxing one man to pay for another man's religion—without any of its redeeming characteristics. And this tendency has grown so rapidly of late that it has become really alarming. It threatens to subvert the whole spirit and history of the nation on the question of religious liberty. *The Tablet* says: "We are here, and intend to remain here; and to remain here a permanent part of the population, and as Catholics." Very well, by all means let them remain; but do they intend to be Catholics in distinction from being Americans? As citizens, which do they propose to put first, the Catholic or the American? By all means let them stay here, and "as Catholics;" but shall you and I pay for their being Catholics, and pay for teaching their children to be Catholics, instead of being Americans?—*Dr. J. P. Thompson.*

CHARACTER OF ROMISH EDUCATION.—It has been objected that writers on Romanism make the Romanists too weak intellectually; that they are represented as crafty rather than mentally vigorous; they are rather sophists than clear thinkers or profound reasoners. This view is claimed to be unjust. We will let those who understand the matter speak.

"What becomes of the sons of Romanists when they come out of a Jesuit college? Most of them are *blinded forever*, as if a criminal hand had deprived them of their intellectual organs. He who writes these lines has seen hundreds of young men brought up by the Jesuits, *not one* out of a hundred of whom ever regains the freedom of his reason."

JESUIT EDUCATORS.—But the German emigrants to our own country will find renewed that struggle which has ended so prosperously in Europe. Baffled and overthrown in Italy and Spain, the Papal faction is still powerful in America. It rules New York and alarms Philadelphia. It has allied itself to a powerful political party; its agents are active in every election; it aims its chief blows against popular education; as in the earlier contests of Germany, the Jesuit college is opposed to the common school; and it is still in doubt whether that wide system of instruction which has flourished so signally from ocean to ocean may not sink amidst the strife of factions, or live wounded and decaying. In New York the process of destruction has already begun. The malarious influence of Rome has touched the sources of our civilization. The ruin of the common-school system has become the secret or open aim of every adherent of the Papacy. The question is openly presented to the people, whether they will have schools, at least in large part, founded upon the policy of Loyola, or a national education that teaches freedom, union, and advance.

Singularly enough, while all Europe has, with a rare unanimity, resolved to exclude the Papal faction from all influence over public instruction, in New York the priests and the Jesuits rule in all questions of education. For several years their influence has been almost despotic. Their private schools, established to destroy the public, teaching bigotry and perpetuating folly, have been maintained by a tax on the city; their countless institutions—protectories, asylums, cathedrals, monasteries—have been endowed with some of the most costly lands on our busy streets. The bankrupt treasury has been plundered to found sectarian charities, whose objects were already better fulfilled or provided for by the public almshouse; and while the poor laborer was deprived by the city official of his honest earnings, there was always money in abundance for the priest.—*Harper's Weekly*, Nov. 11, 1871.

EFFECTS OF CATHOLIC TRAINING ON THE INTELLECT.—Look at the Catholics of the United States in comparison with the Protestants. In the whole of America there is not a single man, born and bred a Catholic, distinguished for any thing but his devotion to the Catholic Church. I mean to say, there is not a man in America, born and bred a Catholic, who has any distinction in science, literature, politics, benevolence, or philanthropy. I do not know one. I never heard of a great philosopher, naturalist, orator, or poet among them.

The Jesuits have been in existence three hundred years; they have had their pick of the choicest intellect of all Europe—they never take a common man when they know it—they subject every pupil to a severe ordeal, intellectual and physical, as well as moral, in order to ascertain whether he has the requisite stuff in him to make a strong Jesuit of. They have a scheme of education masterly in its way. But there has not been a single great original man produced in the Company of the Jesuits from 1545 to 1854. They absorb talent enough, but they strangle it.—*Theodore Parker*.

JESUITISM AND INTELLECT.—The Jesuits have at all times endeavored to monopolize the education of youth. The stratagems they have resorted to for this purpose would of themselves form a very curious chapter in their history. It has been supposed that, whatever might be the errors of the Jesuits, their zeal for learning and education forms a redeeming trait in their character. The truth is, that this forms the very masterpiece of their policy; that their schools and colleges are neither more nor less than so many nurseries of Jesuitism; that not a single really useful branch of learning is taught in them, or taught in such a way as to advance the great ends of education; and that, next to the art with which they have managed to keep

their pupils in the dark on every subject that could qualify them for usefulness in this world or happiness in the next, is that with which they have succeeded in gulling people into the belief that they were all the while the enlightened benefactors of the human race.—*Dr. M' Crie.*

IGNORANCE A VIRTUE.—The Church does not blink the fact that “enlightenment,” “culture,” so-called, is against her in the struggle; but she takes her ground in full view of the camp of her opponents. Looking through history, she says the “enlightened” have always been an inconsiderable minority, they have always been disturbers of the established order, and disbelievers in the established faith. The majority always rests upon and yields to a well-asserted authority; the majority is unintelligent, does not reason, does not like reasoners, wants to be quiet, and to be assured of its own belief, and certain of its own salvation. Power, then, will rest with the spiritual authority that has the best-disciplined forces, that asserts its claims the most positively, and that tries no compromises with freedom of thought. The leaders of the Papal party distinctly mean “obscurantism;” they mean to make all the bishops more dependent than heretofore on Rome, to have all the Catholic institutions of learning wholly under control, to exclude all liberal professors, and to reduce the whole ecclesiastical body, so far as obedience and submissiveness are concerned, to the likeness of the order of the Jesuits. *Non homines sed cadavera* was Loyola’s description of what he required the members of his order to become. Now, all this seems to me a shrewd and able policy, and if it is carried out as vigorously and as unrelentingly as it has been entered on, it will not only render the Roman Church a much more compact and united body than it has been, but far more powerful also, and far more dangerous and difficult to deal with in a free State. It makes the question of the relation of the Church to our own institutions more important than it has hitherto been, and makes a demand that will hardly be answered, on the foresight of our public men.—*Nation.*

POPISH EDUCATION IN CALIFORNIA.—One of her special aims, now fully apparent, on this western side of the continent, is to monopolize the education of the daughters, both Catholic and Protestant, knowing full well, if she be able to get the future wives and mothers under her control, she can speedily and easily control the community. To an alarming extent nunnery schools are patronized by professing Protestants. Indeed, were it not for this support, these now flourishing schools would soon languish. Here, as elsewhere, no girl, who has been from two to four years in one of these schools, comes out

untainted by the many subtle essences of Popish superstition, and many a one the priests boast, has become a confirmed Roman Catholic. Just before leaving New York on a Pacific mission tour, I met a young lady lately from the Pacific side. Making some inquiries of her concerning the Churches in a certain place where she had lived, her reply was, "I know but little about any, save one; I am a Catholic." It was known to me that her friends were nominally Protestant, but I learned from her that she had been three years in a California nunnery.

In Austin, Nevada, I visited lately a family, where the mother was a professed Presbyterian, and the father a man of the world. Attempting a conversation on the subject of religion with a grown daughter, the immediate response came, "I am a Catholic." "How?" "Was two years in a nunnery." Still later, I was at the death and burial of a lovely little girl, daughter of a prominent man in Nevada, and where the physician and myself were the only helps and mourners, save father and mother. The little daughter had been brought a long journey home from a nunnery school in California, in order to have a joyous holiday season. On the way home she contracted that fell disease, small-pox. When made conscious that death was near, "Mother," she said, "I want to say my prayers." "Say them, daughter." When uttered, they were thoroughly Popish. Prayers ended, the child continued, "Mother, I want to *cross myself*; is it wrong?" What could a heart-stricken mother, a professed Protestant, under such conditions, answer her dying child?—"Popery on the Pacific," by Rev. A. M. Stewart.

GOOD ADVICE.—Bishop Bedell, of Ohio, warns Protestant parents against sending their daughters to Catholic schools. In two cases that have recently come under his notice, "the first lesson taught to these Protestant children, by their Christian teachers in the convent, was *concealment*. They were taught to deceive their parents both as to the religious instructions they received, and the religious habits imposed on them.

