THE MYSTERY OF KILLARD.

BY RICHARD DOWLING.

PART III.—ORDEAL OF GOLD.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

'Mary,' said the fisherman to his daughter, 'I have been speaking to John Lane. He is going away on business he will not tell me of, and he doesn't know when that business will be finished. I don't like the change that has come over this young man, and until he explains to me, and satisfies me about himself, he is not to come here again, and you are not to see him or speak to him. He was to have married you in a month and he doesn't know whether this business will be finished in two. In fairness to you I cannot allow matters to stand as they are for more than two months. If at the end of that time he doesn't make all right with me, it must be as if he had never asked you to be his wife. I have no ill feeling against the young man, but he has not done what he said he'd do, and he will not tell me why. I have a right to take care of your future, and I will not give you to a man who has secrets that have been a scandal to the parish of old, and might be in his case again.'

She listened in a white despair. Her lips were parted, her breath came slowly and softly, the white of her eyes made a perfect circle under the lids. She had no voice to speak, and as her father finished she had no ears for more. She had fainted, and but for her mother would have fallen to the ground.

'My child! My child! My poor Mary, is it for this I brought you up? Is it for this you were the pride of my heart? Oh, wake up, my child! Oh, God is too good, too sweet to take you from us, my child! My child, don't you hear the heart of your mother speaking?'

They carried her into her room, and laid her on her white bed, and chafed her hands, and sprinkled water over her face. In time she revived and sat up.

'What is the matter?' she asked feebly.

'You fainted, Mary, at what your father said.' Mother and child were now alone.

'Ah! I remember. But, mother dear, why did you wake me? I had no pain then, but now, now, now!' She threw herself down, and lay in a tearless despair.

The mother sat by the bedside stroking the cold young hand. Had it come to this with her child? Had her daughter placed all her affection on a man whose father labored under a curse, whose life had been passed away outside of mankind, in opposition to the will of heaven? Oh, it was hard to sit there and think of it. Hard on her, the mother of an only child, to sit there and see her stricken darling, pale and tearless, white and silent, wan and beyond cure. For now that the old curse had fallen on the young Lane, she would rather see her child in the winding sheet than in her wedding-dress at his side. No doubt the young man might still have some little likeness to his former self, but that would soon pass away, and he would become like his father in all things; and perhaps in time his speech would be taken from him, and he would go inland and seek a wife such as his mother had been, afflicted with silence and unhearing ears. And how would her daughter bear to see that? Ah, she never could. She'd be dead before that came to pass. She knew the deep, quiet nature of the girl, and she felt certain death would overtake the wounded life before such things could arise.

Then her thoughts paused awhile, and rushed off to contemplate their vacant home and deserted hearts, when the girl had been taken from them before her time and laid in the green graveyard on the hill. Why, oh, why was all this misery to fall upon them? What had they ever done that they should be so cruelly tried?

All at once she found an answer to her questions.

This terrible affliction—this ruin to the happiness of their only child—was a judgment upon them for ever having admitted the son of that dead heathen Lane under their roof. Yes, it was all plain now. If they had never taken in that boy, their girl would never have cared for this man. It was a judgment on them for having shown favor to one whom Heaven had marked with a curse, and Darkness had adopted as its own. They deserved it all. But why should their innocent child suffer for the sin of the parent? and had she, the girl's mother, been one of those who brought down this withering blight on that young girl, her daughter, her own flesh and blood?

She paused a moment, appalled by this question. Suddenly her mind went back to the past, to the morning long years ago, when her husband, having found the outcast on the downs, carried him home in his arms and set the boy on the floor of their house. She recalled how, later in the morning—when the Fool came back with the news that David Lane had cast his son off forever—her husband had declared his intention of keeping the boy, and bringing him up under his own roof, in daily intercourse with their own child. She now could recall her shrinking from the boy, and her terror when she heard his first effort to speak her child's name. She clearly saw, in the dark past, how she had endeavored to avert evil, and had said all she dared say to get her husband to give up his will. But he had persisted, and here was what had come of it. It was all his doing. She had no hand in it.

