GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY. BY T. W. POOLE, M D., LINDSAY, ONT.

CHAPTER XV. Mr. McCoy set out on his return home, in the best of spirits Tne ramble and roar of the train as it sped along the iron way, seemed trans lermed in his ears to a sort of mighty male, which rose and fell in varying mphony, and lulled him into a state reverie, or abstraction. From this was roused by the stopping of the in and the entrance to the car of rain and the entrance to the car of ome additional passengers. Among base he recognized a clergyman, with base face he was familiar, but whose ame he was unable to recall. The unister evidently knew him, and pres-ntly they found themselves scated ble by side, and ready to converse, that has ease and absence of formality characteristic of fellow traveliers in e characteristic of fellow traveliers in

this Western world.

"I have heard of you," said the selected as having been for a time the Church of England minister of a parish adjoining Mertonville. "If you would encuse my so doing, I would like to ask you how you find your present religious associations."

Very satisfactory," was Neil's binder. "My doubts and fears fled moment I had passed the threshold the moment I had passed the threshold of the ancient Church. I can truly say with St. Augustine, "Too late have I known thee, O ancient Truth! The late have I loved thee O ancient Hearty." "You surprise me," said the Rev. Mr. Somers. "I always took you for a mather sensible sort of a man. Now trail me, candidly, how you can believe.

tell me, candidly, how you can believe the Pope to be infallible."

have no trouble at all," answere Weil, smiling. But you must first bear in mind what is not meant by his in fallibility. It is not that he may not alm. That would be impeccability. And it is not that be may not err in the ormary affairs of life, or even in mat ters of Church discipline. Nay fur ther, he is not infallible as a private dector of the Church. It is solely in his official capacity, as Head of the Caurch, and in deciding authorita tively in matters of faith and morals that he is to be accounted infallible. " I had not quite understood it that

way," said the clergyman.
"Probably not." answered Neil
quietly. "It is really surprising how quietly. "It is really surprising how even intelligent men misapprehend most of the doctrines of the Catholic Church."

"Toen you have no difficulty in be

Then you have no difficulty in believing him to be infallible in matters
of faith?" asked Mr. Somers.
"Certainly not," was the reply.
"With Christ dwelling in His Church
ferever, as he pledged Himself to do,
His Church is Himself, in that He is its life, its soul; so that when its peaks He speaks, and has a right to command speaks, are I am surprised. Ma seedience. I am surprised, Mr. Somers, that you should think of deny ing to the Head of the Catholic Church what you claim for yourself and each individual member, nay, for every old

oman of your communion."

* How is that?" said the clergyman,

in some surprise.
"You place the Bible in the hands of "You place the Bible in the hands of your people," said Neil. "You tell them to kneel down and invoke the light and aid of the Holy Spirit, to guide them to its true meaning. You and they expect this prayer to be answered. It so, they receive what they ask for, and receiving the aid of they ask for, and receiving the and of the Holy Spirit, they are necessarily infallible. Taus, on your owa grounds, every Protestant is, or may be, in-fallible. You see you go much further in the infallible line than either the Pope or the Catbolic Church.

"And so you have really given up the idea that the written word of God is an all sufficient guide for man's salvation," said Mr. Somers, quietly chang-

ing the subject.

If that proposition were true,"
answered Nell, "would not your occu
pation be gone? Why should people pay you for guiding them, if they have pay you for guiding them, it they have an all sufficient guide a ready." But you are very well aware, Mr. Somers, that God's plan for evangelizing the world was not by the reading of a book For many centuries they could not have the book. It was physically impossible, till printing was invented. I need not remind you that 'faith cometh by hear ing,' not by reading: that by 'the foolishness of preaching, the world was to be converted. The commission of Christ to His Church was 'go teach all To the laity His command ' hear and obey.' He did not say read and think for yourselves, an follow your own notions or opinions.