IGNORANCE OF THE BIBLE.—Thou, our most holy Lord; thou, the Vicar of Christ, the Bishop of Bishops, the Supreme Judge of the Faith, and Arbiter of all Controversies; thou, the Head of the Church, the Light of the Nations, let us humbly ask thee canst thou show us even a single copy of the original Hebrew Old Testament printed in thine own city, Rome, "the Mother and Mistress of all Churches?" No, not one. One edition of the New Testament, in Greek, printed there the other day—about four hundred years after the invention of printing—from the celebrated Vatican MS., we have now gratefully

hailed, after long and anxious delay. But we apprehend that the flock committed to the pastoral care has still to wait for an edition from the Roman press, in their own tongue, of the Old or New Testament.—*Address of the Gallican Bishops to the Pope.*

ROMANISM IN SCHOOLS.—In Wisconsin is a common school where they have only nuns for teachers. In a town in Illinois the School Board have taken away the Bible, and compelled the teachers to use the Romish Catechism.—*Pres. Monthly, 1869.*

IV.

ROMANISM AND POLITICS.

ROME'S SECRET PLOTTINGS.—We take the following most significant paragraph from the Roman correspondence of the *Westminster Gazette*, and ask our readers to ponder it well:

"We hear a good deal about the Pope's efforts in the cause of the Temporal Power, and we hear anecdotes of his genial disposition, but the grand work of his reign is going on too much in our midst to receive at the moment all the attention it deserves. But when history comes to write the record of his reign it will find that no Pope of modern times has effected so large a propaganda, that few, in so short a space, have effected so signal a reparation in the breaches of the ecclesiastical bulwarks. It must be remarked, too, that all this has not been done by chance, nor have certain fruits been shaken by a passing wind ready ripened into his garner; what has been done, has been the result of calculation and exertion. Without noise or parade his humble emissaries go forth into the great highways of the earth, and bring him the surveys he requires, and obscure priests from remote localities, men of whose existence the world takes no note, are mighty powers in his hand. Indefatigable in his audiences, morning by morning, he studies the capacities and exigencies of each province of the earth, and masters schemes which afterward receive their public development. We may picture him to ourselves, not without truth, sitting in his chamber, globe in hand, and marking on it the direction of new fields of labor, and saying to an insignificant emissary who passes on his way without noise—'Go and take possession!'"

THE AIMS OF POKERY.—What are the *expectations* of Romanism? They are set forth in the words of Archbishop Purcell at the Roman Catholic council held in Baltimore in 1866: "If Italy loosens her

chains to follow strange idols, America must come forward to the front and assume a first place among the faithful." They are avowed by a Romish priest, who, in commenting on the losses of the Church in Italy and Spain, says: "We can afford to let the rags of Italy go into the hands of Garibaldi when we are taking possession of the United States." "And the man is blind indeed who does not see that this mighty nation will belong to the Church of Rome before long." An Italian paper says, "The Roman court expects to be able to control the American republic." At one of the sessions of the German Catholic Central Union, held in New York in 1868, and representing all parts of the country, one of the speakers, boasting of what had already been gained in the way of special appropriation from the New York Legislature, said: "This is the little finger, and we must persevere till we get the whole hand." An able writer in the *Catholic World*, October, 1867, says: "The question put to us a few years since, with a smile of mixed incredulity and pity, 'Do you believe that this country will ever become Catholic?' is now changed to, *How soon* do you think it will come to pass?" "Soon, very soon," he replies, "if statistics be true." And you have heard the statement concerning that map of America, seen at Rome by an American some three years ago, giving a better idea of our country west of the Mississippi than any he ever saw at home, upon which the line of the Pacific Railroad was traced, with every spot dotted where a settlement would naturally gather, and a conjecture recorded as to its probable importance. What does this reveal, but the confident belief that the Roman Catholics, according to the public prediction of Father Hecker, are to be numerically greater than the Protestants in this country before many years have passed, and the government of the country is, of consequence, and inevitably, to pass into their hands?—*Christian World*.

THE PAPAL CHURCH AND OUR PUBLIC HOLIDAYS.—The *Freeman's Journal* remarks on the political holidays of this country as interfering with the due observance of those of the Church calendar: "In these States, the political party that has upset the institutions for which George Washington contended, now 'build his sepulcher' and count his birthday a national feast. It is used in our cities as a day of general dissipation and excess. But coming within twenty-six days of the Feast of St. Joseph, its occurrence, perhaps, will render it inconvenient for Catholics, of whom St. Joseph is the universal patron, to celebrate, in our cities, his festival by a mass later than at about sunrise. The 'same disagreeable interference of the world with the Church comes in here, that occurs when the Puritan feast of Thanksgiving, coming within a fortnight of the grand festival of the

Immaculate Conception of our Most Blessed Lady, gives us the Puritan day, to suit a hundred thousand, and forbids the Catholic day that would please six or seven hundred thousand in the city of New York."

ROMISH AVARICE.—The same career of priestly rapacity has begun in our own city, and has advanced with more than European vigor. No savage king or servile despot of the Middle Ages was ever more bountiful to his Romish allies than our Democratic rulers. In Europe the wealth of the ruling sect was the slow growth of centuries. In New York two decades have sufficed to enrich the Romish Church from the public treasury. While taxation has risen to an intolerable severity, while the city debt has been steadily increasing, until suddenly it is discovered that we are in a condition of almost hopeless insolvency, while enormous frauds have consumed the earnings of the poor, and diminished the profits of the industrious, the lavish endowments of a foreign priesthood have never ceased, and millions have been squandered to maintain Catholic institutions, to preserve the integrity of the Romish faith.

How numerous these sectarian charities have become, how many Romish asylums, protectories, and private almshouses line the streets of our city, not many know; but every one is familiar with the large sums required for their support. An orphan house occupies a block of the most costly land of the city. The property on which it stands was granted on a perpetual lease, for a nominal rent, in 1846 or 1847; it is maintained, in part, by a large yearly appropriation. Its annual cost to the city can not be less than one hundred thousand dollars, including the interest upon the value of the land; yet it is safe to say that all its inmates might be maintained in the public institutions, or lodged, at a moderate cost, in some country home. A cathedral of unusual size has sprung up next to the orphan asylum. It occupies a block of ground of enormous value. Grave suspicions rest upon the manner in which this land was obtained, and it would be well for its owners to satisfy the public mind by exhibiting their title. Fortunately for the city, one of the leases of the orphan asylum contains a clause of revocation, and was, no doubt, intended to enable the people to recall the grant whenever they should think proper to do so. Of the "Protectors," whose large endowment and excessive yearly cost every citizen is conscious of, it can only be said that all its beneficiaries might be cheaply provided for in the city institutions. The foundling asylum received half a million in land and money from the unstinted liberality of our present rulers. Its death rate is extraordinary; the public charities are prepared to supply its place, perhaps with more encouraging results.

We have noticed these institutions as the chief examples of their class; they are surrounded by a throng of similar charities, controlled by the Romish priesthood. For the honest laborers in the cause of humanity we have a lasting sympathy. We should rejoice to see the Romish Church pour forth its wealth in saving its poor from want, and softening the ills of its suffering people. But when it extracts such extravagant sums from an overburdened community, controls the city by a political party, and endows itself from the liberality of an unscrupulous faction, its charity is converted into selfish avarice, and it enters once more upon that course of ambitious greed which has forced every European nation to recall its gifts to the priesthood. Charity, we must remember, was the pretext under which Rome engrossed the fairest lands of Germany, and spoiled Italy and Spain.

If the Romish priesthood had possessed discretion, they would have carefully avoided any recurrence, in the New World, to that dishonest policy which has enraged against them the people of the Old. They would have come among us as one of many sects. They would have claimed no superiority except in humility and good deeds.

Concerning Romanism in the United States, a writer in a foreign review says, in effect: "The press in the United States is more bigoted and more hostile to freedom than the European. It teaches rebellion, persecution, and the final fall of the republic." The Romish Church has become once more an active political party. Its adherents vote on that side which promises them the largest share of power. It aims to rule in our wealthy cities. It has already become a source of discord and moral decay. It has suffered its officials to plunder the public without stint so long as it is allowed to share in the spoil. It has no word of reproof for its dishonest adherents. It must prepare in future to be treated as a political faction rather than a Christian sect; to be studied with keen accuracy by the patriot; reviewed by the swift insight of letters; pointed at by a Hyacinthe or a Coquerel as a ceaseless cause of human woe; must deserve the rebukes of modern civilization, and sink beneath the scorn of the community it has rifled and betrayed.

