

JAMES McDERMOTT.

"I left because I knew I was suspected and well watched, and felt that I would be arrested at almost any time. I did not want any martyrdom."

"Do you know any of the parties arrested and now being tried for conspiracy to murder?"

"Personally I know none of them; but it appears from the evidence that was brought out in the secret inquiry in Cork that I had associated with Mr. Featherstone, and all I know about him is that he represented himself to me to be an American journalist. We made an excursion to Blarney together, and beyond that I know nothing of the gentleman, excepting that I believe that he is the victim of circumstances. The British Government evidently wants victims—they need them—I thought so then, and hence it was that I wrote to our American Minister in London concerning Mr. Featherstone and his arrest. The reply was satisfactory as far as the ink went but I took little stock in the assurance of an American key, and such a one as could listen to the expression of a cookney cab, who declared that any kind of a picture could be taken in America and be sold so long as it was incased in a gilt frame; but that is of a piece with the expression I heard from another Englishman at dinner table, which was, that the knives in Yankee land were plated so that the ladies could feed themselves."

"Were you in London at the time of the blowing up of the Home Office?"

"I was not; but I was there a few days afterwards and inspected the ruins as thousands of others did."

"Do you know who did it?"

"Of course it would be useless for me to ask who it was?"

"Yes, rather," and here Mr. McDermott smiled very pleasantly.

"I suppose, then, you are also familiar with the parties who attempted to blow up the London Times office?"

"My general answer as to both these questions is that it was done by men whom the Government never can reach and who believe in the old saying: 'If at first you don't succeed, try again.'"

"Then there is really a danger still of dynamite or some such explosive being used in England?"

"Oh, yes, and we won't stop there, or at that. Gladstone himself admitted that the Church disendowment was forced by the Fenian organization, and we all know that it was fear and not love for the Irish people that gained for them the Catholic emancipation. England never conceded anything to Ireland until she was forced, and now we propose forcing 'the war into Africa.' By that I mean that we propose to hit John Bull in the stomach and in the pocket, two of his sorest points. The capitalists of England whose money is invested in marine and other insurance cannot, and will not stand long the warfare now waging against them. There is not a ship bearing the British pennant on the high seas, war or merchant vessel, that is not at this day in danger. There is not a Government building or arsenal in the whole of the (dis) United Kingdom but will hereafter be the target of our vengeance."

"But will not this kind of warfare while carried on give the English Government a raison d'être for grinding down the poor unfortunate peasant who is defenceless, and consequently at their mercy?"

"That kind of argument can be met with the suggestion, that there are as many Irishmen in England as there are in Ireland, (and I leave America out of the question altogether), and inasmuch as they are all good Christians, of course, they'll have 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' It's all nonsense to suggest that the peasantry of Ireland can ever be expected to believe in the right that England claims to rule their nation. With England 'tis the good old rule—"

"The simple plan, that they may take Who have the power, And they may keep Who can."

"England rules Ireland by force and fraud. She has no business there. Ireland has as good a right, even according to England's own theory of ruling, as England has to rule Ireland, and Ireland never will, nor ought to be satisfied with anything less than absolute and complete independence."

"Well, but is it not a favorite theory with Englishmen that even if Ireland had independence, that her sons would fight amongst themselves?"

"That is a favorite British libel, uttered for effect on the political market of the world. And supposing that were the case, what is it the business of England whether they would or not? Who has a better right to fight than an Irishman? He has more reason to do so than anybody else; and most of the faction fights which I am sorry to say have from time to time, to some extent, disgraced the name of Ireland, are things of the past and were the result of English intrigue, the motto of our enemies being to 'divide and conquer.' I think I can say from experience that the only faction fighting that is now-a-days indulged in by Irishmen is in America. Fenianism quashed that spirit forever in Ireland, and nothing pains the men at home so much as to hear occasionally of the squabbles amongst the so-called leaders of the Irish in America."

"Was there any secrecy about your leaving Ireland recently?"

"Well, there was some. I left Ireland in my own name, but when I reached Scotland I found that I was the chief subject of enquiry by the Government investigators in Cork, and I concluded that it would be wise, since I was suspected of being an Irishman, of adopting a name other than my own. Under that name I went by sea to Belgium. I left England on the anniversary of Lord Beaconsfield's death (Primo die). They call it there). I donned a huge bottemier of primrose and a Scotch bonnet, and looked as loyal as the meaneast man in Britain. It took me four days to reach Antwerp, and thence I proceeded to Paris, where, under the advice of friends, I assumed my Roman title."

