

A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER XXIV. AT HOME AGAIN.

On the morning of the next day, Loser repeated his self-accusation in presence of the Public Prosecutor, and his deposition was sent to the Minister of Justice the same day. A cablegram was forthwith sent to the Governor of Port de France, ordering him immediately to strike number 5348, Francis Montmoulin by name, off the roll of convicts, and send him, as a first-class passenger by the next ship that was sailing for France. He was wanted to appear at a new trial, since the real perpetrator of the crime for which he had been wrongfully condemned, had given himself up to justice. The message did not reach the Governor of New Caledonia for about a fortnight, as no steamer was leaving Brisbane for Port de France until some days after its arrival. The orders it contained were forwarded without delay to the Commandant of the island; but number 5348 was hundreds of miles away, at work in the copper mines in the northern division of the larger island.

A coasting vessel was at once despatched to bear the joyful tidings to the convict, but several weeks elapsed before Father Montmoulin learned that he was to return to his country, and that the restitution of his good name, of his liberty, of the right to exercise his sacerdotal functions was in store for him. He could hardly believe this to be true when he heard of it; he sat down and cried like a child for very joy of heart.

The Superior and some of the Marist Fathers from the Mission at Balasa, as soon as the news reached them, hastened to congratulate the priest, of whose presence among the convicts they had till then been ignorant, on his release and the vindication of his innocence. They brought with them a cassock, in order that he might exchange the convict's garb for a more befitting habit. With feelings of the deepest gratitude to Almighty God Father Montmoulin once more put on the clerical garment, and repaired to the simple little Mission chapel, to offer the Holy Sacrifice for the first time for more than three years. The good Marist Fathers sympathized in his joy, and the native convicts, to whom they explained, as well as they could, the severe trial that the "holy man" had undergone, pressed round him to kiss the hands that were hardened by toil, and then accompanied him by the good wishes and prayers of missionaries and convicts, he set out on the long, long voyage homeward, over a wide stretch of the Pacific, over the Indian ocean, through the Red sea. But as he neared the coast of Europe, and the shores of his native land, an element of anxiety of dread, began to mingle more and more in his happy anticipations, his eager longing. How would it all end? Would his innocence be fully, indubitably proved? He was still a condemned convict, under the surveillance of an agent of the police, who accompanied him. And his aged mother? Would he find her still alive, rejoicing to welcome back her dearly-loved Francis, once more free and acquitted of all stain, or would trouble and anguish of heart have brought her grey hairs in sorrow to the grave?

No, she was yet living, and awaiting with anxious expectancy the arrival of the steamer that had her son on board. On the day following that upon which Loser had so suddenly reappeared, Mr. Meunier had gone over to La Grange, to acquaint the venerable Father, under whose hospitable roof Father Montmoulin's mother and sister had found a home, with the joyful intelligence that her friend's character would now be cleared of reproach in the sight of all men. The old priest called his housekeeper, Mrs. Jardinier, and communicated to her the glad news; then they both went to her mother's room, to prepare her to hear the good news. But before they could speak, the delight that beamed from the old lady that something pleasant was to be announced to her, and her maternal affection quickly divined the message they came to bring, for what else could give her joy but good news about her son, of whom she thought day and night? "You have come to tell me something about Francis?" were the words wherewith she greeted them. "Yes, mother, the best news you can imagine," her daughter replied. "His innocence been proved at last?" she asked, pale and agitated. "You have guessed aright," Mr. Meunier answered. "The real murderer has given himself up to justice. And what is more, not only is your son's innocence fully and firmly established, but every one will now see that he was a martyr to duty, a victim to the seal of confession."

Charles every day. He was now almost twelve years old, and quite a favorite in the Missionary College on account of his diligence and good conduct. Just then he was more than ever on his best behavior, as he was preparing to make his First Communion. He had never forgotten to pray for his uncle, and always said: "He is quite innocent, and I am sure God will make his innocence plain." How delighted he was to hear that his prayer was granted?

