POOR DOCUMENT

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WHEN IT WAS DARK.

BY GUY THORNE

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CHAPTER XV. (Continued.)

"Over the loculus the following Greek inscription in uncial characters was found in a state of good preservation, with the exception of two letters:

"[See drawing of inscription on this page, made from photographs in our possession. We print the inscription below in cursive Greek text, afterwards dividing it into its component words and giving its translation.—Editor Daily Wire.]

"The slight mould on the stone slab, which may or may not be that of a decomposed body, has been reverently gathered into a sealed vessel by Mr. Hands, who is waiting instructions.

"Dr. Schmoulder, the famous savant from Berlin, has arrived in Jerusalem, and is in communication with the German Emperor regarding the discovery.

"At present it would be presumptuous and idle to comment upon these stupendous facts. It seems our duty, however, to quote a final passage from Mr. Hands' communication, and to state that we have a cablegram in our possession from Dr. Schmoulder, which states that he is in entire agreement with Mr. Hands' conclusions.

"To sum up. There now seems no shadow of doubt that the disappearance of Christ from the first tomb is accounted for, and that the Resurrection as told in the Gospels did not take place. Joseph of Arimathoea here confesses that he stole away the body, probably in order to spare the Disciples and friends of the dead Teacher, with whom he was in sympathy, the shame and misery of the final end of their hopes.

"The use of the first aorist. 'I hid,' seems to indicate that Joseph was making a confession to satisfy his own mind, with a very vague idea of it ever being read. Were his confession written for future ages, we may surmise that the perfect 'I have hidden,' would have been used."

So the simple bald narrative ended, without a single attempt at sensationalism on the part of the newspaper.

Just as Father Ripon laid down the newspaper with shaking hand and a pallid face Sir Michael Manichoe strode into the room.

Tears of anger and shame were in his eyes; he moved jerkily, automatically, without volition. His right arm was sawing the air in meaningless gesticulation.

He glanced furtively at Father Ripon and then sank into a chair by the bedside.

The clergyman rose and dressed hastily. "We will speak of this in the library," he said, controlling himself by a tremendous effort. "Meanwhile"—

He took some sal volatile from his dressing case, gave some to his host and drank some also.

As they went downstairs a brilliant sun streamed into the great hall. The world outside was bright and frostbound.

The bell of the private chapel was tolling for matins.

The sound struck on both their brains very strangely. Sir Michael shuddered and grew ashen gray. Ripon recovered himself first.

He placed his arm in his host's and turned toward the passage which led to the chapel.

"Come, my friend," he said in low, sweet tones, "come to the altar. Let us pray together for Christendom. Peace waits us. Say the creed with me, for God will not desert us."

They passed into the vaulted chapel with the seven dim lamps burning before the altar, and knelt down in the chancel stalls. Some of the servants came in and then the chaplain began the confession.

The stately monotone went on, echoing through the damp breath of the morning.

Father Ripon and Sir Michael turned to the east. The sun was pouring through the great window of stained glass, where Christ was painted ascending to Heaven.

The two elderly men said the creed after the priest in firm, almost triumphant voices:

"I believe in God the Father . . and in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord. . . . The third day he arose again from the dead. He ascended into Heaven. . ."

And those two, as they came gravely out of church and walked to the library, knew that a great and awful lie was resounding through the world, for the Risen Christ had spoken with them, bidding them be of good courage for what was to come.

The voice of Peter called down the ages:

"This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we are all witnesses."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Domestic Chaplain's Testimony.

When Mrs. Armstrong came down to breakfast her hostess told her, with many apologies, that Sir Michael had left for London with Father Ripon. They had gone by an early train. Matters of great moment were afoot.

As this was being explained Mr. Wilson, the private chaplain, Schuabe, and Canon Walke entered the room. The Duke of Suffolk did not appear.

The glowing fire, the luxurious domesticity of the round table, with its shining silver and gleaming china, the great quiet of the park outside, gave a singular peace and remoteness to the breakfast-room. Here one seemed far away from strife and disturbance.

This was the usual aspect and atmosphere of all Fencastle, but as the members of the house party came together for the meal the air became suddenly electrified. Invisible waves of excitement, of surmise, doubt and fear radiated from these humans. All had seen the paper, and though at first not one of them referred to it, the currents of tumult and alarm were knocking loudly at heart and brain, varied and widely diverse as were the emotions of each one.

