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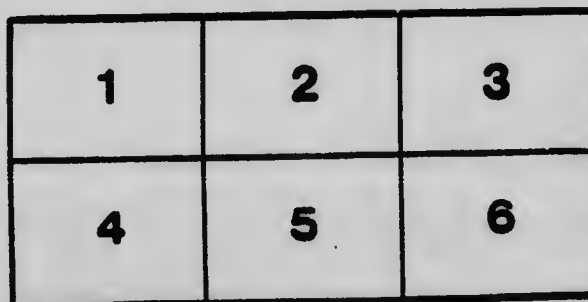
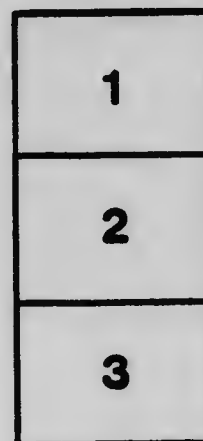
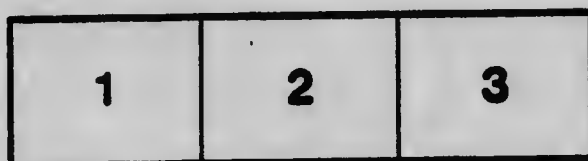
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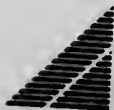
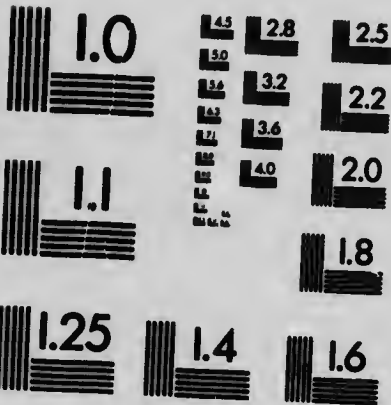
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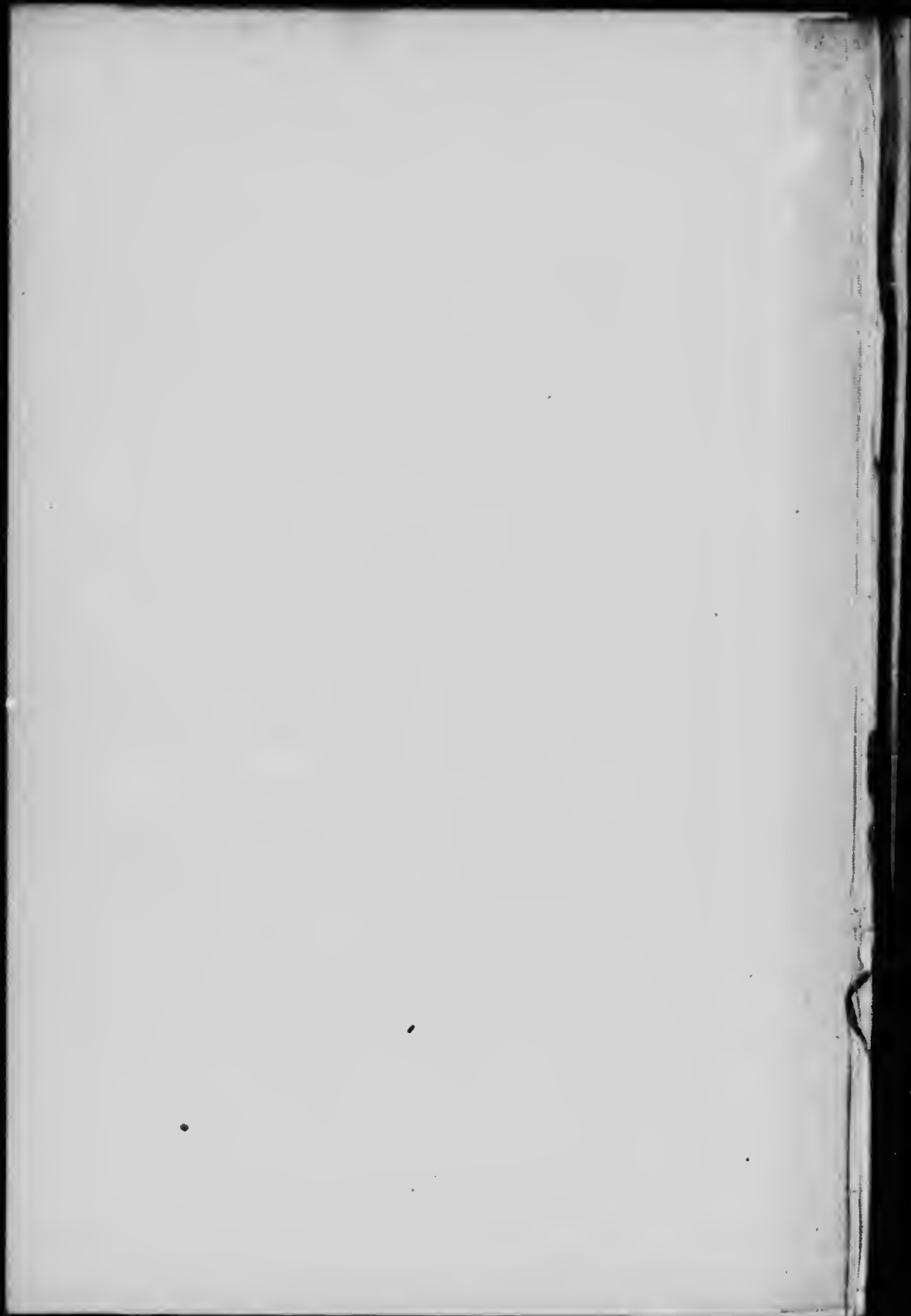
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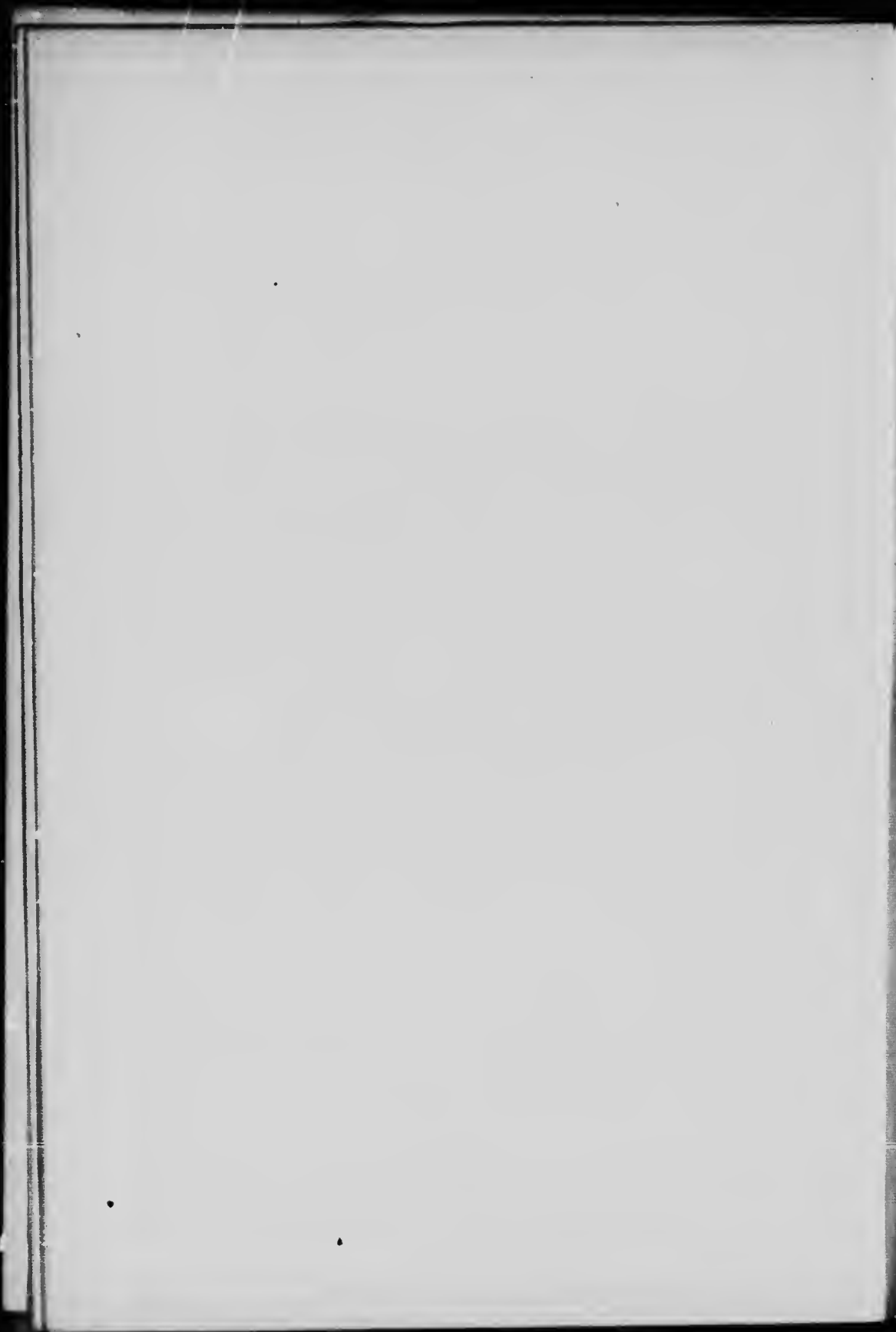
OR, WINNINGS  
AND WEEDINGS

*A Tale of Tractarian Times*

BY  
ELIZABETH GAGNIEUR  
(ALBA)

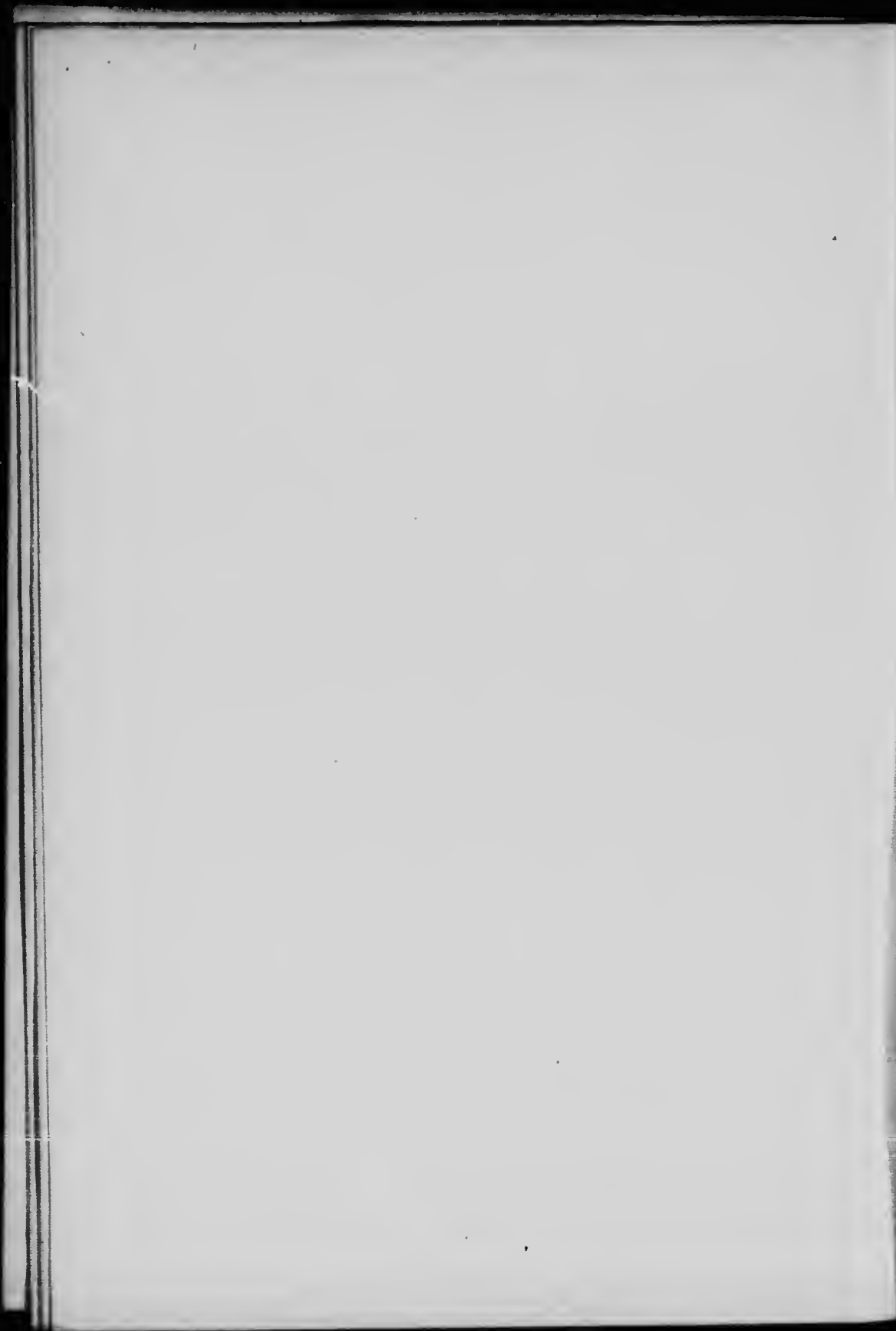


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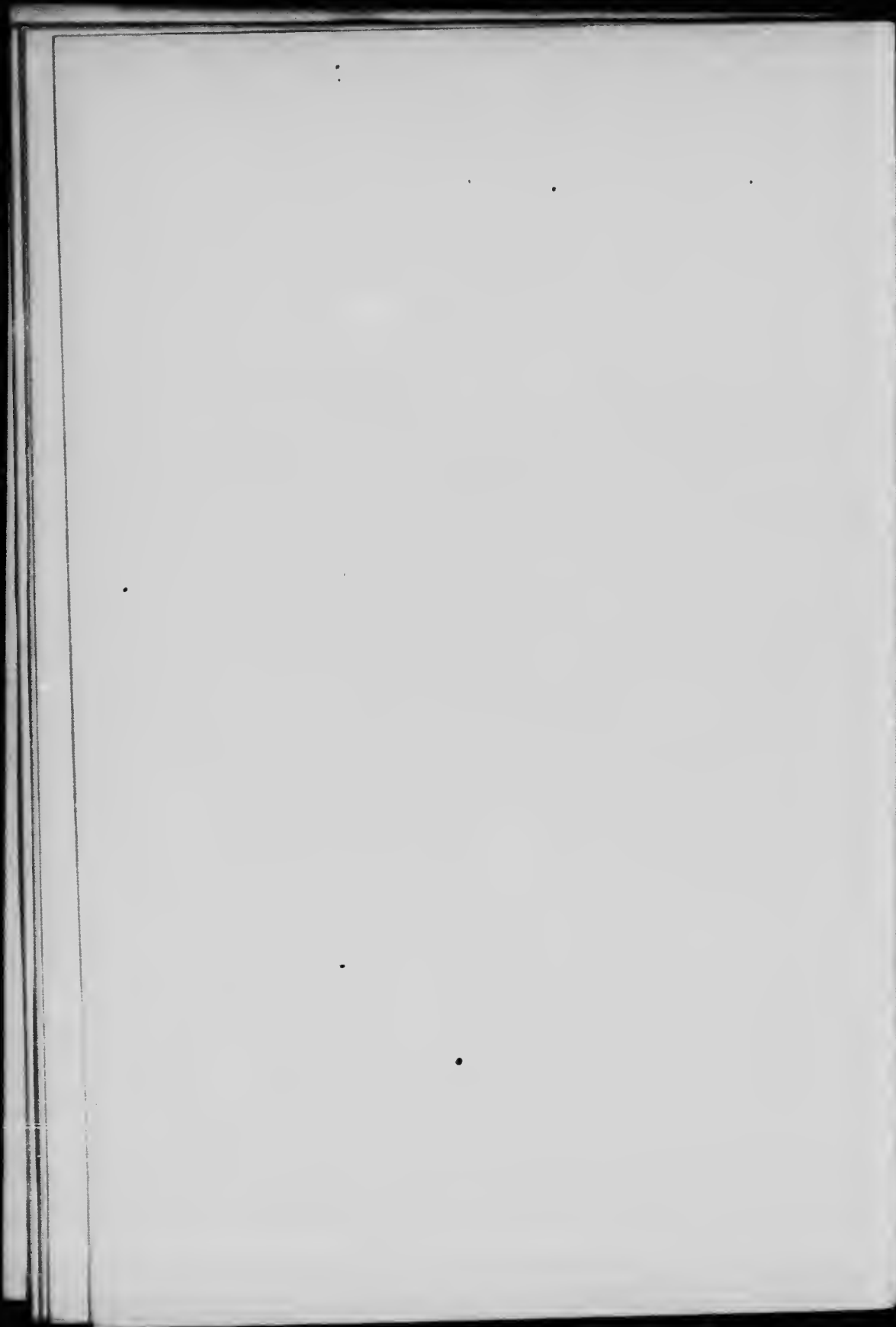
LOVINGLY  
INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF  
"PHILIP CARR"

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## Preface

In presenting this tale, we wish to state that both facts and characters are drawn strictly from life. Imagination has no part in it beyond the grouping, and certain modifications of unimportant details. The facts pertaining to the Oriental portion of the story are taken from the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith," of the decade in which the story is placed.



# BACK IN THE FIFTIES

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## PART I—THE PARSON

### CHAPTER I

**I**T is towards the end of a summer vacation, about the middle of the nineteenth century, that we find Philip Carr snugly ensconced in one of the dainty recesses of the Signet Library, in the metropolis of Scotland. The deep-toned clock of old St. Giles—whose sombre majesty and elaborate Gothic ornamentation look in, so to speak, at the window where he is sitting—has just rung four; and he has sat there since noon, according to his use and wont, completely absorbed in a book. We take advantage of his abstraction to drop the reader a few hints concerning him.

Somewhat above the middle height, of regular, well-developed features, there is nothing specially remarkable in his appearance, except, perhaps, the raven blackness of his crisp hair, and the exceeding beauty of his eyes, deep-set, of a dark, liquid blue, which, when he converses on any subject that interests him, glow with an intense and most pure light, such as

only fervour and enthusiasm can kindle. His manners are gentle and polished, partly so by nature, partly as the result of habitual intercourse with polished society; and his voice has the peculiar softness which bespeaks feebleness of lungs, not feebleness of character. He has been from childhood a student, not of the dreamy but of the energetic class. His father, a highly-respected member of the legal profession, intends him for the bar; he has, therefore, enjoyed every educational advantage, and has already carried off University honours in the classes more especially pertaining to his intended profession. In conclusion, he has barely completed his twenty-first year; and, besides himself, his family consists of one sister and three brothers, all his juniors. They have been brought up by their parents in the strict practice of religion, according to the forms and traditions of the Established Kirk of Scotland; an institution, however, for which Philip has never displayed any partiality.

Another half-hour has passed, and Philip is still buried in his volume, when a light step and cheery voice cause him to look up.

"How now, old fellow! Hard at work, as usual? Don't you know all the books by heart yet?"

The speaker was an elegant young man, apparently about nineteen, although really not within a couple years of that age. He was singularly handsome and classically featured, and bore so slight a resemblance to Philip that a stranger would hardly have taken them for brothers.



"What are you reading now, Phil?" continued Robert, peeping over his brother's shoulder. "Hello! *Tracts for the Times!*"

"You ought to read them, Bob," replied his brother. "They're splendid."

"They are written by those Oxford fellows you were telling me about, are they not?" asked Robert. "I wonder what our respected minister, Dr. Langface, would say if he saw you reading them. His face would grow a deal *langer* than it is, and that is saying something."

"He would have no right to say anything," returned Philip. "What is he always telling us to do? 'My brethren, seek the Truth; it is the highest duty of a Christian.' Isn't that what he is always preaching about? Isn't that the only tangible idea one can fish out of his long, dry sermons? I only wish I had a chance to show him these books; I could give him a question or two out of them which it would puzzle him to answer. See here! Here is *Dr. Pusey on Baptismal Regeneration*; and look at these papers on the *Apostolic Succession*! I think I must take these home and study them thoroughly."

"Well then," said Robert, who had but a misty idea of what these imposing titles meant, "bring them along, and let us be going. It is nearly five; and you know mother does not like us to be late for dinner."

"I'll just speak to Cunninghame, and then we'll be off," said Philip, taking up the books. Having arranged with the librarian to borrow the volumes,

the two young men left the building, and crossing the High-street, made the best of their way towards the northern part of the city, where they resided.

For a few minutes they proceeded in silence. Presently, a short turn to the left brought them to the head of the wide declivity known as The Mound. The panoramic view of the city commanded from that point, as well as the many superb views of it from other points, had been familiar to both lads from childhood; yet familiarity had failed to blunt—nay, had rather increased—their appreciation of its picturesque beauty. On the present occasion, the glow of the afternoon sun kindled, as it were, into new life the extensive gardens which stretched on either hand, separating the Old Town, which they were leaving, from the New Town, towards which they were going; gilding the two magnificent buildings which reposed at the foot of the Mound; sweeping down the long terrace, and countless roofs and spires that lay beyond, till it led the eye up to the slopes and crags of the Calton Hill, with their crown of pillared monuments; while to the left, the Castle Rock, with its fortress, famous in history, loomed up against the south-western sky. The whole scene had put on its holiday attire, and specially attracted the attention of Robert, who exclaimed:

“Isn’t it splendid, Phil? The finest painter who ever mixed m’guelp couldn’t flatter it, could he? I do wish papa would let me be a painter, since he does not consider himself rich enough to fork out Passing-

fees for two. Next to doing Cicero at the bar, like you, and wearing a wig, and being a judge, and sitting on the woolsack, I should love to be an artist—and I'd paint Edinburgh."

"You don't fancy a merchant's office, then?" asked Philip; for such was the line proposed for his brother.

"You know I don't; I hate the very idea of it; only, I don't like to say so, for fear of vexing father."

"Do you know, Bob," said Philip, "I've had an idea in my head this long time—ever since I began to read the *Tracts for the Times*. I would have spoken to father about it long ago, but, as you say, I was afraid it might vex him, his heart seems so set on my being an advocate. How do you think he would like it if I were to propose studying for the Church instead? The Passing-fees could then come in for you."

"I don't know, I'm sure," returned Robert thoughtfully. "I should like it, I can tell you. But it is a curious idea for you to take in your head. Fancy *you* 'wagging your pow in a pulpit,' and holding forth 'nineteenthly on the twentieth head!'" and Robert laughed, as though the idea tickled him.

"You don't think I mean the old Scotch affair?" exclaimed Philip, rather indignantly. "I mean the Episcopal Church."

"Oh! I see; there is some sense in that. I like the Episcopal Church myself; the prayers are beautiful and not too long; the churches are solemn and splendid, and the music is tip-top. I don't see what father could object to. He often lets go of a Sunday

afternoon to St. Paul's or St. John's. Then the English Church is just the same as any other Protestant Church, except for the liturgy."

"There's where you're wrong," said Philip. "The Episcopal, or Anglican, Church is not Protestant at all; it is a branch of the Holy Catholic Church mentioned in the Apostles' Creed... It has bishops coming down in a straight line from the Apostles; its ministers are priests; its Prayer Book is mostly made up of prayers which have been always in the Church; it holds baptismal regeneration, the power of absolution, and the Real Presence. It is Catholic—all but the errors."

Robert looked grave. He had always been accustomed to consider the points just enumerated as coming under the head of Popish errors. While he felt sanguine about his father viewing with favour a Church which was Protestant all but the liturgy, he could not hope that he would be equally favourable to one which was Catholic all but the errors. However, the prospect held out a tempting chance for himself, so he answered cheerfully, as he rang the door-bell

"Well, there could be no harm in proposing the thing. Father is always kind and considerate; and if he did not approve, he would give some good reason for his disapproval."

It was some days before Philip found an opportunity of broaching the subject to his father. When he did so, it was in the most concise terms, and

without any reference to *Tracts for the Times*. His father listened gravely to the proposal, and then shook his head.

"My dear boy," he said, "it would be quite impossible. I should have to send you to Oxford or Cambridge, and keep you there for several years. I could not afford the expence."

Philip proceeded to explain that for the Scottish Episcopal Church, it would not be necessary for him to go to Oxford or Cambridge. A college-friend of his, a Mr. Annesley Dodds, had told him that the Bishop of Edinburgh, assisted by some of his clergy, held winter classes for the purpose of preparing candidates for Holy Orders; which classes the said Annesley Dodds was himself going to attend. This information somewhat changed the face of affairs; and after a few inquiries, Mr. Carr said he would consider the matter. When pressed by his father for the reason of his desired change, Philip, after reflecting a little, and endeavouring to analyze his own motives, made reply, "that he felt impelled to give himself to God."

"But why not do so in the Church in which you have been brought up?" asked his father.

"Well, sir, I could not do that. There are some things taught in the Church of Scotland which I cannot reconcile either with Scripture or reason, and not believing them myself, how could I teach them to others?"

"Such as what?"

"Well, there is, for one thing, the doctrine of Predestination—a doctrine wholly antagonistic to a belief in the justice and goodness of God."

"That is what modern infidels say about the doctrine of Eternal Punishment," said his father.

"But without reason," answered Philip. "In the idea that God will punish those who perseveringly abuse His mercy and patience, that no second probation will be granted those who have wilfully neglected the present, that opportunities despised will be ultimately cut off, there is nothing inconsistent with a belief in His supreme goodness, while belief in His justice absolutely demands it. The recompense, if merited, will be eternal, the punishment, if incurred, must be eternal also. But the idea that God would create multitudes of beings expressly to condemn them, placing them under the ban of an inexorable Fate, without the power or means to help themselves, is abhorrent to any Christian, nay, to any reasonable mind, injurious to the Divinity, and contrary to Scripture."

Mr. Carr, who himself had a mental reservation with respect to the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination, made no reply; and Philip continued:

"On other points, also, I find the teaching most perplexing and intangible; and there is an absence of the spirit of *reverence* in the worship which has grated on me from a child. I have never been able to divest myself of the feeling that there *must* be, in the Religion of Christ, something more than I have ever been

able to find in the Church of Scotland. Now, the Anglican Church, as it is represented by the writers whose works I have studied, seems to offer me all I am seeking."

Mr. Carr, who was a reasonable man, did not see much to object to in all this. His own attachment to the Church of his immediate forefathers was based chiefly on personal regard for his own particular minister; so there was no very formidable barrier of prejudice to oppose to Philip's proposal. Moreover, the idea recommended itself from several points of view. It would enable Mr. Carr to meet the wishes of his second son, and would also, probably, prove in the end an excellent thing for Philip himself. His mother had some distant relatives pretty high up in the English Church, Mr. Carr's profession brought him in contact with influential persons, with whom his many fine qualities made him a special favourite; and it was more than likely, all things considered, that Philip's future as a clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal Church would be under excellent patronage. Mrs. Carr concurred in all these views; so after due deliberation it was decided that Philip should be at liberty to follow the bent of his desires, and that Robert should take his brother's place at the bar. Philip, accordingly, received Confirmation at the private residence of the Bishop, and entered on his new duties with ardour and assiduity.

The winter classes held by the Bishop for the preparation of candidates for Orders, opened with

but three students, our friend Philip, the Annesley Dodds above mentioned, and a Mr. Grant. They studied from the usual Anglican text books, to which the Bishop added commentaries of his own, and copious extracts from other orthodox commentators. Philip's talent and extensive general information soon attracted the Bishop's favourable notice; although the latter quality sometimes shewed itself in the shape of inquiries that caused the right reverend gentleman to manifest symptoms of discomfort. On these occasions, he invariably met the difficulty by asking Philip "whether he had ever read So-and-so on that subject." The volumes recommended were usually hard to come by; but Philip was an enthusiast, and besides having a well-stocked library at home, he had access to some very fine ones, both public and private. It generally happened, therefore, that he managed to get hold of the work referred to; and he, as generally found either that it took his own view of the question in hand, or that it did not treat of the subject at all. However, he liked his studies, and liked the Bishop whom he found pleasant and friendly; only he would persist in calling the Anglican Church a "Protestant Establishment," and would persist in asserting that *Baptismal Regeneration* was an open question in the Church of England, it having been so decided by Her Majesty's Privy Council, in the *Gorham case*. Absolution and the Real Presence he flatly denied. Philip comforted himself with the reflection that the Bishop was a Low-Churchman, while he



himself was a High-Churchman; which accounted for the difference in their views.

The term drew to a close. The young men had made the most of their opportunity, and were considered duly qualified; they only wanted what is called a Title to Orders. To Mr Grant, who was by several years the senior, the "Title" offered itself in the shape of a living in one of the north-east counties of Scotland. Mr. Annesley Dodds had obtained an appointment as one of the secretaries of the London Missionary Society's Branch at Hong-Kong, and was in no hurry for ordination. Philip, who was but twenty-one, and not yet eligible for full Orders, was consulted by the Bishop as to taking upon himself the care of a new mission which it was desired to start at Lynnborough. As deacon, he could fulfil all the ordinary duties of the parish, that is to say, he could read the Liturgy, omitting the Absolution and certain parts of the Communion Service; preach, baptize, and visit the sick. The Bishop, or one of his clergy, would go at intervals to administer Communion, until Philip should be of age to be ordained priest. The young man joyfully accepted the offer, and received Deacon's Orders accordingly.

The good Bishop at parting gave them all his best wishes, and strongly admonished them not to leave off study; specially recommending to them the Fathers of the first four centuries, which he called the "pure and primitive period." Mr. Grant, whose Latin and Greek were of the school-room type, followed up

this advice by purchasing sundry volumes of English sermons, from which he might instruct his flock, and also gain some ideas for compositions of his own; which was probably just what the Bishop intended him to do. Philip, on the other hand, who had been accustomed to read Roman Law by the day, and whose Greek had been studied under the enthusiastic guidance of a native and exiled prince of the classic land, was in a position to follow up the advice more literally. He took advantage of certain second-hand book shops, of which he was a great frequenter, to possess himself of several works—Origen, St. Cyprian, St. Jerome, and others—musty and uninviting to the average eye, but in the sight of the enthusiastic and eager scholar truly delectable.

## CHAPTER II

**L**YNNBOROUGH, the town to which Philip was sent, in his capacity of Deacon of the Scottish Episcopal Church, consisted of a street and a half of tall substantial buildings, the ground flats of which were mostly shops, while the upper flats were dwelling-houses of various kinds; some being plain and unpretending in their interior arrangements; others, such as those occupied by the provost, the doctor and the lawyer, being very handsome, with large lofty rooms finely ornamented ceilings, elegant marble mantel-pieces, etc. Off the main street branched several lanes, consisting chiefly of cottages wherein dwelt those of the humbler population whose employment lay in the town; while several hundred labourers, Scotch, English and Irish, employed at the factories or working the quarries in the neighbourhood, lived in small villages around Lynnborough. The parish kirk rose up tall and grim in the midst of an apology for a square, formed by widening out of the main street at the point where it was bisected by the principal lane. It was the only place of worship visible to the uninitiated eye. The town was situated on the north side of a small lake or lagoon, complimented with the title of "The Pond," into which a small stream, flowing from between the green hills, bubbled and foamed over a barrier of boulders, forming the

"lynn," or rapid, that gave name to the town; and out of which the said river glided again to pursue a deeper if quieter course, where the country, level to the north, gradually rose on the south into bold eminences which descended in abrupt cliffs to the water's edge. Outside the town lay the estates of large landholders, and the country residences of the lesser gentry. Some two or three families of each of these classes constituted the *élite* of Philip's proposed congregation, which, for the rest, was made up chiefly of the English working-people above-mentioned.

It was full noon of a bright summer day, when Philip arrived at the railway station of Lynnborough, which was rather more than a mile out of town. He availed himself of the solitary omnibus—in which he was solitary passenger—to transport him and his luggage to their destination. The road, which ran along the south side of the railway embankment, was crossed, not far from the station, by another which, passing beneath the arched bridge led to Lynnborough. Following this route, and skirting in its course the noble demesne of Rowanfell, the seat of Sir Norman Hillyard, one of the largest proprietors in the country, crossing also the river at the point where it issued calm and tranquil from the Pond—at which point it was spanned by a narrow but substantial bridge—the omnibus, in due course, deposited Philip and his belongings at the door of the "Thistle," whose motherly landlady there received him, and conducted him into her best parlour.

Mrs. Gordon, the landlady, was a comfortable-looking, kindly-faced Highlander, quiet and pleasant in manner, and scrupulously honest and considerate in all her dealings. Everybody liked her, trusted her, and had a good word for her; everybody, that is, except her overhead neighbour, Mrs. Young. It was whispered that the old highland woman had seen "a hantle o' trouble;" but if so, it did not tell on her countenance or manners, which were of serene cheerfulness. Courtesying to Philip, she asked "if there was onything she could do for him."

"Well," said Philip, "as it is probable I shall make a pretty long stay in Lynnborough, perhaps you could tell me where I shall be likely to find a comfortable lodg'ing."

"Aweel, sir," replied Mrs. Gordon, "I denna ken as there's onybody tak's lodgers forbye Mistress Young, up the entry." A slight shade passed over her face as she named the party in question; which caused Philip to ask what sort of a person she was, and whether she would be likely to make him comfortable.

"Ou ay," said the landlady; "she'll mak' ye comfortable—sae be as yer no' a Papist. She's a decent widow woman, sir. Her first husband—God rest his soul!—was a furriner, an' as fine a mon as ye could see onywhere, an' he left her weel off. But Young, that's her second gude mon, he gaed through the siller, an' kilt himsel' wi' drink; an' noo, she maun fend for hersel'!"

"Has she nothing to depend upon but lodgers?" asked Philip, for it struck him that in a place like Lynnborough there would be but a starvation crop of that commodity.

"Ou ay; the lads gie her a bit lift!" answered Mrs. Gordon. Then she offered to shew him the way, if he wished to look at the lodgings, which offer Philip accepted, and accordingly followed her into the "entry" adjoining the hotel. Ascending an ample and well-lighted but not over clean staircase, they met, passing down, a beautiful and interesting-looking girl having a tartan plaid, or *screen* thrown over her, so as to answer at once for shawl and for bonnet. Her large black eyes were suggestive of some claim to foreign descent; and she was, in fact, saluted by good Mrs. Gordon as "Miss Bonelle," with a *sotto voce* intimation to Philip, as soon as the girl was out of hearing, that "'twas Mistress Young's daughter."

Mrs. Young, a wiry and sharp-faced individual, scarcely deigned to acknowledge the landlady's friendly "Gude day," but she shewed great alacrity in displaying the premises to Philip, while Mrs. Gordon quietly withdrew to her own quarters. The rooms were comfortable enough, and the bargain was soon concluded. While shewing them, Mrs. Young took care to inform the young parson that she was a real lady, although reduced to the necessity of taking a lodger—when she could get one—and that she had always associated with such; "none of your low trash, but real ladies in silks and satins." She also

entertained him with an account of the excellencies and prospects, general and particular, of her two sons, but made no allusion whatever to her daughter. Philip soon grew weary of her twaddle, and mentally resolved to restrict his intercourse with her as nearly as possible to business. Ordering an early dinner (for travelling had made him hungry), he went to look after his luggage, and soon found himself quietly installed in his temporary home.

The next thing to be done was to present the letter of introduction given him by the Bishop to the Earl of Lynnborough, who was the principal mover and patron of the undertaking. As the afternoon was lovely, and Philip anxious to lose no time, he resolved to pay his introductory visit without any delay. Accordingly he set out, and retracing the way the omnibus had brought him, till he reached the railway bridge beyond which the roads crossed, he turned off to the left, in pursuance of the directions given him by Mrs. Young, and followed the road that led around the southern base of one of the hills whose northern sides descended precipitously to the river.

Hawk's-crag Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lynnborough, was not a castle at all, but a very handsome country residence, with French windows and other modern luxuries. It looked out over charming gardens, vineries, hot-houses, lawns and deer parks; and was built at a sufficient height up the hill to command a round of splendid views. Its title was

probably derived from the fact that there had been, or was said to have been, a medieval castle farther up the same hill; of which, however, nothing now remained except its name, its traditionary site, and a deep rut, or *fossé*, pronounced by antiquarian visitors to have been the moat.

To Philip's inquiry whether the earl was at home, the footman replied that he was not sure; but if the gentleman would step into the library he would inquire. Philip sent up his card and the Bishop's letter. Presently Mercury returned to say that the Earl had gone out driving with the sheriff, but was expected back shortly; and that, meanwhile, the ladies would be glad to see Mr. Carr in the drawing-room. Philip accordingly followed the servant up the wide staircase of polished oak, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where sat the earl's two daughters entertaining a couple of lady visitors. They received him most graciously, assuring him that their father would be back immediately, etc., etc. As we suppose the reader to be no way interested in Philip's replies to the usual commonplaces of whether he had been long in that part of the country, and if he had ever visited it before, and whether he found travelling pleasant and so on, we shall while away the time till the earl's return by taking a glance at the ladies.

Of Lady Ethel and Lady Victoria we have not much to say. They were past their bloom, verging on old-maidendom; not very handsome, but with a great deal of style and air,—more, indeed, than ladies.



of their rank usually have, though not nearly so much as the respective ladies'-maids. They were not very ashamed although they had enjoyed all the advantages of their class; but what they lacked of genuine enthusiasm on any subject, they made up with very good counterfeit. Their two visitors were a Mrs. Dunbar and her daughter Adelaide.

Mrs. Dunbar was a widow lady residing in a neighbouring villa. She was English, tall and handsome, but with no great individuality of expression. She and her family—of which the daughter present was sole representative—were also important items in Philip's future congregation. Mrs. Dunbar, therefore, was no way behind the two noble ladies in her cordiality towards the young clergyman, giving him many pressing invitations to visit her at Throstlehurst; while Adelaide said little or nothing, but mentally endeavoured to "take his measure."

As she occupies a rather prominent place in our story we shall devote a paragraph to the taking of *her* measure.

She was one of those whose claims to beauty depend very much on the taste of the party who criticises. As a rule, the opinion of gentlemen was favourable; that of ladies, less so. The points objected to were, a slightly *retroussé* nose, a slightly large mouth, and a certain squareness of build more indicative of firm character than favourable to the "sit" of a shawl. Lustrous eyes, beautiful hair, grace of motion, and a complete absence of affectation, constituted her chief

claims to beauty. She had been the idol of her father, who spared nothing to give her all the educational advantages that an excellent governess, the best masters, and winters spent in the capital, could afford. It must be acknowledged that in respect of branches not particularly to her taste, Adelaide made the rapidity with which she could study, and a very retentive memory, do duty for application. But to such as were agreeable to her she devoted herself with great ardour. She would practice, or paint, or study up some favourite subject, for hours together, wholly unconscious of the lapse of time; and wondered why the daylight would always give out so soon when she was busy. She was not much given to vanity, although stigmatized as "insufferably conceited" by those who were a trifle jealous. She left to her mother the unlimited control of the more ornamental portions of her attire; and although she looked a good deal in the glass, it was mostly, paint-brush in hand, to study lights, shadows and reflects, sitters being scarce. Indeed, her philosophical turn of mind—and a pretty wide experience—had early taught her the vanity of human praise as a motive of action. Did young Mr. Allthrough, B. A., compliment her studies from Vandylke? It was only as a graceful introduction to the topic of his travels, and all he had seen in Antwerp, Munich, and Florence. Did Mr. Wordy, the Established minister, extol, as he invariably did, her flower pieces? It was but the infallible preface to a free and somewhat dry lecture on botany, which was his hobby.

Did her lady friends press her to sing? In the majority of cases, her amendment—"Won't you sing something yourself?"—was promptly acceded to. And for the piano, it was, "Oh! Addie, do come and play something; you play so well! What shall it be? Oh! not those dull sonatas. Please, play the "Rochester Schottische; we want to dance."

So it came to pass that Adelaide devoted herself to her beloved Arts pretty much for their own sake.

While we have been making this digression, Mrs. Dunbar's carriage has rolled up to the door, and she and her daughter have taken their departure just as the earl's dog-cart drives up. His lordship received the young parson with no less cordiality than the ladies had done; presenting him to Mr. Bartlett, the sheriff, and pressingly inviting him to stay to dinner. Philip accepted the invitation; he had dined somewhere about luncheon-time, and it was now nearly six. He had a great many things to talk over with the earl, and there could be no better opportunity.

