

GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY.

By T. W. POOLS, M. D., LIBRARIAN, OBT. CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. McCoy showed no particular emotion over his acquittal. He even seemed more thoughtful and reserved than ever.

The fact was, another trial was going on in his own mind, and evidence was being gathered for and against: the cause at issue being no other than the innocence or guilt of the old Church, which is either the handiwork of God or the masterpiece of Satan.

From his researches, so far, he was prepared, theoretically, to acquit that Church of the odious charges brought against it, some of which are merely glanced at in these pages; but precisely he feared it—feared to approach or touch it.

Some one, whom it seemed ought to know, had said to him: "Oh you can persuade yourself into an acceptance of the doctrines of that Church, but six months practical acquaintance with it will reverse all your notions regarding it. Your eyes will then be opened to its true character when it is too late, and you will have disgusted your friends without satisfying yourself."

This was a style of argument, or rather a species of representation, to which, at the time, he felt it difficult to reply. He knew of no one who had made the trial he was contemplating, to whom he could appeal; and so he passed at the very portal of the dreaded Church, wishing, yet fearing, to pass within.

Once when in town, it occurred to him that he might do well to consult the priest; and he went in the direction of his house, as he thought, with that intent; but at the last turn of the street his heart failed him and he passed by without entering.

Being in the vicinity of the Church, however, he thought he would enter and pray for light and guidance; and he was not long in making a detour of a block or so, and then coming from the rear, he passed quickly round the angle of the tower and a moment later found himself within.

Midway up the aisle he entered a pew and knelt down, and there, for a time, poured out his soul in anxious and fervent prayer. Tears flowed freely down his cheeks as he begged the good Father of All to resolve his present doubts, and lead him to the truth wherever it might be.

Those who have been brought up in the lap of the Church, perhaps can scarcely realize what a struggle is involved in a serious change of faith; how many prejudices have to be removed, how many ties severed. How often he had said to himself at this juncture:

Can I trust the ancient fold? Ah! mysterious Church of Home! Shall you be my future home, or be my undoing? Shall I find you true or cold, or on a nearer viewing!

It was not long after the event just narrated, however, before he found that he must seek admission into the Catholic Church. The thought haunted him day and night. In his busiest occupations he found the great topic welling up in his thoughts, till he could resist no longer.

Accordingly, one day he drove across the country to the village of Hopeton, and there presented himself at the house of the Catholic priest, where he stated his errand.

Father Tibbs received him in a kindly manner; and after a little conversation, led the way to a quiet room, which had been converted into a temporary chapel. Here Neil made his confession as best he could, was baptized conditionally, and made his solemn profession of faith.

opinion of the village, the new venture was likely to prove a success.

A year went by, during which time Neil had occasion to pass over to Mertonville more than once, in relation to the winding up of his former business there. On these visits he shook hands with his old friends and neighbors, with his usual cordiality, and very generally met with kind responses in return.

"I always thought well of you," said one, a countryman of his own, "till you became a Roman, then I said 'I'd never darken your door again. But how are you anyway?"

"Poor fellow!" said another. "I'll pry for you." "And I'll pray for you," Mr. Wiggle, said Neil, smiling. "Ye dar'nt, ye dar'nt," said the old man, excitedly, shaking his fist, and moving away, in spite of Neil's gentle efforts to detain him.

Of course a few of his old friends never forgave him. But what did it matter. He had satisfied his conscience; and so far had found no reason to regret the step he had taken. Nor, on the whole, had he much reason to complain of the treatment of his Protestant friends, who respected his sincerity of purpose, even though they could not understand or account for his change of faith.

It was during one of these visits that he learned, on the best authority, that Miss Dundee had quite recovered her usual health and good looks, and could now traverse the streets of Mertonville without having her ears disturbed, as they once had been, by annoying rumors.

Mr. McCoy had apparently entirely dropped out from among the personages associated with the drama of her life. Among the gossips, her name was now mentioned with that of Mr. Pertus, who was to be ordained in a few months, and who, if rumor spoke truly, had pleasing anticipations of making her his wife, as soon as his own future was thus fairly assured.

Certain it was, that he was a frequent, and evidently a welcome visitor, at the manse; and gave evidence, it was said, of talents which rendered him not unworthy of the love and esteem of the minister's daughter.

It appeared too, that Mr. Jermyn had become more familiar than before with the highways through that section of country; that a real attachment had sprung up between him and Matilda Jinks, and being a widower, with but one child, of ample means, he had taken her to a comfortable, and as the event proved, a happy home.

