

The Haunted Church

By JAMES MURPHY.

CHAPTER III.

THE TWO STUDENTS OF CAMBRIDGE.

It was the commencement of the long vacation at Cambridge University.

The students were all dispersing to their various homes—had indeed dispersed, saved a few who still, partly through good-fallship, partly for other reasons, remained for a few days longer. Books and studies had been thrown aside, and whatever their arrangement or amusements might have been during the day, their rooms at night were scenes of pleasure and joyous festivity. The lighted windows and the merry laugh made the loneliness of the deserted quadrangles far into the small hours, and relieved their gloom and desolation.

It was after one of these festive gatherings, and when the dawn was beginning to peep through the shutters, that two young men sat talking and smoking after the others had departed.

"When do you leave, Charley?" asked one of the other, who apparently had been the host of the night.

"Upon my word, I cannot say."

"Where do you propose going?"

"Vague intentions on my part," said his friend, as he tipped the end of a cigar.

So they sat, Frank, last year, and indeed all the previous vacations, I went to the Continent.

"Got tired of it?"

"Not exactly that."

"Going home for once?"

"Home!" said the young fellow, looking up with a bright smile which was a contrast to him, but which was in this case tinged with sadness. "I don't know what that is. Never did know."

"What!" cried his friend with astonishment. "No home?"

"That's the case, Frank. I have been at school ever since I can remember, until I came to the University. I really believe I was born to school as soon as I was born. At least, I cannot carry my mind further than a boarding-school, so far as my longest recollection serves me."

"And what about your friends? Do you never go to see them?"

"Friends! I know of none—if you mean in the sense of relatives."

"That's what I mean."

"I have none. At least, seeing that I have been born into the world like all other human beings, I suppose I must have relations—but I don't know them; never heard of them, never saw them."

"That's very strange," said his friend with much interest.

"Strange, or otherwise, Frank," said the speaker with a sigh, "is the case."

"And where, Charley—if it is not a slightly impertinent question to ask—do the funds come from?"

"Not the least impertinent in it, my dear fellow. The funds come quarterly—liberally enough, too—from a firm of attorneys or lawyers in London. They have their offices, dingy ones they are, too, in a courtyard of Threadneedle street."

"Did you never call upon them?"

"Often."

"Did they give you no information?"

"No one."

"Did you ask them?"

"Repeatedly. Until I found that they either had not, or would not give, the information."

"But surely they must have given some explanation of where the funds came from?"

"Very little. The funds had been deposited with them, or forwarded to them, I don't know which, to be supplied to me at regular intervals. So they said, and so they say. They had nothing to do with them further than to disburse them, taking, when I was at school, the principal's receipt for same—since I came to the University my own."

"Why, you shall turn up some of these days with a dukedom, or a foreign principality," said Frank laughing.

The young host of the night shook his head.

"Well, it's some consolation that the funds, from whatever source they come, Charley, come liberally, at any rate."

"I fear I cannot have even that pleasure in the future, Frank. Look here. This is a letter I got yesterday evening. It is not very consoling or assuring—is it?"

"It's something of the very reverse," said his friend, as he glanced through it. "And rather mysterious, too. We think it right to inform you that the only money now in our hands for disbursement to you amounts to only £500, and that we have no reason to think that further sums will be placed at our disposal for the purpose." That's disconcerting, to say the least of it.

"Vague—enough isn't it?" asked the host as he filled a meerschaum bowl with tobacco.

"I should think it is," said his friend emphatically, and pretty uncomfortable too. To go to Camden and Lewis, whose signature is at the bottom."

"The bankers, or agents, or brokers, or whatever they are—confound them!—that had charge of the fund?"

"This is an unpleasant announcement," said Frank gravely, turning the letter in his fingers. "What do you purpose doing?"

"That is the question. I am staying here longer is out of the question. That would not enable me to take out a degree—even if I were likely to get it soon which I am not, for as you know I am not a reading man. Unfortunately, Frank, I had some idea of the kind you suggested just now. I thought I should some day come in for a huge fortune, and that there was no reason for that. I had the idea, however, so here I am—without a degree and without prospects."

"But surely you must do something?"

"I suppose I must. But what on earth that something is, I have no more idea of than the child unborn."

asked himself, with a vague bewilderment of horror around him.

But his thoughts in this direction were speedily dispelled by a quick and continuous rapping at the outer door. He touched his gold watch.

"Why, it's three o'clock," he said. "I must be Frank that is knocking. What a time I have left, and—what a dream I have had!"