"What is your Roman title?"

"CHEVALIER ST. SYLVESTER."

"This was done because my friends in Paris were afraid I might be demanded by the British Government, and the French generally presume a man to be a gully of something who assumes a false name. Hence, I was very much in the favor of Frank Bates, when arrested in Paris, that he had been living in France under his own proper name."

"Have you any idea as to the effect of the Pope's letter on the Irish cause?"

"I have the opinion as one of the recent Irish orators expressed it, and he quoted O'Connell: 'We take only our theology from Rome.' I am somewhat in sympathy with the letter, but not the spirit of the letter."

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She stood in the door now, with her face half turned, and her forehead resting against the door-frame, so that she saw only her profile. And, so leaning, as though from faintness, she put her hand back, and held out her letters to him, and he took them."

"Read them both," she said, "and mail them for me. And, Carl, I shall not see you again before you go. And"—she stopped, as though her voice had failed her.

"I will not ask you to," he said. "And, afterward," she went on, "I shall not see you in Boston. If you are at home, I shall go to stay with Dick's mother."

She did not look round again, but went up stairs quickly, and shut herself into her room. It is not for us to intrude into that privacy wherein a young heart fights its first battle."

"No one saw her that day," but the next morning she came out, and went about her usual employments, though in her usual manner. Whether like that Russian empress, she was 'too proud to be unhappy,' or she had been, soaked by that trust in God which makes every yoke easy and every burden light, or the elasticity of youth made continued pain seem impossible, we do not pretend to say. Human motives are not always easy to be read by human eyes."

Everybody tried to get as though nothing were the matter, and there was enough for all to do. Many things had to be planned and arranged in preparation for their leaving Seaton, and Edith had her own business to attend to. There were the Pattens needing double care since they were so soon to lose her; and the Catholic school to visit, that being permitted now; and a great deal of shopping to be done for her little flock of pensioners."

Within a fortnight came a letter from Carl to his mother, taken up chiefly with business details. But he wrote: "I called yesterday on Mrs. Williams to ask for her son. He was not at home, and I have not seen him yet. He has given up his ship, for this voyage, to Captain Cary."

Carl could have added, but did not, that the call had not been a pleasant one. Mrs. Williams had just seen Captain Cary, and gleamed from him all that he had thought best to tell, which was, merely, that there seemed to be a slight misunderstanding between Dick and Edith. Her suspicions pointed at once to Carl, and she had not scrupled to express them to him when he came to her house."

"I am sorry not to see Mr. Rowan," he had said, when he got a chance, ignoring her accusations and reproaches; and with that, had taken a ceremonious leave."

"A pretty mother-in-law for Edith!" was his conclusion.

A few days after came a letter from Mrs. Williams to Edith. It was what might have been expected from her. Dick had not been to see his mother; was stopping with a priest and had refused to see her. What had Edith and those proud Yorkes done to her son that he gave up everything and everybody and went to hide himself in a Catholic priest's house instead of coming to his own home?"

Poor Dick! could he have foreseen that such a letter would be written he would have sacrificed himself a good deal in order to prevent it.

Edith dropped the letter at her feet after reading it and said, not for the first time since Carl went away, "Oh! that Father Basile would come!"

As she said it, and for a moment let slip the leash that held her hidden feelings, one could see that, however calm she might have been outwardly, there had been an inward gnawing all the time. A small and bright word can make a good deal. When she dropped them there was visible a waltiness about the mouth, shadows under the eyes, and even a thinning of the cheeks—the work of that short time."

Hearing her aunt's voice at the chamber door asking admittance, Edith caught the letter up again, and her self-control with it."

Mrs. Yorke came in with an air of quiet decision, and took a seat by her niece. "I saw the outside of your letter, my dear girl, and know whom it was from," she said; "and I have no intention of allowing you to be killed by others, or to kill yourself. I understand and respect a mother's feelings, Edith, and I respect the obligation of a promise. But there are common sense and justice to be taken into account. Feelings, and, especially, the feelings of a young person who has scarcely learned to know herself, are not to be weighed and measured, like iron and lumber, and stored away, and left unchanged, till called for. You know, my dear, that I have a great affection for Mr. Rowan, and would do him no unkindness nor injustice, do you not?"

