CHAPTER I.

The sun was setting in a sea of glory behind the fir wood that surrounded Llanfair Cour. The golden rays pierced the heavy foliage and caught the jagged pink trunks of the old trees, turning them into ruddy, flaming reds of every tone and shade. Shimmering through the shade. Shimmering through the branches the parting streams of sunlight fell across the broad terrace in front of the house, now touching the old stone parapet with loving caress and shower-ing golden kisses upon its grey lichens, now lying in bright patches athwart the grass or gilding the breast of the swallow he wheeled in the stream of fiery

Pensively along the terrace paced the master of the court and his daughter, Gwynyth, a tall, slim maiden of fourteen. He gazed at the setting sun and smiled at its wondrous glory.

"'Tis beautiful, 'tis beautiful,' he mur-

mured; then his smile faded away and his face was overcast by some sadness of thought as is the strong sunshine by a his face was overcast by some sadices of thought as is the strong sunshine by a heavy cloud. Though not yet forty, his bearing was that of a man of many more years. He walked as one weighed down by some burden, wearily and pensively. His face, pale and handsome, was set off by the thick raven locks and the deep, flashing eyes, which lit up his entire countenance. A short beard, pointed as was the custom of gentlemen of the Elizabethan period, covered the chin and half hid the mouth. Some great sorrow seemed to hold him in its sway and had imprinted lines of care round the eyes and on the high brow. Perhaps it was this that has traced that gentleness on his countenance and drew all calidren to him, and made his own daughter Gwynyth worship him with all the ardor of her being. It seemed to her that her father and sorrow had become entwined father and sorrow had become entwined together round her heart and were insep-arable. Her earliest recollections had been connected with her mother's death. She remembered lying in her father's arms that same night, and while he bent over her she first learned to know sorrow and to read in his face the written grie of a strong man. Since then trouble had always been with him, she thought. A staunch Catholic, her father had suffered many wrongs at the hands of the Queen's followers. The old place was going to ruin, for there was no money to keep it up. Only two servants remained; the others had been obliged to seek elsewhere the means of livelihood her father could be along the server. no longer afford them. She alone was left to him; he was her all in all and she was his. And Richard—— For a mo-ment she had half forgotten the cousin

who had called the old court his home.

"Dear old Dicky," she murmured, and then she sighed—why, she could not tell; but somehow things were not quite the same between herself and the brotherwho had only lately returned e city of London. He was just as fond of her of that she was quite sure and he loved Sir Rupert as much as she did. Where, then, was the difference where was the rift between them which with her quick perception she was con-scious of? Far away deep down in the depths of her heart she feared rather than knew where it was. How frame that awful fear into thoughts—how admit to herself that it was on the score of relig-ion that he had changed! She would be angry with herself for being thus suspicious, and running to Richard's room she would lay her cheek against his, twining her arms about his neck or holding his hand in hers she would gaze deep into his eyes to read there the lie to her fears. But why would he glance hastily at her and then turn away? Why, when he received her caresses, did he grow embarrassed at her gaze? It used not to be so. Something had happened—he was changed. Did her father know?

was changed. Did her father know? Did he suspect anything?

On this glorious evening her heart was heavy within her and she felt aggrieved. She paced the terrace by her father's side, suiting her steps to his. Sir Rupert's cloak, thrown carelessly over his shoulders, set off the girlish form, clad in white, as she cloup to his arm. They ware not as she clung to his arm. They were no unlike and could be told at a glance for father and daughter.

As they walked the girl was speaking.

"Tis strange, father, that you per-ceive it not! I see it more and more. Dick is not the same lad he was wont to be; he is no longer the light-hearted boy be; he is no longer the light-hearted boy who shared my every secret, who was my constant companion and playmate. There are times now when he seems to shirk my company, though in all truth, he can scarcely be wearied with it, for he spends little enough time at home nowadays."

The father smiled at her aggregated

The father smiled at her aggrieved

tone.
"Poor Gwynyth," he said, "she considers herself, doubtless, a very injured maiden. She forgets that when a lad has maiden. She forgets that when a lad has attained his twenty-second year he looks upon himself as a man, and even the most charming of little cousins can scarce keep him tied to her apron strings. He must be away and about his own busi-

And, pray, what is his business Naught that I can say will persuade him ever to speak of his city doings," answered the girl, with a pout.

Rupert Trevor seemed amused. Sir Rupert Trevor seemed amused.