He threw the shutters open. The sunlight was bathing wall and pavement of the quadrangle with a flood of light, and burst with a glory of its own into the bedroom, instantaneously dispelling the darkness thereof. Hurriedly dressing himself, he entered the outer apartment and opened the door.

"Already, Frank?"

"Why, yes; it's the appointed time. But what is amiss with you? You look white as a sheet of paper. Have you been seeing a ghost?"

"I don't know, Frank. Do I look so pale? I have had a disturbed sleep."

"You look like it," said his friend, looking at him with a keen eye.

"I fancy that last supper did not agree with me; or the wine, or the smoking, or something."

"Well, you will have to look alive if you mean to catch the mail. It starts at four."

"So it does. I shall make haste."

"Where do you propose to dine?"

"Wherever I can catch a morsel this morning. I could have a most delicious breakfast."

"Nerves, likely. Take some of this," said his friend, filling out a glass of sparkling cognac. "Hair of the dog good for the bite, you know. It will steady the nerves."

"I never found my nerves—if nerves it be—in such condition before," said Cantrell, quaffing the grateful liquor. "I shall be ready in a short time. The air will do me good, I expect."

In a short time he had his portmanteau packed, handed it to his porter for transmission to the hotel where the mail started; and once more clinking glasses to the opening of the long vacation, the two friends started for their destination.

"Well, old walls," said Charley, addressing the college where they had passed the other years, "wonder if I shall ever sleep a night within you again."

"What nonsense, Charley! To be sure you will. You will be back with us at the commencement of term. You cannot plunge into the world in this summary fashion."

"Do you believe in dreams, Frank?" said the former after a pause, during which they were hurrying silently through the streets. "Tough I am sure you don't. You have never been troubled with them."

"What a dull question to ask, Charley, in such a glorious afternoon as this! Of course I do. Whenever I dream, my dreams vanish out of my head before I am well awake."

"What a happy fellow you are, Frank!" said Cantrell sadly but not ungraciously. "Isn't that the mail about to start? We're just in good time; and about to start."

The mail was indeed about to start. They had barely time to buy their tickets, take their seats outside, see their portmanteaus properly packed, when the bell rang, the coachman cracked his whip, the horses plunged forward, and mail was off.

Through the quiet streets of the University town, now bereft of most of its customers from the exodus of the students, over the arched bridge that spanned the river, and speedily into the open country, looking so rich and glorious under the auspices of the evening sun. Past villa and mansion gleaming with fire as the windows gave back the reflected sunlight; past farmhouse and grove, past meadow-lands and orchards—in silence. Both were engaged smoking, and one, if not both, were deeply engaged thinking.

"What's that you said about dreams, Charley?" asked Frank, flung away the stump of his cigar.

"What did I say about dreams?" reiterated his companion, arousing himself from a reverie.

"I don't know that I should tell you, Frank."

"No. Why not?"

"It was so strange, and—and—so unpleasant."

"What was it about?"

"I don't know for some time, during which the student seemed to have relaxed again into reverie.

"I beg your pardon, Frank," he said, after a time; "you were speaking? What was it you said? I am afraid I am but rather an indifferent travelling companion this afternoon."

"You are certainly, my dear Charley, in a mood for thinking, if not for speaking. What are your thoughts about dreams?"

"For heaven's sake," said the other, with a heavy impatience, "speak on some other subject, or tell me what it was."

"I fear you should nearly laugh at it—and it somehow impresses me too much to make it a source of amusement."

"No! I am sure you would not, Frank," said Cantrell, seeing the effect of his words; "but—well, I shall tell you: it will help to distract my thoughts a little."

"Yes, and help to distract the weariness of a ride a little, too."

"Well, Frank, I was dreaming that I was in a strange city, walking by the banks of a canal, or something of that sort, when I came across a newly made grave, out of which there protruded a dead man's hand."

"Hallo, Cantrell! that was an odd dream enough."

"It was; but it was made more so by the fact that when I went over to see it from where I was standing, I saw on the finger of the strangely uplifted hand a ring—the exact counterpart of that which I myself wear."

"That was singular," remarked his companion.

"Yes. But it is in the unaccountable way has seized on my attention, that it has in spite of myself impressed me, that I find it still more singular. What does it mean?"

"Probably, after all, nothing more than the usual vagaries of a dreaming and uncontrolled imagination."

