THE BLACK FRIAR.

THE GHAST OF THE PRIORY.

By J. W. ERMBERY

CHAPTERI

"Look you how 1 h haglances. His form and name conjuded preading to stones would make them capable." -Hauser

Compared prior has been would make the applier "leaver".

One Ohristmae Eve, p.t. many years age, a party of young gentlemen were seated in a large apartment in an old mausion in Warwickshire. The mansion which was known in the district as "The Privry." dated from the rengs of Queen Elizab-th, and was considered by arche-logists one of the finest existing specimens of the architecture of the period. The room in which the first scene of our story is placed was called the Cedar Room, from the fact that the walls, the celling, and the floor were entirely compared to the property of the

from the fact that the walls, the coaling, and the floor were entirely composed of codar wood, which gave altogether an antique appearance. The chumory-piece was finely wroughtin white marble, and above it hung the picture of a stern looking knight clad in armour, and was attributed to Holbein. Otherwise the room presented the attractions and luxuries of a modern drawing room. A branch of mistletoe hung from the brilliant chandelier in the centre of the room, the use of which was not quite apparent, as the persons present, wer, as stated, all gentlemen.

There were nearly a dozen of them all round, but it will not be necessary in our short story, to introduce them all to our readers. They had all been togother at Oxford; and their host, Sir Lionel Forrester, had taken the opportunity of inviting them to be his guests during Christmastude at "The Priory." The baronet was a handsome young gentleman of eight and twenty, and well qualified by the nobility of his bearing, the suavity of his disposition, and the extensiveness of his learning to maintain the traditions of an ancestry ever distinguished by faithful service to their sovereign and their country. Despite the various walks in life towards which their steps were turned they had met each other with that cordiality and good humor which we might have expected among English gentlemen who had spent perhaps the happlest years of their lives in each other's company at the most ancient and most famous university in the land. The conversation apparked with with and overflowed with humour. There was an oxhaustless fund of ancedote in the brave officer who had just returned from the late war, the oloquent barriets who had been distinguished in so many causes celebres, and the author whose bright and busy pen was fast carving out his way to fortun. And then thore was a rising musician already a music bachelor, soon to be a doctor, who delighted the cars of his listeners with his marvellar playing, and stirred their souls with the sweetness and paths of his souls with t

"Shoul! you be very surprised if I said yes?" he asked.
"Well, I should not be surprised if yousaid so; many of our old mansions do profess to have such things. But I should be interested if you were able to pursue the fast."
"Heaven grant that I may not be able," answered Sir Lionel, as he took up his coffes and began sipping it with the air of a man who would rather not prove the subject.

the air of a man with would rather not prove the subject.

"But really Sir Lionel," asked the barrister, after a pause, "if there be such a story here, you do not mean to say that you belove it?"

The baronet did not answer this time till he had drunk his coffee, and then replacing his our rejoined.

"Would you still be surprised if 1

"Would you still be surprised if I answered yes?"
"Now really, Bir Lionel. laughed his friend, "I am sure you can give us the story of the evening if you like. I ray you let us have it."
"Nay," he added, after a pauss during which no one spoke "do not be afraid. Whatever your own conviction may be, I assure you we are not at all frightened at the prospect of a ghost story."
"I beg your pardon. put in Riphael Penn." I am rather nervous about such matters myself."
"Course," replied the barrister, "you Catholics beheve in them. But I am sure Father Trumann is not afraid."

"You Catholics Solitore in term." Learn sure Father Trumann is not afraid."

"I confies I should like to hear the story," he said quietly.

At this point there was a knock at the door, and Raphael Penn and his host both started slightly; but the latter at once called to the person outside to come in.

It was the Lutler, an old man, with white hair and a slight stoop, who entered bearing a huge silver goblet containing a hotiquid, whose fragrance presently pervaded the room.

"It is a custom with our house to mix punch in this goblet for our guests on Ohristmas Eve. You may place it here, Thompson, and you need not remain."

Yes, it is mixed according to an "Yes, it is mixed according to an old recipe possessed only by the head of the house," he added, when the butler had retired, "and by one of those old traditions of which we have several, no one else must know how it is made I mixed the ingredients only an hour ago I t is a good old custom, I think; not one of those more honoured in the breach than the observance."

this ovening whom I should honour most."

The choice gave unmistakable satisfacton; for Father Trumann possesed the art or making everybody love him. He now arose, and said with a courteous bow to the baronet.

"I am deeply sensible of the honour you do me. But I am sure you will excuse me when I tell you that I never touch intoxicants."