"You were very kind to him, aunt," Edith replied quietly. "I am not afraid of anything that you will say or do."

"You need not be," Mrs. Yorke said. "I will not ask you if you have learned to think that promise of yours a hasty one; but there are certain points which I wish to insist upon. They are of general application. Honor does not require that one should keep a bad promise. The merit, if fault there be, is pardonable. But do not desert him nor yourself again. He deserves from you a perfect frankness, and he has too fine a nature to take your hand if it is reluctant."

"But, Aunt Amy," Edith said, after a moment's thought, "if a woman, out of gratitude, and from an utter impossibility of allowing herself to give such pain to a friend, should promise never to marry any one else, would that be right?"

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"A man worthy of inspiring such a resolution would not accept the promise," was the reply; "and the woman has no right to make it. But if she should offer to wait till he is reconciled, that might be soothing to both. Is there anything else you wish to say?"

"Nothing now, thank you, aunt. You are very kind."

This conversation soothed Edith; but still, she returned to her wishing for Father Basile; not entirely for his own sake, though that was much, but because her need of confession and communion had become a great longing."

Her wish was destined to be speedily gratified; for the very next day, when Mr. Yorke came home to dinner, he brought his niece a letter from the priest."

She read it immediately, in presence of the family, and her face brightened. "How delightful!" she exclaimed. "He will say Mass here next Sunday. He is to come Saturday, that is, the day after to-morrow. He sends his regards to you all. Let no one know that he is coming, he writes, but Miss Churchill and Mr. and Mrs. Kent at whose house he will stop. There will be time enough to notify the people when she shall have arrived. How glad they will be! That was a letter worth bringing, Uncle Charles!"

Looking up with her smile of thanks, she saw his face clouded. "Is there any trouble?" she asked anxiously.

"If he had come while Carl, and Rowan, and Captain Cary were here, I should have been better pleased," Mr. Yorke replied evasively. "He has, however, the right to come whenever he chooses. Answer his letter today, Edith, and invite him to stop with us."

"Dear Uncle Charles!" murmured Edith, and glanced enquiringly at her aunt.

"Tell him, for me, that we should all be very happy to have him as a guest," said Mrs. Yorke.

A smiling nod from Mellicent and from Clara confirmed this assertion.

"Dear me!" Edith sighed out, wiping her eyes, "I do think that you are the most beautiful people I ever knew."

"They all laughed at her way of saying it, and the little cloud disappeared. Mr. Yorke did not think it best to tell them that the Know-Nothings had called a public meeting for the next evening. There had been no such meeting for several months, and this might not be of any consequence."

The invitation was written, and sent, and on Saturday morning the answer came, only a few hours preceding Father Basile."

He thanked them for their kindness, but found it necessary to decline their invitation. He must be where all Catholics could come to him, bringing their infants to be baptized, and going to confession themselves. Besides the distance, he could not think of subjecting their house to such a visitation, which was likely to continue till late in the evening. His flock needed every moment of his time."

OHAP. XXIII.

BEFORE ALLOWING her husband to go to the town meeting, Mrs. Yorke had given him a word of admonition, not the usual wifely charge to keep himself out of danger, but an exhortation to justice and reason.

"Justice and reason!" he exclaimed, "Why, for what else have I been contending, Mrs. Yorke?"

"True!" she answered gently. "But may it not be possible that there is more cause than you will allow for this upheaval, and that it is not a superficial excitement which can be easily smoothed or beaten down? These sailor friends of ours have told me that, when the water is dimpled and green it has a sand bottom, and when it is black and easily fretted into foam there are rocks underneath. Now, this anti-Catholic excitement is dark and bitter enough to show that there is some fixed obstacle, which breath, though it be ever so wisely supplied, will not remove."

"So there is," Mr. Yorke replied promptly. "The devil is there."

"Charles, the devil, or human weakness, lurks under the surface of every side of every question," his wife said with earnestness.

"Good men are not entirely good, nor bad men entirely bad. There are men, and not ignorant ones, either, who have engaged in this movement from an honest conviction that there is need of it. They may be prejudiced and short-sighted, but they are worthy of a patient, if not a respectful, hearing. My wish is that tonight you would be in no haste to speak, and that, when you do speak, you would address the real meaning of the trouble, and not the miserable froth on the surface."

