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## MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND.

### CHAPTER XXI.

THOU SHALT NOT BEAR FALSE WITNESS.

The morning after her walk through the city with Bridget, Marcella received a message in her room that a gentleman requested an interview with her on business. Expecting another encounter with Mr. O'Malley, she went slowly down stairs, trembling, but with head erect, and entered the study, looking more like a ghost than a mortal woman. However, the visitor proved to be Bryan's solicitor, not the chief of the police.

His errand was to tell her that Mr. Kilmartin wished to see her alone. Not even his mother was to be present at the meeting, virtually not even the warden, who could be relied on to keep sufficiently at a distance to allow of a private conversation. Mr. Kilmartin had something very important to say to Miss O'Kelly.

She lost no time, but set out at once for Kilmartinham with Bridget. Dismissing her conveyance at the gate of the Old Men's Hospital, she walked through that peaceful enclosure of ancient walls and green lawns and alleys, and saw the aged pensioners sitting in the sun, or doing a bit of gardening, or tottering up and down under the trees, stick in hand, enjoying the balmy summer air and the feeble conceits of their own tranquil and overwary brains. Death could not be far away from some of these, but they were ripe to go, must be ready, and were, maybe, eager for the renewal of the youth which had long ago been drained out of their veins.

By Bryan. O God! which of these old men, so carefully nurtured here, had in the whole space of his long life done one-third of the service to his fellow-men which Bryan had accomplished in his shorter span? And yet they wanted to thrust him out of the world, to put him to death as a malefactor who could not, for the safety of others, be suffered to enjoy the light of the sun! Travelling through a long, green lane of shade under high arching trees, an ideal summer walk for coolness and peace, she emerged suddenly from under an ancient archway upon the high road of Kilmartinham, and saw the prison staring her in the face.

Oh, that cruel front of granite and iron, those envious barred windows, and bitter gates! How many a savage injustice had been wrought behind them! How often had the innocent herded with murderers and gone to the scaffold branded with guilt, while the informer, with blood-stained hands and blood-guilty heart, came forth into the light of heaven and heard the birds sing once more in the blue air, and saw the flowers bloom again in the green! After a great ringing of bells, rattling of keys and clanging of gates, the two women having satisfactorily answered the questions put to them, were admitted to the inner precincts of the prison.

The key grated in the lock of Bryan's cell, the door was thrown open and she saw him. The warden said respectfully, "When you want to get out, Miss, you can tap at the door—I'll be just outside; not rightly outside, I mean, but *out of hearing*." And the man, who was from Kilmartin's country, whose father was still a tenant of Kilmartin's, and whose sympathies were with him where he stood on the threshold, and left the prisoner and his visitor to all intents and purposes alone. And that they might be reassured on the subject of his deafness to their conversation, he whistled softly between his teeth the tune of the "Wearing of the Green" during the entire duration of the interview.

Within the narrow limits of four cold stone walls whose unbroken whiteness made the eyes ache and swim, she saw Bryan stretching out his hands to draw her towards him, and the first conscious thought in her mind as she stood for a moment silently looking at him, was that she had never seen his gray eyes look so blue under the shadow of his grave brows, that they were as blue as a child's eyes, or as the lake of Inishkeen. Then there were a few minutes of an inevitable and immeasurable joy for both, which all the impending horrors of the future could not kill, while they stood hand in hand seeing no prison walls, only the purple hills, and the flying clouds, and the laughing sea around them, till the tragedy of their lives stalked at last between and put them asunder, and they sat gazing at each other dumbly across its presence.

When the little flush of gladness had faded away from her young face, he saw how hollow her cheeks had grown, how pale her lips, and noticed the dark shadows that had settled round her eyes. Even the half-starved Marcella of the Liberties never looked so great a wreck as this.

"My love," he said, "you have been killing yourself. You will not leave me a chance for my own life. If you drop into your grave before even the trial comes on, what have I to live for?"

"For your mother, for yourself, perhaps for some other woman who will love you more wisely than I know how to do. I do not care, so that I am spent in saving you."

"There could be no other woman for me in such a case. You are my beginning and my end. If you waste yourself away I shall be left solitary."

Marcella smiled a little, chiefly for the hope that underlay his speech.

"You see I am determined to live," he went on, smiling to see her smile, "and you must not refuse to live also."

Unless you are anxious to give me over to that other woman."

She tightened her grasp on his hand, to which she was holding as if she felt death already trying to undo her grip. "Dear, I have asked you to come that we may talk about this. It is not altogether fear for me that is killing you, Marcella, for I know how brave you are—I have reason to know it. There is something else that is gnawing your life away. Dearest, it is that falsehood—which we must have done with."