"But you have just now admitted that we may have the aid of the Holy Spirit in our reading."

"I said, you profess to have it. The diversities of opinion among Protestants cannot be the work of the Holy Spirit, because the spirit of Truth could not be contradictory and incon sistent. Besides Christ really founded Charch; there is one Lord, one faith, one baptism.

"That is the way with you all," said Mr. Somers, with a tone of impatience, "it is always the Church, the Church."

0

' And why not?" said Nell, " seeing it is God's Church : Christ's substitute. as it were, for His own person. Such an institution must, by right and neces-sity, be often on a Christian's tongue, and must always hold a high place his esteem and veneration. Is not the Church divine in its origin and in its

mission ! The train was rushing along at a rapid speed, and Mr. Somers' eye catching a familiar object in the lands

cape, he said, "I must leave you at the next sta tion; but however we may differ, I wish you well, and I hope to meet you in heaven, where we will never be asked by what road, or in what kind of

"Are there really so many ways to heaven?" asked Neil, solemnly. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and then shalt be saved," s.id Mr.

and that crying 'Lord, Lord,' will not suffice. Your 'go as you please' churches, which allow a man to believe what he chooses, seem to offer an easy way to heaven, but they can never guide him there."

Mr. Samass made no souls and Note.

Mr. Somers made no reply, and Neil

Mr. Somers made no reply, and Nell continued:

"If ye love Me," says Christ, "keep my commandments," and they who invent new church societies, or who j'nt them, are simply ignoring Christ and His plan for the salvation of the world."

"Well, I suppose we are not likely to convince each other, and so we must agree to differ," said the clergyman, pleasantly.

"I am sure I wish you well, said Neil, and I know you will not be

"I am sure I wish you well, said Neil, and I know you will not be annoyed by my saying so much. I am familiar with your side of the case, and I thought you might like to hear some thing of what might be said for mine." "I am only sorry that a man like you should think it necessary to have the priest come between you and your Saviour, when you might come to Him directly without any go-between."
"We may and do come to Christ directly, in our daily prayers and

directly, in our daily prayers and church offices," said Neil, "but in the matter of the forgiveness of sin, we follow the mode appointed by Christ Himself—than which nothing is more tully substantiated in the New Testa ment. Surely are control to the options of the control to the control t

ment. Surely you ought not to object to the priest a solving from sin, in God's Name, seeing your Bi-hop protessed to impart to you that power, when ordaining you."

The shriek of the whistle drowned that the series of the series of the content of the series of the se

whatever reply Mr Somers had to offer, the train stopped, and he rose to go, Neil accompanying him to the plat form, where they shook hands and parted.

How solemn are some of our partings, How solemn are some of our partings, if we only knew it! These two men probably were never to meet again till the great white throne is set, and the books are open at the final judgment.

CHAPTER XVI.

The exigencies of Mr McCoy's business had never before necessitated his presence at L—so frequently as during the few months which followed the events narrated in the last chapter. As the reader will doubtless anticipate, whatever other business he may or may not have had in the place, a portion of his time was sure to be passed in the parlor of the convent. Sister Sopraonius did the best she could, on the occasion of these visits, though she some times found then sufficiently trying In so far as he himselt was concerned

the result seemed entirely satisfactory.

During the winter he had sough fully to occupy his mind in a strict attention to business, and in this, he to attention to business, and in this, he to a great extent, succeeded. As the slow weeks of a tardy spring passed by, he further occupied himself in fitting up and furnishing a house, to which he noped ere long to bring home his bride But still the days passed slowly, and he looked forward to the close of the conventual term with evident impati

And Mary-how did she pass through those remaining months of mental occupation? The fact was, she had rarely time to indulge in day dreams of the future. The continual round of studies and exercises, alternated with recreations from early morn until the vesper tions. Hom early morn until the vesper nour, left roon for but little else to occupy her thoughts. And all this effort and occupation, besides being seconded by her own anxious desire for self improvement, became intensified as the time approached for the ordeal of examination, when friendly rivalries had to be encountered and praises an prizes were to be lost or won.
At length these happy, hopeful, busy

days were over. The summer holidays had begun. Mary was once more at home, where she was regarded by prothers and sisters as no longer Mary of their former days, but rather as a being elevated to some superior sphere and then dropped down amon them, to be admired and loved.

