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theory as to her motives. She was naturally a gentle hearted creature, and besides, as far as everyone could see, she loved her brother; but still everyone knew that for some time he had been trying to make her marry a man she disliked. That is the only reason that has any appearance of truth about it, and it even is extremely unlikely.

"Oh! indeed!" he added. "I am afraid she shall be executed. All I can say is that it is a hard hearted judge who could condemn such a lovely creature to death; but what can he do?"

As you may well imagine, I was terribly agitated by this information, and being desirous of knowing if it were really the actors in my dream who were in question, I asked him for a description of them. Most accurately he described the three actors in my dream.

"My God," I almost cried aloud, "it is true. That beautiful creature is about to suffer unjustly, and I, although I am as sure of her innocence as am that I am alive, am powerless to save her."

I became so agitated that the landlord noticed it, and inquired what ailed me. I told him it was only a passing weakness and would be gone in a moment.

How I spent that day and didn't go mad is still a mystery to me. I didn't know what to do. I was almost dead from pent up emotion.

That night the landlord returned to the conversation of the day, and he told me that there was always a strange story in connection with the house of the crime.

It appeared that Herr and Lillian were the nephew and niece of the last owner of the house, who was an eccentric old individual and lived a lone life. At one time he had built two houses, one on each side of the street.

One of these was the house of the crime. The other, for some unaccountable reason, had gone into ruin, nothing remaining standing but the walls. It was reported this old fellow had great wealth; but on his death, which was rather sudden, only a small sum in securities had passed to his only living relatives—his brother and sister.

I didn't pay much attention to this story to the one he told me about the house of the crime being haunted and lights being seen in the windows after night.

The first I regarded as a piece of family history totally uninteresting to an outsider, and the last I regarded as a foolish story got up to frighten the children and the more foolish of the grown-up people.

That night my rest was not a peaceful one. I hardly slept for five minutes together thinking and turning over in my mind the facts of the case.

The next morning I was up early and having breakfasted, I went for a walk to rid my mind of the annoying thoughts with which it was filled. I determined to explore the house if possible that night, and try and throw some light on the matter, if I could, relying on my dream.

I had said that an intimacy sprang up between Miss Schoffenberg and myself after her liberation. This friendship continued and deepened into something warmer. Of course, when I saw it deepened, I am only speaking for Miss Schoffenberg, for it never had to deepen on my part, as my feelings were always the same towards her. But it undoubtedly deepened on her part, for when I laid my hand on her feet, it was not spared.

One day a short time after our engagement Lillian expressed a wish to see the spot where I had found Devereaux, so we went down into the secret passage.

trate. The latter listened with awe and looks to my strange story, and accompanied by two "policemen," returned to the house with me. The three of them at once recognised in the man on the couch the Frenchman—Devereaux.

The dying man was still unconscious, but on the application of restoratives he slowly came to.

Rising up and looking all round him, and evidently understanding the position he made an effort to speak, but only got out with difficulty, the words, "God forgive me. It was I who killed young Schoffenberg and not his sister. My name is not"—then heaving a sigh he fell back dead.

It was not for God's instruments on earth to punish him for his crime. He had gone before that God in person to answer for it.

Although we were all glad that Miss Schoffenberg would be freed through this confession, still we could not help feeling sorry for the fate of the unfortunate man before us.

When I was taking off the bandages to show his wounds to my companions to our great surprise his face came with them, disclosing another beneath. It was not Devereaux we saw then, but a man whom the police easily recognised as the chief of a dangerous gang of burglars.

Next day Miss Schoffenberg was released from her imprisonment, and her very first act was to thank me in good English for the part I played in her liberation. From that out there sprang up a friendship between us.

That day also it was discovered that the secret passage had its other termination in the ruined house across the way. For some reason which seemed inexplicable the old eccentric uncle of the young Schoffenbergs had constructed this curious mode of connection between his two houses.

From all these facts the police formed a theory of the crime. They surmised that this robber had found out the secret passage some way or other, and taking advantage of his discovery for the purpose of plunder, he entered the house at night. Getting nothing on his first raid but the family revolver, he had returned again the next night and probably being opposed by young Schoffenberg, he had shot him, leaving beside him the family revolver, so as to throw suspicion off himself.

Now this theory appeared very unlikely to me for several reasons. In the first place, it was very unlikely that this robber would pay two other men whose names were known to him, and who were not rich. And then, again, why did he revisit the scene of his crime? Would he not have done better to go away quietly while no suspicion rested on him? These two questions seemed unanswerable by the theory of the police; but I said nothing.

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One day a short time after our engagement Lillian expressed a wish to see the spot where I had found Devereaux, so we went down into the secret passage.

We went through it all, and when we were returning I accidentally tripped, falling against the wall. To my extreme surprise, instead of offering any resistance to my weight the wall went with me, and I was flung luckily unhurt, into a little chamber behind.