"I will not excuse you unless you are pledged," said the baronet, with a smile.

smile.
"I am pledged, Sir Lionel,' said the priest. "But make yourselves and your friends happy. I shall do very well; I have not yet finished my

coffee."
"Having done my duty in presenting the cup to you, it is now my duty
as host to drink myself; which I do,
gentlemen, not without first expressing gentlemen, not without first expressing mysattefaction at seeing so many dear old friends around me, and my hope that prosperity and honour will attend upon all of you, and that I shall often have the happiness of seeing you here again."

upon an or you, and that I shall often have the happiness of seeing you here again."

He raised it to his lips and drank heartily; and then presenting it to the barrister, said.

"Do not be afraid of it, Montague, the cup is deep but the potion is not so strong as to be hurtful."

"I thank you. Sir Lionel," said the barrister, "I perceive that every thing seems done upon precedent; but perhaps I shall not be wrong if I venture to express to you the pleasure we all feel in being your guests at this time, and to say that we wish you now and always the best that can be wished for."

for."

He drank, and the baronet bowed,

"Ho drank, and the baronet bowed, and then said:

"If you will do the honours of the goblet, Montague, I will proceed to tell you the ghost story of our house, that is, if you really desire to hear it was unanim ous; so while the barrister handed the jovial bowl around to his companious, Sir Lionel spoke as follows:

"I shall make the tale as brief as possible, because in truth it is no pleasure to me to tell it; but I do so readily, inasmuch as it excites your interest. You may have wondered why this house is called "The Priory; the reason is that it takes the place of a Dominian Priory; founded in the fourteenth century. When the friars were turned adrift two centuries later, their homee was given to my ancester. Sir Guildford Forester, those portrait you see above the fire place there. The Prior, thinking it bootless to oppose the king's commissioners, delivered overything into their hands evenyt the church plate, which was very valuable. This was missing; and the Prior, who voluntarily assisted the commissioner as much as possible, declared himself to be entirely ignorated what had become of it. Sussision very valuable. This was missing; and the Prior, who voluntarily assisted the commissioner as much as possible, declared humsoff to be entirely ignorant of what had become of it. Suspicion naturally fell upon his brethren, but they all protested their innocoace, and the crime could not be brought home to anyone. In consequence they were turned out without any componsation, which looked very like station for most of them. The Prior indeed, for complaisance was handsomely rewarded, and retired to a small house a few miles away, which had been a sort of farm belonging to the monastery; and here he lived very comfortably till his death. In the noxt reign a Jaw in London tendered a golden pyx for sale to the Spanish ambassador, and it was identified as a belonging to this house. The Jew declared that he had purchased it a few

years before of a raonk, and the description he gave of him, strange to say, answered to no one but the Prior himself. It was generally thought the Jord was metaled and a short time Jord was dead, the question was never decaded.

"It was about this time that the ghost first appeared, and a short time after Sir Guildford's lady died. He appeared several times, during this and the subsequent reign and each time the appartition was closely followed by a death. In the first year of thizabeth the appartition was closely followed by a death. In the first year of thizabeth the appartition appeared at a bringust Sir Guildforth had made to colobrate the Queen's accession, and the old knight received a shock of which he died a few days afterwards. His son, Sir Osmund Forester, then determined be pull the oll house down, which he died with the exception of the beautiful little chapel which most of you have seen. On its site he built this house, in the hope that the ghost would trouble it no more. It was some years in course of building. Everything liad been arranged for a grand festivity at its open ing, and aday or two before. Sir Osmund was engaged in looking over it, when he heard a footstep approaching, and turning round he beheld the dreaded ghort. Poor Sir Osmund was the victim this time. And so it has been over since. Years may pass away and the story be forgotten, or at least put out of the mind but reaprear again the spirit will some day, and ever with the same dreaded consequence. It always come in the same form—that of a Black Friar. We regard it as the curse of our house, attaching to us because our successors received the stolen Church lands."

The baronet paused and the musician presently select.

"And when did it last appear, Sir Lionel?"

"I will tell you that, it has appear ed some fifteen months ago when I

The baronet paused and the musician presently asked.

"And when did it last appear, Sir Lionel?