Marcella's face drooped to her breast, and her attempt to speak ended in a faint muttering. She withdrew her hand from his, locked her own together, and sat silent.

"Speak, Marcella, say something to me!" She raised her head again and looked at him with a look of suffering that seemed to see him afar off, and as if not belonging to her.

"You have nothing to do with that," she said; "it is my own affair."

"How is it not my affair? Are your truth and your falsehood not my affair, especially when they are to affect, or intended to effect, my fate?"

"My conscience is my own—like my life. I hold both in my hand. Even you cannot make me speak, if I choose to be silent—nor make me live if I am to die."

He breathed a hard sigh, and looked at her as she sat with locked hands as if mutely pleading before the bar of a judgment from which she expected no mercy; and he noted her pale, sharpened young features, the strung mouth, the dark locks uncurled by the dew of agony lying heavy upon her brow, the eyes large and strange with woe, started out of their habitual softness by a horror always confronting them.

"My dearest, dearest love, give me those little fierce hands; they look as if they were locked against me as fast as the prison gates; let me hold them while I talk to you. What are you angry at me, or afraid of me, because you think I am going to say something hard? You know, you cannot live and breathe without knowing every moment that I love you. My love for you is beyond what is common among men. I am not a man who loves a woman every year, or every five, or every ten years. As I said before, you are the whole of a woman's life to me, and I felt it the first moment I looked at you, felt it without knowing it when I saw you standing, plying and protecting me in that old room in the Liberties, me who felt all unneeded of pity—do not start and look over your shoulder, no one hears now, but all the world must soon hear—and I felt it again more consciously, when I met your eyes in the crowd that other night at the top of the staircase in the Castle. Since then you have grown round the very roots of my heart. Every hair of your bonny head is precious to me, every movement of your lips is sweet, the beauty of your eyes and their tenderness make my delight. You are everything to me, short of nothing but only my honor and my soul, or rather the highest part of my love for you is bound up with my honor and my soul. Give me your hands, sweetest love, and let me hold them fast while I say to you the rest of what I have to say to you. It is hard to say, and hard to hear, but it must be said. In this I am stronger than you, as I ought to be, for I am a man, and I must be master. Your will must be my will, if you love me at all, and so, Marcella, you must not commit perjury!"

"She sat quite still and unmoved, her hands lay limp in his strong grasp, she would not even raise her eyes to see the passion of pleading in his gaze. She knew his love without telling, yet the outpouring of it would have been an exquisite delight to her at any other moment. Now the sweetness was like music heard a long way too far off, or like excessive fragrant perfume scattered by a fierce wind. All of it that touched her sounded like the wailing of a love that wooed them both to death. She could not open her heart to it.

"Marcella, lift up your dear eyes and look me in the face."

She raised them with the same wild piteous gaze she had turned towards the dying Christ on the cross in the church, only her eyes ventured to look this man in the face, who was only man, however god-like he seemed to her, while they had not dared to rise higher than the pierced feet of the pitiful Redeemer of men.

"We must not endure sin. You and I, who are one in heart and mind, will not commit crime to prove our innocence. I am innocent now; what should I be if I were to buy my life with perjury, any one's perjury, let alone yours? We must not stand up before God and man and deny the truth."

"When all is over?"

"When you are saved and free."

"And you?"

She looked in his face, and her heart, with all its fiery eagerness, grew suddenly cold. She had expected that look she now thought she saw, dreamed of, nerved herself to bear it, but now she had confronted it, she felt it to be her death warrant.

"Me!" she said, faintly. "I shall have then passed out of your life forever. I have felt from the first that you could not love a wicked woman, a woman who could lie even to save you. I think I saw that on your stern brows even the first moment I looked at you. I did not know then what it was that I saw, but now I know. After I have saved you from my sin, I shall have lost you. Have I not said that God would have power to deal with me?"

She turned her face to the wall with a movement of utter forlornness, and leaned her forehead against the stone. Bryan stood silent a moment gazing at her, and then went to her and drew her towards him.

"Love, love, you are talking wildly. Unless death takes one of us, our lives can never pass away from each other. Even in eternity I do not feel that we can be separated. All the more reason that I will not endure this sin. You cannot take it upon yourself, giving me, after having benefited by it, liberty to fling you away from my more rigid virtue because of the stain of it on your conscience. And yet you and I could have no peace with the shadow of it forever lying between us. We are both too keenly alive to the beauty and harmony of life, regulated by the moral law to be able to smile in each other's faces while conscious of having gained our happiness by so hideous a lapse from it. You are sick now with sorrow, your brain is overwrought, you are a little mad with your passion for self-sacrifice, quite blinded by your thrice-blessed tenderness and sweet concern for me. But just give up this struggle and trust yourself to my guidance. We will weather this storm together, but we will have the truth on our side. Look up at me, and see now if my brows are stern. Oh, love, love, would to God I could shelter you from this anguish that my rashness has brought upon you."