As a political faction it can scarcely hope for any lasting success. It may hold New York in its grasp a few years longer. It may disturb the peace of quiet towns with riots and disorder. It may place in office men shameless and corrupt. But the same unpopularity that has followed the priestly rulers of Europe must attend them here, and any party that trusts for its victories to the support of a foreign Church will dwindle to a small minority. In Europe the firmest opponents of the Romish rule are Catholics, who prefer the interests of their country to the advancement of the Church. The people of Italy,

while still professing the faith of Rome, maintain their free schools, their liberal institutions, and have destroyed the temporal power in defiance of the anathemas of an infallible Pope. It is a promising trait in our own politics that many intelligent and honest Catholics have denounced that dangerous policy upon which their Church has entered, would accept no bribes from dishonest rulers, and inculcate obedience to the laws.

Still, however, there must be a vigorous struggle, and it will demand all the watchful zeal of the patriotic to expel from our midst the corrupting influence of Romish politics. Only a year ago the nation was in signal danger. Possessed of New York, controlling its revenues, guiding the policy of the whole Democratic party, the Papal faction seemed secure of its aim; its leaders aspired to the Presidency; its lavish corruption controlled the Legislature of New York; the Democracy of the West had been purchased with bribes; and, radiating from the metropolis, as if from a center of moral and mental decay, the Romish influence was spreading from city to city. Few dared then to denounce the priests, who, like so many of their predecessors, connived at immorality for their own ends, ruled over the public schools, and extorted great sums from the officials they had placed in power; few would see the cause of the total decay of public virtue, or the shameless vices of our rulers. It seemed as if New York had already sunk into the moral degradation of a Romish city. The spirit of independence was gone; the Romish press suggested that a republic was never lasting. A sudden shock aroused us; it was discovered that fraud, perjury, forgery, were common practices with our city officials; a general cry for honesty and reform has arisen among us; and if the vast sums of which we have been plundered, and the unequalled crimes that have been committed by our public officials, prove sufficient to teach vigilance, economy, and a pure republicanism in the future, they will not have been suffered or lost in vain. We have been snatched from more fatal ills.

Yet our danger still hovers around us; the priestly faction is still unbroken, and still remorseless and revengeful; the Jesuit stands behind the guilty men, his benefactors, teaching them defiance; the Romish party seeks to retain them in office; the Romish press suggests the fall of the republic.—*Harper's Weekly*, Nov. 18, 1871.

CONTROL OF CITY GOVERNMENT.—While Vienna, Madrid, or Rome have, with signal courage, defied the spiritual and temporal power of their former tyrants, the Irish Catholics, the last adherents of the infallible Pope, have made haste to lay New York at his feet. Of all the great capitals ours is the only one that is priest-ridden. The Jes-

uits and the Irish appoint our Mayor and Controller, our judges and Police Commissioners, the Board of Aldermen, the Board of Education, and the results of this Catholic rule have become apparent in such enormous peculation, such a wide system of daring robbery, such a rapid growth of crime, such rulers and such officials, as have scarcely been known in the worst-governed capitals of Europe.—*Eugene Lawrence, New York, Sept. 1871.*

THE CHURCH AND STATE.—Although we are far from expecting a result grand, glorious, and wonderful, realizing in the highest degree the promise made to the human race if faithful to the object of their creation, still we do not hesitate to assert that it is within the power of the ballot, wielded by Catholic hands, and directed by Catholic conscience, to accomplish as much and more. It is no more than the Church has a right to expect from her subjects; it is no more than they owe her and themselves.

The two great questions of marriage and education present themselves in a discussion of the relations which the Catholic sustains toward civil society, as elements of prime and indispensable importance. Marriage is the sacrament of nature, as well as of grace, and the Church insists upon her rightful control, because she depends upon this sacrament not only for perpetuity on earth, but for her eternal representation. She regulates the conditions of marriage, and witnesses the contract in whose fulfillment she has such a vital interest, and she becomes the arbiter between the contracting parties in the subsequent stages of their career. She claims its offspring at their birth, and immediately impresses upon them the seal of her proprietorship in baptism; she accompanies them throughout their lives, and dismisses them with unction and benediction; she follows them into the unseen world, and does not relax her grasp till they attain their fruition, and become, in turn, protectors and benefactors of the mother who has given them both natural and supernatural birth.

The Catholic view, or Christian idea of marriage, implies by necessity the Catholic view of all the relations and obligations growing out of it: the education of the young, the custody of foundlings and orphans, and all measures of correction and reformation applicable to youthful offenders and disturbers of the peace of society.

The same view would consign to her care the permanent infants of society, the idiotic, those defective in important organs or senses, the insane, the criminal, the sick poor, and the helpless and wretched of every class.

The function of education is most closely connected with the authority claimed and exercised over marriage. The custodian of the

tree has certainly the right to the fruit of the tree, and to protect it from wayfarers and robbers.

A godless system of education, or, what is the same thing, an uncatholic system, is the more refined and elegant but not less certain method of modern times of offering our children to Moloch, and causing our sons to pass through the fire.

The hostile and opposing forces recognize distinctly the value and importance to us of the two fundamental institutions, marriage and education. Their efforts are particularly directed at the present time, and in this country, to corrupt and undermine the one and usurp complete control over the other.—*Catholic World*, June, 1870.

THE CHURCH UNCHANGEABLE.—The Catholic, like the Church, is one and the same in all ages and all times. As she came forth from the hands of her Architect finished, complete, and perfect in every particular, of solid structure and exquisite adornment, in like manner the individual member, if he be faithful to her tradition, practice, and direction, is, with the allowance of human infirmity, perfect and complete in one age as well as another, without regard to local circumstances of civil government, education, exterior refinement, occupation, complexion, or race.

The assertion of the absolute perfection of the Catholic religion, with reference to time as well as eternity, is made with precisely the same significance with which we assert the perfection of God. It is made simply and boldly, without hesitation, qualification, or reserve, and it will be the basis of our argument, and the starting-place for the views and opinions we propose to put forth.

Placing ourselves distinctly upon the proposition, we invite attention to certain relations which the Catholic of to-day holds toward his race, his country, his age, and the particular order and condition denominated progress, and the spirit of the nineteenth century.

The most obvious, interesting, and important view of the Catholic in his relations to the century is that of voter. The right of suffrage bestows special prerogatives upon its possessors. It permits every Catholic to share actively in the plans, policy, and beneficent enterprises of the Church, and enables him, in some sense, to take part in the Divine government of the universe, physical and moral.

It is a specific and precious gift bestowed on Catholics in this age and country, and we are compelled to stand in the full blaze of the light of the nineteenth century, which is rolling out its illuminated scroll before our dazzled eyes and almost bewildered understandings, charged with the manifold blessings or curses which must flow from the use or abuse of this momentous, one might almost say holy and

hierarchical, function. An offer and promise are as distinctly made to the Catholics of this age, as they were to the chosen people when released from the Egyptian bondage. A land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey, is spread out before them, and offered for their acceptance.

The means placed at their disposal for securing this rich possession are not the sword, or wars of extermination waged against the enemies of their religion, but instead, the mild and peaceful influence of the ballot, directed by instructed Catholic conscience, and enlightened Catholic intelligence.

To the Catholic of to-day are committed the obligation and business of perpetuating and regenerating society, purifying legislation, enforcing the administration of the laws, and setting an example of private and public virtue, justice, moderation, and forbearance; he has been furnished with an omnipotent weapon with which to accomplish this great work, and he is provided with an unerring guide to direct him in the administration of these important trusts. We do not hesitate to affirm that in performing our duties as citizens, electors, and public officers, we should always and under all circumstances act simply as Catholics; that we should be governed and directed by the immutable principles of our religion, and should take dogmatic faith and the conclusions drawn from it, as expressed and defined in Catholic philosophy, theology, and morality, as the only rule of our private, public, and political conduct. Those things which are condemned by Catholic justice, we should condemn; those things which are affirmed, we should affirm.—*Catholic World*, July, 1870.

