

FORTY BILLION GERMS.

A WONDERFUL THEORY THAT CONCERNS THE WELL-BEING, HAPPINESS AND LIFE OF EVERYONE.

In his quiet and cozy library at the close of a busy day sat a gentleman and his wife, he absorbed in a new book and she in the newspaper. Quickly glancing toward her husband, she asked, "What is the germ theory?"

"The germ theory—well—yes; just look in the encyclopedia under 'germ,' that will explain it as much better than I can." Accordingly his wife opened the book at the word named and read: Germ Theory of Disease—A theory advanced by the ablest and best investigators and scientists of the times. It supposes the surface of the earth, the air and water to be inhabited to a greater or less extent by a peculiar growth of the lowest form of fungi production, under favorable conditions, in as great that a single germ will increase to fifteen million in twenty-four hours' time, and unobeyed in its increase would grow to a mass of eight hundred tons, in three days' time, if space and food be furnished. There is in condition under which it can be said to be absent, unless it be from fire or air filtered through cotton-battling in numerous layers. A single drop of water containing a germ, put into water boiled, filtered and thus freed from bacteria, will grow murky in a day or two from the development of new germs. When it is considered that it requires about forty billion to weigh one grain, some remote idea can be had of the capacity of germ reproduction. Professor John Tyndall, in a late work, elaborately treats of the influence of germs in the propagation of disease and charges upon this cause the inception and development of very many of the ailments most injurious to man. Professor Pasteur, an eminent French savant, has carried his original and beautiful experiments so far, and from them deduced such practical results as very greatly to diminish the number of cases of anthrax among sheep and chicken cholera among fowls, proving his theory that these are essentially and actually germ diseases. These germs are carried into the system through the lungs, the stomach and possibly the skin, but through the lungs chiefly. Once in the system, they begin to develop, poisoning the blood, invading the nerve centers, disturbing the functional activity of the great organs of the body and introducing a general impairment of the vital processes. They are the cause of typhoid, rheumatism, Bright's disease of the kidney, pneumonia, blood poisoning, liver disease, diphtheria and many other ailments. Lately Professor Koch, a famous German physician, has proved that consumption of the lungs is due to this cause—the presence of a peculiar germ.

When the circulation is bounding, the nerves elastic and the system all aglow with life and energy, the germs seem to develop poorly, if at all. But with weakened nerves, poor digestion or mal-assimilation of food or a lowering of vitality from any cause, a change ensues, and in this impoverished and weakened field the germs find a genial home and develop until symptoms of disease are distinctly manifested. This is seen in the everyday experience of all. The healthy man resists the influences around him and does not take cold, while those whose systems have become weak from any cause readily contract colds. This is on the same principle as the germ theory. The germs attack any weakened spot in the body, and fixing themselves upon it, begin their propagation. It is plain therefore that it is only by fortifying the weak portions of the body that the germs of disease can be resisted and driven from the system. But this has proved almost an impossibility heretofore, and it has been the study of physicians for years how best to accomplish it.

Within the past few years, however, a preparation has been attracting great attention, not only throughout the entire land, but among the medical profession and scientists generally, which is based upon this theory, and it may safely be said, no remedy has ever been found which can so successfully place the system in a condition to resist the germs of disease as Warner's Safe Urine. This article is unquestionably the best and most efficient that has ever been discovered for this purpose, and—

"John, say, John! does the encyclopedia advertise Warner's Safe Urine?" "I should not wonder, dear; it's a grand remedy, and that pamphlet we received the other day stated that Dr. Gunn, of the United States Medical College, endorsed it. At all events the wonderful cures it is accomplishing entitle it to be honorably noted among the great discoveries of the present century." "But the facts above stated may be, the truth remains, that the germ theory of disease is the correct one, and that the great remedy mentioned is the only one which has ever been found that can put the system in a condition to kill these germs before they obtain a hold upon the body, and undermine the life."