Mrs. Hubert Armstrong at length broke the silence. Her speech was deliberate, her words were chosen with extreme care, her tone was hushed and almost reverential.

"Today," she said, "what I perceive we have all heard, may mean the sudden dawning of a New Light in the world. If this stupendous statement is true—and it bears every hall mark of the truth even at this early stage—a new image of Jesus of Nazareth will be forever indelibly graven on the hearts of mankind. That image which thought, study and research has already made so vivid to some of us will be common to the world. The old, weary superstitions will vanish for all time. The real significance of the anthropomorphic view will be clear at last. The world will be able to realize the Real Figure as It went in and out among its brother men."

The lady's calm, intellectual face, with its clear eyes and smooth bands of hair, waited with interest, but without impatience, for other views.

Canon Walke took up her challenge. His words were assured enough, but Schuabe, listening with keen and sinister attention, detected a faint tremble, an alarmed lack of conviction.

"No, Mrs. Armstrong," he was saying, "an article such as this in a newspaper will be dangerous; it will unsettle weak brains for a time until it is proved, as it will be proved, either a blasphemous fabrication or an ignorant msitake. It cannot be. Whatever the upshot of such rumors, they can only have a temporary effect.

Then Schuabe took up the discussion. "I fear for you, Canon Walke," he said. "and for the church you represent. This news, it seems to me, is merely the evidence for the confirmation of what all thoughtful men believe today, though the majority of them do not speak out. There is a natural dislike to active propaganda, a timidity in combination to upset a system which is accepted, and which provides society as an ethical programme, though founded on initial error. But now—and I agree with Mrs. Armstrong in the extreme probability of this news being absolute fact, for Hands and Schmoulder are names of weight—everything must be reconstructed and changed. The churches will go. Surely the time is ripe, the signs unmistakeable?

We are face to face with what is called an anti-clerical wave—a dislike to the clergy as the representatives of the Church, a dislike to the Church as the embodiment of religion, a dislike to religion as an unwelcome restraint upon liberty of thought. The storm which will burst now has been muttering and gathering here in England no less than on the Continent. You have heard its murmur in the debates on the Education Act, in the proposed state legislation for your Church. Your most venerable and essential forms are like trees creaking and groaning in the blast; public opinion is rioting to destroy. But perhaps until this morning it has never had a weapon strong enough to attack such a stronghold as the Church with any hope of victory. At last the great discovery which will arouse the world to sanity appears to have been made. Even as I speak in this quiet room the whole world is thrilling with this news. It is awakening from a long slumber."

"You are exultant, Mr. Schuabe," he said coldly, "but you will hardly be so long."

"You do not appreciate the situation, sir," Schuabe answered. "I can see further than you. A great intellectual peace will descend over the civilized world. Should one not exult at that, even though men must give up their dearest fetishes, their secret shrines; even though sentiment must be sacrificed to Truth? The religion of Nature, which is based upon the determination not to believe anything which is unsupported by indubitable evidence, will become the faith of the future, the fulfilment of progress. Miracles do not happen. There has been no supernatural revelation, and nothing can be known of what Herbert Spencer calls the Infinite and Eternal Energy save by the study of the phenomena about us. And I repeat that the discovery that we hear of today makes a thorough intellectual sanity possible for each living man. Doubt will disappear.

"Yes," continued Schuabe, "all this will, I believe, inevitably follow the discovery of the professors in Palestine. And what does Christianity, as it is at present accepted, bring to the Christians? Localize it, and look at the English Church—Canon Walke's church. At one time every one is a rigid Puritan and decries the bare accessories of worship, at another a Ritualist who twists and turns everything into fantastic shapes, as if he were furnishing an aesthetic bazaar. At another time these people are swayed, with the doctrines of Christian Science, and believe that pain is a pure trick of the diseased fancy, and matter the morbid creation of an unhealthy mind. Then we hear priests who tell us that the Old Testament (which in the same breath they announce to be witnessed to by Christ and His Apostles and the unbroken continuity of the Catholic Church) is an enlarged and plagarized version of the days of a fantastic god discovered on a burnt brick at Babylon. And others sit anxiously waiting to know the precise value which this or that Gospel may possess, as its worth fluctuates like shares in the money market, with the last quotation from Germany! All this will cease."

The while these august ones had been speaking, Father Wilson, the domestic chaplain at Fencastle, had remained silent but attentive.