PRIESTLY RULE.—Nor has the Romish faction been ungrateful. Suddenly, in the midst of their undisputed rule, when the city seemed sunk forever into a vassal of the Pope, it was discovered that the officials who had loaded down so many Catholic colleges or cathedrals with lavish gifts, who had squandered the wealth of the community in preposterous improvements and enormous salaries and bribes, were engaged in a course of peculation to which no modern nation, except, perhaps, imperial France, can offer any parallel. The frauds were at first denied, then admitted, then palliated, but are every day swelling with new discoveries, and rising to fatal importance. Future generations must suffer, the prosperity of the city be checked and blighted, because the adherents of the infallible Pope have controlled the elections of New York. But the dishonesty of their official favorites has awakened no disapprobation in the Romish faction. A few Catholics denounce the plunderers; the great body of the Church is silent. The Romish press scarcely remembers that New York has fallen into the

hands of thieves. The Romish clergy make no effort to undo the wrongs they have occasioned. The Romish faction rallies around its dishonored leaders, and would again place them in the trusts they have betrayed.

Such blindness, such madness, has always marked a priestly rule. So long as the Church prospers, what does it matter that the people are ruined? The Italian priest considers no interest except that of the body over which he presides; robbers, assassins, profligates, have usually been the favorite instruments of ambitious Popes. But it is this policy of immorality that has made the name of Rome hateful to modern civilization; has driven even Catholic Italy and superstitious Spain to revolt against the despotism of the priest; has shocked the nobler instincts of honest Germany, and, we still trust, will unite all American Catholics in a patriotic league against their betrayers. If the Romish Church desires to win a peaceful home in any land, it must learn to scorn dishonesty, to practice humility, and, above all, never to assume the championship of rebellion or disorder.—*Harper's Weekly*, Nov. 11, 1871.

THE ORANGE PROCESSION IN NEW YORK.—In an editorial headed "Hoffman the Murderer," published in *The Irish People*, N. Y., occur the following paragraphs: "Hoffman's attempt to uphold what he and his followers believed to be a 'principle' resulted in the death of sixty persons. He called out the State militia to guard a procession of some one hundred and fifty enemies to the laws and Constitution of this country. With that act we have nothing further to do than to characterize it as foolishly impolitic. It was neither more nor less than an impudent bid for political favors, and, as such, would have remained but a nine days' wonder, had it not been for the fearfully tragic consequences which followed. It is to the consequences of Hoffman's act that we have so often referred, and which we shall continue to refer to till Hoffman or we shall fall.

"Had the Governor—heavens, how we hate to use that word in speaking of one who should now be serving his term of imprisonment in his native village of Sing Sing for constructive manslaughter!—only reflected on his ill-advised act, he must necessarily have known, unless he be a born fool, that the chances of murder consequent on his rashness were as one hundred to one.

"The State militia ordered by him to protect the Orangemen were specially selected for their bloody work. They were known to be friendly to the Orangemen, and therefore inimical to the vast body of our citizens.

"Had any of our friends or relatives been slain on the bloody

twelfth, we had not remained till now without sharp and decisive action being taken toward Hoffman."

Referring to the same occurrence, Stephen J. Meany, an Irish Catholic, formerly editor of the *Toledo Commercial*, and at present of the *Irish Democrat*, in a speech delivered at Brevoort Hall, Fifty-fourth street, New York, says:

"There are times when Irishmen must take to heart some of the gravest thoughts which ever filled men's hearts; first, how we can avenge the blood which has been shed [wild applause]; and, secondly, how we can secure to men of our blood, our breeding, and our bone, their proper place in the land of our adoption. [Terrific cheers.] Nurse your wrath to keep it warm. Let us first be legally avenged, and afterward deal in another manner with the men who insult us with their banners and party tunes. Be patient, but do not be forgiving.

"Swear that Orangemen shall never again parade here! Swear that they shall never again carry their devilish flag in our streets! [Cheers, and cries of 'Let no Irishman vote for Hoffman.']

"I do n't know how the Irish nature is able to restrain itself; but I ask you to continue to restrain yourselves now. Another time I may have something different to say to you. Will the Orangemen be allowed to parade, or will he be shot down? I leave that question to you, to be pondered over, to be talked about, and to be religiously preserved until the proper time comes for answering it aloud. Never forget the man who sanctioned the insult to you on the 12th, should he ever come up as a candidate for any official position. If full justice is n't done, it will be no fault of mine or of the gentlemen who act with me. When I stood in Irish blood my own blood curdled, and I prayed that I might see the day when my countrymen's blood would be avenged. [Indescribable uproar.] I saw armed men and clubbed ruffians shooting innocent men for looking at Orangemen. [Hisses.] Shall Orangemen rule New York? No; Ireland, our dear native mother, they never shall, never, never, never!" [Wild applause.]

CATHOLIC RULE IN PHILADELPHIA.—It was natural to suppose that the election of a Protestant like Daniel M. Fox was a move in the right direction, but how sorely we have been disappointed the sequel shows. Mr. Fox has been powerless in the appointment of his police officers. The men who placed him in nomination and fought his battles at the polls, of course furnished him with the names of those whom they desired to be appointed as a reward for their services; and the great mass of these *workers* being Roman Catholics, they naturally filled the lists with those of their own kidney.

Then, again, look at our nominee for District Attorney, Mr. Furman Sheppard, another Protestant, who, being authorized to appoint a detective, gave the place to Mr. Sharkey, a Roman Catholic, who now fills the post, and is the associate and co-laborer with the worst element in our party. In addition to this, Mr. Sheppard caters to this Catholic element, which is destroying our party, by sending one of his children to Father Oliver's school, in Locust-street, and another to the Manhattanville Catholic College; and during the past year, of the appointments of turnkeys and overseers in the Eastern Penitentiary, of which Mr. Sheppard is an inspector, there have been appointed *one* Protestant and *seven* Roman Catholics.

Our candidate for City Solicitor, Thomas J. Barber, is not only in active sympathy with the Catholic element in our party, but is himself a Roman Catholic; and although many of us protested against his name being placed upon the ticket, it was forced down our throats by the people who are determined to rule or ruin the Democratic organization.

Mr. Gross Fry, our candidate for City Treasurer, is the *protégé* of M'Grath and others of his faith, and Heaven help us if this faction ever comes into possession of the treasury of this great city!

On the other hand, it will be seen that this religious pest of our party is limited in its power exclusively to the politics of the city, and does not extend to the interior of the State. At the recent State convention it will be remembered that "the gang" bitterly opposed the nomination of General M'Candless for the office of Auditor General, but perhaps the mass of our Democratic voters do not understand *why*, and we propose to enlighten them. General M'Candless is an active, enthusiastic, and earnest member of the American Protestant Association, and has been for years—and his father's antipathy to the mother Church is familiar to every man who remembers the feuds of the past.—*Supplement to the American Democrat, Philadelphia, September 30, 1871.*

THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.—History will one day perceive the importance of the religious direction that Ultramontanism gave to this struggle. As yet public opinion and diplomacy have not taken it into account. It can not be forgotten how bitter the feeling against Protestantism was in France during last August and September, and the sinister rumors there were of a new St. Bartholomew's Day, about to be. Eminent Protestants in Languedoc and Alsace feel certain of the reality of the *plot*, and believe that all was settled but the day on which it was to take place. *Of this they have the proofs in their hands.* A few incidents will show that these are not mere conject-

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ures. In Bavaria and Thungovia, for some time before the war,* the priests predicted that God would soon visit with woe and scourges the nations who did not hold with his holy Church. In Alsace the priests publicly gave out that the "Lutherans would soon find their rosaries." At T—— (we suppress the name for the safety of those concerned) a Roman Catholic journeyman who was working at the house of a procureur, (a Protestant,) seemed so agitated and sad that his master asked if he were ill. He replied, "I must tell you all, but you will not betray me. They want me to kill you and the mayor. They have chosen me because I have worked long in your homes, and know your habits, but you have both been so good to me that I have refused."

Last Spring two Roman Catholic women, near Woerth, said to a Protestant who was busy in a neighboring field: "You sow, but you will not reap. The Pope is going to be infallible, and many things will happen before Autumn."—*British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, No. 77, July, 1871.

SISTERS OF CHARITY IN HOSPITALS.—The Government, through James P. Luse, Surveyor of Customs at Louisville, has leased the United States Marine Hospital in that city to the Sisters of Mercy, for a term of two years. The Government gives the large building and about eight acres of ground, with improvements, worth, all told, about \$300,000, free of rent, and agrees to pay the Sisters seventy-five cents a day for the care of each patient sent there by the Government authorities. A physician will be employed by the United States, at a salary of \$1,500, who will have a suite of rooms and subsistence, free of charge; and, upon the other hand, the Sisters of Mercy are to furnish the hospital with bedding, and make it a first-class institution. The balance of the room not used for the care of the marines, probably sufficient to accommodate two or three hundred patients, will be used by the Sisters to accommodate private patients, and the prices which they may charge for hospitality to such patients will not be governed by the Government.—*Correspondence of Cincinnati Gazette*, September 24, 1869.

