Oct. 4, 182

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By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P. There was a long service before the orator of the day appeared. The spiritual guide who usually conducted the ministrations of the

THE COMET

church began by reading various portions from the theologies of all countries, the object of this exposition being to show that, whatever men might have said, or thought they said, or wanted to say, at all times and in all ages, on the question of the soul and the future life, they all believed exactly the same thing, and that the more strongly they contradicted their neighbors the more irresistibly did they prove that they and their neighhors were in complete accordance. Con-focius and Pascal, Mohammed and Cardinal Newman, Torquemada and the prophet Ali, George Fox and Dryden's Shattestury, were satisfactorily made out to have been in the most full and exquisite harmony in regard to their religious beliefs. The only objection, indeed which the preacher secured capable of suggestion, with regard to the theological views of men in all ages and iu all countries. was that a certain monotony pervaded them, and that it would have be a rather better if they could now and then have managed to get up a slight difference of opinion, if only for the sake of adding interest to their speculations. The preacher then delivered a short discourse of his own, in which he ϵx plained that the great orator, teacher, soldier and preacher from the New World, the man who himself proposed to find another and a newer world, had consented to offer a few suggestions to that congregation to-day. He gave a brief outline of Montana's career, glowing into a kind of elequence as he went on, and described Montana as one who had been a warrior, explorer, pioneer, political leader, and spiritual guide, and who now, he said, had been able to isy the hand that had wielded the sabre and the pickare in the soft clasp of London fashion, and had bidden the West End to throb with a new and noble pulsation. He drew some such picture of Montana in the fashionable circles of London as Horace Walpole in two or three lines has done of Burke among the nobility and the wits of Paris, where the charm and earnestness of Barke for a while, we are told, made Christianity fashionable. He alluded also to Montana as a man who originally came from the Old World, and he vaguely hinted, from This dreat Household Medicine Banks

some great old family. The impression left upon the minds of the congregation was that Montana's birth and parent. age were of a lustre fully in keeping with that of his personal career. If he condescended to clasp hands with the workingmen as they were, it was not because he might not have lived, if he chose, all his life in the to his senses. drawing-rooms of duchesses and the anterooms of palaces. The speaker so fally believed all he said, and was evidently so thoroughly impressed by Montana, that his discourse fell with strong effect on the expectant congregation. Those who had seen Montana and those who had not seen him were alike eager for the moment when the hero of the hour should make his appear-

At the right time, and from a side-door to which people's eyes would not naturally have turned, Montana suddenly came out Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, and stood in an instant full in face of the congregation, on the platform from which the former speaker had just been addressing them. A pale ray of sun found its way through the blarred panes of one window, of some crazy old man, whose admiration for to bear witness and fell slanting on Montana's head and the great Montana had led him into bewilderment. tace. He looked handsome, impressive, and some ridiculous demonstration. almost unreal as he stood for a moment in soit of thing, for aught she knew, might be what I have been waiting for and praying for perfect silence, and with his eyes looking one of the ordinary ceremonies of the Church these years. This is what I have longed for; directly at the congregation, and seeming to of Free Souls. She remembered having and now it all comes to this! My son comes search into the thoughts of every man and been taken when she was a child to some nort back, and he don't know me, and he won't man who cazed a him There was a moment's pause, and then Montana had just begun with the words, "My brother and my sisters," when a cry from the midst of the ball turned every eye and every thought away from him. The cry came from the lips of the tall, white-haired old man whom people had noticed not long before as he entered the church. Bising to his feet and of Free Souls. Such might, in fact, be only clutching the rail of the seat before him, Mr. Varlowe fixed his gaze on Montana, and called aloud, "Oh, Absalom, my son! my son "

ambitious you z man determined to dazzle | body el-o, that the poor old man was simply the world, and , dill kept back by the clinging the victim of an ballucination born of his arms of his ter der wife. All that ought to love and his hope. But Montana's expres. be a dream-ou ht to be only as smoke and sion as he looked across at Mr. Varlowe cloud in the oreer of a great man, to be puffed away from the memory and regarded the conviction that he was acting a part. as nothing. Lontana made up his mind. He put it to mmself in one moment and in one phrase. The phrase suddenly rose up in his mind, and it nearly came to his tongue. It satisfied him; it sulted him as well as a code of morality. The phrase was this: "The man who would do great things belongs to the future, not to the past."