At length it was announced in the shipping news that the "Liberty" had left the Suez canal, and would probably enter the harbor of Marseilles in four or five days. On hearing this Mr. Jardinier, having previously fetched his daughter from Arles, repaired to Marseilles, as did also Mr. Meunier, Father Regent, and several of the clergy; so that when the "Liberty" steamed into port, there was a goodly group of old friends assembled on the quay to welcome the home-coming priest. As soon as the vessel cast anchor, they hastened on board, and the Captain conducted Father Montmoulin to them. All stood aside respectfully, while he embraced his aged mother, his sister and her children. Tears filled the eyes of all the bystanders who witnessed the touching scene. The joy of meeting again was not unmingled with grief; for both mother and son read each other's countenance at a glance how grievously mother now suffered in the three years that were past; the mother had become a feeble, tottering old woman, and the son's hair was prematurely thin and grey. "What does it matter," he said when his mother had expressed her regret at this change, "what does it matter if my hair turns grey ten years sooner or later? My arms and hands are all the stronger," he added with a smile.

The mother kissed the consecrated hands, now roughened and hardened by compulsory labor, and said: "You are right, what does anything matter now that God has turned all to good; let us give Him thanks! Only do not grow proud through all the praise and notice that will be showered on you, in return for the shame and reproach of the last three years." Then the priest caught sight of his venerable friend Father Regent, and others whom he knew and loved; he went up to them, and shook them heartily by the hand, but he was too much agitated to reply to their kind speeches otherwise than by a few broken sentences of grateful acknowledgments. Mr. Meunier handed him an official document, summoning him to appear in court on Monday of the next week, and at the same time formally restoring him to liberty. A similar notification was delivered to the police agent, who was in charge of him. That official withdrew at once, amid polite excuses, and Father Montmoulin was free to leave the steamer with his friends. Accompanied by them, he climbed the hill whereon stands the sanctuary of Notre Dame de la Garde; a place of pilgrimage whither the sailors and sea-faring inhabitants of Marseilles are wont to repair after a prosperous voyage, to give thanks to the blessed Mother of God. Before leaving the shrine, Father Montmoulin was seen to hang up beside the miraculous image a portion of the manacles he wore in New Caledonia, and which he had brought away with him as a memento of the time he served there as a convict.

On the following Monday, the legal proceedings were reopened in Air. Father Montmoulin, at the pressing invitation of His Grace the Archbishop, occupied apartments in the archiepiscopal palace; and when he appeared in court, it was in the company of the Archbishop and several of the principal ecclesiastics of the diocese. The building was crowded, more even than it was for the trial three years before, if that could be possible. Care had been taken to reserve good places for Father Montmoulin's former parishioners. Dr. Corbillard was there, and also the mayor, on whom recent events had made a deep and salutary impression. Seeing old Susan, he actually went so far as to offer her his hand, and ask her to forgive him, whereat she burst into tears. "Aye, sir," she said, "we were all blind about the matter. But whoever could have thought that Loser had been to confession to him, and that he would become quite a changed man. Even Mr. Prosecutor would sooner have believed that the devil carried him to the place of the murder."

Seats were reserved for Father Montmoulin's mother, a sister, at their side were Charles and Julia, and at no great distance Mr. and Mrs. Lenoir had places. The little woman could not refrain from reminding her husband how sorely he had been deceived in the opinion he formed of the sacrilegious Loser, and that she had been right about him all along. "Thank God," answered the baker good humoredly, "that in this case you were right, and that we know you always are. Now do that we know if you possibly can, for the lawyers are coming into court. You shall talk as much as you like all this evening."

The proceedings did not occupy much time. As a matter of form, Father Montmoulin had to take his place in the dock. The President reopened the case in a brief speech, in which he dwelt on the fallibility of the decision of human justice, and exhorted the gratification it gave him that a verdict, wrongfully given in consequence of delusive appearances, could on that day be at least in some measure set right. Loser was then brought forward; his declaration was read aloud, and he himself cross-examined. In a clear voice, he acknowledged throughout the Court, he confessed his guilt, and said that he confessed the crime the same day to Father Montmoulin. This statement produced a stir among the audience, as the speaker evidently intended it to do, by the emphatic manner in which he made it. When he had ended, the President asked him what was the motive that prompted him to make his self-accusation. He answered: "partly the reproaches of my conscience, but principally the heroic devotion to duty exhibited by the clergyman, who chose

rather to be condemned although innocent, in my place, than in the slightest degree to violate the seal of the confessional." Here again a murmur of applause was heard in the assembly.