When we had recovered from our surprise, we discovered that the floor of the chamber was strewn with burglar's tools, and that in one corner stood a large chest which bore evident traces of violence.

I forced open this chest and there before us lay wealth—great wealth—greater wealth than I ever dreamt of seeing in one mass.

Here simultaneously were two mysteries solved. The one in connection with the old eccentric uncle and the one concerning Devereaux.

This wealth heaped before us was the amassed riches of the old eccentric. He had built the two houses and concealed them with a secret passage in which he constructed a secret chamber where he could safely store his gold.

This accounted for his not leaving much money behind him, his death being too sudden to allow him to tell his niece and nephew where the gold was hidden, and it probably would have remained undiscovered were it not for my lucky fall.

By this discovery the mystery in connection with the robber alias the French tourist Devereaux was also cleared. He having heard the story of the two houses and the rich uncle probably surmised the gold was hidden somewhere in the houses. In his search for the secret passage and naturally concluded the money was likely to be somewhere in it.

Schoffenberg, or rather Mrs. D-rmoott O Kelly, was with me.—George McKitterick, in Dublin Freeman Prize Story.

THE STORY OF A CONVERT.

What I believe is this: I believe that the Catholic Church is an institution established by Christ, and promulgated by the Apostles at Pentecost for the right application of the benefits of the Atonement to the souls of the Faithful.

I believe that the Catholic Church has the power to apply these benefits to the souls of the Faithful, because Christ Himself dwells within her, making her sacraments valid and her teaching efficacious.

What I cannot believe is this: I cannot believe that official ministerial religion, i. e., religion as administered by the holy office of the priesthood, ever failed of the truth, or lost its ability to provide such sound doctrine and such effectual sacraments.

I cannot believe that the priests of the Church were ever at any time in her history priests only in name and not in very reality; or that the ministry of the grace of Christ ever ceased to be an absolutely genuine, sufficient and adequate ministry.

That is what I cannot believe. And yet, if you accept the teachings of the Reformation you subscribe to these impossibilities. You affirm that the Church erred from the truth in point of faith, and in so affirming, you brand official ministerial religion—religion, that is, as taught, expounded, inculcated, administered by an authorized priesthood—you brand religion in that aspect—its magisterial, pastoral, mediatorial aspect, with the brand of error, incompetence, failure; with the brand of blasphemy, contempt and fraudulent imposture.

And in that I for one will not and cannot believe. And that for two reasons: The first concerns the souls of believers, and it is this, that there never has been an age in the history of the Church when she was childless, i. e., without souls to guide, teach, nourish and save. There never has been an age—can I possibly be wrong in asserting it?—when there were not souls anxious to take advantage of the benefits of Christianity, to realize in themselves the great virtues of religion, and to be saved through Christ forever.

Now if you maintain that official ministerial religion fell into error and gave rise to a heresy, a corrupt, defective and therefore inefficient doctrine and system, then you maintain that the only religion the Catholic Church had to offer to these pious souls, predestined, perhaps by the foreknowledge of God to eternal salvation, was a corrupt and defective one—i. e., in fact, which was not able to edify them, and could not possibly save them.

And to maintain that, would be to maintain that while salvation was free to some—such time as the Faith was a pure Faith, it was proscribed to others—when the Faith was a corrupt Faith. Which is not credible.

My second reason for refusing credence to the supposed failure and impotence of the Church is this: Our Lord established My Church, and as long as the Church should have children to bring up in the fear and love of God—that is, until the end of time, for such period He Himself would be with her, establishing her in truth and enabling her to carry out her duties.

"Behold, I am with you always," said He, "even until the end of the world." Upon this rock, Peter, I have established My Church, and the gates of hell shall prevail against it.

Our Lord promised it. He promised truth to the Church's doctrine, efficacy to her sacraments, wisdom to her priests, perpetuity to her life—until the end.

To maintain otherwise, to allow that for one single moment—that moment the smallest possible fraction of divinity—Christ failed of His promise, would be the end of all certainty, the ruin of faith, the downfall of hope, the destruction of the Church and—the beginning of the Deluge.

No, I for one will not and cannot believe that the Catholic Church is not, and has not been always, infallible as the divinely guided and guardian of souls from this world to Eternity.

I maintain it as an absolutely incontrovertible argument that so long as there has been a continued necessity of souls, so long has there been an unending abundance in the Church of Truth and grace. The latter kept pace with the former. Our Lord guaranteed it, and the Catholic Church possesses, and always has possessed it.

Poor human souls—how little they often know or realize of their own greatness! How great is the human soul and yet—how paltry! In every way adapted by the hand of the Creator for the manifestation of Truth, alas! into what bye-ways of error and falsehood it wanders. And yet what need is there? Here in the Catholic Church is the still to direct it, the wisdom to mould it, the power to purify it, the love to save it. Here is no bludgeoned quack expatiating the wound he fain would heal, no self-important charlatan obscuring the truths we cannot teach, but science, truth and wisdom. Believe me, reader, it is in the care and nurture of the Catholic Church that God wishes you to save your soul.

