

work of his feelings. You have been... "Then I don't forgive you, and you are not to die over it... With sudden dolly Haycraft went out to kiss his old father, finding to his great satisfaction that Milton had braved the nightly terrors of the desert, and had returned. He could, therefore, be placed in charge of the fort, which it might have been dangerous to leave without an Englishman in command, a difficulty which had not occurred to Miss Graham. Having arranged matters with him, Haycraft returned to his quarters and sent for Sultan Jan, who entered swelling with honest pride, which became positive complacency when he saw his commander standing beside Miss Graham's chair with what no doubt seemed to him an air of proprietorship. The fulness of his contentment he even went so far as to bestow a separate salute upon her.

"Sultan Jan," said Haycraft, "look at me!" "I see you, Sahib," "Hut, surprise at Haycraft's unemphatic tone was distinctly audible to Sultan Jan's voice." "Do I look like a badman, a hostility of his suit, a concenter of his beauty," Sultan Jan said? "No, Sahib, but—in a consoling tone—"It is the fate even of the wisest to fall sometimes." "Did you rescue me from the battle that you might slay my honour in time of peace, Sultan Jan?" "No man can slay the Lieutenant Sahib's honour save himself." "Nay, who has sought to do in my name a deed that would brand me with infamy and rightly, wherever an Englishman is found?" "Nay, Sahib, no man can know that we were working for you. We laid aside the uniform of the Empress and became once more like our brethren who call no man master. We placed our heads in jeopardy, but suspicion cannot light upon you." "Can't you understand, Sultan Jan, that you have done a most shameful and wicked deed, and one deserving of death?" "Haycraft's anger was breaking its bounds again, and Miss Graham laid her hand for a moment on his to calm him, while Sultan Jan stood staring at them utterly taken aback.

"I knew that the Sahib was blood-brother to the Colonel Sahib," he murmured, after racking his brains to find some possible explanation of Haycraft's wrath. "Christians are blood-brothers to one another," interposed Miss Graham, hastily, for the sake of peace. "I know it not, Miss Sahib," responded Sultan Jan, with unintentional irony. "See, Sultan Jan," said Haycraft, moderating his tones with difficulty, "when I heard what you had done, I was going out with my whip, intending to deal with you as I dealt with the tribesman who stole my pony—you remember?—but the Miss Sahib has asked for mercy for you." "The Miss Sahib feared for the life of the Lieutenant Sahib," was the calm reply, and Haycraft gave up any further attempt to convey instruction to this singularly impracticable mind. "I have forgiven you, Sultan Jan, but because the Miss Sahib desires it, I am remembering that you are the man who saved my life, and now go and see that your life is ready to die with you to Allah." "The Sahib would take the woman back to her father, when I and my kinsmen risked our lives to obtain her for him?" "Eh, what amaze! had bereft Sultan Jan of his good manners for a moment.

"Certainly, and at once, O Sultan Jan, Am I to command twice?" "God made the English," said Sultan Jan with dignity, "and it may be that He understands them, but verily it is beyond the power of man to do so." With this parting shot he left the room, no doubt resolving to make no further attempts to do a good turn to such incomprehensible people. "When Miss Graham smoothed her hair by the aid of a riddle which Haycraft brought out, and drank a cup of tea which Milton brewed for her special benefit by means of a spirit-lamp, and then announced herself as ready, and indeed eager to start. When the little party had left the fort it was still necessary to give some further directions to Sultan Jan, and Haycraft called him to him.

"Understand, Sultan Jan, that nothing is ever to be said of this plot of yours." "Nay, Sahib, in a sulky voice, "I have already said that charge upon my kinsmen who helped me. No man cares to be made a laughing-stock to the world." "The Miss Sahib and I will not betray you. We shall say that she is true, since you and yours have forgotten your duty, and returned to your old ways long ago, and that you brought us into the fort." "True, Sahib, and I will say that we took her by force from the tribesman, and that three of them were killed, and no one left unwounded when they fled before us." "That won't do, Colonel Jan. The Colonel Sahib would wish to see the battlefield. You had better stick to the truth." "And I would have said that the Lieutenant Sahib proved himself a veritable Dillz Jan, and cut down the child man of the robbers!" murmured Sultan Jan, regretfully, as he fell back to his place. After half an hour's riding the party from Shah Nawaz fell in with the rest, and a narrow escape of being fired upon-