Marcella's dry-eyed madness suddenly gave way, a rain of tears drenched her face, and she wept temptuously on his shoulder.

"Darling, you will promise to obey me."

"O God, I cannot."

He waited a few moments and let her weep her passion out, and meanwhile the warden's whistling of the "Wearing of the Green" outside the scarce closed door, filled the silence across her sobbing.

"You will give me your word that you will speak the truth."

"Why, oh why, did you come to me on that hateful night, only that I might be your ruin?"

"Only that your love might be the crown of my life. Had they arrested me before I reached your door, the plot against me would have been developed a little sooner, that is all, and I should have died, if I am to die, without having known the highest joy of living. But, my dear, it has not been made certain yet that I am to die. The truth on our side, we will fight the matter out with courage."

"My courage is all dead."

"No, it is not dead, it has only swooned with too much horror. If it were dead I should be left a forlorn and disappointed man to do battle alone. But if I know you at all, you will not desert me."

"I will not desert you."

"Then give me your word. Say, 'On the day when I am called on to stand up before the world and speak, I will not bear false witness.'"

"O God, O pitiful God!"

"Yes, dear, there is a God, and He is pitiful. Say the words I have put to you, 'I will not bear false witness.'"

"I will not bear false witness," said Marcella, mechanically.

"That is my brave darling. And Marcella, sweet-heart, listen to me—for we have only a few minutes more to be alone—remember that on your courage in that moment much may depend for us. Truth is great, and innocence ought to be brave."

"If I am there, I will be brave. My bearing shall not do you wrong," and she thought as she spoke that perhaps she should not be there, might be dead in the mercy of heaven before that unimaginable hour should arrive.

"I am sure of it. And now, sweetest, truest, and dearest, you must leave the warder has given the signal that time is up," said Kilmartin, as the piping of the pathetic melody which had twined itself all through their conversation suddenly ceased and Bridget's stoutly shod feet could be heard upon the flags outside the door. And Marcella, stunned with the weight of the pledge she had given, allowed herself to be dismissed and led away.

After she was gone Kilmartin sat looking at the spot where she had stood, thinking more of the love that had so strongly resisted him than of the victory he had won, or its consequences. He had long ago thought out his case thoroughly, and made up his mind to the worst. By nature he was singularly brave, only needing to

know the worth of his aim, and taking no heed to count the cost of effort; possessing all the daring qualities of the Irishman born to be a soldier, but qualified for daily uses by the thoughtful reasoning of the philosopher. The development, more or less full, of whatever high purpose a man might put before him, had always seemed to him the chief reason for a thinking man's existence, and he had easily perceived that in any onward or upward struggle of the masses there must always be a pile of slain on which others pressing forward can mount to clear the breach. If the lot to fall had been cast for him, why let him take it, and go down like a man. This, a year ago, had been his attitude clearly cut against the horizon of his future, and the order to march, as he put it to himself, would have found him ready, with few weakening regrets beyond those which were inevitably linked with the suffering of his mother.

But as he now sat meditating in his cell, he was cruelly aware that, in the last six months, life, mere personal life, had gained a sweetness and a rich vigor for him never known before. Existence had taken the colors of a poet's dream, the beauty which still walked on the earth and air had captivated his senses, the light that never was on sea or shore had fallen on his path, his heart had flowed into a love that craved for all that human happiness which he had only thought of before as the impeding and hindrance of weaker men. As he sat on his prison bed, his elbow on his knee, his head on his hand, and looked for an hour—time is so precious in a prison cell—at that spot of the floor where Marcella's feet had rested, he acknowledged that it were keenly sweet to live, and that the victory he had so hardly gained over the madness of a woman's love, strong in her weakness to do wrong for his sake, was a terrible victory, the crown of which burned his brows with a torturing flame.

He still felt the touch of her hand on his, the light of her face shone on him, it seemed as if her breath still made sweet the air of this small chill square of all space into which his manhood was cramped. She was gone out into the sunshine of the autumn world like a crushed flower, and there was only that door, a little wood and iron, to keep him from following her with reviving joy in his gift. If he could but pass that door, what a life they might lead in some country untouched by the curse that blighted all effort for good in Ireland; they two, under some rare blue ridge of Switzerland, or in some ripe wild garden of Italy, or cool, picturesque court of sunny Spain; they two, hand in hand, and heart to heart, in harmony with all beautiful things, thankful and worshipful towards heaven, enjoying with passion the beauties and the sweetness of life, leaving behind them all effort to do good, here so thankless and cruelly repaid, and only life, life in their full hands, to expend upon one another through all the fruitful teeming years.