During the first few months of Mr. McCoy's sojourn at his new place of business he had seen but little of his friends, the Maloneys. At length, one day, just as the autumn was merging into winter, he drove up to the door, and was received as usual with a cordial welcome.

"You haven't been setting fire to any more houses down there, I hope," said big Dan, as he shook his hand with a jovial air. "When I do," said Neil, smiling in return, "you'll very likely hear from me."

"Bedad, you needn't send for me to ball you any more," said he. "Why so?" "Why, now that you're a black-hearted Papist, instead of an honest Presbyterian, do you suppose I could trust you?" said Maloney, his face radiant with a smiling laughter which seemed to be contagious.

"I think you oughtn't to be hard on me now," said Neil. "Seeing how much of it all is due to your wife's prayerbook." "Then was heard a clatter of cups and saucers, and savory bacon began to send forth its appetizing odor. Meanwhile he was watching the door and listening to every footstep for sight of the daughter of the house.

"Where is Mary?" he asked at length. "She's gone to the convent at L—." "To the convent!" exclaimed Neil. "Not to join the community, and become a nun?"

little more stiff and formal than it would otherwise have been.

It seemed so since several months since he had seen her; and in the interval she seemed to have grown taller and more handsome. There was more of womanly dignity about her too, so that as he looked at her, she impressed him with admiration not unmixed with a certain respect which is akin to reverence.

They talked at first of home and friends; while Sister Sophronius playfully expressed the hope that Mary was not refractory, and would not need to be confined to those solitary cells and chambers of horrors of which the world had heard so much.

"She used to be dutiful and good," he said. "Her mother is a model of all the virtues, and as for her father, he is the warmest-hearted and most generous man in all the country side." He glanced at Mary as he spoke, and as their eyes met, he saw that here were gleaming with tears at this kindly mention of her parents, and the memories which his words awakened.

Other visitors were admitted, engrossing the good Sister Sophronius for a time. And as Neil and Mary had retreated further down the large parlor to make room for the new arrivals, they were now comparatively alone.

"I am glad you are well," he said, coming nearer to her, and speaking in a subdued tone. "You must excuse me if I speak a little abruptly, but there is something I wish to say to you before Sister Sophronius returns."

"Sister Sophronius," said Mary, correcting him, with a smile at his mistake. "This is a bad place for making love to a young lady," he continued, half glancing round, "if afraid of the Sister's intrusion, but that is precisely what I am here for. I went to your father's house, you know, expecting to see you, and when they told me you were here, I lost no time in coming. I have your mother's consent to speak to you, and now I ask you to let me love you, to try to love me yourself and by and by to be my wife. I have loved you a long time, though I have said nothing about it. I have been on the right hand and left of the Sisters, and I have made myself a nuisance to them. Now, if you will only make me happy—"

"Oh, Mr. McCoy, this is so unexpected," said Mary, "and in this place, too." "I cannot help that," was his reply. "I could not leave you here, perhaps to become a nun, without telling you. Besides, 'it is the unexpected that happens,' you know," he added softly.

"But is it quite fair to—" she began, but paused, falteringly. "Oh, if there is any one else; if your heart is pledged, of course—"

"You must understand me," she said quickly. "There is no one on my part, but I meant on yours." "On mine?" he asked. "Yes, it used to be understood in Mertonville that you were engaged, Mr. McCoy. I would not have alluded to it only, I see."

"Oh, I see, but my dear, that is over long ago. She dismissed me in person, and her father did so by letter, solely on account of my leanings to Popery. That was before the fire, you know, and while I was still a Protestant."

"She looked at him, attentively. "If she could not endure me then, when only a doubting Presbyterian, what must she think of me now that I am so much blacker?" "Blacker!" "Why of course. Have I not had a narrow escape from the penitentiary to say nothing of the unpardonable sin of becoming a Roman Catholic?"

A low rippling laugh just reached Sister Sophronius's ear, reminding her that she was perhaps neglecting her duty. "You must really take pity on me in my present forlorn condition," he said, pleadingly. "Think what I have gone through already, and how far you may perhaps be to blame for having made me what I am."

"Oh, I had nothing to do with it," she said innocently. "Besides I was here thinking of joining the nuns here."

holding it a moment in his own, unacquired tremulously—

"Am I to hope or despair?" "I think you may hope," she said, looking up with an expression of face and eyes which told him the rest.

"Thank you, and God bless you," he said, as he raised her hand to his lips and then turned to go. The others had passed out. Meantime Sister Sophronius seemed to have found some trouble with the door knob, which required all her attention.