THE United States Marine Hospital in Cincinnati, situated on Lockstreet, was sold by the United States Government to private parties, who transferred the same to the Sisters of Charity, under the direction of the well-known Sister Anthony, changing the name to the "Hospital of the Good Samaritan."

*The Empress Eugenie, the pupil of the Jesuits, called it "my war."

V.

ROMISH MORALS.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHANAGE.—One of the worst revelations of Romanism in this country concerns a Roman Catholic Orphanage, and comes to me from a lady well known for fortune and benevolence, the wife of the President of the Chamber of Commerce in one of our largest cities. This lady had a servant, a widow with a child, an unusually fine boy of two years. By the advice of her mother, the young woman placed her little son in the Infant Asylum of St. Francis. She afterward told her mistress that a nun had warned her against this course, saying, "No child thrived at St. Francis."

A fortnight later, the grandmother remarked to the mistress, "I guess her child is dead by this time. I saw it a week ago, and it looked as if it could not hold out much longer."

This heartless remark so distressed the lady, herself the mother of children, that she called her carriage, and driving to St. Francis, demanded the boy. She was left in the sacristy alone for about an hour, then seizing a passing nun, she repeated her demand.

The presence of such a child was denied, but, as she insisted, she was bidden come to the yard, and select it. She found the "yard" a treeless, tan-bark covered place, where numbers of children were lying listlessly about, all wan, emaciated, and *sore-eyed*, unsheltered from the sun. Only one was plump and fair, and that with a strange, unchildish sorrow in its eyes. The nun casually remarked that this little one had just come in. The child sought not being here, the "Sister" turned to look for it in a long shed, and here the lady softly followed her. She found lying in little straw-filled boxes many babes—all wasted, dirty, clad each in one soiled garment—all *sore-eyed*, wretched, and apparently dying. The nun lifted one from its miserable resting place, and, turning, confronted the visitor. "O, my God!" she cried, "go out of here instantly, or they will kill me!"

The lady received into her arms the infant sufferer, and took it home. In three days it died, the family physician and the experienced nurse declaring it a plain case of starvation, the eyes being literally burned away by strong waters.

The details are too horrible to be narrated. A seamstress stated that she had served two months next door to St. Francis, and had *never seen a milkman there*, but from two to five small coffins carried out o' early mornings.

A widow, who supported herself by coloring photographs, took her

three-years old son, a robust child, to board at St. Francis while she executed a large order for wrok; and going for him early one morning, at the expiration of three weeks, met the coffin of her child coming from the gate!

A Catholic cook boldly told the lady, who, as I told you, invaded St. Francis, that children taken there *were not expected to be raised*; that only those children went to St. Francis who were in every body's way, and if any others were carried thither it was a *mistake*, for which the Sisters were not responsible. She also said that "children dying in that consecrated spot were sure of glory, whereas, if they lived, they might be thieves, murderers, or even heretics. The holiness of the Sisters was increased by every child that got to heaven through their hands." "Then," cried this Protestant lady, "why not give them a sponge full of chloroform, or a dose of laudanum; it would be far less cruel!"

"O," replied the astute Romanist, "that would be *murder*, but this is simply letting alone!"

Being informed of these things, I took occasion to question a respectable, honest, and kind-hearted Romanist woman about St. Francis. At first she professed ignorance, but by degrees averred that no children lived long in this Orphanage; a friend of hers had rescued, after a three weeks' stay, a babe that went in healthy, and came out blind and dying.

"The situation must be unhealthy," I said.

"Bad situations do n't make sore eyes," she replied.

"Then there is lack of food or ventilation," I suggested.

"Lack of food, like enough," she answered.

"The Bishop should know it; must be informed of it."

"He *does* know it," she retorted, "and he forbade my sister putting four fine children there, for he said they would not thrive; but he told her of two other convents where they are doing well."

From all this you, my friends, must gather, as I did, that Rome has in our country *at least one* House devoted to slow infanticide, where poor little infants, a burden to their natural protectors, and having small claim on the community, are done to death by letting alone! And let me tell you, infanticide is peculiarly a Roman Catholic crime: and a crime especially inimical to the interests of a republic; for republics, like families, should grow not so much by the adoption of aliens, as by children born in their midst.—*Christian World*, April, 1871.

MORE ABOUT THAT ORPHANAGE.—In the "*Christian World*," of April, we had a notice of some of the doings of the Orphanage of St.

Francis. The facts there narrated occurred in August, 1869. We have other facts which took place in March, 1870, proving that during these weary months the work of death, among what are philanthropically supposed to be the superfluous babies, is still going on. These facts were detailed to me by a Presbyterian pastor, and are vouched for by eye-witnesses, two respectable members of his congregation. We condense the tale thus: Mrs. B., a woman in moderate circumstances, received into her house her cousin, Mrs. L. and her infant. Mrs. L. was destitute, herself very ill, her babe fretful and delicate. There was not strength enough in Mrs. B.'s household to nurse both Mrs. L. and her babe night and day. Some Catholic relatives succeeded in having the child taken to St. Francis. Mrs. B. took it there in good faith, a friend accompanying her. Their report of the first visit is that the infants "looked sickly, dirty, and as if they needed loving and nursing." Mrs. B. felt uneasy. The "Sisters" began to make demands of various kinds, and finally said: "If such and such concessions were not made the child would die." Mrs. L.'s illness turned, she became better, and pined for her little one. On the tenth day Mrs. B. put her cousin, Mrs. L., in a carriage, and they went for the child. Mrs. B., a very resolute person, forced herself into the "infant's ward," and saw forty babes. She says that eight of these were lying dead in their little boxes (beds), and the remaining thirty-two were miserably sick, dirty, and sore-eyed—and she had every reason to believe that they were in a dying condition. The infant of Mrs. L. appeared perhaps less reduced than most of the others, but was supposed to be dying, and the physician declared it *starved*. It was also nearly blind. A fortnight of assiduous nursing restored this infant to partial health, and there are hopes of its recovery. We trust the public who make such liberal donations, and the Legislatures which divert such sums to Roman Catholic Orphanages, will consider what a benefit they would be conferring on humanity and the State to bestow their charities on such an eminently benevolent and tender institution as St. Francis.—*Christian World*, 1871.

The above statement gives a fictitious name for this Orphanage, merely to prevent so great excitement about a particular house. Every word can be substantiated by most reliable authorities.

"I SHALL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN."—The following incident is narrated by one of our Missionaries: In the city of L—— lived R. G., a fine boy of five and a half years. One day a gentleman called upon his widowed mother, and urged her to give her boy to him. Mrs. G. would not give away her child. He then asked to have the boy stay with him one week, and see if he liked it, and requested the

mother to call every day, giving his street and number. She consented, and on the third day called to see him. But no such man could be found, and nothing could she hear of her boy. One year and six months she searched in vain. At length she heard that such a boy had been taken to a Roman Catholic institution in M——, a distant city. The mother rushed from one Protestant to another for advice. Every one told her it was useless to make any further effort. She came to us in her agony, saying, "I shall never see him again!" We told her this was no time to weep, but to work and pray; and God would give her back her boy.

I went with the poor widow to a captain of a steamer, who at once became interested, and gave her a free pass to go and return, and bring her boy. On their arrival, he sent a man with her to help recover the child.

The Mother Superior said they had no such child. They then asked to see the boys, but were denied. The man became earnest, and told the nun that he came with authority, had a boat load of men in waiting, and would not leave until that boy was safe with his mother. This caused the frightened nun to ring a bell, and in came a poor, ragged boy, and fell upon his mother's neck. The Mother Superior tried to take him away, and tried to have him go into another room and "get ready," but he could not speak, nor would he let go of his mother until they were safe on the boat.

