

lively just because it was now isolated and alone. And it saved me from rough men, from a vicious life, from the thousand and one temptations that beset a young man in a place where men's passions are let loose, and no law of man or fear of God can restrain them.

"The moment your mother was dead," I interrupted, "you should have sent straight for Nora, and taken her out and married her."

"I would have done so," he replied, "but for one thing. You know, you can understand, how the horror of being known and pursued by the phantom of my shame did gradually disappear under the excitement of my new life; so much so, that I had almost forgotten it, and had begun to reason that Nora was right, and that I should have listened to her suggestion, when an appalling incident occurred that brought back the whole thing again, and made me fly farther from civilization than ever. It shows how small is the world, and how I must despair of ever getting rid of this horrible thing that will pursue me to my grave."

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A MIXED LOVE.

The clash had come—the inevitable clash of opposing forces.

The beautiful dream castle in which Gilbert Vane had lived for the past six months had tottered as such airy superstructures will. He stood, white and stern and startled, Miss Nettie Alden facing him with scarlet cheeks and flashing eyes.

"This ends all," she said, passionately. "Fortunately you have shown your true colors in time for me to escape a life of slavery to your whims, your superstitions."

"Whims! Superstitions!" he echoed. "Great heavens, Nettie, if you could only understand me."

"I do understand—only too well," she answered. "My choice, my tastes, my wishes, are as nothing to you in comparison with the unreasonable demands of a medieval Church."

"Unreasonable! No, no," he answered. "Nettie, the position of our Church in this matter is most logical, most reasonable, consistent with the claim she makes upon her children's obedience and loyalty in all that is sacred to her law."

"I do not see it, I do not see it," answered the girl. "I have been willing, too willing, to yield in all serious matters, but every woman should be queen and mistress of her own marriage. The details belong to me, to my family, and I will not give up my privilege. It is barbarous in you to demand it."

"It is your privilege, I agree," Gilbert Vane answered, slowly. "But there are times when privilege must yield to principle, Nettie. And with you, dear, as you acknowledge, there is no principle involved. In my case there is. To be married in your Church, by your minister, is to defy the laws of mine, to cut myself off from its communion, to turn my back on the faith of my fathers even as a traitor turns his back on his country and flag, by an open and undisputed act. So I ask you, dearest, to be married in your own home by a priest."

"And I refuse," she replied, angrily. "I refuse positively. I married in a poor, cramped little apartment like this, and she swept a scornful glance about the dainty, luxurious room. "There would be no dignity, no beauty, no style, in such an affair. Oh! I had planned it all, all! The choristers, the flower-decked chancel, the Church crowded with our friends. Mamma had set her heart on the most brilliant event of the season, and now—Miss Alden buried her face in her hands and burst into tempestuous tears.

"Nettie, Nettie, darling," he said, laying his hand upon her shoulder. "Don't," she cried, shrinking from him, "don't mock me with your words of love. They mean nothing, nothing but selfish exaction."

"Selfish exaction—when I would give my life for you, Nettie."

"Your life!" she repeated bitterly; "your life! When you will not give me one beautiful hour for my very own, the one hour of when every woman dreams as the brightest, the sweetest, the holiest, of her existence. When you deny me what my very house maid claims as her right."

"I thought," he spoke slowly and with an effort, "I thought this had been all settled, I thought you had agreed."

"To do all that you had the right to ask of your wife would study, read, receive instruction in your faith. I have no prejudice against it; on the contrary I see much that is beautiful, wonderful, in its history, its doctrine. But such slavish submission as you demand, I refuse, I peremptorily refuse. I will not turn my wedding into a shabby, forlorn makeshift. I will not publish my weakness and your dishonour to all my world. I will be married how and where I please or not at all—not at all."

"Do you mean this?" the words came in a new tone from his lips—a tone she had never heard before. It had a ring of steel, of rock, of hidden, unguessed forces, against which she was striking blindly, hopelessly. And with a woman's quick intuition she recoiled from the danger-point and changed her attack. Lifting her beautiful, tear-stained face to his, she put her hands upon his shoulders, and looked up at him with eyes full of tender, beseeching appeal.

"Do you mean it, Gilbert?" she asked tremulously. After all—that we have grown to be each other—after these beautiful months that have been paradise to us both, after all our dreams, our hopes, our love! Have you won my woman's heart only to cast it aside like a broken toy?"

"Cast it aside!" he murmured. "Nettie, Nettie, cast you aside, when the thought of losing you is madness, beloved."

"Then you will not give me up," she pleaded, "you will not fling me off for a monkish law, a priestly word. I ask so little—so little, Gilbert. Ever afterward you shall be my lord, my master,

the dear husband who will rule my life. Oh, Gilbert, I thought your love was so deep, so strong, that nothing could stand between us; nothing in heaven or on earth."