What man likes to be told that he is not reason personified, especially by his wife? Not Mr. Charles Yorke, certainly. But the little lady was not one to be scouted, even by her liege lord, and he heard her respectfully to the end. Manhood must be asserted, however, and he compensated himself for the mortification after a manner that is often adopted by both men and women; he first absurdly exaggerated the charge made against him, and then answered to that exaggeration.

"I am much obliged to you, my dear, for explaining the matter to me," he said with an air of meekness. "I am afraid that I cannot stop to hear more, for it is time to go. But I will remember your warning, and try not to make a fool of myself."

Nine women out of ten would have made the reply which such a pretence is calculated to call forth—a shocked and distressed denial of having had any such meaning, a senseless begging pardon for having been so misunderstood, and a final giving up of the point, and temporary utter humiliation and grief, followed later, on thinking the matter over, by a mental recurrence to their abandoned position, and a disenchanting conviction that men are sometimes artful creatures, after all, and only to be pleased by flattery."

Mrs. Yorke was not to be so entrapped. She accepted her husband's submission with perfect tranquillity, as though she believed it both proper and sincere, and laughed a little as he went away. "My poor Charles!" she said, looking after him with tender indulgence.

Those little faults are so endearing!

The hall where the meeting was held was filled in every part; a dense mass of people struggled up or down the two flights of stairs leading to it, and a throng of men obstructed the street outside. Edith Yorke had been in the lane to see a sick woman, and, hearing that Miss Churchill's house was in the neighborhood, had therefore, though the wall of the temple were of Jasper, its pillars of malachite, its ceiling of apophony, its pavements of beaten gold, and its gates the gates of the New Jerusalem, I will would have been in the midst of this crowd. They jostled about her, muttering insults and maledictions on 'that Catholic Rowan girl,' and seemed every moment on the point of stopping her. Not far in advance was Miss Churchill. An enthusiastic boy threw a stone at her, and the teacher wiped from her cheek a stain of blood where it struck. Edith held her head up, and walked straight on, looking neither to the right nor left, and, whatever ruffianly intention any

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one may have had, those who looked in her face stood aside, and kept silence while she passed. If the spirit that hardened her brow to the likeness of marble, shone in her eyes, and curved her red lips with a still sorow, was less Christian humility than natural loveliness, it was at least no petty pride, and it needed but the sense of actual personal danger to change it to supernatural lowliness. Her conviction, "They dare not touch me!" prevented the advent of that martyr spirit which brings with it every virtue."

Humility is a flower that grows on the mountain tops of the soul, and is reached only by striving and endeavor. That is not true humility which the mean heart plucks in the lowlands, calling on God 'twixt swamp and slough; nor does the child's hand bear it, nor yet does it shadow the untried maiden's brow, over her lowered eyelids. We must come out above the belt of pines and the gentian meadows; we must scale the dizzy track where to look down is destruction, and face the bitter cold of the glacier, and, over all, we shall find that exquisite blossom, its pure blue drooped earthward under the infinite blue of heaven."

Therefore we claim not humility for Edith, for she was not wise enough for that, and she was too true and brave for its counterfeit; but she had that scorn for meanness and tyranny which is one of the first milestones on the road to humility."

While his niece was walking unprotected through the crowd without Mr. Yorke was in the hall, seated near the platform, on which were all the ministers and the prominent Know-Nothings, several of the latter town officers. One after another spoke, and was loudly applauded. The excitement and enthusiasm were immense. Mindful of his wife's charge, Mr. Yorke restrained his indignation and listened attentively, stilling out what was essential in this commotion and common to all its participants. As he listened, the vision of a possible future of his country appeared before him, and made the hair rise on his head. He saw the anarchy and bloodshed of a religious war more terrible than any war the world had seen—a massacre of innocents, a war of extermination. This was possible, was probable, was inevitable, unless men would listen to reason. And why would they not? He weighed all that was said, carefully attending to the most revolting and worthless arguments, and under all that foam and roar saw the one rock. However different might be the principles and feelings of those anti-Catholic speakers, they all converged, consolidated, and struck fire on that one point.