The dinner was a very quiet one, only the earl, his daughters, Mr. Bartlett and Philip, being present. The last of the company who had lately honoured the castle had departed on the previous day, and no more visitors were expected till Monday. During the first courses, the conversation confined itself to the weather and crops; but as the dessert appeared, Lady Ethel suddenly inquired of Philip,

"Are you High-Church or Low-Church, Mr. Carr?"

"High-Church, Madam," replied Philip.

"Oh! I'm so glad!" exclaimed both sisters in a breath, while the earl grunted an assent, as he cracked his walnuts. Mr. Bartlett, however, remarked dryly, and with a peculiar and not over-pleasant smile, that there was quite too much of that sort of thing now-a-days.

"Quite too much of what?" asked Philip.

"All these new-fangled notions," returned Mr. Bartlett. "The Church of England has got along very well without them, these three hundred years. I don't see the good of introducing novelties and disturbance when all people want is to be quiet, and to do as their fathers did before them."

"Pardon me, Sir," said Philip. "Those who are called High-Church do not occupy themselves with novelties. They simply stand up for those points which distinguish the Church of England from Dissenters. They like beautiful churches and imposing ritual, because they think the best of everything should be given to God. They preach sacramental religion because they feel that without sacramental grace there can be no religion worthy of the name—no religion which is not merely a round of observances on the part of the creature, without any recognition on the part of the Creator. They maintain the Apostolicity of the Church."

"That's where it is," interrupted Mr. Bartlett. "There is quite too much made of the Church, and too little of Scripture."

It may here be parenthetically remarked that Mr. Bartlett did not, in practice, think it necessary to make much of Scripture either; his devotion to the Sacred Writings being strictly limited to such attention as he might feel inclined to . . . to the portions that were read in church when he went there.

Philip, however, took up the parable. "It is," he said, "to the Church that the promises of Scripture are made; it is the Church which Our Lord commands us to hear—"if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican!" The Church was the depository of the Faith for some years before any portion of the New Testament was written; for several centuries before the books which compose it were collected; for fifteen centuries before the invention of printing allowed the Sacred Writings to be disseminated to any extent. It is clear, then, that it was to the Church the command was given to "teach all nations"; and if so, I cannot see how her position can be too highly rated."

Mr. Bartlett rejoined, that these views were sending hundreds over every year to the Roman Communion; to which Philip replied that he did not think the point to be considered was whether this or that view were held by the Roman Church, but whether it were true.

The Church of Rome held doctrines which were the very basis of Christianity — the doctrines of the Trinity, of the Incarnation, of the Atonement. Were we, on that account, to abandon these doc-

trines? Were they the less true because the Church of Rome held them?

The sheriff not being ready with any precise answer to this, and Philip being backed up negatively by Lord Lynnborough, and positively by his two daughters, the conversation dropped. The ladies soon after retired to the drawing-room; and Mr. Bartlett, having an appointment, took his leave.

The earl and Philip being left alone, the details of the new mission were discussed. The first thing to be done was to find a temporary place of worship, which should answer the purpose until such time as arrangements could be made for building a church. His lordship spoke of a house in course of erection, of which the walls and flooring were completed, but which was not yet partitioned; this, he thought, could be rented for the purpose. He promised to call for Philip next day, that they might visit it together. They next talked over the *pros.* and *cons.* of the future church, and on joining Lady Ethel and Lady Victoria in the drawing-room, the earl rummaged out of some corner a splendid folio containing beautiful engravings of ecclesiastical buildings. Philip was in his glory. He was familiar with every style of architecture, from the relics of Karnac and Thebes, to the latest Elizabethan; Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Moorish, Saxon, Norman—nothing came amiss to him. He had copied, again and again, every centaur on the Panathenaic Frieze, mostly adapting them to designs for mediæval battles and achievements of the Crusaders. But the crown of

the whole, the delight of his hearth, was the Gothic. He was posted in all the details of mullions, groins, oriels, niches, rood-screens, and patterns of fret-work, and could bring the subject down from the beginnings of Cologne, Milan and Salisbury, to Pugin's latest paper on Ecclesiastical Architecture. The earl was delighted and the ladies in raptures; though we owe it to justice to say, that Philip's habitual modesty of manner, and that genuine enthusiasm which shuts out self-consciousness, took from his talk even the least appearance of presumption or vulgar "shew-off".

### CHAPTER III

ACCORDING to promise, Lord Lynnborough, next day, called on Philip, and together they inspected the building spoken of. They found it suited to their purpose; and as his lordship undertook to arrange the business details, they occupied their morning in laying out all things connected with the fitting-up. To this end the carpenter was taken into council, and patterns of benches, communion-table, sedilia, lectern, etc., were fixed upon. By the aid of a pencil and the back of a letter, Philip was able to illustrate the intricacies of the desired articles to the comprehension and satisfaction of the carpenter. He also received the earl's sanction to write to Bolton-le-moor for reredos, frontal, miniature font, etc. His lordship also promised to present the new chapel with a small-pipe organ.

During the days that followed, and while Philip was awaiting the completion of all these matters, his solitude was enlivened by visits from most of the surrounding gentry, and the aristocracy of the town. Of the latter we need only particularize the doctor—Dr. Malcom—a large comfortable, kind-hearted, and intelligent man, who seemed to take quite a fancy to the young parson, although himself a member of the Establishment. He invited him to dinner, and treated him in every way with the greatest kindness and



cordiality. Of the county families, that of Sir Norman Hillyard alone interests us. The baronet being old and somewhat infirm, called by proxy in the shape of his grandson and heir, Eustace, a lieutenant in Her Majesty's Navy, at home on furlough, while his ship, the *Seringapatam*, was undergoing repairs at Sheerness. Eustace, whose father and mother were long since dead, had spent his early years at Rugby, coming to Rowanfell, or visiting among his more distant relations during the holidays. After leaving school, he had travelled a good deal on the Continent, under guardianship of a tutor selected by Sir Norman, a strait-laced Presbyterian probationer who would not for the world have been caught whistling anything livelier than a psalm-tune on Sunday, in Scotland, and before folk; but who did not mind taking part in a Sunday dance in the Champs Élysées, where he made sure he would not be recognized. As usually happens in such cases, he was recognized by a fellow-probationer, who, however, being in an adjoining quadrille, agreed to compromise matters on the principle of "let-a-be for let-a-be" to the intense amusement of Eustace. Besides his tour with his tutor, Lieutenant Hillyard had cruised a good deal in the Mediterranean; and being extremely intelligent, reflective and lively, his opportunities had not been thrown away. Philip found him a most pleasant acquisition.

In this agreeable intercourse, and in hunting up the humbler members of his flock, the time-passed

quickly enough with our young clergyman; although he could not help feeling a little impatient for the arrival of his church-ornaments, and made it part of every day's duty to pay at least one visit to the carpenter in order to hurry him up. Of his evenings some were spent at the houses of his new acquaintances, who were no way niggardly of their hospitality; the rest were devoted to a stroll about the neighbourhood, or to a little quiet study in his own parlour. He thought it well to prepare some sermons in advance, for the edification of his flock. He had already some by him, which he had composed and preached in Edinburgh, subsequent to his ordination; but a few more would give him a start against the completion of his chapel, besides furnishing him with congenial employment.

It was on one of these stay-at-home evenings, that Philip, closing the book in which he had been writing, arose, stretched himself, and walked to the window, preparatory to ringing for candles. The window looked out over the small lake before-mentioned, which, together with the thick foliage on the opposite side, and the back-ground of green hills, formed at any time a beautiful landscape. On the present occasion, the scene lay under the enchanting influence of a Scottish twilight, in whose mellow tones nature assumes the very hues of fairyland, and even a plain face looks handsome. Over the green hills and levels reposed a delicate mist of the richest purple hue; the shadows both of land and water were deepened into

sombre mystery; and in the delicate turquoise blue of the sky, the stars were beginning to light up one by one. Philip's attention and admiration were forcibly attracted by the lovely scene; he forgot all about his candles, and abandoned himself to the poetical associations it awakened. There was some depth in his imagination which the picture stirred, but he could not have clothed the association in words, even if he had tried to do so. As he stood there enjoying the prospect, there suddenly appeared a solitary light among the thick foliage, casting a streak of brightness across the still water. Trifling as was the circumstance it gathered up the scattered threads of association, and carried him back in imagination to the "Lake, with one small, lonely isle," within the prison walls of whose baronial pile," the martyr Queen of Scotland passed a portion of her weary prison-life. He could fancy himself in Lochleven Castle watching the signal-light of the deguised abbot; and he almost expected to see it withdraw and re-appear, as in the cottage-window of Blinkhoolie. His reverie was interrupted by the entrance of his landlady with candles; to whom Philip, rather pursuing the current of his own ideas than wanting information, put the question:

"What house is that on the other side of the Pond?"

The landlady promptly replied that there was no house on the other side of the Pond, except the gate-lodge of Rowanfell; unless, indeed, Rowanfell House

itself, but that was up the avenue at least a quarter of a mile.

"Oh! yes," said Philip; "I know Rowanfell and the gate-lodge. I mean quite at the other end of the lake, among the thick plantation of the trees. There's a light."

Mrs. Young considered a moment; then suddenly a look of intelligence came into her face, which simultaneously coloured up with an indignant flush. Muttering between her teeth that she "dared say the owls were getting on with some of their wickedness," she flounced out of the room, leaving her lodger considerably more puzzled than before. The "owls", he had no hesitation in understanding metaphorically; but who might be represented by that figure of speech, and what particular form of wickedness they were supposed to be getting on within that quiet place, and what circumstance occasioned his very simple question to ruffle Mrs. Young's feathers, were points which excited some curiosity. However, he soon dismissed the subject, drew down the blind, got his books together, and resumed work.

Next morning, Philip set out on his usual ramble, and almost unconsciously, took the road which turned off at the end of the bridge, and leading past the Rowanfell gate-lodge, continued around the south side of the lake, towards the plantation. It was a beautiful country road, with a narrow foot-path running along the top of a grassy bank some four or five feet above the road level, and on either side hedges of

sweet-briar covered with pink and white roses. As Philip proceeded, he eyed from time to time the thicket towards which it led; and greatly to his surprise, he perceived some slender Gothic pinnacles peeping out from amongst the trees. At length he found himself standing before a beautiful Gothic church, whose setting of woodland completely shrouded it from observation, except directly in front where the arched entrance faced upon the road. The thicket was surrounded by a fence, and a path led off by the side, towards the Pond. Pursuing this path, Philip found that, although the woodland extended some distance along the shore, it was of inconsiderable depth; so that the rear of the church was very close upon the water. Several windows belonging to what might have been the sacristy, looked out on the lake; and he at once divined that the light which had arrested his attention on the previous night proceeded from one of these. It hardly needed the sculptured cross over the entrance to assure Philip that this was the Catholic chapel; and his landlady's orthodox indignation and hint about the "owls" were satisfactorily explained. This, however, did not prevent him coming to the conclusion that the road by the lake-shore was the prettiest about Lynnborough and that he would often stroll that way.

## CHAPTER IV

ON regaining his lodgings, Philip found a card of invitation from Mrs. Dunbar, to dine at Throstlehurst, at six that evening.

"The good people of Lynnborough are resolved I shall not blue-mould for want of society," he said to himself, as he put the note in his pocket. There was, however, no reason why he should not accept the invitation, and there were several very good ones why he should. Therefore, it was that six o'clock found him one of a pretty large party assembled in Mrs. Dunbar's drawing-room.

Besides that lady and her daughter, and Philip himself, the party consisted of members of most of the county families around, including Lieutenant Hillyard and his aunt Marjory, a pleasant and rather quaint elderly lady; Mr. Bartlett, his wife and sister; and Dr. Malcom. There was also present Adelaide's paternal aunt, with her husband, General Maitland. C.B., and their young and lovely daughter Ida, radiant in all the charms of a faultless and queenly figure, exquisite features, the tints of the blush-rose, and luxuriant raven hair which she wore in a heavy plait, coiled coronet-wise around her classical forehead. She was the beauty *par excellence* for several counties round; and prophetic spinsters were fond of hinting at her as the future Lady Hillyard. Mrs. Bartlett

was distinguished by her showy appearance, her lively manners, and the splendour of her attire. She was a woman about whom a good deal was said, but very little known, except that she gave fine parties and drove the handsomest equipage in the county. There were not wanting those who hinted that she made a considerable rise in the world when she became the sheriff's lady. Miss Bartlett was one of those intolerable people who insure themselves against gossiping about their own concerns by brimming over with the concerns of their neighbours; who know a great deal more about everybody's affairs than the parties themselves do, and draw without scruple on an unlimited fund of inventiveness. She wore a perpetual smile—a smile which nothing could overcome, even for an instant. Her cheeks stood out under the eyes like a pair of well-polished red apples; the eyes themselves had a twinkle or glitter as perpetual as the smile; her whole air was that of one unceasingly on the watch for what she could spy, and ready to burst with news. Most persons thought her pleasant and chatty—till they found her out; but a few—Adelaide Dunbar among the number—shrank from her with instinctive aversion, which, however, in Adelaide's case, only served to make her as guarded as possible when in her society.

In paring off the company to adjourn to the dining-room, it fell to Philip to escort Miss Dunbar, and as Miss Bartlett was seated directly opposite to them at table, her twinkling eyes fixed upon them with an

attention which nothing could distract, Adelaide felt somewhat uncomfortable, especially when Philip, wholly unconscious of the espionage, began to engage her in a conversation which the softness of his voice and the bustle of the table prevented being audible at the other side. The topic which engaged them was, of course, Fine Arts, with a special digression in favour of mediæval illuminations; and Adelaide soon became so much interested as to forget all about Miss Bartlett. Lieutenant Hillyard sat at Adelaide's right hand; and being no less interested in the subject, would have joined in the conversation had he not been under the necessity of doing the civil to his next neighbour, one of the belles of the county, who gave him no respite, and was evidently setting her cap at him. These, no doubt, divided the attention of the Argus opposite, but she could have taken in hand any number, as the frost takes in a crowd, each unit of which has the benefit of its full severity.

When the ladies retired to the drawing-room, Miss Bartlett sidied up to Adelaide, and, taking a seat beside her on the sofa, remarked that "Mr. Carr seemed to be making himself very agreeable," accompanying the remark with an increased development of the smile and the twinkle. Adelaide felt annoyingly self-conscious, and coloured to the tips of her ears, although angry with herself for doing so. She was ready enough with answers in a fair, stand-up argument, but she always found herself at a loss to meet anything in the shape of innuendo. Not knowing



how else to meet it, she followed her instinct of straightforwardness and faced the enemy, saying with a smile:

"He is very agreeable."

This put Miss Bartlett off the rails for a moment, which gave time to a neighbouring dowager to remark that "she understood Mr. Carr was very well connected, and had excellent prospects;" to which another replied that "he would be quite a catch for some of the young ladies."

"He seems to find himself very well suited already," said Miss Bartlett.

"Indeed, he is not, if you are alluding to me," answered Adelaide. "Whoever I may marry, it will never be a clergyman."

This announcement was met by a chorus of astonishment and disapproval from all the ladies present, the sheriff's wife alone excepted. Although usually the most lively of the party, she offered no opinion on the present occasion, but busied herself turning over leaves of an *Illustrated Shakespeare*.

"I know," continued Adelaide, in answer to the chorus, "that I have my opinion all to myself. But it is for myself alone I speak; I make others quite welcome to think differently."

The ladies responded in a kind of fugue to the effect that a clergyman's wife was his strongest card—his very right hand. She would do so much good by visiting his parishioners, and making soup and calves'-foot-jelly for those who were sick; in fact, a

minister of any denomination without a wife was but a man with a wooden leg, etc., etc.

"All that may be very true," responded Adelaide; "although I cannot help thinking that many occasions may arise to make a clergyman's wife and family rather an obstacle than an assistance to him in the performance of his duty. But it is not so much on that ground I have formed my opinion; it is because, right or wrong, I cannot bear the idea of jumbling up religion and sentiment. Besides," she added, with an arch glance at Miss Bartlett, "Mr. Carr having been so confidential, I think I may venture to hint to all whom it may concern, that I have a strong suspicion he is of the same mind. I am very sure he is not one of those who will preach on Sundays—'Love not the world, neither the things that are of the world,' and then go love-making and fortune-hunting all the rest of the week."

This view of the question was put down by the unanimous voice, and after a few trivial remarks, the conversation drifted. Presently, Adelaide, opening her superb Broadwood Grand, invited one of her younger visitors to enliven the company with a little music. In compliance with this request, the lady began to play a fashionable and very difficult composition of Thalberg's, which was the signal for the guests to group themselves in small knots, and start topics of *sotto voce* conversation, varying according to taste. Adelaide alone remained near the piano and gave the music her attention. She was not an admirer of

Thalberg, but she felt that some attention was due to the performer. The sound of the piano presently attracted the gentlemen to the drawing-room, where the younger ones immediately took up positions in its neighbourhood, prompted, however, by very various motives. Young Mr. Tandem did so because he was particularly spooney on Miss Ellis, the fair musician. Mr. Allthrough did so by way of filing himself on the list for the next performance. He was a vocal amateur of great excellence in his own opinion; and although not backward at any time, he was particularly ready to oblige when, as in the present case, there were musical young ladies at hand to play his accompaniments. Philip and Eustace, who were drawn to the same quarter solely by a genuine love of music, soon sauntered off again.

"That is rather beyond me," said the lieutenant.

"Doubtless it is very fine, but I never could take any pleasure in these piano-forte sky-rockets. By the bye, I don't think I introduced you to my aunt; you have not met her before."

The ceremony of introduction gone through, Miss Hillyard pleasantly made room for Philip beside her on the sofa, while Eustace moved off again saying "There's Allthrough turning up for a Balfé-recital. He's good for an hour and more." With which remark he withdrew to the farthest corner of the room, which happened to be the recess of a large bow-window.

Miss Bartlett had already withdrawn into the same recess. It commanded a full view of all the

party, while, being flanked by heavy draperies of gold-coloured damask, any one making use of it for purposes of observation could do so without much chance of being, in turn, observed. Thus it happened that Lieutenant Hillyard came upon her before he was aware—so close upon her; indeed, that retreat would have been more than awkward. Miss Bartlett, of course, was prepared for any such *rencontre*, by having on her lap a book of coloured plates, at which she pretended to be looking. They were pictures of foreign costumes, civil, military, and ecclesiastical; and the plate at which Miss Bartlett held open the book, happened to represent two figures of the latter class, viz, a bishop and cardinal of the Roman Church. Pointing to the latter, the lady remark to Eustace:

“Very curious! just the colours allotted to them in the Bible.”

Eustace knew perfectly well that Miss Bartlett alluded to the Scarlet Beast of the Apocalypse, her views on that question having undergone no modern amelioration. He, however, replied:

“Just so; you are perfectly right; ‘*purple and scarlet, and fine turned linen.*’ The pattern was given by God Himself.”

Miss Bartlett flushed with as much of a provoked look as her habitual smile would permit, seeing which, Eustace determined to have some fun, and sat himself down on the ottoman by her side.

“You ought to travel in Italy, Miss Bartlett,” he remarked, innocently.

"I suppose you saw plenty like these when you were there?" she inquired.

"Well, yes—some. I saw one or two, who, I was told, had sold their carriages, horses, and plate in order to relieve cholera-patients with the proceeds. I also saw one who was said to have pawned the soup-tureen off his dinner table for some similar purpose. I believe white is his wear now."

It was on Miss Bartlett's lips to ask, with becoming indignation, what *they* wanted with carriages, horses, plate, or soup-tureens; but perceiving Adelaide approaching to take part in the *tête-à-tête*, and fearing lest that young lady's sense of justice might induce her to join forces with Eustace on the other side of such a question, she bethought herself of a masterly hit which would insure her the majority on her own side. She therefore inquired in her blandest tones:

"And I suppose you saw the Bambino, and the Blood of the St. Januarius, and all the other things they worship?"

"I cannot say I did," answered Eustace. "I made some inquiries, but nobody seemed to know what I was inquiring about. I once asked a priest, and he only laughed."

A look of genuine surprise and incredulity came into the lady's face at this response, while Adelaide exclaimed:

"But, Mr. Hillyard, I have always understood that Catholics *do* worship these things. Well, not exactly *worship* them," she added, seeing a twinkle in the

young man's eyes. "But, at least, make a great deal more of them than they do of saying their prayers, or of any *real* religion."

"My dear Miss Dunbar," replied Eustace, "I, too, have heard a great deal said about these and similar things, and a great deal of fuss made over them. But who made the fuss? Protestants, and Protestant writers. You will, indeed, find a prominent position given to the Bambino, the Blood of St. Januarius, the Tooth of St. Remigius, etc., etc., in English periodicals, novels, and newspapers; but I, for one, never saw a word about any of them in a Catholic book, nor heard a word about them in a Catholic sermon. I believe, however, they go in for the principle, and why not?"

"Oh! Mr. Hillyard!"

"Well, why not?" insisted Eustace. "It is said that the blood of a certain martyr liquifies, at times, in the phial which contains it; and that some wonderful cures have been wrought through the instrumentality of a certain image, which is, consequently, held in reverence by the people. It is simply a matter of evidence."

Adelaide made no reply, for, in truth, she did not see her way to any that would be satisfactory. No doubt it *was* a matter of evidence; and "holding in reverence" did not necessarily mean *worship*. But she felt distressed to hear Eustace talk like that. Miss Bartlett gave an ironical giggle.

"Cures wrought through an image!" she said, in a tone of supreme contempt.

"How incredulous you are!" exclaimed Eustace. "Why, I can tell you of some that were wrought through an apron, and of some that were wrought through a handkerchief."

Miss Bartlett's good-breeding was not proof against this. She burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Do you really mean to tell me you believe such rubbish?" she asked, when her mirth permitted her to speak.

"Certainly," replied Eustace, gravely. "Did you never read—'*And God wrought special miracles by the hand of St. Paul, so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them*'—"

It was now Miss Bartlett's turn to look grave, while Adelaide replied:

"Of course, we believe the miracles recorded in Scripture. But the day of miracles is over; there are no such things, now-a-days."

"How can you possibly know that?" asked the lieutenant. "All you can say is that *you* never saw any; neither did I; neither did King Herod, nor Pontius Pilate, nor the great majority of their contemporaries; yet the miracles were being wrought all the same, and chiefly among those whom we enlightened people would call the ignorant and superstitious class."

"We never hear of such things," said Adelaide.

"I beg your pardon; we hear of them sometimes, only we don't believe them. That was pretty much their case. As for St. Paul and the handkerchiefs, if you admit, as I suppose you do, that he was but the instrument of a Higher Power, you must also admit that the same Higher Power can make use of other instruments, and at any time. It is only, as I said before, a question of evidence."

Miss Bartlett now struck in :

"I never read anything of that kind about Paul."  
(She carefully omitted the "St.")

"Then, my dear Miss Bartlett, look up the nineteenth chapter of Acts. You must have made as little use of your Bible as our respected Founder, Martin Luther, made of his, if we are to believe the Protestant Tradition that he never in his life read a word of it till he was getting ready for the Reformation; which is giving him a poor character considering that as a Catholic Religious he was bound, under pain of sin, to read portion of it seven times a day. Yes, Miss Bartlett, *seven times every day*. He must have begun our Glorious Reformation with a good deal of sin upon his head."

Miss Bartlett bit her lip with annoyance and anger, yet did not know what to say. It took nothing off the sting that all these statements were made in an off-hand, careless manner, as facts in which Eustace had no personal interest, but which were in themselves undeniable.

"He made pretty good use of it afterwards," she



said, at length. "We go altogether by the Bible now."

"I'm not so sure of that," responded the lieutenant. "I think I can point you out some things in which we do not go altogether by Scripture. If we went altogether by Scripture, we should not allow the marriage of divorced persons; it is flatly forbidden. If we went altogether by Scripture, we should not use leavened bread in the administration of the Sacrament; there was no particle of it permitted in any Jewish house at the Paschal season."

"But, Mr. Hillyard," interposed Adelaide, "these things were all abolished."

"What things were all abolished?"

"All these Jewish ceremonies."

"But we are not talking of Jewish ceremonies; we are talking of a Christian Institution in the celebration of which *unleavened bread* was used. Then, if we went altogether by the Bible, we should not give the Cup to the laity."

At this both ladies exclaimed; and Adelaide who seemed particularly interested in the controversy, muttered something of which Eustace only caught the last words—"Drink ye all of it."

"Well," said he, "to whom was that spoken? To the clergy. There were none present excepting the Twelve Apostles. But when the Lord communicated the two lay disciples at Emmaus, He did so only under one kind. Remember, I am not saying what is right, or what is wrong; I am merely trying the question by the authority of Scripture."

"We shall presently have you quoting Scripture, to show that Simon Peter was Pope," observed Miss Bartlett, sarcastically; "although it is perfectly well known that he was never in Rome at all."

"Perfectly well known—ha? I am not a controversialist, you know; I am only giving you the result of my Protestant readings. A Protestant has a right to interpret for himself, you understand. Yes, I think I *can* prove from Scripture that St. Peter was Pope. Whenever a list of the Apostles is given, it always says—'Th<sup>o</sup> first, Simon Peter.' Now, the *first*,—what does that mean? It is th<sup>e</sup> same as *primus*, from which we get our word *primate*. I suppose you know what a *primate* is; and if St. Peter was *Primate* of the whole Apostolic College, what difference is there between that and *Pope*? Then, again, Our Lord committed to *Peter* the task of strengthening or confirming his brethren of the Apostolate, and also the task of feeding his sheep. He also promised to *him* the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven, and appointed *him* the Rock upon which he was to build his Church."

"Peter doesn't mean a rock," snapped in Miss Bartlett, "it means a stone."

"Well, rock or stone, whichever you please. I don't see that it matters much. 'Thou art Peter, and upon this Peter'—whatever it may mean in English—'I will build my Church.'"

"But they say," urged Adelaïde, "that he never was in Rome at all."

"Suppose that were so," replied Eustace, "how

would it affect his claim, and that of his successors to the Primacy, or Papacy, whichever you like to call it? But I think I can decide that question also by Scripture."

Both ladies remaining silent, he went on :

"Tell me, Miss Bartlett, when you write to a friend at a distance, do you send the compliments of those among whom you are living or the compliments of persons living, we will say, a couple of hundred miles away, and whom you have never personally known?"

"That seems a silly question," returned the lady, bitterly, for her temper was getting up. "Whoever heard of any one sending compliments from persons unknown to them?"

"Exactly. Now, Miss Bartlett, I suppose you to be pretty well up in history. Can you remember what city was written and spoken of by the early Christians under the name of *Babylon*?"

"Rome," answered both ladies, in a breath. Miss Bartlett evidently felt that by recognizing the connection between these two names, she was aiming a blow of some kind at the Scarlet Beast.

"Rome, certainly," replied Eustace. "Well, then, look up St. Peter's first Epistle to the Churches of Asia, and you will read—'The Church which is at Babylon saluteth you. And so does Marcus, my son.' 'The Church which is at Babylon' plainly means 'the Christians who are in Rome.' And as for Marcus, look up St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon, purporting to

be 'written from Rome to Philemon, and sent by Onesimus, a servant.' You will there find him also, sending the salutations of Marcus, leaving, I think, no doubt as to the whereabouts of the latter. Don't you think I have proved my point, Miss Bartlett? Now, as to the Virgin Mary — "

"Thank you, Mr. Hillyard, that will do," said Miss Bartlett, rising, and laying the picture-book on the small table where she had found it. "I think we have had quite enough of this for one evening." Saying which, she made what she meant for a dignified retreat, and mingled with the rest of the company.

"Oh! Mr. Hillyard," gasped Adelaide, her big eyes unconsciously fixed on him with a wistful look.

"And, why 'oh!'?" he asked, darting a quizzical glance at Miss Bartlett's retreating figure. "Do you not care to hear even the truth if it tells for the Old Church? Or do you think I am turning Papist?"

"You seem getting on for it," she rejoined, gravely.

"Nonsense!" said he, laughing. "I've only been having some fun with our Free Kirk friend; I like to tease her. All I have said is perfectly true, and, 'oh!' is no counter-argument; but personally, it is nothing to me. Come, I am dying to have some music. You will sing—'Oh!' '*luce di quest'* '*anima!*' and put sky rockets, Balfé-recitals, and polemics all out of our heads."

Saying which, he playfully drew her towards the piano, and stood by her while she sang. But two things lay heavy on her mind for the rest of the

evening. One was, that several points in Hillyard's half-jesting argument had arrested her attention, and she was laying them up for future consideration. The other was more personal to that young gentleman himself; and when she laid her head on her pillow that night, it was with a fervent prayer that one in whom she felt more interest than she would have cared to put in words, even to herself, might be kept from all evil and error. How the prayer was answered will be seen in the sequel.

## CHAPTER V

**I**T must be confessed that, despite rural walks, dinner parties and intellectual intercourse, our young parson found himself growing impatient for the completion of his chapel; and as the time went on, it was with no little interest that he superintended, so far as he could, all that remained to be done. It was, therefore, a happy day for him when the last of the carpenter's chips and shavings were swept out, and the handsome open benches, each finished off at the end in a Gothic arch, surmounted by a little cross, were carried in. Still greater was his satisfaction when the box arrived from Bolton-le-moor, with the reredos, frontal, etc., etc., all of royal purple cloth, with edgings of gold-lace, and the Sacred Monogram embroidered on the centre of the frontal. He had provided himself with a gilded cross-fleurée, which was suspended in the centre of the reredos. The carpenter did suggest that "some folks might take him for a Papist"; but Philip's reply that any one who could object to the cross was no Christian, overruled the carpenter's verbal remonstrance, whatever he might think privately. The crowning joy and excitement, however, was the arrival of the organ-builder from Edinburgh, with his goodly array of boxes containing

the various parts of the organ. All the children of the town who were not in school, and some, it must be confessed, who ought to have been there, congregated around the chapel door. The news spread through the town like wildfire, and had, ere noon, been wafted to every house, grove, hall, and hurst in the neighbourhood. Thus it was that the Hawk's-crag *calèche*, with its blazonries—an embattled bend between a mullet *or* on a field *gules*, and a crescent of the same on a field *argent*, bordered,—was seen dashing through Lynnborough at an unusually early hour, freighted with the earl and his two daughters, who alighted at the door of Philip's chapel, just as Adelaide Dunbar was passing on her way to the Berlin-wool shop. It took small pressing on the part of Lady Ethel and Lady Victoria to induce Adelaide to accompany them into the building, where they found Lieutenant Hillyard and Philip Carr already being initiated into the mysteries of diapasons, principals, clarabellas, twelfths and fifteenths. The organ-builder, having arrived and got to work early, had already nearly completed his task; and after giving, himself, the "Old Hundredth", that they might judge of the effect, he requested the ladies to sit down and try it. Lady Ethel and Lady Victoria excused themselves; they were not musical; so the *onus* fell on Miss Dunbar. That modern instrument of torture, the melodeon, with its numerous relations great and small, not having put in an appearance at the time of which we are writing, organs were scarce except in churches; it is

not, therefore, surprising that Adelaide had never yet touched one, although to do so was one of her great ambitions, and her fingers were itching to be on it. It was certainly no very formidable affair. Being but a small organ, it had only one bank of keys, some six or eight stops, and no foot-pedals. Self-trust, however, was not Adelaide's failing; and while Mr. Bellows, the builder, was performing, she had watched him with the closest attention, and perceived that he held down the keys with peculiar pressure, moving from chord to chord, with the utmost smoothness. Accordingly, when, in compliance with his request, she began to play, she endeavoured to apply the same peculiarity to her own touch, and succeeded in rendering the Pastoral Symphony from "The Messiah" to the satisfaction of all present. Mr. Bellows, in particular, applauded the performance.

"It's easy to see you've been used to play the organ," he said.

It was on Adelaide's lips to reply that she had never before touched one: but she changed her mind, preferring to accept the credit of experience rather than seem to put in a claim to cleverness. So she contented herself with asking:

"How can you tell that?"

"By your touch," he answered. "I've often seen young ladies who were only used to the piano, sit down and try to play the organ. It was horrible. There; you would see them jumping their hands from key to key, sprinkling their chords, and making such



a screech as never was." And here Mr. Bellows sat down and gave them a specimen, pulling out all the stops that they might have full benefit. It was ludicrous in the extreme. The poor instrument seemed to be in spasms. Nobody could help laughing; but to Adelaide it was as good as a quarter's teaching. It drew her attention to the peculiarities of the instrument, and gave her an opportunity of gaining some information with regard to the stops.

"We must install you as organist, I think," said Lord Lynnborough to Adelaide, as soon as Mr. Bellows had got through. Adelaide's face flushed with joy, while Eustace remarked :

"I am very sure you could not have a better,"—a sentiment which Philip warmly echoed.

"We should want some kind of choir," said Adelaide.

"Suppose you try over a little bit out of the Church-service, just to hear the effect," suggested the earl. Adelaide immediately began :

"Oh! come let us sing"—etc., to one of the beautiful chants she had so often heard in Edinburgh. Philip, who had a fine, though not powerful, bass voice, sang alone with her; and the effect was pronounced to be excellent.

"Perhaps Mr. Hillyard will join us," said Philip, "then a few *figurantes* will be all we shall need to make out a choir."

This invitation Eustace declined on the ground that he had no voice, and did not sing. He, how-

ever, informed Adelaide in an *aside*, that he had at Rowanfell, a book full of beautiful chants, which was very much at her service. She joyfully accepted this offer, and promised to send Richard, the servant, for it in the evening

"That will deprive me of the pleasure of bringing it myself," said the lieutenant.

"Well then," laughed Adelaide, "bring it yourself."

The earl and the ladies now took their leave; and Adelaide, declining to be driven over to Throstleburst, as she had some shopping to do, went her way alone. The shopping business did not hold her long; and her walk back to Throstlehurst was enlivened by her endeavours to call to mind as many as possible of the beautiful chants and hymn-tunes which had charmed her at St. Paul's.

In the evening, the book of which Eustace had spoken duly arrived; but contrary to expectation, it was brought by the footman with a message to the effect that Mr. Hillyard would have the pleasure of calling next day. Adelaide carried off the volume to the drawing-room, to try its contents on her piano. But what was her disappointment to find that not only it contained nothing which could be played on the piano, but that she could, as the saying is, make neither head nor tail of it! The notes were curious-looking square things, unlike any she had ever seen; they were placed on four instead of five lines; there were no *clefs*, and altogether the whole thing was

perfectly unintelligible. The book was a Roman Vesp-  
eral, full of the ancient *tones*, or chants, of the  
Church, known as Gregorian. Adelaide was not much  
of a classical scholar; but the Latin letter-press was a  
good deal more intelligible to her than the musical no-  
tation. She kept turning over the pages, divided be-  
tween disappointment, bewilderment and curiosity,  
when she came upon a half-sheet of note-paper stuck  
in between the leaves, on which there was writing.  
At first she thought this might afford an explanation;  
but a second glance showed her it was poetry, and  
had no connection with the Vesp-eral further than  
having been accidentally shut into it. She read the  
verses eagerly, for her love of poetry was great; but  
a pang of most unexpected pain shot through her  
heart as she followed, in the handwriting more than  
familiar, a passionate outburst of devoted love to-  
wards some unnamed object. Alas! the heart of Eus-  
tace was, then, irrevocably gone! Her hardly ac-  
knowledged day-dream was rudely dissipated, and only  
bleeding heart-strings were left. She had imagined  
the young sailor fancy free, and had hoped—but no.  
Another had come between them; who could it be?

She could not bring herself to read the poem a  
second time, but sat with her eyes fixed on it, staring  
mechanically at the writing, and following in a sort  
of half stupor the strokes and curves of the capitals  
which began the lines. Suddenly a flush, then a smile,  
mantled her face. The poem was an acrostic, the suc-  
cessive initials of which formed her own name. There

could be no doubt about it. ADELAIDE DUNBAR—it looked her steadily in the face. Now she re-read the poem, and with what different feeling! oh! how she coveted to keep it! But that would never do, so she compensated herself by committing it to memory, and then replaced it securely in the Vesperal.

Next afternoon, Lieutenant Hillyard was announced, and Mrs. Dunbar having lain down on the dining room sofa to take her *siesta*, Adelaide had the visitor all to herself. After the usual preliminaries, she brought out the book.

"How did you get along with it?" asked Eustace.

"I did not get along with it at all. I cannot understand it. I never saw notes like these, nor music written on four lines. Which are the long notes, and which the short ones? And is it the upper or the lower line which is a-wanting? And are the notes supposed to be written on the treble or the bass staff?"

Eustace then drew her attention to the moveable *clefs*, which she had taken to be some kind of notes, and explained the value of the triple notation; the notes with stems being the longest, and the small diamond shaped the shortest. Armed with this information, Adelaide tried over several tones, and found them quite intelligible; she even recognized some old acquaintances. Eustace next proceeded to inform her that the music in the Missal was much more beautiful than that in the Vesperal. At the sound of that cabalistic word—a word which conveyed to Adelaide's

mind no idea connected, however remotely, with the holy volume itself, but a crowd of ideas relating to racks, dungeons, stakes, inquisitors, and other regulation machinery of the rubbishy novels in which she had seen the Missal mentioned—all the force of prejudice arose up in her mind. She closed the Vesperal with nervous haste, and thanking Eustace for all his explanations, said she would not require it. She remembered as many chants and tunes as would suffice. Eustace looked disappointed, and said after a moment's hesitation:

"You don't think borrowing out of the Vesperal will transform you into a Catholic?"

"One cannot never be sure of anything," she answered. "I do not think it right to play with edged tools."

"And do you call this an edged tool?" he asked, smiling, and pointing to the book. "Why, you are as bitter as Miss Bartlett. I don't believe she would be willing to go to Heaven if it should turn out that Heaven was a Catholic country. But I never understood that *you* were so bitter."

"Excuse me," returned Adelaide, "I am not bitter; it is not that. It is that I am afraid. There is a great deal about the Catholic Church which addresses itself powerfully to my imagination. I do not speak of ceremonies. I have been told they are very beautiful and imposing; but I have never seen them. When quite young, I once or twice asked my father to take me to the Catholic chapel in Edinburg; but he always

replied that he did not think it right to go to a place of worship out of curiosity, but only to pray. The answer struck me forcibly enough to prevent me from going ever after. But there are other things besides ceremonies—things which every one can see. There is its antiquity, its unbroken descent from the time of our Redeemer Himself. The Catholic Church is the living link which connects the Old with the New; standing like a Supernatural Presence, with one hand stretched back over Ancient Rome, Greece and Israel; the other stretched forward over our own heads, and pointing onward to the very end of Time. There is her imposing grandeur through all these ages, in all vicissitudes; in prosperity, when all the sovereigns of Christendom did homage to the Popes, willingly or unwillingly; in adversity, when the persecutions whether of the old imperial Edicts or of modern Penal Laws seemed but to bring out into stronger relief her wonderful constancy to her beliefs and institutions, be they right or be they wrong. Then there is her 'cloud of witnesses'—those whom *she* calls Saints whatever we may call them, to my mind, a supernatural something—a sort of atmosphere of heroism and intensity—which is dangerously attractive to me. Nor is this all. There are her armies of consecrated persons, devoted to this or that work, all labouring as with one hand and one heart, all obedient to her work, all acting together like the instruments of some great and harmonious orchestra; their unity of faith, purpose, and feeling expressed in their very uniformity of garb, like the

regiments of some mighty host. There are the associations connected with the very ruins—relics of her mediæval grandeur—her various offices, her hours of prayer, her invocations. All these things have, and always had, for me a fascination so strong as to colour everything I have studied—histories, languages, fine-arts, everything. But in opposition to this strong attraction there is *conscience*. I have been taught to believe that the Catholic Church is grievously wrong on many points, and I do believe it. You will, therefore, readily understand that believing it to be wrong, yet feeling it to be so attractive, I hold myself bound in conscience to keep out of temptation. I shrink from it and all that belongs to it, not as I would shrink from something I loathed or despised, but as I would keep clear of a sublime conflagration—lest it should destroy me.”

This was putting the question in a light which to Eustace was new and unexpected. Some such attractions existed in his own case, although, perhaps, on more shallow grounds; but he had never considered the matter at all from a “conscience” point of view. He liked the ritual as he had seen it in foreign countries, and stood up for the Church against all comers, just as he might have liked and stood up for some foreign nationality. It never occurred to him to consider the question as one in which he had any personal interest; and Adelaide’s serious view of the matter took him somewhat by surprise. He remained silent for a few moments; then he said in a tone of mingled jest and earnest :

"Then, I suppose, a Catholic would not have a ghost of a chance with you—as a husband, for instance?"