"And nothing shall," he answered hoarsely, as she clung sobbing to his breast. "Darling, darling, have it as will—as you will, Nettie."

"Gilbert, my own dear, true love. Then we will be married at St. Andrew's?"

"Yes," was his hurried reply, as she lifted her glad eyes of triumph to his. "Where, where, how you please."

Three busy weeks had passed for Miss Alden. All the weeks and days were full of charming interest now. But through the music of flattering voices, the bewildering attraction of Paris hats and gowns, the pressing claims of milliner and modiste upon her every hour, all the rosy glamour that surrounds a bride-to-be, there had crept a vague, indefinable shadow—something she could not shape nor name.

Gilbert was as tender, as devoted, as adoring as she could wish, and yet—yet—there had been a subtle change—a change that only the keen eye and ear of woman's love could detect. There was a forced note in his gaiety, a new abstraction in look and word, a dimness, faint and gray as a morning mist, that seemed to have stolen over the radiance of his happiness.

The chill of this shadow was upon Miss Alden this afternoon as she returned from a drive with her betrothed. He had an engagement with his lawyer and had been obliged to leave her at her door. Her own dainty apartment was aglow with cheer and light. The sunset rays streamed through its silken draped windows, a wood fire crackled upon her tiled hearth, beside which sat her mother, pouring tea into her prettiest Sevres cup, for a charming old woman, whose bright eyes seemed to defy the snowy crown of her four-score years.

Madame Brune had been a queen regnant in society for half a century, and though it was a bent, withered form that nestled amid her loosened furs today, she looked a queen still.

"This is a surprise," said the young lady, as she bent to kiss the faded cheek.

"I had to come, my dear, I had to come I never move out of the house after the first frost—though why any woman wants to keep alive at eighty years, I don't know. But since I can't come to the wedding—"

"And why not?" interrupted Nettie, sinking down in the cushion at the speaker's feet and clasping the wrinkled hand. "There will be no more welcome guest, I am sure."

"Of course, of course," said the old lady, nodding; but I gave up weddings and funerals, my dear, a dozen years ago. They disturb my peace. And so you are really going to marry Gilbert Vane?"

"Really, yes," laughed the girl, the soft flush deepening on her cheek. "Don't you approve?"

"My dear, again you are touching a point above my feeble strength. I have neither opinions nor emotions now. They would put me in my grave at once. After four-score years, one becomes a mere calcareous deposit, so the doctors say. You are going to marry a very fine fellow, I am sure. I have known the family for three generations. And they were all good women and noble men. And now that I have had my tea, and very good tea it was, I want to hear everything when, and where and how it is to be."

"October the twentieth, at St. Andrew's," answered Mrs. Alden.

"St. Andrew's?" echoed Madame Brune. "Did I understand you to say St. Andrew's, my dear? Why, the Vane's are Roman Catholics."

"But the Aldens are not," was the light reply. "There was some discussion of a home wedding, but Nettie would not consider that at all, so of course Gilbert yielded the point."

"Yielded the point!" repeated the old lady, fixing her keen dark eyes on Nettie's face. "My dear you astonish me."

"Why?" asked the young lady. "Is it not the bride's privilege to choose, dear Madame Brune?"

"Really, I suppose it is," said the old lady. "Of course it is, my dear. Only there is something so unbending in this Roman Catholic faith—one feels when it yields, a vague sense of weakness, of wrong. And the Vane's! I have been such a Titanic force in their history, my dear. They are an old English family, you know. If you could just hear the grisly stories of all they went through in the stupid days of bigotry for this same faith—rack and fire, and gibbet, and wheel. And it has come down to the generations. Mildred Vane, Gilbert's great aunt, was one of my dearest friends. The loveliest girl I ever saw, and with the world fairly at her feet. She turned from it all to be a nun. I had both opinions and emotions then, my dear, and we had a scene together. This is madness, Mildred, I cried; 'to turn your back on God's beautiful world! And turn your face to His more beautiful heaven,' she answered."

"And she got there my dear, in less than two years, nursing paupers in a cholera hospital. And Rupert Vane, Gilbert's uncle, the rightful head of the family, the handsomest, cleverest man of his set, is Bishop of some barbaric place where it's all he can do to keep his people from eating each other. It is a stupendous power, this Catholic faith. If I were not a mere calcareous deposit in these latter days I would say, I was sorry to hear about St. Andrew's. It's the proper thing of course—from our standpoint, but we can't comfortably to wind and tide, while the rock of Rome is immovable. But here I am gossiping on like an old granny, forgetting that the sun is going down, and I must be home before the evening chill. I have brought you a little present, my dear. I suppose I could have made it a soup ladle or a berry dish, but I had a fancy that Gilbert Vane's wife might value this more than any trinket I could buy."

