

BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

By ANNA C. MINOUGS

CHAPTER XIII

By the glance exchanged between Teresa and St. John Worthington across the aisle that morning, Preston Martins found his position with her subtly altered. He was as perplexed by the intangibility of the change, as he was startled at finding himself admitting its existence; and when he returned from Lexington that evening, after escorting her home, he wandered out to the little grave-yard, and leaning against the low stone wall, he began to review, calmly at first, passionately afterwards, the circumstances that had marked the past twenty-four hours. There had been a faint, tender hope in his heart that the interest she had manifested in his spiritual affairs had been second, at least, by a more human feeling than that of the zealous evangelist—the hope that the love filling his heart had begun to awaken a responsive feeling in her maiden soul. Here last night he had declared to her that the rose at dawn was dearest to him, and in thought he called her his rose, with the dew of youth and innocence bathing it; while he thus dreamed of her, lo! another hand was reached out to gather and wear his heart's flower. He flung out his arms in protest at the thought, then sank on the stone steps, and buried his face in his hands.

In the eyes of the world Preston Martins was a young man to be envied. But the eyes of the world never see past the surface, and he knew himself to be one meriting pity. The place into which he was born, and which he was expected to fill, was not, he felt, the place for which his soul was fitted. There was a consciousness of the incongruity that existed between him and what the son of George Martins necessarily ought to be; and this consciousness had grown with his growth. He had tried to accommodate himself to his position, but the effort had been fruitless, and he realized that his soul was not to be shaped and moulded after a pattern approved of by others. After that, he had begun to live, and each day widened the gulf, which, from the first dawn of reason, he had recognized as existing between himself and his father. This separation was felt, never seen. The unthinking man said: "They are of such different temperaments;" the few of insight knew that that subtle faculty, for which there is no expressive name, set those two farther apart than the antipodes. Alienation from one parent naturally made him yearn for closer sympathy and connection with the other; but whether because she felt that there was hidden in this apartment from his father a reproach on her wifely choice, or because of dread of something intangible, unknown, of which that son's intuition was the prophesy, Mrs. Martins clung the closer to her husband. Her love for him had been first in her heart; it would remain first through all time. Thus thrown back upon himself, Preston Martins had learned to know what is meant by loneliness of soul, and he had indulged in none of that sentimentality to which young men are prone, when he said that he envied the tenant of the little grave her dreamless slumber. With the coming of Teresa into his life, its cloud had somewhat lifted. Her beauty, the melancholy that shadowed her eyes and thoughts, the cultivated mind and richly adorned soul had appealed to him and the affection thus awakened had aroused him into a fuller realization of all life might come to mean. His heart began to gather up its unused weapons of ambition and earnestness and from the society seeker and aimless dreamer he was developing into the man of lofty purpose. He had laid down the plans of his future. They were along lines worthy of his effort and her inspiration. Even in that bitter moment, as he sat alone in the moonlight on the stone steps, he experienced a glow of satisfaction because his dream of the future had been so high. If she were lost to him must the future be lost also? It must, for he thought he had not the courage and the strength to follow that way to the grave alone. His mind then went to his rival, the man whom he knew was hated, perhaps dreaded by his father—St. John Worthington, who was inseparably associated with his earliest recollections of his native town. He remembered how in boyhood that man had ever attracted his fancy, inspiring him with sentiments of respect and admiration; nor could he now though feeling bitterly against him, divest himself of the old clinging sentiment.

"He is good—but O Teresa! must I lose you?" he cried to himself. Lose her! Lose her! What did that mean? The wreck of his life. This love was, he knew, the main-spring of his existence. Was it not then his duty, that solemn duty man owes to himself, to seek by every means in his power to secure this woman's love? To thrust aside, or break down, regardless of consequences, every obstacle that stood between him and that desired object? The advantages from the world's point of view were all on his side. He had youth; the beauty of his face was not touched by the hand of time and sorrow; he had greater wealth; his prospects, were he to enter the political field, were limitless while the blood that ran in his veins was as good and the honor of his ancestry as clear, as those of the Worthing-