"Not the ghost of a chance," replied Adelaide, still gravely. "*I will never wed a Catholic.* If there is one thing supremely important over all others, it is, in my opinion, that a husband and wife should be of the same religion."

"Yet your father and mother were not of the same religion," he urged.

Adelaide was taken aback a little. However, after a moment's reflection, she replied:

"True; my father was a Presbyterian. But somehow, that is not the same. When we lived in Edinburgh, he would always go with mamma to the English Church, and she attended the Kirk here at Lynnborough. I never heard him say that he could not pray in the English Church, and I never could perceived any difference in what they believed. The books they read were by English or by Scottish writers, indifferently. That is not the same. There is a wall of separation between a Protestant and a Catholic, which even affection cannot break down. It would be, to say the least, like marrying one whose language was wholly unintelligible to me, and mine to him, and that without the faintest hope of our ever coming to understand each other."

While Adelaide made this rejoinder, she kept running the leaves of the Vesperal nervously through her fingers; and just as she concluded she caught sight



of the half-sheet of note-paper containing the verses. Hastily closing the volume, lest Eustace should guess she had seen them, she held it out to him. He took it mechanically, regarding her meanwhile, with a look so earnest, and with such an expression of being about to say something more, that the young lady instinctively cast down her eyes, with heightened colour, and quickened palpitation. Eustace, however, resuming his usual manner, merely said:

"Then, you really don't want the Vesperal?"

"No, if you please, Mr. Hillyard; I'd rather not."

And exchanging the ordinary compliments, the visitor took his leave, and Adelaide went to her room to dress for dinner.

## CHAPTER VI

ALL preliminary arrangements being now completed, the opening service of Philip's temporary chapel was fixed for the following Sunday. The business of renting the sittings was attended to by Mr. Bartlett as acting trustee; and Philip, after much beating about, had secured the services of the two Misses Pringle, straw hat-makers, and a pale-faced, consumptive-looking quarryman yclept John Harte, as choristers. They mustered about half a voice among them—the small half, it must be owned; but they filled up around the organ, and answered the purpose to the eye, if not to the ear.

When Sunday came, the small chapel was filled to overflowing. Not only was the entire strength of Anglicanism, High and Low, resident in Lynnborough and its neighbourhood, represented, but many who belonged to other persuasions came out of curiosity. Lord Lynnborough, Lady Ethel, and Lady Victoria were conspicuous in one front seat; Colonel Maitland and family, with Mrs. Dunbar, occupied the other. Close behind the earl sat the sheriff, with Mrs. Bartlett superbly dressed, and attended by her two little daughters as splendidly attired as herself. Miss Bartlett, also, did honour to the occasion, although

her proclivities drew her habitually to the Free Kirk. Eustace Hillyard and his Aunt Marjory were also there, the latter out of friendly interest in the young parson, and some curiosity to hear him preach; the former, also out of friendly interest, but an interest more immediately connected with the organist than with the preacher. The humbler elements of the congregation, and a few leading people of the town, filled up the remaining spaces.

Philip choose as his text the words—"If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." The sacredness of Church authority, in contradistinction to the mere setting forth of individual opinion,—of which opinion the hearers are not held bound to believe more than they please—had been the main idea which had drawn himself away from what "Tracts for the Times" taught him to consider Sectarianism; and he thought he could not begin his parochial duties in a way more agreeable to both his conscience and his inclination than by endeavouring to impress on his hearers the importance of this fundamental truth. He set the doctrine on very high ground, supporting his arguments by many quotations from Scripture, and stamping the whole composition with that force which springs from honest and earnest conviction.

The sermon was, of course, variously commented upon. Lady Ethel and Lady Victoria, during their drive back to the castle, extolled it exceedingly; it was excellent, they said. Mr. Carr would certainly

one day be a bishop. The earl confined his remarks to the preacher. He was, he said, a young man of great talent; but he was young. A few years of experience to steady him, and he would, no doubt, do very well. Miss Bartlett, on the other hand, enlivened the family drive to The Elms by commenting in a different strain. She took no note of whether Philip's assertions and views were or were not borne out by the texts he had quoted; she simply condemned the sermon *in toto*, as being "much better suited for the other side of the Pond". The sheriff shrugged his shoulders, and agreed with her. Mrs. Bartlett said nothing, but occupied herself with her little girls and the "sit" of their flounces.

Meanwhile, Philip, all unconscious of these opposite standards of criticism, under one or other of which all his hearers ranged themselves, got ready for his afternoon service. The congregation was now confined to its humble members; and the sermon, supplementing that of the forenoon, turned on the question—Where is the Church? Philip felt it necessary to identify, as it were, that Heaven-appointed Teacher whose commission he had, in the morning, so ably vindicated. His first idea had been to take for text the appropriate Article of the Nicene Creed—"I believe in One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church"; but the notes of Unity, Sanctity, and Catholicity presented so many difficulties from an Anglican standpoint, that he confined himself to the note of Apostolicity, taking for text—"No man taketh

this honour to himself but he who is called of God, as was Aaron." The sermon was listened to with very devout attention, though, doubtless, the opinions formed of it were as much divided as were those regarding that of the morning.

After a Sunday or two, Philip found that the *elite* of his congregation attended only in the forenoon. This suggested to him the idea of transferring his afternoon service to the evening. The other churches all held service in the afternoon, leaving the evenings free; and he thought it might be in favour of convert-making to put his at an hour when all might attend, if so disposed. The change had the desired effect, so far as securing a full attendance went. He found, also, that the daily prayers which he instituted from the outset were very slimly attended, his sole congregation being Miss Dunbar, the two Misses Pringle, and one old woman. He did not, however, think it necessary to discontinue the practice. He went to his chapel every morning at ten, and went through the service, with Adelaide for clerk. He then devoted half an hour to a solitary stroll, usually along the briar-blossomed road which skirted the southern side of the Pond; after which he returned to his lodgings, and devoted the rest of the day to the study of the Fathers, and the preparation of his sermons.

The hospitalities which had crowded on him at first, naturally decreased somewhat; such interruptions only occurring with sufficient frequency to afford

a salutary relaxation. Of other disturbances he experienced none, saving only on one occasion, when his landlady's tones—shrill enough at any time—rose to an unusual pitch, and were wafted to his sitting-room on the wings of their own vehemence. Who the party or parties might be that were getting it so hot, Philip had no means of ascertaining, since no voice reached his apartment, except Mrs. Young's own particular soprano. Presently, however, he heard a door open, and the words "dirty black Papist" vomited forth, as if to eject, with becoming violence, the obnoxious visitor, whoever it might be. The sound of a light step along the passage, and the closing of the house-door suggested to Philip to reconnoitre a little from his window; when he presently saw emerging from the entry, Mrs. Young's daughter, the pale-faced Miss Bonelle. He now began to understand why it was she did not live with her mother; a fact which had early been apparent, and at which he sometimes wondered.

Sunday brought with it its usual duties. As Philip dined early, and held his second service in the evening, his afternoon was at his own disposal. He usually devoted part of it to writing home; then he took a stroll; after which he returned to his studies till evening. This afternoon, his mind being somewhat pre-occupied, he took no note of the direction in which he was going, till he suddenly found himself right in front of the Catholic chapel.

Proceeding about a quarter of a mile, he met

Lieutenant Hillyard who had also been indulging in a ramble. As Philip did not care to go any farther, he turned with the young officer, and the two strolled home together.

"I like this road," said the lieutenant; "it is the prettiest walk in the neighbourhood. I suppose I shall not see much more of it for a long time."

"Are you going to leave us?" inquired Philip.

"I start to-morrow at noon," returned Eustace.

"The *Seringapatam* is again in fighting order, and we are going off on another cruise, but where? I do not know. There was some talk of our going to China."

"To China?" exclaimed Philip, "that is a long way. By-the-bye, there is a fellow-student of mine just gone out there—a Mr. Annesley Dodds. He has got some post in the London Bible Society's Branch, at Hong Kong."

"I hope we shall not be sent there," rejoined Eustace. "I would rather return to the Mediterranean."

"I should think," said Philip, "that with your prospects, you would hardly care to remain in a profession which compels your being separated from your friends for such lengthened periods."

"Oh! as to that," replied Eustace, laughing, "I am not of much use to my grandfather or Aunt Marjory; although I suppose they are kind enough to miss me somewhat when I am gone. But I could never dream away my days at Rowanfell, with

nothing to do but calculate how long the present incumbent is likely to hold out. I am in no hurry to step into his shoes. For the rest, I suppose my maternal grandfather, who was an admiral, has bequeathed me something of a propensity towards the profession."

"Are both your parents dead?" asked Philip.

"They are. I can hardly remember any mother but Aunt Marjory. My own mother left no very near relatives to share my allegiance, so that Rowanfell has always been my home—out of school-time. Besides," and here Eustace coloured up a little, "I find the society in this neighbourhood much more agreeable than elsewhere."

The conversation now flagged a little, as though each had run out of remarks. Presently, as they were passing the Gothic chapel, Eustace said:

"I came down this way, intending to drop into Vespers; but there does not seem to be anything going on."

"Do you often attend Vespers?" asked Philip, looking rather surprised.

"Not since I have been home this time," returned Hillyard. "I used to go often. Capital music. Miss Stewart plays well, and the singing is good."

"I understood you to belong to the Establishment," said Philip.

"Yes—in theory but not in practice, except as an escort to Aunt Marjory; and she only goes to the Kirk of a morning. You don't catch me going except



under the pressure of circumstances, to be told for the five hundredth time that the Pope is the Man of Sin, and the Church which was the Church centuries before John Knox was born or thought of, is the Kingdom of Anti-Christ, and the Old Lady of Babylon; and to hear," continued Eustace, waxing warm, "the Virgin Mary set at nought, as though it could be pleasing to Almighty God to hear his Mother abused.

No," he added, after a moment's silence: "I don't pretend to be pious, but I hate irreverence, and I sometimes wish, when I hear old Wordy shouting his prayers at the top of his lungs, that he could see the respect and humble devotion of a French or Italian peasant—ay or noble, or soldier,—reciting the *Rosary*, or commemorating the incidents of our Lord's Passion by the *Stations of the Cross*. Protestantism is no religion at all. Whatever it has of religious element is only borrowed from the Catholic Church."

"If you think so," replied Philip, gravely, "you are bound in conscience to join the Catholic Church."

Eustace laughed and made answer:

"Not more than you are, Mr. Carr. I am sure I heard you vindicate the Unity, Apostolicity, and Authority of the Church as warmly as I ever heard it done by a priest."

"The Anglican Church," said Philip, promptly, "is a branch of the Catholic Church."

"I can't see that," answered Eustace. "I know

it is a good deal the fashion among some of the parsons to say so, but I never could see it."

"I do not mean, of course, that she is in actual communion with the Church of Rome. What I mean is, that she mounts up to the earliest ages, both in respect of her episcopate and her teaching."

"She only mounts up to Henry the Eighth in respect of both."

"She teaches the doctrine of the pure and primitive ages."

"Well," said Eustace, "I am not qualified to discuss that question from a learned point of view ; but in such fashion as an ignorant fellow may, I am willing to take you up to as pure and primitive an age as ever you like. I take you up to the Apostles' Creed, which, as I have been told on good authority, was composed by the Twelve within *one year* after the Ascension of our Lord. I suppose you admit that to be a pure and primitive age. Now, how many articles of that Creed are there of which Protestant churches can give, and do give, no explanation? Do they, for instance, attempt to tell us what is meant by the "Communion of Saints"? When the Catholic priest tells his people that the saints glorified in Heaven are continually praying for us, and exhorts them to seek their intercession and to celebrate their festivals; when he tells them that the souls in Purgatory are benefited by their suffrages, and enjoins them to pray for them; then, I feel I have an intelligible and practical explanation of the Article in

question. But if you tell me that it only means that all the members of the Christian Church *are* members of it, then, I say, it did not require that the Holy Ghost should make that fact an Article of Faith; common-sense is quite sufficient to apprehend this truth.

"Again, how does the Anglican Church explain the 'Forgiveness of Sin'? If she tells me it means that God in Heaven can forgive us our sins, then, I say, every pagan in all lands and ages believes or has believed that. Neither Jew nor Mussulman would dream of denying it, although they might press the inquiry, on what terms will he forgive them? But if I am told that Christ left with his priests on earth the power of forgiving sins judicially and in His Name, then, whether I believe it or not, I feel I have a sufficient explanation. I understood why it should have been inculcated as a special dogma of the Christian Religion."

"The Anglican Church holds the doctrine of priestly Absolution," returned Philip, quickly.

"You mean she tells the people 'that God pardoneth and absolveth all those who truly repent, and unfeignedly believe His Holy Gospel.' It is like a physician who would treat his patients by merely telling them the good effects of a certain medicine which he had not. No, no," added Eustace; "the Anglican Church carries the doctrine of Absolution pretty much as I carry this." And he drew from his vest pocket a beautiful little *chaplet*.

"Do you say your prayers on it?" asked Philip, gravely.

"I'm afraid I don't say many prayers of any kind," replied Eustace, with a laugh; "but I like to carry it in my pocket. It was given me by an old priest in Lisbon. I believe he told me it was blessed, or something."

By this time they had reached the avenue-gate of Rowanfell. The two friends shook hands, and went on their respective ways.

"That young man," said Philip to himself, as he walked towards the town, "has only two roads to choose between—Rome and Infidelity."

## CHAPTER VII

THE concluding weeks of summer, and the following autumn, passed away with our young parson in a very uneventful manner. The Bishop had paid one visit to Lynnborough shortly after Philip's arrival, chiefly in order to consult with the earl about the building of the chapel, the site for which had been presented by his lordship. It was understood that he would return about Christmas to administer Communion to those who were church-members. The departure of Eustace Hillyard—on another Mediterranean cruise, as it turned out—left Philip to the almost uninterrupted pursuit of his duties and studies, of which the latter occupied the greater portion of his time. His exterior life was, indeed, tranquil; but it was somewhat different with his interior life. Following the advice he had received on entering upon his mission, he devoted a considerable part of each day to an honest and unsuspecting study of the Fathers of the "pure and primitive period;" and it caused him some surprise, not unmingled with trouble, to find therein many things which he could no more reconcile with Anglican views than with those of the Establishment which he had left. One result of these discoveries was that he began to find greater difficulty in the preparation of his sermons. He was not long

in perceiving that Anglicanism was by no means looked upon by the members of his congregation in the same light in which *Tracts for the Times* had shown it; and it became extremely difficult to lay before his flock the truths of Christianity as represented by the Fathers whose works he had been advised to study, without running imminent risk of giving offense. Oftentimes during the composition of sermons, the words would arise to his lips—"If I were quoting all these texts of Scripture and of the Fathers in the interests of the Roman Church and its teachings, what a strong case I could make out!" Doubt had not yet taken possession of his mind, but he was decidedly perplexed.

It was about the middle of December, when the routine of Philip's parish duties was varied by a sick-call—the first which had occurred since his arrival. His late chorister, the pale-faced quarryman, John Harte, had been, for a month back, confined to his cottage, if not to his bed, by rapidly developing consumption, caused by breathing the sandy atmosphere of the quarry. He had been one of Philip's most regular and attentive auditors, albeit his musical assistance was purely nominal. Now that certain death stared him in the face, he desired to have the spiritual guidance and consolation of the young clergyman, whom he regarded as a prodigy of talent and learning, besides being personally much attached to him. Philip promptly obeyed the summons, and found the poor patient surrounded by a group of sympathizing neigh-

bours, and sedulously attended by a young wife with a baby in her arms. This last was rather a surprise to Philip, who had supposed John Harte to be a single man, he having always attended chapel alone. Mrs. Harte's face was quite unfamiliar, but not so that of a pale girl who sat at the window sewing, and who was none other than Rose Bonelle. As soon as Philip entered the room, the sympathizing neighbours ranged themselves at various distances, convenient for enjoying the benefit of the parson's exhortations, while Mrs. Harte quietly withdrew to the window at the farther end of the room, and conversed in a low tone with Rose. Philip, after a few inquiries expressive of interest in the patient's bodily condition, proceeded to enter upon the subject of his spiritual state. The poor man's replies to such questions as Philip addressed to him, were curt, and not altogether satisfactory; they left on the young clergyman's mind an uncomfortable impression that John Harte was speaking conventionally and with some mental reservation. After a little time spent in this sort of conversation, Philip read the "Visitation of the Sick," and took his departure.

For ten days things went on in this manner, Philip calling to see his sick parishoner about every third day; always finding him as before well attended by friends, and always leaving him with the same unsatisfactory impression. He thought a good deal about it; and chancing to meet Mrs. Harte one morning, as he returned from chapel, he preferred a

request that she would exclude company from the sick-room on his next visit. Accordingly, when he appeared at the cottage next day, he found the coast clear; and even Mrs. Harte delicately took the hint, and withdrew with her lodger, Miss Bonelle, into the kitchen. This was precisely all that was needed. John Harte turned on him a look full of candour and earnestness.

"Oh! sir," he said, taking Philip's hand, "how can I thank you for all you have done for me, and for all you have taught me! I never heard anyone preach as you have preached; you have made religion beautiful to me, and led me to take an interest in it, and to prepare as well as I could for the day that is now so near. I have longed to open my heart to you, and to tell you all I feel; only, I did not like to speak out when all these people were standing by. I am fully resigned to God's Holy Will, fully resigned to die, trusting, as I do, that He will be a Husband to the widow, and a Father to my orphan babe. If I could but receive the Sacrament—that 'Living bread, which cometh down from Heaven,' and of which the Lord said—'he that eateth this bread shall live forever'—I should be perfectly satisfied. I never used to think much about it; but since I heard your beautiful sermons on these texts, I seem to get a new light, and have often since then, read them over to myself. You can't give it, sir, can you?"

"No, my friend," returned Philip, divided between consolation at the manifest dispositions of his parishoner and regret at his own inability to comply with



his request. "I am only in deacon's orders; but I fully expect the Bishop or one of his clergy to be here at Christmas."

"Alas! sir, I shall not last till Christmas," was John Harte's pathetic reply.

"I will write to the Bishop this very day," said Philip, as he took his departure.

The letter was written, and a few hours brought the answer. The Bishop wrote most kindly, but feared it would not be in his power to re-visit Lynnborough so soon as he had proposed. He was rather short of assistance just now, one of his curates having been obliged to go into Devonshire to officiate at the marriage of his eldest son. However, as Philip seemed to press the matter so warmly, he would endeavour, if possible, to meet his wishes, and would write positively within a few days. Philip had nothing for it but to comfort his dying parishoner in the most hopeful manner he could.

Another week passed, and John Harte began to sink rapidly; so rapidly, that Philip, who now visited him every day, grew anxious and miserable, and besieged the Post Office every mail that came in. At length, the anxiously-looked-for letter arrived with the intelligence that the Rev. Beverly Chester, incumbent of B..., would (D. V.,) be at Lynnborough on the following Sunday. Philip advised his parishoners of the fact, and made all the needful preparations.

Sunday came, but the expected gentleman did not arrive. A word of explanation was all that was ne-

cessary as regarded the congregation generally; but Philip's heart sank when he thought of poor John Harte, who, Dr. Malcolm assured him, had not another week to live. Monday morning brought a letter from the Bishop, to say that the Rev. Beverly Chester had unexpectedly received a telegram from Nice, summoning him to the death-bed of his wife. The letter went on to say, that, as Lord Lynnborough, Colonel Maitland, and Mr. Bartlett, with their respective families, had already gone, the two former to London, the latter to Edinburgh, for the winter, the rest of the parish would, he thought, do very well under Philip's ministrations, until such time as he, the Bishop, could visit them, which would be about the middle of Lent; and concluded with a mild reflection that charity begins at home.

"This comes of a married priesthood!" Philip exclaimed bitterly to himself, as he stuffed the letter into his pocket and hastily left the Post Office. He felt too excited to go back to his lodgings, and so turned down the nearest road, and struck out for the country. After walking with great rapidity for some time, his feelings began to subside a little. He slackened his pace and began to review all the facts, past and present, in a calm and collected manner. A certain instinct of self-inspection led him to commence his meditation by placing at the bar his own conduct in the matter.

"Perhaps," he thought, I have been too strong in my manner of putting things. The Bishop seems to

take matters coolly; and even poor John Harte himself said that he never used to think much about it till he heard the way in which I put the subject. Perhaps, I have treated it *too* strongly; he might have been content to die without the Sacrament had I preached differently. Yet what could I do? I was bound to be conscientious; I was also bound to preach the Gospel—and what says the Gospel?

“I am the living Bread which came down from Heaven; if any man eat of this Bread he shall live forever; and the Bread that I will give is My Flesh, which I will give for the life of the world.’

“Except ye eat the Flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His Blood, ye shall have no life in you.’

“Whoso eateth My Flesh and drinketh my Blood, hath eternal life, and I will raise him up at the Last Day.’

“He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood dwelleth in Me and I in him.’

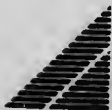
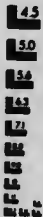
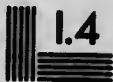
“As the Living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father, so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me.’”

As Philip slowly, and with deliberation, repassed these words in his mind, dwelling on them with an attention he had never before bestowed, his perturbation gave place to most profound abstraction. So intensely pre-occupied was he that he took no note of external objects, and was all unconscious whether he was leaving the town or returning to it, when a friendly voice wishing him “Gude day,”



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aroused him from his reverie. It was his old friend, the landlady of the "Thistle," who, bundled up in a plaid shawl, had been paying a visit to a sick acquaintance.

"Tis a cauld mornin', Sir," she remarked with a glance at Philip's hair, the ends of which were white with frost.

"It is pretty cold," answered he. And as the small remainder of their way lay along the same road, they walked on together. Philip's pre-occupation, however, was not favourable to brisk conversation. He answered Mrs. Gordon's quiet commonplaces in a very mechanical manner; and it was not till they were almost to the door of "The Thistle" that he shook himself awake, and asked, with an abruptness which startled the good woman :

"Can you tell me whether the priest is at home just now?"

"He was at home this morning," answered the landlady, with a good deal of wonder in her tone and expression.

Half and hour later, Philip having warmed his hands and thawed his hair at his sitting-room fire, again buttoned on his overcoat and took the road across the river. It had come on a blinding snow-storm; the juvenile skaters had deserted the Pond, and of pedestrians there were none. Philip, however, took no note of these things, being intent on the purpose which filled his mind. Walking swiftly along, he soon reach the Gothic chapel, now easily discernible

through the wintry branches, laden only with their beautiful foliage of sparkling crystal. He made his way around to the back of the building, and, not without a slight tremour, knocked at the door.

## CHAPTER VIII

AFTER the lapse of about a minute, the door of the chapel-house was opened by Father Doyle in person. He was a spare, dark complexioned man, with close-cut hair, and the slightest possible flavour of a foreign look about him—the result, presumably, of his having been educated abroad. His eyes were habitually downcast, but at times they looked up with a quick, penetrating glance. His identity was so marked that all introduction would have been quite superfluous; and as he stood in the doorway, clad in cassock and cincture, with his breviary in his hand, Philip realized in him his old ideal of a Catholic ecclesiastic. Now that they stood face to face, the young parson felt a little at a loss, and muttered something about having called on business. Father Doyle, with a quite inclination of the head, led the way into his little parlour, and offering his visitor a chair, sat down opposite, and waited to hear what the business might be. Then Philip said:

“You will perhaps think I am taking a great liberty, Sir, in broaching the matter which brings me here. I do not, indeed, know how far I am justified in doing so. Many persons would doubtless, condemn me; but if, as I think, there is question of an immortal soul, I feel assured that Christ will not condemn me; and I am perfectly ready to stand any other reprehension.”



To this exordium, Father Doyle listened attentively, but only replied with another inclination of the head; and Philip continued:

"There is a poor man, one of my parishoners, who is at the very gate of death. It is his most earnest desire to partake of the Sacrament before leaving this world. As I am not yet in full orders, I am not, myself, in a position to meet his wishes. I fully hoped and expected that the Bishop, or some qualified clergyman, would visit Lynnborough about this time; but by a letter which I have this day received, I find it will be impossible for any one to come here before the middle of Lent. Would you, sir, be averse to attending that poor man, and affording him the consolation he desires?"

A look of utter astonishment flashed across Father Doyle's face and lighted up the quick glance of his eye, at this unheard-of request.

"I fear, sir," he said, after a moment's pause, "I fear I don't quite apprehend your meaning. It would not be possible for me to minister to any one in connection—in alternation—with any other clergyman."

"I am aware of that," answered Philip.

"And you desire to commit him unreservedly to my ministrations, do I understand you to say?"

"I desire to know whether in the event of his being willing to send for you, you would be agreeable enough to go to him. I wish to do my very utmost for his spiritual consolation, irrespective of personal considerations."

"If he sends for me, I shall certainly go," answered the priest.

Philip, satisfied with this reply, and unwilling to detain Father Doyle, thanked him, and arose to take his departure. The priest, however, without taking any notice of the movement, turned one of his searching looks on Philip, and said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Carr, if I ask you a question."

Philip immediately sat down again. "How did you come to think of applying to me rather than to one of the other ministers?"

"They cannot give him what he desires," replied Philip, decidedly.

"And could your Bishop, if he were here, give him more than they can?"

"I believe in the Real Presence," answered Philip, with a hesitation arising from the consciousness that this was not strictly an answer to the priest's question.

"Admitting for the moment, that you do," said Father Doyle, "does your Bishop believe it? Do your clergy and laity believe it? Do the Articles of your Church maintain it? And if they did, would their believing and maintaining it make it *true* in that Communion?"

"I believe the Anglican Church to be a branch of the Catholic Church," responded Philip.

"In what sense, if you mean a living branch? Christ did not institute *two* Churches, or found *two* Kingdoms; and in what sense is the Protestant Church

of England a branch of that Catholic Church which she has for three centuries opposed and denounced? Name the point at which they connect; show the channel through which the sap runs. The Catholic—the Roman Church—claims, doubtless as in some sort her own, all who having been validly baptized, are not separated from her by their own act, or through their own neglect; but that is not more true of the Anglicans than of the members of any other body, who may have been validly baptized—that is to say, baptized with the proper matter and form, and in the intention of doing what Christ commanded."

"The Anglican Church," replied Philip, "possesses the Episcopal Order, and is distinguished from Dissenters by her Apostolic Succession. That being the case, her priests are validly ordained, and her acts must possess the same power as those of the priests of Rome."

"Without at present entering on the question of the validity of Anglican Orders, Episcopal or otherwise," said Father Doyle, "let us consider the appalling consequences which must stare us in the face if your clergy really possess the power of Sacramental Consecration. In the first place, the founders of the Church of England, without exception, denied all belief in the Divine Mysteries. Secondly, her clergy, through a period of three hundred years, have also been unanimous in denying them. Thirdly, her laity have been throughout the same period, brought up in utter disbelief of them, and taught to consider *Transubstantiation* as a dis-

tinative and erroneous dogma of the Catholic Church. Here, then, if the views of the small section you seem to represent are true, we have the horrible spectacle of the Lord of all Glory, the Divine Saviour of Mankind, descending for three hundred years upon altars where the Sacramental Presence found no worship; evoked by those who denied Him, handled by those who blasphemed Him! What a spectacle! What a renewal of the indignities of His Passion! Yet this is what would present itself to the eyes of the angels if the Real Presence were in the Anglican Church. No, Mr. Carr; we may bless God that it is *not true there*; if it were, what could hold back the Sword of Judgment?"

"Some among us believe it," answered Philip.

"And do you worship it?" asked the priest. "Do you kneel down before that which you hold in your hand, and say—'Thou art my God, although my eyes see but the veils which enfold Thee. Thou, reposing in my hand, resting on my tongue, descending into my soul and body, art the Creator of Heaven and Earth, the Saviour of the World, my only Hope, my Supreme Judge. For so many minutes I hold within me Him whom the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain, Jesus of Nazareth, True God and True Man, Body, Soul, and Divinity,—for so many minutes, till the first change of sacramental veil gives the signal for the Divine Guest to withdraw, and the Hand of Omnipotence replaces the substance of bread whose very existence it has temporarily annihilated?' No,

Mr. Carr; I can read in your face that *this* is not the style of your belief, even if I did not know that it cannot be. Faith in the most august Sacrament of the Altar is a divine gift; and the God of Truth will not bestow the Faith excepting there where the mystery is *true*. May His infinite goodness one day bestow upon you that blessed Reality of which you now hold but the shadow! And He will do so. In acting as you have done to-day for the benefit of a departing soul, you have merited a special grace for your own."

Saying these words Father Doyle arose and held out his hand. Philip grasped it cordially, and then his mind filled with conflicting emotions, he silently took his departure.

On leaving the chapel-house, the young parson made the best of his way, despite the inclemency of the weather, towards the dwelling of John Harte. And the various emotions which the recent conversation had aroused—the first germs of newly-awakened doubt, the impression made by the first glimpse of a faith and fervour he had never before seen, and the dawning revelation of a Living Mystery where had hitherto been but a cold abstraction—over and above all these was his ardent and charitable desire to afford consolation to the dying. He at length reached the cottage, where, as was to be expected, on so wild a day, he found none except those whose home it was. John Harte looked so white and wasted, and withal, so feeble, that it was evident that a few hours were all he had to live.

After a kind word or two, Philip said:

"My poor friend, I have made every possible exertion as a conscientious clergyman of the Church of England, to obtain for you the consolation of the Sacrament in your dying moments. Every effort I have made has failed—apparently without fault on any side. One thing only now remains. You must send for the priest. *He* can give you what you ask."

No look of surprise passed over the pale face. It seemed as though this abnormal advice were, to the dying man, but the natural sequence of the graces which had of late been working in his soul. He, however, replied in a feeble voice:

"I am too weak to make my Confession."

"But you are willing to make it, are you not? willing to make it without reserve, did your weakness permit?"

"Oh! yes, sir, perfectly willing," answered the poor man.

"And you are sorry for all the sins of your life?"

"I am truly and heartily sorry."

"And you would answer any question the Priest might put, and join in the Act of Contrition he would recite for you?"

"Oh! yes, sir; willingly."

"Then send some one for him right away," said Philip to Mrs. Harte, who had entered the room during this conversation.

"We will, sir," said the poor man; "and God bless you, sir, for all your kindness; and may we

meet in Heaven!" Philip's heart was too full for words; so pressing the hand of the humble friend he was to see no more in this world, he abruptly left the cottage.

He had not gone many steps before the pelting snow reminded him he had left his umbrella in the little passage. Returning to the cottage he softly opened the door, possessed himself of the umbrella, and again withdrew, but not before both eye and mind took in a touching picture. In the middle of the kitchen the door of which stood open, Mrs. Harte was standing with her hands clasped, her eyes looking upward, and tears streaming down her cheeks; while Rose Bonelle, her *screen* thrown around her, as if ready for the road, hung upon her shoulder with a loving caress. Both were so absorbed that they were quite unconscious of Philip's proximity. Naturally attributing the poor wife's emotion to sorrow at the prospect of her bereavement, he was softly retiring when the words which met his ears revealed to him a yet deeper well from which it sprang.

"Praise and glory be to God, and His holy mother!"

"Ay, Bridget; your prayers have been heard at last."

## CHAPTER IX

THE death of John Harte, which took place within two days after the incidents related in the foregoing chapter, caused but little stir in the small town of which he was so unobtrusive an inhabitant; and would have caused literally none, had it not been for the unexpected attendance of the priest in his last moments. This circumstance was variously explained; but, except in one or two instances, Philip Carr's name was not mentioned in connection therewith. In the mouths of the few who surmised the truth, the tale took such a very improbable appearance that no one felt inclined to credit it. Thus it was that Philip found the natural—and, indeed, expected—consequences of his heroic act of piety and charity, dissipated as by some supernatural power. There was, doubtless, a good deal of whispering, but it brought with it no results of any kind. He had been prepared for something very different; but even had his worst anticipations been realized, he would have felt more than compensated by the remark which reached him through Mrs. Gordon. That kindly old woman, meeting him one morning, and being about to pass with the customary "Gude day," Philip observed her fix a look so eloquent and full of feeling that, instinctively, he held out his hand which



she wrung with motherly warmth, saying in a subdued and broken voice:

"God bless ye, sir, for what ye did: *The Father says he was beautiful prepared.*"

Christmas came and went; and the succeeding months passed without any external occurrence to vary the routine. It was, however, a busy and eventful time to Philip within the four walls of his own parlour. Some unaccountable change had come over him since the death of his late parishoner. When he took the extraordinary step above recorded, it was upon the presumption insisted upon by the party, whose opinions he held and professed that the Anglican and Roman Churches were but branches of the same tree; a belief which, in doing as he did, he simply carried out to its logical conclusion, and reduced to practice. But whether it was that some of Father Doyle's remarks opened up a new vein of thought, or whether, perhaps, some special light was granted—granted it may be to the prayers of him to secure whose salvation he had risked his own credit—certain it is that Philip began to find a new meaning in every word of Scripture and of the Fathers. Things which before had seemed vague began to present to him a tangible signification; and it gradually dawned upon him that a *Mystery* must be something real, living; and that *spiritual* meant something widely different from *figurative*. He began to get sight of a clue which he was resolved to follow up at all hazards; and to catch occasional glimpses of links which

promised to connect with the fundamental articles of Faith many doctrines which it had hitherto seemed impossible so to connect. In proportion as these perceptions developed, the particular views of his party lost their hold on his mind and gave place to an all-absorbing purpose which invested with a new meaning, life and reality, the hitherto conventional, unpractical exhortation of his old Presbyterian pastor—'My brethren, seek the truth.' In order to make clear to his own mind the many new ideas which gradually unfolded themselves, he began to commit them to writing; and we cannot better elucidate the change that was going on within him, than by making him speak for himself.

"I begin to find that many expressions which are used alike by Catholics and Protestants, embody a wholly different idea, according as they are used by the one or the other; also, that many passages of the Scripture convey a totally different meaning to the Catholic and Protestant mind. I believe that this phenomenon—for I can call it nothing else—lies at the root of a great deal of prejudice. It is a phenomenon unsuspected on both sides. The Protestant condemns in advance distinctively Catholic doctrines, because the very terms in which they are necessarily expressed convey to him a meaning which does not fit them; and the Catholic, on the other hand, finds it difficult to exonerate the Protestant from the charge of wilful and culpable obduracy, because he does not see that the very words used to convince him lose, as

it were, on the way, their true meaning, and convey to him a different one, made familiar by early teaching. The word 'Church,' and the word 'spiritual,' seem to me to exemplify this difference most strongly.

"When a Protestant speaks of 'the Church,' he has a twofold idea in his mind. First, he has an idea of that Invisible Church which consists of all the redeemed, all who are saved or to be saved, out of every nation, tribe, and tongue. Secondly, he has the idea of a vast number of disconnected societies, to one of which he probably himself belongs; societies originating in diversities of human opinion, based and conducted on human principles, claiming only human authority; societies embodying only the aggregate minds of the members, confessedly liable to err, and differing from secular organizations in nothing except the End proposed. These two ideas exhaust the signification of the word 'Church' to the Protestant mind.

"The Catholic, on the other hand, recognizes no less the Invisible Church—the congregation of all the redeemed of every land and age. But he recognizes it as *Invisible*—discernible only to the eyes of God, and hidden from human sight, till made manifest at the Last Day.

"He therefore realizes the impossibility of investing it with the attributes laid down by Scripture as belonging to the Church; because—

"The Church was to be a City built on a hill which could not be hidden; and as a light placed, not

under a bushel, but on a candlestick, giving Light to all who were in the house.

"It was to be a Teacher, whose instructions were to be as from God. 'He that heareth you heareth Me; and he that despiseth you despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me despiseth Him who sent Me!'

"It was to be a Kingdom, having laws, constitution, government, jurisdiction. 'If he neglect to hear them (its witnesses) tell it to the Church; and if he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican!'

"It was to be as a Net thrown in the sea, drawing up of every kind the good and the bad, to be separated only when the net should be drawn to shore.

"It was to be a Household, ruled over in the absence of the Master by a servant, who might rule well and wisely, meriting for himself reward, or who might conduct himself viciously, and be punished by the Lord of the Household, at His coming.

"These characteristics are wholly inapplicable to an Invisible Church, therefore, every one who receives Holy Scripture as the Word of God must acknowledge the necessary existence of a visible organisation which they will fit. The Catholic has no difficulty in recognizing that organization. He sees in the Catholic Church 'a City set on a hill'—a manifest and visible body whose existence is palpable and evident to every one; a Sign to be *contradicted* by its enemies, but a Sign which cannot be *ignored* by them. He sees in it a Teacher, claiming to speak

in the name of God, claiming to be guided by His Holy Spirit, and claiming, therefore, that Infallibility which belongs to the Word of God; a Teacher, whose very reproach it is made—as it was to our Lord—that she teaches as one ‘having authority’. He sees in it a Kingdom having laws, constitutions and jurisdiction, and claiming for these a Divine origin and institution, as becomes a ‘Kingdom which is not of this world’—which is the ‘Kingdom of Heaven’ upon earth. He sees in it a Net cast into the sea of the world, and inclosing both good and bad, until the End, when the bad shall be cast out. He sees in it a Fold, into which Christ’s ‘other sheep’ must be brought, in order that there may be but One Fold and One Shepherd. He sees in it a Body informed, not by the aggregate minds of its members, but by the Holy Spirit who descended upon it at Pentecost, and who guides it into all truth; as says St. Paul: ‘The things of a man are known by the spirit of man which is within him; but we—that is the Church—have the *mind of Christ!*’

“As it must be evident to every candid mind that none can dispute these Marks with the Church of Rome; as, also, it must be evident to every honest student of Scripture that they are the Marks given us by which to know and recognize the Church of Christ; it becomes a very grave question whether the charge of corruption and degeneracy made against her be not simply a blasphemy, a giving of the lie to the promises of Christ; and whether the line which

marks our heresies and schisms—of which the Apostle foretold there would be many—ought not to include simply *all who are separated from her Communion*. For the Church of Christ was to be the ‘Pillar and Ground of Truth’; her faith was ‘never to fail’; ‘the Gates of Hell were never to prevail against her’; and the words which the Lord was to put in her mouth were ‘not to depart out of her mouth, nor out of the mouth of her seed, nor out of the mouth of her seed’s seed, even for ever.’ The ‘priest’s lips were to keep knowledge’; and the Church was to be ‘an highway in the desert, wherein the wayfaring man, though a fool, should not err’! Her children were to be all ‘taught of the Lord’, and Christ was to abide with her to the ‘consummation of the World’!

“If there be upon earth *no* organization to which these promises are applicable, then is our Faith destroyed, our Hope, vain; for they profess to be the promises of Him on whom our Faith and Hope are built. If there *be* one to which they apply, it can only be the one who lays claim to them; for to those who lay no such claim, they are manifestly inapplicable. I find myself, therefore, reduced to the alternative of disbelieving the promises of Christ, disbelieving, as a consequence, His Divinity, disbelieving, as a further consequence, the entire teaching of Christianity; or of admitting that there must be, in pure Christianity, some depth which I have not yet fathomed, some key which I have not yet found, and which, when found, will perfectly harmonize the dis-

inctive teachings of the Roman Church with those fundamental doctrines which we hold in common with her, and which we received from her.