Those unhappy persons who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia should use Carter's Little Nerve Pills, which are made expressly for sleepless, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents, at all druggists.

Serious floods are reported from Spain. Mortuus Don's Know.—How many children are punished for being uncouth, willful and indifferent to instructions or rewards, simply because they are out of health! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks, the children would be all a parent could desire."

The Canadian Pacific Railway is finished as far as 50 miles past Calgary. DID SHE DIE? "No. She lingered and suffered along, pinning away all the time for years." "The doctors doing her no good?" "And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!" "How thankful we should be for that medicine."

THE QUEEN'S SECRET.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

"Father Peter," muttered Sir Geoffrey; "oh, sire, and by my good sooth," he continued, looking in his face, and following somewhat tardily, "I believe thou art not very man. But my books are all exposed to the fury of these murderers. There's St. Thomas and St. Bernard, and—"

"Hush!" said the priest; "and come instantly, or we are both lost." "But," persisted Sir Geoffrey, dropping his voice to a whisper, and still uttering his friend to drag, rather than lead him along, "but, Father Peter, I made a vow never to part company with St. —"

"Nonsense, sire, this is mere folly. I shall not permit thee to endanger thy life and mine for an object so trifling." "Trifling!" repeated Sir Geoffrey, astonished at the priest for using such an expression. "Why, I tell thee, man, St. Bernard, and St. Thomas, and St. —"

"Peace, Sir Geoffrey, I beg thee, peace, and follow unresistingly;" and the priest, preceded by the muffled figure, led the old knight through the deep shadow of the wall, until they came to a marble slab, which formed the inner square of the base of a column immediately behind the altar, and which, even in broad daylight, had nothing to distinguish it from the rest. When they reached this spot, they could see the soldiers sleeping and stumbling over the broken statues and pillars, in their eagerness to arrest the fugitives, and hear their bows clanking, and their shafts striking against the stones beside them, whilst they themselves were unseen in the darkness. They lost but little time, however, in making observations, for the slab opened, and Sir Geoffrey, preceded by the priest, and followed instantly by the man in the cloak, passed through the aperture. When the slab again closed behind the little party, the guide opened a dark lantern, and bidding them follow, descended a long flight of steps, till he came to a broad, flagged pavement, and there pushing back a heavy oak door, ushered them into a large and dimly-lighted apartment. As soon as he had done so, he descended himself of his cloak, and set about preparing some refreshment for the travelers.

Whilst the monk—for so he was—bathed himself at his scanty and ill-furnished larder, and Father Peter threw off his disguise and resumed his clerical habit, the knight had leisure to examine the apartment. It was of large dimensions, but the ceiling was very low, and flagged, probably the floor of the church above, and as far as Sir Geoffrey could judge, immediately under the sanctuary. The wall, opposite where he sat, was covered with rough shelves, filled with books of all sizes and bindings, and in the farther end of the room what seemed to be tombs of various kinds and styles of architecture, according to the date of their erection. But there was one of which the knight took particular notice; it was a plain, black flag, some six feet square, and supported by four pedestals, somewhat higher than the rest, and occupying a prominent place in the group. It was covered with a white cloth, bearing the initials I. E. S., and a simple Roman cross cut in front. On this tombstone was also placed a small tabernacle, and above it a tapestried canopy of cloth of gold, whose folds encroached round about, and fell in rich plaques on the floor. Sir Geoffrey perceived, at once, it was used for an altar, and thinking it the most suitable place he could select to deposit his treasure, carefully drew out his rolls of pictures from the capacious pockets of his doublet, and reverently laid them thereon. As he approached the altar and glanced around, the truth flashed upon him in an instant, that he was amid the graves of the abbots and monks of Allanbury, and despite all his natural firmness, he could not help shuddering at the thought.

