

otherwise, and that is my own business), church-warden also of this parish (until I go to the church-yard, and proud to be called the parson's friend—for a better man I never knew with tobacco and strong waters, nor one could read the lessons so well, and he has been at Blaudell's too—once for all he de- clared that I am a thorough-going Church- and State-man, and Royalist, without any mistake about it. And this I lay down, because some people, judging a sausage by the skin, may take in evil part my little glosses of style and glitter, and mottled nature of my remarks, and cracks now and then on the fry-pan. I assure them I am good inside, and not a bit of rancor in me—only queer humors, as of major, and a stupid manner of bursting.

There was not more than a dozen of them, counting a few retainers who still held by Sir Eusor's fortunes; they grew and multiplied in a manner surprising to think of. Whether it was the venison, which we call a strengthening vi- tal, or whether it was the Exmoor mutton, or the leeks, or the turneps, or the lands, anyhow the Doones increased much faster than their honesty. At first they brought some ladies with them, of good repute, and they added to their stock by carrying. They carried off many good farmers' daughters, who were sadly displeased at first; but took to them kindly after a while, and made a new home in their babies. For women, as it seems to me, like strong men more than weak ones, feeling that they need some staunchness, something to hold fast to. And of all the men in our country, al- though we are of a thickset breed, you scarce could find one in three-score fit to be placed among the Doones, without looking no more than a tall, lank, like enough, we could meet them, man for man (if we chose all around the crown and the skirts of Exmoor), and regard them with a certain respect, but in regard to cause we are so stuggy; but in regard of stature, comeliness, and bearing, no woman would look twice at us. Not but what I myself, John Ridd, and one or two I know of—but it is not our business to talk of that, although my hair is gray.

Perhaps their den might well have been stormed, and themselves driven out of the forest, if honest people had only agreed to begin with them at once when first they took to plundering. But hav- ing respect for their good birth, and pity for their misfortune, and perhaps a little admiration at the justice of God, that robbed men now were robbers, the squires, and farmers, and shepherds, at first did nothing more than grumble gently, or even make a laughing matter in the case of others. After a while they found the matter gone too far for laughter, as violence and deadly out- rage stained the hand of robbery, and every woman clutched her child, and every man turned pale at the very name of "Doone." For the sons and grand- sons of Sir Eusor grew up in full liberty, and haughtiness, and made a new way of doing good, and brutality to- ward dumb animals. There was only one good thing about them, if indeed, it were good, and that was their val- er, and truth to their word. But this only made them feared the more, so certain was the revenge they wreaked upon any who dared to strike a Doone. One night, some ten years ago, on Death's howl, when they were seeking a rich man's house not very far from Minehead, a shot was fired at them in the dark, which they took to be a warning, and only one of them knew that any harm was done. But when they were well on the homeward road, not having slain either man or woman, or even burned a house, they were met by a Doone on horseback, and died with- out so much as a groan. The youth had been struck, but would not complain, and perhaps took little notice of the wound, which he felt inwardly. His brothers and cousins laid him softly on a bank of whortleberries, and just rode back to the lonely hamlet, where he had taken his death wound. No man nor woman was left in the morning, nor house for any to dwell in, only a child with its reason gone. This vile deed was done beyond all doubt.

This affair made prudent people find more reasons to let them alone than to meddle with them; and now they had so entrenched themselves, and were so strong in number, that no living soldier or troop of soldiers could wisely enter their premises; and even so it might turn out ill, as perchance we shall see by-and-by.

For not to mention the strength of the places, which I shall describe in its proper order when I come to visit it, there was not one among them but was a mighty man, straight and wide, and able to lift four hundred weight. If son or grandson of old Doone, or one of the northern retainers, failed at the age of twenty, while standing on his naked feet, to lift four hundred weight, he filled the list of Sir Eusor's door, and he filled the door-frame with his shoulders from side-post even to side-post, he led away to the narrow pass which made their valley so desperate, and thrust from the crown with ignominy, to get his own living honestly. Now, the measure of that door-way is, or rather was, I ought to say, six feet and two inches longwise, and two feet and two inches taken cross ways in the clear. Yet I not only have heard but know, being so closely mixed with them, that no descendant of old Sir Eusor, neither relative of his (except, indeed, the Coun- sellor, who was kept by two of their wisdom), and no more than two of their following, ever failed of that test, and not that I think anything great of a standard the like of that; for if they had set me in that door-frame at the age of twenty, it is like enough that I should have walked away with it on my shoulders, though I was not come to my full strength then; only I am speaking now of the average size of our neighborhood, and the Doones were far beyond that. Moreover, they were taught to shoot with a heavy carbine so delicately and wisely, that even a boy could pass a ball through a rabbit's head at the distance of four-score yards. Some people may think nothing of this, being in practice with longer shots from the tongue than from the shoulder; nevertheless, to do above in to a Doone, requires very good work, if you are to be sure to do it. Not one word do I believe of Robin Hood splitting pealed wands at seven-score

yards, and such like. Whoever wrote such stories knew not how slippery a peeled wand is, even if one could hit it, and how it gives to the hand. Now, let him stick one in the ground, and take his bow and arrow at it, ten yards away, or even five.

Now, after all this which I have writ- ten, and all the rest which a reader will see, being quicker of mind than I am (who leave more than half behind me, like a man sowing wheat, with his dinner laid in the ditch, too near his dog), it is much better that you will understand the Doones far better than I did, or do even to this moment; and therefore now will doubt, when I tell them that our good Justiciary feared to make an ado, or hold any public inquiry about my dear father's death. They would all have had to ride home that night, and who could say what might befall them? Least said soonest mended, because less chance of breaking.