"The word 'spiritual', also, seems to specially exemplify the difference of signification above-noted; and if I can succeed in making the difference clear to my own mind, I believe it is there that I shall find the key for which I am groping. To the mind of a Protestant, *spiritual* seems to be synonymous with *figurative*. It conveys to him the idea of something which has no real objective existence. Quote to him for example, the most plain and unqualified text of Scripture on any subject, he at once meets you with: "Oh! but that is *only spiritual* in its signification," an answer which, apart from the question of where any limitation or qualification is pointed out, simply means, on investigation, that the passage under consideration means *nothing at all*. Now, may not a thing be real—and as I may say, substantial—although in the spiritual order? Is a thing necessarily ideal, a mere figure, because it is not material? Is it not possible that this confusion of ideas may lie at the root of the Protestant denial of the distinctive doctrines of the Catholic Church? May it not be that they deny the dignity of the Blessed Virgin because they do not *realize* the Divinity of the Son? May it not be that they deny her Immaculate Conception because they do not *realize* the Sanctity of that God who took His Flesh from her, because they unconsciously fail to recognize the *reality* of His Divinity and of her Maternity? Do they

not, perchance, deny Her intercessory office and that of the saints through their failure to *realize* that the Intercessory and Created Throne of Christ's Humanity was to be the throne of His members—of His Redeemed; while His Own Sacred Person, Body and Soul as well as Divinity, was to be elevated to the Uncreated Throne of the Godhead, in that 'Glory which he'—the Eternal Son — 'had with the Father before the world was?' For what does He say? '*To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me on My Throne, even as I, also, overcame and am set down with My Father, on His Throne.*

"Is it not possible that Protestants deny the Regenerating Power of Baptism and the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist, through failure to realize the substantiality of that Sanctifying Grace which the one sacrament infuses, and the other nourishes and sustains? The idea of Grace brings with it no sense of reality to the non-Catholic mind; to such it is a mere fiction of Divine Goodness, whereby Almighty God is pleased, for Christ's sake, to regard us as being that which we are not. A close study of Scripture leads me to see that grace is something very far from this—nothing short of a *real* Union with Christ, whereby His merits become ours not *figuratively*, but *substantially*, in virtue of the *real* spiritual Union. For St. Paul calls it a participation of the Divine Nature, and says — 'For we are members of His Body, of His Flesh, and of His Bones.' If then, this Union of the Christian soul with Christ be *real*—something as real



and substantial as the air we breathe, *although in the spiritual order*—how is a merely *figurative* reception of His body and blood to maintain and nourish that union?

“Again if that union with Christ be something *real*, the rupture of it by mortal sin must be real also, and provision for a *real* remitting becomes essential to salvation. This brings us face to face with the sacrament of Penance, that sacrament which restores the grace of union forfeited by post-baptismal sin. For it is evident that if we accept the Catholic doctrine of Baptism, we must either accept also, the sacrament of Penance, or we must hold that there is no such thing as post-baptismal sin, but that all who are baptized are certainly saved; or again, that those that sin grievously after baptism are inevitably lost, since St. Paul says it is impossible for the sinner to be baptized a second time; both of which alternatives are contrary to Scripture.

“In working out these ideas, one thing strikes me forcibly. It is, that if, as I begin to believe, Reformed sects have lost hold of distinctively Catholic doctrines *through a dimming of spiritual perception*, their renunciation of such dogmas of Christianity as still remain to them will be but a question of time. The Divinity of Christ will follow overboard the Glory of Mary; Baptism will follow Penance, and the Atonement will follow both; Hell will go after Purgatory; and Heaven will be sought for only on Earth.”

## CHAPTER X

THESE and similar reflections worked in the mind of Philip Carr 'like leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened.' The process, however, was not a painless one, nor were conclusions arrived at without a due amount of mental trouble and disturbance. In his perplexity and uneasiness, he at length resolved to write to his bishop, giving a brief summary of the points which troubled him, and quoting both Scripture and the Fathers in support thereof. He reflected that the bishop was his superior for the present, and that his duty, in the first instance, was to lay the matter before him, and hear what he had to say. He had every expectation that the right reverend gentleman could at once meet his doubts with logical and convincing arguments; and the prospects before him, should he secede from the Church of England—the disappointment of his parents, the breaking up of life-long associations, the virtual and perhaps actual separation from all he loved—were dismaying in the extreme. He was ready to shoulder his cross and follow his Lord into the way of sorrows; but he wanted to make sure that it was, indeed, the Lord who called him to such bitter sacrifices. In due time, he received the bishop's answer, which was of a somewhat different character from what he had expected. He had endeavoured to forecast in his mind

the arguments by which his own would be met; but, to his surprise, the bishop did not seem to think that any were required. Indeed, he made rather light of the whole affair. Many young clergymen, he said, were apt to trouble themselves about these questions, but after a time the doubts passed away, and they would, he engaged, pass away with Philip also. He would suggest to Mr. Carr that he devoted himself too much to the study of the Fathers. He would find the writings of the judicious and illustrious founders of the Church of England much more to the purpose; and of these the bishop chiefly recommended *Archbishop Cranmer on Transubstantiation*, and the *Works of Bishop Bull*. He concluded by saying that he hoped to be in Lynnborough very shortly, when he would have much pleasure in giving Mr. Carr any advice he might stand in need of; and till then, his advice would be to let all these vexed questions alone, and devote himself to the duties of his parish. He had no doubt whatever, that by following this course Mr. Carr would, in a short time, look back on his present uncertainty with a smile, as was the case with many who were now sound members of the Church of England.

"Look back on them with a smile!" said Philip to himself; "not till I have received solid answers to my questions, and valid solutions to my difficulties. If it is not one of the principal duties of a clergyman to look into these vexed questions, I don't know what is. He who undertakes to teach others should look

well to his own understanding of things, else he is but a blind leader of the blind. A sound member of the Church of England is all very well, but not if it involves any shrinking from the Truth, or any compromise with Conscience. It is easy to talk of leaving those 'vexed question & one'; and I have no doubt that by doing so, I *should* come in time to look on them lightly. But should I not thereby be perhaps missing my grace? There *is* such a thing as *resisting the Spirit*; and who shall guarantee me that these 'sound members' he speaks of have not missed *their* grace? No; I am ready and anxious to weigh well all solid and Scriptural arguments that can be brought against me; but I will *not* abandon myself to a mere indolent setting aside of the question at issue: I will *not* go to sleep in the snow. I marvel more than enough at the bishop taking up, or advising me to take up, such a position. I have always understood it to be the very glory of the Protestant as such, that he was able to give a reason for the faith that was in him; and that *blind belief* was a Popish exaction abhorrent to the Protestant mind, and antagonistic to the Reformed system in all its innumerable phases. I begin to suspect that the case is reversed. The more I look into things, the more carefully I study Scripture, the more I see Rome has nothing to fear from the closest and minutest investigation; whereas the bishop puts me off with some soothing-syrup; and as for old Langface, I never in my life heard him advance an argument that would not satisfy an inquiring baby.

However, I will see what the judicious founders say. I wonder where I could find them!"

It happened that on Philip's first taking up his abode in Lynnborough, the worthy earl of that ilk had kindly put his splendid library at the young clergyman's service; an attention which was duly appreciated, but of which the duties of his parish, and latterly the pre-occupation of his mind, had hitherto prevented him from availing himself. It now occurred to him that he might find there the books recommended by the bishop; so next day, after a hasty apology for a dinner, he set out for Hawk's-crag Castle. Arrived there, Mrs. Appleby, the housekeeper, after answering in the affirmative his inquiry whether the library was open during the earl's absence, ushered him into the magnificent apartment devoted to that purpose. But alas! the library, although open in the housekeeper's sense, was closed so far as Philip was concerned, for the glass doors of the black oaken book-shelves were all secured, and the earl was supposed to have the keys. There was nothing left for it but to return home, and send an order to Edinburgh for the desired volumes.

Philip had not proceeded far on his homeward way when the Throstlehurst carriage containing Mrs. Dunbar, her daughter and a lady visitor, came rattling up behind him on the hard frosty road. Mrs. Dunbar bowed graciously as they passed, and then called to the driver, who brought the carriage to a stand-still; which movement Philip interpreted as an intimation

that the lady wished to speak with him. He accordingly approached to pay his respects, and was introduced by Mrs. Dunbar to her sister, Mrs. Steele, just arrived from London to spend a few months at Throstlehurst. She accompanied her introduction with a pressing invitation to Philip to enter the carriage and drive home with them to luncheon, which he accordingly did.

Luncheon was to be served in the library; and while the ladies withdrew to attend to their toilet, Philip warmed his hands at the library fire, and then began a survey of the shelves. There was a very respectable assemblage of volumes, although the collection could by no means compare with that of Lord Lynnborough. But what chiefly interested Philip, and indeed, struck him as almost providential, was that the first book his eyes rested upon was: *Archbishop Cranmer on Transubstantiation*; and close beside it, a thinner volume: *Sermons by Bishop Bull*. The book-shelves were not inclosed like those at Hawk's-crag, so the young parson took down *Cranmer*, and began to examine it.

"You have read that book, I presume, Mr. Carr?" said Mrs. Dunbar who, with Adelaide and Mrs. Steele, had entered the room without his observing them.

"I cannot say I have," answered Philip; "but I should very much like to read it, and also this other volume by its side."

"Then I hope you will permit me to send them over to your apartments," added the lady.

"I should not wish to give you that trouble," said Philip. "But if you will permit me, I shall be most happy to accept a loan of them, and to take them over myself—that is, if you can spare them."

"Oh! yes," said Mrs. Dunbar. Then she added with an exhausted look: "I don't read them much—I don't think I have yet looked into them. Those heavy works always give me the headache. My late husband was fond of heavy works. Poor man! he was reading that larger book not a month before he died. The leaf is turned down just where he was reading. He always did turn down the leaf, to mark his place."

Philip thought within himself that the late Mr. Dunbar could not have found the work much to his mind, since the leaf was turned down at page four. However, he said nothing; and luncheon being ready, the party proceeded to experiment on cold chicken and other dainties, which the fresh frosty air had prepared them to find very acceptable. The ladies seasoned the meal with the latest bit of fashionable gossip which, in the present instance, happened to have a personal interest for them, since it was nothing less than the approaching marriage of Adelaide's beautiful cousin, Ida Maitland, to the elderly but attractive Earl of Lynnborough. Colonel Maitland, his wife and daughter, were spending the current season in London, where Ida had come out, making her first public appearance on the social stage at one of the royal receptions at St. James' Palace. She had

taken her place as one of the *belles* of the season; and the earl, an old friend of her father, fascinated by her beauty, had made her the offer of his hand and coronet.

"I cannot think," said Mrs. Dunbar, "how a young girl like Ida could dream of marrying a man old enough to be her father."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Adelaide. "Lord Lynnborough is handsome, if he be a little old; and he will, I am sure, make a very kind husband. Besides, you forget the coronet. I think Ida has fallen on her feet. Then, to take a selfish view of the matter, it will be quite nice to have a countess for a cousin."

"When does the marriage take place?" asked Mrs. Steele.

"After Easter, I believe; in London, of course, at St. George's, Hanover Square," replied Mrs. Dunbar.

"Yes," put in Adelaide, with animation. "And the happy couple are going off for a wedding trip to Italy—and Ida will see Genoa, and Venice, and Florence, and Naples, and Rome—oh! don't I wish I could go shares with her! I would let her have the earl, and the coronet, and the trousseau, and the wedding, and all the presents; and she would let me have the visit to Italy!"

Her mother and aunt laughed at her, and opined that Ida would have the best of the bargain; but Adelaide shook her brown curls in decided negative. After some more chat, the meal being concluded,



Philip arose to take his departure; and politely excusing himself from prolonging his visit, he returned to his lodgings carrying with him the borrowed books.

Opening the volume of sermons at random, his eye fell upon a foot-note, wherein the Church of Rome was represented as investing the Blessed Virgin with all the attributes of the Divinity; and as styling her the "Eternal Virgin."

"Now!" said Philip to himself, "I never understood the Church of Rome to hold any such view. I always thought she looked upon the Blessed Virgin as the first, most perfect, and most highly exalted of creatures, but still simply and purely a *creature*. Eternal Virgin—I never even heard the title before. Stay!" he said, as a light began to break on him, "what is it they *do* call her? *Semper Virgo*—Ever Virgin. Ah! and this is the way Mr. Bull translates *semper Virgo*! I must say his candour and fairness are much to be admired!"

As he continued to look through the book, the next thing which arrested his attention was a long quotation from Origen, condemning in emphatic terms the invocation of angels. He read the quotation from beginning to end, together with such comments as preceded it or were appended to it. Then, turning to his little pile of Fathers, he drew towards him the Greek original, and looking up chapter and page, he read over the passage as it was to be found there. It was a condemnation of the pagan practice of in-

voking the *evil angels*, or *demons*; and was followed by an exhortation to seek protection and intercession of the *good angels*.

"So much for Bishop Bull," said Philip, laying down the volume in disgust. "Let us see what the other one is like."

He then opened *Archbishop Cranmer on Transubstantiation*. It was in the form of a controversial discussion with one of the Catholic theologians of the day—Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester; and the editor had arranged the two works—that of Cranmer and that of Gardiner—in alternate paragraphs; an arrangement very promising to the reader who wished to give the subject a fair and unprejudiced examination. Philip began to read, nothing doubting that the judicious founder would prove beyond all cavil that the *real presence*, so insisted on by the Fathers of the Early Church, was indeed to be found in the Church of England. No such thing. The dogma was denied point blank, and with a malignant bitterness that astonished Philip, until he remembered that Cranmer was a Protestant in the *strict* sense of the word—i. e. an *apostate Catholic*. The young clergyman was not yet in a position to appreciate the blasphemies contained in the Canterbury paragraphs; but their scurrility and vile language disgusted him beyond measure, and formed a wonderful contrast to the tone and style of Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

"One thing is certain," said Philip to himself, after some days study of these works, "wherever the

*Tractarians* got their views, they did not get them from the judicious founders. No Free-Kirk minister could be more anti-Catholic. They leave me just where I was."

And Philip, indeed, underrated the situation when he said they left him just where he was. While utterly failing to answer any of his difficulties, they had the effect of clouding his perceptions, and infusing into his mind a degree of trouble, doubt and perplexity which rendered him truly unhappy. Points which had lately appeared as clear as noonday became matters of uncertainty, *not* through convincing reasons, but through the mere clouding-up, so to speak, of his perceptive faculties. He began to realize how easily a man might resign himself to indifference, let the 'vexed questions' alone and go his way, leaving truths which had lately seemed all-important to take care of themselves; and he felt himself drifting into that state—falling asleep in the snow. At this perilous moment he began to take the only step which could save him. He added to his daily devotions a *special* prayer for light on the points at issue, and for grace to follow the Truth wherever it should lead him. With the Psalmist he prayed: "Oh! send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me; let them guide me unto Thy holy will, and to Thy tabernacle!"

## CHAPTER XI.

**I**T was while Philip's mind was in this state, that he one day received a note from the bishop, intimating his intention of being in Lynnborough on the following Sunday, to give Communion, and to arrange other matters. It was already Thursday, and there were many preparations to make in the way of notifying the congregation, procuring the temporary use of communion-plate, etc. These things kept our young parson with his hands full for the remainder of the week; and it was not until late on Saturday afternoon, when, all preparations being completed, he lay down for an hour on his parlour sofa till it should be time for him to meet the bishop at the railway station, that his own position at this particular moment presented itself to him. He now began to ask himself how far, in view of the late changes going on in his mind, he was justified in receiving Communion in the Anglican Church. The question troubled him exceedingly, even to the point of making him feverish and ill. Finally, he resolved to put the case candidly before the bishop, and be guided entirely by his advice. The Throstlehurst carriage was to meet them at the railway station, and convey the right reverend gentleman to that hospitable mansion for the short period of his stay. There would be sufficient time and opportunity during the

drive to discuss the matter, as far, at least, as the present difficulty required.

"He is my superior and ecclesiastica! authority for the present," said Philip to himself, as he rose and looked at his watch. It was full time to be off, so buttoning his coat and seizing his umbrella, for it was raining heavily, he walked swiftly to the station, and reached it just as the train moved off.

When Philip entered the waiting-room he found the bishop in company with a strange gentleman of clerical cut, looking around him uneasily, and with a not over well-pleased expression of countenance. Several things had combined to ruffle his temper. In the first place, he had felt rather unwell in the morning, and but little disposed for a journey; then the weather had become very disagreeable; and last, but not least, he had arrived at the railway station and found nobody to meet him. The sight of the comfortable carriage, towards which Philip piloted him with all respect, consoled him somewhat, but did not unbend him so far as to invite conversation, even had the presence and company of the stranger—who proved to be the Reverend Hanly Hicks, in attendance on the bishop—not rendered any communication of a private nature quite impossible. Arrived at Throstlehurst, the warmth, the light, the company, and the sumptuous dinner soon restored the good bishop to his normal state of geniality, so that by the time the small party of intimates invited by Mrs. Dunbar to meet him, retired to the drawing-room, he had be-

come, as usual, the charming centre of an appreciative and admiring group; while the Rev. Hanly Hicks, who was of the gilt-edged type, lisped little nothings in supplement to the greater luminary. Philip, disappointed, depressed, and woefully out of harmony both with the social brilliance of the one and the shallow affectation of the other, withdrew into a corner; and after remaining long enough to satisfy himself that any private conversation with the bishop was out of the question for that evening, he retired unperceived by all, save Mrs. Dunbar, to whom he excused himself on the plea of indisposition.

It was late, however, before he lay down to rest. He had calculated on some guidance in his difficulty, and now he was thrown entirely on himself. In fact, for many weeks he had looked forward to the bishop's visit as bringing with it the solution of his doubts and the tranquilization of his mind; and now that the bishop was here, there seemed no prospect of even being able to get a talk with him. Had the young clergyman been just a little more behind the scenes, he would have understood that his skilful diocesan had purposely so arranged it. He had no idea of being posed on difficult questions by the youthful deacon, or of being drawn into arguments where he knew he would have to stand on the untenable side. He had easily perceived from Philip's letters how the land lay; he had had many instances of a similar kind to deal with, and confidently depended for Philip's cure on the dose which had cured so many others.

namely the clamour of friends, and the social disabilities which would stare him in the face should he seriously meditate seceding from the Church of England. He had brought with him the Rev. Hanly Hicks—whose services were in no way wanted—on purpose to enable him to avoid all private conversation; and to Philip's hint, during the drive to Throstlehurst, as to what hour he could see him in the morning, he replied: "Oh! I'll see you at service-time—at service-time."

"It just resolves itself into this," said Philip to himself, after a long meditation. "I have got some clues which I am determined to follow up, and I will rather part with life itself than be false to what I believe to be the Truth. But, on the other hand, I am not at all clear that what I believe to be the Truth may not be lawfully held by a minister of the Anglican Church; I am not yet prepared to secede from that Church, or to enter another. Believing, then, as I do, that Holy Communion is a powerful means of grace, it cannot be blameable to avail myself of such means of grace as I find within my reach. I will, therefore, approach it, commending myself to my Lord, and beseeching that He Himself may guide me."

Next day, there was a very full attendance at the little chapel. The Reverend Hanly Hicks preached the sermon, and the bishop administered Communion. Philip, of course, received first, and while the bishop and his assistant attended to the rest of the communicants, he made his thanksgiving, which instinctively

clothed itself in the words of his special prayer: "Oh! send out Thy light and truth! Let them lead me, let them guide me unto Thy holy will, and to Thy tabernacle!" After some little time spent thus, his eye fell on the bishop as he administered the rite to the laity. There he beheld the right reverend crumbling up the bread between his fingers, his track along the chancel floor duly marked out with portions of the same. Doubtless, Philip must have often seen the same thing, which was no phenomenon in the English Church; but the last few months had worked wonderful changes in him, and he now adverted to it with feelings of surprise and dismay. He could think of nothing else during the concluding portion of the service; his mind was absorbed by it as he followed the bishop to the little vestry; and when at length the right reverend gentleman and Mr. Hicks were ready to depart, he could no longer delay the question:

"What shall I do with the *crumbs*?"

"Sweep them out—sweep them out," snapped the bishop, as he stepped into the carriage, which immediately drove away.

It was like a revelation. The scale fell from Philip's eyes.

"Father Doyle was *right*," he said. "THANK GOD, THE REAL PRESENCE IS NOT TRUE IN THE ANGLICAN CHURCH!"



## CHAPTER XII.

**N**EXT morning, the bishop and his clerical companion departed by an early train. Philip met them at the station merely to make his adieus, and as a mark of respect. All desire for an interview had left him; and his feelings on finding himself once more alone, were those of a man who realizes that he has an important task before him, and is glad to be disembarassed of other things in order that he may set about it. We will not try the patience of the reader by endeavouring to follow all the vicissitudes of his interior life during the next few weeks. Suffice it to say that when he set himself once more to study, and to the clearing up of various questions, point after point became more tangible, and showed itself more intimately interwoven with the whole fabric of Christianity. He began to admit to himself that the Church of Rome, which alone held and taught those doctrines, could alone be the true Church of Christ. But his troubles were not yet over. His perplexities presently assumed a new form, and he began to ask himself:

"Does the Church of Rome hold these doctrines *as they present themselves to me?* Does she hold them *as they are found in the Fathers of the Early Church?* Leaving aside Transubstantiation, which Scripture and the Fathers seem to me to present, and which

my own mind and heart are ready to receive, with all the fulness that even Rome could require, does she *really* hold the Blessed Virgin to be a mere creature, shining in the created glory reflected upon her by the Divine Maternity? Does she *really* teach that the good works of the Christians draw all their merit from the merits of Christ to which the sacrament of Baptism unites them? Does she *really* teach that Masses said for departed souls are but humble supplications offered for them in the name of Jesus, and do not imply a claim on her part to jurisdiction over the dead? I have always understood that she taught thus, but now I come to think of it, what do I *know* of her teaching? What Catholic books have I read? What exponent of her views have I consulted? None."

It was several weeks after Easter on a beautiful May evening, that Philip, after contemplating the fire in his parlour-grate for at least an hour, arose, and putting on his hat, left the house, and strolled slowly across the bridge to his accustomed promenade on the south side of the Pond, which the white hawthorn of the month of Mary rendered almost as beautiful as would later on the briar-blossoms of June. He could hear, as he walked along, wafted from the Gothic chapel, the hymns which were being sung in honour of the Blessed Mother; and presently he met the humble worshippers returning to their homes, the short service for the May evenings being ended. As he passed the chapel he found himself face to face with Father Doyle, who had been, like himself, lured to a short

walk by the lovely evening succeeding to a long period of miserable weather. Even had Philip felt inclined to pass the priest with but a cold recognition, he far too well understood his duty as a gentleman and a Christian to do so. He cordially returned the reverend Father's salutation; and the two strolled on together.

It was an opportunity not to be lost. Philip, young as he was, had acquired in society the not very common faculty of leading conversation into any channel he pleased, without showing more than he liked of his own "hand." It was by means of dispensing with *feelers*—by what may be termed a delicate *abruptness*—that he generally managed to conceal, if he so wished, any personal interest in the topic under discussion. But in the present case, he had to deal with a man well versed in the workings of the human heart; a man who regarded Philip in particular through the medium of his conduct in the matter of John Hart; a man, above all, who from that time had never ceased to pray and offer up the Holy Sacrifice for his conversion. Philip's caution and skill, therefore, were insufficient to wholly conceal from Father Doyle the work which was going on within him, but he did manage to prevent him suspecting more than an awakening interest in the subject. In the most gradual and natural manner he touched on point after point of distinctively Catholic doctrine, endeavouring to compare the answers of the priest with the teachings of the Fathers; and so interesting did the conversation become, that Philip took no note

of anything else, until he suddenly realized that twilight had deepened into night, that they had retraced their steps and passed down the little lane beside the church, and that he was standing with Father Doyle in the door-way of the chapel-house in deep discussion. Finally the priest said:

"Mr. Carr, if you feel interested to know something of the real teachings of the Catholic Church, might I presume to beg your acceptance of a small book, to which you may at any time refer with the utmost confidence?" As he spoke he entered the little parlour, and lighted the candle.

"Were you a Protestant layman," he continued, taking up from the table a small volume, "I would offer you this one: *The Catholic Christian Instructed*, by Dr. Challoner. But you are a man of learning, and one of their clergy; therefore, I prefer offering you this." As he spoke, he took from a shelf a small paper-bound Latin book and placed it in Philip's hand. It was the *Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent*.

When Philip's eyes fell on the title, a flash of such ineffable satisfaction lighted them up, that Father Doyle's most hopeful suspicions were confirmed. Philip, however, would only accept a loan of the work.

"As you please, Mr. Carr," said the priest. And bidding each other good-night, Philip pocketed the little book, and left the chapel-house.

A week later, and we find Philip anxiously perusing a letter just received from his father. It was an answer to a long communication from Philip himself,

detailing the change which had gradually come in his views, and which now rendered imperative his secession from the Church of England. The letter was short and ran thus:

MY DEAR SON,

Your long communication received this morning, has not a little surprised and distressed me. When you desired to enter the Church of England, I took no exception to your doing so, although myself adhering to another communion. There was nothing to disapprove of, and a good prospect opened out before you. But now you talk of embracing a religion which will entail upon you every sort of social disability. Nay, if I rightly understand, you even desire to enter the priesthood. My dear boy, far be it from me to desire you to renounce the service of God, and return to a secular profession, which, as you say, would seem like putting your hand to the plough, and then looking back. But think what is the life of a Catholic priest. Think of his celibacy, of his solitude; think how he is looked down upon in this country, be it justly or unjustly. Think how he must bend to the will of his superiors. Think above all, of *these mysterious obligations which are kept out of sight while you are not yet one of them, but which will be made known to you after you have passed the Rubicon.* I shudder when I think of this.

As for your reasons, they are such as I do not feel myself competent to judge of, much less to refute. You know what a learned and holy man is our relative, Mr. Vicars, of St. Wilibald's. Suppose you write out your views at full length, and submit the matter to him? He will be able to set you right, I haven't a doubt. He has long been known to profess extremely Catholic views, yet he remains, contentedly in the Church of England, which he is not the

man to do if it involved any compromise with conscience. Promise me that you will do so, that you will remain where you are till you get his answer, and that you will be guided by his advice. If you give me that promise, I, on my part, will hold you free to follow your convictions, should Mr. Vicars recommend that course.

This letter filled our young parson with conflicting emotions, prominent among which were, pain at being compelled to inflict pain, and that on a father so beloved; and appreciation of the gentleness and Christian moderation shewn by his parent under circumstances which, he well knew, usually called forth more than pagan bitterness. There was also an involuntary sinking of the heart at the picture drawn of his future life, especially that italicized portion of it which dealt with the "mysterious obligations"—whatever these might be. Lastly, there was an unsatisfactory sense of risk in blindly committing his future, both for this world and the next, to the Reverend Rector of St. Willibald's. However, he determined to follow his father's advice and to lay before his venerable relative all his reasons, leaving to Providence the ordering of his subsequent steps. The needful papers were already lying on his table. He had written them out, quotations, references, and all, for his own satisfaction, as well as under a strong though undefined impression that he might one day require them for some such purpose as that for which they were now on demand. He sealed them up and despatched them, together with a long letter, to Mr. Vicars.

While awaiting the rector's reply, which he judged would be some time in coming, Philip concluded to fill up part of his spare time by going the rounds of his parishioners and friends. He could not divest himself of an impression that his departure from Lynnborough was near at hand; and as he felt bound in honour to say nothing of the reason of that departure, he desired to avoid all leave-takings, yet at the same time to avoid any appearance of ungraciousness towards those who had been friendly and kind to him. Of his more aristocratic friends, the Bartletts, Miss Hillyard, and the Dunbars, alone were in the neighbourhood; and as Rowanfell lay directly on the road to Throstlehurst, Philip set out of a day to do the civil to the ancient spinster, armed with the borrowed Bull and Cranmer, to be thereafter deposited at the latter mansion. He found Miss Hillyard entertaining our young acquaintance, Adelaide, who had called to see her elderly friend, and to inquire after old Sir Norman.

"He seems to have failed somewhat since Eustace returned to sea," was Miss Marjory's reply to Philip's inquiry. "By the bye," she added, turning to Adelaide, "there's a book Eustace left behind him that, perhaps, you might like to look at. It is full of music, and I know you are a great musician." As Miss Hillyard spoke, she arose and fetched from a small table a beautifully bound copy of the Mechlin Missal. On seeing the title, Adelaide was about to decline the proffered loan, as she had previously done that of the Vesperal; but without any conscious reason, she

changed her mind and accepted the book. The conversation then naturally turned on the peculiarities of plain chant, there not being much else to talk about. Ida Maitland's recent marriage and expected return from the wedding-tour had already been discussed by the two ladies.

"You must let me carry that book home for you," said Philip, as Adelaide arose to depart. "See," he added, holding up his own parcel: "I have already some company for it—of what kind I shall not say. I am just on my way to pay my respect to Mrs. Dunbar."

"Thank you," replied Adelaide, "I shall be much obliged by your doing so, and still more obliged for your company. Mamma and Aunt Steele were out driving when I left home, so I shall have to walk back to Throstlehurst."

This statement drew from Miss Marjory a pressing offer of the Rowanfell carriage; but Adelaide would not hear of such a thing, and bidding the kind old lady farewell, she and Philip set out for Throstlehurst.

"Mr. Hillyard seems to take a great interest in the ritual of the Catholic Church," said Adelaide as they walked along.

"That is not strange," returned Philip. "It is the Old Historic Church—the Church from which we ourselves received all we have whereon faith and hope may lean. Our *negatio* are the only part of our spiritual inheritance not derived from it."

"I suppose you have seen High Mass, Vespers, and



all the rest, a great many times? Everybody has — except myself.

"I cannot say I have," answered Philip. "I did go once, I think, on a Christmas day; but that was when I was a boy. The ceremonies did not impress me much, for the reason, I doubt not, that I was wholly ignorant of their meaning."

"Do you approve of Protestants going to Catholic services, Mr. Carr?" inquired Adelaide, thoughtfully.

Philip did not at once reply. The subject altogether was *mal-à-propos*, in view of his personal experiences. He felt it a point of honour to say nothing that could cast a slur on the communion he was leaving; on the other hand, conscience forbade any word that could even appear a slight upon the Church of Christ. After a moment, he said:

"Well, Miss Dunbar, I do not see what they gain by it. They go without knowledge and without faith; consequently the ceremonies are to them . . . ing more than a show which they do not understand. It is impossible for Protestants to see in them what Catholics see. It is as if a person wholly ignorant of Greek were to sit down and contemplate a copy of Æschylus in the original tongue; he could see the forms of the letters, but not the spirit and meaning of the poet."

"That is true," rejoined Adelaide. "Yet many of them go; and a curious thing is, you never see Catholics return the compliment. Why is that?"

Philip smiled. "Perhaps," he said, "it is because they feel they have a sufficiency at home, resting in the

doctrines and devotions of a Church they deem infallible."

They walked along in silence for a few moments. Then Adelaide resumed:

"Infallible. Mr. Carr, perhaps you will think me Romanizing—although, indeed, I am not; but do you know I can't help feeling that the Church *ought* to be infallible. It seems so strange that beliefs and practices necessary for salvation should be left wholly at the mercy of human opinion, with all its vagaries and changes."

"Are you quite sure they have been so left?" asked Philip, gravely.

Adelaide looked surprised. "Does the Church of England claim infallibility?" she asked.

"I did not say that," returned Philip. "The Church of Rome is the only communion which claims it."

"And she teaches doctrines which prove she does not possess it," answered the young lady.

"Such as.....?"

"Well, such as invocation of the Virgin and Saints. I cannot realize or comprehend the position she gives to the Blessed Virgin."

Philip considered a moment. He burned to vindicate the honour the Church shews to the Holy Mother of God; yet he felt the time for *him* to do so was not yet come. So he merely said: "Don't you see that if you accept her infallibility, you accept all her teaching as infallible because it is *her* teaching?"

"I could not do that," answered Adelaide, decidedly. "Doubtless, if I accepted her infallibility, I could accept all her teaching; but I must test her teaching before I can accept her infallibility. So, you see, it is arguing in a circle."

"Certainly," said Philip. Then he added, somewhat archly: "And how do you propose to test it?"

"Well," replied Adelaide, "I don't know that I have any intentions on the subject. I feel perfectly satisfied as I am."

This conversation brought our young friends to Throstlehurst. Philip sat half an hour with the ladies, and then withdrew, declining Mrs. Dunbar's invitation to stay to dinner.

## CHAPTER XIII.

**A**NOTHER week passed. Philip began to look for a communication from the reverend rector of St. Willibald's; and as the time lengthened, he grew nervous and anxious. At last it came, and ran as follows:

MY DEAR PHILIP:

I have carefully read and considered the papers you sent me. The conclusion I have come to is, that holding such views, you cannot conscientiously remain in the Anglican Church.

Excuse pressing haste, and believe me,  
Yours very affectionately

S. VICARS.

That was all! Not a word of argument, not a word of discussion. Philip's heart leaped for joy, and he felt a heavy load lifted off him, for now he was free. But he wondered more than enough. His relative was a man of such holy life, himself a celibate, although past middle age, and also a man of such learning, that he had expected something widely different. He had expected to receive back his papers, with marginal notes shewing where the fallacies were. Instead of that, the papers were retained, and—he was free!—free to follow grace! His first impulse was to write again to Mr. Vicars; a second thought

decided him that to do so would be to take an unwarrantable liberty with his revered relative. The letter, short as it was, was decisive; there was really nothing more to be said. So he sat down and enclosed it to his father with a note from himself. He then wrote to the bishop to say that, owing to late changes in his religious views, he could no longer hold a position in the Church of England, and begged his right reverence to accept his resignation of the living of Lynnborough. These two letters he put in one pocket, and the *Canons and Decrees of the Council of Trent* in another, and left the house. The letters were soon posted, and Philip took the road to the Gothic chapel.

Many were the times he had sauntered that way, always with an interest, partly religious, partly historic, partly artistic; and latterly with a feeling of unutterable longing—longing to enter in, to stand in presence of the Blessed Sacrament, to offer even a covert act of homage. Now he looked on the sacred building with feelings of triumph; for he felt he now in some sort belonged to it. It was to be his Church, his Altar, his Spiritual Home. He would be soon free to proclaim his allegiance, his faith, in the face of the whole world. He felt, as it were, the breath of a new life fanning his brow, and enveloping him in an atmosphere of exhilaration. The bright hopes before him lent colour to his cheek, light to his eyes, elasticity to his step. Little did he reckon what trials, what mortifications, what mysterious obligations lay on his

path. He was about to shoulder the Cross of his Lord, in company and fellowship with the saints and martyrs of two thousand years. A Catholic! A child of the Historic Church, a rightful heir to all her glories, graces, privileges! Joy filled his whole being at the thought, and his heart swelled with thankfulness which could find utterance only in the inspired words of Saint Ambrose: "*Te gloriosus apostolorum chorus, Te prophetarum laudabilis numerus, Te martyrum candidatus laudat exercitus!*"

Philip found Father Doyle at home, and after a friendly greeting, returned the book he had lent him, with many thanks. The good Father had too much tact and delicacy to pursue the subject, merely replacing the volume on its shelf; and Philip, on the other hand, was too much afraid of prematurely betraying his secret to venture on any remark. As it was, he felt that every one must read it in the irrepressible happiness which diffused itself over his exterior; and in point of fact, Father Doyle perceived very plainly that something was affecting him in an extraordinary degree. When, therefore, Philip announced with as much show of indifference as he could assume, that he was about to leave Lynnborough, Father Doyle fairly started, although instantly recovering himself. He was about to make some conventional rejoinder, when a tap at the door announced a visitor, and opened to admit Mr. Stewart, Lord Lynnborough's factor. The usual compliments and commonplaces over, both the priest and Mr.

Stewart expressed their regret at Philip's departure, but made no inquiries as to his future movements. After a few moments spent thus, Philip exchanged cordial adieus with both, and withdrew. Father Doyle and Mr. Stewart remained in conversation a considerable time after he left them; and the young parson himself formed the subject of an interesting interview.

It was yet another week before Philip received a stiff note from the bishop, formally and without remark accepting his resignation, and stating that the Reverend Hanly Hicks would forthwith start for Lynnborough and relieve him of his charge. He had meanwhile received a sorrowing and reluctant consent from his father, so that nothing remained but to deliver the keys of his chapel to his successor and start out for Edinburgh.

On the evening before his departure, somewhat to his surprise, he received a visit from Mr. Stewart. That gentleman, after a few remarks, drew from his pocket a small parcel.

"Mr. Carr," he said, "I understood you to say at our last meeting that you are returning to Edinburgh. Would you consider me taking a liberty if I troubled you with a small commission?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Stewart; certainly not. I shall be delighted."

"It is," continued the other, "to deliver this packet to the Catholic bishop. He lives at..."

"I know where he lives," said Philip. "I have

passed by his house many a time. I shall be most happy to deliver the packet..."

"Into his own hand," pursued Mr. Stewart. "It is of great value, which is the reason I have taken upon me to trouble you."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Stewart; don't mention it. I shall be most happy."

Indeed, Philip looked upon this commission as a special Providence. The Catholic bishop was the very person he intended to call on; and Mr. Stewart's packet supplied an admirable introduction.

The details of the next few days, Philip's journey to Edinburgh, and the reception he met with at home, may all be left to the imagination of the reader. The reception, indeed, although affectionate, was very constrained, especially on the part of Philip's mother, who had built some castles-in-the-air, and naturally resented their destruction. Even his brothers and sister, although treating him kindly, were evidently schooled, and kept as much as possible out of his way. He found nothing he could take verbal exception to, but much that sent a sharp point into his heart. He was beginning to taste the bitterness of the Cross.

On the day after his return he went, as a matter of courtesy, to call on his late bishop. He was shewn into the library, while the servant took up his card. To while away the time he glanced over various papers and pamphlets that lay upon the table; and finally his attention became riveted on the following



paragraph in the latest number of the *English Churchman*:

"The religious world of —shire has been thrown into a state of excitement over the sudden and unexpected resignation of the Rev. S. Vicars, the worthy and esteemed rector of St. Willibald's. No reason whatever is assigned for this step. The reverend gentleman, we believe, has departed for the Continent."

What could it mean? Had the reasonings which had proved so conclusive to Philip, proved equally conclusive to his elderly and learned relative? Had he, indeed, renounced his rich living and the near prospect of a bishopric to cast himself at the feet of some priest, and beg admission into the Church? What other interpretation could be put on such a step? Philip was so fluttered with surprise that when the servant returned to say that the bishop felt rather unwell, and would have to decline seeing Mr. Carr this morning, he scarcely heard the words, but mechanically took in that he was at liberty to go. On his way home, he bought a copy of the *English Churchman*, that he might shew the paragraph to his father. Great was the consternation it caused in the family circle, and many the conjectures it awakened. Philip kept his own surmises to himself.

Armed with Mr. Stewart's packet, he next reported himself at G..., the residence of the Catholic bishop when at home. To his great disappointment, he found that His Lordship had started for the Con-

minent on important business, the very day Philip himself had left Lynnborough. Returning home, he immediately wrote to Mr. Stewart to notify him of the fact, and to ask his wishes with respect to the packet. That gentleman, by return-post, directed him to leave it in the care of the Rev. Father A..., chaplain to the convent, whom he would find at the chapel-house of the pro-cathedral. Following these instructions, Philip deposited his trust in the hands of that saintly priest; and at the same time acquainted him with his own intentions and desires. By the chaplain's advice, he wrote to the bishop of the Western District, unfolding to him all his spiritual history. His Lordship replied to him most kindly, and offered to send him at his own charge to one of the foreign ecclesiastical seminaries. Philip was but too glad to accept an offer which removed all obstacles from his path. In response to the bishop's invitation, he proceeded to the Western Capital, where he remained for some days as His Lordship's guest. While there, a day was appointed for his reception into the Church, which, in deference to his mother's wish, was to take place only a few days previous to his departure for Paris.

At length, that happy day came—that day which saw him taken to the bosom of the Catholic Church—that day which united him for the first time with the Sacramental God—that day when the blessed astonishment took permanent possession of him, as it has done, and will yet do, with all who receive the

like grace—the astonishment that he *could ever have been anything but a Catholic!*

At breakfast, while conversing with the good bishop, it occurred to Philip for the first time to mention Mr. Vicars, of St. Willibald's, his reported resignation, and his own surmises as to the cause. The bishop listened attentively, and seemed unusually interested. Then, knitting his brows with a meditative look, he drew from his pocket a bundle of letters, and selecting one with a foreign post-mark, he, after examining it himself, handed it to Philip.

"Here," said he, "is a letter I received only yesterday, from an old and valued friend who is now Superior of a Premonstratensian monastery at M..., in Switzerland. Perhaps it will throw light on the subject. Here is a paragraph."

Philip read:

"I must tell you about ourselves; and before all, I must speak of our dear novices, among whom we number a late member of the English Establishment, the Rev. S. Vicars, of St. Willibald's, —shire.<sup>1</sup> He is an elderly man of great learning and good family; and the extraordinary grace of humility which has led him to give up all for Christ, and become as the least of His little ones in our poor house of penance and prayer, is a fruitful source of edification to us all; as are also, his extreme fervour and perfect obedience."