When Sir Geoffrey selected Allanbury Abbey for his retreat, he never imagined it contained such a hiding-place as this. He supposed Father Peter's cell, of which he heard so much, was nothing more than a few boards, or flags, huddled together, and covered roughly over to protect him from the storm. And he intended to seek it among the ruins, and take up his abode there, with a pitcher of water and a loaf of bread for his temporary sustenance. Whether the priest, during his frequent visits to Brockton, purposely withheld a full description of the place for prudent reasons, or did not think it a matter of interest to the knight, certain it is that Sir Geoffrey had entirely mistaken his character. "Father Peter," said he, laying his hand on the priest's shoulder, "tell me, is this the place thou hast frequented so much these twenty years?" "The same." "The graves of the dead?" "Even so, Sir Geoffrey." "And that the altar on which thou offerest the holy sacrifice?" "The priest assented." "It's the tomb of William Banton, second Abbot of Allanbury, the tabernacle and canopy are among the few things we have saved from the wreck. This is the cell where I have spent many a long night; and there, pointing to the book, "are the companions of my solitude. I say the mass every morning I am here, with none to assist but that old man, brother Felix. He never leaves the place; indeed, he has not been one day absent from the abbey since his reception as a lay brother, thirty-five years ago. The faithful of the district come to seek me here when my services are required at the baptismal font, or the sick bed; and he manages to see them and receive their instructions without admitting them to the secret of my hiding-place. It was in the discharge of that duty you saw him to-night, waiting under the shadow of the old walls. The few Catholics in the vicinity supply him with abundant food for support, and he lives here contented and happy. His chief employment, in my absence, is copying the old manuscripts of the order, which have been much effaced and stained by the burning of the abbey, and picking out the moss and weeds from the altar and the sanctuary. Dost see that round stone in the ceiling? It turns on a pivot, and admits both air and light; and yet, from its peculiar position in the pavement of the church above is not easily detected. There is the fire through which the smoke passes from the fireplace. It runs along the ceiling to the very extremity of the chapel wall, and escapes through a broken chimney, more than a hundred feet from where we stand. Nor does the smoke, during the day or night, excite the least suspicion. This will somewhat surprise thee, but it is not the less true. Brother Felix, who, from his long residence at the abbey, knew all the secret places, retired here after the demolition of the building, and while the roof and walls were still burning, lit his life in a very healthful manner. He has never since been extinguished. Night and day the smoke ascends from the same old chimney, and years have passed since our enemies aban-

andoned all hopes of discovering the cause of the extraordinary phenomenon. The general belief among the Protestant peasantry of the neighborhood, and many of the better classes also, that the devil has lit a fire under that chimney, to burn the bones of the monks of Allanbury, and never to be extinguished till the day of judgment." "But that's impossible!" exclaimed Sir Geoffrey; "absolutely impossible, I can prove beyond question, morally and physically. *Sicut quecumque sit de spiritu aut inferno, sic—*" "Hush!" replied the priest, interrupting the knight; "thou canst easily prove its impracticability, if proof were necessary; but I have merely stated the nature of the superstition."

"They cannot defend the theory at all," urged Sir Geoffrey. "By no means," replied the priest. "And moreover," pursued the knight, "it's not at all clear to me, that the devil has the power to enter these walls under any pretence whatever. As for burning the bones of the sainted dead,—ha, ha!—the wretch, he dare not lay a finger on them." Brother Felix now made a sign to the priest that supper was prepared, and the latter, beckoning the knight to follow, led the way through a narrow door into a very small apartment, in which hung a lamp before a little altar decorated with the richest and most costly ornaments. The tabernacle was covered with a thin veil, but through it shone a light of the purest gold, and most elaborate workmanship; and round its little door were wreaths of diamonds and precious stones, apparently of great value. Sir Geoffrey saw, this moment he entered the little room, he was in an oratory, and before the Blessed Sacrament. This was evident from the lighted lamp, as well as from the superior quality of the ornaments on the altar. Both knelt, in profound silence, for a few minutes, before the altar, and commended with their Saviour, as was their daily custom before meals; then rising and reverently quitting the oratory, they sat down to their simple repast.