It was soon evident that something unusual was about to happen in the Maleney household. Plans were dissamples compared, dresser arranged, letters written and received, most of 'hem somehow or another bear

ing the Hopeton post mark, or address.

Mr. McCoy's pressing business engagement, no longer led him to Las formerly, but across the country to his friends, the Maloney's where he ed to be furtively conniving at, if seemed to be furtively conniving at, if not actively promoting the extraordin-ary activity of that respected house-hold.

The gossips saw it all, of course ; and gaped and wondered, and discussed it over their tea, and sometimes over their toddy. But the preparations their toddy. But the preparations went on without any reference to these

respectable people.

And so, at last, the happy day was announced, when the hands and hearts of the lovers were joined in holy wed lock, and their union solemnly blessed by the priest of God.

The reader must spare me the task of depicting the handsome bride and her many husband. As for the dresses and ornaments, they were sensiale and useful, as they ought to be rather than guady or fantastic. The cakes and pastry were excellent. The roast mutton, and other etcetras of the kind, lett nothing to be desired. But such or and such butter as tempt the palates of the guests, that day, were seldon surpassed, and can only be faintly imagined by us poor denizens of the crowded town, who procure butter from the grocery and the semblance of milk

rom the street vendor. They were married, and began life together in a modest mansion, around which pretty shrubs grew and flowers As the years rolled on children were born to them, and gree up, boys and girls, romping and merry

in their childish glee.

Ten years; fitteen years; twenty years passed over them and brought great changes. The railway had reached H peton, and made it a centre of local trade and a market for the su rounding country. The town itself had grown and expanded to a surprising ex-Somers.
"I have understood that there was 'a large structures of brick. Mr. McCoy straight gate' and 'a narrow way,' now did business in a fine brick block,

of which he was the chief magnate and

A Catholic school diffused a sou secular and moral training to those for who m it was intended. A fine Catholic whom it was intended. A fine Catholic church crowned a pretty rising slope of ground, and was filled on Sunday, at holydays, almost regardless of weather, by a devout congregation, who were not ashamed to go on their knees to worship God, in public, as is unhappily the case in modern times of some professing Christians. (It is a striking fact in illustration of the degeneracy of Methodism, that its members.) generacy of Methodism, that its members, in general, will no longer kneel in the public worship. Thus a writer in the Toronto Christian Guardian for March 4, 1885, laments that "the sitting posture is general," in their churches, during prayer, and calls on "the ministers and officials to make an effort to have this practice of kneeling revived." Such is the outcome of a hundred years of Methodism!)

As Neil and Mr. Stobo came to know each other they became fast friends, and so remained during the succeeding years. They were both fond of Catho lie literature, and freely interchanged books and magazines. March 4, 1885, laments that "the sitting

lie literature, and freely interchanged books and magazines.

It had been the custom of Mr. McCoy, on each return of the anniver sary of his reception into the Church to gather about his table a few inti mate friends, among whom the place of honor was allotted to Mr. Stobo. Neil had never forgotten the trials and an xieties which had preceded that important step, though in the light of his subsequent experience he often subsequent experience he often smiled to think how groundless had been his fears, and how far beyond any expectations he could have indulged, had been the result in the peace and

joy it had brought him.

He bore witness to this on the twentieth anniversary of that day, in the following lines, which Mr. Stobo declared he would preserve thenceforth as emorial of the occasion :

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

Twenty years have fied space, Since I found a happy home, In the saintly Church of Rome;
Yet its portals nearing.
Would have shou'd the holy place,
Full of doubt and fearing.