'No; I did not want the boy in the house. I wanted Edward to send him away, to keep a wholesome distance between him and our child, but he would not; he would have his way. I had no hand in it. He did it all—did it all to our child; did it all to his child; did it all to the only little one Heaven ever sent me to nourish at my breast. It was he brought the curse into the house. He brought the blight on my child. [illegible] now [illegible] For the first time in her life the spirit of the woman rose up against her husband. Her maternal instincts overcame every other feeling; she rose in a rage of grief and passed into the outer room, where Edward Martin sat gloomily looking into the fire with eyes that saw not.

Pale with conflicting passions, she stood before her husband and cried in a suppressed voice of angry reproach:

'Now are you satisfied, Edward Martin? Now are you content? You wouldn't be warned by me in time. I told you if you took the boy you would take in the curse; now the man that was the boy has gone away and has left the mark of the curse on your own child and mine. You wouldn't believe me then; maybe you don't believe me now. Go in and see. Go in and see your doings. Go in and see your daughter, my daughter, my only child, withered up by your unnatural act in taking in one that was under the wing of Darkness. Oh, if you won't believe me now, you have eyes of your own, go in and see your handiwork on our child; the man is not to blame for his work; he is under a curse and could not help his part in this sorrow. But you could. You brought him and would not be warned by me; I, who had a mother's knowledge, a mother's feeling about that boy and my child. He is not to blame for his part in this; but you! you! You, her father! And when she is dead, as die she will, and I wake up in the night and ask you for my child, what answer will you make me, Edward Martin? What answer will you make to her mother, I ask you?'

The man neither spoke nor looked up.

'Answer me the question I ask you, Edward Martin; when I say, 'Where is my child?' what will you give me back?'

The woman was half frantic with grief.

'Mother,' said a low, soft voice at her side, 'don't talk like that to father. You know he was always too good to you, and to me, and to—him. I'm not so weak as you think, and if—if the two months pass I can live with you and father here, and—and if there isn't much for me, live for my own sake, I'll try to live for yours, dear mother—for yours, dear father.'

The drew her mother gently to where her father sat, and putting an arm around the neck of each, kissed first her mother and then her father.

The woman broke down, and leaning her head on her husband's shoulder, said piteously:

'Don't mind the wild words I said, Edward. I was mad! mad! I ask your pardon, husband.'

He rose, and for a brief moment held the two in his strong arms; then, releasing them, he turned away and went out of the house.

That same day John Lane walked from Killard to Clonmore, and in the evening set out from the town for Limerick.

Next day it was whispered in the village that the engagement between Mary Martin and John Lane was broken off; and in a few days such of the people of Clonmore as took an interest in the village by the sea and knew the people had also heard of the difference.

CHAPTER IV.

A RECORDER OF WRECKS.

The Spirit of Tears is well known to all along the southern half of the West of Ireland. She is of colossal proportions and august mein. She is white, and through her transparent form the moon and stars may be seen; but when she floats between the rocky pillars of the coast she appears less vapory. She is composed of spirit and sea-smoke. Her figure, one of the youth, is clothed in a long loose robe that waves in the wind, but as yet is never so fiercely blown as material garments when storms rage. Although the lienaments of her face are also those of youth, the expression betokens maturity, for it is full of inexpressible pity—and pity is no attribute of youth, but comes to the face with experience and observation of sorrow. She is never seen further inland than the edges of the cliffs; but often her white form rests on the black rocks, and her long white robe mingles with the selvage of the green waters. Neither the expression of her face nor the attitude of her figure ever alters. Upon the face the inexhaustible pity ever dwells; she always leans slightly forward, her arms crossed upon her breast.

In the days when history was sung, before it had come to be written down in books, she had been a princess, the most illustrious princess in all Ireland, renowned throughout the land for the beauty of her life and the gentleness of her character. To her father's castle came a young prince from the country now called Spain. The young prince was noble in aspect, bold as a lion and true as the evening winds to the land. He fell in love with this peerless princess, and she loved him with a love warmer than an August sun and purer than a May moon.