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<sup>1</sup> Mr. Vicar's conversion is substantially true in all particular, as is, also, the incident of John Harte.

Philip remained silent. Astonishment was the least of his feelings; his heart was full—too full for words. At length he said:

"What a surprise that will be at home!"

"If you will be advised by me," returned the bishop, "you will say nothing about it at home. It is his own secret."

Philip felt that His Lordship was right. His relative could have mentioned the matter himself if he had so wished; it was not for him to go and talk about what the old man desired to conceal.

A few days more, and Philip departed for Paris, where he was to pursue a theological course of three years' duration at the Seminary of St. Sulpice.

END OF PART FIRST

## PART II — THE CONVERT

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### CHAPTER XIV

The Reverend Hanly Hicks, who succeeded Philip Carr in the charge of the Anglican mission at Lynnborough, was considerably Philip's senior, a married man, and in full orders. The new chapel which Lord Lynnborough had, the previous year, decided on building, had been begun in the later autumn; but for some reason unexplained, the work had lagged greatly during the winter. When spring came, however, it was renewed with great vigour; but by this time Philip Carr, absorbed in the task of working out the inspirations of grace which led him back to the Old Faith, took none of that interest in the progress of the building which he would have taken a year before. It remained, therefore, for Mr. Hicks to encourage proceedings by his clerical presence; and the proximate return of Lord Lynnborough and his lovely young countess, who were expected at Hawk's-craig towards the middle of June, put fresh energy into all concerned, which gave promise that the new chapel would be ready about that time. Meanwhile, the temporary one continued to do duty; and Mrs. Hicks being musical, and moreover, evidently desirous of presiding at the organ, our young friend Adelaide

Dunbar, after a few Sundays, considered it advisable to abdicate in her favour.

At length, the repose of Lynnborough was broken by the anxiously looked-for event, the return of the earl and countess, followed by a stream of distinguished visitors. All the magnates of the county had already returned to their respective seats; and things promised to be lively. It had for some time been understood that the festivities at Hawk's-craig were to be initiated by a grand *fête* given by the earl to his tenantry; and as such an event had not come off in that neighbourhood for at least a quarter of a century, it created in the prospect, an unusual degree of interest among all classes.

"For you know," said Mrs. Bartlett, with great animation, as she sat on the lounge at Throstlehurst, on the occasion of an afternoon call, "it will be quite picturesque, something quite out of the way. Of course, you intend going, Mrs. Dunbar?"

She continued, turning to her neighbour:

"Well, I hardly think so," replied Mrs. Dunbar. "Of course, we have invitations. But my sister, Mrs. Steele, is not yet able to leave the sofa after her accident; you know she slipped on the stair one day last week, and sprained her ankle quite severely. It will be impossible for her to go, and I don't see how I could very well leave her. To be sure, Adelaide might go!"

"And leave poor mamma all alone to do the nursing?" suggested Adelaide tenderly, as she bent over

her mother's chair, and imprinted a kiss on her golden-brown hair.

"Oh! as to that," answered her mother, "there is not very much nursing to do. Only it would never do to leave your aunt all alone, and she here on a visit. It would look so neglectful and unkind."

"Let Adelaide go with us," exclaimed Mrs. Bartlett eagerly, for Adelaide was a very special favourite with the sheriff's lady. "I shall be delighted to have her company. And if you do not think me to greedy, I shall also esteem it a great favour if she will spend a few days with me afterwards at The Elms. I do not often have the pleasure of a visit from you," she continued to Adelaide, observing a look of hesitation on the young lady's face; "you really must not refuse this time. You know how much I appreciate your services; and I am sure your mamma will not refuse me so great a pleasure."

"If I only thought my absence would not cause mamma any inconvenience," replied Adelaide, "I am sure nothing would gratify me more than to spend a few days with you and the dear little girls. But..."

"We will have no buts," interposed Mrs. Dunbar, laughing. "Adelaide will be pleased to accept your kind invitation, Mrs. Bartlett. She insists on living like a nun all the year round, for fear of leaving me alone; and now that I have company without her, she wants to do the same, under the impression that I cannot dispense with her valuable assistance."

It did seem to Adelaide, on a second thought, that

there should be no better time to visit her kind friend. So it was arranged that she should drive over to the sheriff's on the day preceeding the *fête*, and spend a week at The Elms.

Nothing could exceed the splendour of the weather that favoured the day of the grand *fête* unless it might be the flutter of excitement that prevailed among the Hawk's-craig tenantry, to whom such an occasion was indeed a treat. The programme was an all-day affair, so far as the tenantry were concerned; not only the parks, but also the gardens, green-houses, and vineries—ordinarily closed to the public—were thrown open without reserve. Two large pavilions were erected on the lawn, in one of which every variety of good cheer was to be had in unlimited quantities; while the other was to be devoted in the evening to dancing, and duly furnished with three or four lusty pipers in full Gaelic costume, who were, meanwhile, making their dulcet strains to be heard in various parts of the demesne. Behind the castle, an ox roasted whole, gipsy fashion in the open air, and casks of ale distributed around the grounds, gave quite a mediæval air to the entertainment; while jolly farmers with their blooming families, crowds of joyous bumpkins in their Sunday clothes, and a liberal representation from the town, completed the picture. Towards evening the carriages of the upper-class guests began to arrive; and for them a sumptuous banquet was provided in the great dining hall of the castle. The earl and countess received their company in the grand



drawing room, and very lovely looked the bride in a costume of silver gauze over white satin, and a tiara of frosted silver around her fair brow, contrasting picturesquely with her black tresses. True, the fair Ida had but very ordinary mental gifts, wherewith to back up her great beauty; her conversation, if such it could be called, was extremely vapid, and her remarks, when she made any, were of the strictest order of commonplace. But the earl had arrived at a time of life when mental gifts in the gentler sex are not regarded with much favour, and youth and personal beauty are become all in all. Of course, the scimpiness of intellectuality told even upon her beauty, which was essentially of the kind objected to by Moore in his exquisite *Light of the Harem*, as being:

— for ever unchangingly bright,  
Like the long sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,

and in this respect the young countess contrasted somewhat unfavourably with her cousin. Adelaide Dunbar could not for a moment compare with Ida in perfection of feature or delicacy of complexion; but her animation, the brilliancy of her dark eyes, the heartiness of her smile, the thousand and one varying expressions that lighted up her countenance gave her a beauty of a different kind, which some persons even preferred to the more statuesque style of the other. On the present occasion, she looked her very best in a robe of corn-coloured brocade, adorned on several parts with sprays of gold

flowers, one of which trailed among the curls of her dark hair. Mrs. Bartlett, attired in ruby coloured satin, looked charming, as indeed did all the guests, old and young, great and small; for "fine feathers make fine birds." Miss Bartlett was not of the party, being on a visit to a distant relative.

We will not exhaust the patience of the reader by dwelling on the details of the dinner, where all was done that wealth and taste could do to ensure the enjoyment of the large and distinguished company. After dinner, the ladies withdrew to enjoy a cup of coffee and to inspect their attire, preparatory to the ball in the pavilion which was to close the proceedings of the day. Meanwhile, the grounds as well as the pavilions were being brilliantly lighted up with coloured and other lamps; and by the time the guests adjourned thereto, the scene was like fairyland. The ball was opened by the fair countess who honoured with her lily hand a spruce young ploughman, while the earl led out the buxom wife of one of his tenant-farmers. The rest of the company took the cue, and paired off after a similar fashion; and then began the spirited and not ungraceful intricacies of the old-fashioned country-dance. After the first dance, the noble host and hostess confined themselves to verbal attentions; the ice was broken and the tenantry were supposed to proceed with the evening's amusement without further formality. The more select company suited themselves; *sans cérémonie* was the rule for the occasion. Adelaide, who had figured in the coun-

try-dance with another young ploughman, was about to withdraw in search of Mrs. Bartlett, in order to enjoy with her friend, a ramble through the delightful gardens, more delightful than ever under the influence of moonlight and coloured lamps, when the irresistible strains of the Reel of Fulloch, *alias* Hooligan, screeching from the throats of the bagpipes, arrested her attention.

Her late partner who still hovered near, regarding the young lady with a wistful look, observed that she pricked up her ears at the sound of the — well, music, by courtesy; and he summoned up courage to suggest:

“Would she no’ tak’ a turn at the reel?”

The next minute Adelaide and her rustic Adonis were revelling in the fantastic mazes of this barbaric but truly delightful dance.

“Miss Dunbar looks uncommonly well to-night,” remarked Mr. Althrough to Mr. Tandem, as they stood together near the entrance, and watched the dancers.

“She always looks uncommonly well,” retorted an indignant voice at his elbow.

“Hallo! when did you turn up?” exclaimed Althrough and Tandem, in a breath, as they severally grasped the hand of Lieutenant Hillyard. “We thought you were recreating among the Cyclades.”

“So I was,” returned Eustace, “but now I am here. You are having a lively time, I see.”

“Quite a garden of wustic beauty,” said Mr. Tandem, who made his w’s do duty for r’s.

"So I perceive. Now's your chance, Tandem; you are a great admirer of beauty, and some of these pretty damsels have a good tocher,<sup>1</sup> I assure you."

"How comes it I did not see you at dinner?" inquired Althrough.

"For the very good reason that I was not there," replied the lieutenant. "I am not, as you see, in *mufti*," he continued, pointing to the undress naval uniform he wore; "so I preferred being one of the tenantry for this evening. I have not yet paid my respects to the earl and countess; *au revoir*, while I look for them."

So saying, he nodded to the young men, and sauntered away to look for the noble hosts. He soon found the earl, who was discussing the cereal prospects with an elderly farmer, and who was equally surprised and pleased to see Eustace. Together they sought the *dais*, or raised platform, at the end of the pavilion, where sat the countess amidst a group of ladies. Eustace paid his respects with all due formality, and was cordially received by all; then, feeling himself a free man, he retreated to an unimportant corner, whence he could watch undisturbed the movements of the corn-coloured brocade which was the centre and source of his interest in the scene. The Reel of Tulloch was drawing to its close; and so skillfully did the young gentleman time his movements, that when Adelaide, the dance being over, made her way once more to the entrance of the pavilion, with

<sup>1</sup> *Tocher*—dowry.

the intention of looking for her friend, she found Eustace standing waiting for her with extended hand.

"Mr. Hillyard!" she almost gasped, "I did not know you were here. When did you come?"

"About half an hour ago," he answered, offering his arm, which the young lady accepted, and the two passed into the lovely moonlight. The air felt somewhat chilly, notwithstanding the beauty of the night, for the wind—any there was—had turned to the east; so Adelaide drew her white opera cloak closely around her, and did not venture her satin slippers on the grass, but kept exclusively to the clean gravel walks. It is needless to say that she thought no more of hunting for Mrs. Bartlett.

"Have you been long back in Lynnborough?" she inquired. "I did not hear of your arrival."

"I only arrived yesterday morning," answered Eustace. "I rode over to Throstlehurst in the afternoon, but found you were not at home."

"I am on a visit to Mrs. Bartlett; I could not have been long gone when you called."

"So Mrs. Dunbar told me. I knew, of course, that I should see you here so I bridled my impatience."

"I am so glad to see you back!" exclaimed Adelaide, naïvely. Then she blushed at her own impetuosity and want of regard for conventionalities, but it was too dark for Eustace to see the blush.

"And I am so glad to hear you say so," returned the young man. "The *Seringapatam* went into port at Marseilles to re-coal, and I obtained a short leave

of absence which I have utilized to the utmost, travelling day and night, and hardly stopping for a meal between Marseilles and Lynnborough."

"How glad they must have been to see you at Rowanfell!"

"I suppose they were. Both my grandfather and Aunt Marjory think a great deal more of me than I deserve."

"Miss Hillyard is not here this evening, I think?"

"No," returned the lieutenant. "Sir Norman is failing a good deal and Aunt Marjory hardly ever leaves him. It must be dull work, nursing a fidgety old man. You ought in charity to go and see her sometimes, if only for my sake," he added in a lower voice, and slightly pressing the arm within his own.

"I do — I do, indeed," answered the young lady, quickly. "And by the bye, that puts me in mind, I have a book of yours which she lent me not long ago."

"Yes, I know; my Mechlin Missal. Aunt Marjory told me she had offered it to you, which I thought very sensible of her."

"Then you missed it?" asked Adelaide, smiling slyly.

"Yes and no," answered Eustace. "When I packed my kit to join the ship, I found the book *de trop*, as I set my face against much luggage, and on my return, seeing the one volume put me in mind to ask for the other. That was all. Have you looked into it?"

"If I am to be candid, I must answer 'no.' I have not the least idea in the world what induced me to take charge of it for you."

"Perhaps, it was to put yourself in mind of me while I was absent," suggested Eustace.

"Perhaps it was; although I hardly think I required anything of that kind to remind me an old friend. But now you are back among us——"

"Only till to-morrow."

"Only till to-morrow!" echoed the young lady in a voice of dismay which was sweet music to the ears of Eustace. "Only till to-morrow!"

And she sank down hopelessly on one of the rustic benches, while the lieutenant took his seat by her side.

"You think it was hardly worth while to disturb my friends for so short a visit?" he asked.

"Not exactly. I should rather say it was hardly worth while to undertake the fatigue of so long and hurried a journey for a stay of two days, even to see your aunt and grandfather."

"You forget there was another to see," replied the young man, in a low tone, and looking tenderly at his companion. "We are booked for a year's cruise in the South Atlantic, and then we start for China; and I could not leave without seeing that one."

"For China!" and Adelaide's face grew white, although the moonlight hindered Eustace from perceiving it.

"Yes; but our stay won't be long unless there's fighting."

"Fighting!"

"Oh! Chinese fighting. They dress up six-pounders

to look like thirty-twos, and clash pot-lids together, to frighten the enemy. It will take me hard travelling to get back to the ship in time for sailing."

"How we shall miss you!" exclaimed Adelaide, endeavouring to regain her self-control.

"I trust you will, just a little. It was worth a journey around the globe to hear you say that. And if I could ever hope..."

"Adelaide, my dear," said an anxious voice behind them, "do come in out of this chilling night air. You will catch your death of cold, and then what shall I say to your mamma! I fear I have caught cold myself. I am chill all over." And Mrs. Bartlett shivered as she spoke, and drew closer her burnous.

Was ever anything more tantalizing! Of all moments in the world to interrupt such a *tête-à-tête* at such a point! It would be hard to say whether Eustace or Adelaide felt most chagrined; but as they simultaneously turned around on the unconscionable delinquent, something in her face instantly disarmed this resentment, nay, banished all thought of themselves.

"Dear Mrs. Bartlett, I trust you are not ill!" Adelaide exclaimed, rising hastily from the garden-seat, and approaching her friend.

"I catch cold so easily," returned the sheriff's lady. "It was very imprudent of me to walk upon the grass," and she shivered again.

"Let us return to the house, out of the night-air, and then you will feel better," suggested Adelaide.

"Take my arm, Mrs. Bartlett," said Eustace. And



the three returned to the castle in silence. Arrived there, Eustace deposited the poor lady on an easy chair, while Adelaide bent over her friend with unfeigned solicitude.

"Do not alarm yourself," said Mrs. Bartlett, observing the young lady's anxious looks. "It is nothing. It is only the chill of the night air. I am usually cautious about such things, as I catch cold so easily; but the evening being so fine, Mrs. Ellis and I walked up as far as the terrace near the moat, to enjoy the view, and I fear the grass was a little damp. I did not feel chilled until we were returning, and then I thought of you."

"Let me get you a glass of wine," said Eustace.

"Thank you, Mr. Hillyard; if it will not be too much trouble."

By this time the countess and several ladies had entered the apartment and were devoting their attention to Mrs. Bartlett.

"There now," said Mrs. Ellis, who, having gone to look after her own daughter, while Mrs. Bartlett sought Adelaide, now entered the room with the young lady, "just drink your wine and you will be all right. It is warming you up already."

The wine had, indeed, brought an encouraging glow into the lady's face; and while the countess folded around her a soft fleecy shawl, the ladies seated themselves near her, and endeavoured to encourage her by sympathetic commonplaces. Eustace watched in vain for the chance of another word with Adelaide.

But an hour had not elapsed when it became apparent to all present that Mrs. Bartlett was very ill. The wine had developed feverish symptoms; her breathing became short and quick; and it was evident that the best thing to do for her was to get her home to The Elms as soon as possible. The sheriff was sent for, the carriage was ordered, and Adelaide left Hawk's-craig and its blithesome gathering with two sorrows and a joy she had not taken there; a joy in the thought that it was hardly possible to doubt Eustace Hillyard's love for her; a sorrow in the thought that he was to depart so soon and for so long; and another sorrow in the poor friend who lay cowering in the corner of the carriage.

## CHAPTER XV

I WILL see you to-morrow morning; the train does not leave till ten," were the last words Lieutenant Hillyard whispered, as he pressed Adelaide's hand, while assisting her into the carriage. But alas! Eustace reckoned without his host. A thousand miles of hurried travel were not to be baulked of their revenge, nor was a single night of repose to satisfy them. The young sailor, duly aroused by the footman at the hour he had named, irresistibly dozed off again; and it was not till the clock indicated a dangerous approach to the time of starting that Morton began to suspect as much, and returned of his own accord to repeat his summons. The despair of Eustace, when he jumped up and looked at his watch, can be easily pictured by the most of our readers, through personal reminiscences of the same kind. At first, he was tempted to postpone his departure; but honour was in the scale, and he had cut his time so close that he could not afford to delay by a single train. He dressed with lightening speed, and snatched a hasty meal, while the carriage was being prepared; and nothing could console him but a solemn promise from Aunt Marjory that she would herself drive over to The Elms and explain matters.

Meanwhile, a sleepless night had been passed at the latter mansion. The sheriff, on arriving at home,

sent off a domestic for Dr. Malcom, who had been prevented by professional duties from attending the *fête*. The doctor had not yet returned, so Mrs. Bartlett's maid, assisted by Adelaide and the housekeeper, got the poor lady to bed, and applied such remedies as were at their command. None of the family retired for the night and Adelaide insisted on sharing their vigil.

About six in the morning the doctor drove up; and on seeing Mrs. Bartlett he at once pronounced her sickness acute inflammation of the lungs. Adelaide, who remained almost constantly by her friend's bedside, thought the doctor looked uncommonly grave over the case, while preparing the remedies he judged proper and giving the needful directions. She therefore followed him when he left the room, and begged to know his opinion.

"It is a very severe attack," he said. "I will return at noon, and again in the evening. It is impossible to say, just now, how it may go with her. Keep her as quiet as possible, and give her remedies at the intervals I have mentioned. We must hope for the best."

The sheriff who seemed rather more concerned about his beautiful wife than Adelaide had expected from his cold temperament and wooden face, preferred a request that the young lady would not curtail her visit on account of the illness of her hostess. He hoped Mrs. Bartlett would be all right in a few days, and it would, he did not doubt, greatly assist her recovery to have the society of one she so much

esteemed. Adelaide readily acceded to an arrangement which coincided with her own desires. Besides, her very natural solicitude on account of her friend, she felt very sorry for the poor little girls, who were accustomed to be a great deal with their mother, and who were now necessarily excluded from her apartment, in order that she might enjoy perfect quiet. They were twins, lovely and amiable children, great favourites with our young friend, and indeed, with all who knew them. It was, therefore, on their account that Adelaide, during the next two days, from time to time, yielded to the entreaties of the housekeeper, and left the poor patient for an interval to her motherly care, while she adjourned for a change, to that part of the house devoted to the children, and conversed with Minna and Brenda, or told them the fairy-tales which had been her own childhood's delight. The two little creatures hung lovingly around her, the golden ringlets of the one, and the dark-chestnut wavy locks of the other (a contrast which had suggested to their mother the fanciful idea of naming them after Sir Walter Scott's charming heroines) blending in beautiful confusion on Adelaide's lap.

"I am sure you must be happy little girls to have such a beautiful nursery and so many nice things to play with," she said, looking around at the well-furnished room, all hung with pictures.

"This is not the nursery," answered Minna. "This is the schoolroom. Aunt Jane teaches us our lessons here..."

"All but our music," interposed Brenda. "She teaches us that in the drawing-room; only she is not home now, and..."

"So we have holidays," put in Minna. "And we play here because it is sunny..."

"And because we keep our dolls here. And the nursery..."

"Is out there," said Minna, bounding towards a door which she threw wide open, displaying a more homely but still comfortable apartment, where sat our friend Rose Bonelle, making new dresses for the little girls, assisted, nominally at least, by the nurse-maid.

"And what do you do in the nursery if you learn your lessons here?" inquired Adelaide, as soon as Minna had re-closed the door.

"Oh," exclaimed both in a breath, "we take our dinner there, and our breakfast, and our tea."

"And where do you sleep?"

Minna now darted to another door, and opening it, revealed a dainty little sleeping-room all draped in snowy white.

"There is where we sleep," said Minna.

"And here is our dolls' bed at the foot of ours," added Brenda, bringing forth from the said locality a miniature couch on which reposed two splendid dolls in all the comfort and convenience of crisp white muslin and rose-coloured sashes.

"Dear! what splendid dolls!" exclaimed Adelaide, divining that a compliment to the sleeping beauties would be acceptable to their respective mammas.

"We have another doll besides these," announced the little pair in duet. "But it belongs to both of us." As they spoke they raised the lid of a box ottoman, and fetched out the party in question. It was a little doll, quite inexpensive, although pretty enough; its superiority over its larger sisters consisting in the make of its clothes. They were miniature baby clothes, and every article could be put off and on, from the delicately embroidered robe, about fourteen or fifteen inches long—to the little undergarment hardly as large as a penny-piece. This, it must be remembered, was before the days of Doll's Clothes Establishments; and happy was the little maid whom some kind friend enriched by a present involving so much pains-taking and neat-fingered work. The two little girls squatted on the carpet, and began to undress the dolly in order to show Adelaide all the intricacies of her attire.

"And who gave you all these beautiful dolls?" she asked, trying to show as much interest as possible.

"Papa and mamma gave us these," they answered, pointing to the large dolls. "And mine," said Brenda, "is *Angelina*..."

"And mine," said Minna, "is *Henrietta*."

"And the little doll?" suggested Adelaide.

"Miss Bonelle gave us the little doll, so we called it *Rose*, because that is Miss Bonelle's name. And she made all the clothes herself."

"She must be very clever," opined Miss Dunbar.

"And she is making new dresses for us to-day, in the nursery," said Minna.

"And she is going to have dinner with us," said Brenda. "And, oh!" she added, stopping her doll-dressing and looking up in Adelaide's face with a half-mysterious expression, "I do like so much when she stops to dinner, for then I can see her say her grace."

"Say her grace!" echoed Adelaide, in amazement. "What is there to see in that? Why should she not say her grace?"

The little damsel laid down her doll, and raising herself to a kneeling posture, that she might reach nearer Adelaide's ear, she said in a subdued whisper:

"She crosses herself."

"Indeed!" answered Adelaide, a slight flush of awakened interest mantling her cheek; for the little girl's words recalled her own youthful curiosity, while reading the *Monastery* and the *Abbot*, to know how *crossing* was done.

"And how does she cross herself?"

Brenda's face immediately assumed such an expression of devout reverence, while she made, all kneeling, as she was, the sign of the cross with her little hand, that Adelaide was more than struck. The infantile beauty, the reverential air—doubtless a result of Brenda's imitative faculty—and the singular and unexpected satisfying of her own curiosity, all combined to invest the little incident with peculiar interest. Just then, the nursemaid came in to an-



nounce to her charge that dinner was ready; so the dolls were replaced, *pro tem.*, in their respective beds, and the little ladies withdrew, after a loving embrace to Adelaide.

For three days did our heroine with her assistants watch by the bedside of the mistress of The Elms. That Dr. Malcom considered the case a serious one they could see by the frequency of his visits; but on the third day, his face assumed so grave an expression that Adelaide once more ventured to beg his opinion, endeavouring to take care that the patient should not hear her.

"I will return about five," was all the answer she could get. It was now about three.

"What did he say?" asked Mrs. Bartlett, in a troubled voice. Adelaide, who felt sick at heart, was taken back by this question; she had not calculated on the acute hearing of an invalid.

"I know he said something," urged the patient, querulously. "What was it?"

"He only said he would be back at five," answered Adelaide.

"Does he think me in any danger?"

"He did not say so," replied Adelaide, hardly knowing what to say.

"'Tis best always to be prepared," sighed Mrs. Macbriar, with up-turned eyes.

"Do you think me in any danger? Adelaide, *do you?*" cried the poor lady, turning from the one to the other.

"Hush, hush, dear Mrs. Bartlett," said Adelaide, as composedly as she could. "You will expose yourself to danger, perhaps, if you excite yourself so. Let me lay you comfortably on the pillow. There, now; we shall hear what the doctor says when he returns."

It was a weary long two hours for Adelaide—the longest she had ever spent. She could hear Mrs. Bartlett moaning softly, and it seemed to her, as well as she could judge in the half-darkened room, that the face of the patient was undergoing a gradual change. The features were becoming drawn and pinched, the brow was of an ashy paleness and a cold dampness overspread it. At length, the doctor's gig was heard, and the doctor himself entered the apartment. Adelaide read her friend's fate in his face, the moment he looked at her.

"She has sunk faster than I expected," he said, in a husky tone. "Where is Mr. —Mr. Bartlett?"

"Adelaide!" cried the poor lady, rousing out of a kind of stupor, "what did he say?"

Adelaide knelt down, and taking the trembling hand in her own, she pointed with the other to Mr. Bartlett who was standing in the doorway. The doctor motioned him into the hall, where he himself followed. Two words reached the sick-room—*clergyman*, and *hope*.

"Adelaide!" shrieked the poor lady, "he says there is no hope! He is sending for the clergyman. What shall I do! Oh! What shall I do!"

"Dear Mrs. Bartlett," said Adelaide, weeping, for

it was no longer possible to dissemble the truth, "you must try to be reconciled to the will of God. It is very hard I know, for one so young..."

"It is not that!" cried Mrs. Bartlett. "Oh! What shall I do! What will become of me!"

"Have faith in the Lord who died for you," sobbed Adelaide.

"I have turned away from Him in life, and now He will turn away from me in death," moaned the dying woman, speaking rather to herself than to those around her. "I have loved vanity and pride, and served the world I renounced in Baptism—and I have given my soul for them." she cried, wildly.

"Don't say that," said Adelaide. "Dear Mrs. Bartlett, don't say that. I am sure you have always acted like a Christian, and been a good wife and mother..."

"Oh! you don't understand. Oh! my children! my children!"

"She wishes to see the children," whispered Mr. Bartlett to the lady's maid, who immediately withdrew to fetch the poor little girls. They entered the room looking frightened and puzzled at the unusual emotion displayed by every one; and Adelaide caught just a glimpse of Rose Bonelle's pale face, as she stood among the servants at the room door, her lips moving in prayer for the unhappy lady. Mr. Bartlett lifted the little girls in turn to kiss their dying mother, whose agony of mind seemed to increase at the sight of them. Exhausted by the violence of her

emotions, she fell back on the pillow, and spoke no more, but moaned despairingly.

After a little time, Mr. Bartlett, who had been summoned from the room, returned in company with the Reverend Mr. Hicks; and that gentleman, seating himself in the proffered chair by the bedside, drew from his pocket a small prayer-book, and began to read the Visitation of the Sick. It was one of Mr. Hicks' strongest points, his reading of that and the other portions of the liturgy. But the refinements of his elocution were lost upon the all but unconscious sufferer, who was fast drifting out of sight and sound of earthly things. Adelaide, in the midst of her distress, could not resist a blank and hopeless feeling as she listened to him; and the thought *would* obtrude itself on her mind... "What good is that going to do her?"

The Visitation of the Sick concluded, Mr. Hicks addressed a few words of gilt-edged consolation to the dying woman, who did not give any sign that she even heard what he said. In fact, her eyes were closing; the death-rattle was in her throat; and in half an hour the bright, beautiful, dashing Mrs. Bartlett breathed her last.

## CHAPTER XVI

**I**T was as one moving about in a dreadful dream that Adelaide mechanically assisted in rendering the last duties to her deceased friend; and then, retiring to her room, she threw herself on her knees, hid her face in the bed-clothes and wept. It was something more than sorrow that oppressed her. She had seen her own father die, a model of peace, and faith, and holy hope, and divine love. She had wept for him, and her tears had brought her consolation and a lightening of her grief. But a horror was weighing on her now, a horror which would not be said nay, which would not leave her. It arose with her in the morning, followed her all through the day, and retired with her at night. It made her sick at heart, and seemed to stick to her very fingers, and to be on everything she touched. The sheriff had telegraphed to Miss Bartlett who arrived on the following evening; and at their united request, Adelaide agreed to remain till after the funeral. It made her heart ache to see the poor little girls so sober and quiet, and to see the gay dresses Miss Bonelle had been making for them laid aside, and black ones put in to hand instead. But before the day appointed for the funeral arrived, Adelaide was looking so ill that her hospitable entertainers recognized the wisdom of acceding to her proposal of returning home next day. The

good housekeeper, who also saw that something was amiss, followed her to her room when she withdrew for the night, with a pressing offer of "something good and warm," which Adelaide declined. The old lady, however, did not accept her refusal quite to the extent it was intended; that is to say, she accepted it only as applying to the "something good and warm," but not as applying to her own company, which Adelaide would gladly have dispensed with. She fussed around the room, arranging this and that, in hopes the young lady would enter into conversation. Seeing no prospect of this, she started the ball herself; and with a want of perception not uncommon, she made straight for Adelaide's bleeding wound.

"She did not seem to die that happy," she remarked, folding her hands and looking demure, and saying as plainly as mere expression of face could, that it was persons of her own style—and persuasion, of course—who died happy. The poor girl made no reply, and Mrs. MacBriar went on:

"'Tis well for them as is prepared. I never had no *opeinion* of all that music, and dancing, and dressing, and company-keeping."

"What harm is there in these things?" asked Adelaide, looking surprised. "If they be kept in moderation, I don't see any harm in them; and I am sure I never understood that Mrs. Bartlett carried them to any great excess."

"No, ma'am," rejoined Mrs. MacBriar, rather continuing her own meditation than replying to Ade-

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laide. "Silks and satins is all very fine, but when death comes, they won't hide the nakedness of them as trusts in them."

"Who says she trusted in them?" asked the young lady, quickly.

"No person, certainly, ma'am," answered the housekeeper. "Ah!" she added, raising her eyes devoutly to the ceiling, "if she had only been edified in her last moments by the ministry of that blessed man, Mr. Windbag, it would be well for her now. Them parsons is all very well; but he, dear man! why you should see the perspiration streaming off his face. You could hear him a mile away."

Adelaide *had* heard the blessed Mr. Windbag very nearly a mile away, and that right often. He was the Baptist preacher, and his conventicle stood at the corner of street through which the dwellers at Throstlehurst were obliged to pass on their way to and from chapel. In warm weather when all the windows were opened for air, the tones of Mr. Windbag's voice, as he led the congregation in prayer, had often sent a shudder through her as she walked or drove by, and had as often suggested to her the question: "Does that man realize that he is speaking to his Creator?" Unconsciously, a look of such disgust spread over her features, that Mrs. MacBriar saw something was wrong, and not feeling quite comfortable, she did the wisest thing she could have done, and withdrew.

But whatever chance poor Adelaide might have

had to make up for the last five sleepless nights was effectually dissipated by the worthy housekeeper's colloquy, short as it was. She could not close an eye, and kept revolving in her mind that lady's animadversions on music, dancing, dressing, etc. *Could* there be harm in these things? If so, what was to become of *her*? What harm had poor Mrs. Bartlett done in life, unless her somewhat pronounced predilection for its more refined enjoyments was to be considered such? Yet she had died the death of despair. There was no disguising that. Could it be on account of these things? It was a serious and very personal question for Adelaide. She was not one to play hide-and-go seek with her own conscience, and she acknowledged to herself that all that was beautiful and refined, whether in Art, Nature or Society, had a powerful hold on her very heartstrings. The more she thought, the more perplexed she became. She tried to banish Mrs. MacBriar's suggestions altogether, but they would not be banished. She argued on them and in way which fully satisfied her reason. Those beautiful things to which she was so wedded were the Works—direct or indirect—of the Great God Himself. All the beautiful things of nature, the flowers, the starry skies, the enchantments of scenery, were mirrors created by himself to reflect His own perfections. The Arts she so loved, what were they but His works also, developed through the agency of His noblest work—the Spirit of Man? Society's claims involved, within certain limits, positive duties;



that point did not trouble her much, because Conscience acquitted her of all inordinate attachment in that direction, and it was a trial of self at the bar of Conscience. But on the other points—Yes; Reason was fully satisfied. All in vain. The trouble was still there. The arrow was still in her heart, and would not be plucked out. Adelaide's good sense repudiated Mrs. Macbriar's narrow Calvinism, but *something* was wrong, she could not tell what. Some sacrifice was demanded of her, whatever it might be, if she would not drift towards the dark uncertainties over whose brink she had just looked.

Next day, Adelaide returned home. Rumour had already wafted to Throstlehurst a distressing picture of the poor dead lady's last moments; but Mrs. Dunbar and her sister had too much tact and true delicacy to pass any remark, especially when they read in Adelaide's troubled and haggard countenance an indication that what they had heard was not altogether servants' tattle.

When Miss Dunbar entered her own apartment, the first object on which her eyes fell was a picture which hung over the mantle-piece. It was an engraving representing the awakening of the Ten Virgins; the five wise ones, beautiful, joyously expectant, with their lighted lamps in their hands; the five foolish ones, haggard, despairing, looking with dismay on their empty oil-vessels. Often and often had Adelaide contemplated that picture, which was a great favourite with her. She had revelled in the graceful beauty of

the figures, in the truly artistic grouping, in the powerfully contrasted expressions of the faces, in the breadth of light and shadow, in the exquisite fall of the draperies. But, as her eye fell on it now, she saw none of these things. It was a new, a wholly different picture. It carried her forward to the Resurrection Morn, and to the consideration of the side she herself would be found upon when the cry should go forth: "Behold! the Bridegroom cometh!" With her bonnet in one hand, and her shawl in the other, she stood for the space of half an hour, trying to realize the situation, and to penetrate her heart with the contrasted lots. Then she threw her things on the bed, and kneeling down, prayed fervently that everything which could distract her from the pursuit of that blessed awakening as her one aim in life, might be taken out of her heart and out of her way.

It was Adelaide's first step towards the Interior Life.

## CHAPTER XVII

AFTER the incidents just recorded it will not seem strange that our heroine should set about making some changes in her daily life; slight changes, certainly, but made systematically, and with a purpose. Habits of prayer and of Scriptural reading which had hitherto been more or less perfunctorily attended to, although never quite laid aside, were brushed up and allotted to suitable hours, taking somewhat the form of a Rule, light but decided. Prayer itself became inspired with more of what the Church calls *intention*; it was no longer a duty of routine. So with the other duties of life; they were attended to with more advertence than heretofore; and such as would formerly have been, at times, given the go-by to, were bravely faced as a matter of conscience. She had always been very strict in the matter of church-attendance; and it was a real pleasure to her to assist at everything that went on in Lord Lynnborough's beautiful chapel. True, she felt an uncomfortable lack of appreciativeness in respect of Mr. Hanly Hicks, and often wished that Philipp Carr had remained in their midst. She had found his preaching delightful, and had imbibed all his High-Churchism, so far as he had ventured to ventilate it in an Anglican place of worship; and Mr. Hicks' truisms and commonplaces, unrelieved as they

were by anything more congenial than a side-shot at "Romanism," were listened to by Adelaide with a considerable amount of mental reservation.

In the fervour of her first entrance on the Interior Life, Adelaide's piano and paint-brush suffered sore neglect. At first, her abandonment of her usual recreations was attributed by her mother and aunt to her depression consequent on the death of her friend, and no notice was taken. But after a time, Mrs. Steele having returned to London, Mrs. Dunbar began to miss the daily practice and the cheery voice that went carolling through the house, and to wonder why there were no more pictures on the easel. She one day expressed herself to that effect:

"You never open your piano, now," she said, in a reproachful voice. "The house is as dull as a prison. You will lose all your 'finger' and forget all your pieces. And I never see you do any painting. It used to be such a pleasure to me to watch the progress of your pictures."

Adelaide, whose neglect of her favourite studies had been only partially intentional, was taken aback by her mother's remonstrance. It had never occurred to her that these things might be pleasures to others as well as to herself; and now it flashed upon her that in mortifying herself she must take care not to inflict mortification on other people, especially on her dearly beloved mother. Yes; the house *did* feel dull in the extreme; and if mamma felt it to be so, was it not atrocious in her to shut down on all that had

enlivened it? Besides, it was true she would lose her "finger" and forget her pieces, and have to act like a fool when she went into company, so losing the benefit of all the refining acquirements which had cost so much money and time. These considerations presented themselves to her, not in detail, but all at once, and found expression in the simple question:—

"Mamma, would you like me to resume my practice, and to paint some more pictures?"

"Certainly, my dear."

Adelaide therefore opened the piano, not without an interior aspiration that neither that nor anything else might distract her from the consideration of her last end. She played, and sang, and painted as usual; and to her great relief and astonishment found that her new rule of life suffered no injury whatever. Being, as we have elsewhere said, of a philosophical turn of mind, she laid up the fact to reason it out at some convenient time.

Adelaide's room had a window looking out towards the west, and one of her pleasures was to sit on the wide window-sill for half an hour of an evening, and watch the glowing sunsets. Then her fancy would spread its wings, and she would go travelling through regions of meditation on whatever subject presented itself to her mind. She had but to perch herself on her window-sill and look out on the clouds of carmine and gold, when presently some topic of more or less interest would sail dreamily across her mental vision, and she would become absorbed in the why and the

wherefore, and in all the details. So one evening when she had mounted her favorite roost, it struck her that now would be an excellent time to work out the problem of Fine Arts, etc., *versus* Religion. But alas! It was one thing to examine all the sides of a subject which presented itself spontaneously, and quite another to deliberately set a subject, and think it out by square and rule. It was, indeed, the young lady's first attempt at a *formal* meditation, and, truth to tell, it failed miserably. Try where she would, she could not get hold of her subject by the right end; everything was jumbled and confused. Her failure was the more humiliating that she rather prided herself on her intellectual powers. Perhaps had she thought of committing her reflections to writing, she might have succeeded better. It was a plan she subsequently adopted on other topics. Meanwhile she had to content herself with renewing her determination to give the allurements in question a distinctly secondary place in her affections.

Several weeks after this, Adelaide walked over one fine morning to Rowanfell to pay one of her frequent informal visits to Miss Hillyard. On her return by the briar-blossomed road so often mentioned, the rich strains of Rossini's *Cujus Animam*, issuing from the half open portals of the Gothic chapel, arrested her attention, and riveted her to the spot. It was arranged as an instrumental piece, and rolled from the pipes of the well-toned organ under the management of fairly skillful hands. So rapt was she in the lovely

music—a well-known favourite, yet none the less appreciated—that she did not perceive the advancing figure of Basilia Stewart, one of the daughters of Lord Lynnborough's factor, who was approaching from the opposite direction, until that young lady was close to her. Adelaide was not precisely acquainted with the Misses Stewart, but they had exchanged an occasional bow or "Good Morning!" when they had happened to meet in the Berlin-wool shop, or other neutral territory. The bow which the two young ladies exchanged on the present occasion had in it more of heartiness and less of conventionality than ever before, probably because of the accompanying circumstances.

"You are listening to the music?" remarked Basilia, smiling. "Won't you come in?"

"Who is playing?" inquired Adelaide, following her own thoughts rather than offering an answer to the question.

"My sister Winifred," returned Basilia. "She is home for the holidays, and comes here sometimes to practise. She has a passion for music."

"Don't you play at all?" asked Adelaide.

"Oh! yes, we all play. It is very convenient sometimes; for if Agatha who is our regular organist is sick, I take her place; and if we *did* happen to be both sick at once, Winnie might manage on a pinch—although, of course, she is very young."

"I think she plays excellently," returned Miss Dunbar. "Are you going into the church?"

"Yes, for a few minutes. I am sacristan, and have some little duties to attend to. I shall not be long."

"I will wait for you here," said Adelaide, feeling a delicacy about intruding into the strange place of worship.

A very few minutes were all she had to wait, and the two sisters came out of the chapel together, closing the door behind them.