tons. And if all these counted for nothing in the eyes of this girl, when her love could not go with their acceptance, he would throw the redemption of his soul into the scales. Let him make that appeal to her and he knew that she could not resist him. He had read that upon her face last night. He would love him and then—and then? His eyes went from the dark dimpled earth to the clear moonlit sky, as he thought of St. John Worthington. "Fair fight on an open field—that is what the Kentuckian accords to, and expects from, his rival." Where had he heard those words. His surroundings faded, and he was standing on the stage of the University Hall. It was the evening of the Commencement exercises. Before him were the great men of the young state, and the fair women of the town; but as he, the valedictorian of his class, rose to speak his farewell words, he saw in that assembly only the face of St. John Worthington; and as he muttered that sentence, he paused, and involuntarily turned toward that one man for approval. It had been given him in the rare smile that illumined his face. "Fair fight on an open field" was this, what he now proposed to give his rival? A wave of shame surged over his heart. It made his face burn and his ears tingle. Great God! He had dared to call his love holy, when its first promptings were to sully his stainless honor!

"A fair fight on an open field, St. John Worthington, I promised to give my rivals on that day when I stepped from the school into life. You, my first and greatest rival, take both, and in addition, whatever advantages a gentleman can accept." He turned, with the unuttered promise, toward the house, and in doing so, his eyes fell on the child's grave, with its covering of dark green leaves. "Amy!" the cry broke from his lips, the old cry of the boy to the dead girl, and he pulled his hat over his eyes and walked away.

Two weeks passed, during which Preston Martins neither sought nor saw Teresa. Then his mother sent him to Mrs. Halpin's with a message to the girl, but that worthy woman informed him, with a pleasure truly feminine, that Miss Martinez was out walking with Mr. Worthington. Preston bowed, retired, and to Mrs. Halpin's chagrin, mounted his horse and rode away, apparently unconcerned. That evening, at supper table, with the same coolness that had shattered Mrs. Halpin's enjoyment, he informed his mother that he had not been able to see Miss Martinez, as she was out walking with Mr. Worthington. A shadow crossed Mrs. Martins' face, but her husband gave a start and glanced keenly at his son. Then he said, slowly:

"Mr. Worthington is growing quite attentive to our little friend. Yesterday I passed them in a superb turnout, which, I hear, Worthington purchased last evening, at supper table, with the same coolness that had shattered Mrs. Halpin's enjoyment, he informed his mother that he had not been able to see Miss Martinez, as she was out walking with Mr. Worthington. A shadow crossed Mrs. Martins' face, but her husband gave a start and glanced keenly at his son. Then he said, slowly:

"A baffled expression passed across the handsome face of the father, and involuntarily he leaned back in his chair. There was something in this expressed weakness that smote the watching wife as unusual in her husband; but not evincing any cognizance of it, she said lightly: "We must not permit Mr. Worthington to monopolize our Teresa. I am sorry," she continued, "that she cannot take a vacation this summer. She is overworked, and is beginning to show indications of the strain that is being made upon her delicate constitution."

A silence followed the words. George Martins had not heard them or if he had, failed to grasp their meaning, for his quick mind was now being worked by hopes and plans, fears and schemes. Preston must therefore take up the conversation, although his heart was faltering. "I thought she was going to Loretto when the school closed. I think—an certainty indeed—that she said not long ago she hoped to spend her summer there."

"She did intend going home, as the dear girl calls the convent, but so many of the parents objected to the discontinuance of their children's music for that length of time, that she yielded to their wishes and gave up her vacation."

"How cruel! How selfish!" exclaimed Preston pushing away his unfinished supper, while his eyes were alight with indignation. "Yes, my dear boy; but we must do what we can to make bright her summer. We can be selfish in a different way toward her and more cruel than are those exacting parents."

Mrs. Martins' eyes were on him with an expression he could not interpret as he could not quite grasp the meaning of her words. No more was then said on the subject, but as he was walking on the long piazza afterwards, she joined him.