Montana stood erect on his platform, determined to belong to the future and not to the past. He saw his father's eyes fixed on bim with intense and wistful eagerness. He could see that Clement Hope was striving to keep the old man quiet, probably until some seemly moment should come for a meeting between him and his supposed son. He could see astonishment in the eyes of many people. He could see Lady Vanessa Barnes look up to him with amused curiosity in her looks. He turned his eyes composedly away and began his discourse.

The discourse was surely very eloquent. It wistfully after him, and made a movement must have been. It told of "the continuity of as if he would leave his sent. Clement quietly the human race." It established the prin. kept him in his place. Geraldine could see ciple that men in this world, and in whatever | that to Mr. Varlowe's start and gaze of imworld, are capable of working in constant, ploring affection Montana only responded by unbroken co-operation ; that the workers in other spheres are influencing us by their help | commiseration, the look of one who icels for and sympathy, and their encouragement, if we be only worthy to receive it; and that we in our turn can spread the widening circle of our | bloud in her veine were turning chill. influence to realms of whose composition and population we have no conception now. To some of his listeners it seemed an almost angelic elequence. Montana's voice was so sweet, sonorous, and musical : his action was so graceful, his look was so intense, that some who gazed on him and listened to him seemed to be lifted into a higher and a purer atmosphere than that of the common day. Some there were, probably, even in that hall, who found a certain difficulty in understanding what Montana was talking about, who did not quite see that he had clearly made out an immediate connection between are Edmund Varlowe. Good God ! of course themselves and everybody else in all creation, and who even had a sort of doubt as to whether Montana really knew much more about ail the other worlds he was describing than they did themselves.

free to pay any attention to the subject, he a kindly, commiserating expression. "This might have become a little sceptical too ; but, is Mr. Varlowe, your father ?" he asked of the happily for his continued faith in his leader, his whole soul was aborbed to the effort to keep Mr. Varlowe in decorous restraint. He his son." was so sgitated and perturbed by what had happened, and what he feared might again | claimed. "God ! I know he is my son. Do happen, that he had no thought for the words you think I could ever be mistaken? I have of the orator. The sweet, full voice sounded in his ears, but brought with it no meaning

As for Sydney Marion, she tried to catch a gleam of distinct meaning now and then, honestly tried, and honestly reasoned with herself as to whether it was not her stupidity, and me?" whether, after all, the people around were not right, and the discourse was not elequent. entrancing, exalting. But it came to an end without having convinced her that she was WIODg

Lady Vanessa listened with good-humored indifference-that is to say, she listened to a passage now and then, and, as she did not care much about the continuity of the race, she allowed her thoughts to wander away to anything else. The incident which preluded the discourse astonished her for a while, but she assumed that it was really only the case That of church or meeting-house, or religious as

still only dreasing of a career; that time that Morerana knew it. This had not occurwhen even love itself seemed a burden to an red to her at first. She thought, like everyseemed to strike home to her very heart with The expression was so carefully, so artificial. ly adjusted for the occasion, as it seemed to her, that it could only be put on for the purpose of playing out a part. It may be that she was helped to this belief by the striking likeness which she suddenly saw in Montana's face and figure to the face and figure of the old man who claimed him as a son. Mr. Varlowe was but Montana whitened with the hoar-frost of time. Montana was but a darkhaired and cold-hearted Mr. Varlowe. Geraldine felt terribly satisfied of the truth of her conviction ; terribly, because there was something appalling in the belief that such a man was an utter imposter and that nobody would believe it but herself, and that she would have to be that very day, almost every day, in his company.

As Montana passed out of the room he fixed on Clement a special look of affectionate interest and sympathy. Mr. Varlowe gazed the same look of interested kindness and some apparent delusion or sorrow on the part of a perfect stranger. Gealdine fult as if the

Montana remained in the room alone until the short service was over. He was waiting with guist composure, although with a mind far from quiet, for the inevitable moment, not many moments off, when he must be confronted with his father. The time came. A knock was heard at the door. Montany opened it, and his father and Clement Hope came in. Mr. Varlowe began in his rough Northern way :

"You don't mean to say you don't know ms, Edmund, my boy? You don't mean to say you don't recognize your father? You you are. I'd know you among ten thonsand."

