BORROWED FROM THE NIGHT

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BY ANNA C. MINOGUE

CHAPTER XXIV fter she had sat with the docto during his light breakfast and saw him depart, Mrs. Martins returned to her watch by her husband's souch, sending Preston away to seek the rest which she said he needed. He rest which she said he needed. He left at her wish, with the heavy consciousness that his last night's admittance of knowledge of his father's sinful past, had made her to set up a barrier between her mother's heart and him. This consciousness was confirmed by her averted eyes and a certain apartness in her tones. But he felt no blame for her, for he understood her so thoroughly. To have known that her husband was aught than the stainless gentleman she deemed him would have been the demolition of her entire life. Sooner demolition of her entire life. Sconer than see her standing amid such ruin, he would rather that she should not only regard him with this certain dis trust, but thrust him irrevocably from her heart. After last night's words, husband and son could not both hold their old places in her One had wronged her. One outraged her wifely trust and love. By reason of her woman's love she must believe that it was the son rather than the father; rather set down his words to unfilial suspicion or the acceptance of base calumny instead of seeing in them the revela tion of a harrowing truth. And so loyal was his heart to her, his lady with whom he was hastening to his ther, he rejoiced because of her father. He could not have gained But oh! the sorrow, the choice. access to the house afterwards; and Preston's face had shown that exloneliness it brought him! He went downstairs to her little sitting room. pression, she now remembared, as he had knelt by his father's bed. Could it have been St. John? She felt that Its windows were unclosed, and the velvety pink and purple morning glories were resting against their wet she must know and as they rose from the table, she asked in a hoarse green leaves and each blossom was a trumpet through which the hours blew a message from his happy past. voice. He turned away and took a seat on the sofa. After awhile Aunt Dilsey came in to tell him that breakfast was ready. He asked if Teresa were coming down, and on being informed that his mother had ordered break fast sent up to her room, he dismissed the woman, saying that he wanted nothing just then. A few hours later Teresa came down, seeking him. It was St. The change in his attitude toward her she could not understand, and through all the tumultucus joy the knowledge of her parentage and George Martins' conversion brought her, it smote her with a hand of pain. hands. To his inquiries about her health she replied that she was feeling rested, and informed him that his then said Preston was awake, and that there was no indication of the fever which the doctor feared. "But Preston," she added, "you have taken no rest.

of coffee ? He smiled a wintry smile down on her fair anxious face and then went her fair anxious face and then went with her to the breakfast room. The knowledge that "Miss Creacy" was her own precious child, the little child that she had cared for during those few weeks after her arrival in Kentucky so bewildred Aunt Dilsey that she had frequently to go in quest of her old man, Zach, to hear his oft-repeated assurance that it was a reality, not the strange notions of sudden lunacy. As she entered the room with the toast and coffee Teresa had ordered for Preston, and saw the man and girl seated at the table, she

Aunt Dilsey says that you have eaten

cried out, Praise God! de good God! doan have to change 'way frum such a good young Mastah! I doan have see mah happy home bruk up ! The ejaculatory words of the negress, who was standing with the coffee urn in one hand, the plate of toast in the other, made Teresa look up in bewilderment, if not actual alarm.

Dah yous lookin' at me wif dem big eyes, jus' like yoh ust to do w'en we wuz libin' in de cabin wif yoh we waz him is she cried, all her old heart's joy bubbling through her voice. "I know'd I couldn't evah voice. "I know'd I couldn't evan
fohgit dem big eyes, an' we'n I seed
yoh dat fust Sunday mawnin' standin'
a-foh Saha's cabin, I sed to myself,
de grab's dun give up its dead, sho
'nough! I thought yoh wuz a speerit. Den wen yoh said yoh ain't mah leetle Miss Amy, I tuhned sick like an' went back to de cabin an' jus' cried an' cried. An' now 'tis Miss Amy, sho' 'nough. An' it's goin' to be jus' ez I ust to t'ink it might a be'n -Marse Pres'un an' Miss Amy's goin' to live hyah in de ole house, wif Missus, an' keep de fambly togethah. An' evahy-body's goin' to be happy, jus' ez et nothin' evah happnt. Oh! praise God! praise

They understood her words now words that embarrassed the girl and made the young man feel uncomfortable. But he let his eyes rest kindly on the affectionate old face, while the ghost of a smile met hers so broad and beaming.