But he was compelled to go back into his country to obtain his father's consent. He departed, appointing his return in three months. When the time for his coming arrived she went down to the mouth of the river Shannon. On the day he had promised to be with her a great storm arose, and as she kept her face towards the sea a huge ship hove in sight. It was gilt and covered with flags of the gayest colors. The sails were purple silk, the masts white satin wood, the cordage of the finest linen thread twisted into ropes. But all was weather stained and stained by the tempests.

As the beautiful ship drew towards the mouth of the river, and had come so near that the princess could see her lover waving his hand to her, a great squall flew out of the wind. For an instant the ship sprang almost into the air, quivered, and then, as swiftly as a hawk striking its prey, sank beneath the waters with all on board. The princess stood motionless, and never spoke. When those around her came, they found her spirit had left her; and, in all after time, the spirit of the virgin floated over the waste of waters, and was named the Spirit of Tears.

Her form being composed of vapor, which is present always in the atmosphere, and the vapor of her figure being in contact and communication with free vapor, she is sensitive, through this communication, to everything that goes on over the sea in all the waters of the world. She, being a spirit, can see through all obstacles; and no matter how remote from where she manifests herself, all things connected with ships are known to her. Hence the abiding expression of sorrow; for there is no time of day or night without disaster to ships. As her life on earth began and ended near the Irish shore which stems the Atlantic, she loves that shore best, and is most frequently seen there.

She is powerless for good; she has no human sympathy but pity. If she could avert evil, she would. She may never precede vessels; if she might do so, no vessel need ever venture into places of danger from which she could guide them. She may follow in the wake, never glide before the prow. She loves all things that float, but the hands of her will are tied; and her will and her impotence conflicting, work the lines of sorrow deeper into her patient face. She might leave the sea forever to abide in brighter realms, but she will not desert the grave of her lover, nor will she shrink from giving lone seamen the satisfaction of feeling that there is one who will watch their last moments with sympathetic eyes.

She has, too, a nobler motive than either of these; she knows sailors and fishermen will try to die well when they feel her spirit is present and aware. She is the recording angel of wrecks, and will on the Last Day deliver an account of how all seamen, since she has come to the sea, have met their fate, and worshiped as they were overwhelmed.

With regard to the Bishop's Island on the coast of the County Clare, her most important record is of a time when British soldiers were fighting against the French in Spain, and half Europe was in arms. She had seen many British ships of war sail for the Peninsula; they had carried soldiers for the war. Then a long interval elapsed, and no more vessels left England for Spain. But towards the close of one year she saw three—two line of-battle ships and one frigate, the latter carrying gold for the army—depart from Southampton and steer down the Channel.

No sooner had the three vessels got out of the channel than a great storm rushed up from the southeast, and for a day the vessels labored desperately against the terrific tyranny of the winds. When the next day dawned, the storm still raged with even greater fury. The frigate was alone, dismasted, and driving fast towards the southern coast of Ireland. She was completely at the mercy of the elements; for not only had she lost her masts, but her rudder had been carried away, her starboard guns had broken loose, and run over to the port side, doing awful havoc to the ship and crew.

All hope had quitted the frigate, and when within twenty miles of the western coast of Kerry the captain wrote a despatch detailing the disaster, and saying that the vessel might go down any moment, as she was half full of water, and that, at all events, she would be ashore in two hours. This dispatch he placed with other documents in a cask bearing the name of the frigate, and then threw the cask overboard.

So thick was the rain, and so dark the day with clouds, it was impossible to see a mile any way. At half-past twelve, without any abatement of the gale, the wind veered round a little more to the east. The frigate rolled and wallowed, and those on board expected her to sink beneath them every moment. Now she presented her starboard side to the tempest, and over it the monstrous waves clambered, to a fall in a roaring torrent across her decks. Anon, she lay with her port side to the wind, and the yellow-green masses of water bounded over her decks, and flew into wavering cataracts under her lee. Again she lay before the storm, and furrowed the billows with her shattered stem. The few survivors, lashed to posts and stanchions, were stunned by shocks and numbed with cold.

