

AILEY MOORE

SALES OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW VICTIMS, MURDER AND SUICIDE LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

CHAPTER XXIX

CONCLUSION

In the galleries Gerald had led a charmed life. Every one, even the least endowed with the celestial attribute of genius, is conscious of a new sense and new feelings of the painter. The visions of our early dreams, and the hues of our richest fancies, seem collected and embodied for us, and we enjoy the ecstasy of the imagination in the midst of the dull realities which so frequently destroy enthusiasm. Great painting is, in fact, a great imagination unvelled; and we all have enough of the poetic to revel in the elysian fields to which genius gives us access. But it is the painter himself, and the painter only, that can enter the triumphs of his art, and the subtle sense of the beautiful, the countless forms in which grace presents her symmetry, and the paradise colors in which she decks her loveliness—the idealization that renders all the creation and all its minutest parts—the rock in the sea, the stone in the brook, or the insect on the leaf—things belonging to the life of the soul—and which, from the wide world of fancy and reflection, brings them fresh and radiant to the glow of the canvas; these can be appreciated only by him who has lived in their glory and toiled in their service, and who aspires to become a high priest of their temple. To such men a gallery is ever an Elysium, and such it was to Gerald whenever he could or would spare a moment from his dear studio.

Gerald had a servant as devoted to art, though not so successful in it, as his master. Hour after hour he would watch the young stranger, and when some startling effect revealed itself at the stroke of his pencil, Antonio would emit a cry of joy. He was young, this Antonio, not above nineteen, and he appeared ingenious and loving. Signor Mori never made the Italian feel any inferiority—probably he could not even if he would—because the Italians have not yet advanced sufficiently in civilization to see the reverence due to money; but, at all events, he treated him very much as a younger brother, and he often permitted him to share his walks by the yellow stream through the garden of Salust, behind the beautiful Pincio, or through the classic valleys and sweet glades which Monte Mario covers with its protecting shadow.

For a week or two Antonio had been less careful in the performance of his functions, less joyous in his aspect and conversation, and less regular in his return home at the "Ave Maria." Gerald, who was a strict observer of "early hours," questioned Antonio once or twice, but received no satisfactory answer. He first feared the young man was ill; then began to think he was unhappy; then finally began to apprehend that he had fallen into dangerous society. He spoke kindly and of his affection had induced him to run a deadly risk. The conspirators of September were about to execute their sentence. "I am fated!" thought Gerald, "but God rules all destinies."

Gerald knelt before the image of Mary, and he thought on Ailey and his father. Nor were the old priest and the Tyrrells forgotten. He prayed. With a free soul he poured himself to heaven; and he thought of the protection but bowed to its award. He then examined all his arms, placed them within reach, and sat down to read tranquilly. "Alas! our 'English mission'!" The virus of apostasy has entered into the system of our political thought, and in the mad project of perversion we calculate no consequences and shrink from no instrumentality. Our money finds its way into the assassin's pocket and into the proselytizer's treasury. Whether it be by the banks of the Tiber or the Shannon, it is all the same; our "mission" is to substitute anything for Catholicity, and to transform men into monsters, that they may learn to reject all principle. They will have received the supremacy of England as the creed of the future, and our "mission" will have been fulfilled. Our "mission" at Rome opened fountains of blood and poured a tide of moral corruption into the bosom of the mother of nations. "Ah! England deceived us!" cried a blood-thirsty follower of Mazzini, to the author of this volume, "or we had possession of the Capitol to-day!" Our "mission" did not go so far as to compromise ourselves; it only stood prepared to take advantage of the sacrifice which it stimulated.

The night brought no new incident, unless the absence of Antonio; and the confirmation which his absence gave to Gerald's suspicions warned him to observe the greatest caution. To apply to police was at this time quite useless; the official influence had fallen into the hands of disorder. His arms, then, and the Providence which presided over his destiny, were all the protection on which he could depend.

At the cafe next morning, about 6 o'clock, Gerald found a letter. He looked at the seal and examined the handwriting.

"A third!" he said. He broke open the cover, but was hardly surprised to find— "Article XXXIII

"If the condemned victim succeed in escaping, he shall be pursued without pause everywhere, and the murderer after having received two wounds in the bosom of his mother or in the tabernacle of Christ."

"So, so," said Gerald, and he instinctively laid his hand on his bosom. He then called for his cup of coffee and made his temperate morning collation.

An artist entered. "Oh, Signor Mori!" said the new comer in great excitement. "Oh!" he cried, "what a misfortune!" "Why? what do you mean, friend?" "Your poor Antonio! poor Antonio!"