—H. K. GORNALL, M. A. (Cantab)

Religion and Affection. Do not imagine, as some do, that when the love of God enters into a man, his perfection consists in the hardening of natural affections. Whenever the spirit of devotion or piety narrows or contracts the heart, and makes our lives to be less bright and happy; when it makes parents impatient to children, or children unaffectionate to parents, or lessens the sympathy of brothers and sisters, or chills the warmth of friendship—whenever the plea of religion, or of fervor, or of piety has the effect of lessening the natural affections be sure that such piety is either perverted or not true.—Cardinal Manning.

CATHOLICS WHO DON'T NEED A CATHOLIC PAPER.

There are a great many Catholics who claim that they have no need of a Catholic paper. When pressed for the reason one is usually told either that they can't learn anything from it, or that they take some secular journal from which they get all the information necessary. They would have you believe that there is nothing concerning their faith on which they are not thoroughly posted.

But individuals who boast of such a knowledge of their religion should make quite sure they possess it. And if observation is of any weight in the matter it is an undeniable fact that the above class is the least informed in the Catholic body. It is safe to assert that they know little or nothing of the dogmas of faith, and equally safe to assert that their explanations of the same would prove most shocking.

This is the real condition of those who have no need for a Catholic paper. It is more than probable that in their early years they had no need of a catechism. Even then they knew it all. And if one could hear their conversations when these turn to religious topics, it would be discovered that they now have no need of the commandments, no need of the precepts of the Church, no need of sermons, no need of the sacraments, no need of the priest, and too often, no need of prayers.

It is nothing to them if the Church is assailed, if the civic rights of the Catholic citizens are assaulted, if religious vocations are smothered, if the Catholic orphan is left unsheltered. Nothing to them whether or not Catholic education prospers, whether there are churches for the people or compensation for the clergy. Nothing to them that the Vicar of Christ have repeatedly pleaded for the loyal support of the Catholic press.

Such is the character of that class of Catholics which has no need of a Catholic paper. Is the estimate correct, or is it overdrawn? Ask any Catholic priest who has compared the homes into which the Catholic paper goes and these from which it is excluded. Perhaps, he may even add that these conditions are largely the result of that kind of reading found all-sufficient by this character of Catholic.—Church Progress.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON LOCAL CATHOLIC OPINION.

The attitude which Catholics should assume in the presence of hostile criticism is one of considerable importance. The question we wish to discuss is, what line of conduct we should adopt when Catholicity in general, or Catholic priests and practices in particular, suffer in the eyes of public opinion. In this, as in many other difficult problems, Cardinal Newman's common sense and practical insight will be of great assistance to us. He discusses the question in his ninth lecture on the "Present Position of Catholics in England."

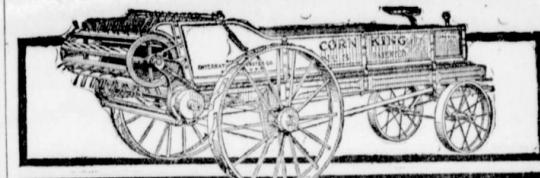
At the outset he distinguishes two forms of public opinion; there is, on the one hand, the public opinion which is a matter of mere ideas. It has to do with something abstract; it does not touch real life; it is not based on facts; the judgment formed in connection with it is little more than other abstract ideas associated with it, it is all a matter of stock phrases and parrot cries.

But there is another form of public opinion which he calls real public opinion, and which is based on the knowledge of persons and facts. To this he gives the name of "local opinion," because it has its origin in the opinions formed by persons living in daily contact with one another and because, on that account, it is more likely to be limited to the locality in which we dwell. To the former comparatively little attention need be paid; but the latter is important. To bring out his meaning more clearly he takes a not unfamiliar example. He supposes that one of the metropolitan newspapers contains a leading article against Catholics and Catholic priests. Up to a certain point Catholicism is nothing but an abstract idea. Catholic priests are nothing more than names. The whole article is nothing more than words, and is therefore harmless.

"Words hurt no one; words cannot hurt us till—till when? Till they are taken up, and believed in, the very ones whom we individually dwell. Ah! this is a very different kind of public opinion! It is local opinion and it concerns us very nearly."

The importance of local opinion for us Catholics in action can scarcely be exaggerated. Listen to Newman's words: "This I would say, Brothers of the Oratory, not only to you, but if I had a right to do so, to the Catholics of England generally. Let each stand on his own ground; let each approve himself his own neighborhood; if each portion is defended the whole is secured. Take care of the peace and the pounds will take care of themselves. Let the London press alone; do not appeal to it; do not expostulate with it; do not flatter it; care not for public opinion; cultivate local opinion."

The way in which Newman shows how the thing works out in practice is quite humorous and at the same time quite true to life. He takes as examples some of our leading cities like Birmingham, Manchester, Preston and Liverpool, and with the mastery hand



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