"Aunt Dilsey never forgot her little Miss Amy," he said. "And she never tired of telling me about her great dark eyes and beautiful face. She made me love the little cousin I had never seen "-but he broke off abruptly, as he remembered the child's nder the lone tree, and for he first time realized that his boyish love and devotion had been poured out over the dust of a little stranger, out over the dust of a little stranger, sold by an unnatural mother to his robber father. It was a bitter moment for him, and an uncomfortable one for her. She felt, in that instant, an unreasoning dislike of the child who had occupied that place of so entirely sacrificing self to bring spiritual aid to others. He did not

by her parents' side, been the lost idel of his boyish worship. Was it jealousy? She waited for him to turn his face toward her and say that he was glad that the dead child-love was the living woman-love; and when his glances continued to follow Aunt Dilsey's movements a sudden chilled sense of repulsion crept over her heart. continued to follow Adm brisdy movements a sudden chilled sense of repulsion crept over her heart. While he drank the coffee and made a pretense at eating, she stole an occasional glance at his face, and she was overpowered by its frozen tragedy. What had brought it there? Not his father's danger, she well knew, nor the story that St. John Worthington had told them of her parents' death. Had he been told, by Worthington, on his return from Lexington, what that paper contained? Why had Worthington done that? Why had worthington done that? Why had he not saved him from pain as she had done? Had the jealousy of the lover overmastered from pain as she had done? Had the jealousy of the lover overmastered the honor of the man? Could St. John Worthington entertain, much less be ruled by, a sentiment so base? He could not! And yet what was written on this face by her side if not knowledge, the knowledge only the sean the two could give ? Had he seen Indian again? Yes, that must be the informant, not St. John Worthington. He could not be so cruel. O poor Preston! what had he heard that had struck youth and serenity and happy smiles from his face, the old tender light from his eyes, life and love from his heart, leaving him but the shadow of the man she knew? But where had he met the Indian? Not on his way to town, for at that time their common foe was still in the house. Not on his return, because he was then in the company of the priest

'Preston, did you see that man again last night?"
He paused, with his eyes on her, surprised at the question: then he said, "No, when I got back from

town, he was gone." Base! crue!! And this was the man she loved, held to be as a god among men! had heard his for her, though the affianced wife of Preston Martins? The pair that wrenched her made her moan aloud and cover her face with her

"Mr. Worthington told me all," that her emotion was caused by the recollection of her own dangerous ncounter with that man. "Teresa, owe you a debt of gratitude that he devotion of a thousand years could not repay. You spared my mother! You tried to spare me! O noble hearted woman! It is such as no breakfast. Won't you come," she you that make God spare humanity " and let me pour you a cup rom annihilation!

But she did not hear his words. But she did not hear his words.
Her ears had been deafened by the
first sentence. She let him lead her
to Mrs. Martins' sitting room, but
when they entered it, she slipped her
hand from his arm, and opening the
glass door, passed out to the vinecovered portico. He followed her,
and when she could bring her eyes to
his face, she started at the complete his face, she started at the complete change, which was made more apparent by the clear morning light. Pity for the man whom she could not love, made her heart cry out as it made her yearn to draw that stricken face to her bosom and bathe it in repentant tears. But Preston Martins, not dreaming how near he now was to the great blessing which his soul knew had never been his, despite the heart's protests, was wondering how he should tell her he

freed her from her promise to him. "Teresa," he began, speaking with calmness, "last night brought me many revelations, and they have made me a man other than the one made me a man other than the one whom you knew. Yesterday I thought I possessed much. To-day I know that I possess nothing. Nothing but life." He paused looking at her. Oh! if she would now lift her glorious eyes and their reproach would say, "Is my love aothing, Preston?" But the eyes were fixed on the morning-glories. were fixed on the morning glories, which tears hid, and the face was quivering pitifully with the heart's suppressed sorrow for his misery, hatred of her own foolishness which had blinded her to his perfect worth detestation of the one who in truth stood between them, and a strange indefinable fear of something, she knew not what, until he added,