Could I trust the ancient Fold?
Ah! mysterious Church of Rome
Should you prove my future hom
Orden my unduing
Should I find you dross or gold,
Ou a nearer viewing.

I could only trust and pray, Crying, "Lord, that I m y see!" "Lead me, oh my G.u! to Thee! Not for me the choosing. Mine to hearken and obey; Dare I be refusing?

Vanish'd all my foolish fears, I have found for twenty years
Joy beyond revealing. THE END.

FATHER ANTONY'S PENITENT

From the French. Brother Dominic having made his Brother Dominic having made his usual hour's meditation, then went to serve the Superior's Mass. The duties of the Mass over, the good Brother proceeded to discharge those of Martha. To his care the household affairs were assigned, and hence he quickly set about preparing breaklast for the little Jesuit community, which consisted of three priests and himself, a lay brother. Brother Dominic placed on the fire a small kettle full of water, and shortly small kettie full of water, and shortly after the morning meal was served up tt consisted simply of three cups of chocolste, one for each of the Fotners, together with some bread. He Himself was contented to take, standing in the kitchen, a cup of coffee and a morsel of dry bread. Breaktast over, Brother Dominic concealed beneath his manteau, or great cloak, a little basket, and was oon on his way to the city to make the necessary purchases for the community When he had fulfilled his mission the Brother visited some sick persons who had been ailing for some time, and tolerable by his sharing with them his morning's purchase, as far as his pov-erty permitted. Having spoken a few confidential words to his suffering confidential words to his suffering friends, the Brother then hastene back to the community home. As he was passing by Rue de S--a woman somewhat haggard appearance, standing at her door, suddenly accose him. She was old and gray. Brother knew her well from her frequ ent visits to the community. He paused for a moment, and the woman ex-

pressed her desire to see Father Antony
"His reverence is in the confessions at present," replied the Brother. The old woman appeared disappointed some what, and paused for a moment or so then her thoughts took a different turn She placed her hand in her bosom, an drawing forth a letter, gave it to the Brother, requesting him at the same time to take it immediately to Fathe Antony. With that purity of intention and hely simplicity which characterizes the saint. Brother Dominic absorbed in meditation, resumed his journey home wards giving no further thought to the old woman or her epistle. As soon as he arrived, however, he went directly to Father Antony and delivered the

letter.
In the meantime the Reverend Super ior, with the air of one who feels he has a few leisure moments at his disposal to spend in his favorite occupation, had entered his study. The room was large and we'l lined with books. The Super-ior was a man of middle height, active well proportioned. He was robe in his soutane; his face was rathe round than long; his black hair wa already showing signs of grayness, with a sacerdotal tensure on the crown. His complexion was clear, and his eyes of a light, transparent blue. The look re-vealed that brilliancy of intelligence as effectively as his sanctity does the saint. As a writer the Superior held a saint. As a writer the Superior field a prominent place in literary circles. His works were renowned for their pro-fundity of conception, purity of doc trine and clearness of diction. He was trine and clearness of diction. an exemplary man, who alike resisted flattery and despised calumny, saying: are no better because you are praised, nor worse because you are

At the opposite end of the room, close to the window, stood the table of this

veritable savant, papers, pamphlets, manuscripts, books, both ancient and modern, opened and closed, in the living languages and in the dead, com pletely covered it. Commanding all those monuments of buman science, arose in their centre that wonderful monument of divine wisdom and love, a book open to all who desire to seek in its fine pages a solution for all doubts, book open to all who desire to seek in its fine pages a solution for all doubts, a consolation for all sufferings, and a secure fundiment for all our hopes and aspirations: a crucifix.