She took a little velvet case from her

old-fashioned reticule, and touched the spring. Within, framed in golden filigree, was the miniature of a beautiful girl. The face that smiled up from the old ivory seemed to Nettie the loveliest she had ever seen, for it had Gilbert's eyes softened into a tender radiance, Gilbert's lips with a new sweetness in their rosy curve, Gilbert's brow noble with a strange serenity. And wrought in the delicate frame was the old crest of the Vane's—the cross and heart, with their motto, Fides et Amor.

"It is Mildred, my dear," said the old lady, whimsically. "It would seem like tearing down the standard for which all of her blood had lived and died. Why, my dear, the old Vane would have preferred headman and block. But the old heroic strain has, I suppose, died out in them like the rest. Your lover is only a modern man to be wheeled and cozened and worried and watched—don't forget that point, my love—watched. When a man breaks faith once he'll break it again, my dear. And with a laughing nod the old lady gathered her furs about her, and made her adieu, leaving Nettie to think.

Ah, the warning had come from the lips of her own world, the warning she had heard in the depths of her heart. She was tearing asunder faith and love, the twin strength that had been Gilbert's heritage; she was clouning the star of his guidance, darkening the heaven of his hope.

And already his life, his love, his happiness felt the darkness, the chill, the loss.

It was late that evening when Gilbert Vane made his usual visit to his mother. He had just returned from the shaded lamplight, Madame Brune's miniature in her hand.

"Another wedding-gift?" he asked smiling.

"Yes, who is it?" she asked, holding out the picture.

"Aunt Mildred!" he exclaimed, with a start. "Surely Aunt Mildred! Where, how did you get it, dear?"

"And why not?" interrupted Nettie, sinking down in the cushion at the speaker's feet and clasping the wrinkled hand. "There will be no more welcome guest, I am sure."

"Of course, of course," said the old lady, nodding; but I gave up weddings and funerals, my dear, a dozen years ago. They disturb my peace. And so you are really going to marry Gilbert Vane?"

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## THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST THE TRUTH.

A hundred years ago the Comte de Maistre, then one of the great writers of Europe, announced very definitely in a sentence that rang throughout the Christian world that history for the last three hundred years, meaning thereby the three hundred years from the Reformation to his own time, had been a conspiracy against the truth. Very few of the historical scholars on side of Catholic countries in his time took the expression seriously. A hundred years later, however, when the editors of the Cambridge "Modern History" in England came to write the preface of their work, which was to be occupied with the history of the race from a time just before the Reformation so-called, they repeated, consciously or unconsciously, De Maistre's words. They said that the long conspiracy against the truth was at last breaking up. Added evidence for this is being brought forward constantly by those who study history in the original documents and in the actual events of the times, and not in the second-hand authorities of so-called classical historians, no one of whom is to be depended upon. A very striking example of this, one that every Catholic should know and appreciate, is to be found in the current number of Scribner's Magazine.

The article is "The Call of the West," and its author is Mr. Sidney Lee, who is known as probably the best of living English Shakespearean scholars and as one of the best authorities on the history of Queen Elizabeth's time. Mr. Lee was for many years one of the most important contributors to the "National Dictionary of Biography" in England, his subjects being especially taken from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. This series of articles in Scribner's treats of the relations of England and America during the sixteenth century, and necessarily has much to say of Spain. It is of special interest at this time because his survey of the period closes with that wonderful year 1607, "when an English settlement in the new hemisphere first took permanent root at Jamestown, an event which we are celebrating with all due solemnity during this present summer."

Mr. Lee has no delusion with regard to the wonderful role that Spain played in the discovery, the settlement and the development of the New World. He realizes very well that her place has been underrated and misstated, and he declares that the reason for this was theological bias. England was a great Protestant country, Spain the typical representative of Catholic countries, and little was deliberately made of all that she did. Her motives for every action were misapprehended, her achievements belittled, everything possible done in order to make a striking contrast between Catholic Spain and Protestant England to the detriment of the former and the advantage of the latter.