"And if he did tell thee, Gwynyth, dost think thou wouldst be any the wiser? What could such a little rustic wench understand of business? Why, even I forbear to question him, for I am but a plain country squire, and could only display my ignorance in city matters. Tig different with Dick; he has been to col-lege as his father would have wished. I have loved the boy as a son ever since the day I took him in, a weakly little lad of six—before thou wert even thought of, Gwynyth—and he has always shown himself worthy of my love and confidence, minself worthy of my love and confidence, worthy of his own father, Richard. But 'tis not of Dick I would speak now. Listen, I have news for thee. My old school-fellow, Father Morgan, is sore pressed by the priest hunters, and has sent me word imploring for shelter. I shall receive him gladly to-morrow after night-fall. Let us thank God we shall hear Mass again at last! Once more shall we be permitted to approach the sacraments." The girl's eyes flashed with excitement, for her father's spirit, with his loyalty to the old faith, burned within her.

"What good tidings," she cried;
"I not girl's these wicked men comes; " and if those wicked men come and search for him we shall shut him up safely in the hiding place in the blue room, and we shall die rather than betray him. And suppose they do find him after all, father, and we are killed; we shall be martyrs, shall we not?"

Sir Rupert smiled at her enthusiasm.

"Nay, they shall not find him," he said; "a priest's life is very precious in these troublous days. I feel quite secure about our hiding hole. None who knew not the secret would ever dream of it, so cunningly set behind the chimney. Ah, here comes Dick; let us tell him our news."

The girl could not explain it, but at The girl could not explain it, but at that moment a sudden chill struck her heart; she clung to her father's arm.

"Nay, do not tell him," she said in an undertone; "he leaves again to-morrow morning for London; 'twill be of no avail for him to know; he will not be here. I pray thee, father, do not speak of it."

pray thee, father, do not speak of it."
"Noneense, child," he answered, surprised at her manner; "I shall certainly tell him that he may postpone his journey. "Is not often the poor lad gets the chance of a Mass, and I would indeed be lacking in my duty were I not to give him the opportunity of assisting."
Gwynyth saw there was no help for it; her cousin was even now approaching.

her cousin was even now approaching. Sir Rupert, dark and handsome, made a striking contrast to his nephew. The latter, who was somewhat below the middle height, had none of his uncle's commanding aspect; on the contrary, his weak mouth and shifty blue eyes indicated a charactereasily swayed by every breath of fortune. He was fond of Sir Ruper in his own way and of his cousin, too, but with him every affection was subservient to the all-engrossing love of self. There were times when he inward-ly cursed his uncle's fidelity to the old religion, resulting for him in the miserable

allowance, now all that Sir Rupert could Gwynyth let go her father's arm as the young man approached; she would not stay to see how he received the tidings. The girl was fond of her brother-cousin The girl was fond of her brother-cousin and tried ever to shake off those thoughts and suspicions which would creep unawares upon her. Turning away she caught sight of the white cap and apron belonging to Dame Rachel Jones, who was about to announce the evening meal. She was the typical old family house-keeper, was the dame, and her love, like that of most old servants, amounted to almost adoration for Sir Rupert and her beloyed little mistress, Gwynyth. But beloved little mistress, Gwynyth. But you must not picture her as a placid, sweet-faced old lady. Dame Rachel's sharp features and small, deeply-set eyes, her swift, business like movements, all tended to show the quickness of percep-tion, the natural alertness of the woman. In the balmy days at Llanfair Court she had ruled the household with a rod of iron, and woe to the man who tried any way to get a penny more than his due, the dame would be down on him like

hammer.
"If I did not look to Sir Rupert's interests," she would say, "I should like to know who would. I troth the poor, dear gentleman would soon be robbed of every farthing he had, and not know it either." And now that those days of plenty were over, Dame Rachel still clung to the family; she and old John, the gardener, were all that were left of Sir Rupert's

formerly well-filled household.

At the sight of the old servant Gwynyth, in her childish light-heartedness orgot her momentary trouble and bounded from her father's side to catch the dame affectionately by the arm, all eager to tel

secret.
"Rachel, dear, what thingest thou, have such news!" she cried. "A priest is coming here and we shall have Mass again, and if those bad soldiers come we shall hide him. And, Rachel, thou'lt help me to get the blue room in readi-

ness, wilt thou not?"

The old woman released herself from the girl's grasp, speaking with apparen irritation

"A priest coming here! And what may he want withus, I askiyou? I won-der he has not more consideration for poor Sir Rupert than to thrust himself upon him in these day when the harboring of a priest means certain imprison-ment, if not worse, I troth we've had enough to bear already Gwynyth only laughed; she knew well

Gwynyth only laughed, shows than thy the dame.