"I will tell you that, it has appear ed some fifteen months ago when I was travelling in the Holy Lind.' My father was seated one evening with the vicar of the parish and two other gentlemen in this very room, when they heard the sound of footbeps, as it were, passing the door. My father seemed struck by a sudden thought, and went to this door and looked out into the corridor. His friends heard him utter a frightened exclamation, and going to him, found him trembling in every limb, and pale as a gloost himself. He told them he had seen the black Friar. The Vicar—a high Churchman and a man of interpid spirit—deciared he would cross the ghost's path if it appeared again. The words were searcely out of his mouth when the footsteps were heard returning. As they approached the door, the vicar strode boldly out into the corridor, confernted the spprittion, and tried to speak. But he seemed suddenly paralysed, and the two other gentlemen have told me that the Black Friar appeared to pass right through him—and then wended his way to the men have told me that the Black Friar appeared to pass right through him—and then wended his way to the end of the corridor, and was seen no more. The vice a sid that he felt at the moment as if he had received the shock of an electric battery; and for weeks afterwards he was great-

and for weeks afterwards he was greatly depressed in mind and weakened in Jody. Early in December I received a telegram summoning me to my father's deathbed. He was taken ill soon after seeing the appraxion. I arrived in time to see him and to receive his last embrance and blessing."

'There is no doubt the ghost is a real one, 'said Raphnel Penn, "I am almost sorry I heard the story. God grant it may be long ore thouse is troubled again by so dread a visitor."

"Amen," responded the baronet.

sitor."
"Amen," responded the baronet "Amen," responded the baronet.
"There is a curious story told of one of my ancestors Sir Theobald, who fell at Worcester fighting for Charles II. Ho had long been convinced, Father Trumaun, of the truth of the claims of your Church, and intended submission to it, but was prevented by the evitimes. Just before the Battle of Worcester a holy priest met him, and having heard the story, declared that the curse of the house would not be taken away till its head was received back into that Church from which the old house and lands had been taken. Sir Theobald determined if he survived the battle to act upon the warning he had received. But he fell, as I have said, fighting for his king and the ourse continues till this day."
"But please God," said Father Tru-

the curse continues till thus day."

"But please God," sauf Father Trumann, "it will be your happiness to deliver your house by making that submission which your patriotic ancestor delayed too long."

The conversation was prolonged until cless on inidialist. Each one present had some ghostly tale to tell, and Rephale Poin, a man of exquisite sensitiveness and high poetic temperament, felt a great fear taking pussession of his soul.

"At least we have nothing to fear to night," said the priest; "for this is the season of which Shakespeare

aks— Wherein our Saviour's birth is

colob

duct the priest and his friend to their respective chambers. They cordially wished their companions good aight, and were about to follow the buffer from the room when the old man stepped back, and letting the candles fall from his hands, cried out "God have mercy on us, Sir Lionel!"

samples back, and tetting the cannies fall from his hands, eried out

"God have morey on us, Sir Jionel!"

The old man's face was blanched with terror, the guests started to their foct, and then there was a silence as if of death, broken only by one sound, that of footsteps in the corridor out side. They passed by the dear, the present of the corridor out side. They passed by the dear, the present of the corridor out side. They passed by the dear, the present of the corridor out side. They passed by the dear, the present of the corridor out side. They passed by the dear, the present of the corridor out side. They passed by the dear, they have been dearly to see outside, then he turned round and said.

"It is the Black Friar!"

The effect of this announcement upon the guests on be better trougined than described. Every face was pale; Bir Lonole was paler than any: Raphael Penn trombled like a leaf.

"I will interrogate if it comes again." exclaimed the baronet, des perately, and he strode forward, and stood beside Father Trumann.

"You had better do nothing of the kind," said the barrister, "your feelings are all overwrought by those horrible stories."

"Will you confront it, then? saked the priest, quietly, turning to the man of law.

"He shall not," exclaimed the baronet. "I will ask no man to do what I will not do myself I will know why I am melested thus in my own house, and I will ask what can be done to quiet this restless spirit."

"The not a spirit," said the barrister, doggedly, but the words died away on his lips.

"I saw it before his reverence," said the buttler; "and I recognized it. I have seen it twice before."

"Heat!" The barones held up his finger, and again the steps were heard approaching, in a contrary direction. As they came nearer, he flung back the door, and stepped forward; but only to utter a cry of terror, and felt back swooning in the arms of his friends.

friends.
This time all present saw the figure pass by.
There was little that was ghostly in

There was little that was ghostly in its appearance all they saw was a Dominican Monk, clad in the white habit and black mantle of his order; with his long scapular before, and his cowl thrown back over his shoulders. He appeared to be a man about fifty pears of ago.

"It will not be interfered with," said Raphael Penn.