Montana turned to Clement and looked into bis eyes. Clement's own gaze had wonder har they did themselves. Perhaps, if Clement Hope had had a mind him full in the face, and shook his head with

young man. "Yes," said Clement; "he thinks you are

"Thinks he is my son !" Mr. Varlowe exwaited, and watched, and prayed for him to come back these years, and 1 knew he would come back. I know he would come all the time, and I knew him the moment I saw him come into that pulpit to preach. Why won't you speak? Why won't you say you know

"My dear old friend," said Montana sweetly, "I am sorry, so sorry, to have to disappoint your hopes, your very, very natural opes to see your son. Assuredly you will ses him one day yet-pray Heaven you may. But you are mistaken about me. I am not your son. I could wish I were, to be the son of so fond a father, and to be able to give him back the hope of his life; but you will trust to a better and a higher hope than I can give you. I am not your son.'

Mr. Varlowe threw his arms wildly out, as if he would call all the world and all nature to bear witness for him in his extraordinary

"Well," he said, "this beats all! This is What are you ask

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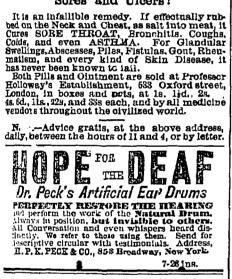
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CHAPTER XV.

"DOTE NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS ?"

Perhaps, if Montana had not had time to resist the first impulse of his mind, he might have welcomed with outward satisfaction at least his father's recognition, and owned himself the long-lost son. But unluckily for him he had time to reflect. He could not stop in the middle of his discourse. He had to go on, and while going on he was well able to detach his thoughts from his subject and think over the course that was best for him to take. His eloquence did not cost him much trouble. The words came easily; the thoughts were vague or very slea-A thread of idea was able to water a der. whole field of phrase. He was free to let his eloquence steam away as it would while he tried to review his position and decide as to his course. He was not long undecided. Before he had got through half a dozen flowing sentences of monotonous eloquence and rague grandeur he had made up his mind. had not been with him, if she had not been that she might have made an attempt to brought in to the place by him, if he had not ex. oarry this longing into action. But under hibited her as a sort of stately captive in front Sydney Marion's quiet eye she felt morally taken the part for a moment of a sincere and honest man, and gained by it in the end. But he could not resolve to step down from his pinnacle of greatness in her presence. Just now he had the superiority, but in a moment the tables would be turned. He dreaded her free and thoughtless laughter, her ridicule and her contempt. He knew what sort of story she would make for her friends of the ridiculous scene she had witnessed in the East End church, when the great leader and prophet, whose descent was veiled in a mystery almost as sublime as that stable keeper, and had to confess himself the was not for any idle pride of his own, but for the sake of the cause. What would become of the cause he was to lead, the people whose chief and prophet he was to be; if he were thus made a theme for aristocratic ridicule and popular laughter? Then, after all, perhaps the old man was mistaken. . There was still hope. It might turn out that ridicule.

the man was not Mr. Varlowe and his father, but somebody else; and in any case, is everything true that one fancies has happened in his childhood and his youth? Northern town, when the youth of genius was Lass and

got up and sung a queer crooning chant in the middle of the ceremonies, and nobody thick I will trouble you or interfere with seemed shocked or even astonished; there- you? I will not. You may have any fore, for all she knew, grey-haired men might be crying out symbolical recognition of imaginary sons at every meeting in the Church the accepted way among that congregation of expressing admiration for the preacher; something in a manner equivalent to the hear, hear " of the House of Commons.

As for Geraldine, she, like Clement Hope, was wholly absorbed by the strange incident, by the cry of the old man, his wild recognition of a supposed son. Her eyes were fixed all the time on him and on Clement. She watched with the deepest sympathy and interest the young man's eager efforts to keep have given in to what certain writers call terest the young man's eager efforts to keep "the voice of nature." Perhaps he might the old man from sgain disturbing the quiet of the audience. She admired Mr. Varlowe's face and figure. He seemed the artist's very ideal of a noble and a loving father claiming a long-lost son, if one were seeking such subject for a picture. She felt deeply for Clement. She assumed that some pathetic memory must have proved too much for Mr. Varlowe, and made him for the moment like one distraught, and she was grieved to think of the pain that would have to be borne by poor Clement if the mood of dis-traction should last. She felt a strange longing, which it would have needed some courage to gratify, even in that odd place-a longing to go over and take a seat at Mr. Varlowe's other side, and help Olement in trying to quiet him, and comfort him, and reason him out of his delusion. Indeed, she was so impulsive a girl that, if Sydney Marion Perhaps, even then, if Lady Vanessa Barnes | had not been with her, it is quite possible of the whole congregation, he might have coerced into remaining quiet, and so she sat and endured Montana's discourse, and did not even try to catch the meaning of one word of