"Thy bark is ever worse than thy bite," she said; "thou'lt welcome Father Morgan as much as any of us, I know. Poor man, my father says he hath been sore pressed of late by the Queen's

men."
"Then all the greater reason he should
"Then all the dame, "I tell keep away," snapped the dame. "I tell thee, child, it truly puzzles me what Sir Rupert is about in receiving him. But there as I was ever wont to say, the poor gentleman has no eye to his own interests. I would I managed them for him. I should soon send the priest aflying."

"Rachel!" ejaculated Gwynyth.

"Come now, child, then knowest roll I

" Come now, child, thou knowest well am as good a Catholic as any of you; indeed, I would to heaven Queen Bess al her rascal Protestants were at the bottom of the sea. To my mind there's a place for everything, and I troth Llanfair Court is no place for priests and Mass in these days with the dear master risking his very life," and still grumbling the dame re-entered the house.

Gwynyth laughed as she returned to the

"Rachel is in one of her cantankerous moods to-night; she welcomes not the thought of Father Morgan."

thought of Father Morgan."

"Poor old Rachel," said Sir Rupert;
"if ever a faithful heart rested 'neath a sharp exterior, it is hers. Dick here says he may not stay over the morrow."

Oh! why that deadly chill again? The girl's voice had lost its joyous tone as she addressed her cousin,
"Do stay, Dicky," she said! "why must thou hasten thus away?"

"I would indeed I might remain," replied the youth, at the same time avoiding those clear, truthful eyes. "I long. ing those clear, truthful eyes. "I long, like thee, to hear Mass once more, but duty calls, and I must from hence on urgent business. I may return, however, before he leaves," he added, after a slight

pause.
"Come, that is right, Dick, my lad!"
"Come, that is right, Dick, my lad!" exclaimed his uncle, cordially; "I know that thou wilt do thy best. Now, let's to supper.

That night, when all but himself lay wrapt in slumber, Richard Trevor paced restlessly up and down his room, with knitted brows and hands clenched.

"It must be done," he muttered: "'twill never do to allow such a chance to slip me. This fellow Morgan is the very man they are bent on taking; the price of his capture will be well worth the having. And yet—but why should I hesitate? The only my business, for what am I?—a paid spy," and he laughed harshly. "Yes, a

in my service to lead the life of a lazy dog? "Tis time thou besir thyself! Track out that rascal Morgan or in the foul fiend's name I'll out thee, bag and baggage." What a chance! Here is this gage. What a chance! Here is this Morgan flying to my very arms! Norton and his band are scarce thirty miles away; I have but to ride hence and make my terms. Ah! I forgot my uncle! Should they capture a priest beneath his roof he will be in danger. 'Twill be certain imprisonment, if not death. Nay, I cannot—he has been more than a father to me all these years. And little Gwynth—I love her to—shall I canse her to me all these years. And little Gwynyth—I love her, too—shall I cause her
this bitterest grief! Nay, I have not fallen
thus low. Yet the reward—the money—
God knows I need it. And Norton's
favor—in a moment he can undo me, turn
me away, penniless and in debt. Surely
there is a way between the two. I shall
find it. Lurse!" inere is a way between the two. I shall find it—I must." And he paced feverishly up and down. All at once he drew up. "I have it!" he cried. "It shall be done! The money shall be mine and yet my uncle shall be safe. They think I hie to London on the morrow. I shall return quickly with pressing tidings to Sir Ropert. His sister, the Lady Marjory, shall be in denger of dash and impless Rupert. His sister, the Lady Marjory, shall be in danger of death and implore his presence. He will go. In his absence Norton and his band shall come. The priest discovered, I shall hie after my uncle and warn him to keep away. As for Gwynyth, the child will be safe enough in Dame Rachel's care."

And so the night wore away and the household of Llanfair slept pescefully on, all unconscious of the danger brooding in their very midst.

their very midst.

CHAPTER II.

On the morning following Father Mor gan's arrival Gwynyth set out on her pal-frey to tell an old servant who lived at some distance of the priest's presence

among them. among them.

"How rejoiced he will be," she thought
as she passed the avenue gates, and gaily
shaking her bridle she set off at a brisk canter across an open bit of country. Her soul was happy within her—for had she not assisted once more at the great sacrifice and received once again her God fo Whom she was ready to suffer so much Coming to the cross roads she paused a moment. Her eyes followed the white moment. line winding far away to the left,

"In a few days," she thought, "Dick will be returning from London by this way. I will be here to meet him and earn his news."