"I don't know," said Cantrell, perplexed. "I have often dreamt dreams before, but never one that has laid hold of my thoughts like this."

"It is quite likely enough that the uncertainty of your future, of which you spoke to me last night, may be at foot of it," remarked Frank.

"I should be happy to think so; but I am full of an indefinite belief that there is something unusual in it."

"Did the dream end there?"

"For that time, yes. I awoke in grave fright, but went to sleep again. And again I dreamed it."

thing to banish all doubts, mental or bodily, like a night at the theatre. You'll find that out presently."

"To be sure you will; and, as but further speaking on the matter will but fasten it more on your mind, I vote we change the conversation. What do you think of the examination?"

This question in reference to the University business just concluded, led to a discussion more or less animated and of interest, and occupied them well on the way to the metropolis.

The new features, presented at all times by the passage through the streets of a great city, gave a different current to their thoughts, until the coach turned into a courtyard, and under an archway, and arrived at its destination.

The two young men dismounted, and passed into the Travellers' Home—a famous inn at that time, but hardly unlike the palatial hotel that in more modern times occupied its space.

There they had dinner, after which they proceeded to the Strand Theatre, and remained to the end of the performance. That over, they had supper at their inn; and what with conversation in the smoking-room with other travellers, it was far into the morning before they went to bed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE STUDENT'S DREAM OF AGENCY.

"Well, Charley," said Frank, when they met in the coffee-room one morning some days after their coming to London, "no recurrence of those unpleasant dreams, I hope?"

"No, none," said Cantrell, with high good-humour and self-satisfaction.

"I told you as much," said the former elatedly. "There is nothing like fresh scenes for banishing gloomy thoughts and dreams. What do you propose doing with yourself to-day?"

"Why, there is that matter of the banking agency of which I told you. It is time I should see it."

"True. I declare I had forgotten that. I was in hopes we should have the day to ourselves to spend in knocking about London."

"There won't be much to delay us, I am thinking. My visit is purely of my own seeking, and I fear there will not be much to interest them in prolonging it."

"Who knows, Charley?" said Frank brightly, rather as he saw his friend spoke somewhat downheartedly. "That dukedom or foreign principality may yet have in sight."

"Perhaps it may," said Cantrell, laughing in spite of himself. "But if it does I shall not be the one who is least surprised. What hour is it?"

"It is eleven, I declare. What say you to breakfast?"

"Just the thing I am anxious for. I am decidedly hungry."

"Very well; ring for it."

The breakfast came, and the two young men addressed themselves to its despatch.

"You are not dreaming again, Charley, are you?" said Frank when they had breakfast for some time in complete silence.

"No."

"Then why are you so completely silent?"

"I'll tell you, Frank," said Charley in a whisper. "Do you see that man yonder dining alone?"

"At your table. Don't look so openly. At the table in the corner."

"Him with the one eye?"

"Yes."

"What of him?"

"He turned up in my dream, too."

"Did he—did he? I guessed you were at your dreaming fancy again. Charley, from your continued silence. How did he turn up?"

"That's what I am tormenting myself trying to remember. But I cannot."

"Then don't bother your head about him. He is not a promising subject in any case. Hurry with your breakfast, and let us get into the street. This morning is all too glorious to stay within doors."

"I am at your service."

"Why, you have taken no breakfast?"

"I don't care for breakfast. I thought I had an appetite, but I find I haven't."

"Upon my word, Cantrell," said Frank, with an openness in which there was a touch of discomfort if not ill temper, "if you go on in this way you will lose yourself altogether. Come along."

The two friends proceeded into the street, and after making some inquiries, neither of them being familiar with the city, proceeded leisurely on their way.

The thoroughfares of the great metropolis furnish an interesting and a strange study to the human nature can desire of a summer morning. And this was a glorious morning. The sun shone in mellow radiance on lofty terraces, on glowing roof tops, on moving crowds, on countless vehicles, on the warm pavement, and diffused a sense of happiness and ease around.

It was essentially a forenoon for languid enjoyment, and the two students took their way with indolent and often interrupted conversation through the busy streets until they reached Threadneedle street, off which, in a narrow courtyard, the offices of the firm to which Charles Cantrell was bidden lay.

They had not much difficulty in reaching them. They were on the ground floor, led thither by a long passage. His companion stayed outside whilst Cantrell went in. A painted name on the hall, and an indicating finger affixed thereto, guided him to the door, turning the handle of which he entered.