The Superior paused for a eside the table, took a pinch of snuff examined some reviews and journals
that had arrived by the morning post.
read through a couple of lines of an
article which made an eulogy on his
last work that had lately appeared in public, then muttering between his teeth, "Get away; the devil has told me so already" he cast the review upon the table and set himself to work to refute some false theories coning the liberty of man and his fre of will, and God's foreknowledge of the future. The opinion put forward and over which the Superior was deeply over which the Superior was deeply pondering was, " If we choose presci-ence of the future, we must give up the idea of free will; if we choose free will, we must disbelieve God's foreknowl

Snortly after a knock was heard a the door. The poor Superior, greatly distressed, turned his eyes in that direction, then looked on the roll of white papers before him and patiently called out, "Come in."

The door was gently opened and another Jesuit entered and advanced slowly, holding in one hand his bareta, in the other was the letter which the old woman had given that morning to Bro her Dominic. This was Father

"I beg your pardon," said the latter, and looking towards the door as if he were about to withdraw continued in the same tone, "Your reverence is occupied."

Oh, no—or I should rather say yes On, no—or I should rather say yes.
But no matter. This D——has built his
reasonings in the air. I was just try
ing to catch his line of argument. He
tries to show that the exercise of free
will ceases when God's prescience of
the future is admitted and—say."

The good Spection recorded with a

The good Superior regarded with a nervous air the roll of white paper be fore him, perceiving at the same time that the arguments of D——were becoming all the more contused. He exclaimed as if addressing agents in the content of the ed as if addressing some invisible "St. Augustine says the audience, "St. Augustine says the truly religious mind chooses both; be lieves in and acknowledges both, con firming them by faith and piety, and

firming them by faith and piety, and then you see—"
"Would your reverence wish to read this letter?" said Father Antony, presenting the Superior with the letter which he held in his hand.
"Read it to me," replied the latter, trying to formulate his new arguments in the shape of a philosophical thesis.
"It is a poor soul who wishes to come back to the Church and do penance for his past life," continued Father Antony, unfolding the letter

penance for his past life," continued father Antony, unfolding the letter "By all means let us assist him and remove whatever barriers may be hindering his progress," said the Superior with vehemence; then, leaving down his pen, he placed has glasses on the table and stratched back in his the table and stretched back in his

" May the grace of the Holy Ghos be with your reverence!"
"Eh?' exclaimed the Superior, with

look of astonishment. May the grace of the Holy Ghost

be with your reverence !"
"Amen !" said the Saperior, bowing his head; then, taking a pinea of snuff; he added: "Continue, Father, con-

"An abandoned soul has receurse to your charity and supplication. Through the merits of our adorable Redeemer and His holy and Immaculate Mother, do not resist my prayers. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ has touched my heart. Hence, I desire to confess my faults and wash my soul in the waters of the sacrament of penance. This, however, exposes me to a very great danger, because for the past thirty years the common enemy of the human danger, because race has cast me into the society of Freemasons, and if they should susp that I had been to confession and had revealed their secrets, I should be ruined. That is why, after having de nanded succor from the Father of Light, I have hit upon a plan which I submit to the approbation of your reverence. Without donnt, the Holy Ghost, desiring to save my soul, has inspired me. Let your reverence ordain that to night, at 11 o'clock, the door of your house be left open; let the lights in the vestibule and staircase be extinguished. Also let your reverence open the door of your house the company of the staircase because of the door of your reverence open the door of your house the company of the staircase of the stairca chamber, which is just off the stairs and await me in the obscurity. In this way I shall be able to come to your teet and confess my sins without any one knowing the unfortunate sinner who has been spurned on all sides. ask you, Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Lord and our God, above all to guard this great secret and not to eject these supplications, whereon de pends the salvation of my soul. In fine, if you consent to what I have proce a white cloth in the window of your room before midday to

day.
... And the only signature," contin ed Father Antony, in the same call tone as he had read the letter, " cross at the foot of the letter.