It was not that they were fanatic, for fanaticism cannot exist without some strong religious conviction, and by far the largest number of them had no religious belief; while many interpreted religious freedom to mean freedom from religion. It was not that they were intolerant of any man's simple belief. The majority were more likely to laugh at faith than to be angry with it. Indeed, their scepticism made them incapable of practising real religious toleration, for that is to bear, without any manifestation of resentment, that your neighbor shall tacitly scorn what you hold sacred; a virtue most difficult to the faithful, but comparatively easy to the sceptic. It was not that they cared for its own sake whether the Bible was read in school or not, for the larger number of them never read it at home, many quoted it only in mockery, and every one denied the truth of some of its most plainly uttered texts. In short, the rock on which this tempest rose and dashed was a deadly fear and hatred, not of the Catholic Church, but of the Catholic clergy. The only question which interested these men in connection with any Catholic dogma was, How much temporal influence will it give to the priest? The supernatural side they cared not a fig for. To their minds it was impossible that a Catholic priest should be a truthful, plain-dealing, straightforward man. He shuffled, evaded, intrigued. His aim was less to Christianize the world than to govern it, less to enlighten than to direct.

Let us give the Know-Nothings and their sympathizers their due. Bad as they were, slanderers and law breakers, and absolutely irreligious for the most part, the worst fault of many of them was that they knowingly used bad means to what they believed to be a good end. There was some sincerity in the movement, though it was, at its best, irrational, inconsistent, and un-American, as alien, indeed, to our republic as it charged the church with being. They believed that the Catholic clergy acquire power by insidious means, and that, once in power, they will destroy all that makes our dear country the abode of freedom and equal rights, and the bountiful home where all the starving exiles of other lands may feed and warm themselves. Once prove that the church is friendly to the republic, and the vertebra of their opposition is broken."

Mr. Griffith was the only one of these speakers who cleared the question from the dirt of personal slander and misrepresentation of doctrine.

"You mistake gentlemen," he said, "if you think that the doctrines of the Catholic Church are either ridiculous or bad. Such an opinion would show you ill-informed or incapable of comprehension. On the contrary, they are glorious. But they are such as can be safely preached and enforced only by saints and angels, or by men of such exalted holiness as the world seldom sees. In the hands of weak men, they may be, and have been, perverted to base uses. The dogma of the infallibility of the church is a crown of living gold on the head of the mystical Spouse, and a mantle of cloth of gold about her form; but the priest has drawn the shining folds about his own human shoulders, and made it a sin to criticize him. Confession, which I proclaim to be, in its essence, one of the most comforting and saving institutions that ever existed, they can and do use to learn the secret workings of society and obtain power over individuals. I need not detain you to go over the list, for all are the same. It is St. Michael's sword in the hands of Satan."

"No, gentlemen, it is not because their theology is bad that I say, Down with the church! It is because its fair robes and shrines harbor thieves, and robbers and tyrants—because, though the Pope can sit there enthroned, with his lofty tiara, and the bishops stand with mitres, and the priests lift their haughty foreheads, the people cannot walk erect as God made them walk, but must crawl on tub-pavement-like worms. And therefore, though the wall of the temple were of Jasper, its pillars of malachite, its ceiling of apophony, its pavements of beaten gold, and its gates the gates of the New Jerusalem, I will would have been in the midst of this crowd. They jostled about her, muttering insults and maledictions on 'that Catholic Rowan girl,' and seemed every moment on the point of stopping her. Not far in advance was Miss Churchill. An enthusiastic boy threw a stone at her, and the teacher wiped from her cheek a stain of blood where it struck. Edith held her head up, and walked straight on, looking neither to the right nor left, and, whatever ruffianly intention any

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hand, and has effaced the boundaries of that perjured nation, and touched her people with light. The Kingdoms of old and to the Lord, and they have perished; and in our own day there is a wavering, and tottering in the battlements that wall the nations in."

"One hundred years ago America rose up and made the covenant: 'Here, Lord, shall Thy children find peace and freedom, and here shall they grow to the stature of a perfect man and woman.' It is for us, brethren, to see that the pact is kept. It is for us to watch that the oppressor gains no foothold here, lest we perish for ever. For there is no Phoenix among the Kingdoms of earth, from whatever cause they die. When a nation lies in the dust it rises no more, save to walk a ghost in the dreams of its orphaned children—'Ireland, Poland, Hungary—they sleep—they sleep that know no waking. They're in the past, with Greece and Rome, with Babylon and Nineveh:'"

"Youthful nation of the West, Rise, with truer greatness blest! Sainted bands from realms of rest, Water thy brightening fame!"

"Brethren, when we in turn shall join that company of silent watchers, God forbid that we should hear rising from our beloved land such a lamentation as went up for that ruined city of the East: 'Nineveh is laid waste and who will bewail her? She is empty and void, and waste; her nobles dwell in the dust; her people are scattered upon the mountains, and no man gathereth them.' For the sake of humanity, may God forbid!"

