

He hesitated three or four times in the ascent, apparently to regain his breath, but it was not long before we arrived at the third story, and I found myself standing before a closed door.

Professor Paul now whispered to me to take off my shoes, he at the same time removing his own, and then taking up the basket, he carefully extinguished the light. After this he drew the door open far enough to allow us to enter, and we passed in together.

I found myself still enveloped in total darkness, but I at once became aware of a low humming, or rather buzzing, sound, not unlike that made by the works of a clock when the pendulum is broken. It seemed to disturb Professor Paul in some way, for muttering something to himself, he hurriedly left my side, and in a moment afterwards the noise ceased.

When he returned I could tell from his manner that an occurrence beyond the ordinary had taken place. He seemed to have been wholly unnerved, and as he leaned against the closed door, I could hear that he was breathing heavily. As soon as he recovered sufficient command of himself, he said in a hoarse whisper:

"How long did I remain down stairs?" and then added, "Be very careful how you answer for much depends upon it?"

I thought for a moment, and replied:

"I should say not longer than six or seven minutes at the outside, and that would include the time you spent coming down and going up again as well."

My answer appeared to greatly relieve him.

"Ah, my friend," he said, "if that be indeed accurate, all may yet be well. I had thought that it might be eleven or twelve minutes, but your estimate is far more likely to be correct than mine, for to me each moment that I was away seemed almost an eternity. You will scarcely wonder at my anxiety in asking you the question, when I tell you that the slight noise you heard was caused by the too rapid revolution of the little wheel which regulates the intensity of the light. I was beside the globe immediately before going down stairs, but as I left it I remember my exhaustion was so great that it rendered my step very heavy and uncertain, in fact I almost staggered as I reached the door, and it may be that the unusual vibration in some way loosened the moderator. At all events, when I entered just now, it was unchecked and running at a pressure of seventy instead of its normal rate of forty-eight and a half, and you will easily understand the disastrous consequences which would have followed had it been in this state as long as I thought, when I tell you there was barely sufficient liquid in the globe to keep up the flame till dawn, even at its normal rate. However, I have no doubt your estimate is correct, and if so all will yet be well, for I can counteract the effect of the extra pressure waste without weakening too greatly its intensity, by allowing it to run from this out at four or five below."

I now began to have very grave doubts myself, for while he was speaking, I had rapidly gone over the whole matter again in my mind. I recollected his going twice to the cupboard, how slow he had been in cutting up the bread, in buttering it and filling the basket, and then how laboriously he had climbed the stairs, hesitating so many times. I said nothing, however, and the next moment he drew aside the heavy curtain that surrounded the doorway, and we entered.

As I stepped inside, I at once became aware that I was in the presence of an intense light of some kind, but was for the moment unable to observe anything further, as Professor Paul at once took me by the arm, and led me to the far end of the room. Upon our arrival there, he informed me in a whisper that this was to be my position and cautioned me not to leave it for a moment on any pretext whatever. He placed in my hand the end of a cord which appeared to be hanging from the ceiling, and instructed me to pull it the instant I should hear him cry out, "The dawn is come." He then informed me that this cord was attached to the covering of a large skylight, and pulling it would liberate the curtain and allow the daylight to enter the room. He then further told me that he would leave the basket with me, and after the curtain had fallen I was to be prepared to bring him the bread and wine at any moment if he should call for them. As soon as he appeared to feel satisfied that I was ready to do all he required of me, he slipped noiselessly from my side, and moved quickly away through the darkness towards the place where the light was shining.

My eyes had now become somewhat accustomed to the obscurity with which I was surrounded, and I was able to dimly discern in the middle of the room what appeared from the shape of its dark outline to be a huge globe. What it was mounted on I could not tell, but from its face, which was turned directly away from me, appeared to be issuing a continuous and intense stream of pure white light.

I saw that it fell upon the wall at the further end of the room in a large circle, and in the centre of the circle stood the figure of a young girl. The light was so powerful that even from the distance at which I stood, I could easily discern every feature perfectly, and I remember even admiring the delicate tracery of the lace work about her throat. It needed no second glance at the pure blue eyes, wavy brown hair and close fitting little red gown, to know that this was indeed the picture which Professor Paul had so long ago promised I should one day see.

I was just beginning to examine it more minutely, when I was interrupted by again hearing the same buzzing sound that had succeeded our entrance. I turned my attention quickly to the place where the globe was stand-

ing, and was just in time to see the dark form of Professor Paul glide noiselessly up and remain apparently motionless beside it. At the same instant the buzzing ceased, and the room was again filled with intense silence.