"My visit has afforded me a great deal of pleasure," he said, looking down on the black serge dress, the massive beads and crucifix, and the white linen appendages which bordered the pure sweet face of the good Sister, as he bade her adieu.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SEVEN HUNDRED MILES FOR A PRIEST.

It was the 25th of February, 1900, the eighth day since the grim Boer commandant, General Cronje, had been surrounded by the British forces in the Modder River. He had some 4,000 troops, all told, whilst Lord Roberts had 50,000 men. Some of these were composed of crack Canadian and English regiments. Lord Roberts' artillery consisted of 150 pieces. After the third day of the grand defense of General Cronje and his heroic band, the British general determined to grant him an all-hazards. On the south bank of the river he placed in position, at a range of 2,000 yards, the Eighteenth, Sixteenth and Seventy-fifth field batteries and two naval twelve pounders. On the north bank, and enfilading the whole river, were placed the Sixty-fifth Howitzer battery, the Seventy-sixth, Eighty-first and Eighty-second field batteries and three naval 4.7 inch guns. A terrible scene followed.

The British guns simultaneously poured shot and shell on the Boer position, which was about a mile square. The Lyddite shells raised great clouds of green nauseous smoke which filled the bed of the river, while shrapnel burst on the edge and down the sides of the river banks, into which the Burgers had burrowed, and from tunnels they had dug, they often poured a return fire, which laid many a British soldier low. On that day alone the British lost 800 men in killed and wounded.

The long line of British batteries belched forth death the whole day long, and on each side of them lay two battalions of infantry, whose Maxims sounded petty beside the roaring big guns. There were many dumb animals, oxen and horses, in that whirlpool of shot and shell, and many Boer women with suckling babes and many tiny tots, and many gray-haired men, but that did not stop the firing; not even during the night. The earth shook under the detonation of the fearful cannonading and the scolding grape shot and the bursting and crawling each other and bursting in the midst of the Boer laager made a pyrotechnical display never to be forgotten by those who witnessed the fearful battle of the Modder River. The stubborn resistance of Cronje at first angered, then awed Lord Roberts. One of the Shropshire regiments contained some Irish sharpshooters. That night the Shropshires were ordered to relieve the Gordons. They crawled on their stomachs to the trenches. But somehow one of the rifle bullets of one of the Boers found its mark. Shot through the abdomen a young Irish Shropshire sergeant ceased his crawling and lay helpless. His comrades dragged him by his feet slowly and painfully to the rear, where the white tents of the Red Cross, each decorated with the symbol of mercy, shimmered in the flickering light of the assault. "It's a blamed treacherous wound," said the cool surgeon as he examined the man, "he may live three days and a little longer, but there is no cure in him." Gently the nurses placed him on a cot. The poor man had heard the blunt surgeon's remarks. He knew his time had come; and amidst the terrors of war and the bleak veil there arose in his mind the green fields of Ireland and the stillness of his little parish church and the benign face of the Soggarth Aaron, the dear priest. And he repeated to himself the lines of Banim so full of deep tenderness:

"Who, in the winter's night, Soggarth Aaron, When the snow did bite, Soggarth Aaron, Came to my cabin-door, And on my earthen fire Kneelt by me sick and poor, Soggarth Aaron!"

The head nurse had been admitted to Lord Roberts' field tent. He was about to retire. Standing upright at the small table, he listened attentively to what the nurse had to say. "Sergeant Mc— will not admit that it cannot be done, my Lord. He knows that the next Catholic priest is seven hundred miles away. But he says, he cannot believe that you would refuse the request of a dying man. We have fought with him on every possible ground. He will not listen." The British general looked to the ground in silence. "What shall I say, my Lord, to the man?" insisted the nurse. Lord Roberts went to the opening of the tent. "Call Engineer Headly," the general said to the orderly, who was waiting outside.

A trim, wiry, stocky little man appeared, bronzed like a Florentine statue, with eager eyes, restless and keen, and stood at attention. "Headly, is the train in readiness?" "It is, my Lord." "How long will it take you to ride to Kimberly and back?" "Four days, my Lord." "Call Captain MacDonald." The orderly saluted. Tall and with quick steps the captain entered. "What of the last reports of the condition of the road?" asked General Roberts. "The last telegrams indicate, my Lord, that the road is well guarded and up to this hour no break is reported."