"Your father is busy," she remarked, taking his arm, as he laid this in apart from my subject. I am come to it now, and if I speak directly, remember that it is a woman of the world who knows its cruelty and injustice, speaking for a woman, innocent and undefended. I cannot close my eyes to the fact, even if there were not those to point it out to me, that you have for two weeks sedulously avoided Miss Martinez; and all society in which she was likely to be met. If there were any common cause for this changed attitude, she

too would be affected. But she is not. On the contrary, she seems to be fully as much puzzled over your conduct as the gazing, censorious, scrutinizing world is suspicious. Some one has been talking to her, she said as much to me that Saturday afternoon she visited us. What was said I surmise and I know the wound it gave her sensitive soul, although she tried to draw over it her woman's pride and silence. This is her most cruel blow she will receive. Will you put a weapon in the hands of the worldly-wise to be used upon her?"

"Mother!" "Yet, Preston, this is what you are doing," she said, moving aside to bring herself face to face with him. "What has wrought this change in you, not alone to her but to all the other conditions of your life, I do not inquire, because I have not the right. Not even a mother's eyes are sacred enough to pierce the holy of holies of a human soul. But it is my right and my duty to tell you that you cannot, you dare not, permit that girl to become a target for the world's cruel glances and words! For months we saw you seeking her society and happy in it. That your motive was not the motive of the idler, the sycophant man, I know; else I should blithely call you my son. The world did not openly call you her lover; it knew that you were her friend, and you are and by every law that gentlemen acknowledge to continue to be her friend."

"The world, Preston," she began, "wears a curious pair of spectacles. They magnify the insignificant, ignore the important and holy. An act, a word, a glance may become momentous affairs, while a deed of heroic value is unobserved. I know your impatience against my words, your surprise that I, of all women, should come to you with the admonition to make your views, or outward actions at least, consort with the views of the world's mis-spectacled eyes. Yet, my son, though you may take your opinions without thought, or care for the world's, though you may shape your acts according to those private opinions, and have the strength and purpose openly to avow them in defiance of the world, remember that a woman may not do likewise, at least not without harm to herself. In the hands of the world, we women are like soap bubbles; we are as surely ruined as if by a hurricane had overtaken us. The world's hand is not a kind one, it is more ready to assist in our destruction than to help in our safe guarding; yet it permits us to rest there in all our irised beauty and perfection, while both remain, or, are permitted to remain. Left to ourselves, we would keep our place; but how few, alas! How few are left to themselves! How few but at some time are brought into contact with other lives, willingly or unwillingly, with cognizance or without it!"

Her voice died into silence and she walked by his side in deep, sad thoughts. Then, as they made the turn at the eastern end of the piazza and again faced the west, where the little graveyard lay, she said: "When a woman is alone, without the protection of father and home, all the greater need is there for her friends zealously to guard her from anything that might tend to be in the slightest way derogatory to her or give others an opportunity to cease to think of her with full regard and honor. There is one who stands in this relation to us—Teresa Martinez. She is alone and what is worse, is entirely ignorant of the world. Her mind, as yet, is the mirror of truth, her soul the dwelling place of confiding innocence. A fledgling thrown from its nest is not a greater object for pity than a young girl thus situated. Your father's fine discernment perceived this from the first, and seeing in her, besides, one who could fill a daughter's place in my heart, bade me become her friend. I have done so, and if she has won my love, I am convinced that I have a share in her affections. I have thought, and the thought brought me joy—that, in time, she might become more to me than a friend. I have thought that the mother's affection for her lived as a man's love for woman in the heart of the son."

She paused involuntarily, and Preston set his teeth firmly behind his compressed lips. Tamulous emotion marked his face but the soft light failed to reveal it to her kindly eyes. He was looking toward the graveyard and did not remove his glance from its white tombstones. They reached the railing at the western end of the piazza, and he paused, as his mother continued:

"What we desire naturally prejudices our minds in its favor, and it may be that I am mistaken." Again she paused, but whether she read in his continued silence a rebuke to, or a sorrowful confirmation of, her words, she added hastily, "But all this is apart from my subject. I am come to it now, and if I speak directly, remember that it is a woman of the world who knows its cruelty and injustice, speaking for a woman, innocent and undefended. I cannot close my eyes to the fact, even if there were not those to point it out to me, that you have for two weeks sedulously avoided Miss Martinez; and all society in which she was likely to be met. If there were any common cause for this changed attitude, she

too would be affected. But she is not. On the contrary, she seems to be fully as much puzzled over your conduct as the gazing, censorious, scrutinizing world is suspicious. Some one has been talking to her, she said as much to me that Saturday afternoon she visited us. What was said I surmise and I know the wound it gave her sensitive soul, although she tried to draw over it her woman's pride and silence. This is her most cruel blow she will receive. Will you put a weapon in the hands of the worldly-wise to be used upon her?"

"Mother!" "Yet, Preston, this is what you are doing," she said, moving aside to bring herself face to face with him. "What has wrought this change in you, not alone to her but to all the other conditions of your life, I do not inquire, because I have not the right. Not even a mother's eyes are sacred enough to pierce the holy of holies of a human soul. But it is my right and my duty to tell you that you cannot, you dare not, permit that girl to become a target for the world's cruel glances and words! For months we saw you seeking her society and happy in it. That your motive was not the motive of the idler, the sycophant man, I know; else I should blithely call you my son. The world did not openly call you her lover; it knew that you were her friend, and you are and by every law that gentlemen acknowledge to continue to be her friend."

"The world, Preston," she began, "wears a curious pair of spectacles. They magnify the insignificant, ignore the important and holy. An act, a word, a glance may become momentous affairs, while a deed of heroic value is unobserved. I know your impatience against my words, your surprise that I, of all women, should come to you with the admonition to make your views, or outward actions at least, consort with the views of the world's mis-spectacled eyes. Yet, my son, though you may take your opinions without thought, or care for the world's, though you may shape your acts according to those private opinions, and have the strength and purpose openly to avow them in defiance of the world, remember that a woman may not do likewise, at least not without harm to herself. In the hands of the world, we women are like soap bubbles; we are as surely ruined as if by a hurricane had overtaken us. The world's hand is not a kind one, it is more ready to assist in our destruction than to help in our safe guarding; yet it permits us to rest there in all our irised beauty and perfection, while both remain, or, are permitted to remain. Left to ourselves, we would keep our place; but how few, alas! How few are left to themselves! How few but at some time are brought into contact with other lives, willingly or unwillingly, with cognizance or without it!"

She leaned forward, kissed him and retired. His exclamation like a railing looked after her, conscious of but one thought—to call her back to hear his confession and advise him what to do. He was roused by his father's voice greeting her in the hall. They might return to the veranda and he did not want to see any one then, least of all his father; so he sprang to the ground and started across the lawn. He turned from force of habit, toward the graveyard, but paused, thinking, "It is a haunted place!" and hurried instead toward the deep wood which stretched from the foot of the lawn to the road.

It was the dusk shadow of the trees was haunted by memories not less treacherous than those the graveyard sheltered; for here he had spent many an hour of that spring with Teresa. One March day they had searched among the dead leaves for reviving Nature's first hint of green, and had sat on the beechen log, listening to the tender, uncertain note of the early robin. How near to him she had been that day! He seemed to feel the touch of her arm against him, as she turned to follow with her eyes the northward flight of a flock of wild geese, the long, far off, lonesome cry of whose leader had followed her. His exclamation like a knell. Why had he not then spoken to her of his love when perhaps she was heart-free? He asked himself now, in passionate regret, as he stood alone where they two had stood that blue-skied March day. Why? Relentless word, when we turn with it on our lips to the past! He could not remain by the beechen log, and went on, scarcely heeding his way, until a cluster of red bud shrubs stopped him like a command. That Sunday afternoon they had again walked these woodland ways together, for the last time, he had thought, in bitterness of soul. Oh, the beauty of the wood that day! It seemed to mock him, with its snowy arms of blossoming hawthorn, its blue eyes of violets, its blushing face of red-bud, its words of a happy birdsong, its laugh of rippling waters. "I am fair for the Spring, my lover," the wood had said to him, and she is fair, but not for you, not for you, but another!" He had gathered for her the flowers that had pleased her, and as she stood under the shrubby red-bud, with its thickly-flowered inter-lacing boughs beside and above her, he had thought, not of Venice rising from the sea, but of Maidenhood, floating away on the roseate clouds of earliest love; and the beauty of the picture and the holiness which it suggested had so appealed to him, that although he felt she might not be his he prayed that she might be happy. The victor returned to him now in the moonlight, but the passion-rocked heart could not echo the prayer of the sun-lighted afternoon. Instead, it made