Confession Voluntary Or a Duty. The Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury having by his manifesto upon the Ritualistic dispute declared "compulsory confession, absolutely illegal," the following article on the duty of confession, by the Rev. D. O'Donnoghue, D.D., in the Catholic Times, is of special interest. Much has been heard of late in the press as well as in religious circles about the practice of Confession. There are those who detect the idea from their honest soul, and find no words to had in which to express their abhorrence of it. Judging by their incentives, Confession is a gag and an enthrallment of man's freedom, to such an extent that a Ritualist who encourages it would seem to deserve very badly of his country. Others are found who see in this practice a wonderful power of soothing, a help beyond description, when sin-burdened souls would fain seek relief in disclosure. Few, however, are they, outside the Celtic Church, who speak of it as a duty. It is a rare avowal who approves of its imposition on his fellow-man or on himself as binding by virtue of Christ's precept. The voluntary view of Confession would seem to be a sort of via media by which it is sought to appease John Bull, to whom the idea of confessing his sins is very akin to the waving of a red rag in front of "the family." When John Bull says "I must confess," the voluntary view replies, with a beautifully feminine, persuasive voice, "No! John dear, no one wants to make you confess, but, you know, John, you're free. No one can prevent you from confessing, can they now?" This plan may silence the opposition, to a certain extent, but as a constructive plan to spread the practice of Confession it is clearly doomed to failure. Confession, to the majority of people, is far from being a work of pleasure, and if we imitate the Dublin cabby and "leave it to yourself, sh," most people would say, it will do to-morrow. For proof, if proof be wanted, ask any priest who is working among souls who he would get on every Saturday afternoon if he went round the parish during the week "having it to themselves." The path is that Confession is part of the Catholic religion, and only because it has been commanded by the Founder of the Church, Christ himself. Our Anglican friends at once challenge this statement and ask for proof from primitive times. Though this demand that old doctrines should be clearly and distinctly and definitely expressed in early writings is a most unreasonable one to the theological mind, yet it is easily satisfied in the present instance. The Fathers of the Church, early and late, speak of the Confession as the spiritual medicine man. They speak of the man, or as a dry, on all fours with the duty of consulting for bodily ailments by reference to a physician. Just as a sick man, they say, ought to have recourse to a doctor if he wishes for health, just as he ought to disclose his diseases in general and in particular, his secret and even disgraceful symptoms (unless he chooses to risk his life) the priest and disclose his sins, however secret or disgraceful they may be. Let us take an example. The fourth century of the Christian time is pretty far back, and Anglicans admit that the Church was not degenerate then. She was fighting Arianism and other heresies tooth and nail, and her decisions of that date are now the accepted teaching of all English Churches that can claim the title Christian. We select a writer of those days as beyond suspicion, and let us see what he says at a Latin one, calling him an "Italian," we take a Syrian, a member of the so-called "Greek" branch, Aphraates is his name. This writer says in his treatise on Penance:—"The man wounded in battle is not ashamed to disclose himself and hand himself over to an experienced physician. . . In the same way a man conquered by the devil should not be ashamed to confess and abandon his sin, and to bear for himself the medicine of penance." Nor can one who is ashamed to do this be cured, since he is not willing to show his wounds to the doctor who has received the two pieces of money by which he heals all the wounded" (c. L. 10-15 for the explanation of the last few words).

The writer then addresses the spiritual physician:—"Oh, physicians," he says, "disciples of our most holy Chief Physician, to him who shows you his wounds, grant the medicine of penance; but in the case of him who hesitates through shame to manifest his disease to you, seriously warn him not to conceal it from you." This is not language that one would use to a volunteer; if it means anything, it means stern necessity; it says clearly enough that unless we conquer shame and confess all sins there is nothing for it but death to the soul. Let us take another Greek of early date, the great Basil, the noble Cappadocian, educated at Athens with St. Gregory Nazianzen. In confessing sins," he says, "the same rule obtains as in the disclosure of bodily defects. As, therefore, men do not dream of rashly exposing their bodily defects to any comer, but only to those who possess the means of cure, in the same way confession of sins ought to be made to those who can cure them." Who these spiritual doctors are he tells us later on, and his words again are far from being mere advice:—"Necessarily sins ought to be disclosed to those

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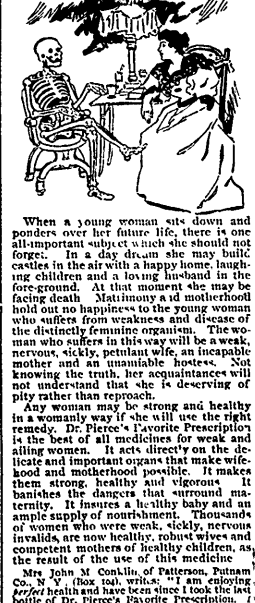
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