The Public Prosecutor rose next in a few sentences he proposed that the priest who had been unjustly convicted of murder should be acquitted. He also expressed his deep regret that he had taken an erroneous view of the case at the first trial, and under a false impression had thrown his weight into the wrong scale, and thus contributed to the passing of a wrong verdict. The Counsel for the prisoner had nothing further to say on his part; he could only point to the heroic example of Christian virtue given by his client. Marseilles, and their verdict; immediately and without delay, the President nullified the previous sentence, and declared the priest to be free and entitled to all civil rights and privileges. He too, emphasized the sacrifice which Father Montmoulin had so nobly made to his sacerdotal duty, saying he only wished that the law of the land empowered the judge to make temporal compensation to persons of the misery he had endured, the disgrace under which he had lain during the last three years. He concluded in the following admirable words: "It is cases such as these which prove to us, that there is a supreme Judge, omniscient and almighty, at whose tribunal strict justice is meted out, and who will doubtless require you to the full, Reverend Sir, for all that you have patiently borne for His sake."

Mr. Justice Penitier had the reputation of summing up well, but he had never spoken better than on this day. He spoke with a sense of solemnity, almost awe, in the hearts of all who heard him. He then went up to Father Montmoulin and shook hands with him; he followed him to the door, and took the opportunity of publicly begging pardon of the priest, to whom, it must be allowed, he had shown scant courtesy at the time of trial. Needless to say that the pardon was most heartily and gratefully given. Finally the President conducted the liberated prisoner to his aged mother, who embraced her son with joy, amid the plaudits of the spectators. The Archbishop, Father Regent, and others of the clergy also came up to their brother-priest and wished him joy.

When all formalities were over, Father Montmoulin with his mother and sister, were escorted back to the palace with quite a triumphal cortege, to take part at a banquet which His Grace gave in honor of the occasion, and to which many of his friends and well-wishers had been invited. Charles and Julia were amongst the guests, besides the worthy baker and his wife, who had befriended them in the season of trial, and even for old Susan a seat was found at the table. At first the old woman felt quite out of place in such company, appearing very shy and embarrassed; but she gradually found her appetite, and by the end of dinner under the influence of a glass of sweet muscatel wine, she grew extremely talkative. In fact she allowed Mr. Lenoir to refill her glass until the generous had, unawares to herself, got a little into her head; happily Mrs. Lenoir interposed at the right juncture and took the old woman with her to her house, where she administered a cup of strong coffee to calm her somewhat excited brain.

On the next day Loser was brought up for trial. The verdict of the jury was perforce no other than guilty of willful murder. The circumstances of the crime were accordingly sentenced to death. But as both jury and judges recommended him to mercy, on account of his having made a voluntary confession, and a petition pleading for his pardon was sent in by the principal citizens of Aix—Father Montmoulin's name heading the list, the sentence in his case also was commuted to transportation. At his own express request Father Montmoulin heard the prisoner's confession and gave him Holy Communion previous to his departure for New Caledonia. Resigned to his fate and almost cheerful, Loser set out on the voyage, and for aught we know, he is still among the convicts in that distant land, expiating the crime the consequences of which were at his own set so disastrous for the innocent Father Montmoulin, but afterwards so productive of great good, and a triumph for the cause of religion.

And now our tale is practically ended. It only remains to relate how Father Montmoulin, in accordance with his own earnest request, was once more installed as parish priest in the village of Ste. Victoire, although the Archbishop had desired him to fill a more important and more lucrative post. This desire on his part to return to the sphere of his former labors won the hearts of those amongst his parishioners who in the time of his trouble, doubted his innocence. The mayor had the priest's rooms in the old convent, and the two smaller ones which his mother was to occupy, decorated and nicely furnished at his own expense. And by order of the Municipal Council the whole building was put in repair and made less gloomy and dark, the alterations and improvements including the complete rebuilding of the sacristy, so as to do away with the apartment with which such terrible associations were connected.

When all the preparations were completed, Father Montmoulin made his second entry amid universal rejoicing. Triumphant arches were hung with garlands and bunting, roses and fragrant rosemary were strewn on his path. Every here and there an inscription bade the returning exile a hearty welcome. The bells were rung and a

salute was fired from the neighboring heights. At the entrance of the village the mayor in his robes of office delivered an address, in which after greeting the "faithful pastor who had come back to his flock," he said that every inhabitant of the place would do every utmost to make amends for the grievous wrong that had been done him. The manner in which the speaker uttered the words showed that he fully meant what he said. In fact the heroic sacrifice made by Father Montmoulin for the sake of his obligations as a priest, had quite altered the opinions hitherto held by the mayor and several of his friends in regard to the sacerdotal life and the Catholic Church. He now looked upon them in a different light to that wherein they were depicted by the anti-Christian periodicals, which had too long been his principal source of information on such subjects.