I had not before been aware how great this stillness was, but the sudden cessation of the noise appeared to impress it more fully upon me. It seemed almost like a heavy weight cast upon me to press me downward. With it came a strange sensation of awe.

I gazed earnestly through the darkness into that wonderful light. Was Professor Paul right, and would she really live? Would her spirit be drawn back to earth again under the luminous power of that strange flame? Would the God, who had once called her soul away from this world, now release it again at the command of a mortal? If it were indeed true, I felt that I was destined in the next few moments to witness amid the gloomy stillness of that lonely place, an event which would remain forever sublime in the history of the world.

At this moment the silence was broken by a sudden exclamation from Professor Paul. An almost imperceptible shudder ran quickly over me as I turned my gaze still more intently upon the picture, and saw the lips slowly move. Now a thrill of life ran through the whole body until it stood trembling from head to foot. The fingers twitched nervously.

An appalling sensation came upon me, and I stood motionless, holding my breath. Could it be that the light was becoming unsteady and flickering as it exhausted the last drops of the precious elixir, or was she really beginning to feel the slow pulsations of returning animation. The suspense was becoming almost unbearable. I distinctly heard Professor Paul whisper twice amid the intense stillness, "She lives, she lives!"

The movement in the body now almost amounted to distortion. The intensity of the light was plainly diminishing each moment, and I could see at a glance that what we had both mistaken for signs of returning life was indeed only the strange effect of the expiring quiver of the flame within the globe.

Almost the same instant that the reality of this flashed upon me, Professor Paul also seemed to become aware of it. There was a sound like a suppressed groan, and standing with the cord tightly clutched in my fist I shuddered from head to foot as I heard him cry in a voice of agony, "Oh, my God, just one little minute more of light!"

The sound of his voice had scarcely died away when there was an instantaneous and almost blinding flash, followed by complete darkness.

I heard a low sob come slowly out of the silence, and then there was a dull crash, as of some heavy body falling to the floor, and again all was still. I stood dazed and horrified. I did not move. I did not dare to move. Then my heart, which had seemed to cease beating, began faintly to act again, and with its throbbing impulse returned. I clutched the cord more tightly, and pulled with all my strength. In an instant the curtain had dropped, and the dull gray light of the dawn began slowly to fill the room.

As I turned round I could dimly discern a dark object stretched out upon the floor at the foot of the picture, and I slowly groped my way over towards it. I felt conscious that it was Professor Paul, even before I stooped down to look. He had fallen forward upon his face at the pictured feet of her he had loved, and as he lay there so still and motionless I could not help feeling that the blue eyes above never ceased to look down mournfully at him.

I at once turned him over on his back, and tore away the clothing from his throat and breast. His heart had apparently ceased to beat. My head became cold, and a chill perspiration broke out upon my forehead. I rubbed him vigorously, but without effect. Then suddenly I remembered the bottle of wine. It had become much lighter by this time, and I crossed the room in an instant. I returned no less rapidly, and at once poured a small quantity down his throat. I then steadily continued the rubbing, only desisting when I thought it necessary to give him some more of the wine. A length I believed I could detect a slight movement of the heart. I bent down my ear and listened intently. Yes, I was not mistaken; it was indeed beating, though almost imperceptibly. I gave him some more of the wine, and in a few moments his eyes slowly unclosed, and he looked into my face. I quickly took off my coat, and folded it into a pillow, raised his head gently, and placed it under.

He lay perfectly quiet for some moments, and then I saw that his lips were moving. I bent down my ear, and he whispered almost inaudibly:

"I have not long to live, my friend, place me where I can see her face."

I drew him gently back from where he had fallen at the foot of the canvas, and after turning him partly round, I gave my coat another fold, and then raised his head upon it so that his eyes could fall upon the picture. As he gazed upon it the agony of dying fled from his countenance, and it became luminous. A light from the unseen began to take possession of his eyes, and he smiled. I was still listening and heard him whisper to himself: "She was an angel, and is now with God." After this he was silent.

When he again spoke his voice was inarticulate and weak, and seemed as though coming to my ears from afar. He had already advanced some distance into death.

"Ah, my friend," he said, "my life has been a failure, even from the first. I thought that I could mould it as I would and God refused to let me. And now that I am come to die, I have no memory of any day that I have spent alone in doing good. This breath is given man that

he may learn while here to imitate the Christ, and this I have not done."