During the discussion of their little party, and a bottle of sack, which the knight might have recognized as once an occupant of his own cellar at Brockton, various questions were asked and answered on both sides. The priest informed Sir Geoffrey, among the rest, that Queen Elizabeth had resolved, at every risk, to extirpate Catholicism from her realm, and had spies set on the hapless Queen of Scots, ready to report to her the slightest change in her rival's conduct or policy. He had been at Hampton, where Elizabeth kept her court for the present, and learned much of the intrigues she practised, and the diplomatic relations she intended to establish between England and the Netherlands. Her chief object now was to gain time for the concentration of her own resources at home, and the establishment of a powerful alliance with the Protestant princes abroad; but when these were once attained,—when she felt herself strong enough to defy opposition from her own subjects, and interference on the part of France and Spain,—she would endeavor all her might to blast the hopes of a succession through the Stuart, and destroy the Papal power in England forever, by fair means or by foul. "She is not," continued the priest; "a lover either of Lutheranism or Calvinism; no, so far as I can judge, she despises both thoroughly; but she hates the Catholic Church because she who declared her illegitimate is her spiritual head, and she knows the surest way to annoy him is by encouraging the enemies of the Church, and aiding them in the way they are waging against him. For my own part," said the priest, "I cannot hope to escape much longer, and I fear the queen's puritanism, who, being Londoners, are much less superstitious than the neighboring peasants, will track me here, and not relinquish the search till they have found me, or, what will amount to the same, till they have discovered my hiding-place, and all it contains. Two weeks ago, they hunted me from a small house in Fenchurch Street, in the city, and pursued me below Hampton Court, to a place called Whinstone Hollow. And to-night, whilst in the act of baptizing a child, I was surprised by the entrance of a trooper in the queen's livery, and had hardly time to escape through the window in the rear of the house. If I am taken, I can hope for no mercy at the queen's hands, for I have used all my influence in public and private, as often as I happened to be safe from immediate arrest, to thwart her projects and expose her intrigues in Scotland and at the Hague. I have also preached to the poor persecuted Catholics wherever I found them, were it even under the walls of the court, and have imparted the last rites of the church to the dying even in her very palace. All this she knoweth well, and will not forget it when the order for my execution cometh before her. But the will of God be done. I shall endeavor, whilst life remains, to be found wherever my official duties as a minister of God may call me, and shall leave the rest to an ever just and merciful Providence, without whose permission not a hair of our head can fall. To-morrow I leave for the city, again to meet some of my brethren in the ministry, and devise plans for the better evading the new law, and for making enlarged provisions for the wants of the city mission. For thee, Sir Geoffrey, it is difficult to determine what course thou oughtest to pursue. Being but a titled commoner, thou art exposed to the second tender; and I tell I know Sir Thomas Filinton will not fail to take thee; if thou hast friends in his power. His own hall, no doubt, already reached Brockton Hall, and searched every nook and corner in the building for the old remnant."

"Not every nook and corner," interrupted the knight, rubbing his hands in glee at the thought of his enemies' discomfiture; "Alice is safe there yet." "I hope so," replied the priest; "God help her, if she fall into his hands!" "Hopes so," repeated Sir Geoffrey. "Why, man, she is in the deacon's cell under the tower, and will remain there till I return. So, at least, I have directed her, and she is as dutiful a child as ever old man was blessed with. She never disobeys me yet—never."