"Not even your love!" He had indeed told all, all! The bright red of shame mounted to her brow, burned on her cheeks, colored he alabaster whiteness of her necksuch a red as none had ever seen thus to cover Teresa Martinez with its unspeakable confusion. His love for her, made him turn away his eyes, and in the silence of that follows. ing moment, Preston Martins' angel held his chalice to his lips. Gone! all, all gone! wealth, place, home; And she his stainless name; reverence for father and mother's love; and crowning loss! his belief in Teresa! He folded his arms and raised his head. He could endure any future now. Fate had spent her cruelest shaft. But Teresa sinking to the floor, her face hidden in her lap, drew his thoughts from the bitterness of his situation to the painfulness of hers. The awfulness of the realization that she had deceived him, was now

thereby set sacrifice above or beside truth, but his unerring insight showed him that her imagination had showed him that her imagination had been worked upon so dexterously that her sense of right and justice had been warped; and this made him reverence the soul capable of such ab-negation. He stooped and raised her from her humiliating position. She thought that he had forgiven. "My thought that he had forgiven. "My father and that other one wronged you grievously," said he. "But my wrong to you is far, far greater. But you forgave them—can you also forgive me, cousin Amy?"

"Preston! Preston!" she cried piteously, for she knew all that was meant by his giving her that title of

piteously, for she knew all that was meant by his giving her that title of kinship. He was setting her aside from him, forever, forever!

"And forget me, Amy," he finished.
"Forget what has been and be happy. You deserve the best that can come to mortals. In your joys, I, too, shall be blest." He let his eyes fall over her in a farewell caress, then he turned from the portico, passed through the little sitting room and library and went upstairs to his father's bedside. As he entered the room, his father

"Preston, I wish you to take this," pointing to an envelope on the coverlid, "to Mr. Foster. It is my resignation from the guberna-torial race. Make him understand that it is decisive. Even though I do recover, my public life is over."

The news of Mr. Martins' attempted suicide was received in Lexington with horror. As it spread, the truth of the affair was lost and the of the affair was lost and the story of assassination was substituted. One report stated that the shot had been fired through the window; an other, that the murderer, using the name of a friend, had gained entrance to the house and attract Mr. Merting. o the house and struck Mr. Martine down as he sat writing in his library It was in vain that Preston Martine attempted to controvert the story.
The Democrats had had their hour's
martyr, and the Whigs insisted upon
a similar honor. Thinking men
knew that Worthington had had ome grave reason for his unexpected resignation, and, connecting it with the shooting of Mr. Martins, and his subsequent withdrawal from the contest, divined that some hidden cause underlay these circumstances; but that cause they should never now. The Democrats had lost no time in choosing a worthy successor to St. John Worthington; and the night after Preston Martins had laid his father's resignation in the hands of the Whig chairman, the delegates met in solemn conclave. On the streets, men were shouting the name of Preston Martins, and couriers were riding through the country call ing upon the people to demand that the banner of their party should be placed in the hands of this worthy son of their martyred leader.
Against those who urged that his youth debarred him from the office, they asked, who, when riot had broken on the city of Lexington and threatened to plunge the common-wealth into civil war, had braved its danger and quelled it but Preston Martins. Was his youth called into question in that hour when danger confronted the State?

Who then was

better fitted to rule a people than he who knew how to protect them? While his name was being thus tossed hither and thither on the wave of popular opinion, Preston
Martins sat alone, except for the
servants, by his father's bedside.
All danger from the self-inflicted wound was past; time and care, would, in a short time, set George Martins back on the way from which so tragically tried to turn. What change will recovery brin thought Preston. Will he acknowledge Teresa's unsupported claim and give her back her property? Will he effect some compromise with her to save his pride? or will he be great and generous enough to admit to the world that Gerald Martins' daughter was not dead and had returned to her own? Teresa would be gener ous, he knew. Perhaps she would ous, he knew. Fernaps she would restrain him from letting the world into their affairs. As his mind followed the train of thoughts these suggested, he knew that his early suspicion that his father had warned the ludden of his densor of account. suspicion that his sather had warned the Indian of his danger of arrest was correct. He was not to be blamed so much perhaps. It would have been a sad day for all when that paper fell under the publiceye. He was glad that it was destroyed; glad that his mother's proud people would not have to blush for the shame of her husband's crimes. And could he have endured the obloquy? He saw himself pointed out as the son of George Martins, the murderer, and he shuddered. Yet he was such and he would have to go through life weighted with this secret. And what was that life to be? He must live, but how? He would abandon his legal profession, for never could he stand before a jury and demand punishment for the transgressor of the law, when he was a partaker, by his silence, of his father's guilt. He could not turn his attention to agricould not turn his attention to agri-cultural pursuits for he was dispos-sessed of all property. Buginess avenues were also closed to him, be-cause of his new poverty—and to dig he was not able, to beg he was ashamed! Then, his thoughts fell book to Teresa and his broken love. he was not able, to begine was ashamed! Then, his thoughts fell back to Teresa and his broken love. He recalled their betrothal evening by the low stone wall. How strangely, bewilderingly bright was that world in which he had then walked! Would he yet know himself to be a fool in not accepting her willing sacrifice? It was not too late yet, whispered the voice in his heart; but save him till the following day to leave you with your or bent the scale for your acceptance of your accept whispered the voice in his heart; but the tempter received neither encour-aging attention nor resistance; for though organically it lived, when he