She turned her horse's head in the opposite direction, along the less frequented lane which passed by the old man's dwelling. Trotting briskly she turned a harp corner and came unexpectedly upor a horseman riding slowly toward her. was reading intently some papers in his hand, so that she could not see his face. She glanced at his horse inquisitively. she

"Surely that is Black Saladin," she said, unconsciously speaking aloud. "How comes a stranger to be riding him?" At the sound of her voice the man raised his head.

"Richard!" she cried in amazement For a moment she was utterly taken aback, "Dick! It cannot be thee!" she

aback. "Dick: It cannot be thee!" she exclaimed again, approaching him.

Apparently startled he drew in his horse, quickly thrusting the papers into his doublet.

"And why not, forsooth?" he replied,

hastily; "have I not as much right to ride on the Queen's highway as thou thyself, Mistress Gwynyth?"

"Yes, yes," she haif laughed, but continued, still in amezement. "I thought thou wert still in London; how comes it that thy business was so quickly despatched?"

"Thou art not overloved to see me. me thinks. thinks. Does my unexpected presence disturb thee or my uncle or interfere with your devotions? If so I can return from

whence I came," and he half turned his "Nay, stay, Dick, stay! Thou knowest

"Nay, stay, Dick, stay: Inou knowest
I mean not that. I was but surprised at
this unexpected meeting."
Suddenly a thought struck her.
"But Richard, say! thou canst not
have been to London, for thou comest
from the wrong direction!" rom the wrong direction! Bending over his horse he hesitated

before replying.

"Black Saladin cast a shoe, and I sought the nearest forge at hand. But come, sweet Gwynyth, let up return together; and tell me how fares it with Eather Mer. gan? I would fain see him again," and up the stairs be laid his hand on her bridle to lead her Meanwhile

home.
"Nay, Dick, I must ride on, for my father hath but now bade me seek out old paniel and tell him the glad news. I will speed swiftly and will be with thee

ere long."
"Nay, Gwynyth, thou canst not do so." "Nay, Gwynyth, thou caust not do so.
The girl's eyes spoke her surprise.
"And why not, forsooth? My father's
errands are not to be so lightly discarded.
Leave my bridle, Richard, and let me

go!"
"Dear cousin, I have good reason in seeking to hinder thee. Believe me, I have a purpose in what I say; thou canst

"But I must, I will go," she cried. Seeing her prepare to ride on, the lad became exasperated and angrily clutched

her arm. her arm.

"Thou shalt not, I say. Look thee, wench, in yonder hollow a whole company of troopers lies hid. Thinkest thou I will let thee ride by, to be jeered at and insulted, perchance?"

"Soldiers, Dick, soldiers!" She passed her hand over her brow in a dayar man-

"Soldiers, Dick, soldiers!" She passed her hand over her brow in a dazed manner. "Why are the soldiers here, Richard?" She caught his arm and gazed anxiously into his face. "How doet thou know, good Dick, that they are here? "Because I have seen them, thou silly wench," he answerd, sullenly; but come. I have loitered long enough; let us ride home." He spurred on Black Saladin and caught the bridle of the white palfrey.

once again that sudden chill struck the girl's heart and a heavy foreboding fear passed over her. Silently she rode by her cousin's side, thinking deeply. And as they gained the terrace Sir Rupert ap-

peared in the doorway.

"What now, my Richard! Art back again so soon? This is indeed sweet for-

"Ay, good uncle, I have made great "Ay, good uncle, I have made great speed, for, alas! I bring evil tidings. Thy sister, the Lady Majority, lies in London dangerously ill, even at death's door, I lear me, and greatly desires thy presence."

"This sad news, indeed," groaned Sir Rupert, "but God grant she may yet recover. I will to her this very day. Look thee, lad, do thou prepare my own good horse for my journey to-night. I have many things to do ere I start but with

God's grace I will set forth at sunset.
Wilt see to it, Dick?"

"Gladly, uncle," and he led the palfrey away, Black Saladin following by his

side.

"And now, my Gwynyth, let us visit the good priest and tell him of this fresh sorrow: he will succor us by his prayers."