"Heaven guard her!" said the priest, fervently clasping his hands. "She is dearer to me than all earthly ties beside. She is amongst my brightest hopes, for I will offer her to God on the day of judgment as a compensation for all the sins of my life. She is thy daughter, Sir Geoffrey, in the flesh, but she is mine in the faith. She is the jewel which thou gavest the church, but which I polished, to bring out its native lustre. God save her from those who would be hard-hearted enough to work her ill!" "Amen!" echoed the knight. "But I cannot agree to that last observation, Father Peter, respecting the polishing. Nay, I insist thou hast not taught Alice Wentworth all her acquirements. Thou hast doubtless instructed the maidenright faithfully in what appertains to thy calling—her religious duties and pious exercises of divers sorts and kinds; but thou'lt please remember she is beholden to me for her knowledge of arts, beauty, letters, flowers, metaphysics and theology, not to speak of the ancient languages, whereof she is not entirely ignorant. Nay, reversed the father, thou'lt please remember that thou hast not hastened to London. Biddy

will follow Filinton, and meet me in the city. Hasten thee, father, hasten thee; for thy child is in the fangs of the evil one." "N.G." When the priest read the letter, he seemed to Sir Geoffrey to be greatly affected by the information it contained, but of which the latter had not the slightest suspicion. He still kept his eyes fixed on the ground, as if he were trying to collect his thoughts after the shock so sudden an announcement had given him. At length he looked up in the dwarf's face, and seeing there a plain confirmation of the melancholy intelligence, sank down on a low stool by the wall, and buried his face in his hands.

"That's a sorry sight," whispered St. Geoffrey to himself, still peering out from between the cloak and the red handkerchief. "Indeed, it's very painful to look at—the hunted priest sitting there weeping over the misfortunes of his people at the feet of his Saviour. News of murders and assassinations, I trow, and all for God's sake. O, poor Father Peter, God console thee—God console thee—for thou hast a heavy heart! It's a very melancholy scene, altogether;" he continued, looking round the room; "this damp and desolate vault, with its railings, drops falling in the corners from the green, mildewed walls, and dripping like the beat of a clock, so regular and so lonely. I could not feel the loss of little Alice more than he feels this woe—no indeed, I wish I saw that wretched business had that misshapen villain to come here instead of God be praised! Alice is not here in the grave looking up there; half defined in the darkness, would delight her to death. O, I wish I could sleep, and shut out these objects from my sight. *Sancta Maria, mater Dei, ora pro nobis.*"

Father Peter at length slowly raised his head, and refolding the letter, signed to the dwarf to await his return. He then lighted a lamp and traversing a narrow passage leading to that part of the vault where the dead were buried, disappeared behind the tomb. When the priest returned, Sir Geoffrey's eyes had almost closed in sleep. The lassitude that succeeds fatigue and unusual excitement came over his senses, and gradually weighed down the eyelids. He was in that state of somnolency when one is conscious of the presence of an object, but cannot exert sufficient power of voice or vision to look or speak. Yet the knight knew the priest was there, and had exchanged his clerical habit for an ordinary doublet and hose, and that the dwarf had strapped upon his shoulders something in the shape of a box, and was proceeding the priest in the direction of the doorway through which they had first entered the vault. He essayed once or twice to ask the priest whether he was bent, and when he would return; but though the lips moved, there came no sound; and hardly had the indistinct forms of the missionary and his strange companion disappeared in the gloom of the passage, when the knight of Brockton was in the land of dreams.

CHAPTER XI. Nell Gower and her fair charge, having bid adieu to Brockton for a time, hastened with all possible speed to a cross road near the small village of Upton, and there turned from the great London thoroughfare, hoping thereby to escape Sir Thomas Filinton, now in full march upon the Hall. The road they took on quitting the main one, was narrow and seemingly unfrequented, for the walls and dikes on either side were broken down, and decayed branches of trees lay here and there, as if there were none left to take an interest in their removal. Obligated to be cautious in avoiding these impediments, and now out of the direct line of her enemies' march, Alice and her faithful companion travelled more slowly along the lonely and deserted by-way.