be more cold and dead to feeling. Nature had left him insensible to suffering, but whether this stone-weight in the breast is more merciful than living pain, let those whom woe thus affects determine. But he marveled now that he had not read the meaning of her words that eventure. of the Trapplet monk had so appealed to her. That story recurred to him. What had he said of it?

That it was unjust to himself and to the others. If she had but understood him then, understood that justice to him, truth to herself, demanded that she should refuse his love! Then in this hour, his love would have been the strong white shaft for his soul to lean upon, instead of lying a broken reed at his feet. "It women could but realize how men look to them for truth in all things, above all things! truth to themselves, truth to us, there would be fewer unhappy marhad marriage meant for the monk's brother? what had it meant for the oman? and what had the cell and the silence brought to the monk? Had sacrifice brought peace to his soul, mitigation for his father's punish-ment? What if he, too, could take his broken life to Gethsemani and offer it to God, for the mitigation of his father's sentence, the securing of his own peace? Gethsemani! Had he not his Gethsemani here? Was not his soul set, for evermore, in

silence and loneliness?
Then with vividness of a flash of lightning there came to him the thought of the woman his father wronged, his primal sin whose results, gathering strength by delay had wrought such devastation. "A Natchez maiden," so Worthington had called her, answering his ques-tion. Gentle, perhaps, and guileless, loving the wonderful white stranger with all the depth and devotion of her young heart; and the blood of a hundred flerce sires transferring it into hatred when she found herself and child forsaken.

The wrong done to her by hi father, but typified the larger wrong perpetrated by the white race against the red. The awakened conscience of the nation was now trying to nant of the ancient tribes besought them to accept the manifold blessings of their friendship. Why should not be make amends to the should not he make amends to the individual for his father, as the present generation was doing for the committed against the race by the generations that had gone be-Did he ask that question of him-

self or another voice like unto his own uttered it? Spoken they

seemed to be and they made Preston

Martins sit bolt upright in his chair

while the blood of indignation surged into his face. What! he sacrifice his life, leave home and country, turn his back upon the civilization that was his heritage from the centuries, and make himself the companion of the barbarian, live the life that implied! Never—though a thousand souls were saved thereby. When the heat engendered by the the heat engendered by the thought had died, the inner opponent he had aroused asked, if he could in truth regard himself as so far removed from those people, when their blood flowed in the veins of his their plood howed in the veins of his father's first born, when their color showed on the face of the man who was his brother? Had his father been as loyal to the wife he had wronged would he not be a member of some wandering tribe, instead of lying here watched by his white son? And that was his place, by every law main in the place which he had vol-untarily entered upon, repudiation of the duties of the laws he had invoked, and denial of the duties that companied them, opened the gate way to even greater sin. That sin had ound its punishment, full, adequate since it fell heaviest upon the inno-cent; but the first debt remained. Had his father been unfortunate in the financial world, and the vast wealth which in the insture of things would descend to his son and hence might be regarded by that man as his own, were sacrificed to pay his in-debtedness, Preston Martins knew he would raise no protest, make no would raise no protest, make no murmur against destiny. Why then, he asked himself, did he find the payment of a debt in the moral world so severe. And if his father lay broken under that suppositious debt as under this real one, and he, Preston, should be brought to recognized. nize that an earlier debt remaine unpaid, would he not immediately set to work nor know an hour's seace and happiness until it to were paid? Why then did he repudiate the claim upon him of his

father's first moral debt ? He did not believe in vicarious atonement he had told Teresa that night of their strange betrottal: nor did he accept the doctrine now. Those who sin must suffer in them. selves; but might it not be possible to make restitution for the effect of that sin upon the lives of others? At that question he paused until the young day began to smile in the

young man's well-known modesty, but gave him till the following day to consider their wishes. When his own and his father's friends had departed, St. John Worthington en-tered the office. lay in his ceffin the heart would not