"I had no idea you were such an accomplished organist," was Adelaide's self-introduction to Winifred, as she held out her hand to that damsel. Winifred's face flushed with pleasure as she clasped it, for a new acquaintance is an agreeable acquisition to a girl of fifteen, even when she has less eligible qualities and surroundings than Miss Dunbar.

"You must have had excellent instruction," continued Adelaide, as they walked along, their road being the same for some distance. "There is no mistaking the true touch whether on the organ or the piano. You studied in Edinburgh, I presume?"

"Yes," replied Winifred. "I learn music and everything else at St. Margaret's Convent. That is at Bruntsfield Links..."

"Yes, I know," said Adelaide. "I am well acquainted with Edinburgh. St. Margaret's," she continued, meditatively, "it seems strange to say so, but really, do you know, that name has a great deal of association for me? I heard it talked about a great deal when I was a child. I think it must have been at the time when the convent was first established.



I remember one lady, a friend of ours, telling mamma of a visit she had paid to the new nunnery, as it was called, in order to see an old acquaintance who had taken the veil. I felt very sorry about the poor nun, for this lady declared that she wept and wrung her hands all the time she staid with her."

At this anecdote, the thoughtless Winnie broke into a merry laugh, which, however, she checked at a reproving glance from her sister.

"That was very singular," said Basilia, gravely. "Perhaps, the lady told her some bad news — about some of her friends. Even so, it was very, very singular."

"Perhaps it wasn't true," suggested Winnie, with fun dancing in her eyes.

"Hush, Winnie," whispered Basilia; "you are rude."

"Winifred may be right," said Adelaide, thoughtfully. "Now I think of it, although it never struck me before, the lady I mention was—well not over-particular in the matter of truth, especially if a little sensation was within reach. Still, what motive could she have?"

"Only to shew what a terrible place a convent was," answered the irrepressible Winnie, "and to frighten you so that you would be sure never to go near it."

"If that was her motive," said Adelaide, laughing, "She did not shew much knowledge of human nature — at least, not of girl-nature; for I am afraid the phantom of the weeping nun drew me more than once

to the shady green lane which leads past St. Margaret's, where I used to contemplate the great oaken door studded with big nails, and imagine all sorts of things behind it."

"All sorts of things which were *not* there," said Basilia, smiling, "such as unhappy faces, and wringing of hands; but not, I suspect, much of what was there—cheerful nuns, light-hearted novices, and happy pupils..."

"Music, fancy work, painting, dancing, lots of fun," supplemented Winnie, with great admiration.

"Music—ah! yes; church-music, of course," said Adelaide, her mind suddenly reverting to her recent and still lingering scruples with regard to the studies enumerated. "But dancing, painting, do you learn *these* things in convents?"

"Certainly," answered both sisters in a breath. "Certainly; why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" rejoined Adelaide, somewhat confusedly for the look of puzzled surprise on the faces of the other two disconcerted her a little. "Only," she added, hesitatingly, "there are some people who think these things wrong, although I never could see it myself; and I thought that nuns, of all people, were likely to be most strict."

"We are taught," said Basilia, "that there is no harm at all in these things, provided we do not make idols of them by giving up to them the first place in our hearts, which must be given to God alone. If we allow ourselves to be so absorbed by them that prayer

becomes irksome and is ultimately left off, then we are making idols of them, and a snare; but the fault is not in the things themselves. Some of the greatest composers and painters have been most holy men."

"And do the nuns themselves teach you?" inquired Miss Dunbar.

"Sister Angela teaches drawing and painting. She has some lovely paintings of her own done on ivory. We have masters from Edinburgh who teach us music and dancing."

The young ladies walked on in silence for a little way, Adelaide revolving in her mind the fact that Basilia, with a word, had gone far to dissipate her doubts, and at the same time pointed out where the true danger lay. Still, there was something she could not quite see her way through, so presently she said:

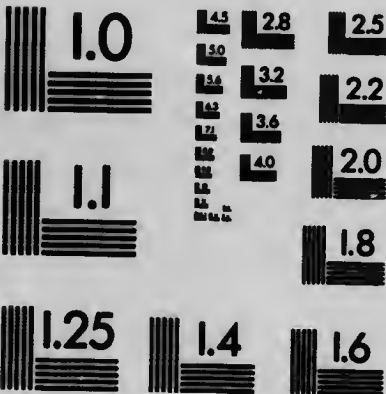
"I quite understand your distinction between a reasonable liking for these beautiful things, and an inordinate devotion to them. But there are some people who would have us believe that such tastes are—well—sinful; in fact such as—so as to—cut one off from the hopes of the next life. In fact," stammered the young lady, "I have—that is—a painful case has lately come under my own observation."

The two Stewarts knew right well the painful case to which Adelaide alluded. Winifred remain silent, as did also her sister, for a few moments, debating within her mind how to meet Miss Dunbar's evident desire for explanations without seeming to note her agitation; as also, how best to avoid any-



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thing which might wound the young lady's feelings.

"We must discriminate," she said, at length, "between a reasonable love for the things themselves and the pursuit of them as mere food for the gratification of vanity, ambition, love of luxury, and such feelings, which are evil of their nature."

"Vanity — ambition — love of luxury," echoed Adelaide, meditatively. "True, these things must be wrong when you come to think of it. I begin to apprehend your distinction. But are even these faults so heinous as to — shut one out — from Heaven?"

Basilia looked for a moment with sympathizing eyes on Adelaide's clouded face, and then replied, with trembling lips:

"That would depend on the gravity of the wrongdoing into which they drew us. They are dangerous dispositions at all times; but you must see for yourself that their outcome as represented by a little overdoing of social pleasures, a little self-assertion or even selfishness which did no particular harm to anyone — those faults, in a word, which we call venial sins — is a very different thing from — from — giving up — perhaps even denying and turning our back on our very religion for their sake."

"Surely, no one would do that!" Adelaide exclaimed.

"Alas! it is done all too often — far oftener than some people have any idea of."

"I am sure no such feelings would induce me to give up my religion."

"It is not possible they should ever try to do so," Basilia replied, with a smile. "But if you were a Catholic, the case might be different. You might wish to get into fine society, to be held in esteem by stylish people, to make an advantageous match. You are already at home among all these things."

"And are not Catholics at home among all these things?" asked Miss Dunbar. The question had scarcely passed her lips when she felt its unfairness, and regretted its utterance.

"Hardly," answered Basilia, dryly. "Those who leave other communions to join ours cannot be supposed to do so from any other motive than the pure love of God and of their own souls, since all they make of it, as far as this world is concerned, is to incur the displeasure of their friends, the animadversions of society, and, very often, the total sacrifice of worldly prospects; besides identifying themselves with those whom their friends consider riff-raff, and who too often deserve it. If such persons did not reap spiritual graces in this life, and eternal blessedness in the next, what would they gain by the change?"

"That is true," said Adelaide. "But do you think it right for people to incur all these evils?"

"The disciples left *all* to follow Christ," replied Basilia. "They were beaten, and imprisoned, and cast out of the synagogues. We are apt to think things *wrong* merely because they are *disagreeable*."

"And that is to say     hing of such dreadful

things as eating fish on Friday," put in Winifred, with a mock-pathetic air.

Adelaide laughed. "Do you find that so very dreadful? Why, mamma and I often dine on fish by preference."

"Oh! that is all very well when you feel like it; but you don't always feel like it on Friday. Then, suppose you are asked out to dinner on one of the days when abstinence is enjoined, you must either stay away, or you must dine on fish as quietly as you can, despite the temptations of fragrant soup, roast venison, and tasty moor-fowl. Or again, you are out at a party on Thursday evening, and the clock strikes twelve before supper is announced. Then some one offers you a plate of delicious cold turkey, or a splendid mince-pie, and you must say: 'No, thank you; I'll take a tart, or a cream!'"

"Why not mince-pie?"

"Because it is made with suet."

"I understand," returned Miss Dunbar. Presently she continued: "Well, I confess I don't quite see the necessity for being so particular. Days of fasting and abstinence are marked in our Prayer-book, but nobody minds them. Practically they are a dead letter."

"We have no dead letters; with us everything is practical."

"But what can be objectionable in a piece of meat, or a slice of turkey?"

"Nothing, certainly," returned Basilia, laughing; "they both are extremely good. That is the very



reason we at times deprive ourselves of them, as a little offering of self-sacrifice to Almighty God. And being done under obedience, the offering cannot but be acceptable to Him."

The young ladies now pursued their walk for a space in silence. There were so many points in the foregoing conversation which afforded food for reflection, that Adelaide Dunbar felt herself drifting into one of her dreamy contemplative fits. As soon as she adverted to the fact, she endeavoured to throw it off by grasping at the first remark which presented itself.

"I suppose your congregation is almost wholly Irish?" she asked mechanically, for she was thinking of something else.

"Oh! dear no; there is a good majority of Irish, but there are also a good many Scotch Catholics."

"Indeed?" exclaimed Adelaide, shaken out of her reverie by surprise.

"Certainly," replied Miss Stewart. "There are few, if any, among the Lowland Scotch; but among the Highlanders there are many who have preserved the Faith, and that, too, in the face of great persecution, although they don't make much noise about it?"

"No," subjoined Winifred, briskly, "the Irish have not a monopoly of the Catholic religion. But some of them would like..."

"Take care now, Winnie," interposed her sister. "Don't let that thoughtless tongue of yours run off. Will you always give the rein to the unruly member?"

"That is what they used to ask me at the con-

vent," answered Winifred, in a resigned voice. "The nuns always said I should never be good for anything till I learned to meditate."

"*Learned* to meditate!" exclaimed Adelaide, in astonishment, "surely any person could do that without *learning*."

"Did you ever try?" asked Basilia, archly. And then there rushed upon Adelaide the remembrance of her late ignominious failure; a reminiscence which suffused her face with a deep blush.

"*How* do you learn to meditate?" she asked, with considerably less confidence in her tone.

"We have books that treat of the subject, and which supply us with forms of meditation, until we can make these for ourselves; afterwards, with subjects and materials from which to draw. It is not, however, a duty so binding as vocal prayer, or assisting at Mass; but it is an essential part of the exercises of the Religious."

"It is of religious people I am speaking," said Adelaide.

"You mean pious people. We use the word *religious* to signify those who make a profession of religion, as priests, monks and nuns."

Here the young ladies arrived at the corner where the road to Daisy Brae branched off from the straight road to Throstlehurst.

"We must see more of each other," said Adelaide, as she held out her hand. The sisters, evidently gratified, made a suitable reply, and they parted.

## CHAPTER XVIII

“MAMMA,” said Adelaide that afternoon, as she sat stitching her Berlin-wool work beside the sofa whereon reclined Mrs. Dunbar, “why is it that we have never called on the Stewarts?”

“Upon my word, my dear, I don’t know,” answered her mother. “Why do you ask?”

“Because I met two of them to-day, and found them most charming; perfect ladies, refined, clever, well-educated.”

“You don’t say so?” languidly exclaimed the recumbent lady.

“Yes indeed; and it struck me as very strange that we had never met before.”

“Oh! well, it is not so very strange, after all. They are nobodies; they don’t go into Society.

“More’s the pity — for Society. It is not often we meet girls so highly cultivated and accomplished.”

“Dear me! Where could they pick up accomplishments in Lynnborough?”

“Nowhere, certainly,” laughed Adelaide. “But the Stewarts were educated in Edinburgh at the convent.”

“Were they, indeed?” inquired the elder lady, with awakening interest. “That must have cost a good deal. I don’t see how a person in Mr. Stewart’s position could very well afford it.”

"The fact remains," replied her daughter, not seeing anything to be gained by discussing the theory.

"Poor things!" said Mrs. Dunbar, after a moment's pause, "they must have a very dull life of it at Daisy Brae, and a heavy task nursing their sick mother — although Dr. Malcom tells me that her case has taken a more favourable turn, and that she may hold on quite a while."

"Yes," answered Adelaide, eagerly. "It must, indeed, be trying for them in the extreme. And I am sure, dear mamma, you would be delighted with them. Let us drive over to-morrow, if the weather is fine."

"I am sure I have no objection, if you wish it, dearie," said her mother. So it was arranged that Mrs. Dunbar and Adelaide should drive over next afternoon to Daisy Brae, and make a formal call on Mrs. Stewart and her daughters.

Next day, however, proved hopelessly rainy; and as the unfavourable weather continued off and on, for a week, the projected visit had to be postponed. At length, a favourable change took place; and after waiting yet a couple of days, in order that Mrs. Dunbar might nurse the remains of a cold caught during the wet weather, she and her daughter drove over to Mr. Stewart's. Here they found that Mrs. Stewart and the young ladies had departed on the previous day for the sea-side in hopes of benefitting the health of the invalid, and would not return for two months. There was nothing for it but to leave cards, and drive home again.

"We will call again when they come back," said Mrs. Dunbar.

"Vanity, ambition, love of luxury,—these then, are the enemies I must be on the look-out for, and against whom I must make war. Vanity—I don't think I am much given to that, although perhaps it is vanity itself which causes me to think so. Love of luxury—yes, I have a great many comforts which may be called luxuries, and I do enjoy them. But that is only wrong if we are wedded to them, would do reprehensible things to obtain them, or would be unable to resign ourselves to their loss. Hm—how would I like to be deprived of them—my jewels for instance, or my dresses—by-the-bye, love of these things comes under the head of vanity, so I *have* vanity, for I should sorely regret them. But now there is my comfortable bed of eider-down—suppose I found myself obliged to sleep on the sofa, which happens to be an uncommonly hard one, or perhaps even on the floor, as persons have often been obliged to do? Or suppose instead of dining with my mamma off chicken-pie, I had to content myself with an egg in the absence of fish, which is itself a sorry substitute for chicken-pie? Dear! dear! how little I have thought all the time of *denying myself*! Yet our Lord said: "If any man would be my disciple, let him *deny himself*," and Catholics have to do it. Ambition—ah! There is my grand temptation! I know myself to be ambitious—very. I covet fame and

distinction, if I could only achieve them. I admire rank, splendour, noble blood, ancient descent. To bear a title, to be received at court, to feel lifted above the common crowd; how very attractive these things are to me! I don't think I would knowingly do wrong to attain them; but the love of them is entwined around my very heart-strings. It is *that* I must tear away."

Such were the reflections which naturally presented themselves on the frequent, nay, daily occasions when Adelaide repassed in her mind her recent experiences, or dwelt on the various points of her late conversation with Basilia Stewart. It was not a passing and fruitless impression which had been made on her mind, but one which strengthened day by day, and which began to take a practical shape, as with her, everything did. To look out for and check little vanities which would formerly have wholly escaped her notice, to mortify herself in the matter of little delicacies, to keep, above all, before her the unreality of worldly greatness, became her daily task. Nor did she find it so very hard. On the contrary, although at times her small mortifications chafed just a little, in a general way they cost so little effort that there was no excuse for self-complacency.

Thus passed the summer and the earlier autumn, about which time the tidings of Philip Carr's defection from the English Establishment reached Lynnborough. So carefully had Philip guarded himself, that although every member of his late parish recognized

his "high" tendencies, there was not one among them who was not taken completely by surprise when they heard of his secession to the Church of Rome. The news was a "windfall to the Reverend Hanly Hicks, who found it an unfailing topic of conversation when he visited his flock, and used it to point withal all sorts of morals.

"Those hot-headed young men," he said, in his daintiest tones, as he sat with Mrs. Dunbar on the drawing-room sofa, while Adelaide from a window-seat looked on and listened, "they want ballast, my dear madam, they want ballast. They allow themselves to be carried away by the imposing ceremonies and ritual of Rome. They do not look below the surface."

"Yet Mr. Carr always appeared to me a very reflective young man," answered Mrs. Dunbar, with whom Philip had been a great favourite. "I should have thought him a very unlikely person to be carried away by mere outside things."

Adelaide's mind reverted to the last conversation she had with Philip, when he had alluded to an almost forgotten incident of his childhood as the only occasion on which he had even been within a Catholic Church. For a moment she thought of mentioning it, but refrained.

"Ah! my dear madam," continued Mr. Hicks, with his right hand stuck in the breast of his clerical coat, "it is a human centre they all seek after. Yes, yes, yes; it is a Human Centre."

"I suppose it is," replied Mrs. Dunbar, in a doleful voice, not knowing exactly what Mr. Hicks meant, but sorely divided between her desire to be orthodox and the affectionate regard she felt for Philip. "Quite a number of very eminent men have taken that step in the last few years," she added in a perplexed tone.

"Ahem—yes," responded the parson, a little less confidently.

"How do you account for it?" asked the lady.

"Hm—well—I presume they are of the class of persons who want a *system*.<sup>1</sup> You see, my dear madam, there are minds of a certain type who always look out for—who—in short—insist upon having things *systematized*—who will not be satisfied without *system*."

This remark puzzled Mrs. Dunbar to such a degree that she failed to meet it with any rejoinder. Why should they not want a "system," she asked herself; she had always been accustomed to consider "system" a great advantage, if not an essential in everything. Her bewilderment gave time to the Rev. Mr. Hicks to introduce a remark on some other topic; and after a few refined commonplaces, the visitor withdrew.

"It is too bad about Mr. Carr," she said to Adelaide, as soon as Mr. Hicks was gone. "He was a very clever young man, and would have been quite a favourite with all classes if he had remained in the English Church. What did Mr. Hicks mean by that remark about people wanting a *system*?"

<sup>1</sup> All the remarks of Mr. Hicks are taken from life.



"I don't know, mamma," replied Adelaide. "The remark astonished me very much, and seemed to mean more than, I think, Mr. Hicks intended. It seemed to imply a *lack of system* elsewhere. Perhaps it was this 'system'—whatever it may be—that induced Mr. Carr to follow in the footsteps of Newman, Faber, Oakeley, and the other celebrated men whose conversion has made such a stir; for I happen to know from his own lips that up to the time of his leaving Lynnborough he had never been within the door of a Catholic Church except once, when he was a boy."

"You don't say so?" exclaimed her mother. "Then it could not have been the ceremonies that bewildered him."

"Hardly," said Adelaide, smiling, "unless indeed he entered on a lively course of attendance immediately on leaving Lynnborough; and even that would imply, I should think, a previous course of *mental* preparation. By the bye," and she looked up with sudden animation, "do you know, a most curious idea came into my mind while Mr. Hicks was talking. It came quite suddenly, and I cannot think what suggested it. It is this:—Why is the Catholic Church always called *Rome—the Church of Rome?*"

"Surely, my dear Adelaide, you know the reason very well. It is because the Pope lives in Rome, and has his court there, and all that."

"But how comes he to live in Rome, and to have his court there? These things do not happen by chance. There is no chance; Providence overrules all."

"Certainly, my dear. But what is there of curious in the matter? I do not follow your idea at all. He had to live somewhere."

"To be sure. And had he lived anywhere else, had any other spot on earth been what I may call the *home* of the Catholic Church through so many centuries, there would be nothing noticeable in the matter. Also had she borne any other title, there would be nothing to remark about. We speak of the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, and so on; we find no significance in these titles; in using them we only mean the form of religion established in these countries; as we might speak of the Laws of England, or of the manners or customs. But the idea of the 'Church of Rome' is something altogether apart from that of the City of Rome. Suppose the city to become Protestant to-morrow, and the Papal Court to be transferred elsewhere, we should still speak of the doctrines of Rome, the ceremonies of Rome, and so on; we should still say of a man who became a Catholic—'He has gone over to Rome'; whereas to say of one who turned Presbyterian—'He has gone over to Scotland' would be sheer nonsense, and be quite misunderstood. When people talk of the 'power,' the 'arrogance,' the 'emissaries' of Rome, do they mean of the *City of Rome*? Certainly not; everybody understands these expressions as applying to the Catholic Church and to that only. But if we speak of the 'power,' the 'policy,' the 'emissaries,' or anything else, of England, do we mean of the *English Church*? Of course not."

"There does seem to be some difference in the idea, although I don't see that it signifies one way or the other."

"But it does signify a great deal. It bears witness to a wonderful, an indestructible *prestige* to which the Catholic Church has succeeded—the *prestige* of the mighty Roman Empire, that empire which embraced and ruled almost all the then known world."

"Dear! dear! How should the Catholic Church succeed to *that*? And the Roman Empire been dead and buried these I don't know how many centuries?"

"Dead and buried, and the Catholic Church in her place, her spiritual successor—the Spiritual Roman Empire."

"But, dear Adelaide, you forget. The Roman Empire was *pagan*. How could a Christian Church—any Christian Church—be her successor? I can't for the life of me make out what you are driving at."

"Don't you see, dear mamma, it is a case of most wonderful *retribution*. Who was it that persecuted the Christian Church through three centuries? The Roman Empire. Who drenched the lands with Christian blood, and filled the catacombs with martyrs? The Roman Empire. And to see the territory over which she reigned transformed into *Christendom*, the Church she persecuted ruling from her very capital, bearing her very name, and that through so many ages, appears to me more wonderful by far than to see the Seed of Abraham reign in that Promised Land where he had been a sojourner and a stranger."

"But, Adelaide, the Roman Empire was a Civil Government. It sent out armies and fought battles, and conquered countries. It was not a Church."

Adelaide passed her hand over her eyes, and smiled as she replied:

"True, mamma; it was not a Church. And the conquests of the Catholic Church, the armies she sends out, the battles she has fought and still fights, are of a very different kind. But the *prestige* is the same. Nothing has ever changed that—neither time nor troubles."

"And do you mean to say," asked her mother, after a pause, "that you thought over all these things while Mr. Hicks was talking? I thought you were listening to the conversation."

"So I was, mamma. I listened very closely to all Mr. Hicks said. These ideas did not present themselves to me in detail, as I have endeavoured to shew them to you, but all at once, like a picture on which I had only to look. And the more I look, the more striking it appears. Don't you think so?"

"Well, upon my word, I don't know. I am not a great judge of such matters."

Whereupon the good lady yawned, as if she were profoundly tired of the subject. So Adelaide took the hint and said no more.

## CHAPTER XIX

ADELAIDE spoke truly when she said she had listened closely to all Mr. Hicks' remarks; and, moreover, she had made note of two items to be thought over at leisure, to wit, the question of "system," and that of "human centre," which the reverend gentleman appeared to consider one of the attractions held out by the Church of Rome. But these could wait. There was, first, to be well studied the new light in which the Church of Rome had been so expectedly and so unaccountably presented to her own mind. There are few experiences in life, if any, so thrilling as the sudden discovery of some grand and beautiful Existence (we use the term to mean simply *something which exists*) of which we have not hitherto dreamed; and the Catholic Church as seen in that new light was such an Existence to Adelaide. For as she reasoned, not in detail, but at one glance—the Church which Divine Providence had elevated on the ruins of the Pagan Persecutor, which bore her very name, and spoke—she alone—her very language, that and that only could be the Church of the Catacombs, the Church of the Early Christians, the True Church of Christ. No use to say it had fallen away; no use to say it had become corrupted. *He* who knew all things, *He* who foresaw the End from the Beginning, *He* had placed her there, and kept her there, and would

doubtless keep her there to the end of Time. Storms and revolutions, and political changes of every kind were powerless to prevent it; for it was not a matter of *territory*, but of *prestige*, and that would always remain. Persecution and calumny would only increase it, as they had always done; for while it was ever the *prestige* of mighty Rome, it was indelibly stamped with the Image of the Crucified.

To a mind so practical as Adelaide's, and conscientious withal, this manifestation—for as it struck her, it could be called nothing less—was a clue to be followed out honestly and with a purpose. "I have been," she said to herself, "brought up to believe the teaching of the Catholic Church grievously wrong on many points. Yet here I behold her occupying a position which *could* not have been destined by Divine Providence for any but the True Church. Had she fallen away, as they say, He to whom all things are possible could easily have displaced her, and elevated to her unique and commanding position that form of religion which represented in His sight the pure and primitive Truth. But He has not done so; and it is a thousand times easier to believe that much of what Protestants say against her is misconception, and the rest sheer calumny, than to believe that He has left, almost from the beginning, an Apostate on the Spiritual Throne which fills the whole earth, like the mountain spoken of by Daniel—the Spiritual Throne of which, as I now see very plainly, that of Ancient Rome was a material type and figure. I am resolved to examine

into the matter very closely. I feel that I should be falsifying Conscience if I neglected to do so; because if it be the True Church, then to it alone are all the promises made. I feel, moreover, assured that by keeping steadily before me this view of the Catholic Church, I shall see many passages of the Bible in a new light; and if there be *any* light in which the Holy Scripture reads favourably to the Ancient Church, *that and that only* is the true reading. If even *one* ground of Protest be found false and unsound, it invalidates the whole Reformation. But I will study the subject carefully."

This being a tale and not a treatise, we shall not weary the reader by following the researches of our heroine farther than is necessary to show the method pursued, and the points which struck her most forcibly. Minds are so variously constituted that what seems of small account to one, carries unqualified conviction to another, and as it is the business of a narrator to record facts not as they might have been, but as they actually were, we shall give the story of Miss Dunbar's conversion as it really took place.

It might strike some that the simplest and most natural way for her to have acted was, to seek out the priest, and from him receive instruction. But there were several reasons why she could not, or at least did not, follow this short and obvious plan. In the first place, it did not for one moment occur to her. In these days Protestants knew wonderfully little about their Catholic neighbours, very often did not know they

were Catholics. If Adelaide had a hazy idea that there was a priest somewhere about Lynnborough, that was all. Where he lived, where or when he could be seen, would have been mysteries to unravel, supposing she had even adverted to them. But if the idea had occurred to her, she would have been far from following it up. It was a step leagues beyond her present stage. She must think the question out by herself. The library at Throstlehurst contained no Catholic books, and none such had ever come her way; conscientious scruples would have prevented her looking into them, if they had. Would have prevented her hitherto; but now she would have availed herself of them had any been within reach, though not without placing a jealous guard on herself against being carried away by the 'sophistry' and 'casuistry' she had been taught to consider the staple of such works. Prudential motives would have prevented her from entering on the subject with Catholic friends, supposing her to have had any; and she did not dream of carrying the matter to Mr. Hicks. But Adelaide had three advantages. The education she had received from her parents and governess had implanted within her deep religious feeling; that was one. Then, the Protestant dogma of the "Bible and the Bible only," as the Rule of Faith, acting on that strong religious feeling she had from a child, made the Holy Scriptures her constant study, and was versed to an extent not very common among Protestants in every part of them, except perhaps the Levitical Law, which she



skipped or skimmed as a matter of taste, not without certain qualms of conscience for slighting any part of the Holy Volume. This knowledge of the Scriptures was her one resource—to her an all sufficient one, as they were: the only Tribunal whose authority she would have accepted.

She had also a third advantage in having so long listened to the preaching of Philip Carr. She had been one of his most interested and attentive listeners; and the leaven of Catholic Truth, which unavoyedly pervaded his discourses, insensibly formed her mind to the admission of certain dogmas; notably the Catholic doctrines of Justification by Faith *and* Good Works, of *Conditional* Salvation, and of none being lost but through their own fault. These points recommended themselves to her as conformable both to Reason and Scripture; and it is but fair to say that very many Protestants so regard them, although their formularies are heretical and unscriptural on those subjects. Like Philip himself, she also imagined she believed in the Real Presence and in Baptismal Regeneration although she was far from realizing the full significance of the latter, and the former was a mystery of which she had not yet a glimmering. Eustace Hilliard had on one occasion explained to her the Church's use of Latin in the services, so far, at least, as disabusing her of the ridiculous notion faithfully inculcated by the good Miss Knox, her Cameronian governess, that the priests preached, taught catechism, and otherwise endeavoured to instruct their flocks in that un-

known tongue. Thus her list of objectionable items was considerably retrenched; and she set herself to work out the rest, armed only with some sheets of paper, a pencil and her Protestant Bible. Her plan was to go over the sacred text, verse by verse—the entire New Testament, and certain portions of the Old—and to repeat the process for each of the doctrines which puzzled her; in a word, to “search the Scriptures,” like the Bereans, “*to see whether these things were so.*” It was a lengthy and fatiguing process, but as it progressed it grew intensely interesting. The main difficulty she experienced was to keep her judgment from being warped by the strained and artificial interpretations she had been accustomed to, and which so often and so impudently contradict the express words of Scripture. But she brought to the task sincerity and fervent prayer; and soon there began to develop in her mind that simplicity and clearness of vision which renders it so easy for a child to grasp the doctrines of the Catholic Faith.

The first point which Adelaide took up was the Promises made to the Christian Church. We will not follow her through the text. Whoever feels sufficiently interested to go and do likewise will find them plentifully sprinkled through the Book of Psalms and the later chapters of the Prophecy of Isaiah. Studied thus, they were to Miss Dunbar an unexpected revelation of the Church’s spiritual glory.

“Who can deny,” she said to herself, after some days of this study, “who can deny to the Church of

Christ that Infallibility which reason itself says she *ought* to have, when they find the Lord himself calling her, by the mouth of His Prophet, 'a Way of Holiness which nothing defiled can pass over,' and a 'Path wherein the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err'? when they read His promise—'The words that I have put in thy mouth shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, from henceforth and forever'? Who can turn upon the Church of Rome and upbraid her with her mediaeval grandeur, which has been so often denounced as 'arrogance' and 'presumption' when they read: 'Kings shall be thy nursing-fathers, and their queens thy nursing-mothers'—'The sons of them that afflicted thee shall come bending before thee. They shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet, they shall lick up the dust from thy feet'? I begin to understand now what Mr. Carr said about accepting all her teaching in accepting her infallibility. But I have been so accustomed to look at things from a certain point of view that I must examine them piecemeal—I *must* satisfy Conscience. There are some things which seem to me a giving of the Glory of the Creator to the creature. I cannot conceive of the merit of Good Works. I fully realize their *necessity*; but *merit*—no. Christ's works alone can have that. Then, I cannot conceive how the Invocation of the Virgin and Saints can be lawful. We pray to God; prayer to them seems a giving to them of His worship. I do not revolt from it on dear old

Miss Knox's ground, that they cannot *possibly* hear us, because it would take a cannon-ball I don't remember how many millions of years to reach the sun; and so on. Prayers are not cannon-balls; and to apply the Laws of Matter to disembodied and glorified Spirits seems the height of absurdity. I only ask, *Is it right?* If I could find these things to be Scriptural, I should at once recognize the Church of Rome as maligned and traduced, and accept her Infallibility with undoubting faith; and I could accept everything else on her word."

So Adelaide set herself to look into these doctrines. But here her difficulties began. Try where she liked she could not get a clear view of her subject. Whichever dogma she took up, she could not tell which end to begin at; the skein seemed hopelessly tangled, and she could not find how any of the threads ran. The more she tried to think, the more she couldn't; and this baffled state of mind at length recalled to her certain futile attempts of a similar kind on a previous occasion. She was sitting at her toilet one morning, dressing her hair by the glass, when recollection of her former unsuccessful attempt at meditation, and of something Basilia Stewart had said about there being books of instruction for that exercise, came back to her. Simultaneously with that remembrance, her eye fell upon Eustace Hillyard's Mechlin Missal. Through constantly seeing it, yet never opening it, she had come unconsciously to regard it in a passive sort of way, merely as part of her toilet furniture; the more

so as her maid systematically employed it in the capacity of a stand for a certain jewel-casket. But now she suddenly adverted to the fact that it was a *Catholic* book.

"Perhaps it is one of the books Miss Stewart alluded to," she said to herself. So as soon as the hair was dressed, Adelaide dislodged the jewel-casket, and open the Missal. We have elsewhere hinted that our heroine could puzzle pretty fairly through a Latin book, provided it were not too difficult. When a child, her father had put her through the declensions and "regulars" for fun; it was one of his ways of amusing himself with his little girl. Familiarity with French and Italian further facilitate the task; and soon Adelaide was absorbed in the Missal, with its red rubrics and beautiful plain-chant. But it was the letter-press, not the music, which absorbed her. It was her first acquaintance with Catholic literature, and—it was a revelation. Could *this* be the awful Mass-book of that Church which she had been so often told *hated* and opposed the Holy Scriptures? Why, it was full of Holy Scripture! The very first words of the Ordinary of the Mass, after the sublime *In Nomine Patris et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti, Amen*, were those of the beautiful forty-second Psalm. Then the *Gloria in Excelsis* of the angels, with its sequel of fervent adoration, and the thrilling *Kyrie Eleison* that led up to it; and Epistles and Gospels—the very same as in her own prayer book—and the Nicene Creed, and the Collects, and most beautiful prayers of every kind, all

humbly offered in the Name of the Incarnate Word. But it was the services of Holy Week that chiefly riveted her attention. There was the veritable reproduction of our Divine Lord's Entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. There was the story of the Passion taken from the Evangelists, one after the other, as if the Church in her loving sorrow, could not dwell upon it enough. There were the "Reproaches" of Good Friday, so plaintive, so startling in their vividness, the very embodiment of all pathos, of all poetry, of all articulate music. These Holy Week Offices were like nothing she had ever seen or thought of; and she returned to them, day after day, with ever increasing veneration and love.

"Do *these* things look like a Human Centre?" she asked herself. "What could the man mean? Surely he has never seen a Missal. But 'system'—yes, he was right in that. Be it for good or for evil, there is plenty of 'system' here."

Nevertheless, Adelaide found a great deal she could not take in—numberless goings, and comings, and details of ritual which presumption and unfaith might very easily sneer at as "puerile" and "trifling," not apprehending the deep mysteries that underlie them; and which do become puerile and trifling when transplanted into services where those deep mysteries exist not. Then there were two things which would not permit her to forget that she was treading strange and perhaps perilous ground. One was the frequent allusion to the Blessed Virgin and the Saints and Angels, the

drawing of them, as it were, continually into the service. The other was the constant recurrence of the word *Sacrifice*. The Ordinary and Canon of Mass appeared to be one continuous *Oblation of Something*, whatever It might be. Of course, she had heard, and without stint, of the Sacrifice of the Mass as the crowning "error" of Popery; and it seemed to her as if that one "error" overweighted everything else. She read in her own prayer-book, "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us," but that was an allusion to the Death of Christ, a past event. This in the Missal seemed to be Something *present*.

"There is no Sacrifice but Christ," she said to herself. "Nothing shall ever allure me away from that."

But the whole subject impressed her as being of the gravest importance, and she did not for a moment think of relaxing her researches. It was at this stage she began, as Philip had done before her, to offer a special prayer for guidance; and as her perfect honesty of purpose made her jealous of her own conscious leanings, she prayed as if she were against herself: "*If the Church of Rome be not absolutely right, shews me that it is wrong.*"

## CHAPTER XX

IT happened one day that Adelaide set herself to "tidying up" the books in the library, as she occasionally did; and coming upon the two volumes Philip Carr had formerly borrowed, she suddenly remembered that he *had* borrowed them. The title of Cranmer's book led her to connect the fact of the borrowing with the other fact of Philip Carr's conversion, which was the point that drew her attention. She had of yore made a fleeting acquaintance with that work, an acquaintance she did not in the least desire to renew. There are persons to whom scurrility and irreverence are so intrinsically hateful that they will not wade through the dirt on any errand whatsoever; and Adelaide was one of these. She therefore deposited the volume on its shelf, with a well defined surmise that "Canterbury" had done something towards Philip Carr's secession from the Church of England. But of the other Judicious Founder she had not the same distinct recollection, although her father had occasionally used it for family reading on Sundays; so she hung her duster over her arm and opened Bishop Bull. There was a small piece of folded paper stuck in as a mark, and naturally the book opened at the place, which was the page containing the libellous note concerning the "Eternal Virgin." Below this was another note in pencil correcting the translation of



*Semper Virgo* and giving in few words the true meaning of the title; and it was evident the paper mark had been placed there expressly to draw attention to the subject. Adelaide prolonged her examination of the Sermons sufficiently to recall and confirm her early impressions of them, which were not complimentary. With a yawn, she at length relegated them to their peaceful abode beside the other books, and continued her dusting. When the task was completed, she descended from the chair on which she had stood; and moving it away she perceived that the paper mark had dropped to the floor while she had been studying Bishop Bull. Stooping, she picked it up and examined it, at first hastily, then attentively. Finally, she put it in her pocket, saying as she did so, "This may help me."

From the library book-shelves our heroine adjourned to the drawing-room. She arranged the nick-nacks, anti-macassars, etc., and finished up by making her feather-brush and her piano acquainted. On the desk of the latter lay the score of Handel's "Messiah," of which Adelaide was passionately fond. It was open at the exquisite Aria of the Ascension—"*Thou art gone up on high; Thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, yea, even for Thine enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them.*"

As she removed the book to close the piano, Adelaide began to sing. Indeed she sang through the house "wide-open" as a little boy visitor once expressed it—from morning till night—with intervals of course;

all the household was used to it, and nobody minded. And now the beautiful music, and the inspired words on her lips rolled through the hall as she ascended the stair to her own room— "*That the Lord God might dwell among them— might dwell among them— might dwell among them.*" Adelaide, entering her apartment with the words on her lips, suddenly stopped as though she had seen something unexpected. After a few moments, moving mechanically to the window-seat, she sat down, resting her elbow on the sill, and her forehead on her hand, and began to think.

For at least an hour she sat wrapped in profound meditation. Then she drew from her pocket the scrap of paper Philip had used for a mark, and opening it out, considered it attentively. Again she became so absorbed in deep thought that the ringing of the lunch-bell, and her mother's voice on the stair calling her, aroused her as from a dream. She hastily arranged her attire, and descended; but during the meal, and the drive which followed, her mind was so pre-occupied that in any one else it would have attracted remark. Mrs. Dunbar was accustomed, however, to these abstracted fits in her daughter; and concluding that Adelaide was designing a new picture or something, she thought nothing of it, and chatted away. On returning home, the elder lady retired to enjoy her usual *siesta*; and Adelaide, with a couple of clear hours before her, withdrew to her own room. There divesting herself of her outdoor garments, she sat down at a table and began to write. Began; but not for many

days and even weeks, was that paper finished. It embodied the gradual progress of her spiritual life, the gradual clearing of her mental vision, the gradual unfolding of sublime and divine truths. To recall it paragraph by paragraph, as it was at varying intervals written, would be wearisome to the general reader besides delaying our story, such as it is. But if we would follow the workings of our heroine's mind, we must give at least a slight compendium of the mental process; and the reader who dislikes "preaching"—or who thinks we have already given enough of it—can avail himself of what our Scottish Wizard calls the "laudable practice of skipping," and pass on to the next chapter.

*"Thou art gone up on high; Thou hast led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, yea, even for Thine enemies, that the Lord God might dwell among them!"*

"I have read and sung, and listened to that verse scores and scores of times; and I never once stopped to consider what it means. It is spoken in prophetic vision to our Risen Lord and Saviour, ascending into Heaven where he claims for men the innumerable gifts and graces He has purchased for them by His Death. Of these gifts one is specially mentioned—one alone, as though it transcended and included all the rest—that *the Lord God might dwell among them.*" The only idea I have ever connected with these words was a vague impression of the Life of Jesus upon earth. But they cannot refer to that, because when

He ascended 'to receive gifts for men'—that Gift—His thirty-three years' sojourn upon earth was finished. In His Omnipresence, God is and always was necessarily everywhere, so it cannot mean that. In His Fatherly Mercy and Providence, He has been '*among men*' from the beginning; and although we recognize in that a retrospective effect of the Redemption, yet the words of the prophecy appear to promise some new and stupendous development of that Presence. Because while in his Fatherly Providence he was among *all* men—causing His sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and sending His rain on the just and on the unjust,—among the Hebrews, His chosen people, He '*dwelt*' in a wonderful and supernatural manner within the Holy of Holies. That mysterious Visible Presence of God, first in the Tabernacle of the desert, then in the Temple of Jerusalem—called in Holy Scripture the '*Shekinah*'—was at the time of our Lord's Ascension about to be withdrawn; probably was withdrawn 'when the veil of the Temple was rent from top to bottom,' at the Crucifixion. Christians, then,—that Christian Church which our Lord came to found, and with which he made His New Covenant, sealed 'not in the blood of goats and rams, but in His own Blood'—has far less privilege than had the Jews of old, unless God has granted to her some abiding manifestation of His Presence to correspond with the '*Shekinah*.' Our Lord's Life and Death are to us, no doubt, an accomplished fact; but unless we distrust God's fidelity to His Promises,

that Life and Death were a no less sure anchor to the believing Israelites than they are to us. Their virtue and efficacy were present to them as to us; and they had the Visible Presence besides. Is it not some such abiding Presence that the verse above-quoted promises? If not what *does* it promise?