So we buried him quietly—all except my mother, indeed, for she could not sleep unless in the sloping little church-yard of Oare, as meek a place as need be, with the Lyon brook down below it. There is not much of company there for any body's tombstone, because the Doones would not dwell where. If we bury one man in three years, or even a woman or child, we talk about it for three months, and say it must be our turn next, and so on, and so on, and so on, until it is our turn. Anne was not allowed to come, be- cause she cried so terribly; but she ran to the window and saw it all, moaning there like a little leaf, so frightened and so left alone. As for Eliza, she came with me, one on each side of mother, and one on each side of father, but she starts of wonder, and a new thing to be looked at unwillingly, yet curious- ly. Poor little thing! she was very clever, the only one of our family—thank God for that—who was not to lose a father.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"LORD, HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF"

REV. RICHARD W. ALEXANDER IN THE MISSIONARY.

Closed blinds, and on the door-hell a long scarf of black crepe told its story to the passer-by, who looked up at a pretty home in a quiet village of New York. Within the little parlor the wind whistled, and the odor of flowers hung in the air, and beautiful ornaments were scattered around the room. They were living and he, whose life was worth as much to those who loved him, was lying there pulseless and cold, unresponsive to the heart-breaking words and caresses of those who call him father, and of whom his life had been lavished until this cruel separation.

They could not yet believe it! So short a time ago he had been in their midst—with his smile, his vigorous man- ner, and his earnestness, his devoted affection, striving to take the place of a lov- ing mother, and truth to their word. But this only made them feared the more, so certain was the revenge they wreaked upon any who dared to strike a Doone. One night, some ten years ago, on Death's howl, when they were seeking a rich man's house not very far from Minehead, a shot was fired at them in the dark, which they took to be a warning, and only one of them knew that any harm was done. But when they were well on the homeward road, not having slain either man or woman, or even burned a house, they were met by a Doone on horseback, and died with- out so much as a groan. The youth had been struck, but would not complain, and perhaps took little notice of the wound, which he felt inwardly. His brothers and cousins laid him softly on a bank of whortleberries, and just rode back to the lonely hamlet, where he had taken his death wound. No man nor woman was left in the morning, nor house for any to dwell in, only a child with its reason gone. This vile deed was done beyond all doubt.

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And the unknowable of Herbert Spencer, Church stood before me like a mother with outstretched arms. "Palm me, I want to go where all shadow of unbelief is unknown!—I want to be a Catholic!"

And then the girl, who was weeping in her arms. Here was her answer to silent prayer. Like mother and child their tears blended, but they were sweet tears, and both were awed at the marvel of God's yearning love. And then, Aunt Eliza brought her to me. I instructed her thoroughly, and she was an easy task, and finally baptized her, and in good time she received her First Communion. Her joy and happi- ness were unbounded. The following September Aunt Eliza sent her to Can- ada to a convent school to finish her education. There she had opportunity to see the religious side of the Catholic Church. She loved and revered the nuns, and the seeds of a vocation to the life dropped into her heart and fertilized.

She continued her studies, graduated with honor and took the Teacher's Cer- tificate of the Government School Board. Her resolution was made, and ere long she went back to the convent and joyously begged to be received as a member of the community.

Today she is a happy nun, teaching all day long, radiating the gladness that overflows her own soul, and pouring it out on every one who knows her, while she prays persistently for the conversion of her brother and sisters. May she live long, to bring them and many other souls to peace in the Holy Catholic Faith!

A REPLY TO DOCTRINES ADVANCED BY MR. McDONALD. THE PROBLEM OF THE APE.

To the editor Calgary Daily Herald: Sir—Mr. Bryan's critic regarding morality and religion will certainly not object to his own opinions being sifted a little. If an error were made about Halley's comet, we could afford to over- look it. But sound-thinking and well-doing of many men are endangered by such misleading statements.

The questions touched by A. D. Mc- Donald in the Daily Herald of the 5th inst. are too many and too important to be discussed in one letter to a daily paper. For the present, therefore, I will deal only with what seems to be the fundamental error in your correspond- ent's argument, namely: "The Problem of the Ape, the Semian Origin of Man."

Let us first say that evolution does not trouble us at all. Evolution is a necessary and inevitable process. Religions have been held this year in honor of Darwin, and what is more sig- nificant yet, the Catholic university of Louvain has officially set its seal of ap- proval to the centenary celebration at Cambridge. The discoveries of a priest, the Austrian Gregor Mendel, have been during the last nine years, the most important in the history of biology on heredity (see Mendel's Principles of Heredity, by M. Bateson, Cambridge, 1909).

With God at the start of the crea- tion, God at the end of its progress, God at the flanks of the column to guide and support its march, evolution is possible; the only thing it brings us authentic faith."—Mr. D. H. Hill.

A. De Lapparent, the famous geologist, professor of the Catholic university of Paris, and member of the French Academy of Sciences, who has un- doubtedly the only system that seems to agree with the paleontological world (Science A. Apologie, p. 283).

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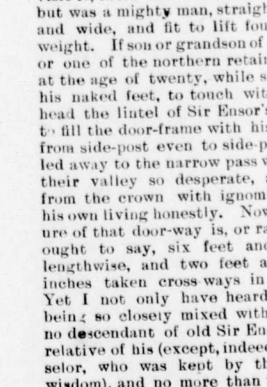
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