"Engineer Headly, you will proceed to Kimberly at once, then Lord Roberts sat at a small writing table and dashed

of a few lines. "Give this to Major Dudley." And then the men saluting, the nurse bowing, left the tent of the commanding officer. Soon the light in Lord Roberts' tent was extinguished. And half an hour after, the men in the trenches heard between the lulls of the firing the whistle of the train, as it sped out of the camp into the night on its long way to Kimberly. "There must be something doing," said one to another. "Never heard of such a thing before," spoke a burly ambulance man, the red cross sowed to his left arm, as he bent over a still form with glassy eyes and lifted it upon the stretcher. "What did you hear?" asked his companion, coolly examining his helmet through which a bullet had just whizzed. "Why, His Bobs (meaning Lord Roberts), has sent Headly with his train seven hundred miles to get a priest for Sergeant Mc— who is expected to die within a few days; just the engine, the tender and a coach, and Headly is ordered to make the run of his life." The other ambulance-man only gasped and shook his head. They were nearing the hospital tents with their burden. "How is Sergeant Mc—?" they asked of the assistant surgeon, who when he saw the ambulance-men coming, drew back the tent flap for them. "Sleeping like a child," he responded, "and that ever since he heard the good-bye whistle of Headly's train."

III. Among the intrepid Boer generals no name was more feared by the English army than that of the Commandant Christian De Wet. Young and fearless, witty and resourceful, gifted with that magnetism which made his men do his bidding with enthusiasm, he inflicted more harm by his daring night attacks on the British than the other Boer generals combined. He it was who would deal the supply-trains at unexpected places and taking from the cars what suited him, would burn the rest. He was to be found cutting into the flanks of the moving army and taking hundreds of prisoners at a time. He would conceal himself in a road that crossed a deep nullah, and so well were his forces hidden, that the leading scouts passed over the drift without discerning them, and not until the wagons and guns were entering the drift did the Boers show themselves. They then opened fire and many of the drivers and artillery horses were at once shot down at short range, guns were captured and the Queen's best cavalry regiments put to flight.

Headly had reached Kimberly in safety. He was on his return to the Modder River with a single passenger, a Catholic priest, the chaplain of the Fusiliers at Kimberly, quite a young man, the idol of his soldier boys. The news of the train's singular trip had spread on before them along the line and wherever the engine stopped either to take on water or for the engineer to telegraph, the soldiers on guard looked inquisitively through the windows of the coach to see the Catholic priest for whose coming "Bobs" had sent a special train.

They saw him, a man of military and resolute bearing, calmly eyeing them, silent and composed. For he had with him, nestling closely to his beating heart, the Blessed Sacrament. It was past midnight and within a few hours they should reach the out-posts of General Roberts' army.

The squad of men guarding both entrances of the coach fell to the floor like so many logs as the train came to a sudden standstill. A fusillade of shots rang out into the night and a confusion of voices, rough and shrill, was heard. Before the men could gather themselves from the floor, strong men had pinioned their arms and the coach was filled with bearded Burgers.

Then a voice was heard, clear as the metal ring of a bell, but in badly accented English, saying: "You show me the priest and I let you pass. But by— if it is not so, I shoot you on the spot." Headly was dragged through the throng, and back of him, towering like a giant, a revolver in his hand, came De Wet, the Boer general. "Here, she is Father George, the chaplain of the Fusiliers, let him answer for me," exclaimed the engineer. "Stand back, men, do you hear, stand back!" cried De Wet, as he held a lantern on high and let the light fall full on the face of the priest, who seemed neither startled nor dismayed.

"I see you are a priest," said De Wet. "Did Lord Roberts send for you to attend a dying man at the Modder River?" "He did, sir," was the answer of Father George. "He may be a spy; he may have valuable papers on his person," remarked one of De Wet's men in Dutch. De Wet turned on him like a tiger: "Get thee out o' here, and all of you. This train shall pass, and woe to him who will molest this man or not obey my orders." And the burghers knew Christian De Wet's temper. Pell-mell they scrambled out of the coach.

"The Lord, our good God, be with you, Father, and bring you safe to the end of your journey," spoke De Wet as he uncovered and held the priest's hands a moment in his iron grip and then vanished into the darkness, as the train puffing and hissing moved again over the rails towards its destination.

IV. A wild shout went up among General Roberts' men as the train, the whistle screeching incessantly, reached the camp. General Cronje had surrendered two days before and he and his men were witnesses of the pandemonium that reigned when it became known that Headly had arrived. Sergeant Mc— received the sacraments of the dying with his senses unimpaired and with a devotion and gratitude towards God that was truly edifying. A few hours afterwards he died, and in the dead of night he was buried.

"Slowly and sadly they laid him down. From the field of his fame, fresh and glory; They carved not a line, and they raised not a stone. But they left him alone with his glory." —G. D. H., in The Messenger.

Self-denial is never a complete virtue till it becomes a kind of self-indulgence.—Bushnell.