him cry out, "I cannot! I cannot! I cannot! Every fibre of my being claims you. Mine you must be! My happiness has as great a claim for consideration as has my honor, and St. John Worthington must learn, with the rest of the world, that in love, as in war, all is fair. And how do I know that she loves him? That he loves her, I cannot doubt. How could it be otherwise, seeing her daily, almost hourly? O blind, blind that I was, never to think of that life of hers under the same roof with him! But does she love him? Could I not have misinterpreted the meaning of that glance? Did not my mother say that she hoped to see Teresa take a dearer place in her heart than a friend's? She can read souls more accurately, maybe, than I can read glances. May it not be that Teresa loves me, that my mother knows this and is striving to save me from not only wrecking my own happiness but my darling's with it?"

As his eyes fell again upon the red bud shrubs, now a mass of dark green, he shivered under the sudden remembrance of the refrain he seemed to catch from the wood's many voices that day, "Not for you! not for you, but another!" "She shall be for me or for no other!" he cried out, and then started, shocked, overcome by a sense that he put self above all else, he thrust aside the branches and hurried on through the wood. But the words seemed to have thrown down the wall of resistance which he, through long days and longer nights, had built about that place in his heart where Honor was enthroned; and over the debris rushed a host of wild passions and black thoughts.

"My life is ruined, my soul is lost, without you, Teresa, Teresa! You must save me! You will save me when I tell you this, tell you that not alone does my heart call for you, but my soul needs you," he pleaded, as, spent by his wild walk and tumultuous emotions, he emerged from the deep shade of the trees. He had made almost a circuit of the field, and coming back to the lawn, found himself directly opposite the low stone wall of the graveyard. The gleam of the white tombstones sent a chill along his frame.

"Is there no escaping it? Oh!—is there to be for that man, as there was for the lonely boy, only the dead child—only unknown Amy in her grave!" He crossed the strip of turf, and reaching the wall, gazed on the child's grave, until his face grew calm and his heart still.

Hours afterwards, Preston Martins turned from the wall. The moon was traveling down the western sky and as he walked toward the house, its light threw his shadow, long and dark, before him. He saw therein an emblem of his life; henceforth, he would follow the shadow of a lost joy. Once he turned, and lifting his quiet marked young face to the calm white moon, said:

"If there were a cloud on you, there would be no shadow on my way. Better a thousand times that dark should be gloom before, than darkness behind. For Will had come down in the gateway and was holding the citadel of Honor. The next morning when he met his mother, he said: "I encountered my trouble, and mastered it. I am what I have ever been, Miss Martinez' friend and—your son." He took her hand and kissed it, with a smile that smote the mother's heart.

TO BE CONTINUED

LED BY A SPIRIT

"I am in the mood for a really authentic ghost story, Father Cuthbert," I said. It was a May morning and we were on the Palatine. Father Cuthbert waved his pipe expressively at the scene before us.

"There are ghosts all around us, Dudley. The atmosphere is permeated with tragedies of a pagan past—and that is what most people mean by ghosts. Only neither of us is as yet sufficiently sensitive to see them."

"I should think you might be!" He paused to apply a match to his beloved pipe. "What kind of a ghost story do you mean?" he asked, while we gazed at the intense azure of the sky above us and the flower-strewn grass at our feet. Wild flowers in profusion grow on the memory-haunted site of the Caesar's Palace—scarlet poppies and blue forget-me-nots, foxglove, cyclamen, honeysuckle pale monthly rose—to be looked at but not to be picked. Such is the decree of the stern faced guardians at the gates.