"But, father, I have also evil tidings are hard by encamped be the soldiers are hard by, encamped be-yond the wood. Thinkest thou, my father, that they have heard a priest lies

"Tut, tut, child, the soldiers are ever or the move just now. Their presence here portends no evil to us. But I am glad sweet child, thou hast told me, for it be hooves us to use every caution. I grieve me that I must away to London, but yet I think my absence will tend to ally all suspicion. They will never dream that a suspicion. They will never dream that priest is harbored here while I am else where. Thou art growing fanciful, child, and seest danger at every turn. Come, my Gwynyth, kiss thy father, then run and oid Rachel prepare for my journey about With his own hands Richard saddle

With his own hands Richard saddled Sir Rupert's horse that evening and led him from the stables. Twilight was settling on the country side, beginning to shroud all things in its sombre, mystic gloom. Dick knew that now every moment was precious, and it was with difficulty that he restrained his impatience. At length his uncle appeared on the doorstep, closely followed by Grynyth, who was bravely trying to force back the tears which would rise up in spite of herself.

"You must take good care of thy cousin while I am away, Dick," said Sir Rupert, cheerily. "Well, John, what is it?" he added, as the old man came hobbling up, apparently in a great state of excitement.

apparently in a great state of excitement "Please, yer honor, there's Queen "Please, yer honor, there's Queen's men, soldiers, acoming over the hill a the back. They be making for the court ver honor!

er honor!"
Gwynyth grew deadly pale; for a mo
ent she could scarcely stand.
"It has come at last!" she thought. Dick muttered an angry exclamation ander his breath. He must make one

more effort, now or never! His face was flushed with excitement and there was a strange quiver in his voice as he urgently addressed Sir

Ruport.
"My uncle," he said, "I implore there instant postpone not thy journey another instant Twill but draw down their suspicions to se thee thus stayed in the very act of setting forth. Believe me, go as though nothing were amiss. Leave the rest to me. I assure thee it is best!"

"Perhaps thou art right," replied Sir Rupert, slowly, "and yet I like not to leave the child—"

'Think not of her," interrupted Richard. ard, chafing with impatience; "I shall make her my first thought. I undertake to disarm all suspicion. Leave all to

"I trust thee, Dick; I shall go." It was almost more than even Richard could bear; he winced under the honest, confiding eyes of his uncle, and muttered, turning away to hide his confusion: "I go to parley with the captain; 'twill

"I go to pariey with the captain; twin better cover thy departure."
"Rachel, have you my saddle bag?" called Sir Rupert, his foot on the stirrup.
"Tis here, master." He re-entered the house, but before he had taken the bag house, but before he had taken the bag the old servant stayed him. Her small sharp eyes looked keenly into his as she well nigh hissed the words: "Beware! we are betrayed! See here!"

and she produced a paper signed by Thomas Norton to the effect that a cer-tain sum of money should be paid to Richard Trevor on his delivering one ames Morgan, Popish priest, into the

nds of the State.
"I found it but now in Master Dick's room," she said; "there are few who can go undetected when Rachel is about!" and she almost smiled in triumph at her own cunning.

own cunning.

Sir Rupertgrasped the back of an oaken chair for support; for a moment everything seemed to reel about him. He saw it all—Richard's absence, his prompt re-appearance with a forged story, his impatience to get his uncle safely away; yes, it was as clear as day, they were betrayed! With a well night superhuman. With a well nigh superhuman effort of will he collected his thoughte But a few moments for action remained The priest must be saved, but how?

"Rachel," he said, "I charge you, speak of this to no one," and without another word he had turned and bounded

Meanwhile Gwynyth, who had followed Meanwhile Gwynyth, who had followed her cousin to the corner of the house, stood gazing at the distance, watching with a strange fascination the band of men as they hastened down the steep road towards the court. At first she was two dezed to think, then did all manner of doubts and questions crowd into her mind almost overwhelming her by their force and persistency. Had Richard—no, no it could not be; she must not allow these wicked thoughts to creep upon her. The soldiers were but coming as a matter of course to such a well-known Catholic house. They might search as much as they wished, but they could never find they wished, but they could never und the hiding place—unless—ah! why had Dick been so queer of late? Why his fever sh haste to get rid of his uncle? A hundred little incidents occurred in her memory, till at last, angry with herself, she turned impatiently away. As she sne turned impatiently away. As she did so she perceived her father stall form emerge from the house. He bounded on to the handsome charge and the next moment was galloping down the avenue, soon to be lost amid the gloom of trees. Gwynyth's eyes filled with tears. So he was gone, gone without a word to her, not even a look.

not even a look.