The cordial reception Father Montmoulin met with at Ste. Victoire gave him real pleasure, and with thankfulness he intoned the Te Deum, standing at the high altar. Still greater before his joy and consolation, when some days later many members of his flock who had not approached the sacraments for years, at their head the mayor and Dr. Corbillard, came to confession and on the following Sunday, to the great edification of all the congregation, were seen at the altar. Then indeed did all his heart and soul thank God with thanksgiving for His merciful disposal of events had caused the bitter wood of the cross to bear the sweet fruits of salvation.

What yet remains to be told? Only that Father Montmoulin's mother and sister went to live with him, and enjoyed a time of peace after all their troubles; that Charles received his First Communion upon his apostolic labors, and that Julia grew up to be a good-looking, pleasing girl, well-mannered and pious, but to the regret of the kind sisters of St. Joseph, showing not a sign of a vocation to the religious life. That Mr. Meunier, acting in accordance with Loser's instructions, restored to the Guild of St. Joseph the 2500 of which he had robbed them, together with the interest on that sum, and that the protracted enlargement of the hospital was at last accomplished; and also paid an indemnity to Mrs. Jardinier, whereby she and her children were placed out of reach of want for the rest of her life. And now there is but one thing more to mention; we must not forget poor old Susan, who being past work, is allowed to live in the Presbytery as a pensioner on Father Montmoulin's bounty, nor omit to add that Mr. and Mrs. Lenoir drive over to Ste. Victoire two or three times in the course of the year. On these occasions the worthy couple do not neglect to take with them some particularly delicious specimens of the baker's skill, which are duly appreciated by the little circle of happy friends, as they chat together over a cup of excellent coffee.

THE END.

BY THE MOUTH OF A WITNESS.

For weeks we had been threatened. "The streets will run with blood!" my new converted man servant had said to me before he gathered together his belongings and went back to his mother's hut and to the faith of his fathers. Then came the murder of the German minister, Von Kettler and the mad vengeance of his countrymen, and then every compound in Peking which held a European inmate became a fort, and every fort, surrounded by the howling populace, was a stronghold of hunger. All who could reach the place sought refuge at the British embassy, which was crowded to five times its true capacity. Most of us had dispensed with our servants at the first alarm—indeed, few of those had waited for dismissal—and while across the moat three thousand native Christians were crowded in the Wang Fo, in the Staff Buildings the only non-Caucasian face among a group of twelve, the adopted daughter of a missionary, who, in Western pinafore and stout leather shoes, prayed daily for the confusion of her own race.

The strain was great on all of us, and I am not ashamed to own that when, on the morning of the twenty-second, as I shaved myself, I saw peering into the glass from behind the grim, mask-like face of a hill Chinese, the sudden quiver of the nerves which followed quite unmanned me. I stood staring like one fascinated until a lean, dark hand was laid upon my shoulder. Then indeed I moved. My shaving tray crashed to the floor as I sprang backward. With the motion the brown mask cracked and wrinkled into a laugh, and the apparition spoke with an English voice. "Well, I shall pass in a crowd. Oh, hold on! N' fireworks!" "Who are you?" I asked, my pistol only half lowered. "What, don't you know me? I'm Murray—if you remember who that is." He closed the door as he spoke and settled himself on the bed like one quite sure of his welcome.

Your nerves are not what they were, my friend," he remarked irritably. "I shouldn't have troubled you, but I saw some ladies in the hall. I feared they would be frightened." "Where have you been?" I asked. "I? Here and there, where fate led me. In the streets of the city mostly, watching how our Friend the Celestial makes war. Europeans are unpopular just now, but I have not been troubled. How does my outfit strike you?" "You're too dark," I answered critically, "and too tall."

"Oh, good enough! But I was neither too dark nor too tall a moment since, was I? I'm no coolie. I'm a hill Chinaman; a Boxer, if you please. The city's full of just such fellows. And I'll tell you another thing. When the next storm is brewed—and one's brewing—the most dangerous place in

China will be right here between the walls of this legation. That's why I leave it in an hour."