"Behind which the horns of the devil are concealed," replied the Superior with vivacity. "Yes, Father, yes," he with vivacity. "Yes, Father, yes, continued, with his natural vehemence, seeing Father Antony regarded him "The devil, wish ing to be over generous for once, has overshot the mark. He is extremely cautious, for this letter is by no means genuine. It is counterfeit; it is false

and you—"
"But from whom can it be?" "From some one who is seeking to avenge himself on Father Antony." The latter, astonished at this declara-

Every day you are a cause of anxiety to the devil. Every soul you have saved from his power is, as it were, a tooth extracted from the royal jaws of his satanic unjecty. Nor is it unreason able to expect he should address you such a devout letter through the hand of some one of his secretaries."

"But it is clear," persisted Father Antony, "the author wishes to make a confession. The letter explicitly states that, and—"

"It is clear he does not wish you to see him nor to recognize his countenance," said the Superior. "Moreover,
think how you have revolutionized all
avenues by your missionary labors—
your various societies, your continual
visits to the sick, to the hospitals; visits to the sick, to the hospitals; your devotion to the poor and needy; every place bears the marks of your energy and zeal. You are reaping a rich harvest of souls for Christ. Every day your confessional is crowded with persons whose souls were already on the neith to min. Even the year ions. persons whose souls were already on the path to ruin. Even the very jour-nals of that sect are already beginning to eulegize the great works of Father Antony. Only two days ag your heard the confession of a dying Freemason, a great person of their sect whom our Lord, out of the depths of His infinite to depths of the compassion nercy, had regarded with compassion in his last moments; and just two days later another very devout mason, who knows every inch of our house, even that your room is situated off the stairs, feels himself forced by grace to confess his crimes to Father Antony, and that at midnight, in obscurity, all the doors open so that he can enter, and evidently get off, too, without creating noise or suspicion. And all that in spired by the Holy Gnost? Ham! The Holy Ghost must breathe for a long time on me to make me the dupe of

Father Autony, with his head bent down and holding the letter between his trembling fingers, listened to the Superior. After a short pause, during which both priests seemed occupied each with his own thoughts, Father Antony bears. Antony began :

" But if it is true, Father ? He de "But if it is true, Father? He demands it in the name of Jesus Christ."
There was such humility, tenderness and love in those last words that even the Superior felt himself moved.
"But, my dear child," said he, arising from his chair and advancing to

wards the young Jesuit with out stretched hands, as if to embrace him, "if it is a lie, as I presume it is; if it is a snare set for you by an enemy, and which, perhaps, may place your life in

No matter," replied Father Antony. "For you it matters not. For me, for the community, for the glory of God, a great deal. To die and enter heaven preat deal. To die and enter neaven bearing the martyr's palm is all very good for Father Antony, but will it be equally good for our Lord? It is well for a man when he is prepared to fall for a man when he is prepared to fall in the discharge of his duty, but it is more meritorious to bear the brunt of the fight for a long time, and then, if it be God's will, to fall at length on the breach, crowned with the crown of a martyr's death. Think, moreover, of the arundant harvest that must be reased, and how faw the laborars are."

reaped, and how few the laborers are. "True, Father; but when there is question of the salvation of a soul, I snould prefer to be deceived, thinking more of it, than to be justified thinking

That depends on the character of replied the Superior; "and let me admonish you to think no more about the affair."

Very well," said Father Antony, as he turned to depart. "We shall leave the whole affair in the hands of our Lord."