"My congratulations, Preston! oried. "For once I cannot wish

man leads our opponents."
"I have not accepted," said Preston.
"But you will! you must!" urged
Worthington. Preston looked at him
for a long, sorrowful moment; then

Reflect, Worthington, upon what renect, workingson, upon what you counsel! You would have me to try to place myself above the people of Kentucky, I the son of such a father! You to whom conscience is umpire, will not say that because his sins are unknown, they should have no influence over my action?"

no influence over my action?"
"But I do say," interrupted Mr.
Worthington, "that as you are not guilty of your father's sins, neither can you permit them to stand between you and your duty to yourself them. and to society. I am no flatterer Preston. I hold the truth above everything, even my love for my friend. When I assert that there is not in this state one worthier of filling the office of its chief ruler than you, I am uttering my sincere conviction, as it is the conviction of every honest man who knows you. Look into your own soul! Is there on it one stain? Would you shrink from the most critical inspection of your entire life? The only thing that stands in your disfavor is your youth, according to years, for your mind has the ripeness of mature

A wintry smile showed for moment on Preston's face, but it faded as he said :

"While I cannot question sincerity, my friend, I ask you to re-flect further. As the governor of this State I would pledge myself to enforce its laws. How could I affix my name to the death warrant of an offender against society, knowing that my own father was deserving of a like fate ?"

a like fate?"
"You would do your duty," replied Mr. Worthington. Personal feelings would not deter you from it. You would rise above them as truly great men do. You must learn to separate the office from the man." "And the man, St. John, must be

nobler than the office." So he should be, with Preston Martins filling it. You have now come to the turning point of your life," went on Mr. Worthington. 'You must now decide whether you are going to sink under the burden of another man's sins-

That man is my father," inter

posed Preston.

"According to the law of nature, yes. Further than that, his influ ence upon your existence ceases. You are yourself, a distinct, individual being. As he could not live your life for you, neither does his ife determine what you shall make of yours. If men thus strictly held emselves to be the direct bearer of their father's wrongdoings and suffer themselves to sink under their obloquy, there would be many a glorious name dropped from the roll call of saints and heroes. Your life and its work are ordained for you by the Supreme Being. The sin of another individual life will scarcely stand as an excuse before God for your wreck ing the one, neglecting the other. would not urge another to do what seems best to me for him, unless l were so thoroughly convinced that it is the best for him that I could stake my very existence upon it for a fact; but I am thus convinced in this matter for you; hence I say, it ever words had weight let mine sink to day into your heart. Let them act as a safeguard against the fatal desire to sink your promising young life with the wreck of your father's."

The words, uttered with all the power of truth, silenced the objections of the younger man's sensitiveness. They impressed him as a General's address does his soldiers. It was the cry of one heroic soul to another. It was recognized as such when the two men looked each other

in the eyes.
"They have given me until to morrow to decide," said Preston.
"Decide now!" commanded

I cannot! I must have ti "There is something else then? asked Worthington.

There is. May I ask what it is?"

"A teacher among the Indian " Ah! Because of the wrong done by him to one of them!" and Preston

bowed his head in answer. "Then Preston Martins," cried St. John Worthington, "hear my ver-dict! Though I admire with all my soul your sacrifice on the filial altar, I declare to you that you are doing what is wrong. Your sacrifice on the alter of self might be harder to make: because of your highly strung nature. I believe that it would be, yet it would be the right one, for ti is your duty to yourself, and con-sequently your duty to God and your fellowman. You do not wonder that I urge this as I am your friend. But if I stood not in this relation to you-nay, if I still headed the ticket for my party, but knew you as well as id now, I declare that, holding as do my patriotiem higher than my partisanship, I must have thus thrown my voice into the scale for leave you with your own soul. It will make the desision for you—the right one. "Till to-morrow—good-bye!" and they clasped hands.