He lay without speaking for a few moments; his face was very pale, and I thought he was dead. Presently, however, a smile again came slowly over his countenance, and made it majestic. Gazing still upon the picture, he continued in a whisper:

"And yet, my friend, her prayers have saved me from myself, and we will stand together bathed in light, and I will walk with her beside the quiet waters that flow eternally before God's face, even as she told me long ago, just she and I together, for He has promised her that it shall be."

He lay silent and motionless, and I felt that I was now in an unknown Presence. The quiet light of the dawn fell upon his face, but the light from within had fled. He was very pale, and a great gloomy tear gathered slowly in his eye. I felt his pulse. It was still. The tear was the passing of his soul. His lips slowly moved, and as I listened they said, "It is over," and were still again. He allowed me to stroke back the long white hair that had fallen over his forehead; he was dead!

Ah, what was it those eyes saw, that they thus gazed so fixedly upward through the dim light of the dawn? Who is there that shall say? And yet I think that out beyond the slowly waning stars, beyond the silent deep of the vast inane, beyond the formless waters that lie along the shadow of the world, far out beyond all these, those eyes had already become bright with a strange brilliancy as they looked into two tearful little eyes, those hands, so cold and rigid here, had already become very tender as they touched two soft little hands, and I think, ah yes, I think he heard a tremulous little voice say: "Paul, I always loved you most," and he was satisfied.

[THE END.]

#### LINDSEY'S "ROME IN CANADA."\*

MR. CHARLES LINDSEY, who is well-known as our veteran journalist and one of the best informed men on Canadian political history, has done good service to the cause of civil and religious liberty in bringing out a new and enlarged edition of his exhaustive work on "The Ultramontane Struggle for Supremacy over the Civil Power in Canada." The political and religious crisis which has come in our national affairs, in consequence of the encroachments of the Romish Church on the Civil Power and the menace to political liberty involved in Ultramontane assumptions, makes the re-issue of Mr. Lindsey's repertory of facts both timely and important. Despite all that has been said and written of late in Canada respecting Jesuit aggression, there are those who remain indifferent to the peril of the time, or who hesitate to range themselves on the side of an outraged Protestantism in defence of personal liberty and the staunch up holding of civil authority. Some are influenced in this course by the laudable fear of stirring up religious bigotry, which, as we know, usually needs no stimulus to goad to activity. Others again—perhaps the larger number—are indifferent, because they have not given thought to the subject, or are unaware of the gravity of the issue that confronts the community in a weak tolerance of the aggressive policy of Rome. To both of these classes, whatever may have hitherto kept them in a quiescent attitude, we earnestly commend the perusal of Mr. Lindsey's book. No Canadian who has the weal of the country at heart, and is mindful of the duty incumbent upon him to protect from assault the most cherished liberties under which we live, will remain ignorant of the startling facts which the work brings to light. He will learn from it how the Jesuits take their stand, not only above the authority of the Church, under cover of which they pursue their nefarious and anti-national designs, but above the authority of the State, and in mockery of those liberties which are the common right of all, but which, to serve their sinister purpose they do not scruple to trample under foot.

Mr. Lindsey's book opens with an introduction reviewing the gains which the Jesuits have made since the publication, eleven years ago, of the first edition of the work. These gains are increased ecclesiastical and civil ascendancy, incorporation and endowment, and the right to acquire and hold property, real and personal, in any part of the Quebec Province. As the author points out, these several successes of the Jesuit Order in Canada have been actively resisted by Cardinal Taschereau and by seven out of the ten Bishops of the Province, as well as by the Sulpician priesthood, and almost the whole Sulpician priesthood, and by the teaching faculty of the University of Laval. But Ultramontanism has triumphed in spite of this opposition, and, bringing its arts to bear upon the politicians of both parties, it is now using its power in the assertion of priestly privilege and for the extinction of liberty within the range of its malign influence. The body of the book proper deals with the specific assaults of the Ultramontane wing of the Roman Church on the Civil Power in Canada, and with the struggle which has been going on for many years between the Jesuits, led by Bishop Bourget, and the old Gallican school of moderate Catholics, the members of which have, with good reason, been bitterly opposed to the Sons of Loyola, and to the assumptions and abhorrent teachings of the aggressive New School. What these teachings are, Mr. Lindsey tells us in the following extract which we make from the volume: "The New School teaches that the Roman Catholic episcopate of Canada is

\* "Rome in Canada: The Ultramontane Struggle for Supremacy over the Civil Power." By Charles Lindsey. Second Edition, with a new Introduction. Toronto: Williamson & Co.