"Poor father," she murmured: "he is rery distressed about my aunt's illness, and this trouble, too! Well, I am glad he is gone, for now, come what may, he at all events is safe," and Richard also gave a sigh of intense relief as, turning, he be-held his uncle's form riding swiftly down the avenue.

CHAPTER III.

"'Tis well," muttered Richard as he climbed the steep road to meet the soldiers; "my uncle is safe and my work becomes the easier. See, here they

A rough, brutal set of men they ap-

"How now, puppy?" exclaimed the leader, stepping forward and clapping the youth on the shoulder: "thou hast not played us false, I trow! Ha! ha! this is! a spy," and he laughed harshly. "Yes, a paid spy; easy work and good wage! But thee, lad, do thou prepare my own good that Norton, now he did threaten me. horse for my journey to night. I have that Norton, it is a fine bird and one paid spy; easy work and good wage! But thee, lad, do thou prepare my own good that has used his wings to some purpose. But to-night his limbs will be bound and his head ere long, methinks, will be set

loose !" and giving vent to a harsh, tri-umphant laugh he led the lad on.
"Look thee, Master Norton," exclaimed Bichard, "I have played a dangerous game and led thee to fortune and fayor.

Thou knowest the priest is here, but with out my aid he will not be found, and I swear I will not help thee unless thou

swear I will not help thee unless thou promise on thy conscience that the girl, my cousin, shall not be injured or in any way molested by thy brutal men."
"Tut, boy, my business is not with maids, but with massing priests. On my oath my men shall not touch a hair of thy pretty cousin, and for that matter," he added, waving his hand majestically, "I extend the same protection to all the women. They cannot hinder us in our work. Regarding thine uncle, Rupert Trevor. I garding thine uncle, Rupert Trevor, I will not pledge myself. Methinks he may like enough prove troublesome."
"On that score, Master Norton, thou needst have no fear. My uncle is ere now in London attending the death-bed of his

The priest-hunter cast a glance of suspicion at the youth, then apparently sat-isfied: "Perhaps 'tis as well," he re-marked; "our way will be the clearer. But hark thee, renegade, not one penny shalt thou receive till that dog Morgan is fast bound and cuffed; thou understand

est, methinks?"
Richard nodded assent, but his hands clutched in the angry hatred he feared t Assuming another manner, he

turned to him deprecatingly,
"Good Master Norton, I would not that
—"he hesitated and colored with shame, —"he hesitated and colored with shame.
"I would not that my cousin and her old
nurse know too soon that this is my deed.
Give me not away. With thy good leave
I would appear at first to be against thee and thy band. But when the blue room is reached and Mistress Trevor is safe in her own chamber I will point out the secret place and press the spring, too, in necessary," he added hastily, the colo

secret place and nashing to his cheeks.

Notton langhed harshly.

"Thou girl!" he jeered, "so soft and dainty in thy feelings, so shamefaced in thy deeds! I must needs make a man of this will be thy first step to I will not teach thee, and this will be thy first step to-night. Well, be it so. I will not teach thy cousin to think ill of thee sooner than need be. Thou canst not escape us now and these are mere trifles.

By this time they had reached the houses, and Norton placed his men so that no one could possibly pass out unde-tected. The main door was still open and Gwynyth and Dame Rachel stood in the

"Here, woman," said Norton, address-ing the old servant, " it hath come to my ears that you have one of your rascall priests secreted here in this Papist den Lead me at once to his hole."

The dame looked him up and down for some moments in silent contempt.

"If you comes a priest hunting, all can say is that you have dropped or th wrong track," she said at last, with all the Welsh woman's disregard for truth; "you will find no Papist baggage here, and as for a priest, forsooth, think you we love life and liberty so little as to harbor one in these days? Besides, my master is away from home; and 'tisyayay nolike in.

away from home; and 'tis very unlike, in-deed, I should afford shelter to any one in his absence. So you may take yoursel off and all your ruffin crew, too!" "Tis useless to argue thus, Rachel," in-terposed Richard; "these men have the Queen's warrant and are charged to search the premises; the law must take its

Indeed, Master Dick, and pray who Theory who told the law its course lay in Sir Rupert Trevor's honest household?"

Richard winced beneath those piercing

eyes and shrank once more behind Nor All this time Gwynyth had stood s

far end of the hall, concealed behind some heavy tapestry hangings, a graceful little figure in her simple white dress. The paleness of her face set off to perection the large brown eyes and the dark hair hanging in thick waves over her shoulders. She was old for her age, and possessing her father's strength of will had now subdued all childish fear, determad now subdued all children tear, deter-mined to act her part. She came forward, and her voice as she addressed Norton rang out clear and distinct.