It was rather a dull looking office. Cantrell had thought it as before on the occasion of his last visit, but it seemed to him more so now than ever. A counter railed at top, behind which, half hidden by the wooden bars, several clerks sat at work, left a small passage which led to a door at the further end, now closed. It had been a long time since the place had been either painted or papered, and the appearance, therefore, was somewhat gloomy and depressing. Perhaps it would not have been quite so gloomy-looking to him if it had not answered to some uncomfortable forebodings in his own breast; but these disquieting sensations being there, the appearance of the place rather added to them.

"Mr. Lewis in?" he asked, addressing himself to one of the clerks, who thereupon looked up.

"Why, yes, I think so."

"Is he engaged?"

"I shall see. What name shall I say?"

"Cantrell—Charles Cantrell."

The clerk, thus informed, passed in through a side door, and speedily returning, informed Charles that the junior partner of the firm was in, was not engaged, and would see him.

QUARRELLING OVER AFRICA.

German and English Rights in the Dark Continent.

BERLIN, May 25.—The negotiations with England concerning territories in Africa had almost reached the point of an exchange of a protocol according to Germany a sphere of influence extending from the east coast to the Congo Free State, while Lord Salisbury sent an envoy to express orders to suspend communication. Since then the British ambassador has intimated that the negotiations will only be resumed on the basis of a recognition by Germany of English rights in the west coast of Lake Tanganyika and in the territories north of Tanganyika, including Uganda.

The Foreign office here interprets the changed attitude of Salisbury to public clamor in England over the threatened disengagement of the English from the territories connecting the British Empire in South Africa with the sources of the Nile.

VON CAPRIVI PROTESTS.

Salisbury's action has evoked an energetic protest from Chancellor Von Caprivi, which the Emperor either inspired or endorsed. Only strong state or family reasons determine the Emperor to persist in his cordial relations with the English government.

The North German Gazette, whose director recently had several interviews with Chancellor Von Caprivi, obtained a semi-official communication disclosing a compromise of the English occupation of Egypt. The Gazette suggested that if Germany obtained a bill in the districts in Central Africa claimed by England the British army would be confirmed in the occupation of Egypt.

The newspapers, commenting upon Lord Salisbury's utterances, concur in the opinion that warlike complications are impossible, but it is felt the German acquisition will probably be a source of trouble with England in the near future.

STANLEY BECOMES VERY CAUTIOUS.

LONDON, May 26.—The Times prints a long and caustic letter from Mr. Stanley in reply to the recent utterances of Lord Salisbury. He says that if the German colonial demands be granted it would be more economical to make Germany a gift of the whole British sphere in Africa. Then British investors might obtain so many shillings for the pounds they have so credulously been victimized out of. He declares the German sphere is the finest in Africa, and adds still their cry is "Give! give!" "If you think they are better adapted than the English to civilize Africa do nothing. Heartily yield all including Egypt. Excess of amiability may become an infirmity and the infirmity of negligence, like other diseases, grows till it ends in chronic senility."

WHAT WILL TURKEY SAY?

The Chronicle declares that the Government has decided to Germany the African state of Uganda, which by reason of treaties concluded by Sir Samuel Baker, really belongs to Turkey.

A Very Touching Scene.

Mass was said for the first time in the Michigan State Prison at Jackson, on Sunday, April 13. Father Bayes officiated. A local paper says: "When Father Bayes took his place at the altar, many of the poor convicts were unable to restrain their tears. Evidences of piety and devout attention were numerous in the strange congregation, and not a motion of the priest but was attentively and devoutly followed. The music by St. John's choir was of a high order, and seemed to afford the poor convicts a fund of pious delight. At the last Gospel, Father Bayes preached a sermon admirably suited to the occasion and the audience. He urged upon them the necessity of quiet and peaceful submission to the rules of the penitentiary, to the laws of the State, and to the will of God. His words seemed to make a deep impression on his hearers."

"The Living Voice of the Church."

Anglicans need no longer be in doubt as to this vital question. The Rev. W. Laurence Holand, speaking at the annual meeting of the Church Association on had the courage to say that many of his co-religionists only think that "The living voice of the Church as established was found by an appeal to the Queen in Council, or to the House of Lords." The Queen for P. P. the House of Lords for an Ecclesiastical Council! This is the faith of one section of the Church of England; and we suppose they believe that our Lord promised that the Holy Spirit would guide the English Privy Council and the Upper House of the British Legislature into all truth. By the way, another speaker at the same meeting, the Rev. O. H. Walworth, had the unparalleled audacity to denounce the Bishop of London for holding the "Three Hours' Service" in St. Paul's, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Benson for being present at the dinner of the "Royal Society" at the Hotel de Ville. Really, we do not wonder that our High Church friends love their Evangelical brethren as they do. Our only wonder is that they still content to belong to a communion in which heresy and blasphemy are openly tolerated and promulgated, with never a word of rebuke from "the successor of St. Augustine."—Liverpool Catholic Times.