TO BE CONTINUED

A MEXICAN REBEL

Towards evening a tall and hand-some man, dressed like a rebel offi-cer, but not bearing any arms, was directing his steps toward the rebel camp, situated then at about ten miles from X, the city he had just left. His business was doubtless of an urgent nature, since he continued to walk even when the night overtook him on the lonely road.

The rebel encampment toward which he was going was a large one Rodriguez was famous not only by reason of the many victories he had gained over the Federals, but also because of his severity toward his soldiers and his cruelty toward prisoners. All feared him, and his name was whispered with awe in many

The Constitutionalists had been stationed around X for about a week or two and were soon to move south. ward. This was known to the stran ger and was the cause of his haste. "I must see the General before they strike tents," he was muttering be tween his nervous strides, when sud ienly out of the darkness ahead of him came a sharp "Quien vive ?"

"A friend," he answered.
"Halt, or you will be shot," was

the reply.

The stranger had stopped already. Through the gloom of the night he could scarcely distinguish the trees, and the mountain road was almost completely hidden. He had been sold that the rebel camp was on the western slope of the mountain and he had directed his steps thither, but did not expect to encounter the

pickets so soon.

Three armed men approached him and asked him where he was going who he was and what he wanted The stranger told them that he was a gentleman of a neighboring town, a gentleman of a neighboring town, on his way to their camp, where he hoped to find their chief, whom he must see on important business. "All right," they said, "we will bring you to him, but if he is asleep you will have to remain the whole night as a prisoner of war." The stranger made no protest, and so was led forward, with an armed soldier on either side of him.

They walked together for about

quarter of an hour, meeting now and then sentinels on duty, who, on receiving the watchword, let them pass and finally, after marching through long line of tents, they reached a small house guarded by severa armed men. The stranger was told that the general had not yet retired

and after a short time was shown in. Like many of the colleagues, the general was a young man; his eyes. his gait, his whole bearing, bespoke his Spanish descent. He asked the stranger his name, and on hearing it seemed to start. The stranger explained the reason of his visit. young man who was worked in hacienda not far away had been forced by his (the general's) soldiers to join the rebel army, and as he was the only support of a large family, the visitor had come to ask for his release.

On leaving the town for the rebe

camp the stranger had been warned that it was very difficult to secure such a favor as he was going to ask. Great, then, was his surprise and joy when the general not only granted his petition, but offered him two horses, one for himself and another for the young man, and placed at the visitor's disposal for the night his own quarters. The stranger thanked the general for his kind ness, and was about to leave him, when, to his great surprise, he was asked to follow his host into another room. When there, after having locked the door with great care, the man of war uncovered his head and, kissing the right hand of his guest, said: "Father, it is useless for you to hide yourself under such clothes

Your name is Rodriguez, and I do not remember having had a pupil of that name in all my life as a pro-

The general smiled. "I know I "Rodriguez can trust you," he said. is not my name. I am John Bernal."
"You. John!" the priest exclaimed "And you, one of my best boys, have become the sanguinary Rodriguez?"

"Sanguinary," came the sad reply.
"How many are the crimes imputed
to me which I never knew of? Still. let it pass. I became the sanguinary General Rodriguez in a very simple way. I joined the Constitutionalist revolution at the very beginning thinking I was right in doing so. My superior education, my courage, my will power have done the rest. After a few months I have found myself at the head of a thousand men with the title of general."

"And are you happy?" asked the old professor.

"Happy?" he answered. "I was happy at the beginning of the revo-lution. I thought we were fighting for a good cause. I thought we were But when I saw the predatory instinct of my soldiers; when I sav justice and chastity and religion trampled under foot; when I saw that we were more like bandits than soldiers of liberty, I began to grow weary of this life and to think of leaving it."

"Why do you not leave it?"