Suddenly Wilson looked up and began to speak. His voice was somewhat harsh and unsympathtic, his manner was uncompromising and without charm. Ae he spoke every one realized, with a sense of unpleasant shock, that he cared little or nothing for the society he was in.

"It's very interesting, sir," he said, turning to Schuabe, "to hear all you have been saying. I have seen the paper and read of this so-called discovery too. Of course such a thing harmonizes exactly with the opinions of those who want to believe it. But go and tell a devoted son of the Church that he has been fed with sacraments which are no sacraments, and all that he has done at best the honest mistake of a deceived man, and he will laugh in your face, as I do; There are memories, far back in his life, of confirmation, when his whole being was quickened and braced, which refuse to be expained as the hallucinations of a well-meaning but deceived man. There are memories when Christ drew near to his soul and helped him. Struggles with temptation are remembered when God's grace saved him.

It is easy to prophecy as you have been doing all this meal time—it is popular once more to shout the malignant 'crucify'—but events will show you now utterly wrong you are in your estimate of the Christian character."

They all stared at the chaplain. His sudden vigorous outburst, the harsh, unlovely voice, the contempt in it, was against stupefying at first.

Father Wilson, when he had finished what he had to say, rose from his seat without more ado. "I will say a grace," he said. He made the sign of the Cross, muttered a short Latin thanksgiving, and strode from the room.

"A fanantic," said Mrs. Armstrong.

Neither Walker nor Schuabe repied.

It was getting late in the morning. The sun had risen higher and flooded the wastes of snow without. The little party finished their meal in silence.

In the chapel Wilson knelt on the chancel step, praying that help and light might come to men and the imminent darkness pass away.

CHAPTER XVII.

Deus, Deus, Meus, Quare Dereliquisti.

The Prime Minister was a man deeply interested in all philosophical thought, and especially in the Christian systems of philosophy.

It was fortunate that, at this juncture, such a one should be at the head of affairs.

The vast network of cables and telegraph wires, those tentacles which may be called the nerves of the world's brain, throbbed unceasingly after the tremendous announcement for which Ommaney had undertaken the responsibility.

A battalion of special correspondents from every European and American paper of importance followed hot upon Harold Spence's trail.

Nevertheless, for the first two or three days the world at large hardly realized the importance of what was happening. Nothing was certain. The whole statement depended upon two men. To the mass of people these two names—Hands, Schmoulder—conveyed no meaning whatever. Nine-tenths of the population of England knew nothing of the work of archaeologists in Palestine, had never heard of the exploring society.

Had consols fallen a point or two the effect woud have been far greater—the fact woud have made more stir.

The great dailies with equal standing with the Wire were making every private preparation for a supply of news and a consensus of opinion. But all this activity went on behind the scene and nothing of it was allowed to transpire generally. The article in the Wire was quoted from, but opinions upon it were printed with the greatest caution and reserve. Indeed, the general apathy of England at large was a source of extreme wonder to the thinking, fearing minority.

The mass of the clergy, at any rate in public, affected to ignore, or did really honestly dismiss as impossible, the whole question. A few words of earnest exhortation and indignant denial were all they permitted themselves.

But beneath the surface and among the real influencers of public opinion great anxiety was felt.

The Patriarch of the Great Church called a council of bishops, and Dr. Procopides, an euphor of antiquities from Athens, was sent immediately to Palestine.

This paragraph appeared on the morning of the third day after the initial article. It began to attract great attention throughout the United Kingdom during the early part of the day:

"Professor Clermont-Ganneau, the Professor of Biblical Antiquities at the French University of La Sorbonne, arrived in London yesterday night. He drove straight to the house of Sir Robert Llwellyn, the famous archaeologist. Early this morning both gentlemen drove to Downing street, where they remained closeted with the Prime Minister for an hour. While there they were joined by Dr. Grier, the larned Bishop of Leeds, and Dr. Carr, the Warden of Wyckham College, Oxford. The four gentlemen were later driven to Charing Cross Station in a brougham. On the platform from which the Paris train starts they were met by Major General Adams, the Vice President of the Palestine Exploring Society, and Sir Michael Manichos. The distinguished party entered a reserved saloon and left, en route for Paris, at midday. We are able to state on undeniable authority that the party, which represents all that is most authoritative in historical research and archaeological knowledge, are a committee from a recent conference at Lambeth, and are proceeding to Jerusalem to investigate the alleged discovery in the Holy City."

This was the prominent announcement which began to quicken interest and excite the minds of people in England.