"What!" exclaimed Gerald, rising from the table. "What of Antonio, pray?" "You know not!" "Certainly not!" "Why he has been assassinated!" "Assassinated! Antonio assassinated!"

"His body was found at early dawn to-day lying by the Tiber banks, and covered with wounds." "Great God!"

"Most true—you will soon, I am sure, have a message from the police. Poor Antonio!" "No reason conjectured?" "Oh, a love-quarrel, to be sure. What other enemy could poor Antonio create? Poor Antonio!"

"Any one taken or suspected?" "No one! no one! Ah, these youngsters and their love quarrels!" exclaimed the artist very loudly. "Poor Antonio!" he cried.

Gerald looked at his brother artist, and the look was not one of confidence. It was too true, Antonio had fallen by the hand of a murderer. People were falling every day by the "invisible hand."

That day and the following was engaged in obtaining the last offices of the Church for the poor Genoese, and in shedding a tear over his lonely grave.

There is something chilling in the look of a room from which one has been consigned to the arms of the sepulchre. The most familiar things look strange there. They wear mourning and every time we look upon them they say, "We are not there!" The house itself speaks a language of separation. It darkens, too, and it tells us we must soon go after our beloved, or friend, or neighbor. Death leaves his mantle behind him.

The three following days were sad, foreboding ones to Gerald.

On the fourth, the servant came up to say a "Monsieur Baillet" wished to see the studio. Gerald ordered to be admitted, and approached the door. He was continually on his guard; so that the poignard could scarcely reach him before the assassin had received his fire, if he had only one moment's notice. He stood at the door of the studio as we have said, quite prepared.

A firm and not a light step came up the stairs; the gentleman was whistling "Parisien" and beating time with his stick; but his free and easy manners did not put Moore off his guard.

At length he presented himself, and only his appearance was necessary to disarm suspicion. The gentleman wore a brown body-coat, yellow vest with gold buttons, and gray trousers. He was tall and very rotund, with a profusion of shirt-collar, shirt-bosom, and wristbands. He wore, moreover, a chain of immense massiveness, and seals in sufficient number to commence a small trade in jewellery.

Gerald welcomed him, and expressed his readiness to point out in the studio whatever his visitor desired to see.

As usual, "Judith" was the favorite, although, before they departed, people's final choice was the "Mater Amabilis." So it was with M. Baillet. M. Baillet was very loud and very gay, and very complimentary; and he said that the "Mater Amabilis" would bring £500 at the Neapolitan exhibition. Gerald smiled, and thanked the critic; he added that £500 was a large sum.

"Signor Mori," said M. Baillet, "what I say is true; I am so certain of its merit that I would buy the picture for chance of a profit."

"You do me much honor." "Nay, I will buy it," he said, looking at it for some time. "Yes," he repeated, "the picture is mine. 'Mater Amabilis!'" he said, in a low voice, "it is beautiful!"

"Agreed, sir." "You will come to Naples with it," he said after a pause. "To Naples?" "Yes! You do not suppose I am going to find its proper light and position in the exhibition, and that I am not going to make some money on my capital. You must come to Naples."

"You take me somewhat by surprise. When must I go?" "As soon as possible." "In a few days?" "To-day." "To-day! Impossible."

M. Baillet looked earnestly at Gerald. "To-day, young friend," he said, in a low, solemn tone. "To-day, or to-night, or to-morrow night you die!"

"Die!" demanded Gerald, in his usual calm manner. "Why?" "Antonio is gone," said M. Baillet. Gerald looked at his visitor steadily.

"You have now received three warnings." "You are well informed," remarked Gerald.

"Very well," answered M. Baillet, solemnly. "Your servant died to defend you."

"I do not understand." "He was ordered to stab you—"

"And—"

"And was doomed to death for having been found to give you notice."

"Heavens!"

"And he slew his assassin even after he had received his own death-wounds. Yes, Signor Mori, Antonio died in your defense. He seized the murderer after having received two wounds in the throat. They rolled, assassin and victim, along the causeway to the river's edge. No human eye was on them. With the bare blades they cut and hacked each other's bodies. No mercy was sought or given, until, having bled to death, your servant's hold relaxed, and he expired."

"Reached his hovel of a home, and had time to send for a priest. One of the Jesuits prepared him, and your servant's hold relaxed, and he expired."

M. Baillet was a provident gentleman. He came with a passport in his pocket, not only for himself, but for Gerald. To the Genoa Gerald had always gone to seek a confessor; he was therefore well known to the Fathers, and endeared to them by his edifying religious demeanor as well as by his great benevolence. The society on this occasion saved his life, very probably, at all events he did not feel his butchery in resisting the good M. Baillet, and in two hours was side by side with him in a vettura bound for Naples.