We ask attention to the incident told above, by those writers who profess unbelief in unjustifiable doings by Romish agents, and who are so ready to charge misstatement and uncharitableness upon others who believe and record such doings. *This* narration is real. Another has just been sent us, with as truthful a voucher. It is of a daughter of respectable parents, unwisely sent to a convent school in Pennsylvania. The parents notified of the sickness and death of the daughter, had the body brought home, and, for reasons given them, buried without opening the coffin. The mother, not satisfied with the statements about the condition of the corpse, insisted upon having the grave opened and the coffin-lid removed, when it appeared that the body was *not* that of the daughter. Of course, there *may* have been a mistake on the part of those in charge of the school, but the parties concerned and their friends, we are informed, do not think there was such a mistake.—*Christian World*, 1869.

TERRIBLE CRIMES.—In the town of C——t, in British America, lived, in 1846–48, a Father M. C——, parish priest. He had for house-keeper *his own sister*, a beautiful young girl. After a time, this girl having evidently lost her virtue, and become *enceinte*, could no longer

contaminate by her presence the holy dwelling of her brother. She went to a remote town, and the priest professed much grief at her bad conduct. A young man of C——t was popularly supposed to be this girl's seducer. At the period of confinement this poor creature was very low, and informed by her doctors that there was no hope of her recovery. Having sent for a confessor, she revealed to him that *her own brother, the priest with whom she had lived*, was the father of her babe. Despite the secrecy of the confessional, this enormous crime became known. The woman regained her health, and her brother-paramour was deprived by the Church of his gown. He was, after a time, restored to his office, and sent to another parish, his sister going with him as before for housekeeper, and with the same deplorable result. The unhappy creature, unable to endure the ignominy and distress of her condition, fled—whether in insanity or not can never be known—and, either being lost or voluntarily hiding in the woods, returned no more. In her desolate retreat she died, and her corpse, found in its decay, bore witness against that monster of crime, her brother. After this revelation, Priest M. C—— did penance, went to Rome, was forgiven, restored, and exercised his holy office. These are facts related by a person of the first respectability, an office-bearer in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, who was cognizant of all, and can bear testimony thereto. Under this head of *incest*, the foulest of crimes, we reluctantly quote the following:

“I have known of a great number of priests who had their *nieces*, sisters-in-law, and *sisters* living with them in a criminal way. . . . The Church of Rome is the very paradise of lascivious priests. They live there in peace. They are never troubled by the Pope provided they obey his Holiness. The bishops never condemn criminal priests, even the most bestial, *provided they are prudent, and create no scandal*, never resist the orders of their superiors, and submissively preach the doctrines of the Church. If the Pope dismissed immoral priests, he would make waste his sanctuary, and leave almost no one to minister at his altars.”—*Pere Chiniquy, in private letter.*

“The adultery and fornication of the clergy, degenerated, in many instances, into incest and abominations of the grossest kind. Some priests, according to the Council of Mentz, in 888, ‘had sons by their own sisters.’ The Council of Nice, and some others of later date, through fear of scandal, deprived the clergy of all female company save a mother, a sister, or an aunt, who was reckoned as beyond all suspicion. But the means intended for prevention were the occasion of a more heinous criminality. This interdiction formed the introduction of incestuous and unnatural prostitution.”—*Edgar's Variations of P. pery, page 556.*

"Senor Gonzalez, born in Grenada, and afterward established in Lisbon, received, through interference of a cardinal, a dispensation from the Pope to marry his own sister Dorothea. His bishop, refusing to bless such an unnatural marriage, was fined by the Church 1,000 pistoles, and ordered to perform the ceremony or lose his bishopric. Conquering his scruples of conscience, he married Gonzalez to his sister. Five children were the result of this union."—*Anthony Garin, formerly priest of Saragossa.*

MARRIAGE OF A PRIEST.—"I am acquainted with a gentleman, who, while confessor of a convent of nuns, became acquainted with a very fair sister, between whom and himself there sprang up a most ardent affection. This mutual love the priest bade his penitent carefully hide for six months, at the end of which time she would be twenty-one. The only idea between this pair was marriage, and when the girl attained her majority she and her confessor fled. They were married, and he left the Church of Rome. He became a zealous Episcopal minister, and ever seems most happy in his domestic relations. I can give you his name and address if you like it."—*Pere Chiniquy, in a private letter.*

THE MISTRESS IN DISGUISE.—"A Vicar of Quebec, good speaker, splendid singer, and fine-looking, preached in the district of Three Rivers, Lower Canada, about A. D. 1830. He heard, while on a preaching tour, the confessions of several girls and women. One of these girls was very beautiful, and he fell in love with her. She returned his sentiments, and, by his advice, disguised herself as a young man, left her home during the night, and went to Quebec, where she presented herself at his parsonage, demanding a situation as valet. She was, of course, engaged, and for four years lived thus disguised and unsuspected in his house. After this period the pretended manservant transferred his allegiance to the Bishop of Quebec, and remained with him also four years, a faithful servant. I have seen her many times in this disguise, and supposed her to be a well-conducted young man. At the end of this time the disguised girl became so jealous, impertinent, and imprudent that the Vicar and the Bishop were in constant fear that a discovery would be made. They unfolded their trouble to a priest named Clement, whom they believed a true friend, and he agreed to beguile this 'man-servant' to his own house and service. He did so, and the new relation lasted nearly six years. Again the disguised mistress became so daring and contumacious, and treated the parishioners so haughtily, that they complained, and declared if their priest did not discharge his obnoxious hired man they would take energetic measures to drive off the intruder themselves.

The priest feared to put his sturdy farmers to the proof, knew that he must get rid of this girl in disguise, and could not make up his mind to lose her. Among his people was a young woman whose character he had found from her confessions was very loose. He conceived the horrible project of marrying the pretended man-servant to this woman, both being sworn to keep the secret. He carried out this shameful plot, and blessed the nuptials of these two women at the altar of his church. They lived together, near Priest Clement, some time, until he died. At this time the uncle of the maid-man-servant happened to come to the place, saw his niece, and recognized her in spite of her disguise. This uncle took a physician with him, went where his niece was living as somebody's husband, charged her with the facts, investigated the case, and the whole shocking maneuver was exploded. The Vicar who first led off this girl was now dead, but the Bishop was living, and to him the priest who had succeeded Clement, one Tetro, wrote all the circumstances. The terrified Bishop sent a messenger with \$2,000 to the girl who had served as man-servant so long, and, having solemnly sworn her to keep the secret, sent her to the United States. The whole matter was now known to too many to be kept perfectly quiet. I think the world can never have seen besides such a combination of depravity. I assure you of the terrible truth of this story."—*Pere Chiniquy, of St. Ann's, Illinois.*

CHINIQUY ON ROMISH MORALS.—To give, for instance, a part of the history of that Grand Vicar who was guilty of an unmentionable crime, and was never interdicted; of that other dignitary whose conquests were so numerous in Montreal that the ground became too hot for him, and who was not interdicted but kindly invited to go to another place. The history of that good Bishop also, who, for five years, kept a fine young man in his house as his confidential friend, and who had to send that faithful servant, with 500*l.*, to the United States, when a very interesting circumstance proved that the fine young man was a fine young girl! "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" I was also tempted to give to the public some very interesting details from the memoirs, not of poor Father Chiniquy—though he has some memoirs also—but from the memoirs of one of the most respectable Bishops of Rome, Bishop de Riccy, where it is so often said and proved "that the nuns in Italy are the wives of priests." Happy celibataires indeed! I had some very interesting things, also, which you have known, no doubt, of those three good priests in a diocese not many miles from London, who made a very interesting voyage with young ladies, and were so kindly treated by the Holy Church of Rome that one of them is now hearing the confessions of the good nuns of the city of —, and the

two others are in a very exalted position in the diocese of —. No living man knows better than I do the clergy. I have been fifteen years traveling among them. I have seen the *inside* as well as the outside of your walls. For many years I have been a serious observer of men and things; and every day I have put down in my book notes which would make many knees shake in the midst of the priests of Rome. I do not say that they are all wicked and depraved. Thanks be to God, I have found among them men who would have been almost as pure as angels if the confessional had not been there as a snare to pollute their noble hearts. But I have known enough to startle the world.—*Reply to Mr. Bruyere, Montreal, 1871.*

POPISH INDULGENCES FOR CRIME.—“*Absolutions.*—For a priest that keeps a concubine, 10s. 6d. For him that burns his neighbor's house, 12s. For him that forgeth the Pope's hand, £1, 7s. For him that taketh two holy orders in one day, £2, 6s. For a king for going to the holy sepulcher without license, £7, 10s. For him that killeth his father, mother, wife, or sister, 10s. 6d. For him that stole consecrated things out of a holy place, 10s. 6d. For a layman for murdering a layman, 7s. 6d.