"It never will," added the butler. If was here when the vicar opposed it; but he had no more power over it than a layman."

an a layman."

"But for a true priest it can have

"But for a true priest it can have no terrors."

The speaker was Father Trumann, whose face had become strangely animated and whose eyes flamed as with an inspiration.

Two of the gentlemen had placed their host on a sofa, and, with the butter, were attending to him in his awoon; the rest watched the priest, but no one spoke. And now the steps were heard once more coming from the end of the corridor towards which the spirit had gone a minute before. Father Trumann opened his vest, and took out a small silver crushift which was suspended from his neck by a chain. He loosened it from the clasp, and then stepping resolutely into the orridor, turned in the direction of the Black Frar, who by this time was at the doorway. It sising the symbol of faith above his head with his left hand, and holding out his right to the apparition, he oried out in a loud voice:

"In the Name of the Father, the

hand, and holding out his right to the apparition, he cried out in a loud voice:

"In the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, whose servant I am, I command thee to say and tell me who thou art, and wherefore they disturbest this house."

The Black Frar paused, and regarded the young priest with a stern gaze for several seconds; the expression changed to one of sorrow that seemed strangely blent with hope; and bowing his head with deep hu mility, but at the same time with consummate dignity, he stratched out his arm and gointed over the priest's shoulder. The priest slowly retreated backwards, never taking his eye from the ghostly figure that followed him down the certifier. At the end they reached the staircase, and the priest stood still. The Black Frar also streped and pointed to the staircase. The priest descended and found him self at the chapel closely followed him the chaped, and tried the door, which he found to be locked; but the Frar gave it a gentle push with his hand, at which it opened, and hentered the chapel closely followed by the priest The Diminican closed the door, and the priest distinctly heard the lock shoot into its secket. Thus he found himself standing atom with the dreadful apparition in the chapel.

CHAPTER II.

"There are user these in dearen and cath, letters the area of any thing at partition in the chapel).

CHAPTER II.

"And then they say no spirit droes walk abroad, so muse host, if you will permit me, I will retire to my chamber; for I must rise betimes in thoroning, to drive over to Guilden borough to say, my three Massos. Raphael will accompany ne."

"The carriage will be at the door at half-past seven. I will ring for the will stay up a luttle longer."

The bearriage and the old butler appeared and was ordered to con-

ly. Every faculty of his road retunded its full vigour, but a deep solominary was upon his feelings as he regarded the figure before him south, white and solominary was upon his feelings as he regarded the figure before him south, where and middly shining eyes. So secretard many south of the solominary was upon and the would have offered it a low by obserance. But it fortade him with an imperious gesture, and then there come from it a voice soft and low, and it sounded as though it caree from afair, but the accents were clear and musical as the falling of a cuscade or the cehoes of the mountains.

"I have waited for three centuries to be interrogated by a true priest. The hoar is come, the time of my purgatory is nearly over; and the curse of this house is drawing near to its appointed close. I am time spirit of Elward Oantilope. It am time spirit of its appointed close. I am time spirit of the priors of the ancient priory on whose site this mangion is built. You have heard the story of its dissolution, and low it from place. Not for this sin, great though it were in the eyes of Uncreated Holiness, was I doomed to so long and terrible a penance. I should have been a confessor; I might have been a martyr, and stood now, with many of my contemporaries and the white robed choir, with the wreath of fadeless roses round these unworthy and dishonoured bross. But I reared those who could kill the body. It was I with remaining the precious vessels of the sanctury, and hid them in a secret place, known only to myself. My brethren were suspected and turned out pennices and provi guitty, lived on it comfirt at the Priory
Farm, enjoying the pension awarded
me by the king. This I largely supplemented by the money I received
for the plate I had stoien and conceal
ed. Had I shared them with my own
poor community, there had been little
sin; for we held the vessels as the
stewards of God; and it had been
better to sell them than to die of
starvation. But, alast the flock was
scattered and devoured while the false
shepherd made friends with the volves, and lived on the spoils they had
shared with him. Fool that I was I
My brettren have long since been
numbered with the saints in endless
glory; while I yet suffer for my sin,
and pine away with a love that longs
to be satisfied. The holy vessels were
costly, yea, beyond all prices I received but a fraction of their worth
from the sordid Jews who received
them, and who more than half sus
pected the truth. Sweral years passed
away; it was the last of the reign of
the plunderer of our church. But
our chalice and paten remained; they
were the finest we possessed, and only
used on the most solemm feast days.
I had kept them to the last, for I
was loth to part with them. But the
pittance from the state—the price of
my shame—was small, and I had already sent a letter to the Israelite
who dealt with me, when I was serzed
with a mortal suckness. Trace was
no priest at hand to give me the Last
Sacraments. So I died without Viantour for my long journey, without the
Absolution of my passy burden of sins
and application to my soul of the infinite treasures laid up in God's Church.
But I repented of my iniquity, and I
found meroy. Nevertholess, because
of the depth of my transgression and
the insufficiency of my repentance, I
have been doomed to be till now amid
the purifying flames, nor bave I known
any cessation of my punishment save
when a death was about to occur in
the nouse of our spoilers, when I have
been sent to warn them by my prosence. And I was to continue to come
till the house should be extinct, or till
I should meet one into whose