"Can it be possible that *this* is what the Roman Catholic Church means by the 'Real Presence' in the Sacrament? I see in the Missal evidence that they keep it in their churches; indeed, I think I have been told they do, but I never understood before what the words meant—rather what they implied. If the wonderful idea which has just come into my mind—and which I am struggling to see as through a mist—be *true*, how changed, indeed, becomes the face of the whole earth! and how awful in majesty becomes the Christian Church—the Catholic Church! For within her *the Lord God Himself dwells among us!* I never knew before what was meant by the 'Real Presence.' They call it *Transubstantiation*; and Protestants call *Transubstantiation idolatry*, as if it were idolatry to worship the True God under any Form He might be pleased to assume! They also call it *impossible*, as if anything could be 'impossible' to Him with whom *all things* are possible, who created the whole universe out of nothing, and who balances its entire existence on the point of a single moment—no two moments given together! Every fibre of Creation is full of things just as 'impossible'—but oh! the majesty of It! the grandeur of It! How it changes life!

For we have no longer to think of Christ only as in Heaven ; He is *here* — here among us — at our very door ! If the Catholic Church had not another grace to bestow, that one grace would make every imaginable sacrifice easy. It is, indeed, the Pearl of Great Price, to buy which a Christian might count himself happy in selling all else.

" I have heard Church of England people say that they believed in the 'Real Presence' ; at least, I have heard Mr. Carr say so, and I thought I believed in it myself. But that which opens up before me now is as different as is Heaven from Earth ; and if he came to see the difference, no wonder he left all to follow Christ. I have found in that sermon-book what I take to be some notes in Mr. Carr's handwriting. He doubtless jotted them down to assist his researches. I think they will be of great assistance to me also ; but the Light which I must follow is already before me ; I have found the 'Shekinah' of the Christian Church !

"Here are the notes just as they stand :

*"The union of the Christian with Christ not a fiction of grace, but a reality ; a spiritual, but not a metaphorical or figurative union. That union*

*"Effected in Baptism,*

*"Strengthened in Confirmation by the Infused Gifts of the Holy Ghost,*

*"Restored in the Sacrament of Penance, when ruptured by mortal sin,*

*"Nourished and maintained by the Holy Eucharist.*

"*The Catholic Priesthood, the Priesthood of Christ, must offer the same sacrifice.*

"*The Saints placed on the throne of Christ's Humanity offer up Christ's mediation!*"

"The Christian's Union with Christ a *real* union — *spiritual*, but not *figurative*. Spiritual but not figurative—let me try if I can grasp the distinction. It is one to which I have never adverted, as I see now I come to have it placed before me. Yes; a thing may be spiritual and yet very real, with nothing figurative or metaphorical about it. There is our spiritual life in the natural order—the life of the intellect, of the affections, of the imagination. These are purely spiritual, yet not in the least figurative, but very real indeed. Now if the life of the Christian soul in the *supernatural* order be equally real—yes! he has a Something that others have not, a Something as tangible and real as our intellectual life. I begin to have a glimmering; I never thought of it before. What is that Something, so real, which the Christian has, and others have not? It is called here 'Union with Christ,' it is a new Spiritual Life in the supernatural order, over and above the Spiritual Life in the natural order which we all have, and no less real. Now I understand. Now I see why our Divine Lord calls Baptism a 'second birth'— 'Ye must be born again of Water and of the Spirit.' Now I know what is meant by 'Baptismal Regeneration,' and why St. Peter calls it 'the sprinkling of the Blood of Christ!'

It admits us to that new, real, Spiritual Life in the supernatural order, which consists in a veritable union with Christ. This must be what St. Paul alludes to when he speaks of our being made 'partakers of the Divine Nature', and our being 'members of His (Christ's) Body, of His Flesh, and of His Bones.' What a holy and wonderful thing is Baptism, viewed in this light! And what a sublime meaning does this idea give to the very text of Scripture! It seems like a different book.

"And here is another verse which has always puzzled me, but which this idea fully explains: 'For I bear in my body the marks of the Lord Jesus Christ!' Yes; as a true member of Christ, his 'marks'—his stripes and fastings, and Sufferings—were those of Christ in His member. And again: 'I fill up in my own body that which is behind of the Sufferings of Christ.' That which is behind'—a strange expression! Could anything be 'behind' or a-wanting in the Sufferings of Christ? Yet here are the words in the very Bible!

"Let me see now. 'A fiction of Grace'— What is it that Protestants teach on this subject of Justification? I ought to know, for I have tried from a child to make their views clear to my own mind, and also not by any means successfully to reconcile them with Scripture. They have a name for it—*total depravity*, that's it. They teach that since the Fall we are *wholly bad*, so bad that God Himself cannot make us good; that over the totally depraved soul of the 'be-



liever' God casts the mantle of Christ's Merits, and, ignoring the depravity, looks only on what Christ in His own Penance has done, attributing it all to the 'believer.' It can be not a 'fiction of Grace,' I don't know what is. Were the subject less grave, I should call it a sham. It is make-believe; it always seemed to me make-believe, although I thought it was my own total depravity which caused me to think so. But now that I catch a glimmering of something more worthy the God of Truth, I am not afraid to call it a 'fiction'—a fiction in every sense, a pure invention on the part of men who could *dare* to assert or imply that the Almighty could not save us without having recourse to untruth! I call it also an *impiety*, for it implies that Sin is more powerful than God Himself—that even He cannot make us holy, but is compelled to pretend, to treat as holy the soul that is totally depraved! I call it also an *injustice* that the bitter sufferings of Christ should be attributed to sinners who are not required to lift a finger in penance for their own sins. Ah! now I understand the meaning and sacramental character of Penance, and the *merit* as well as the *necessity* of Good Works! Here it is as I see it:

"Baptism makes us real members of Christ, as truly as the branch which is grafted on the vine becomes part of it. That was His own simile: 'I am the Vine, ye are the branches.' Now as the fruit of the branch is the fruit of the Vine, so the good works of Christ's members are His Works, and as such, are

meritorious in the sight of God. Now I understand. It is not that His Works are attributed to us by a fiction of Grace, but that *our* works are attributed to *Him*—and most justly, since it is His Spirit which inspires them, His Grace which enables us to perform them. Whatever good, therefore, is done by one who is thus grafted into Christ, merits Eternal Life as done by Him through His member; and this is what St. Paul means by 'filling up in his own body that which is behind of the Sufferings of Christ. 'That which is behind' is the portion laid out for each member whereby he participates in the Sacrifice and in the Re-compense. And a member who would perform no good works would be a rotten branch, and would, sooner or later, be 'taken away', as our Lord says. Now I understand the wonderful penances and heroic works of the Saints, which have always appeared to me, as they do to every Protestant, so unaccountable and exaggerated. They realized this beautiful doctrine, and felt as if they could never participate in the Divine Sufferings sufficiently to satisfy their love.

"This idea also explains the mystery of Infant Suffering; the baptized babe suffers as a member of Christ, and as such, its pains are meritorious. The unbaptized—doubtless God who is infinitely good has uncovenanted graces for them to the same effect, seeing they do not miss Baptism through their own fault.

"And if this union be so real, that which 'nourishes and maintains it' must be no less real. *Bread*

partaken of as a figurative commemoration could not maintain a *real* new spiritual life. The Eucharist *must* be what our Lord Himself says it is, 'The Bread that I will give is *My Flesh*.'—'If any man eat of this Bread, he shall live forever; and I will raise him up at the Last Day.'—'He that eateth Me, even he *shall live by Me*.' In pondering over this wonderful sixth chapter of St. John, I am completely overwhelmed by one idea. It is this. Our Lord, Who knew all things, knew when He spoke these words, that His Church, the Church of the Apostles and martyrs, the Church which He himself should establish on the ruins of His and her enemy—Pagan Rome—would through all ages, accept them as *literally true*. Yet does He, by a single word, put the faintest restriction on such an understanding of them? Does he not re-iterate them again and again in all sorts of forms? Would it be possible to preach 'Transubstantiation' more clearly, more absolutely, more uncompromisingly? The one solitary verse under which Protestants try to shelter themselves, 'The words that I speak unto you are Spirit and Life,' is the very reproach and condemnation of those who forget that He is *Omnipotent*, that *His word is Spirit and Life*, and can change the elements by the Power of God.

"The last two notes I am still in the dark about, 'One Priest with Christ'—'must offer the same Sacrifice'— I do not see my way through that. There is no Sacrifice but Christ."

To Catholics who understand the teaching of the

Church in all its parts, it may seem strange that Miss Dunbar, having grasped so much, should still miss so much. But thus it is that Truth gradually dawns upon the mind. Each unfolding is the work of a moment—a veritable revelation, but the process touches now one point, now another, like the gradual unveiling of the Crucifix on Good Friday. Adelaide, however, though still in the dark about some things, and groping, as it were, for connecting links, had awakened to the apprehension of a world of spiritual beauty, rather than lose sight of which she would gladly have parted with life itself. In its light all things seemed changed; it "renewed the face of the Earth", as the Psalmist says. All her old shrinking, the fruit of erroneous teaching, was gone, and she revelled in the sublimities of the Missal as in a new world. The exquisite hymns of St. Thomas became at once her instructors and delight. One of the windows of her room commanded a distant view of the Gothic chapel, whose slender spires became plainly visible as the winds stripped the trees of their brightly coloured leaves; and many an hour did she stand gazing intently on them, and wondering if He were there. It became the hallowed point to which both her heart and her eyes instinctively turned. Even her very sleep seemed to catch a ray from the new-formed light; and often she awoke with the plaintive cry of the Church upon her lips: "*Agnus Dei, Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis!*"

## CHAPTER XXI

SO completely had the thought and researches of the last two months absorbed Adelaide Dunbar, that she had almost, if not altogether, forgotten her interesting meeting with Basilia and Winifred Stewart; and it was a pleasant surprise to her when, returning one day from the drive with her mother, she found the cards of the two elder sisters awaiting her. After a few days, she and Mrs. Dunbar drove over to Daisy Brae, where they were cordially received by Mrs. Stewart and her three daughters; Winifred's return to the convent having been postponed till after Christmas, on account of the family's prolonged absence at the sea-side. Mrs. Stewart being unable to encounter the fatigue of stair-climbing, received Mrs. Dunbar in the dining-room from which her own apartment opened; and the young ladies leaving the mammas to enjoy their gossip by the bright fire, escorted Adelaide upstairs to the drawing-room—also enlivened by the best flower of the November garden—and proceeded to amuse her to the best of their power. There was no lack of material in the shape of piano, music, pictures, books, etc. The drawing-room, in fact, did duty for library, studio, and all; and being not very much on demand for society purposes, was the customary play-room of the three sisters. It contained a large and handsome book-case

filled with standard works, besides a plentiful allowance of dainty bindings scattered over various tables and cabinets. The fair quartette being all more or less of intellectual tastes, it was not long before the conversation took a literary turn.

"You are well supplied with books," said Adelaide, as she complacently surveyed the well-filled shelves. "I need hardly ask if you are fond of reading."

"Indeed, we are," replied Agatha. "It is duty, not inclination, which calls any of us away from a book, once we have sat down to enjoy it."

"What style of book do you prefer?"

"We like travels and biographies, and history — that is, when they are dependable."

Adelaide looked up inquiringly: "Are they not always dependable?" she asked.

"Not always," answered Agatha, smiling. "We would not care to learn English history from Hume, nor Scottish history from Buchanan, nor..."

"Dear me! Those are the very books we have at home. I did not know they were not dependable — but I am glad to hear it. I never did like Buchanan, he is so scurrilous."

"He is worse than even that," said Basilia. "He is slanderous and untruthful, and makes a monster out of our dear, beautiful, good Queen Mary."

"It does me good to hear anyone stand up for Queen Mary," returned Adelaide. "And by-the-bye, I see you have all Sir Walter Scott's novels. He draws a charming portrait of her in 'The Abbot.'"

"Not half as good as she deserves," put in Winnie, shaking her head.

"I am sure," continued Adelaide, "you must take a great delight in his novels, especially those in which he pictures Catholic times. He makes your religion very attractive."

The three Stewarts looked at one another with suppressed mirth in their pretty eyes. Then, after a moment's pause, Agatha said:

"To Protestants it doubtless appears so; and no one can deny that in liberality of mind, and favourable dispositions towards the Church, Sir Walter Scott was wonderfully in advance of his time. But you will perhaps be surprised to hear that although, of course, we like them all, as no one could help doing, the novels you mention are the ones we like the least. We greatly enjoy those which do not touch Catholicity at all; but those which do are a good deal spoiled to us thereby because they caricature it."

"Caricature it! Why I think they make it charming."

"That is because you have never seen the Original. Even a poor and incorrect copy of a grand painting is attractive to one who has never beheld the immortal work of the Great Master. Scott certainly did not *intentionally* caricature the Church; but unwittingly he did. Then he makes so many blunders."

"You astonish me! He always seemed to me to have made such a study of these things."

"Mere study will not answer the purpose. Mere study will enable a writer to draw a fair picture of foreign manners and peculiarities, although even then he is liable to incur the ridicule of natives, unless he takes very great care. But in writing about Catholic matters—as many Protestants are fond of doing—it is sheerly impossible for them to do so, no matter how learned they may be, except in a way that the simplest Catholic child might laugh at; because they have not the key to the very things they are writing about. This is true even if they have lived among Catholics, or in Catholic countries. They are on a different plane from their subject, and see things through a false medium. This is also pre-eminently true when they attempt any subject connected with monastic life; as, for example, Sir Walter Scott's episode in *Ivanhoe*, about the monks who kept Athelstane out of sight, and fed him on bread and water; or worse still—for that is such a dreadful slander—the Lindisfarne scene in *Marmion*."

"And then," put in Winnie, with great animation, "he makes the Lady Rowena..."

"Excuse me for interrupting you one moment," said Adelaide. "I think I perceive to a certain extent what you mean. But take the case of a Protestant who had once been a Catholic. Such a one would not labour under the same disability; such a one could draw a truthful picture?"

"No more than the one who has been always Protestant; because he, too, has lost the key and



descended from the plane, or he would never have left the Church. And in his case, feelings of bitterness against individuals would distort the picture far worse than in the other; for the Protestant might be in good faith so far as he understood, while personal grudges are always more or less mixed with secession from the Church."

"You were saying?" said Adelaide, turning apologetically to Winnie.

"I was only going to tell off some of dear Sir Watty's blunders. He makes the Lady Rowena go to a late evening Mass!"

"And is that wrong?"

"Certainly; Mass cannot be begun after midday. The Midnight Mass of Christmas is the only exception; and we can hardly call it an exception, since it cannot be begun till after midnight. Then he gives the impression that the Templar, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert, was a priest."

"And was he not a priest? I thought all knights were priests."

"Not necessarily so," said Basilia. "The two terms are not synonymous. There are the secular priests who are not monks, and there are monks who are not priests, although most of them are so. But the knights of the Military Orders were *never* priests. There were priests belonging to each order, but they were not knights. Each Military Order had the three classes: first, knights, from whom the Grand Masters and other dignitaries were chosen; then priests, whose

duties were purely religious; and lastly, the serving-brothers."

"But they were bound to celibacy, were they not?"

"They were by the Rule of their Order; but not by religious vows."

"Then Bois-Guilbert, bad as he was, was not as bad as I always thought."

"Not quite," replied Agatha, laughing; "not quite so bad as Sir Walter himself thought."

"I begin to think," said Adelaide, after a moment's pause, "that a great many of the misconceptions and prejudices of Protestants lie at the door of novel-writer, poets and artists. They too often select and treat their subjects simply from a sensational or dramatic point of view, taking no pains to ascertain whether the facts or the treatment are founded in truth. They look no farther than whether such and such incidents—often confessedly fictitious—will make a striking picture, or a telling and dramatic scene. It never occurred to me before, but really, I don't think it can be right."

"Of course, it is not," answered Winifred; "it is wholesale slander—and often very droll slander at that," she added, her eyes dancing with fun. "Oh! I have laughed over Tennyson's *St. Simon Stylites* till the tears coursed down my cheeks. What a picture of a Saint he draws! *He* had not the key when he set up that poor whining fakir to seek his *own* glory on the top of a pillar!"

"No," subjoined Agatha, more soberly. "Poor Tennyson was miles below the plane of that burning charity which inspired the holy St. Simon to attract by a means so unheard-of the scattered population of the country to a point where they could receive instructions and the Sacraments."

The above conversation had unfolded to our heroine such a fund of striking ideas—striking to her, that is to say—that the abstracted fit, not usual with her under similar circumstances, began to drift her away from her surroundings. Agatha observed the far-off look gathering over the visitor's countenance, and naturally misinterpreted it.

"We owe you an apology, Miss Dunbar," she said, "for wearying you with what you must think such dry subjects of conversation. But, indeed, we go so little into Society, and know so little about what goes on in the gay world, that I fear a person with your advantages will find us but dull company."

"Alas!" thought Adelaide, as she struggled from under the abstracted fit, and endeavoured to regain her normal state, "how little they know that if their Church be what I begin to believe it, I should deem myself supremely happy to barter *all* my advantages just to stand where they are!" Then resuming the bright look which was habitual to her, she replied:

"Excuse me, Miss Stuart; I find your subjects extremely interesting, far more interesting than anything connected with the gay world. Besides, I am—" here Adelaide was on the point of blurting out

something which on the moment struck her as being imprudent and over confidential; so she floundered out of it as best she could—"I am—I am—not bigoted, in the least. You see I wear a crucifix."

Saying which, she pointed to a little cross of white cornelian beads which hung around her neck, suspended by a long string of the same. Someone has remarked somewhere upon "characteristic" articles of dress; that necklace was Adelaide's "characteristic" ornament. She was never seen without it. It went on in the morning over her wrapper; it finished off her dinner dress; it kept its place among more brilliant jewels when she was attired for company; and out of doors it figured over her plaid shawl. The beads each about the size of a large pea, very uniform and pure of color, were originally the gift of a humble friend whose sailor-brother had brought them from India; and Mrs. Dunbar, having one day observed Adelaide trying to manufacture an amateur cross of a dozen or so of the beads and a bit of wire, sent them, *sub rosa*, to a jeweller and had them handsomely mounted on silver as a pleasant surprise to her daughter.

"That is not a crucifix," promptly responded the ever-ready Winifred. "That is only a cross."

"Indeed?" said Adelaide, blushing as she always did at her own ignorance. "May I ask what is the difference?"

"The crucifix is a cross which bears the figure of our Saviour," answered Agatha, while Basilia slip-

ping her hand into her pocket, drew forth what looked liked a beautiful egg of dark-colored polished wood. Unscrewing the upper half, she took from the tiny receptacle a small chaplet of white ivory beads linked with silver wire, and bearing suspended a little silver crucifix of very fair workmanship considering its size.

"This is a crucifix," she said, shewing it to Adelaide. That young lady took it in her hand, and examined it with interest.

"Is this what you call a Rosary?" she asked. "I never saw one before. How do you say your prayers on it?"

The desired information was given briefly and lucidly. Adelaide listened with great attention. After a moment she said:

"Now, will you be offended if I ask you a question? Here you say for each decade one 'Our Father,' and ten 'Hail Marys.' You therefore address yourself ten times as often to the Virgin as to Almighty God. Is not that making ten times as much of her as of Him?"

"Certainly not. Think for yourself. When you pray to Almighty God you are speaking to Him. Well, whether do you, in the course of a day, speak most to Him or to your mother?"

"True; it did not strike me in that light. Yes, I can see that something more than speaking is necessary to constitute worship. I love my mother and talk to her a great deal, yet I do not worship her.

But is not converse with those who have passed to the world of spirits of the nature of worship?"

"Only if we intend it in that sense. *Intention* is what gives color to all actions. Your converse with your mother would be worship if you intended it as such. When we pray to the Blessed Virgin and Saints we do not intend to give them divine worship, so it is not divine worship we give them."

"You then lay great stress on Intention. Well, that seems right. But do you think that children for example and the more ignorant classes able to discriminate?"

"Far more easily than you do, for the reason that they are more simple. All the doctrines of the Catholic Church go straight to a simple mind. It is the mist of preconceived ideas which renders them so difficult for a Protestant to grasp."

"How true that is!" Adelaide would have said had she given way to her feelings. But this was not the time to do so, and she merely bowed assent.

"Besides," continued Agatha, "Catholics can never confound the two ideas; for Sacrifice is the one essential act of supreme worship, and to God alone do we offer Sacrifice."

Ah! that mysterious word! It rises like a wall of separation between her soul and that World of unearthly beauty which so invites her. What *is* the Sacrifice of the Mass? it is on her lips to ask, but she dares not, for to touch on it will inevitably betray her. The far-off look is beginning to return, and Basilia's

gentle "Please to accept this from me," as she places in Adelaide's hand the box-wood egg, with its enclosed chaplet, scarcely disveils it.

"Oh! Miss Stewart," she exclaimed a flush of pleasure mingling with the far-off look, "do not let me deprive you of what I am sure you must value very much."

"I should value it still more if you would accept it," returned Basilia pleadingly; and our heroine could not but comply, with suitable acknowledgments. Just then the servant entered to say that Mrs. Dunbar was waiting; and Adelaide descended, accompanied by Agatha and Basilia, Winifred had unaccountably disappeared a few minutes before. They found her, however, at the hall-door, holding a splendid bouquet of greenhouse roses, which she presented to Adelaide—with a delicious little courtesy—at parting.

"Well my dear, how did you like our new friends?" was Mrs. Dunbar's first word, as the carriage rolled away. "I found the mother a charming woman, full of information and of good sense. I really had no idea what nice people they are, or I should have made their acquaintance long ago. I wonder we never met them anywhere, not even at church—oh! I forgot they are Catholics, I remember now. No matter; they are very nice people and quite an acquisition."

Mrs. Dunbar, during the drive home, kept up a running fire of animated remarks on the above lines; to all of which her daughter heartily responded, laying particular stress on the kindness shewn her, on the

beauty and fragrance of the roses and on the delicate workmanship of the chaplet and its box. It was with a slight hesitation she shewed the latter article to her mother; but the good lady did not appear startled in the least, praised its beauty and took no sort of exception even when Adelaide explained its use. Finally, she composed herself in the corner of the carriage, and left the young lady to revert to the subject nearest to her heart.

"I cannot doubt," she said to herself, as she fixed her eyes on the passing landscape—looking, yet seeing nothing—"I cannot doubt that all will come out in perfect harmony with what I already see. If I only knew the right books, and where I could find them! But so many things which Protestants deny I have found to be divinely beautiful, that I can only say, If Protestantism in any of its multiforms be pure and primitive truth, while the Catholic Faith has been merely built up by Popes and Cardinals, then man has conceived and carried out a far more wonderful, sublime, and consistent religion than the pure and primitive truth; which I do not and will not say, for it would be blasphemy, yet which I can only escape from by accepting that consistent, sublime and wonderful religion as the veritable work of God, and by regarding all that opposes it as of those 'heresies' which St. Paul foretold should arise 'that the Truth might be made manifest.'

"'Christ being dead once, dieth no more; Death hath no more dominion over Him'—'He is our Great



High Priest, who hath entered once for all into the Holy of Holies,' not to make oblation of the blood of beasts, as did the Jewish priests, but with His own Blood. The Catholic Church has her Holy of Holies; and the Shekinah, the Visible Presence of the Glorified Word Incarnate, dwells on her Mercy-seat. What is the Sacrifice His priest offer up before Him? His priests it is Himself! 'One priest with Christ.' It is He Himself who offers the Sacrifice, and it is Himself He offers—to His Eternal Father! How could I have missed it! Not in Heaven only but also on Earth—and how wonderful! how unsuspected outside of the Catholic Church! 'Being dead once He dieth no more' but He offers continually that Death, that broken Body, that out-poured Blood. They are no longer separated, for the Immolation was once and for all, upon the Cross; but they are offered under separate figures, in perpetual remembrance of their separation at His Death— 'Do this in remembrance of Me.' The Oblation is perpetual upon the altar. How could I have missed it! The very word 'Altar' might have enlightened me, for it implies a Victim. Now I understand the Vision of St. John when he saw in Heaven an Altar, and on that Altar a 'Lamb as It had been slain.' It is the Altar of the Holy Catholic Church, in Heaven and on Earth identical!"

## CHAPTER XXII

**W**HILE the truths of Catholicity were thus working their way into the mind of our heroine, it must not be imagined that she overlooked the immense revolution in the social, and perhaps in the domestic relations, which would inevitably follow her conversion. We have endeavoured to present her mental progress as uninterruptedly as possible, without introducing any of these tentative conversations with her mother which were, however, numerous, and in which Adelaide endeavoured now by the substitution of truth for error on some point of fact, now by a suggested explanation conformable to reason and Scripture, to smooth away the roughness of prejudice and misconception. The good lady who was intelligent, charitable, and possessed of a fairly correct judgment — albeit Adelaide took her deeper qualities from the other side of the house — proved very receptive of her daughter's statements and suggestions; so much so, that the young lady felt greatly encouraged, although she did not as yet venture to treat it as a personal matter. Sometimes in her discussions she waxed enthusiastic, and her enthusiasm was taken in such good part, that she could hardly help hoping her mother apprehended and approved her leanings. But she felt that the moment for a formal Profession of the Faith was not yet come. There was still the

stupendous honour paid to the Blessed Virgin to become reconciled to; and until there was no longer a shadow of reservation in her own mind, it was well to defer the announcement of her new allegiance.

"If I only had Scripture warrant for it!" she would say to herself. "The only allusions to the Blessed Virgin so far as I know, such, I mean, as would indicate her glory—are the words of the Angel Gabriel, 'Hail, thou art highly favoured! The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women!' And again Mary's own words, 'Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me Blessed!' And lastly the vision in Revelations where St. John sees her 'clothed with the sun, the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.' These do not strike me as bearing the full superstructure of Catholic doctrine and practice. I as a Protestant, and the more pious Protestants among whom I have lived, *do* call her 'Blessed'; we *do* acknowledge that 'the Most High had magnified her,' and that she is highly favoured, or 'Full of Grace' as Miss Stewart put it in the *Ave Maria*. We have always recognized the way in which St. John represents her as being eminently suitable; and we have always abhorred the impiety of those ultra-Protestants who dare to speak of her as being 'no better than other women'—dare to say so in the face of the archangel's very words. Such persons can hardly realize the Divinity of our Saviour—can hardly I should say, believe it. But I cannot see that these passages entitle us to pray to Mary, to ask

her intercession, to beg the gifts of God through her hands. Certainly, an attentive consideration of them has the effect of greatly increasing our appreciation of her grandeur and exaltation; and it is, I think, a point far too much overlooked. But before I could venture to kneel down and pray to her—allowing that prayer is not Divine worship unless expressly intended to be so—I would like to have Scripture warrant for it.”

The light that was to dissipate the last doubts of our heroine came to her on a Sunday, while assisting as usual at the service of the Anglican chapel, which, in the absence of all guidance, she continued to attend. The Psalms of the day happened to include the Forty-fifth Psalm. Of course, Adelaide had often read it, both at home and in church; but people are apt to read anything with the words of which they are pretty familiar, in a very mechanical manner, and taking everything for granted. In the Bible version there was a “heading” something about “Christ and his Church;” so Adelaide had always read the psalm merely with a general impression that it was something about the Church, i.e. the Elect. It is divided into two parts. The first describes Christ, declaring both His Divinity and His Humanity in glorious and unmistakable terms; and that first part closes with these words:

“At Thy right hand shall stand the Queen in a vesture of gold wrought about with divers colors.”

Then begins the second part of the psalm, address-

ing that "Queen." As Miss Dunbar slowly and attentively passed from verse to verse, the mist rolled away from her eyes, and the Blessed Mother of God stood out before her in all her glory. On her return home she put the picture on paper.

"'At Thy right hand shall stand the Queen in a vesture of gold wrought about with divers colors.' I see in the Bible version a marginal reference to the chapter in Kings where King Solomon rises from his royal throne, and advances to meet *his mother*, and places her *at his right*. Therefore the Queen at the Right Hand of the Spiritual Solomon must be *His Mother*. How, now, does the Holy Ghost address prophetically that Mother of Christ?—

"Hearken, oh! daughter, and consider and incline thine ear. Forget, also, thine own people and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty; for He is thy Lord God; worship thou Him."

"Here she is addressed as the divine Spouse whose beauty the King greatly desires. The Holy Spirit also calls her *Daughter*. So here I find in the very text of our own Protestant Bible that '*Madre, Hija Sposa*' which so shocked poor mamma in my translation of the beautiful Spanish hymn!

"Now all that remains of that psalm is addressed to that Queen, and in her to one to whom it is said of God, 'He is thy Lord God; worship thou Him'—therefore, to a pure creature."

"The King's daughter is all-glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought

unto the King in raiment of needle-work, the virgins that be her companions, that follow her, shall be brought. With joy and gladness shall they be brought and shall enter into the King's Palace."

"If the 'Queen' represents the 'Elect,' as the heading would indicate, what about the 'virgins that be her companions, that follow her?' Are not these the consecrated virgins of the Catholic Church, who walk in the steps of Mary's purity? I read it so.

"'Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children whom thou mayest make princes in all lands' .....

"She is to make her children 'princes in all lands'—spiritual princes.

"'And the daughter of Tyre shall be there with a gift; even the rich among the people shall make their supplication before thee'—before *her* to whom it is said 'He is the Lord thy God; worship thou Him!'

"'I will make thy name to be remembered in all generations; therefore shall the people praise thy name for ever and ever.'

"So in this Psalm I find unequivocal Scripture warrant for praising Mary's name—i.e. reciting and composing hymns, antiphons, litanies, etc., in her honour; for making my supplication before her—i.e. praying to her, and beseeching her intercession; for presenting gifts in her honour (to her altar, etc.,) and receiving the bounties of God as coming through her maternal hands; for extolling her as the most 'highly favoured' Daughter of God, as the august Virgin-Mother of the Incarnate Word, as the Elect Spouse of

the Holy Ghost, as the Queen of Heaven standing at Christ's right hand, as the Sovereign Mistress of 'all lands,' as 'all-glorious within,' in virtue of her Immaculate Conception, as 'clothed in gold wrought about with divers colors,' in virtue of her wonderful grace and perfect acts. I can now accept without reserve the Infallibility of that holy and beautiful Church which has for two thousand years so wonderfully preserved the true deposit of Faith. Truly to her alone rightly belongs that Scripture which she alone rightly understands. I would say, How can anyone read that psalm and remain a Protestant? Were it not that I have in my own case realized but too well the inadvertent and take-it-for-granted style of their reading?

*"Ave Maria! Gratia plena! Dominus tecum.  
Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, Ora pro nobis, nunc et in  
hora mortis nostræ!"*

"And now I see clearly what Mr. Carr means by the Saints sharing the Intercessory Throne of Christ's Humanity. Being grafted on that Humanity by Baptism, those who persevere to the end share Its Throne—the saints according to their degree, Mary in a special and super-eminent degree, in fulfilment of the Promise which I read just this morning in the third chapter of Revelations, 'To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me on My Throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with My Father on His Throne.'

*"Omnes sancti Dei! Orate pro nobis!"*

## CHAPTER XXIII

OUR heroine having now attained to that lively apprehension of Catholic doctrine which we call *Faith*—not a merely intellectual and speculative admission, but that "bysight of the mind"<sup>1</sup> of which Newman speaks, she began to prepare to carry it out into practice. She fully realized the importance of the step she was about to take. It was a very different thing from exchanging one form of Protestantism for another. It was not a question of some little preference in the matter of external form, or of some personal partiality for a particular preacher, resulting at most in the giving up of a pew in one place of worship, and the renting of a pew in another. It was a radical change, one which might and probably would, alter the whole current of her life. The progress of her conversion had been singular in that it had been absolutely spared the distressing interval of what we call *unhingedness*, so nearly universal in the experience of converts; that painful loss of hold over what they had, before they have attained any secure grasp of that which they are stretching out to; that dizziness of brain, and faintness of heart over the perilous chasm where the torrent of Infidelity rolls along between the point on which they stand and the Rock they vain would reach. Her experience was that

<sup>1</sup> *Loss and Gain.*



of the man who mistook the vestibule of St. Peter's for the Basilica itself. She had fancied herself in the Christian Church while she was only in the porch; and when the doors were unexpectedly thrown open, and she beheld the glorious interior of the real building, she quietly and without the least discomposure recognized her error, and prepared to enter the Great Temple.

Yes; her kit was packed; but the journey was still before her, and a rough journey it promised to be. The memory of Eustace Hillyard rose up before her continually as the cross on which her fidelity was to be tried and her sacrifice consummated. She did not waver for a moment between her lover and her Lord; but the Pain of Loss came over her heart from time to time with sickening realism. Yet she felt it was a sacrifice that must be faced. The very decided opinion on the subject of mixed marriage, which she had formerly expressed to Eustace himself, had not undergone any change or modification merely because she now stood on the other side of the fence. Nay, it had become stronger than ever, for now she knew—what indeed had before been a sealed book to her—the greatness of the interests which a Catholic risks in such a union. If Hope sometimes suggested that the same grace which had been bestowed on herself might also be in store for the man she loved, even while fervently praying for that consummation, she steadfastly refused to build upon it. She too well understood the superficial character of the attraction things

Catholic had for the young sailor. She recognized in it merely a form of utter indifferentism, tinged and tinted with the hues bright or mellow of Italian poetry, Italian art; and she realized to the full how much more than *that* was wanting to give ground for a solid conversion to the Catholic Church. She prayed and even hoped for the young man's own ultimate welfare; but for herself she was done with hope in that connection.

Then, a formidable obstacle rose up before her rather unexpectedly in the person of her mother. That good lady had, as we have stated, received all Adelaide's suggestions, explanations and other tentative small-talk, with such an amiable acquiescence that her daughter judged her to be about half-way, at least, towards the desired point. Great was her surprise and great her disappointment to find how completely she had reckoned without her host. Mrs. Dunbar's complacent acceptance of the self-evident conclusions Adelaide deduced from this and from that, proved to be utterly disconnected from any sense of personal responsibility; while divers considerations which had wholly escaped the young lady, filled her with consternation, as she contemplated the possibility of the proposed step.

"Dear! dear!" she exclaimed, as she wrung her hands despairingly, when the bomb had fairly burst. "What a thing to befall me! What is to become of us! *Nobody will ever call on us!*"

In spite of the agonizing pain our poor heroine

was suffering at sight of her mother's distress, it cost her a physical effort to keep from laughing at this view of matters; the anticipated catastrophe was so thoroughly ridiculous. But she commanded herself sufficiently to say without a smile, though in a tone of surprise:

"Suppose they don't! What about it?"

"Ah! what about it?" retorted her mother testily. In fact, the situation bade fair to bring to the surface whatever latent acidity there might be in Mrs. Dunbar's usually placid temperament. "It is nothing to you, I suppose, that we must sink down among the nobodies. Who ever associates with Catholics, or asks them to their parties, or calls upon them?"

"Did not we ourselves call quite lately on the Stewarts?"

"Don't talk to me about the Stewarts. You have always something to say. And what will your Aunt Maitland say? and your Cousin Ida?"

"I can't lose my soul for Aunt Maitland and Cousin Ida. They have, I hope, sense enough to leave me alone."

"'Lose your soul,' ah! yes; that is some more of your consideration for your mother. Is that what your new religion teaches you? Ah! yes; you think we are all doomed, every one of us, and that nobody will be saved but you. Thank you. And your poor father!" Here Mrs. Dunbar burst into a flood of tears. They were tears of sheer pettishness and mortification, but they had a sufficient flavour of sentiment to make the good lady feel herself a victim and martyr of some

sort, and thus they had a softening effect. Adelaide meanwhile was undergoing real suffering.

"Dear mamma," she said, soothingly, "don't cry. I never said that about you or anyone. As for dear papa, he lived the life and died the death of a saint."

"And what is good enough for him is not good enough for you. Is that it? Oh! You are so very superior, you must know better than everyone else. If he could be all you say, why cannot you? Protestantism saved him—"

"No, it didn't; he died the saintly man he had lived *in spite* of Protestantism. *He* did not protest; he cherished and practised all he knew of Catholicism, and *that* saved him. But I have come to know more of it than he did, and must act accordingly. Had he lived to hear all I have to say about it, he would—"

"Oh! yes, of course. You have only to speak up, and everybody will immediately take your view of things. That's it. You think yourself clever enough to convert the whole world. Oh dear! oh dear! and look at all the bad Catholics!"

"But, mamma, we must look at the Catholic Church through its teaching, and as it is in itself; not through the medium of individuals. If we did that, we should be nothing and believe in nothing; for there are bad people who call themselves of the Church of England and of the Church of Scotland, and of every other denomination under the sun. We could not even consistently be infidels, or Mahometans, or pagans, for neither among them is there a uniform standard of

morality and good works. The principle is wrong. It would condemn Christianity itself, for was not one of our Lord's chosen Twelve a traitor? It is very unjust to judge the Catholic Church by the conduct of those who *disobey* her.

"And then—the chapel. Of course, you will be off to that place now, and leaving your poor mother to sit in her pew alone by herself. It is too bad! It is too bad!" and she wept afresh, while Adelaide felt too much distressed to reply.

"And you will look nice," continued the weeping lady, "cheek by jowl with everybody's servants, and with the quarrymen, and the mill-hands, and I know not what all. And the news will be all over the country in less than a week."

"I do not become the social equal of servants and mill-hands merely because I kneel beside them in the House of God," returned Adelaide. "In His Presence we are all equal, so far as distinctions of rank are concerned. Degrees of sanctity alone give preference in His sight, and He alone knows what these are; the highest may often be with the poorest." And Adelaide was on the point of replying to her mother's concluding plaint, that it would be her greatest glory to have the news spread far and wide, but she checked herself, and let it go by.

And so on it went, day out and day in. At times, Mrs. Dunbar mollified a little. Some happy allusions to Philip Carr, of whose qualifications, social and intellectual, she thought very highly, softened her

considerably; seeing which, Adelaide did not fail to quote pretty frequently the great names which were almost daily carrying their lustre into the despised bosom of the Ancient Church. But the remotest suggestion of attendance at the obnoxious chapel never failed to set her off again worse than ever; and the young lady did not know what to do, having no one to advise. At length, it became whispered around among the Upper Ten that the Marchioness of Newbold and her daughters had seceded to Rome, as had also the Honourable Helen Glassford; and Adelaide availed herself of the fact to endeavour to reach some sort of understanding with her mother. The good lady's prejudices had received a considerable shock from this piece of fashionable intelligence; still, she was very stubborn. At length, one day she said quite unexpectedly:

"Well, I suppose you must have your own way. But surely you might consider me a little. The whole business is breaking my heart. But if you will wait, and not make any change here in Lynnborough, I will let you take your own way when we go to Edinburgh. You know we have promised to visit your Aunt Maitland after Christmas. Wait till then, like a good dearie, and I will no longer oppose you. Surely you might do that much for your poor mother whose heart you are breaking. Providence placed you where you are, and it cannot be pleasing to Him that you should *rush* into things. Give yourself a few weeks to test your convictions. Let things go on as hitherto until

we leave for Edinburgh; and then, if you are still of the same mind, I will not interfere."

Adelaide's heart bounded with joy at this unlooked-for capitulation, even qualified as it was. In truth, she could not deny that her mother's reservation was reasonable. She was, indeed, making a considerable sacrifice in giving her consent at all; and it was true that, under all the circumstances, hastiness could not count for a virtue. Adelaide therefore thought she owed to her parent the concession she asked. Rigorists might take a different view, in virtue of the jurisdiction the Church claims over all baptized persons. But of that our heroine knew nothing till years later; and meanwhile, when the term of her truce expired, she received the approval of her spiritual guide for "not having hurried things."