The strong man crushed his hands together in an ecstasy of suffering to think that all this might have been, and never now could be his. In this hour of his temptation all his old generous theories had left him. To die for the good of many did not seem so right to him as to live for the good of one—of two. To die? To be thrust out from the light of the sun, the swell of the sea, the rush of the air, out of all further knowledge of his love, blotted from her face, deaf to her call, cut off forever beyond her reach, no cries, no answers, no faintest echo of sympathy between them throughout the whole universe for evermore, to have but tasted the first drops of living happiness and have the cup dashed down and broken, this and not the knotting of the disgraceful cord, or nature's resisting throes in yielding up the ghost, was death.

And what was life that he should be counted unworthy to hold it, the common gift shared by the commonest thing that stirred in the sun? Life, liberty—the fly that buzzed in through the small aperture half up the smooth white wall above his head and buzzed out again, had both. As he followed its coming and going with interest, he fell to musing on the wonderful beauty of life, mere life as part of a living universe. He thought of the eagle on the mountain at Inishkeen, and the thrush in the garden at Crane's Castle, and the happy wild gull riding the waves, and his mind's eye looked heavenward, the butterfly scampering in the heater, the butterfly wheeling her bat and humming night moth; even the snail creeping out at will from under lush leaves after the rain grew to be a miracle of free enjoyment as he pondered on its happy existence. Remorsefully he thought of how his gun had often brought down the glad wild birds from their soaring delight to cruel annihilation, and hated himself for such murder. God had given and God alone should take away the life of a happy sentient being.

He looked at his own hand, the strong right hand of man, the full throbbing veins, the fine tingling nerves, the thrilling fingers exquisitely adapted for a thousand uses. This, too, was destined to be limp and cold, to whiten, and then to rot.

The cell had grown quite dark, though outside in the wide fields round Kilmartinham the autumn twilight lingered, when a bird belated by some chance on its way home to woods further out into the country, perched on the bar of the high prison window and began to sing his even song.

What is it in the song of a bird that suggests immortality? As the prisoner listened the despair of his soul

gave way, and that thought thrilled through him expressed by King David in the words: *"I remembered God and I was delighted."*

When the bird had finished and flown away, Kilmartin drew his hand across his eyes, and was not ashamed of a tear only known to himself and an unseen heaven.

## THE PRIVATE AND THE PUBLIC APOSTATE.

Incredible as it seems, it is yet certain that some zealous Catholics fancy that the private Apostolate is all that the Church needs in America. It has been said to us: "We have many converts, our people are busy spreading the faith with word and with books, there are some always under instruction: I think we couldn't improve on this, and we might make trouble with Protestant ministers, if we started to lecture in a public hall."

Yes, we catch so many fish by hook and line that it would be indiscreet to cast in a net. A good many are brought in by private influence: therefore not so many would come in by an extended, organized and public effort in addition to the private one.

Just think a moment. Is there a parish in America in which all the non-Catholics have a fair chance to know Catholic truth by private acquaintance with Catholics? In nearly every parish the vast majority never hear a word in favor of the Church. How are these to be reached by a private apostolate? How can they be reached at all except by public advertisement, public lectures, public distribution of literature?

Again, if private effort succeeds in making converts in a number of cases, it fails to do so in a much greater number. This is because the private work is not altogether efficient, and cannot be made so. It lacks the best education, experience, powers of persuasion—lacks, in a word, just what the public hall apostolate is fully supplied with. No private zeal succeeds so well as that which is backed by occasional lectures in public halls.

## CARDINAL M...

### A Poet's Remembrance

Mr. Aubrey de many pages of "Cardinal Newman" to Centenary, and a few ing passages are her

In Oxford there to himself a lover of one who is lightning order of things first Henry Newman. I letter of introduction fellow of Trinity Col

Rev. J. H. Tedd, to liberality and patri- owed much. Early singularly graceful gown gilded into slight form and might have belonged to graceful and high-own days. He was almost to emaciate but, when not walk- with a voice sweet but so distinct that each vowel and co- word. I observed touching upon subj- him much he used a decisive, though n- that while in the thoughts on import- was often a restric- him, yet if individu- he spoke severer- ever widely their might differ.

Later, he deliv- Catholic University says: "I confess I was a humble laborer to you so willing to subj- peared strange the for thirty hungry Y- ing for hours in eloquent visitors w- mend a new organi- no refusal from should have fallen but the salaries of- ble to provide, which he bore such- lous, but he encoun- still. I cannot thi- from Ireland aids p-