PROSPERITY BEGETS PERIL.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND DEPRECATES PREVAILING SPIRIT OF SOCIAL RESTLESSNESS. St. Paul, Dec. 2.—Archbishop Ireland has made the following statement in elaboration of his views on the dangers of anarchy, a subject on which he touched, awakening wide interest in his address at the reunion of the army of Tennessee at Council Bluffs:

"The very profusion of the prosperity of the United States begets peril, unless the American people can be taught to use these favors well and wisely. Through her recognition of manhood in every man the multitudes become the rulers, and at times the multitudes bend too readily to momentary excitements. Hence the extreme need of the proper formation of the popular mind, so as to correct thought and righteous action. Injury irreparable may be done during a brief interval of social or political insanity, and frequency of such conditions, however brief they may be, too easily degenerates into abiding habits.

"I extol the material prosperity of America. But as one of its accidental consequences, I must note the spirit of social restlessness which now agitates the country and in the appeasement of which the staunchest forces of patriotism must be steadily invoked. It is said too much prosperity comes to some, too little to others; hence new methods are called for in the distribution of wealth and the enjoyment it procures.

QUESTION OF PROGRESS. "That all is perfect in present conditions; that there is no room for progress; that there is no room for reasonable discussion as to what is and what ought to be, we must not assert. That nothing should be said or done to subvert public order, destructive of the spirit of the country and its institutions; that in the discussions taking place and the articles following them, the fundamental principles of right, reason and the constitution and laws of the public be not forgotten or set aside; that nothing be authorized or permitted which fans passion and renders difficult the compassure of mind needed in such discussion, we should insist upon.

"The wild anarchist, the would-be assassin of the public enemies of society, whom to tolerate is to tolerate an open sedition. "An enemy, too, of public order is the workman who, refusing his own labor, deters by violence a brother workman from offering his labor, as in even in a greater degree, the strong and the powerful who override the law of the land in carrying out the schemes of their ambition.

PRIVATE PROPERTY SACRED. "Private property, the right of every man to own and dispose of the fruits of his brain and hand, must be regarded as sacred and inviolable. It is the corner stone of the social structure. Destroy it, weaken it, your arrest ambition and effort; you give room to carelessness of the morrow, to indolence and idleness, you establish barbarism. Barbarism is that state of society where men, having nothing which is the exclusive possession of any, prey upon the strength and the labor of others. Stability of possession and stimulus to ambition and effort resulting from it are vital requisites for progress and civilization.

"That in the holding of private property there is inequality is a fact that is inevitable. Men are not and never will be equal in the power that builds up prosperity, in the sacrifice of self and the economy that preserve and increase it; hence they all never be equal in the amount of property that they do or can possess. The preaching of Utopias in remedy of this inequality and the proposal of schemes that ignore the nature of men and the vital conditions of human society are an insult no less than an injury to the individual whom they fail would beguile by their will-of-the-wisp glamor and deception.

THE DAY OF UTOPIAS. "It is the day of Utopias. Seldom if ever before in the history of human society was there greater need and prudent wisdom on the part of would-be teachers, of patient reflection on the part of listening audiences. The gravest responsibility rests on all to move slowly, to think wisely, to avoid all perils of leaps into the dark.

"A chief panacea before us is common ownership through city, state and nation, of the chief agencies of productivity and of the transportation hither and thither, of the results of this productivity. Let all be on their guard. Common ownership in one thing leads readily to common ownership in another—although the more so when the purpose really held in mind is to grasp wealth without much personal effort, to make up for one's own deficiencies by despoiling others, and there is not serious danger therein of weakening individual ambition—which has been in America particularly the great stimulus to the wondrous material development with which the country has been blessed.

"To the poor man, to the wage earner, I should indeed preach the doctrine of ambition and energy. Let every one strive to secure a competency for himself and his family. Let every one strive to rise; it is his right; it is his duty. But all this he must do by means that are fair and just, without ever infringing on the rights of others, be they his fellow-laborers or those whom he and they call the rich of this land.

HIS DOCTRINES OF JUSTICE. "To the rich and more fortunate I should preach unceasingly the doctrines of justice and charity. Just they must be all—depriving none of their God-given rights and of the opportunities which should be open to all—doing their best that the laborer may acquire, through his industry, the decent and befitting livelihood which human dignity demands.

"Unreasonable querulousness among the poor, senseless extravagance among the rich are equally to be reprehended, and if one is to be reprehended more severely than the other, it is the senseless extravagance of the rich. "It is a crime against humanity that is madness itself to squander money in

JANUARY

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