"In my father's absence I am mistress of this house I have you therefore to

ouse. I pray you, therefore, t enter and make your search, as the law commands. Methinks, however, you will trust you will then tarry to partake of Dame Rachel's hospitality ere further

pursuing your journey."

For a momeet Thomas Norton awa well nigh taken aback by the girl' quiet ease of manner.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CONVERTS AND THEIR WORK

We have, from time to time, brough before our readers statistics which show the growing strength of the Church in this country, an increase which arises partly from the growth of population, partly from the tide of im migration and partly from accession to the Church of those who have bee convinced of the errors and insuffic iency of Protestantism, and have at any cost cast in their lot with the members of the one true and undivided Church founded by Christ Himself.

Now a convert ought to consider him self a valuable factor for good in the organization of the Church. He occuples a position which in many respect is an enviable one. He most prob ably has a fuller appreciation o glorious privilege to which he has been admitted than one to whom they have come as a birthright. Conse quently, he will naturally display more zeal for his newly found faith and will therefore make an carnest and hard working missionary.

The work of a convert, then, is to induce others to follow his example. His recent instruction in Christian doctrine should enable him to be ready in giving the reasons for the faith that is n him, and his conduct and conversa A rough, brutal set of men they appeared as they approached; their heavy footsieps rang out on the stony path, while their coarse laughter jarred on his converts should associate together not only for mutual support and edification tims, which, more than any other but for the edification of lax Catholics

and the strengthening of the weak. But, at the same time, a convert has no special monopoly of Church privi-lege. He shares like and like with his

and this country, caring not for cus-

each should live to the edifying of the each should live to the edifying of the other. If the organized societies of either were found to tend to the disparagement of the other, then exclusive organizations of converts or born Catholics should cease to exist. Such opposition would be un. Catholic and un Christian. But as understand it, the Converts' Lea. we understand it, the Converts' Lea. gue, is not an exclusive society of converts. It is claimed for it that does not aim or tend to hold converts aloof from the regular Church organi zations of the parishes to which they belong. Assuming this to be so, the league has certainly a field of a special kind in which it may work to advan-tage and in which we trust that it will have all the success that it deserves.

The New World.

A PLEA FOR ACTIVITY.

BY ARCHBISHOP IRELAND. The strength of the Church to day in all countries, particularly in Amer ica, is the people. Ours is essentially the age of democracy. The days of princes and of feudal lords are gone.

princes and of reduce to the state gone.

In America we have no princes, no hereditary classes. Still there is danger that in America there be formed a religious aristocracy, upon whom we lavish so much care that none remains for others.

Are we not inclined to intrench our. selves within the sanctuary, and to see only the little throng of devout persons who weekly or monthly kneel around the altar rail, or those whose title to nobility is that they are pewholders and respond to the pastor's call with generous subscriptions? Pews and pewholders may be necessary evils; but it were fatal not to lock far beyond

What, I ask, of the multitude who peep at us from gallery aed vestibule? What of the thousands and tens of thousands nominal Catholics and non-Catholics, who seldom or never open the church door? What of the uncouth and unkempt, the tenant of the cellar and alley way, the mendicant and outcast? It is time to bring back the primitive gospel spirit, to go out into highways and byways, to preach on house tops and in market places, Erect stately temples if you will; they are grand monuments to religion ; but see to it that they be filled with people.

If people do not come to the temple, invite them to hear you beneath humb ler roof. And if some yet remain outside, speak to them in the street or on the public road. The time has come "salvation armies" to penetrate the wildest thicket of thorns and briars and to bring God's word to the ear of the most vile, the most ignorant, and the most godless.

To save those who insist on being saved is not the mission of the Church, 'Compel them to come in" is the command of the Master. lovely anthems in the Cathedral stalls and to wear capes of broidered gold while no mulitude throng nave or aisle, and while the world outside is dying of spiritual and moral starva-tion—this is not the religion we need

to-day. Seek out men; speak to them, not in stilted phrase or seventeenth century ermon style, but in burning words that go to their hearts as well as to their minds, and in accents that are familiar to their ears. Popularize religion so far as principles permit; make the people chant in holy exultation canticles of praise and adoration; draw them to God by all "the cords of Adam." Save the masses, cease not to

plan and work for their salvation. Men, made in the image of the Creator are viewed as pieces of machinery or beasts of burden. The mortal instincts are ground out of them. til their material condition is improved natural life and duties. Men who suffer are conscious of their wrongs, and will hold as their friends those who aid them. Irreligion makes promises to them and irreligion is winning them. They who should be the firs and last in promise and deed are silent. t is deplorable that Catholics grow timid, take refuge in sanctuary and cloister, and leave the bustling, throbbing world with its miseries and sins to the wiles of false friends and cunn-

ing practitioners.