Signor Orsini and the Italian Senate.

Signor Orsini loves to pose as a little Bismarck. A familiar device adopted by the ex-Chancellor in his dealings with the Reichstag was that of threatening to resign. Orsini takes up somewhat of a similar attitude towards the Italian Senate. Three times he threatened to appeal to the country during the discussion of the Bill on the Opera Pie, the Senate having rejected certain clauses on the retention of which he insisted. His pliable followers in the Chamber are to restore these clauses. The question, then, is, will the Senate yield to Orsini's dictation? If it should refuse, he cannot avoid going to the country. The Roman correspondent of the Times says he fears that in that event the Pope will allow the Catholics to vote, and declares that this is what Orsini would desire. The two statements are equally unreliable. Orsini would fear rather than welcome the Catholic vote, but it is not probable that the Holy Father will abandon the policy of abstention which he received from his predecessor, Pius IX., and to which he himself has hitherto steadfastly adhered.

Irish Catholic Zeal.

It is stated by a historical writer in an Eastern contemporary that the Irish built 138 monasteries in different parts of Europe during the first three centuries of their Christian history, and vestiges of their footsteps are in every country. Districts are named after them and cities bear their title. We can count forty-five Irish Saints in England, thirteen in Italy, eight in Ireland and Norway, and one hundred and fifty in Germany. We further know that among them were such men as St. Virgilius of Salzburg, first discoverer of the superfluity of the earth and the existence of the antipodes; John Abington, the founder of the University of Pavia; St. Columban, the Patron of the Monastery of Bobbio; St. Gall, the Apostle of Switzer-

The Imperial Labor Reformer.

LONDON, May 28.—Though there are still a few who doubt the ultimate success of the labor policy of the Emperor William of Germany, nobody questions his sincerity in his endeavor to ameliorate the condition of the workers, while his recent activity in the supervision of labor matters at home and enquiring into them abroad, commands general admiration. It is stated in Berlin that the Kaiser has decided to ask the assistance and cooperation of the English trades unions in the formation of a workmen's privy council, to have immediate control of the preliminary work of formulating the regulations governing trade matters in such questions as arise from time to time affecting the relations between employer and employee. Each of these councils is to receive an annual salary of 20,000 marks, and the body is to be known as the Arbeiterrat.

A Franciscan Monastery.

The Franciscan Order of Monks have sent out Rev. Brother Oton, Provincial Superior of the Order in France, to establish a monastery in the neighborhood of Montreal. Brother Oton, accompanied by Brother Francis, a veteran of the Toulon troubles, called at the Archbishop's Palace this morning and paid his respects to Vicar-General Marchais, in the absence of His Grace. The intention is to build a large monastery in the neighborhood of Cote des Neiges and to open a novitiate.

IN MONTREAL.

By E. LEONARD, Druggist, 215 St. Lawrence street.

Agents: — B. E. McCall, No. 2123 Notre Dame street; J. N. Lyons, or. Bligny and Craig streets; Picoté & Contant, or. Notre Dame and Bonsecours streets; S. Langlois, St. Catherine street. Price \$1.25, or 12 bottles for \$12.00. Large bottles \$2.00, or six bottles for \$12.00.

EMILE BOISVERT, General Manager, Province of Quebec, 11 Colford st., Montreal.

DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, IN THE

PAOLA M. SARRIO, of the City and District of Montreal, has today instituted an action in separation as to property from her husband, EDUARDO SARRIO, of the same place, trader.

GIRARD & LORIMER, Attorneys for Plaintiff, Montreal, 20th May, 1890.

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C. BARLELOU, Sec. Treas., Calumet Island, County of Pontiac, 19 May, 1890.

INFORMATION WANTED OF MARY WALLACE.

Wallace, daughter of John and Mary Wallace, who left Baltimore, Md., about six years ago. When last heard from—four years ago—she was in situation with a lawyer's family in Montreal. Any information concerning her whereabouts will be gladly received by JOHN HENRY FOUND STREET, SHIP, Ireland. 43 3

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