ou, and you shall be most carefully obeyed."

"You will go to the Priory Farm," said the spirit "It is now in ruins, but there is a vault beneath, into which you will gain admittance, and in the stones of the floring one unlike the rest, larger, and of triangular shapo. This you must raise, and beneath you will find the chalice and paten I have spoken of. Will you swear by the Oross you hold in your hand that you will do this speedily?"

"I swear it," said the priest solemn-

"I swear it," said the priest solemn-ly. "May I impart what you told me to another?"

to another?"

"To whomsoever you please, so that the seroed vessels be recovered and restored to their proper use. Fath Trumann, to your courage and piety I owe a great debt of gratitude. You have opened the Gates of Heaven to me. I shall over pray for you before the golden attar and the great white throne. I see you would ask me some thing. What is it?"

"Fire Cantilina you have above."

hou so always persons a death. Let so in this instance.

"It was so Liven now the young Sir Lionel her above in a leathlike awon, but for the interpol virtue that enabled you to have me he had ackeen-laid died hie her father. But the ourse is taken away, his house will not be out out, for ever, only in him shall all att ovil traditions die, and it shall rest through him to a hought of glory it has never yet known."

ats owil traditions die, and it shall restrough him to a hospit of glory it has never yet known.

The moon was no longer chiming through the stanned window the chapel was wrapped in gloom, but the mont, a figure grow brighter and brighter, habit and scapular gleamed with the dazzling whiteness of snow whea the sunbeams fall upon it, and the mande and cowl secured to soften into a hue of regal purple. An aurole surrounded has head, his features were illumined with peace and joy nespeak able, and his eye were lighted up as though he saw a great light far away.

"Father, bless me before thou leavest me, cried the young pricet falling on his knees.

The monk raised his arms above him in stlence, then clasping his hands he oried out.

"They come, they come to take me

ed out. They come, they come to take me

to my Lyrd.

A smile of ineffable love lit up his face with celestial beau y, and the priest, who was fain compelled to hide his eyes before the overpowering splendour, heard the sound of many footsteps and many voices, and, as it were harpersharping upon their harps. When the clock was on the stroke of one, the builer and several if the gentlemen who had been searching high and low for Father Trumann, made their way into the chapel, and found him lying prostrate in prayer upon the pavement. They roused him, and he retred to his room in silence. The next marning he arose as if nothing had happened and drove over to Guildenborough with Riphael Penn, where he said his three Masses. He found his friends on the tiptoe of expectation when he returned, but contented himself with telling them that the ghost was laid for ever.

When the rest had gone a service at the parish church, with the exception of the sceptical barrister, who was perusing Demosthenes in the library, Sir Lionel received the priest and Raphael Penn in his study. He had patrially recovered from his shock of the provious night, but looked pale and troubled as he lay back in his dressing gown in a huge easy chair. Father Trumann related all that had happened to him. His two listenors heard him with the utmost attentiveness, and neither of them evinced the slightest doubt of the good father's veracity. It was resolved that they should go together on the first opportunity to the Priory Farm, and that for the prosent the experience of Father Trumann should be kept a profound secret between them.

Accordingly a few days later they walked over to the farm, which was a complete ruin, and it was only with great difficulty that they found and gained access to the vault. The triangular stone was discovered after clearing: away a mass of rubbish, and a pickare and crowbar having been brought into requisition, it was moved aside and a cule eavity revealed beneath it. Within was an oaken case, much reaked and worm eaten, and bound with iron binds that were almost

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth

me. A shail over pray for you belore
the golden aftar and the great while
throme. I see you would ask me some
thing. What is it??

"Friar Cantilippe, you have acknowledged that your appearance in this

Tener Care the great wind
soften the g