At one o'clock the wind shifted still further into the east, and the vessel took a more westerly direction. At half-past two she rounded Cape Clear, and was torn by the blasts out into the open Atlantic. She then had no crew, but death.

From that time forward the storm moderated. At four the wind crept back once more towards the south. At six a moderate gale from the westward of south. Then it fell quickly away, almost a dead calm, and, until midnight, an open light might have burned in the air.

Meanwhile the frigate still swam, though much deeper in the water, and with an increased list to port. The calm was succeeded by a breeze from the west, which held two days.

On the night of the second day the frigate drifted bottom up close under the coast of County Clare. At midnight she drove stem foremost into the southern passage between the mainland and the Bishop's Island. Here for a while, she beat heavily against the cliffs, for it was deep water, six fathom, up to the very wall of the island.

The surf was tremendous, although the breeze was a moderate one, for the tumult raised by the storm had not yet subsided. The sound of her beating against the cliffs roused old Lane. He came out, and saw a thing which he, in the darkness, at first took for some huge sea monster. But in time he made out what it really was. Before morning the frigate had settled down, and in two days no portion of her appeared above water; she had been battered into atoms by the surf, and her planks and beams had either sunken where she struck, or floated away.

It was in the spring of the next year old Lane married his wife, and bought the Bishop's Island, with all rights to its hawking, hunting, fishing, mines, wood, water, and foreshore.

CHAPTER V.

LONDON.

The sun had set on the day John Lane left Killard before he reached Limerick. He had only a small black carpet bag with him. He took the night mail to Dublin, and arrived there a little after daybreak.

'Dublin,' he thought, 'is big enough for many things, but not big enough for me. If I tried to have the gold assayed here every one would know of it in no time. Few people come to Dublin with unwrought gold. If I was only in my old wilderness down south I could manage the matter much better. But London will do nearly as well. There will be no commotion there because I ask a man to tell me what this yellow metal is. According to all accounts, my father never showed any gold but coins. Can it be they were counterfeit? But there were no moulds or dies about the place, and I looked closely.'

He wandered about the city in the neighborhood of Westland Row, and waited until the ticket office was open.

'There's no good in my taking a return ticket,' he thought. 'I cannot tell when I may be back, and I must finally arrange about this affair, and decide what is to be done before I set foot again in Killard.'

He looked for Euston, and arrived in London, worn out and jaded, that evening.

Although in great haste to get his business forward, he felt a still greater necessity for caution.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

(Continued from 1st. page.)

I have read and studied a great many books of history, and theology, and morals, and devotions: writings of the fathers, and lives of the saints; I have examined the chief controversial questions and weighed the opinions of both sides; I have looked as much as I could into the moral and social aspects of Catholicism and Protestantism; all along I have accompanied my other reading with that of Holy Scripture, and I must say just here that the church which is so often supposed by Protestants to care little for God's word is both most full of Scripture in the writings of its representative men, and is, I think, to-day showing itself the true guardian of God's word against the subtle attacks of modern scepticism.

The writer of the ancient world whose works have most strongly influenced me is St. Agustine; and I am thankful for the study of him which I was obliged to make a few years ago; and of the modern world—John Henry Newman; and this I gladly acknowledge, for what some would call the strength and others the weakness of my position. I have not found him a sophist, as certain malicious detractors have tried to make out, but a saint; and, as Dr. Briggs said a few days ago: "If it be heresy to take such a man at his word, then I glory in such heresy." The deep spiritual power of Newman's writings made me his disciple, and prepared me to admit

HIS CONTROVERSIAL STRENGTH.