All that evening countless families discussed the information with curious unrest and foreboding. In all the towns the churches were exceptionally full at evening. One fact was merely discussed than any other, more particularly in London.

Although the six men who had left England so suddenly, almost furitively, were obviously on a mission of the highest importance, no reputable paper published more than a bare fact of their departure. Comment upon it, more detailed explanation of it, was sought in the columns of all the journals in vain.

The next morning was big with shadow and gloom. A shudder passed over the country. Certain telegrams appeared in all the papers which struck a chill of fear to the very heart of all who read them, Christian and indifferent alike.

It was as though a great and ominous bell had begun to toil over the world.

The faces of people in the streets were universally pale.

It was remarked that the noises of London, the traffic, the movement of crowds engaged upon their daily business, lost half their noise.

The shops were full of Christmas gifts, but no one seemed to enter them.

In addition to the telegrams a single leading article appeared in the Daily Wire, which burnt itself, as the extremest cold burns, into the brains of Englishmen:

"(1) TERRIBLE RIOTS IN JERUSALEM.

"The French Consul-General and Staff, who were paying a ceremonial visit to the Latin Patriarch, have been attacked by fanatical Moslems, and only escaped from the fury of the crowd with great difficulty, aided by the Turkish Guards. A vast concourse of Armenian Christians, Russians pilgrims, and Aleppine Greeks afterward gathered round the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The strange discovery said to have been made by the English excavator, Mr. Hands, and the German Doctor Schmoulder, has aroused the mob to furious protest against it. For nearly an hour fervent cries of 'Hadda Kuber Saidna.' 'This is the tomb of our Lord,' filled all the air. The Mohammedans and lower-class Jews made a wild attack upon the protesting Christians in the courtyard of the church. Many hundreds are dead and dying.

REUTER."

"Later—Strong drafts of Turkish troops have marched into Jerusalem. By special order from the Sultan to the Governor of the city, the 'New Tomb,' discovered by Mr. Hands and Doctor Schmoulder, is guarded by a triple cordon of troops. The two gentlemen are guests of the governor. The concentration of troops round the 'New Tomb' has left various portions of the city unguarded. Naked Mohammedan fanatics, armed with swords, are calling for a general massacre of Christians. The city is in a state of utter anarchy. By the Jaffa gate and round the Mosque of Omar the dervishes are preaching massacre."

"(2) SIR ROBERT LLWELLYN'S PARTY TO BE CONVEYED IN A WARSHIP.

"Malta.—Orders have been received here from the Admiralty that the gunboat Velox is to proceed at once to Alexandria, there to await the coming of Sir Robert Llywellyn and the other members of the English Commission by the Indian mail steamer from Brindisi.' The Velox will then leave at once for Jaffa with the six gentlemen. At Jaffa an escort of mounted Turkish troops will accompany the party on the day's ride to Jerusalem."

"(3) Berlin.—The German Emperor has convened the principal clergy of the empire to meet him in conference at Potsdam. The conference will sit with closed doors."

"(4) Rome—A decree, or short letter, has just been issued from the Vatican to all the 'Patriarchs, primates, archbishops, bishops and other local ordinaries having peace and communion with the Holy See. The decree deals with the alleged discoveries in Jerusalem. In it Catholics are forbidden to read newspaper accounts of the proceedings in Palestine, nor may they discuss them with their friends. The decree has had the effect of drawing great attention to the affairs in the East, and has excited much adverse comment among the secularist party, and in the voce della populo."

Quite suddenly, as if a curtain were withdrawn, the world began to realize the fact that something almost beyond imagination was taking place in the far-off Syrian town.

These detached and sinister messages which flashed along the cables, with their stories of princes and potentates alarmed and active, made the general silence, the lack of detail, more oppressive. The unknown, or dimly guessed at, rather, laid hold on men's minds like some mighty convulsion of nature, imminent, and presaged by fearful signs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Hour of Chaos.

Although during the first days of the Darkness, hundreds of thousands of Christian men and women were chilled almost to spiritual death, and although the lamp of faith was flickering very low, it was not in London that the far-reaching effects of the discovery at Jerusalem were most immediately apparent.

In that great city there is an outward indifference, bred of a million different interests, which has something akin to the supreme indifference of nature. The many voices never blend into one, so that the ear may hear them in a single mighty shout.