The question which was first in the hearts of all of us that summer sprang to my lips in answer. "But the relief? What chance of help from outside?" "One in a thousand; one in a million, indeed. No, this hour belongs to China, and, my word, she's making the most of it! It's worth a few years of life just to see how she goes about it." He broke off and stared at me for an instant. "See here, come out and have a look at it," he ended abruptly. "I? I have no disguise."

"I have a duplicate. I'll loan it to you for an hour. To tell the truth, it's what I came for—to pick up a European comrade, though, of course, I'd no notion whom I should find. Come, will you try it? I'll bring you safe back before night."

"It could be sure—" I began. "Settled then! My bundle's just outside. Get it, will you? I'd go myself, but you foreign devils are so blood-thirsty."

The bundle was one wrapped in coarse cloth, such as travelling Chinese often carry. Opening it, I was amazed at the completeness of the disguise; it contained the complete outfit of a man and a dispute arrangement of the quince, but when our work was done and I rose to survey the finished product, the sinister countenance the glass threw back at me would have defied detection.

We left the room by a side door. The long hall leading to the court was empty when we started down it, and it seemed that our exit would be uneventful; but as we approached the last door it opened and a young girl came out from a side room. Coming from the brighter light, her eyes were darkened, and she advanced a step or two into the hall, smiling absently. Then, close before her, she saw us. She did not scream, as I had feared, but her clasped hands flew to her breast and her lips quivered with fast-whispered words. "Miss Colter—" I began, but "Hush! Hush! Hurry!" urged Murray at my side, and we passed her at a run. As we came opposite the light of the colonnade faded from her eyes and she toppled back against the closed door, still in an attitude of prayer.

A moment later we had left the hall and, at cost of two or three hasty explanations, were before long standing outside the wall of the legation. The rifle practice had ceased that day, thanks, as we believed, to an imperial edict. The place was as quiet as a New England Sabbath, save that a body of a German soldier, horribly mutilated, lay in the middle of the street; and from experience we knew what menace lurked behind the silence of the dismantled houses.

For a while we walked in silence, each busy with his own thoughts. "Then, 'That is the cause of it, the true cause. No wonder the natives feel as they do,'" Murray began aloud. "What?" I asked. "Why, that girl. You saw her? We frightened her, and what does she do? Gibber prayers and spring to an attitude of worship. The true way to placate an infuriated Buddhist."

"But what would you have?" "Not much. A little more tolerance, perhaps. Now, saving I'm killed for the sins of my countrymen, I should be safe in any part of Peking to-day. I've burned incense before half the mud josses in the city. I'm a pretty good Buddhist and I'm a first class Mohammedan. After all, what's in a name?"

The man in Peking who failed to defend his faith that summer was worse than an apostate; he was a traitor. And something of this feeling must have found utterance in my answer, for Murray faced me with an outward gesture of the hands so truly oriental that for a moment I half mistrusted him. "Well, what would you have?" he cried. "Granted a man should own a hereditary faith, where shall I get one? I was born a Scotch Dissenter. I'm by education a Catholic, by profession a member of the Church of England, and by belief—what? Oh, I have memories! Dim church and sculptured saints and all the rest, but what does it amount to? I tell you the faith par excellence is that one which keeps a man's skin whole and his head on his shoulders. No, don't point out the error of my ways. This is no time for converts. And look! Here comes our friend, the Celestial."

From a side alley groups of Chinese were pouring out into the street, and all ahead of us the thoroughfare was crowded with such a mass of heterogeneous humanity as only Peking in all the world can show. Here and there one was walking alone and staring about him with the astonishment of a rustic. Often they walked in groups of two or three, chattering and gesticulating, and more than once we passed a street orator haranguing a knot of his excited countrymen. But these were eddies in a tide which set steadily forward. Shops closed as mobs swept past. Here and there a group of men in flowing vestments, bare arched dressings and lighted candles, and behind these, high above the press, towered the mighty crucifix. I am not a Catholic, but the sight sent my heart knocking at my throat. "It's a plot!" cried Murray excitedly, and his eyes were mere points of light. "They're doing it to make the Catholics reveal themselves. I tell you it's a plot!"

That beautiful, laboriously-acquired Chinese? But we can keep on if you wish."