Here was the beginning of the great conspiracy against the truth in English history. Every possible charge is made against the Spaniards from religion to cruelty, though history justifies none of them, and Mr. Lee has not been backward in stating this. He says:

"Especially had theological bias justified neglect or facilitated misconception of Spain's role in the sixteenth-century drama of American history. Spain's initial adventures in the New World are often consciously or unconsciously overlooked or underrated in order that she may figure on the stage of history as the belighted champion of a false and obsolete faith which was vanquished under Divine Providence by English defenders of true religion. Many of the hostile critics who have painted the sixteenth-century Spain as the avaricious accumulator of American gold and silver to which she had no right, as the monopolist of American trade of which she robbed others, and as the oppressor and exterminator of the weak and innocent aborigines of the new continent, who deplored her presence among them. Cruelty in all its hideous forms is made commonly set forth as Spain's only instrument of rule in her sixteenth-century empire. On the other hand, the English adventurer has been credited by the same pens with a touching humanity, with the purest religious aspirations, with a romantic courage which was always at the disposal of the oppressed native."

No picture is recognizable when we apply the touchstone of the oral traditions, printed books, maps, and manuscripts concerning America which circulated in Shakespeare's England. There a predilection for romantic adventure is found to sway the Spaniard in even greater degree than it swayed the Elizabethan. Religious zeal is seen to inspire the Spaniard more constantly and conscientiously than it stimulates his English contemporary."

We must not fear that God may fail us for His love is infinite for the soul that rests on Him.

A New Version of a Good Old Story. I heard a rare story the other day of a good Bishop, who was visiting the outlying portion of his diocese for the purpose of confirming some of the rising generation. The pastor had ranged the brave boys in a line, and the Bishop, after asking a few leading questions, requested a little girl to state the definition of matrimony.

And with hands folded, eyes half closed, and a generally modest mien, the little one rapidly recited off the startling announcement that "matrimony is a state of terrible torment which those who enter are compelled to undergo as a partial punishment for their sins and in order to prepare them for a brighter and better world." The pastor, who had taken great pains to prepare his class, was greatly annoyed at this blunder, and sharply said: "No, no, Katie; that is not marriage at all, that is purgatory." "Leave her alone, Father James," said the Bishop, with a pleasing smile; "leave little Katie alone. What do you or I know about it?"

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The motives of each nation are barely distinguishable one from another. Neither deserves to be credited with any monopoly of virtue or vice. Above all, the study of contemporary authorities, brings into a dazzling light, which illuminates every corner of the picture the commanding fact of the Spaniards' priority as explorer, as scientific navigator, as conqueror, as settler."

The above paragraphs are striking in this matter as showing the newer state of mind with regard to Spaniards and Englishmen at this time, a newer state of mind that our schools have not as yet reached, and that our Public school children will probably not be taught for some years yet, unless Catholics interest themselves in having real history taught and not a fantastic caricature of it made originally for Protestant purposes.—Buffalo Union and Times.

A BOOMERANG.

AN OUTSPOKEN EDITOR CONFESSES TO ONE OF THE MANY MISTAKES OF PROTESTANTISM.

A remarkable admission is made by the "Christian Work and Evangelist," a Presbyterian journal, of the sorry mistake of the Puritans in abolishing the devotional observance of days set apart by the Mother Church for the commemoration of some events in the life of the Saviour.

"The Puritans impoverished themselves," it says, "and punished their children by their excesses of protest against Rome and the Church of England. No boomerang ever came back with surer stroke on the sender than the weapon put in motion to defend our Protestantism from the usage and encroachments of churchly Christianity. They taught us to shun Christmas as a Popish invention, and we who are welcoming the Eastertide like good Presbyterians to-day were taught to despise Easter as a dishonor of the Sabbath."

"At last we are beginning to repent," continues this outspoken editor. "Yet our efforts are hindered from the fact that we have no sort of service fitted to keep a Christian festival with simple directness. We even yet make a boggle of Christmas. For the rest, we have frankly to go to our Episcopal friends. Lent finds our Presbyterian flock wandering forlornly between some sort of an extra prayer meeting in our Church and a call on the Church men for a sprig or two of forage to break our fast. But when Holy Week approaches we are compelled to confess our emptiness and enter our neighbor's house to beg our bread. It is a pitiful thing to be making pretenses. We have really nothing but an odd sermon lunched between extra music. A ragged patchwork of songs without settings, readings without order, and imitations without heart. It is really humiliation to wear the old Puritan cloak and try to look like a modern Christian."

The trend to an orderly and significant service has become a public demand. It is a religious necessity to day. The old Anglican service is historically our own. The fights are over now. Who cares to keep the dead issues out of their graves to this unseemly hour? Who is justified in creating a new division among Christians? Why not frankly conform our worship to the old and approved model happily right at our hand?"

Commenting on this going to the Episcopalians, the Catholic News well says that this is being satisfied with an imitation. The genuine observance is to be found only in the Catholic Church, from which the man-made Episcopal Church copied so many of its ceremonies and its calendar of religious festivals.

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