But in the grimmer North public opinion is heard more readily, and is more quickly visible. In the great centres of executive toil the vital truths of religion seem to enter more insistently into the lives of men and women whose environment presents them with fewer distractions than elsewhere. Often, indeed, this interest is a political interest rather than a deeply Christian one, a matter of controversy rather than feeling. Certain it is that all questions affecting religious beliers loom large and have a real importance in the cities of the North.

It was Wednesday evening at Walktown.

Mr. Byars was reading the service. The huge, ugly church was lit with rows of gas-jets, arranged in coronae painted a drab green. But the priest's voice, strained and worn, echoed sadly and with a melancholly cadence through the great barn-like place. Two or three girls, a couple of men, and half a dozen boys made up the choir, which had dwindled in less than a fifth of its actual size. The organ was silent.

Right down the church, those in the chancel saw row upon row of cushioned empty seats. Here and there a small group of people broke the chilling monotony of the line, but the worshippers were very few. In the galleries an occasional couple, almost secure from observation, whispered to each other. The church was warm, the seats not uncomfortable; it was better to flirt here than in the cold, frost-bound streets.

Never had evensong been so cheerless and gloomy, even in that vast, unlovely building. There was no sermon. The vicar was suffering under such obvious strain, he looked so worn and ill, that even this lifeless congregation seemed to feel it a relief when the blessing was said and it was free to shuffle out into the promenade of the streets.

The harsh trumpeting of Mr. Philemon the vestry clerk's final "Amen," was almost jubilant.

As Mr. Byars walked home he saw that the three great Unitarian chapels which he had to pass en route were blazing with light. Policemen were standing at the doors to prevent the entrance of any more people into the overcrowded buildings. A tremendous life and energy pulsated within these buildings. Glancing back, with a bitter sigh, the vicar saw that the lights in St. Thomas were already extinguished, and the tower, in which the illuminated clock glowed sullenly, rose stark and cold into the dark Winter sky.

The last chapel of all, the Pembroke Road Chapel, had a row of finely appointed carriages waiting outside the doors. The horses were covered with cloths, the grooms and coachmen wore furs, and the breaths of men and horses were poured out in streams of blue vapor. These men stamped up and down the gravel sweep in front of the chapel and swung their arms in order to keep warm.

On each side of the great polished mahogany doors were large placards, printed in black and red, brilliantly illuminated by electric arc lights. These announced that on that night Mr. Constantine Schuabe, M. P., would lecture on the recent discovery in Jerusalem. The title of the lecture, in staring black type, seemed to Mr. Byars as if it possessed an almost physical power. It struck him like a blow.

THE DOWNFALL OF CHRISTIANITY.

Anthropomorphism An Exploded Superstition.

He walked on more hurriedly through the dark.

All over the district the church seemed tottering. The strong forces of Unitarianism and Judaism, enjoyed a moment of unexampled triumph. Led by nearly all the wealthy familhes in Walktown, all the Dissenters and many lukewarm church people were crowding to these same synagogues. At the very height of these activities, when Christianity was forsworn and derided on all sides, Schuabe had returned to Mount Prospect from London.

His long-sustained position as head of the anti-Christian party in parliament, in England indeed, his political connection with the place, his wealth, the title of family and relationship, all combined to make him the greatest power of the moment in the North.

His speeches, of enormous power and force, were delivered daily and reported verbatim in all the newspapers. He became the Marlborough of a campaign.

On every side the churches were almost deserted. Day by day ominous political murmurs were heard in street and factory. The time had come, men were saying when an established priesthood and church must be forced to relinquish its emoluments and position.

With a sickness of heart, an utter weariness that was almost physical nausea, the vicar let himself into his house with a latch-key.

There was a hushed subdued air over the warm, comfortable house, felt quite certainly, though not easy to define. It was as though one lay dead in an upper chamber.

Mr. Byars turned into his study. Helena rose to meet him. The beautiful, calm face was very pale and worn as if by long vigils. Minute lines of care had crept round the eyes, though the eyes themselves were as calm and steadfast as of old.

"Basil feels much stronger tonight, Father," she said. "He is dressing now, and will come down to supper. He wishes to have a long talk with you, he says."

For two weeks Gortre had lain prostrate in the house of his future father-in-law.

"It was almost as if I was conscious of this terrible thing that is happened," he said to Helena. "I am sure that I felt it coming instinctively in some curious psychic way. But now that we know the worst, I am my own man again. Soon, dear, I shall be up and about again, ready to fight against this slackness, to take my place in the ranks once more."