“*Dispensations.*—For a bastard to enter all holy orders, 18s. For a man or woman that is found hanged, that they may have Christian burial, £1, 7s. 6d.

“*Licenses.*—To eat flesh in times prohibited, £1, 4s. To marry in times prohibited, £2, 5s. For a town to take out of a Church them (murderers) that have taken sanctuary there, £4, 10s. That a king and queen shall enjoy such indulgences as if they went to Rome, £15. For a queen to adopt a child, £300.”—*From Taxæ Sacræ, translated into English under title, “Rome, a Great Custom-house for Sin.”*

RAISING MONEY.—Marriages were prohibited within the seventh degree of relationship. Nay, more—there were spiritual relationships. If, for instance, two men stood as godfathers to the same child, they became spiritual brothers, and their children spiritual first cousins, and consequently no marriages could take place between the members of their respective families. But the object of these prohibitions was not to prevent the marriages, but to get money by selling the dispensations. There was no difficulty in getting this, if the parties could raise the money. A few years ago, a man in Canada wished to marry his first cousin; the priest demanded one hundred and fifty dollars for the dispensation. All the property the man had in the world was not worth more than sixty dollars, and this sum he was willing to give; and he declared, that if the priest would not

marry him, he would go to a Protestant clergyman, who would marry him for three or four dollars. The priest was afraid of losing both the man and the money; and, after writing to the Bishop, agreed to take the sixty dollars.—*Lambert's "Travels through Lower Canada," Vol. I, p. 359.*

THE INQUISITION AT ROME, IN 1849.—Gavazzi gives an account of this institution as follows: It was laid naked to the public eye at the time of our Roman Republic. What did we find? When its doors were opened, I was the first to enter, and in the same dress I now wear, namely, as head chaplain of the Italian crusade. We first came to a splendid square, paved with marble, and surrounded by a colonnade, under which were the apartments of the prefects and priests of the Inquisition. These apartments contained fine furniture and works of art. "There was nothing bad, so far," you will say; but let us proceed.

In the second square we found a little room, in which were an oven, some female dresses, and some babies' clothes. The people said, "Here is a furnace, female dresses, babies' clothes—all is mystery!" But, what is the conclusion? There are dresses; an engine of torture, or destruction; who were the victims? Women and babies! victims of the seduction of Romish priests!

We next came to a large and elegant chamber, that, namely, of the Second Father-Companion. The First Father-Companion is the Grand Inquisitor, or General Commissary for the Pope, and he has a very spacious apartment also. In the chamber of the Second Father-Companion was a confessional, where he heard the confession of the victim, and, after absolving him, said to him joyfully, charitably, and kindly, "Go in peace! God be with you! Go to the Grand Inquisitor and receive your deliverance." The poor man, with a joyful heart, blessed the Dominican friar, kissed his hand, and went to find the Father Inquisitor. While proceeding through a little passage between the room in which he had confessed and the apartment of the first Inquisitor, he trod on a trap-door which gave way under him, precipitating him a distance of seventy feet to the ground. He found his deliverance indeed, not that which he expected from the Father Inquisitor, but from this world into peace in Christ. In the cavity into which the victim fell we found human hair and ashes—but no bones—smelling badly, macerated by damp and time. That we may call our second step.

The third step was more difficult to find, but we found it at last. We were stopped, on a small step, by a basket filled with draperies. Raising this, we saw a trap-door, through which we descended into a

subterranean, called the prison of Saint Pius V, a place worse than those used to confine wild beasts in cells. In one of these cells we found some dozens of skeletons, all in vertical positions, wanting the skulls, and buried in lime. The skulls were piled in a little heap in one corner. This was the martyrdom called that of being buried alive.

Some ten or twenty victims, with arms bound, were put all together up to the head, in a kind of bath of fresh lime. As the lime dried, their breathing became more difficult; by the time it was quite dry, respiration was entirely prevented, and they died in desperate agony. After a short time the heads, detached from the necks, were put in a corner, where we found them, not thrown in confusion, but neatly arranged in a little mound. That was our third step!

On one side of the magnificent Vatican Square in Rome stands the Inquisition; on the other, the palace of the Pope. Here the Pontiff walks in beautiful gardens, drinks sumptuous wines—even to drunkenness, like Gregory XVI—feasts his ears on music, and gluts his eyes with voluptuous statuary. But look on the other side—see the Inquisition!

Generally, the Romish clergy are cruel by second nature and system. A clergy, bachelor by system, must necessarily be cruel. The Roman Catholic clergyman takes an oath of perpetual celibacy; he has no domestic affection, as husband or father; he has no relation at all; he denies all love of native country: he lives only as one of a sect; a caste, a party, and a cruel party and a pernicious sect: because, to revenge themselves upon the happiness of society, they display cruelty in the Inquisition, unexcelled in the ancient times of Rome, unsurpassed by Tiberius, Dionysius of Syracuse, and Caligula; for those tyrants invented but one kind of torture against Christians, who were accused as guilty of treason against those Cæsars and their religion; but what name will you give to the Roman Catholic priesthood, who have invented, not one, but fourteen species of torture, not against enemies, but against brethren, not against traitors, but against Christians? No! I respect, on this point, the authority of Diderot, who said, "When you speak of the Inquisition, do not exaggerate, because the simple truth will appear so enormous, so incredible, that the future generations will call the simple truth an exaggeration." I clearly protest that, in speaking of the Inquisition, I never use Protestant, but only Roman Catholic books, and those of "pure blood," as the phrase is in Italy. Paramo, Macedo, Bruno, Calderini, Pegna, Grilando, Marsilio, and especially a book of Fra Bernardo da Como, entitled *Lucerna Inquisitorum*, or "The Lamp to Direct the Inquisitors." There are, I said, fourteen different species

of torture, all of which I, of course, can not describe, as it would take many hours. One of the worst was the deprivation of rest, not allowing sleep for fourteen, twenty, or thirty days and nights, continuously. Sometimes I have said, let a description of these tortures be read, and all their cruelty can not be conceived; but if I here reproduce them, I can more clearly convey what was the pain suffered. The first was called the "Queen of Tortures," namely, the "Torture of the Cord." In the middle of the prison stands a massive beam reaching from the floor to the ceiling; at the top is a pulley, and a rope passed through it, one end in the hand of the executioners—these always are two masked Dominican friars—the other end fastened to the arms of the victim, which are tied behind his back, while to his feet is attached a weight of a hundred pounds. At the signal, the rope is drawn, the victim hoisted, and, by the weight of the body and the hundred pounds attached to the feet, the arms are wrenched backward and upward until they are drawn over his head. While in this position, the victim is often cruelly flogged, and tormented with hot pincers or iron nails, and then comes the question, "Are you guilty? Confess!" He denies—then the rope is suddenly relaxed by the executioner; the victim descends, and is stopped within a few inches of the floor with a violent jerk, which completely dislocates the arms. If he does not then confess, he is sent back to his dungeon, to lie there three or four weeks, until sufficiently recovered to be able to bear a repetition of the torture, which is often applied three or four different times.

Another mode of torture is that "by fire." In the middle of the prison stands a brazier filled with live coals, within a few inches of which the naked feet of the victims are made to approach. Soon they become inflamed—then they break into wounds, from which blood and matter fall into the brazier. The torture is continued betimes for twenty-five minutes; then the feet are often scorched off, and the charred bones drop into the brazier; upon this the executioners remove the victims in their arms.

The Torture of the Wheel is especially used against delicate women. The undressed female is tied on one of these wheels, which is armed with sharp cogs; two strong men turn it round rapidly—stop it suddenly—and the cogs enter the flesh of the suffering woman, who remains always senseless, and often lifeless.