As they drove along by the Colosseum, M. Baillet had sundry "vivas" for France and for "Solidarities;" but as he could speak nothing but his native language, French, the modern Romans whom he met could not understand the exact nature of his patriotism. The good gentleman had a joke for every one—in French only, however; and he wore the tricolor in his button-hole, and in fact, he deposited Gerald Moore at a safe and comfortable lodging.

TO BE CONTINUED

Very gently the mother stroked the little hands she held; she could not speak. And outside the birds were still singing, and the breezes dancing, and the children playing.

Very wearily Alice's eyes closed once more and she sank into a deep sleep; the mother won't with watching and with grief, rested her dark head on the pillow beside the golden one.

It seemed to her but an instant before soft music, unearthly sweet, sounded in her ears. Never before had she heard anything so beautiful or so soothing. It fell as balm on her sore heart. It filled her with a peace deeper than any joy. And a light shone round about her, a heavenly light, that seemed but music visible. She could see but dimly, at first, but soon her tears ceased to flow and she discovered that all about her were fleecy clouds, white, save where they were made rosy pink by a wondrous light shed from above. In the direction whence came this light she could not, dared not gaze; still as she saw on the clouds some reflection of the beauty there, her throbbing heart was filled with happy, all-consuming yearning.

Presently an angel stood beside her, a small angel. Where he came from the mother did not know. His arms were full of violets and over them his sweet grave face was bent. Slowly and reverently, but all unafraid, he glided into the great light. As long as she could bear the radiance she watched; when he passed beyond her ken she still heard the soft rustle of his garments and smelled the fragrance wafted from the flowers he carried. He ceased moving, and for a moment there was silence deeper than earth ever knows before she heard the angel say, or rather sing:

"Dear, holy Lord, look upon Thy violets! Thou didst tell me to bring them often to Thee. Thou dost love them, each tiny flower, for Alice sent them to Thee, one by one, by her sacrifices during Lent. Not once did she eat candy and two or three times she took no dessert. And dear and holy Lord, Thou knowest well that if she grows to be a woman she will send Thee very few more—not enough to make the bouquet lovelier."

The angel ceased speaking. To the mother it seemed that he waited for an answer, but if so, either he received none, or not the one he desired, for when he came back his head and wings were drooping and his eyes were full of tears.

Another angel came, smaller even than the first, and all unlike him. His little face was smiling and he seemed to skip rather than to glide; his arms were full of sweet forget-me-nots. He hurried toward the source of great light, and the mother listening with her whole heart, heard his voice, too, after he had passed beyond her sight.

"See all the forget-me-nots Alice hath sent unto Thee, dear Lord! She hath tried to remember all her mother's commands; but as years go by she will forget, and her mother's heart will ache as it never ached before—and Thy Heart, too, dear Lord. Please let us bring her home."

But he, too, came back disappointed scattering his flowers on every side as sobb shook his little frame.

After he was gone the mother saw a third angel, lovelier than the others fairer, gentler, sweeter, who held one lily, more purely white and more fragrant than any she had ever seen. Smiling into it, as she carried it with tender care the angel passed the mother, leaving her wrapped in peace passed on, no nearer and nearer to the Holy of Holies; and again there was silence so deep that it seemed as if the universe were bowed "breathless with adoration" before the throne of God. In that moment the poor, grief-stricken woman learned more of God than years of sorrow had been able to teach her; and there were few better masters than sorrow. Awe and reverence and love showed heights and depths undreamed before.

THE LILY HEART OF A CHILD

By Florence Gilmore

On her little bed Alice lay, scarcely breathing. Close, close beside her, holding both cold little hands, the mother knelt, her face as white as her child's and full of far greater agony.

Into the room the morning sunlight streamed, and a gentle breeze came and went, fragrant with perfume from the roses in Alice's own garden. Birds hopped about on the window sill, singing as if their tiny hearts were all but bursting with the joy they were trying to tell, and from a neighboring garden came faint echoes of the merry shouts of children at play. All God's world was joyous save one room where a mother's heart was breaking.

The doctor had come and gone an hour before. As he turned to leave the room, in the thin, broken voice whose every accent wrung her mother's heart, Alice had called him back, and when he leaned close to her she had whispered:

"Father Burke says—you can't make me well—this time—like you did when I had measles—but—thank you for trying."