In the study the two men sat on either side of the fireplace. Basil wore a long dressing-gown of camel's hair. He would not smoke, the doctor had forbidden it, but Mr. Byars lit his pipe with a sigh of satisfaction.

"To think, Basil," the old man said in a broken voice, "to think that Christmas is upon us now! It's the vigil of Christmas, and never since the Lord's Passion has the world been such a state. And worse than all is our utter impotence!" His voice grew almost angry.

"We know, know as surely as we know anything, that this terrible business is some stupendous mistake of fraud. But there isn't the slightest possibility of any one listening to us. On one side the weightiest expert proof, on the other nothing but a conviction to oppose to what appears to be the hardest fact. I cannot blame any non-Christian for acquiescing in this discovery. Viewing the thing clearly and without prejudice I can't blame any one."

He put down his pipe on the table and rested his head in his outstretched hand, a gray and venerable head. "It's awful, Basil," he said in a broken voice, and with his eyes full of tears. "In my village I have seen this. I wish that I had gone with my dear wife."

"It will not last for long," said Gortre gravely. "For my part, Father, I think that this terrible trial is allowed and permitted by God to bring about a great and future triumph for His Son, which will marshal, organize and consolidate Faith as nothing has ever done before. I am convinced of it. While I have been quietly upstairs, many strange thoughts have come to me of which I want to speak to you tonight. I have things to tell you which I have mentioned to no one as yet.

"I believe that to me, of all men in England. The Hand of God has given the key to the mystery," said Gortre.

Mr. Byars started and looked uneasily at him.

"Basil," he said, "I have been thoughtless. We've talked too long. You are not quite clear as to what you are saying. Let us read a while together and go to bed."

He watched Basil as he spoke, but before he had finished his sentence he saw something in the young man's face which sent the blood leaping and tearing through his veins.

In a sudden, utterly unreasoning way, he saw a truth, a certain knowledge, in Gortre's eyes, which flooded his whole heart and soul with exaltation and joy.

His good and almost saintly face looked as John's might have looked when, after the octave of the Resurrection Day, the eight heavy-hearted men were once more returning to the daily round and common task, and saw the Lord upon the shore.

CHAPTER XIX.

The First Link.

"I have been piecing the thing together gradually, as I lay silent upstairs," said Gortre, drawing his chair a little closer to the fire.

"Slowly, little by little, I have added link after link to a chain of circumstantial evidence which has led me to an almost incredible conclusion. When you have heard what I have to say you will realize two things. One is that there are depths of human wickedness so abysmal and awful that the mind can hardly conceive of them. The other is that, for what reason it is not for us to try to divine. I have been led, by a most extraordinary series of events and coincidences, to something very near the truth about the discovery in Jerusalem. My story begins some months ago, on the night before I was struck down with brain fever. You will remember that Constantine Schuabe!"—he spoke the name with a shudder of horror that instinctively communicated itself to Mr. Byars—"that Schuabe called here on that night about the school scholarships. When I got away, I left the house with him. He invited me to go on to Mount Prospect, and I did so. Earlier in the evening we had been talking of the antichrist and I had said to you that I saw in Schuabe a modern type of the old mediaeval idea. My mind was peculiarly sensitive on these points that night, awake, alert and inquiring. When Schuabe invited me to his house something impelled me to go, something outside of myself. I went, feeling that I was on the threshold of some discovery."

He paused for a moment, white and tired with the intensity of his narrative.

"When we got to Schuabe's house we began upon the controversial points which we had carefully avoided here. At first our talk was quite quiet, mere argument between two people having different points of view on religion. He went out to get some supper—the servants were all in bed. While he was gone, again I felt the strange assurance of something by me directing my actions. I felt a sense of direct spiritual protection. I went to the bookshelf and took down a Bible. I opened it, half ashamed of myself for the tinge of superstition, and my eyes fell upon the text:

'WATCH AND PRAY.'

I could not help taking it as a direct message. Schuabe came back. Gradually, as I saw his bitter hatred and contempt for our Lord and the Christian church being revealed, I was uplifted to rebuke him. He had dropped the veil of an intellectual disagreement. Some power gave me to see far into the man's soul. He knew that also, and all pretence between us was utterly swept away. Then I told him that his hate was real and active, that I saw him as he was. And then the words in which he answered me, stand like Lucifer before me. For months they have haunted me. They are burnt upon my brain for all time. 'I tell you, priest as you are, a blind man leading the blind, that a day is coming when all your boasted fabric of Christianity will disappear. It will go suddenly and be swept utterly away. And you, you shall see it. You shall be left naked of your Faith, stripped and bare, with all Christendom against you.