When the young priest had left the Superior's room the latter, who accompanied him to the door, remained for a noment with his hand upon the lock then addressing his invisible audience,

he exclaimed : Toat man is a saint; the water of baptism is still fl

his innocence will not permit him t see the malice concealed in this Is tier. Father Antony, having finished his conversation with the Superior, next went to the chapel of the community. went to the chapel of the community.
Above the altar, on a marble pedestal, stood an image of the sacred Heart, while beneath the pedestal was a small silver tabernacle, befo e which a silver lamp continually burned. The young Jesuit knelt down. His thought iered over the whole course of conversation. He prayed that the Lard would find him light to see through the present difficulty. Nor was it before a mere symbol of redemption he had knelt to pray, for there in that silver tabernacle continually dwelt the Holy of Holies, the Eternal Son of God. That verlasting Presence was his stay and his guide amid his weary wanderings, his glory and consolation amid his overpowering anxieties. There, indeed, was the real scene of his sweet serenity and unclouded determination. At the toot of the altar be remained deeply absorbed in meditation, humiliation and intercession. The humble religious feared he had insisted too much on the wish to do good to the author of the anonymous letter; he feared that he was too slow in submitting his own will to that of the Superior, who in the supernatural order held the place of Jesus Carist, and who in the natural order was a man remarkable alike for his sanctity, wisdom and prude ce. Oa the other hand, his modesty prevented him from attributing to a divine in spiration that zeal which he had mani fested for the erring one, attributing it, on the contrary, to his own pride. He therefore humiliated himself before Jesus Christ, imploring Him, with tears in his eyes, that his pride may be no obstacle to the salvation of that poor The Superior, in the meantime, was

in an excited state of mind. In vain he strove to reunite the shattered thread of argument against D—and his system. His reasoning was always at fault. No wonder, considering the effect the anonymous letter had upon him. His friend was in imminent dan-The latter, astonished at this dectaration, exclaimed:
"Your reverence, then, knows some
one whom I have wronged?"
"Yes, I know him; I know him well.
"Yes, I know him; I know him well.

sistence of the young pricet, which, however modest and respectful, still was strange among the religious, where humility always sought the opinion of another more mature than their own, and whose obedience made them accept and follow the desire of their Superior, whose purity of intention always made them take, even in the most ordinary erroumstances of religious life, motives purely supernatural for their rule

"The Lord must have inspired him," said the Superior, laying down his pen for the fourth time. "That letter is mareasonable, but still it can be true; and who knows but God wishes to bring good out of those wicked motives. Lord! If his persistence was an inspiration from God. If by my rash prudence I have placed an obstacle the way! Who knows but I have thwarted the designs of Providence, and prevented what might be the saivation of a soul? Jesus! Jesus! God forbid such an act. What thoughtlemenes on my part! What pride! So stay what may have been a divine inspiration, without seeking assistance from the source of help and letting my self be guided by frait human prodence, which is ever ready to attribute the exaggeration the zeal of fervent souls. All my God, how well I have merited that men who call You fool should such me wise!" "The Lord must have inspired his,"

With such reflections he arese from with such removers he area from his chair and paced the room for some time. At length he proceeded to the chapel, where he saw Father Antony so absorbed in prayer that his own entrance was unobserved by the young man. For half an hour both religious remained before Jesus in the taber-nacie, each accusing him elf of a fault-which neither one nor the other had which neither one nor the other issue committed, and seeking a solution to the present difficulty in that ocean of infinite truth and wisdom. Their sole aim was the glory of God and the fail fillment of His will in all their under takings. The two must evidentally have come to the same conclusion, for when Father Antony arose to depart the Superior arose, to, and met him at the door; then, offering him the boly water on the tip of his finger, he said : "Pat up that cloth, Father. Put up that cloth.

Father Antony regarded him with look of surprise, not unmingled with

"Yes ; put it up. But let it be well understood I do not command it. I simply permit it—if you wish — if you

"Afraid!" energetically exclaimed Father Antony. "The Lind is the protestor of my life; whom shall I tear?"

"Tis true," said the Superior, ham bly bowing his head; timebo.' "

At 10 o'clock Brother Antony rang At 10 o'clock Brother Antony rang the bell which announced to the relig-ious their bour for repose. But orders were given by the Superior to the third priest who lived in the house not to retire to rest, but to remain in his room prepared to come to Father An-tony's assistance if any unusual sound or extraordinary cry should be heard. The Brother was then recommended to leave the entrance door open, to lower leave the entrance door open, to lower the lights in the vestibule and stair case, but not to extinguish them com-pletely. Without the least manifesta-tion of astonishment he obeyed all those injunctions, then retired to the chapel to await the arrival of the stranger. Here he saw the Superior seated on a chair close to the door, his

head bowed down and his hands buried in the folds of his soutane.