"Leave it? How can I? As long as I lead my soldiers against the enemy or to plunder I am obeyed as never general was obeyed, and I can dispose of my soldiers' lives as I can of my pocket money. But were I to give any sign of being remiss in the cause I am fighting for; were I to man's Journal.

show any disgust for it, God only what the consequences migh be. A few weeks ago a lifelong friend of mine, Januarius Caso ; Lara, the one who was so lively and so studious in our old class, was sho simply because he disapproved the burning of the houses of innocent people. And Black, the Yankee filibuster, who has brought so much sorrow to many a Mexican home by his sword and his lust, killed one of his lieutenants because he had de-layed for a few minutes the execu-Father, we are bandits, that's all, and I am tired of it. It is indeed inpiring to fight against the enemy otone's country or otone's liberties, but to fight against brothers, and not in for thirst of plunder and power is un

pearable. I am tired of it all."
"Poor John," said the priest, soothingly. "How I pity you. Would that ingly. "How I pity you. Would that I could do something to relieve your distressed soul. But, tell me, do you happy you were when you were faithful to it."

"How often have I thought of that Father! At times after a boisterous victory or a hurried flight, when all was hushed and still in the camp, while my soldiers were heavily sleeping, tired to death, or drunk, sitting under my tent or by the window of some lonely house. I remembered the beautiful days of yose, and I wished I could be a good Christian again. But with the rising sun and the bustle of the day the good thoughts faded away, leaving behind them

nought but painful remorse."
"John," said the priest, "what hinders you from being reconciled with God? You know that I am a priest, and a priest, even under the disguise of a rebel officer, has power to forgive sins. Come, John, do as you often did in those happy college ays. Kneel down and make a good confession."

"Not now, Father," he replied, not now. I do not feel that well prepared for it. It is not the number of my sins that frightens me. I have ordered the shooting of Federal spies and of unruly prisoners, but I was forced to do so. At times but I was forced to do so. I have led my men to plunder, but I could not help it and I tried to restrain them as much as I could. I do not think I have more sins than these, but I do not feel prepared for confession, nor have I as ye cient strength to leave this mine. Father, to morrow I will have another talk with you; now please go to rest. Do not be afraid of sleeping here; nobody will dare to harm the general's guest." He spoke and without giving his old teacher any time to answer, called one of his officers and told him to accompany separated.

Father Tapia knew not how long he slept that night. The only thing he knew was that after his interview with the general he prayed for a long long time, begging the Lord to finish his work by completing John's conversion. Sleep overtook him conversion. Sleep overtook him during his prayer. It was morning when the firing of many guns awoke him. At about 300 yards' distance from the house where he was located fighting was going on. It lasted only a few minutes; a scouting party of Federals, about twenty in number, had suddenly approached the camp. They were easily put to flight by the rebels, who were already beginning to exult over their easily gained victory when their joy was change into sorrow. There on the ground lay their general. He, the bravest of them all, had been the first to meet the Federals and had received mortal wound. of the momentary consternation of officers and men, Father Tapia mingled with the crowd that pressed around their leader, whose life blood was ebbing fast, and at last succeeded in approaching the prostrate form said: Father, to hide yourself under such clotnes as you are wearing now; you are Father Tapia; you taught me seven years ago in old Puebla. Do you not years ago in old Puebla. Do you not remember me?"

Temember me?"

strength faintly whispered a single which was meant for him alone. word which was meant for him alone. The tone of penitence in which the word was uttered brought a flood of joy to the priest's heart, who, with tears of gratitude to God, breathed in the general's ear the sacramental words which restored the prodigal on to his Maker.

A few hours later Father Tapia was galloping with the young man he had delivered from the rebels away from the camp toward X.— Joseph M. Sorrentino, S. J., in the Pilgrim.

"ENEMIES OF THE BIBLE"

There are still many Protestants who regard, or profess to regard, the Pope and the Catholic Church as "enemies of the Bible." To such people the recent letter of Pope Benedict to the English "Catholic Truth Society" must have been disappointing, if not disgusting. Addressed to the Society through Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, the letter emphasized that "It was with no little gladness of heart the Holy Eather Lorred of the

the Holy Father learned of the work of the Society and of its diligence in spreading far and wide copies of the Holy Gospels as well as of the other books of the Holy Scriptures, and in the latest the second of the Society Scriptures. multiplying them so as to reach all men of good will." And "most lov-ingly, therefore, His Holiness blesses all who have put their hand to this very excellent work; and he earnestly exhorts them to persevere with ardor in so holy an enterprise."