Besides the influence of books, I will own to that of many men whom I have met, or whose opinions on various points I have asked in letters, I have found intelligence, learning, earnest spirituality. I have not been solicited by any one: no inducements of any sort have been held out to me. There has been no attempt at proselytizing. I have rather been kept back many times; I have received help by way of books or counsel or explanation when I have asked it; but the chief thing, the thing I have been bidden continually to do, to bring myself to a decision in this great matter has been to pray—pray for knowledge of God's will and for the guidance of the Holy Spirit. No! I have not been sought, but I have myself sought; and I have been impressed with the naturalness, candor, fairness, gentleness, and large-heartedness, charity of those whom I have met; and there has been sufficient variety, of so many different people, in different places, in different walks of life, of occupations sacred and secular, to enable me to reach an intelligent conclusion, and to believe that the manifestation of such virtues as I have just named has not been, as narrow-minded enemies sometimes say, the working of any craft or policy, to me, but of sincerity and truth: and as such I bear my witness to it.

4. The result of my investigations (which have been, as you have learned, somewhat practical as well as theoretical) has been a steadily strengthening persuasion of the validity of the claims of the Roman Catholic Church. Instead of being set back by what I have seen and heard and read. I have been more and more carried forward. And the validity of those claims means the weakness and insufficiency of all conflicting claims. I may be mistaken; if so, may God further enlighten me; but the Roman Catholic Church incessantly appears to me to be the true Church of Christ, One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic; the veritable body of Christ's appointing, in faith, organization and discipline; going back to antiquity, living in the present; so shown to all who have sufficient means of knowledge and do not shut their minds and refuse to submit their wills by Scripture, and tradition, and history, and theology, and moral, and practical adaptation to the deepest needs of men. Not by any one of these methods of proof is the Roman Catholic Church to be fairly judged, and by all taken together; e. g.: Scripture alone might say very little of certain distinctive claims, though there could be nothing contrary to Scripture, but Scripture and tradition, or Scripture, tradition and history might make a powerful plea. Some one has said that

CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS

live in different worlds, and there is much truth in the saying. They don't know each other; they don't understand each other, and this is to the detriment of both. The systems are based upon opposing first principles; but that in itself is no good ground for the lack of knowledge of one by the other. I have found that much which is ordinarily considered to be the teaching and practice of the Roman Church is not so at all; and this statement applies readily to such doctrines as Papal Infallibility, Purgatory, Indulgences, or to such practices as the invocation of saints or the worship (?) of images. I have found, too, that much which is widely supposed to be binding, as de fide, is only matter of theological speculation or pious opinion.

To go from this point and say that many ideas which to the Protestant mind seem strange, or even shocking, are, I think, quite explainable and appear reasonable, might be considered infringing. If I developed my meaning, so I have this thought with only the statement.

5. You could not but expect that such investigations as I have made, if reaching favorable conclusions, would have a practical result in my action. Here is the difficulty as Wilberforce says, 'When these things become realities, which demand belief and effect man's lives;' yet such difficulty it is not only logical but morally honest to meet, and with however great self-sacrifice.

And if you say I have not advanced any reason why one cannot remain in the Episcopal Church and hold Catholic views and fight for truth, I reply, I have not wished, out of regard for you, to enter into that question. I will only make the plain statement that, from the position of my mind at present, the Episcopal Church appears to me to be but one phase of Protestantism—perhaps its noblest and best denomination; still, as a church, a Protestant body. I think this is a fair inference from the conclusions of an opposite kind which I have reached.

Naturally, I have studied the Roman Catholic claims with particular relation to the Anglican claims. I think the Anglican Church (from which the Episcopal Church is descended) broke from the centre of Catholic unity under Henry VIII.; that at his death, as a recent Church of England historian has written, "a complete revolution had been effected in the position of the church. Instead of the Church in England it had become in very truth the Church of England; instead, i. e. of an integral part of that great western province of Christendom, to which it owed its first conversions, and with which it had been one ever since—for nearly a thousand years—it had become, for the first time in its history, a separate Christian community;" that so it lost its continuity with the ancient church; that as the same writer continues, "a

FULL CONSIDERATION OF THE ACTUAL FACTS

. . . serves to show that a theory like that which prevails so widely at present, which represents the English Church in any other light than that of one (though it may be admitted the greatest and most dignified) of many Protestant Churches which arose in the sixteenth century, is a novelty;" . . . that "the evidence is simple overwhelming which shows that during the whole period from 1532 onward the English Church was considered, by friends and alike, to be for all intents and purposes one with the twin churches of Zurich and Geneva."