The last, which is especially used against courageous men, is the "Torture by Water." The victim is tied on a rough bench, his face is covered with white linen, and a funnel filled with water is pointed toward his mouth. There is the Inquisitor, there is the victim, and there the executioner. On the one hand is the Inquisitor, on the

other the executioner, between them the victim. The sign is given, and slowly, drop by drop, the water in the funnel begins to fall upon the cloth which covers the wretch's face. The cloth is moistened, and, as it is, the breathing becomes more difficult. Gloom—sternness—secrecy—silence—except that one small, fearful sound, drop, drop, drop; and now the breathing grows thick, and thicker, and becomes a second sound, breaking the dreadful silence of that scene. Drop, drop, drop—still they come; and now the sensation of strangling, drowning, seizes the victim, and a third sound is heard, low moans join the chorus of torture. The question is put, "Are you guilty?" A weak voice answers with difficulty, "No! I have not committed——" Drop, drop, drop; still thicker breathings still feebler moans; and the question is put again, "Are you guilty?" A weaker voice, almost inaudible, piteously gasps forth, in broken syllables, "No—I have—not——" Drop, drop, drop; again the question; but now there is no voice—no breathing—once more the sound of that merciless drop is heard alone, as if in triumph at its victory, for it has arrested the blood and stilled the tongue—there is no more any answer, for there is no more any life.

PROTESTANTISM IN SPAIN.—This sect of Reformers of the fifteenth century are every-where propagating their false creed and erroneous doctrine. There are now circulating in this town a good many books containing Protestant doctrine. We succeeded in obtaining possession of some of them, and gave them the destination they deserved. One of the emissaries of the propaganda is a prisoner in the lock-up of this town. The administrative authority forwarded to the ministry two Bibles which were found upon the said miscreant. The delegate asked for experts being named to examine the books and proceed to the inquest. The experts named by the Judge were the following: Father Antonio de Porto Paiva, Father Antonio Fernando Paes Villas Boas, and Father Antonio Martino de Faria. Examination and inquest have been gone through, and the would-be apostle of the "Golgotha" religion is now securely in jail awaiting his trial. This criminal has incurred the penalty imposed by the Criminal Code on those who preach, distribute books, and enroll proselytes against the religion of the State. He has got to reap the fruit of his malevolent labors in the parishes where he has been preaching the doctrine of Luther and Calvin. The authority will have to proceed rigorously in the investigation of this crime, and severely punish the criminal.—*Journal de Barcellos—Portugal, Province of Minho, Aug. 26, 1864.*

THE CHURCH OF ROME AND LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE.—In one of the past issues of the *Kankakee Times* you told your readers that

the Rev. Mr. Chiniquy had gained the long and formidable suit instituted by the Roman Catholic Bishop to dispossess him and his people of their Church property; but you have not yet given any particulars about the startling revelations the Bishop had to make before the court, in reference to the still existing laws of the Church of Rome against those whom they call heretics. Nothing, however, is more important for every one, than to know precisely what those laws are.

As I was present when the Roman Catholic Bishop Foley, of Chicago, was ordered to read in Latin and translate into English those laws, I have kept a correct copy of them, and I send it to you with the request to publish it.

The Rev. Mr. Chiniquy presented the works of St. Thomas and St. Liguori to the Bishop, requesting him to say, under oath, if those works were not among the highest theological authorities in the Church of Rome, all over the world. After long and serious opposition on the part of the Bishop to answer, the court having said he (the Bishop) was bound to answer, the Bishop confessed that those theological works were looked upon as among the highest authorities, and that they were taught and learned in all the colleges and universities of the Church of Rome as standard works.

Then the Bishop was requested to read in Latin and translate into English the following laws and fundamental principles of action against the heretics, as explained by St. Thomas and Liguori:

“*Excommunicatus privatur omni alia civili communicatione fidelium, ita ut ipse non possit cum aliis, et, si non sit toleratus, etiam alii cum ipso non possint communicare; idque in casibus hoc versu comprehensis: ‘Os, orare, vale, communico, mensa negatur.’*”

Translated by the Bishop: “An excommunicated man is deprived of *all* civil communication with the faithful, in such a way, that if he is not tolerated, they can have no communication with him, as it is in the following verse: ‘It is forbidden to kiss him, pray with him, salute him, to eat or to do any business with him.’—(St. Liguori, vol. 9, p. 162.)

“*Quanquam heretici tolerandi non sunt ipso illorum demerito, usque tamen ad secundam corruptionem expectandi sunt, ut ad sanam redeant ecclesiæ fidem; qui vero, post secundam correctionem, in suo errore obstinati permanent, non modo excommunicationis sententiæ sed etiam secularibus principibus exterminandi, tradendi sunt.*”

Translated by the Bishop: “Though heretics must not be tolerated because they deserve it, we must bear them till, by a second admonition, they may be brought back to the faith of the Church. But those who, after a second admonition, remain obstinate in their errors, must

not only be excommunicated, but they must be delivered to the secular power to be exterminated."

"*Quanquam heretici revertentes, semper recipiendi sint ad pœnitentiam quotiescumque relapsi fuerint; non tamen semper sunt recipiendi et restituendi ad bonorum hujus vitæ participationem . . . recipiuntur ad pœnitentiam . . . non tamen ut liberentur a sententia mortis.*"

Translated by the Bishop: "Though the heretics who repent must always be accepted to penance, as often as they have fallen, they must not, in consequence of that, always be permitted to enjoy the benefits of this life. . . . When they fall again they are admitted to repent . . . but the sentence of death must not be removed." (St. Thomas, Vol. IV, p. 91.)

"*Quum quis per sententiam denunciatur propter apostasium excommunicatus, ipso facto, ejus subditi a dominio et juramento fidelitatis ejus liberati sunt.*"

"When a man is excommunicated for his apostasy, it follows from that very fact, that all those who are his subjects are released from the oath of allegiance by which they were bound to obey him." (St. Thomas, Vol. IV, p. 94.)

The next document of the Church of Rome brought before the court was the act of the Council of Lateran, A. D. 1215. But as the Latin text is too long I will give only the translation as it was read under oath:

"We excommunicate and anathematize every heresy that exalts itself against the holy, orthodox, and Catholic faith, condemning all heretics, by whatever name they may be known—for though their faces differ, they are tied together by their tails. Such as are condemned are to be delivered over to the existing secular powers, to receive due punishment. If laymen, their goods must be confiscated. If priests, they shall be first degraded from their respective orders, and their property applied to the uses of the Church in which they have officiated. Secular powers of all ranks and degrees are to be warned, induced, and, if necessary, compelled by ecclesiastical censures, to swear that they will exert themselves to the utmost in the defense of the faith, and extirpate all heretics denounced by the Church, who shall be found in their territories. And whenever any person shall assume government, whether it be spiritual or temporal, he shall be bound to abide by this decree.

"If any temporal lord, after having been admonished and required by the Church, shall neglect to clear his territory of heretical depravity, the metropolitan and the bishops of the province shall unite in excommunicating him. Should he remain contumacious a whole

year, the fact shall be signified to the supreme Pontiff, who will declare his vassals released from their allegiance from that time, and will bestow his territory on Catholics, to be occupied by them, on the condition of exterminating the heretics and preserving the said territory in the faith.

“Catholics who shall assume the cross for the *extermination* of heretics shall enjoy the same indulgences, and be protected by the same privileges as are granted to those who go to the help of the holy land. We decree further, that all who may have dealings with heretics, and especially such as receive, defend, or encourage them, shall be excommunicated. He shall not be eligible to any public office. He shall not be admitted as a witness. He shall neither have the power to bequeath his property by will, nor to succeed to any inheritance. He shall not bring any action against any person, but any one can bring an action against him. Should he be a judge, his decision shall have no force, nor shall any cause be brought before him. Should he be an advocate, he shall not be allowed to plead. Should he be a lawyer, no instruments made by him shall be held valid, but shall be condemned with their author.”

The Roman Catholic Bishop swore that these laws had never been repealed, and, of course, that they were still the laws of his Church. He had to swear that, every year, he was bound, under pain of eternal damnation, to say in the presence of God, and to read in his breviarium (his prayer-book), that “God himself had inspired” what St. Thomas had written about the manner that the heretics should be treated by the Roman Catholics.

I will abstain from making any remarks on these startling revelations of that Roman Catholic high authority. But I think it is the duty of every citizen to know what the Roman Catholic bishops and priests understand by liberty of conscience. The Roman Catholics are as interested as the Protestants to know precisely what the teachings of their Church are on that subject of liberty of conscience, and hear the exact truth, as coming from such a high authority that there is no room left for any doubt.—*Correspondence of the Kankakee Times.*

THE END.

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