"One of the old-fashioned sort?" queried Father Cuthbert. "Shrieks from the battlements of an ancient castle on a certain night in the year, the swish of silken raiment down a long corridor? Or a man with his head under his arm. By the way, I do know a yarn of that kind, an object lesson in the suggestion line. Remember me to tell you about it another time."

my hopes and ambitions were all centered upon a diplomatic career." "Were they?" I asked eagerly. "I never heard that before!" He looked at me for an instant with a kindly glance in his eyes. "At one time I was very keen about getting on in diplomacy. I was fond of power—I am still, for that matter—and I wanted to set the inner machinery of the world's affairs in motion. I was young, and I believed in myself. And that Dudley, is half the secret of success."

I studied the clearly cut profile beside me, noting the virile strength of the firmly molded chin, and realized that the delights of success, as the world counts it, would have been his in no stinted measure. "I wonder how you were able to give it all up!" I blurted out impulsively. His lips, so indicative of the man's self-control, so capable of relaxing into tenderness, smiled at me.

"I became a Catholic you see, Dudley," he said simply, "and God called me to serve Him in the priesthood—and how about interruptions?" "Sorry," I murmured.

I had recently heard of the engagement of a young fellow who had been in the House with me some eighteen months before," he continued, "and had promised to act as his best man. The wedding was to take place at the home of the bride's parents, in the country, in the late spring, and the ceremony was to be performed by the prospective bridegroom's brother, who had just taken Orders."

"These two brothers were twins and there was an unusually strong sympathy or affinity—call it what you will, between them. When one was ill or in trouble, the other was somehow aware of it—they had never found themselves mistaken on this point."

"The wedding was fixed for the 13th of May, and on the 11th I went down to Brooklands to be introduced to my friend's fiancée and to meet his brother, whom I had never seen. The family kindly offered to put me up, but I had engaged a room with gabled windows and bed linen that smelt of lavender at the picturesque old village inn. If I close my eyes this moment, here amongst the ruins of the Caesars' Palace in old Rome, I can see the wealth of color which made that English landscape a joy to behold. The hedges were white with May on either side of the narrow lanes, the apple trees were a mass of pink and white loveliness, lilacs and laburnum and gaudily tinted tulips bloomed in every cottage garden. And in the Brookland woods there lay, a shimmer of blue on the grass, tendergreen which when approached resolved itself into a carpet of blue-bells. In Italy spring is the magical Primavera but I think there is greater charm in the way the steels upon us under gray skies, smiling at us in shy coyness, first one cluster of blossoms then another in her hand."

"My friend had met me at the station and driven me up to the Hall. He was so happy that it was good to see him, and delighted that I was to meet 'his other self,' the clergyman brother. "You can make any pictures you choose of the bride-elect and her relatives. The lady seemed a healthy, natured, clean-souled English girl, of no remarkable beauty or talents, but devoted to my friend and likely to make him a good wife. They had many tastes and ideas in common, and that makes for a more perfect union than sentiment will ensure."

"Dick was feverishly anxious for his brother to arrive. He had promised to come the day before the wedding, but on the morning of the 12th he wired from London that a friend would motor him down in time for the ceremony on the day itself. Dick was disappointed and I could see that he was greatly depressed."

"What is the matter?" I asked. We were standing beside the sundial and he was gazing moodily at the somewhat illegible motto, written in old French, 'I mark only the happy hours.' He roused himself with an effort and raised his eyes. There was a look of fear in them.

"I can't tell exactly, but I feel that a frightful catastrophe is hanging over one I love. It sounds absurd, I know, but—'he hesitated, 'you understand.' "I knew he meant that the marvelous sympathy between himself and his twin was asserting itself on the very eve of what he believed would be the happiest day of his life. "We dined at the Hall and walked together in the moonlight to the village inn where he was staying, then sat till the small hours smoking and fitfully exchanging reminiscences of Oxford days. He made no further reference to our conversation beside the sundial and I forbore any allusion to it. But when we met again on his wedding day I saw that the baneful shadow still hovered over him. As the hour fixed for the ceremony approached, everyone felt more or less uneasy at the non-arrival of the officiating clergyman. At last it was decided not to wait for him any longer, but to call in the services of the rector, who was an old friend of the bride's family. He was to have assisted in any case, and expressed his willingness to perform the marriage service himself. "Dick and I walked to the little church together. He was deadly pale and hardly spoke until we reached the porch. 'You see, I was right,' he said. 'There is something very wrong with Jack.' Nothing would keep him from me of his own will at a time like this, nothing on earth."