For an answer he had kissed her cheek and patted her golden hair, unable to speak for the lump that filled his throat and blinded by his tears he had groped his way from the room, grieving, not for the child who lay there, for another in whose little grave his heart had been buried many weary years before.

Alice had fallen asleep soon after he left her. An hour had worn away another and another, before she stirred and opened her eyes. There was pain in her head, in her chest, all through her little body. The room seemed almost dark and she could distinguish nothing. After a time she saw dimly that her mother was kneeling beside her bed, and realized it when she brushed the hair away from her forehead. Two or three times she tried to speak to her before any sound issued from her parched lips. At last her mother heard.

"What is it, dearest?" she asked, and Alice faltered.

"Please, please, don't be sorry! Father Burke says you'll come soon. Please be glad!"

A sob was the poor mother's only answer though she struggled hard to control herself. Alice was all she had. Seven years before she had laid her husband to rest, and after him, one by one, her sweet little children. Alice was the last; and her heart was breaking.

After a few moments the child spoke again, even more weakly and with greater effort.

"Lord will make—you glad, if—I ask Him, won't He?"

"Her mother thanks Thee, Lord!" she said.

WHY HE LOVES THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

CHICAGO CONGREGATIONALIST RECTOR'S WARM TRIBUTE OF GRATITUDE AND PRAISE

The New World, of Chicago, prints in a recent Sunday by the Rev. Edwin F. Snell, rector of the Winnetka Congregational Church. "Why I love the Roman Catholic Church" was the announced title of the discourse, in which, as our contemporary remarks, there is "a real heartiness and such a measure of common sense and good Americanism that we feel sure the publication of it will do some good to our Catholic readers. Allowance must be made for the fact that the sermon was preached for a distinctly Protestant audience."

The Rev. Mr. Snell spoke in part as follows: "A new commandment give I unto you, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples if ye love one another." (John xiii, 34).

"There is no question on the part of any one who has any right to have an opinion on the matter, that the Roman Catholic is a disciple of Jesus Christ; there is no question. I hope among ourselves as Protestants, that we are disciples of Jesus Christ."

"The text is therefore applicable to the disgraceful, painful alienation of the Roman Catholic Church and the Protestant churches from each other. If we are fellow-disciples of the same Master, we ought to love each other, and instead of open hatred and secret antagonisms and mutual suspicions we ought to dwell together in unity of the spirit in the bond of peace. It is known and read of all men that we do not so dwell together."

"The bitter hatred of some Protestants for all that is Roman Catholic is one of the scandals of the present situation of Christianity."

"There is a paper published in Kansas which claims to have enormous countrywide circulation devoted to the Christian task of spreading the most nauseous reports about Roman Catholics. It has been denied the use of the mails in Canada. I would not have it in my hands here because I do not believe that is the best way to deal with scurrility, but it is undoubtedly doing vast harm. Simple minded people are very apt to believe that what they see in print must be true, and the seeds of hatred and suspicion are being sown in the minds of a multitude of Protestants all over the country."

"The results of such an attitude on the part of a portion of the Protestant community towards the Catholics is that we dwell together as fellow-Christians as we are in a sort of an armed truce."

"It is a strange, sad, sorry situation, and I think has been left too much alone; it has been left too much to the fanatics to do the talking and writing. Catholics and Protestants need to be brought together in friendly conference and fellowship."

"I want to tell you this afternoon in a very simple way why I love the Roman Catholic Church and why I believe it is the duty of every Christian to love that Church sincerely."

THE OLD MOTHER CHURCH

"First, I love the Roman Catholic Church because of what she has been. It is the old mother Church. Let me emphasize that. Our churches are the offspring of that Church. A few miles, Protestants will try to claim that they trace their genealogy through some stray errand movements back to the Apostles without touching the Church of Rome, but this is largely imaginary. There were Protestants before Luther, of course; there were independents in many of the early and Middle Ages, but the spiritual succession has come through Rome to us."

"For more than a thousand years Rome preserved the integrity and transmitted the vitality of the Christian Gospel before ever anything like Protestant secession was dreamed of; and when the Protestant movement came it was made possible, as a branch is made possible on the vine; it grew out of the strong vitality of the Mother Church."

"Now, I hold that it is a matter of simple decency to be loyal to one's mother. I could not respect myself as a Christian if I could forget that as a Christian, I owe my very being as a joy and liberty in Christ to the Mother Church. To her I owe the very existence of that Bible which I love; to her I owe the sacraments which are the symbols of our faith; to her I owe the lives of saints whose footsteps have pressed the earth, making it a holier and happier place because they have lived here. I should be a sad and vile ingrate not to love a Church that has done all that and more for me as a Christian."