"Let us stop," I answered shortly, and tried to suit the action to the word, but for a while the pressure of the crowd was so tremendous that escape was impossible. At the intersection of two streets stood a palanquin abandoned by its bearers, and, seized by a sudden inspiration, I flung myself between the shafts. Murray followed, panting, and we clung to it while the mob swept by on either hand, a sea of gleaming eyes and fierce, eager faces, glistening with sweat and dark with passion.

It was the first time that I had faced them and fear came upon me. I wrenched open the door of the palanquin and climbed nimbly in, closing it behind me. Murray himself, not unimpressed, crouched between the shafts outside, and with my face at the window (the tiny window in front through which the bearer receives his orders) our heads were not six inches apart. "We've a good place," I commenced. Murray, irrepressibly, almost as soon as we were settled in our positions, "Hear the market fire ahead? They'll be halting the Christians through the streets presently, and then remember you've a Brahmin and your sympathy with the mob."

"Will they kill them?" I asked, horrified. "It is highly probable. Indeed, why not? From your own expressions an hour ago, the man who deserts his religion deserves death. Well, this is one of those rare cases. By George, they're setting back already! Look out at your side window and see what's starting them."

"I can't see," I answered after an effort. "Some one is standing against it." "Good enough! You're safe while the press lasts. I can see myself in a minute." He was standing now, straining on tiptoe to overlook the crowd. "I think—they're—got them," he said slowly a moment later. "Now for pandemonium."

In the panic which followed an indescribable tumult filled the air, from which slowly I sorted the sounds according to their order; the rush and scuffle of thousands of sandaled feet, the fierce, stertorous breathing of excitement, the crack of musketry, the sharp "Hai! Hai!" of the victorious fanatic, and above it all, appallingly distinct and clear, the shrieks of the victims. The passers by, the mob, the mob swept past us, and the sense of hearing was merged in that of sight.

The Christians were fighting still, though against inconceivable odds—fighting as men fight to whom defeat means death with torture. Now and then a group was borne, still contending, even below the palanquin, but for the most part the actual conflict went on far beyond and only the fragments, the spoil of the victory, passed us by.

After the first I had dropped down on the floor, staring at the rattle outside in a half comatose condition. It is an awful thing to witness battle as a non-combatant. Hours seemed to pass before I heard a voice close beside me say, "They have pierced the inner sanctuary!" and at once a company of men burst through the crowd, bearing, tossed high above them, the body of a woman.

Her face I could not see, but one round arm, heavy with silver bangles hung at her side; and as she passed the rose-stained fingers clenched and tightened in a paroxysm of fear. "I saw, and reason left me. I sprang up from my place and wrenched and battered at the fixed door. I shouted threats to the deaf mob outside, and shrieked and prayed aloud in agony. Then the frenzy passed, and instantly I was conscious of the cool stare of Murray. He had stopped close to the low window and was watching me much as the entomologist might watch his wretched insect writhing on its pin. "See here, Levin," he began as soon as I was quiet, "you endanger both our lives by such an outburst. I warned you—"

"Be silent!" I interrupted fiercely. "You, with your training and traditions, you let her pass within arm's reach and did not save her! Her blood be on your head; you are worse than the murderers!" His answer came unheeded. "I grant you that. The three murderers are really superior fellows from their own standpoint. As for the girl—oh, very well, I will be silent. Only try to get back your senses, my dear fellow."

He turned away to watch the mob, and I remained, my head sunk in my hands, trying vainly to shut out both sight and sound. Of all that passed us by that day I have no wish to write. The afternoon shadows lengthened and the sun lost itself in a bank of western clouds, and still the horror went on uninterrupted, and still we watched motionless from our places. "Why, they're looting the churches!" said Murray suddenly, in a tone quite new to him; and, following his gesture, I saw where one in the mob, a grotesque figure in flowing vestments, bore altar dressings and lighted candles, and behind these, high above the press, towered the mighty crucifix. My heart knocking at my throat. "It's a plot!" cried Murray excitedly, and his eyes were mere points of light. "They're doing it to make the Catholics reveal themselves. I tell you it's a plot!"

"But what does it matter?" I answered. "We're not Catholics." "No; but one has a natural dislike to seeing good property—My God! I can't stand that!" He flung up his arms, hands clasped like a diver, and plunged into the crowd. The cross had fallen to the earth and one man ground his heel upon it; another, with an unimagined insult, spat in the pictured face. Then Murray reached them. Above the tumult I could hear his cry: "Black! Stand back, you dogs!" In his excitement he was speaking in English. "No, I will have no help! Don't