Father Antony was in his room. A small picture of the Sacred Heart was placed at the foot of the crucifx on the prie dieu. A small petroleum lamp, whose rays searched the roon and east theble light on the objects arou burned on the table. Himself, cale and resigned, walked up and down re-

citing his resary in the meantime.

As 11 o'clock was ringing quick and firm steps were heard in the hall, then ipon the stairs. The Superior knelt upon the stairs. The Superior kackt down and whispered to the Brother to open the chapel door a little. Father Antony, rapidly lowering the light, took his seat on the chair beside the priedleu. The steps, steadily advanting now resounded in the ante chamber. At length, by the feeble rays of the half extinguished lamp, the priest was able to distinguish the figure of a tall, wall, built man of nowerful physique as able to distinguish the figure of a tam, well-built man of powerful physique as he entered the room and carefully closed the door behind him. A sepulchral silence now settled over the whole household. Ten minutes elapsed, and the stillness, in itself nigh painful.

remained unbroken.
Suddenly the explosion of a pistol sent a thrill of terror, mingled with pain and sorrow, through the hearts of "My God! he's murdered," said the

"My God! he's murdered," said the Superior, as with one bound he rushed for the room where the horrible crime had just been committed. He flung himself violently against the door, but finding that it had been carefully secured, he called out in a loud voice:

"Father Antony! Father Antony! tony l'

There was no reply. He knecke again and again without receiving as answer. By this time the third priest was on the seene. In the meantime Brother Dominic, without uttering a word, turned on the lights in the hall and on the staircase; then, when he had carefully secured the entrance door so as to cut off the murderer's retreat. he joined the other two priests, who were still unable to enter Father An tony's room. The Superior knocked a third time, and as there was no response, he, together with his two friends, proceeded to force the lock.

After a little while the door was thrown open, and, to the great relief of his comrades, the figure of the young Jesuit

oomrades, the figure of the young Jesute appeared, pale but as serene as ever.

"It is nothing." said he. "In honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, go a way."

"No," said the Superior, forcing his way into the roon. But Father Aztody, holding him back, bent down and uttered a few words into his ear which caused the Superior to withdraw at once.

once.

The religious returned again to the chapel and, kneeling in their for

piace, patientl An hour pa occurred! Wh saxiety! At and went noise returned almost to hinself, "L nes liberati sun marmar of two tone, but he w

carred in the eranger and t he former en Antony was a hat intelligible the Countreer. and to give pronouncing t sit in corde tu confitiaris pecc ad time to ranger, with and quickly the priest " It you dar Father Aut

throat preven single cry, t raised mechan "Rest quie shaking his soutane. Looking the

position, he dae papers Fago ? Father An speak, and th I have no sufficienting to priest's Before Fbandle of lett

had now almo Robber ! the assassin bis victim's yeu are." speak, and Tae murde

toen seizing lowered his "Wait," g The murd then both s tending his five to m Riessed Virg mars als , t The mur

awakened in gaid in acc ments of bis My mot "Yes, 'r wretch, "ye Jesus Chris day render crime you a The wret

priest on th

Father A the prie d bosom, wit Sacred He heart. Go took place but one thi priest still holy image which he w derer. Lik latter cease wild surpris prostrate looked at ome super seart of st sobs which with joy, just tidi The sigh

> the strang the dagge trembling face with voice : 4. Oh ! pardon me The rep to think while the the knock he should ground, co

Antony a

she murder

but pertec

" do not Father A the light, for the pe him. Be priest's i and, cast the tace

He was