Now, am not thus saying whether this Protestant separation is right or wrong. But, for myself, I cannot be reconciled to the whole notion of the loss of unity. I cannot settle down to the conclusion of Dean Hook that "we must each cling to our own fragment till the time comes, God's good time," for our being reunited. And finding it is much more satisfactory, believing it is so much more scriptural, to take the ground that the church's organic unity never was broken, never can be broken, to that point I have come and there I stand.

And, if the Episcopal Church is a Protestant body. I can no longer by surprised and disturbed as I once was at the liberalism in it. It does not disturb me; for I hope I have in mind gone beyond it, and come to a different region. It does not surprise me; for I can but recognize in it a legitimate manifestation of Protestantism.

On your account, not my own, it still troubles me. You may more and more be affected by it. You must expect its presence, for good or ill, more and more. It is boasted in our day that that "dogmatism and Protestantism are inconsistent, and a real union between them is inconceivable;" and in immediate connection it is claimed that "the principle of Protestantism is the foundation of the noblest and fullest life of our times, and against it the attacks have been feeble, and are growing feebler every day."

There is a good deal of Protestant assumption here; but this much may be admitted to be true, as a recent writer has observed, that "for better or for worse the Protestant world is committed to inquiry and to liberty." My comfort is that for individuals and for the world God will overrule this "inquiry" for the interest of His truth in all who are seeking it, that this "liberty" may thus lead to the freedom with which

HIS TRUTH MAKES FREE.

Our highest liberty here is not in revolt from, but in obedience to, God's authority. That liberty is found in the Church of Christ.

And my comfort in regard to you, my people, painful as it is to differ from you, is that God is leading you, if you will only be lead by him. There is but one Church of Christ; and all who have been baptized into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost belong to that Church, to its soul, if not to its body, and will be saved, according to His promise, if they live up to the light which He gives them. The conscience of each one of you is the measure of that light.

So, in taking the step which I now do, I do not judge you. God forbid! Far from it! "To his own master each one standeth or falleth." As I have told you so many times in the past, and as you may now remember, live up to your light, follow your conscience. It is the voice of God within you. Confuse not conscience, as so many do, with "the right of thinking, speaking and acting according to your judgment or humor, without any thought of God at all." Confuse not conscience with "the right of self-will." But with conscience—as it really is—the light of God shining upon you, the voice of God speaking within you, follow that light, obey that voice, and this revelation of God shall interpret to you all His other revelations, and shall bring you to eternal life.

After referring feelingly to his relations to his congregation in past years and bidding his parishioners farewell, Dr. Spalding concluded: I have felt it to be my duty to speak to you to-day. But in this, as in all else that concerns our temporal or eternal welfare, I can only say: God's will be done! He is guiding us and keeping us. If to you His revelation is different from what it is to me, He knows how far we are all responding to His monitions and making His will ours. So let my final words be, with slight adaptation, those of another, who says:

"Time is short; eternity is long." Put not from you what you have heard to-day; regard it not as mere matter of present controversy; set not out resolved to refute it, and looking about for the best way of doing so; seduce not yourselves with the imagination that it comes of disappointment, or disgust, or restlessness, wounded feeling, or undue sensibility, or other weakness. Wrap not yourselves round in the associations of years past; nor determine that to be truth which you wish to be so, nor make an idol of cherished anticipations. Time is short. Eternity is long.

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Rusticoville,	Stanley,	Grand River Bridge	Valleyfield,
North Rustico,	Malpeque,	Annandale,	Orwell,
Emerald,	Summerside,	Souris,	Vernon River Bridge,
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