The young girl, though silent and abstracted during the greater part of the journey, was yet more composed and collected than Nell Gower had expected to find her. The latter had anticipated a reaction in the feelings of her protegee, as soon as she had fairly realized her situation and reflected on the dangers she had to encounter in the prosecution of her design. But she was mistaken; Alice's resolution to carry out her project seemed to grow stronger the farther she proceeded on her journey. In this Nell was considerably disappointed; for she hoped to induce her to fly to Scotland, and seek an asylum in the arms of Mary Stuart, as soon as she could bring Sir Geoffrey to Whinstone Hollow, and there make arrangements for his flight to France. Two or three times Nell ventured to remonstrate against the folly—nay, the recklessness, of such a step as that of casting herself, as an applicant at the feet of her church and her house. But Alice was inflexible, and Nell dropped the subject for the present, trusting to time and reflection for that change which her angel could not effect.

It was Alice herself insensible to the difficulties she had to encounter. She felt she must set out on her first entry into the world, where she was unknown and untried. She knew not a single human being in whom she might confide, but the weak old woman who rode beside her. She was on her way to London—to the great city—there to be exposed to dangers and temptations of every kind—to the libertinism of the dissolute, and the sneer of the implous; the one to lay snares for her innocence, and the other for her faith. She was conscious of her inexperience of the world and its ways. She felt like a bird escaped from the cage in which it had been confined since its first hour of life, scarce knowing how to use its wings or whither to fly. Then she had undertaken a hazardous task, in the fulfilment of which she might involve herself in the intrigues of the court, nay, provoke, perhaps, the hostility of the queen. These sad anticipations had a dispiriting influence on her heart from time to time, as she permitted herself to indulge them. Still she thought of her father, the good, simple old man, driven from his home or pining in a dungeon, and then she would raise her soul to God, and ask his blessing and assistance in her dutiful undertaking. Amid all the dangers that seemed to threaten her, she never for a moment faltered in her trust and confidence in her heavenly Father, who never suffers any of his children to be tempted beyond their strength; and whose providence is ever watchful to guide and guard them.

Alice Wentworth was brought up a strict Catholic, and had well learned the value of those weapons which the Church puts into the hands of her children to defend them against temptation. Father Peter, once the resident chaplain of the family, and still a welcome visitor of the Hall, often as he could steal in under the cloak of night, had stored her mind with the lights of faith and the principles of genuine piety. Under his careful direction, she studied the saints of old, and found in their lives the best illustrations of the virtues that distin-

gish the true Christian character, and accustomed herself to regard their examples as her surest guides through the perils of life. Like them, she shrank from intercourse with the world, and chose rather to fly danger than brave it. Yet, like them also, when duty called her forth, she went full of hope and confidence.

With respect to her faith, she was not one of those who simply believe and practice religion, content with the divine assurance that it is ordained of Heaven; and give themselves no trouble to discover the hidden beauties it contains. No, she studied it thoroughly under her pious and affectionate pastor, and made herself acquainted with the genius and spirit that dictated and pervaded all its parts. She learnt to discover in every minute ceremonial, as well as in the most important precepts, the evidence of an infinite wisdom. To her eyes its routine of duties and multiplicity of details were the best conceptions for the wants of man. She saw in the church the exercise of those qualities of divine wisdom and goodness which so remarkably distinguished her divine Founder. She saw her making herself all to all that the might gain all to God. She saw her studying human nature in all its lesser qualities as well as in its prominent characteristics, and making, for every need and every want, an appropriate and salutary provision. While she saw her propose the precept to her children, she also saw her hold out allurements to entice them to its fulfilment. She saw the church stoop to the most simple inventions in order to attract, and the most loving blandishments in order to console and to please. Pictures, music, incense, candles, vestments, lights, ornaments were but so many means she adopted to address the soul through the channels of the senses; she heard them, like so many nets, to capture the hearts of men. All this she understood to be the result of a holy policy. The crucifix was to her, not an object of adoration, but a pious emblem, by which the Church intended to captivate her senses, and thus win her love. It was a book always open before her, in which she might see, at one glance, the wickedness of man and the goodness of God; and she wore it on her breast, and loved it for the thoughts it inspired. The statue of the Virgin Mother, in the church or in her chamber, was not an idol to worship, but an object to suggest pure thoughts and holy aspirations; and she kept it on the mantel, that the original might be ever present to her mind. In the Eucharist she saw a proof of the unspeakable love of God for His creatures, who, in His infinite wisdom, knew nothing else by which he could adequately express its abiding intensity. And often did she think, when meditating before the tabernacle, what a cold and dreary void the absence of such a warming and life-giving sacrament would leave in the human heart; nay, she sometimes fancied to herself, were it nothing more than a pious fraud of the church, that God might pardon it for the sake of the insatiable love that prompted it, and the piety and goodness it engendered in the soul. Then, again, the confessional was to her, not a divine ordinance merely, which, as a Catholic, she was bound to obey, but a holy place into which she entered to whisper to the Divine Spirit an acknowledgment of her faults, a petition for forgiveness, and a promise of renewed allegiance. It was to her, not so much a duty of obedience as of love. She went there to open her heart to her confessor in the double capacity of minister of God and friend of the sinner, and she felt, in leaving it, that were it nothing more than a human institution, it deserved the blessing and the protection of Heaven for the consolations it afforded the sorrowful and stricken hearts that went there to seek its soothing influence.