Leo XIII. speaks fearlessly to the world of the rights of labor . . . but as a body Catholics are quietness itself.

Strange, indeed, is all this! . . Strange, indeed, is all this. Christ made the social question the basis of His ministry. . . Through-out her whole history the Church grappled with every social problem that came in her way and solved it. What has come over us that we shun the work that is ours to do? These are days of action, days of warfare. Into the arena, priest and layman! Seek out social evils, and lead in movements that tend to rectify them. Speak of vested rights, for this is necessary but speak, too, of vested wrongs, and strive, by word and example, by the enactment and enforcement of good laws, to correct them. Glance mercifully into factories at etiolated youth and infancy. Pour fresh air into the crowded tenement quarters of the poor Follow upon the streets the crowds of vagrant children. Visit prisons and secure for the inmates moral and religious instruction. Lessen on rail-ways and in public service the Sunday work which renders the practice of religion impossible for the thousands. Cry out against the fearful evil of intemperance which is hourly damning social sin, is bringing disgrace upon the Church and misery upon her children. Into the arena, I repeat, to the newly gained brother Catholic, and toms of the dead, nor for sharp critic-

isms from the living, fighting a point, for justice with braver perseverance. This is "religion and undefiled." This is the re and undefiled." This is the r that will win the age to God's C LEAGUE OF THE SACRED H General Intention for Jul

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THE RIGHT USE OF LIBERT

American Messenger Sacred H We are all free agents. mesters of our own actions, determine our own conduct ; of our own volition decide to not act in a given case, or che course of action in preference other ; we can act on such dea choice and adhere to it in every solicitation to the contra

This does not mean that we dependent of all law, relieved restraint. We are subject to vine and human, and liable straint physical and moral; bound to obey just laws and s reasonable restraint ; but we bey the one and resist the o despot can force the consent wills, no chain can fetter our p choose between right and wron This is so clearly the testi our own consciousness that first thought, wonders why an

revelation has been made of it

surprise as well as delight one

the fifteenth chapter of Ecclesi

and left him in the hands of

counsel. He added his comma

God made man, from the bea

and precepts: If thou wilt k commandments, perform ac fidelity for ever, they shall thee. He hath set fire and to which thou wilt. Before ma and death, good and evil; th he shall choose shall be given the wisdom of God is great, a strong in power, seeing all m out ceasing. The eyes of the towards them that fear H He knoweth all the work He hath commanded no do wickedly, and He hath man license to sin ; for He not a multitude of faithless profitable children." Yet we be surprised if we go back to preceding this passage, an "Say not: He hath caus sin; for He hath no need o men. The Lord hateth all tion of error, and they that i shall not love it." Among t ness and obstinacy with wi have from the first refused the testimony of their own ness to free-will, and attribut the evil of their ways. I being surprised at this explication, we should be amazed a versity with which false teach denied this fact, at the failur even of Christians generally nize it in its true light, and position to pay more attenti more respect also, to the t of those who deny the testimony of conscious universal judgment of man

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If it does not startle us to

number of religious sects, Lutherana and Calvinists. believe either that human n corrupt and perverse that it exercise freedom rightly i with it, or that God so preour actions as to make it im us to determine them freely School after school of so osophers and political pantheists, materialists an ians, have been busy, the p more than ever before, p that some hidden and unkr regulates our actions, that s mining will is inconceivat tradiction in terms, that th motive, desire, the characte iar physical temperament, it in every case. The boo tures of these schools spread nicious doctrines broadcast. at the books commonly re-for psychological study or own universities, col particularly in our teacher and normal schools will be convince one that we are generation of young men

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others, reason, imagination

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tection, without which ther solid progress, material or merit, no human satisfacti hope of reward hereafter. It is not very reassurin know that the only motive vents my most respectable from damaging my life. virtue, or property, is d penalty of the criminal la the courts which judge bi too ready to accept pleas of insanity, momentary abers sponsibility, irresistible it of moral sense, and the lil be true that all do not a