> The discourse came to an end at last. Montana descended the steps of his platform slowly, and with his accustomed air of unrufilisd composure. He looked earnestly to where Mr. Varlowe and Clement were sitting, and his look was full of sympathy and commiseration. Some kindly wonder and curiosity were expressed in it as well. He almost stopped for a moment as he was about to leave the room, in order to turn one other glance upon the old man who had so strangely interrupted his discourse. Every one saw Montana thus employ his sympathetic eyes ; and many thought it but another evidence, if such were needed, of Montana's tenderness for all men. There were persons who might have been so vexed, even preachers and professed ministers of religion, by any interruption of the kind, as to lose patience and pity for the author of the disturbance. But Montana had only sympathy and kindly feeling for this foolish old man, who had so nearly turned the whole proceedings of the day into

Why did a sudden ray of strange conviction pierce into the perplexity of Geraldine's mind just at that moment? She never could tell ; but the expression on Montana's face, Perhaps it was all but a dream, the memory which deceived so many others, carried in-of that old, narrow, vulgar time in the coarse stant enlightenment to her. She felt sure that the old man was Montana's father, and | Farmer.

know me! semblage of some kind, where an old woman | mund? Do you think 1 am poor? I am not poor. I have plenty of money. Do you career you like now. 1 will help you to it. You shall have all my money. You shall have anything. Don't say you are not my boy. Don't, don't say it !"

Montana shock his head, sadly and sweetly. He felt no mental or moral difficulty, now that the step was taken. He had decided that he was not the son of the old livery stable keeper, and, in his present condition, that decision had settled everything. He felt no trouble of conscience, but was serenely satisfied with himself. He was sorry for the old man, but it is only as one is sorry for somebody in a play, or at most is sorry for some stranger whose grief one sees and pities, but cannot share.

Clement tried to draw Mr. Varlows away. "You had better come, father; and don't you think you ought to say something to Mr.

Montana to explain your mistake? You see it is a mistake now, don't you?" "It is not a mistake," Mr. Varlowe exclaimed, in a thundering voice, smiting the floor with his stick. "I never was mistaken; I could not be mistakon in my boy. That is my Edmund, though he casts me off and he is my Edmund still, though I cast him off now. Come away, Clem, my lad. You are my son now, and you alone; but, as sure as God's in heaven, that man there is Edmund Varlowe, who was the son of my wife, Catherine Variowe, and of myself; and all the world will know it one day just as well as he knows it now. Come away, lad."

CHAPTER XVI.

"ALL FANCY-SICK SHE 18." Montana got into Lady Vanessa's carriage. He was to have luncheon with her and her husband that day. Lady Vaneses chaffed him saucily and even rudely about the old man who had claimed him as a son. She had little idea of the mischief she was doing. Any chance that there might have been of Monta na's returning to a sense of bonor and duty was lost on that drive to Lady Vanessa's house. Montana began to hate the sprightly lady in his heart, but to hate her with a strange blending of admiration, and even with a throb of passion that was not hate. There was something so new to him in the censation of being thus chaffed and laughed at by a handsome woman, that it gave a strange turn to his thoughts, and opened a new spring of excitement in his chill and lonely career ; chill in the midst of all outer excitement and inner emotion, lonely among incessant crowds. He felt curious longings to be revenged on the sprightly lady, and knew for the first time the bitter-sweet sensation that comes to a man when he is angry with a woman and yet is forced to admire her.

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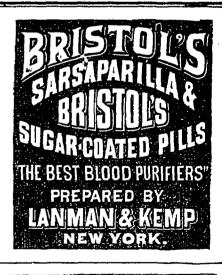
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