"There is now but one name written in living characters on the future, and that name is America. It was written in blood by our fathers, and accepted in fire by the God of nations. Paled be the hand that would quench one letter of that sacred legend!"

During the loud applause that followed, Mr. Yorke mounted the platform.

Had they not known that he was soon to leave them, and had not his manner been quite unlike what he had shown on former occasions of this sort, they might have refused to hear him. As it was, a reluctant and impatient silence was accorded. Some listened, doubtless, because they wished to be expatriated, and hoped for another pretext for outbreak. But he looked like one who fully appreciates the strength of his opponent, and does not hope for a speedy victory.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a certain emphasis on the word, "after Mr. Griffith's pyrotechnic display of eloquence, I cannot hope that my words will not fall with a dull sound on your ears. He has gone up like the rocket, and I must come down like the stick. I promise, however, to be brief, and to speak to the point. First, I thank him for having spoken like a gentleman, and left the subject clear enough for a gentleman to touch. On all that preceded him, I have but two comments to make. Concerning the attacks on the personal character of the Catholic clergy, I will only say, 'Set a thief to catch a thief!' To the misrepresentations of their creed, I would say, theologians should be better educated than to make them sincerely, and honest men should not fear to tell the truth, even of a foe."

"I come, then, to Mr. Griffith's argument that these men, simply from human weakness, not from personal depravity, have always abused their power, and being men, always will abuse it, and that, therefore, we must, in self-defence, either banish them from the country, or deny them the rights of citizenship; their doctrines all the time being perverted, or, at least, tolerable."

"I am not here to defend the character of the Catholic clergy. I know well that you, deep-rooted prejudice will not yield to any word of mine or theirs. They must live down your enmity with what patience they may; and the day will come, believe me, when the still, small voice of those lives that have been consecrated to God will silence and put to shame the blatant accusation and pseudo-patriotism which now overwhelm it. Whatever may have been proved against some, the whole world knows that that clergy has given for its admiration many a model of Christian behavior, and that among its missionaries have been, and are, men worthy to stand beside Peter and Paul and John—men enamored of the things of God, and dead to the attractions of earth. If it be true that you can find Judaea in their company, it is equally true that apostolical laborers are not found outside of their fold. It may still be the apostolical church though one in twelve were a Judas."

"This part of the question is, however, irrelevant. We stand here, if we are worthy to speak, for principal and not for men. If the faults of partisans are to be used as an argument against an institution, no institution on earth can stand, and Protestantism and freedom must shake to their foundations."

"Assuming, though, that his assertion is true, and that the clergy have always been the enemies of freedom and enlightenment, though that would be strong circumstantial evidence against their future trustworthiness, still the conviction which he invokes is too grave and arbitrary for so just and enlightened a Judge as our country promises to be. But I deny the truth of his premises, and since proof is out of the question in this place, set my bare denial against his bare assertion."

"But if his assumption and conclusion were both true, if these men were untrustworthy, and if we had therefore the right to refuse them equality, we are still bound to give that refusal, not with the howling of wild beasts, not with mobs and threatenings, but decently, and according to law, or we are ourselves unfit to be trusted with that freedom which we deny to them."

"No, I am not here to prove that the clergy of the Catholic Church are all saints, or even all good men; but I am here to say that, hate them as you may, you cannot, in these United States, under the constitution, you cannot with impunity persecute them nor deprive them of any of the privileges which that constitution guarantees to them as rights. 'Work in secret, do they? Undermine, do they? And from whom does this accusation come? What of that society in which this movement takes its rise?—that society which now dominates the land, sitting up riots from Maine to Louisiana, making laws and changing laws, and setting the off-accoring of the earth in our high places? What of those lodges where men assemble to concert measures for governing the country, yet where no citizen can enter without the pass-word and oath of secrecy?' Josiah Quincy, Senator of Boston, a man whose name carries as much weight as any name here in this hall, has said of these same societies, 'The liberties of a people are never more certain in the path of destruction than when they trust themselves to the guidance of secret societies. Birds of the night are never birds of wisdom. They are for the most part birds of prey. The fate of a republic is sealed when the bats take the lead of the eagle! Our atmosphere is black with these same bats!'

"To Mr. Griffith's parting anathema, 'I respond, by and amen! Paled be the hand that would quench one

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