"He repeated the words as we entered the church, and as I noticed his set lips and unaturally gleaming eyes I was seized with a vague apprehension and wondered what he and would be. The service began. The bride made a pretty picture, but Dick looked more like a knight-arming himself for some heroic undertaking than a happy bridegroom at the altar, and I hoped that those most nearly concerned were too preoccupied to notice him. He murmured his 'I will,' in a barely audible tone, and when I handed him the ring he seemed unable to speak. 'With this ring I thee wed,' prompted the rector, and with a cry that rang through the church, Dick tottered and fell back into my arms, unconscious."

"As I caught him I raised my eyes and staggered myself, for there, Dudley, as distinctly as I see you now, stood the form of a young man behind the rector looking straight at me with Dick's sunny smile."

Father Cuthbert rose from the stone seat in front of the historic date palm, now flowering for the first time for half a century. "Come along," he said. "It is time we were moving."

"But don't leave the story like that!" I exclaimed. "It was the twin, of course, but what had happened to him and why should you have seen him?"

"Yes it was the twin, and the motor accident which killed him instantaneously took place, so we heard afterwards, after the wedding party had gone to the church. They had had several mishaps which delayed them on the way and put on a final spur round a dangerous corner in a desperate attempt to get there in time."

"For three weeks after the interrupted wedding Dick lay in a precarious condition. Everyone thought he would die, but he rallied by degrees, and was married quietly about a month later. He has never been quite the same man since."

"And you," I ventured again, "you have not answered my other question. Why did you see him? He was not a friend of yours—you had never met him."

Father Cuthbert paused under an archway and pocketed his pipe. "I told myself at the time that it was a case of suggestion. There was a certain amount of sympathy between myself and Dick, and I had seen the apparition through his eyes, as it were, simply because he had seen it. I was not much of a believer in the occult or in things spiritual at that period of my life; indeed, there was little of a supernatural nature that I believed in at all. I fought against the idea that I had really seen a spirit. You see, Dudley, it was the first time I ever did see one," he ended simply.

"But how do you account for your having seen it?" I persisted. "One can understand why Dick did—that was quite another matter; but you?"

"It was my first glimpse into the supernatural world and it gave me pause, it taught me to grasp the great truth of immortality and of an existence after death—it laid the foundation stone of my conversion to the faith."

A SPIRITUAL MALADY

The Ave Maria

A scruple is so called from the Latin word scrupulus, a small sharp stone which, getting into a person's shoe, will cause distress and uneasiness in walking. So in the moral order a scruple gives rise to uneasiness of mind, hindering the soul in its journey heavenward. One who is habitually worried by scruples is said to be a "scrupulous" person, or to have a "scrupulous conscience." It is the office of the conscience to form judgments as to what is right or wrong, good or sinful, in conduct.

This judgment requires the right use of the reason, applied, not to merely speculative matters, but to practical questions of action. Now, in the case of scrupulous persons, the intellect is darkened, perplexed, and rendered incapable of judging rightly in such practical matters by some false representation of evil where no evil exists. This false representation exists in that wonderful faculty of man called imagination, of which the physical organ is the brain. The imagination has the power of bringing before us as real, and unless the judgment of the intellect is called in to correct it, of imposing upon the mind as real, what is actually only the creation of the imagination itself.

When imagination obtains the power of influencing a man to such an extent that his intellect can no longer correct the false impressions produced by that faculty, and is consequently led astray in his judgments, taking the seeming for the actual, the false and imaginary for truth and reality, we have a state of mental disease, which may, and not unfrequently does, develop even into downright madness. If this state occurs with reference to matters of moral conduct, it is what moralists and spiritual writers term scrupulosity. As a man suffering from hallucinations see ghosts or hears voices, the