To be continued.)

Father Wilson, when he had finished what he had to say, rose from his seat without more ado. "I will say a grace," he said.

NEW SHIP-LABORERS' SOCIETY HAS 97 CHARTER MEMBERS

Organization Formed at Carleton Meeting Tuesday Night With Joseph Smith President—Business Quickly Transacted.

Ninety-seven men organized Tuesday evening into what will again be known as the St. John Ship Laborers' Society. This is a body separate and distinct from the St. John 'Longshoremen's Association.

Ever since Edward McLeod's suspension by the 'Longshoremen's Association there have been predictions that a rival organization would be created and the meeting Tuesday evening brought the new organization into being. It was held in the Oddfellows' Hall, Carleton, and the attendance numbered about 100. The proceedings were very harmonious and within an hour the officers were elected, entrance fees paid and plans made for the future.

The first work of the new society commenced Wednesday when the Allan liner Corinthian arrived. It is understood that the society will work all of the Allan steamers.

The meeting was called to order by Joseph Smith, who briefly pointed out that there was no necessity for explaining the purpose of the meeting. He said he would be glad to hear the views of any one concerning the formation of the society, and especially expressed a desire to have Mr. McLeod address the meeting but he declined to speak.

Edward G. Howard, who was acting as secretary, moved that a new society be formed. "And let us load as many steamers, and get as good pay as we can," he added.

The motion was seconded by J. A. Campbell and was carried unanimously.

Mr. Campbell then moved that the admission fee be twenty-five cents and the motion was also carried unanimously. The sum taken in in fees was $21.75.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

Joseph Smith, president.
John Campbell, recording secretary.
Edward Howard, financial secretary.
John Brown, treasurer.

A committee, consisting of Edward McLeod, Geo. Laskey, Fred Sullivan, Chas. Amos and Henry Lord was formed to make arrangements for renting and furnishing a meeting hall. The constitution will be drawn up at a meeting to be held probably on Tuesday night.

The first Monday in every month will be the regular meeting night.

It is difficult to tell just how keen the competition will be between the two organizations. The men who assembled last night were there to do business. Scant time was spent in talking, and the little that was said was to the point. The men expressed the opinion that the society will have a rapid growth. Nearly half of those present, it was said, were formerly of the 'Longshoremen's Association. Some are residents of Fairville, some of the city, but the majority belong in Carleton.

ST. GEORGE LOSES GOOD CITIZEN

St. George, Dec. 20—By the death of Robert J. Dodds, the early age of 38 years, St. George has lost one of its best citizens and a man of quiet manners and sterling integrity. He was a son of the late Alexander Dodds and brother of the late James Dodds, of Dodds & Co. The deceased was a master of St. George Lodge, an elder in the Presbyterian church and a member of the town council. He leaves a wife and four children. The funeral took place with Masonic honors at 2 o'clock on Monday last.

The following resolution was passed by St. George Lodge, No. 12, A. F. & A. M., at a communication held on Dec. 18:

Whereas, one of our brethren, Robert J. Dodds, P. M., has been transferred from the jurisdiction of this our lodge to that of the Celestial Lodge above, be it

Resolved, that St. George Lodge, No. 12, A. F. & A. M. do hereby express to the bereaved family a deep sympathy in their loss, and also a great assurance of honor for the future, since the faithful work shall be honored in the presence of his Master, and death is the only way to such glory.

As a lodge we mourn the loss of a tried and trusted brother member, a craftsman of whom we "needed not to be ashamed." He was ever ready in fervency, and zeal" to exercise Masonic profession in principles of "friendship, relief and truth."

We will miss him as our monitor in communications come and go; we will honor him in memory; and we do pray that the Grand Architect of the Universe, Eternal Father of Souls, may be your comforter and your "sufficiency in all things."

JAMES GREY, W. M.
CHARLES JOHNSON, Sec.

Canada's Trade Growing.

Ottawa, Dec. 20—(Special)—Canada's trade is going ahead. For November the domestic exports show an increase of $11,000,000 over those of November, 1904.

Pains in the Back, from straining muscles or from pain in the kidneys, yield to the subtle influence of Dodd's Wild Liniment. There is no pain that will not yield to this truly wonderful remedy.