For fifteen hundred years the preachers of the church builders, the social reformers and the mystics, the theologians and the poets of all Europe west of Russia were Roman Catholics. All our spiritual wealth as Protestants in an inherited wealth, inherited through the Roman Catholic Church."

FOR EVERY EVIL PRIEST THERE WERE A THOUSAND TRUE AND FAITHFUL

"But isn't it true that there was a great deal back there which was sadly wrong and bad? There is no doubt about that. Have there not been very evil Popes and priests? There is no question at all about it. But all this corruption was but the festering sores on a body that was essentially sound, which had real life in it."

"We must remember that it has always been true that one black leader, especially if he be a Christian leader, gains a publicity which a hundred faithful, true leaders never receive. For every evil priest there were a thousand true and faithful servants of Christ living and dying to make the world a more Christy world; for every debauched and unworthy Christian there were ten thousand simple, true, God-fearing, Christ-loving men and women who kept the faith."

"Historians have to write about the high lights of the years; the plain, every-day living escapes them. To-day every pastor who goes wrong will receive a place on the first page of the newspaper and large headlines; the thousand pastors who are doing their duty in a simple way and die without ever being mentioned, it has always been so. Our idea of history is widely distorted unless we remember the ground-work of faithful living which makes continuing history possible."

FOR WHAT SHE IS

"Secondly, I love the Roman Catholic Church for what she is. I regard it as one of the most unfortunate things about our life to-day that we so little understand each other, we Protestants and Romanists who are all brethren in Christ. It is proverbial, I suppose, that no feud is so sore unhealing as a family feud. The very love which should bind, when turned to hate, becomes the most complete of all barriers. And everything tends to keep us apart; if only we could get together and get acquainted we should find out how much we have in common. When ever we do come to know a Roman Catholic Christian we are very apt to find a true Christian spirit that fills us with joy and humility. We do not know what beautiful Christians there are among the Catholics, because we do not know them, and they do not know how sincerely Protestants are trying to be followers of the same Christ whom they serve."

"But some will say, is it not true that the Roman Catholic Church keeps its priests who are worldly minded and corrupt? I fear it is true, as I know it is true that the Protestant churches have ministers who are worldly-minded and corrupt; but I believe the proportion will not be greater with them than with us, and no cause deserves to be judged by its worst products, but by its best, and the best priests of the Church reveal a devotion and purity of life that are beyond praise."

"But it is not true that in some lands the Roman Catholic Church keeps its people ignorant and confirms them in their superstitions? Is it not in respect to knowledge, backward, and does it not seek to remain so? It is very easy to say these things, and the fact is that it is so easy should make us the more careful. When we have weighed the whole matter, we shall probably have a more charitable judgment than we have off hand. The Roman Church deals with great masses of humanity; it must adapt its methods as wisely as it can to the capacity of the people with whom it deals. Could Protestants do any better with these same people? I doubt it."

"The Roman priest knows his people better than we know them. Few of us anywhere do as well as we ideally might. I think the priest would be as quick to acknowledge his sense of insufficient wisdom and his sorrow for it as any of us Protestants. But we must remember the task is colossal, and we must pray for them, and when we pray for them—we are likely to see."

A FOUL AND HATEFUL CALUMNY

"But is it not true that the Roman Catholic Church is an American and is seeking to overthrow our government and all that? I hesitate not to say that I believe it is a foul and hateful calumny. The people who say these things have not one solid fact upon which to base their monstrous indictment. It is an utterly unworthy frame of mind for brethren in Christ to have towards each other. It is true, of course, that many Catholics are officeholders and many more are office-seekers. But why should they be?"

"This is a government of the people, and it is a credit, not a reproach to a citizen when he has political ambitions. If these people had less ambition, did not seek offices, did not reveal political astuteness, we should say what stupid folks they are. But when they beat us at the political game we cowardly say: 'Oh! they are intriguing against the government.'"

"But every time the test comes, when there is a call for men to go to the front and die for their country, the Catholic bears his full share of the load which patriotism then assigns and triumphantly and concretely vindicates his loyalty."

"We must get this miserable slander out of our minds. By every test which can be fairly applied, the Catholic citizen stands on a par with his Protestant brother."

"I do not say that all Catholic politicians are sinners. I should not like to be compelled to defend the sainthood of all Protestant politicians. But men for men, I will trust the ultimate patriotism of my Catholic as of my Protestant neighbor."

"I hesitate not to affirm my faith in and my affection for the Catholic Church of to-day. She is doing a vast work in the world; she has an enorm-