Such were the estimate Alice Wentworth formed of the various elements of Catholicity. She saw wisdom in all its institutions and beauty in all its details. She saw it speaking to man's soul through every avenue, through his sight, his hearing, his affections, his intellects, his imagination, in a word, addressing him in all the wonderful complexity of his nature, and she felt that a religion which would thus reach every consciousness of humanity and supply it with an appropriate help,—which, whilst it exercised so powerful an influence over millions, had yet a special and distinct influence over each,—must have come from Heaven, were even revelation itself but a dream.

But, besides all this, Alice saw a poetry in the Catholic religion, if we may so call it, which endeared it still more to her heart. Its music, its songs, its doctrine of communion of saints and of guardian angels, gave an inexpressible harmony of the whole machinery of its operations; and the awe of her breast, an enthusiasm and awoke of its power, and a grandeur. Hence it was she could never be brought to understand how it happened that men impugned the doctrine of Catholicity. And if she were told—as she often was by Father Peter—that apostasy from the faith was always the result of licentiousness, and never of a holy conviction, she would still wonder how men could be so foolish as to barter so dear a legacy for so poor a recompense.

It was under the inspiring influence of such thoughts as these that Alice determined to brave every danger in order to save her father. She trusted in God, and she went on her way hoping for the best.

They had now travelled through the woods which lined the road, on either side, for three or four miles, the bright moon shining clear and cold through the openings in the trees, when the sudden bark of the dog, who had trotted on, sniffing among the brambles and brushwood, some hundred yards in advance, followed by the noise of horses' feet, roused their attention. Alice drew her rein, and thought of leaping the fence, and secreting herself amongst the trees till the traveller passed by; but Nell assured her there was no need, as the noise was that of a single horse, and therefore not likely to be of Filinton's escort. As the horseman approached the little party, the dog preceded him, barking all the while; and when he came within a few yards of Alice and her companion, Peto so annoyed him by leaping at his horse, that the stranger drew his sword and made a lunge, more to scare, perhaps, than punish him for his insolence. Unfortunately, however, his sword, owing to the sudden curvetting of his mettlesome steed, instead of taking effect upon the noisy animal, struck Peto on the neck, scratching him severely and cutting the bridle rein. The gentle creature, unaccustomed to such rough treatment, ran off a-frighted, and disappeared in the deep shadow of the trees. Hardly had the stranger dealt the blow, when he saw the awkward blunder he had made, and leaped from his horse to repair the damage as best he might; but Alice was gone. Knowing of his short cloak, and flinging his sword and belt on the wayside, he ran in pursuit of the starting pony, as if followed by Nell Gower and William Macalpin. They had not gone half a mile, when they came in sight of an old, dilapidated house, and saw Peto standing before it, neighing loudly for help for his mistress, now stretched on the

Continued on 3rd page.