In addition to the above mentioned embargo, Mrs. Dunbar exacted from her daughter a solemn promise that in the meantime she would not mention the matter to anyone. Adelaide readily acquiesced; but as her mother did not lay the same restriction upon herself, it was not long before the social atmosphere became flavoured with the impression that Miss Dunbar was "Romanizing." It was discussed *sotto voce*, great care being taken to say nothing in presence of the young lady; but it was discussed all the same, not infrequently by Mrs. Dunbar herself—confidentially, of course. The Countess and Mrs. Maitland—who was visiting her daughter in order to spend Christmas at Hawk's-craig—were naturally the

good lady's earliest confidants; and perhaps it was the vent thus given to her feelings, or to speak more exactly, the soothing effect of a nice solid grievance which would bear a great deal of cutting and coming again, that smoothed away her active opposition to the step. This result was doubtless also aided by the coolness with which the business was viewed by Ida and her mother. While condoling with Mrs. Dunbar to her heart's content, they never appeared to think it necessary to make any change in the affectionate friendliness of their relations with Adelaide. Sometimes she happened to enter the room when the three were in rather vociferous conclave; on which occasions a sudden lull in the conversation would apprise her of the subject under discussion, and make her feel somewhat of a culprit. But to herself directly, neither her aunt nor her cousin passed any remark.

It is not to be supposed that the rumours in the air escaped the Rev. Mr. Hicks. That gentleman was a good deal put to it to know just exactly what to do. He had seen quite a few such cases, and, like the bishop, did not feel at all inclined to scald his fingers with the soup. He finally concluded to ignore the matter unless it were put formally before him; contenting himself with initiating a series of anti-Popery sermons, for the benefit of his flock in general and Miss Dunbar in particular. Whatever effect they had on the flock, they certainly were of great benefit to Adelaide; for they brought vividly home to her the fact that misconception, misrepresentation, and unfair deduction



made from the conduct of historic and other worldlings and self-seekers, were the *only* arguments which could be brought against the Church. That concluding experience was invaluable, if painful; for it put her on her mettle to disprove allegations and to investigate facts, and drew her attention to the methods of Protestant controversy, from the Reformation down, namely vituperative and unreasoning *abuse* of the adversary, contrasted with that calm, dispassionate, and clean-worded exposition of the True Faith in which Catholic controversy consists; the one standing ever peacefully, patiently and steadfastly on the defensive, the other ever on the attack. No need for Catholic books; the books she had, falsified as they were in many respects, answered all the purpose amply when read by the new Light, and with the cobwebs of prejudice swept from her eyes. The unwholesome character of Protestant controversy did not escape even Mrs. Dunbar herself; and in proportion as Mr. Hicks proceeded with his lectures, her antagonism to her daughter's secession died away, while as to Adelaide they left her with the ground solid under her feet.

## CHAPTER XXIV

THE last few weeks of the year were passed by our heroine in comparative quiet. In the Christmas gaieties which enlivened Hawk's-craig and other noble residences, she bore her part as usual. All her friends received and treated her just as before, her only sources of trial being the occasional relapse of her mother — more loud than deep, however, — and the intense longing which took possession of her, to reach the term of her probation. Often did she go lingeringly by the Gothic chapel, looking with loving eyes at its closed doors, and saying to herself, "Will it ever come, that happy day when my feet shall stand within the gates, oh! Jerusalem?" This feeling ever present greatly diminished the interest she took in social engagements; they were almost a burden to her, so little was her mind in harmony with them. But none could have guessed from her bearing that such was the case; she had to think of others as well as of herself.

In view of an old-fashioned — that is to say, a rather extended — visit to the Maitlands, to be followed by a journey to London, and an equally lengthy visit to Aunt Steele, Mrs. Dunbar engaged the services of Rose Bonelle to assist Adelaide in putting the respective wardrobes in apple-pie order.

After an early and informal dinner, which had been

so arranged in order to interrupt as little as possible the progress of the needle-work, the two young women began operations, with a few remarks of one kind or another thrown in to keep them lively. Miss Bonelle's dinner had been brought to her in the sewing-room, received traditions equally forbidding her entertainment at the ladies' table, and her relegation to that of the servants; and the reverential yet unobtrusive Sign of the Cross, of which Adelaide caught a glimpse, as she turned to leave the room after seeing that the girl's comfort had been well cared for, brought suddenly back to her the interview with Minna and Brenda, and the fact—which she had quite forgotten—that Miss Bonelle was a Catholic. Consequently, when seated once more together, the thought uppermost in Adelaide's mind was, how she could, skilfully and without committing herself, lead the conversation on to topics which were nearest her heart. It was not easy to make a start; and a certain constraint ensued, varied by rather protracted intervals of silence. At length, Adelaide remarked, "By-the-by, you are not Irish, by your name?"

"No, ma'am! My father was a Belgian, a clever mechanic, and an excellent Catholic. My mother, unfortunately, was a black Protestant—"

"You mean by that a very bigoted Protestant?" inquired Adelaide, to whom the expression was new.

"Yes, ma'am. She hated the very name of everything belonging to the Church. I don't think she would ever have married my father, although he was

so good and kind, and a good-looking man, too, if she had not thought she would make out to get him away from his religion. But she was mistaken. She managed to make his life very bitter while it lasted, but she never got him away. I was their eldest child by three years, and my father was wonderfully fond of me. He used to always take me to chapel with him; we lived in Glasgow then. He had us all baptized by the priest. I loved to go with him to the chapel, and he would often talk to me going and coming, and would explain things, so it was beautiful to hear. And sometimes he would say, "Never marry a Protestant, Rose; never marry a Protestant!" At this point in her story, poor Miss Bonelle began to cry; and Adelaide thought silence on her own part would be the most delicate way of showing sympathy. After a little Rose continued:

"He died when I was but fourteen, and Peter was only eleven, and Charlie nine. My mother took them from the school where father had sent them, and put them to another; and she made them go with her to the kirk in spite of all I could say. The poor boys didn't want to go at first; but she said so many hard and untrue things that at last they believed them, hearing them besides at that school. I tried to keep them right, but it was no use; they turned against me as bad as mother. Then mother married Young, and we came to live in Lynnborough. He was a man who did not believe in the very God who made him, and he talked his wicked talk every chance

he had; we couldn't sit down to a meal but there it was, the seasoning to everything. I used to speak up against him, and pretty strong, too; then the whole four would go for me at once. At last mother said, 'If I didn't like it, I could go; the door was open.' So I spoke to the priest, and he said I had better take her at her word, seeing I could do nobody any good by staying."

"Then, you do not live with your mother?"

"No, ma'am; I've boarded ever since with Mrs. Harte. It's like being in heaven after the life I used to live. When Young died, I offered to go back; but mother wouldn't hear of it. I wouldn't care" she added, striving to mop up the tears that would flow, "if it were not for Peter and Charlie. They are young men now, industrious and well-doing, and mother's main support; but they are quite unbelievers, ma'am. They don't believe in a heaven, or a hell, or anything at all but what they see before their eyes."

This dreadful picture of the fruits of a mixed marriage came so powerfully home to our heroine, that she lapsed into one of her ruminating fits, while Miss Bonelle endeavoured to recover her habitual composure. By-and-bye, seeing the girl somewhat tranquilized, Adelaide said—rather to divert her thoughts from the painful topic than for any other reason:

"Do you know how I came to know you were a Catholic?"

Rose shook her head, with a quiet smile. Then Miss Dunbar related to her the scene in the play-

room at The Elms, and the impression made on the two little Bartletts at sight of Miss Bonelle making the Sign of the Cross. It was the first time our heroine had, of her own accord, touched on any circumstance connected with that period; and as the reminiscence proceeded, the painful associations awakened welled up within her heart and saddened the tone of her voice, so that forgetful of her friendly purpose, she concluded by wiping her own eyes and saying:

"We all have our sorrows, Rose."

Miss Bonelle made no reply, and Adelaide looking up at her was struck by the expression on her very mobile face. She was looking full at the young lady, with something deeper than sympathy in the dark eyes which she cast down hesitatingly when the other looked up. She appeared for a moment as if debating something with herself; then she raised her eyes again with a quite but firm expression, indicating some step resolved upon, and said:

"That was a death to make one think."

"Did you hear of it?" cried Adelaide, her self-command forsaking her, and her needle-work trembling in her fingers.

"I was there."

"You!—ah! yes; so you were. I had forgotten. I saw you at her door among the rest." And the work was laid on her lap, while she tried to clear the mist from her suffused eyes. "There is something about it," she continued, "which I never could under-

stand. She was a most amiable woman, an excellent wife, a dutiful mother; and yet— and yet—” she could go no farther.

“Oh! ma’am, I can tell you what it was. I wish I could not. *She was brought up a Catholic—*”

“You don’t say so!” exclaimed Adelaide, a light breaking in upon her.

“It is quite true, ma’am. All the Catholics in Lynnborough know it, and some, too, among the Protestants.”

“How is it I never heard a word about it?”

“I don’t think, ma’am, as the people you go among would know, and them that did wouldn’t think it worth mentioning. And likely all that ever knew have forgotten, for they would never think twice about it. You see, they don’t know what it means. But it is quite true. I knew the family well—by sight, that is, for they were quite above us. They used to sit quite near father and me in the chapel at Glasgow.”

“Did Mr. Bartlett knew she was a Catholic when he married her?”

“Oh! yes; they were married by the priest, although not in the church on account of one being a Protestant. It was just before we came to live in Lynnborough. You see, she was very handsome, and he was bound to have her; but them as knew him best said he wouldn’t be long in getting her away. And he wasn’t. I saw her a few times in the chapel here, but that was just at first. After a little while

she came no more. It was an awful thing to see her die there, without even a priest near her to hear her confession and reconcile her to the God she had offended."

"Had I known all that," exclaimed Adelaide, "I would have entreated Mr. Bartlett to send for the priest."

"Well, poor as I am, and he a rich gentleman, and one as would not have been likely to take it well, I would have spoken up but for one thing, *the priest was not in Lynnborough*. He had been called away that very morning, to somebody's death-bed, miles out in the country. The poor lady was stiff and cold by the time he got back."

It seemed as if all the horrors of that scene came back to Adelaide with tenfold vividness, the light which had been thrown upon it only serving to increase its gloom. The entrance of one of the domestics with Miss Bonelle's tea put an end to the conversation, and was the signal for bringing the day's work to a close. So bidding the girl good-night, Adelaide withdrew to join her mother at tea.



## CHAPTER XXV

**I**T is not our purpose to touch even in passing on the social enlivenments of our heroine's visit to Edinburgh. It will be readily understood that she and her mother had no time to weary, although the ungenial climate necessitates the keeping of all sociabilities within-doors. We shall not delay our story except to advert to such circumstances as bear upon it; nor shall we unduly "spin out" these.

The first thing Adelaide did on arriving was to claim from her mother the fulfilment of their compact, whereby she was now free to attend the Catholic chapel, and to permanently sever connection with every form of Protestant worship. To this, after much haggling, the elder lady at length gave reluctant consent, although with a very bad grace. But it was the last wrench of the forceps. The step was taken; the plunge was made; no overwhelming catastrophe followed; and thenceforward Adelaide was exempt from any interference whatever. When the services at the Pro-cathedral were ended, she usually crossed York Place in time to meet her friends coming out of St. Paul's, and the whole party walked home together in a most friendly manner possible, no remark whatever being made.

In nothing is the variety of taste and temperament shewn more than in the different impressions

made on different minds by the services of the Church. We speak, of course, of "outsiders." Many, like Eustace Hillyard, are powerfully attracted by them, even while ignorant of the meaning of what they see. Others find those time-honoured ceremonies repellant, because they are to them as the body without a soul. Our heroine belonged to the latter category. Had she ever assisted at the services without first becoming acquainted with their deep spiritual meaning, the effect would not have been to pre-dispose her towards the Historic Church. As it was, she had begun at the right end, and it was only a matter of a few Sundays when, learning to follow, book in hand, the various ceremonies, she began to penetrate their significance, and to be charmed with their beauty. Here, too, did she first realize that the Poor are the Inheritance of the Church. She had hitherto applied that term to the two or three decent, cleanly old women whom she had seen sitting on the pulpit stairs and other conspicuous places. The lower end of the Pro-cathedral presented a sight for which she was unprepared, in the swarm of beggars, cripples, blind, and such, which gave an unlooked-for shock to her sensitive part, yet carried immense consolation to her heart. Many of these poor creatures were well known to her by sight. During the winters she had passed in Edinburgh, she had often seen and pitied their misery and apparent desolation. It was like a revelation of the Divine Goodness to find them gathered in the veritable House of God—richer than she by the whole inestimable

treasure of the True Faith; happier than she by the knowledge and companionship of the Sacramental Christ. And how fervently these poor street-waifs prayed! Adelaide felt as if only now, for the first time, had she seen anyone *pray*.

But the great step still remained to be taken. She was still an *outsider*; she must be received into the Church. Knowing no one, she felt considerably at a loss, and debated with herself how to go about it. While pondering the matter, she remembered that Winifred Stewart was at St. Margaret's Convent; she had left Lynnborough a little time before they did. It occurred to her that a visit to that establishment might put her in communication with some one who could direct her; accordingly, one day, she suggested to her mother that it would be the correct thing to call for Miss Stewart at the convent. Mrs. Dunbar cheerfully acceded to the proposal; the novel element only lending a little spice to the always acceptable duty of call-making.

The little plainly-furnished parlour at St. Margaret's had absolutely nothing attractive about it except its cleanliness, its bright, sunny window looking on the garden, its atmosphere of peace, and some half-dozen exquisite water-colors hanging on the walls, the work of one of the nuns. This lady—whom we shall call Sister Angela—was a woman of powerful character and great talent. A convert to the Catholic Faith at a time when in Scotland such a thing was a heard-of, her secession had made a great

stir ; and to her, in conjunction with another, had been entrusted the task of restoring to Scotland the Monastic Life.<sup>1</sup> Equally gifted and amiable, she was beloved of all who had the privilege of her acquaintance. It was this historic lady who accompanied Winifred to the parlour, and in ten words made the visitors quite at home, achieving a complete conquest over Mrs. Dunbar. It would be difficult to say whether Sister Angela's kindly face, or her pleasant manners, or her intelligent conversation, or her picturesque habit, made most impression on the two ladies ; but judging from the tone of their conversation on the way home, the last named had the lion's share of the credit.

The ice was now broken for our heroine. At the end of the orthodox fifteen minutes, she and her mother withdrew, accompanied by pressing invitations from Sister Angela to repeat their visit. Adelaide availed herself at an early date of these invitations by quietly returning alone to St. Margaret's to call, not for Winifred, but for the nun. She made her fully acquainted with all her experiences and intentions ; and Sister Angela in return, gave her instructions and lent her books. She also invited her to assist at Benediction, in the convent chapel, on the following Sunday evening ; and on that occasion, after the service was over, introduced her to the saintly chaplain with whom we have already seen Philip Carr in communication. This was all Adelaide

<sup>1</sup> *Vide : History of St. Margaret.* Published by the Community.

required. In the course of subsequent interviews, the good priest satisfied himself that she fully understood everything; and a day was appointed for her reception, which was to take place in the convent chapel at eight o'clock in the morning.

On the evening previous, when Adelaide had retired for the night, her mother came to her room, holding in her hand a beautiful gold locket containing, as the young lady knew, a lock of her father's hair. She hung it around her daughter's neck and kissed her affectionately, saying :

" Here, dearie, is a lock of your father's hair ; it is all we have left of him. You had better take it with you into the Catholic Church, since you think it such a good Church."

Adelaide felt too much touched to reply in words. She could only kiss tenderly the beloved mother, and press her to her heart.

Early next morning, long before daylight, the cab which our heroine had bespoken came quietly to the door, and she as quietly left the mansion without disturbing anyone. She dismissed it at the convent-gate, and entering the chapel, knelt down to pray. All was dark, save from the light shed by the lamp of the sanctuary. This had been drawn down, and in the midst of the space within the door-screen there knelt a single nun reading by its light. It was a picture such as would have inspired the genius of Rembrandt.

After some time, the boarder, whose turn it was

to act as sacristan, entered, and began to light the candles upon the altar. The rest of the pupils, of whom there were many, took their places in the gallery appointed for them, under charge of several Religious; while those of the faithful, who lived in the neighbourhood, began to drop in to Mass. Adelaide was led by Sister Angela to a *prie-Dieu* placed in front of the altar, within the rood-screen, the inner walls of which were lined with the beautiful carved stalls of the choir nuns; the lay worshippers being accommodated with chairs placed in the commodious passage-way outside the screen. Winifred Stewart knelt beside Miss Dunbar, holding in her hand a lighted taper; the priest, in surplice and stole, entered from the sacristy behind the altar, and the ceremony began. Conditional Baptism and General Confession had been got through with on the previous day; the ceremony of this morning consisted in the public profession of the Faith, and admission to First Communion.

The various prayers were intoned by the priest, the beautiful choir singing the responses and other canticles. Then came the reading of the Abjuration and the Profession of the Faith. It was a moment of supreme triumph for Adelaide. She had fought so many battles, swallowed so many indignities, and wept so many tears for these same holy Catholic dogmas, that to be at last free to proclaim them aloud was a happiness the remembrance of which could never fade away. No shade of tremor, no faint-

est hesitation was in her voice; clear and sonorous it rose amid the deep surrounding silence; and when the end of the stole was placed in her hand while the priest pronounced the Absolution, when she folded her hands on the *prie-Dieu* to assist for the first time as a Catholic at the Mass which followed, above all when she knelt upon the altar-step to receive for the first time her Sacramental God, she felt that she had attained the summit of conceivable happiness.

Our story now requires that we follow for a space the fortunes of another friend.

END OF PART SECOND

## PART III — IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM

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### CHAPTER XXVI

THE rays of the morning sun are slanting down upon a scene of wonderful picturesqueness, life and beauty. A wide and commodious harbor, whose emerald tint betrays its kinship to the ocean, lies embosomed among mountains which, for the most part, rise abruptly from its shining breast, imposing in their rocky barrenness. To the south these mountains stand out sharply against the clear sky, their summits catching ever varying lights, as also does the picturesque city which lies along their base, and clammers up their sides like a clematis on a trellis. Along the shore and over the whole expanse of water, crafts of every size and description may be seen, from the leviathan war-steamer, or large merchantman, flying the English, French, Dutch, Spanish, or American flag, to the fantastic trading-junk, the small fishing craft, or the clumsy little *sampan*, with its awning of bamboo, like an unsuccessful and ludicrous attempt at a gondola. To the north, the mountains, which to the eye appear close to the vessels, catch the full morning light; and only a thin veil of mist indicates their true distance, while fleecy clouds drift across the higher points considerably below their summits. If the reader's imagination is equal to the task of taking



in the situation without the aid of a minute and wearisome description, it is in a favourable position to do so; for we are contemplating the scene from the deck of one of the great war-vessels, H. M. S. *Seringapatam*, which steamed a few hours since into this maritime rendez vous of the Eastern seas—the harbour of Hong Kong.

A group of junior officers are leaning over the starboard bulwark and enjoying, each according to his capacity, the picture before them.

"Do you call this China?" demanded pettishly the youngest midshipman, Lord Berkley de Vere, a mite of eleven, and small at that. "It is just like anywhere else."

"You miss the zig-zag bridge and the tree with the three pumpkins growing on it," suggested consolingly the Honourable Alberic Gisborne, junior lieutenant. "But never mind. If John Chinaman kicks up a row—as I hope he will—you will see both bridge and pumpkins when we steam up to Canton to thrash him; not to speak of pagodas and other willow-pattern. The boat — I declare!" pointing to a sampan, "if there is not the very craft, and quite a pretty girl at the paddle!"

"Don't you think," inquired Viscount Lisper, senior midshipman, "don't you think this—ah!—very much like Loch Lomond?"

"You pay it a great compliment by the comparison," returned Gisborne. "Yes, it is a good deal like our Western Highlands."

"Where's — ah! — Lieutenant Hillyard?" asked the viscount. "He ought to be on hand to enjoy the scenery; he has—ah! — quite a passion for that sort of thing. He was—ah! — quite enthusiastic when we passed Macao by moonlight."

"It was fine," replied the other. "The grey old fortress had a mediaeval look about it that was irresistible, finding it in these out-of-the-world waters. Hillyard—I think he went in the gig with Captain Vivian, to board the admiral's ship, or the Government House, or something." Then raising to his eye a pocket-glass, he presently added— "There they are, putting off from shore, and someone in the gig besides themselves and the blue-jackets. I wonder who it can be. It seems to be an officer in undress."

"Let me have a look," eagerly exclaimed the little Lord Berkley. "Perhaps it is Uncle George. Yes it is; he is coming on board to see me."

The trio continued for a few minutes to watch the boat in silence. Then Gisborne broke in with:

"Just look at that sampan! Not the one with the pretty girl, but the one in the wake of the gig, with a pig-tail rowing, and a couple of fellows in black sitting around the stern-sheets. They are dogging our boat!"

In point of fact, as the boats drew nearer, it was evident that their proximity was intentional, and that the two occupants of the native boat were bent on having speech with the captain. They found their opportunity as the gig stopped under the lee of the

*Seringapatam*, and button-holed Captain Vivian, while Sir George Leonard and our old friend Eustace Hillyard made their way on deck. Sir George would have been an eligible specimen of the English army officer, had it not been for his extreme pallour, and general sickly look. He was one of those with whom the climate of Hong Kong did not agree, and was always inveighing against its unhealthiness. While he exchanged affectionate greetings and discussed family topics with his young kinsman, our two juniors arrested Lieutenant Hillyard, who came up to them with an amused smile on his face.

"Who are those codgers? and what do they want with the captain?" were their first questions.

"I did not stay to hear their business," answered Eustace; "but their pockets are stuffed full of what I take to be tracts, and I rather think they are proposing to come on board. So we shall perhaps—"

"Pshaw! Tracts! Is that all? Tell us what are things like on shore?"

"Quite interesting; much more Oriental than they look from this distance. John Chinaman is vastly in the majority; and his blouse and pig-tail are more satisfyingly picturesque — taken in connection with surroundings — than the latest English fashions, which at this hour, display themselves chiefly in perambulators."

"And are the feet—ah! — of the women cramped up, as it is said?" inquired Lisper.

"I did not examine their feet. Their faces are most-

ly pretty, and they have lovely hair which they know how to dress."

"Then, the women do not wear pig-tails? I thought they did?"

"By Jove!" interrupted Gisborne, "if these two have not come on board with the captain! And there he is laughing."

The attention of the three was now directed to the fore-castle, towards which the two visitors made their way. The clerical cut of their garments made them conspicuous among the sailors, to whom they were evidently distributing the tracts in question. Of the jolly tars, some preserved a serious demeanor suited to the occasion, while the majority received the proffered pamphlet with an undisguised grin. At length, the visitors, apparently satisfied with the amount of seed sown in that part of the ship, turned their faces aft, and slowly made for the quarter-deck.

"If they are not—ah!—actually coming here!" ejaculated the senior midshipman.

"They are bringing you some tracts—and much need," responded Eustace, quizzically.

"I don't want their tracts. I'll leave you to entertain them," saying which, Viscount Lisper walked away.

"And I'll stop to see the fun," subjoined the Honourable Alberic.

By this time the two clerical gentlemen, one of whom was tall, lank, and quite elderly, the other being of equal stature, but young, fresh-coloured and

well filled-out, approached the spot where stood Lieutenants Hillyard and Gisborne. The elderly gentleman forthwith introduced himself as the Rev. Azariah Rodwell, of the American Missionary Society, at Canton, and his companion as Mr. Annesley Dodds, of the same establishment. The name of the latter party struck Eustace as being familiar. Had he said nothing about it, the visitors would probably have confined themselves to such dissemination of their tracts as they found practicable, and then taken their departure. But unfortunately for himself, he supplemented the slight salutation which the occasion called for by unthinkingly saying :

"Annesley Dodds—I imagine I have heard the name."

Whereupon, the Rev. Azariah, taking this doubtful reminiscence as a claim of acquaintanceship, proceeded to inform Lieutenant Hillyard that Mr. Dodds was a young gentleman who had come out from Scotland nearly two years ago, to fill a post in the London Missionary Society's service ; but that being subsequently offered a higher salary by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Canton—of which he the Rev. Azariah was Superintendent—he had transferred his allegiance to this latter establishment. Mr. Rodwell then proceeded, despite such efforts at interruption as Hillyard's good breeding permitted him to make, to advertize the different Societies which were occupied in converting the Chinese ; making digressions in favor of the earlier

promoters thereof particularly a certain Reverend Robert Morrison, widely and honourably known in connection with a comprehensive Chinese and English Dictionary, the compilation whereof had gained him the favour of the East India Company, and a post in the British Factory, at Canton.<sup>1</sup>

"A wonderful man, sir; quite a wonderful man. He came to China in the year 1807. He was the first missionary, sir, to this benighted people, the very first missionary; and not till the year 1813 had he a colleague. He spent all that time in the study of the language — with closed doors, sir, never leaving the house in which he lodged, spending his whole time in an underground apartment, wearing the native dress, and enjoying no society but that of his teacher. His health suffered—"

"Did he make any converts?" inquired Eustace, by way of cutting him short.

"Well sir, he began to give instruction to the few Chinese who could be induced to attend — with locked doors, sir, and in the greatest secrecy. His colleague was not allowed to settle at Macao, through the bigotry of the Portuguese; so after much discussion, he went to Malacca, where, with the help of several others whom the Society sent out from England, he founded a college at which, in the year 1836, there were educated thirty natives of China, five of whom have been instructed in the truths of Christianity."

<sup>1</sup> *China*, in the Edin. Cabinet Library (1836), Vol. I, pp. 155-157.

"Ah! that *is* harvest—for Malacca. Were they equally successful in China?"

"*Ahem*. You see, access to the interior of China is extremely difficult. For long it was impracticable; but at length it was achieved—in the years 1831-33 by a Mr. Gutzlaff, a Prussian. He is here now, sir, in this very city—a wonderful man. He wears the native dress—<sup>1</sup>

"What on earth does he do that for?"

"For safety, sir," triumphantly rejoined Mr. Rodwell.

"Safety here? in Hong Kong? Does he not know that he is under the British flag and British protection?"

"True, sir," returned the other more meekly. Perhaps that idea has not occurred to him. I don't wear the native dress myself. But he is a wonderful man. He came to Siam with a Mr. Tomlin, of the London Society. There he met a Miss Newell, with whom he formed a matrimonial connection; but on her untimely decease, he determined to achieve his cherished project of entering China. With less difficulty than he had anticipated, he succeeded in engaging a passage on board a junk sailing from Siam to the Chinese ports, and penetrated as far as Tien-tsin, where he staid a month—"

"Preaching?"

"Not exactly. He chiefly dispensed medical assistance—"

<sup>1</sup> *Round the World*, p. 73 (abridg.)

"Tien-tsin—I thought that was only a port on the lower Pei-ho?"

"Mr. Gutzlaff subsequently visited<sup>1</sup> Shanghai, Foo-chow, Amoy—"

"Shanghai—Amoy—do you call these the interior? Why they are only the Treaty Ports!"

"Not at that time, sir, not at that time. They were not Treaty Ports till 1842; this was in—"

"But their geographical position was the same."

"True, sir, true," answered Mr. Rodwell, rather confusedly, while his assistant, who thought it time to edge in a word, came to his rescue by saying:

"We have now establishments at most of these ports, as well as at Canton and Hong Kong."

"Ah! I see; with British and American congregations, I understand. But what about the natives?"

"They come and go; we have droppers-in who carry away a good seed," Mr. Dodds hastened to say.

"And your friend Mr. What-do-you-call-him, did he establish himself anywhere?"

"The opposition was too strong, sir," responded Mr. Rodwell." But he distributed a vast number of our publications. It is on our publications we depend. We manufacture type in any quantity; our tracts and translations of Scripture are scattered broadcast, and the natives receive them with avidity, sir; yes, sir, with avidity, and any amount of them.<sup>2</sup> Don't you

<sup>1</sup> *China*. Edin. Cabinet Library, Vol. II, p. 158, 367.

<sup>2</sup> *China and the Chinese*. Mossman, 1866, p. 355.



think, sir" and here he looked at Eustace with peculiar significance, as though there were some reserve ammunition behind the question, "don't you think these 'silent preachers' as Mr. Gutzlaff calls them, may produce the most beneficial effects, and prepare the way for a more general diffusion of religious knowledge?"

"They may," answered Eustace, reflectively. "But the question is—do they?"

"Look here, sir," said Mr. Rodwell, girding up his loins, metaphorically speaking, and sailing in with his big gun. "Do you see this tract? Look at the title, sir, *Good Words for Exhorting the Age*. That tract, sir, has already wrought wonders--*already*, sir—and in the heart of the country. That tract, sir, was the means of converting a wonderful man,<sup>1</sup>—a wonderful man, sir—who is now, at this very moment, labouring among the benighted natives of the Province of Quang-See. I myself had the honour of being chosen by Providence to effect this great work."

"Indeed? How was that?"

"I will tell you, sir. Some years ago, this man, whose name is Hoong-sen-tsuen..."

"We call him Hoong for short," interposed Mr. Dodds.

"Yes, sir. Well, this Hoong, who is a native of a small village about thirty miles above Canton, came to the city on some business. I was then a younger man than now, and knew but a very few words of

<sup>1</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 130.

the language ; but I used to go out with a native, and stand at a corner in the European quarter — for you must know, no foreigner is permitted to enter within the city walls — and there distribute copies of this very tract, in the native language and character, of course. It happened that Hoong, strolling through the suburb, came upon us where we stood ; and to him I gave some copies of the tract. We heard no more about him till a couple of years ago, more or less, when he came to our establishment to ask for instruction, which, of course, we gladly gave him. He then set out as a missionary ; and being sorely pressed in Quan-tong, his native province, he removed westward to Quang-See, where he is stirring up the people, and doing wonders. There is a great awakening, a great awakening. One of his earliest converts a young man of the name of Fung-yun-san —”

“ We call him Fung for short,” again interposed Mr. Dodds.

“ Exactly so. Well, sir—”

“ Really, Mr. Rodwell,” said Hillyard, who found this yarn rather dry, “ you must excuse me. I have important duties to attend to, and—”

“ Quite so, sir. I beg your pardon for detaining you so long,” replied Mr. Rodwell, fumbling among his tracts. “ Allow me, sir. Any Chinamen on board ?”

“ Chinamen on board a British man-of-war !” exclaimed Hillyard, opening wide his eyes with astonishment, and so dumbfounded by the question that he unconsciously closed his fingers on the pam-

phlet which the Rev. Azariah dexterously slipped into his unresisting hand, while he stared at that gentleman in open-mouthed amazement.

"True, sir, true. I forget that it was not a trading-vessel. We sometimes find Chinamen on board trading-vessels, and we always carry some tracts in the native tongue and character for distribution among them. Good morning, sir; good morning; and many thanks."

Eustace was so delighted at the prospect of their immediate departure that he gladly returned the handshake; and even went the length of remarking to Mr. Dodds — whom he had identified as the late fellow-student of Philip Carr — that the climate appeared to agree with him. Mr. Dodds brightened. His style was that of the *bon-homme*; and the cant of his profession did not fit him very closely. He smilingly replied :

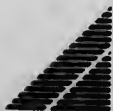
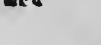
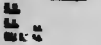
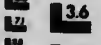
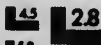
"You see, I live like the natives; fish, rice, bananas, and tea. I was not long in discovering that late dinners, heavy wines, and drugging, constitute the unhealthy elements of the climate—at least, in Hong Kong."

With many invitations to visit them at Canton, where he would be delighted to shew them over the establishment, and where Eustace would be warmly welcomed, and things made pleasant for him by Mrs. Rodwell, Mary, and Lucy—"my daughters, sir"—the Reverend Azariah and his companion descended the ship's side to their sampan. That was the last Eustace



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ever saw of either of them; but he was destined to make a closer acquaintance with their promising converts of Quang-tong and Quang-see.

"Aren't you going to read us a bit of that pamphlet?" asked Gisborne.

"What pamphlet?"

"The one you are crumpling up in your left hand."

"Bless my soul, what was I thinking of? The fellow must have stuffed it into my hand while I was looking the other way, and thinking of something else. Well, if that is all they can show for three centuries of Protestant wealth and ascendancy, all I can say is, there's a peg out somewhere."

"He's an old humbug," rejoined the Honourable Alberic. "Let's see the tract. Hallo! what's this?" And he spread out and held up the paper which he had withdrawn from Hillyard's hand. "If he hasn't actually taken you for a Chinaman!"

Sure enough the paper presented a row of stiff columns, like barley sugar-sticks, composed entirely of Chinese characters.

"I see how it is," said Eustace. "The Yankee wasn't so sharp as he thought himself. He was fumbling among his papers, and unwittingly put into my hand one of those intended for natives. Come, that gives a new turn to the matter, and puts an idea into my head. I will keep the tract to study Chinese from."

"How do you know it is genuine? Perhaps these characters are only make-believe; although they do look like the hieroglyphics on tea-boxes."

"Sir George will perhaps know. Are these Chinese letters?" inquired Hillyard of Sir George Leonard, who, with the little midy, now joined the conclave.

"They are," returned Sir George; "although I am not sufficiently posted to read them, I know they are genuine."

"Lumbering things!" ejaculated Gisborne, contemptuously. "How many of them does it take to make a word? Let me see. That's like an intoxicated A; and her's another thumper that looks like an infuriated X. A. X.—ax. I ax you, how does that go?"

"Not very well," replied Sir George, laughing. "You must get the idea of an alphabet out of your head, if you want to study Chinese. Each of these characters stands for a word."

"Whew!"

"Like the Arabic numerals," said Eustace. "As 5 stands for five."

"Exactly."

"Well, now, that is quite a lesson for me to start on. Give me the paper, Gisborne; I will keep it."

"And are you really going to visit that old codger at Canton?" asked Gisborne, as he returned the tract.

"Not if I know it. But I would like to visit Canton itself, and perhaps take a run up into the country for a day or two, if I can get a short furlough."

"You might visit Canton, seeing there's no 'fightee pidgin' going on just at present," said Sir George. "But I would strongly advise you not to attempt the run up into the country. There has been of late,

a very bitter feeling against foreigners among the natives of this Province, who, with their neighbours of Quang-see, are the most turbulent and resolute in China. They belong largely to the pure Chinese race; and the Tartar Government, although fairly good, is not in favour with them. They have been grumbling a good deal at what they are pleased to consider the favour shown us by the mandarins; and it is not thought safe to venture far inland. But Canton is well worth a visit. It is the most striking and typical city of which we have any knowledge, in the whole empire."

Sir George now took his leave, with warm invitations to the young officers to try the hospitality of Hong Kong; and these last betook themselves to the various duties that required their attention. Meanwhile such *Good Words for Exhorting the Age* as had found their way on board the *Seringapatam*, were being assiduously applied to the twofold purpose of lighting tobacco-pipes, and storing cherished deposits of "cut plug."



## CHAPTER XXVII

**D**URING the next few weeks, Lieutenant Hillyard found plenty to occupy and amuse him at Hong Kong. Such portions of his time as were not devoted to professional duties or to the labour of love involved in making sketches of whatever charmed him most, as an offering to Miss Dunbar when he should return to Scotland, were amply filled up by the social engagements never wanting in centres great or small to those who wear Her Majesty's epaulettes, whether by sea or land. The congenial companionship of the military and naval officers, the hospitalities experienced in the luxurious dwellings of the Anglo-Chinese merchants, and the interest attaching to everything that was picturesque and Oriental in its surroundings, left Eustace no time to weary; and it was not until the "new" had rubbed off most of these things, till the lounge on the esplanade and the drive around Mount Victoria had become familiar and commonplace, above all, till dawning physical sensations began to recall to his mind Mr. Annesley Dodd's analysis of the unhealthy ingredients of the climate, that he resorted to his intention of asking a few days' leave of absence in order to visit Canton. The leave was easily obtained; and Eustace, having casually alluded to his proposed , several young men of the colony volunteered to accompany him. The lieutenant was divided between satisfaction and regret at this proposal. The

satisfaction arose from the circumstance that the young men—one a junior employee of the Government, the other two engaged in mercantile establishments—having been some time in the country, were familiar with the mongrel Chinese-and-English jargon which did duty at the ports, under the name of "pidgin"—i. e. *business-English*. Moreover, Mr. Bland, the Government clerk, understood and could write—in a way—the written language which, being the same over the whole Empire, while the spoken tongue is broken into endless dialects, is everywhere understood: an accomplishment which might come useful in case of accidents. The regret was caused by the reflection that his intended run up into the country must be set aside. The remarks of Sir George Leonard, corroborated by similar remarks from various parties, while they would have had no weight with him being alone, placed a barrier against his tempting or even proposing to the young men to do what might involve them in serious inconvenience, not to say danger. He therefore said nothing about it; and at an early day, the party duly attired in free-and-easy, white linen suits, and Manilla straw hats, embarked on board a Chinese trading-junk, strongly recommended by the three young gentlemen as preferable to an English vessel, for the reason that it would entail no transshipment at Whampoa—"not worth stopping at"—above which no foreign vessels were permitted to go. Eustace acquiesced the more readily that the leisurely movements of the junk would facilitate his intended sketching.

To one so appreciative of scenery as Eustace, the sail up the estuary was a great treat. The multitude of island which break it into innumerable channels give it the appearance of a great lake, and suggested to the professional mind of our hero its adaptability for ambush fleets in case of war.

"Yes, indeed," rejoined Mr. Bland, in answer to the suggestion; "and it is taken full advantage of, even when there is no war. Look there at Lintao; there's a regular fleet of junks harboured in its coves—pirates and opium smugglers."

There was a plentiful fleet of heterogeneous craft plying up and down the river, as well as snugging in the harbour coves of Lintao; and these with their back-ground of rice-fields, sloping hills, and distant peaks, kept in full play the little drawing block and H. B. with which Hillyard had armed himself. As they neared the upper reaches of the Bocca Tigris—the main channel—the liveliness and peculiar character of the scene increased. The advanced forts, the extensive suburbs and lofty walls of the City of Canton, the tall, wide-awake roofs of the pagodas, the streets of boats containing the floating population—a feature altogether peculiar to Chinese cities in general, and Canton in particular,—the crowd of trading-craft, the imposing war-junks, the beautiful flower-boats, all these things have become, through pictures, descriptions, and almost universal travel, as familiar to the ordinary reader as his own street-corner. In the days of which we are writing, they were not so hack-raved

as now ; and such intrinsic interest as they possess was still supplemented in Hillyard's case by a sense of freshness and novelty.

Owing to the time of embarkation and other circumstances, our travellers, having made part of the voyage during the night, arrived in Canton at the hour of "tiffin," or lunch. The three civilians who were well acquainted with most of the European traders, and with some of the merchants—natives licenced to trade with Europeans—escorted Lieutenant Hillyard to the house of a friend, by whom the party was hospitably entertained. Lunch over, the three young gentlemen, to whom Hillyard naturally left all arrangements, excused themselves *pro. tem.* to their host, alleging the shortness of their furlough and the necessity of shewing the young officer the sights without any unnecessary delay.

"Now look here," said Bland, as soon as they were in the street, "we've seen all there is to see around Canton, a score of times ; and we'll show them all to you—"

"Meaning me?" inquired Eustace.

"Of course. We'll shew you everything before we're through. But we didn't come up here for that. We're going to take the chance while we have no "pidgin" to attend to, and make an excursion into the country.

"Isn't it—well—a little dangerous?" asked Eustace, quite ready for the adventure, but willing to meet an evident conspiracy with apparent hesitation.

"Pshaw! nonsense. That's just a notion of the old fogies at Hong Kong. What is there dangerous about it? We'll just hire a sampan at the wharf, and row a few miles up the Pe-kiang, and then row down again. We'll be back in time for supper."

"I'm quite agreeable," answered Hillyard. "It is for you to say. But perhaps it might be as well to go to the rounds first." He thought that would allow the young fellows time for reflection, in case there might really be any risk. It was one to think to expose himself, and quite another to expose his companions. But the lads had evidently concocted the scheme beforehand, and were fixed in their determination.

"We'll see Canton to-morrow—that is, all of it we can see," replied the trio, in a breath. "We can't go inside the walls—"

"Why so?"

"Oh! because John Chinaman won't let us. They say it is because he keeps it so dirty he is ashamed to let the 'barbarians' see it. But there's nothing to see; it is a poor place within the walls. We'll take you to a hill from which you can see fairly down it. And we'll take you around the European quarter, and up China Street, where you can buy as many nick-nacks and other dainties as you have a mind to. We'll go across the river to Ho-nan, and show you the temple and the tea-hongs; we'll pay a visit to old Hou-qua—"

"Hou-qua, who is he?"

"The biggest pumpkin among the Hong merchants.

He will shew us his fine house, and his queer old garden, all full of zig-zag bridges and kiosks, with wide-awake roofs, and trees in flower pots, and slabs of stone perched on wooden legs of the straight-up-and-down pattern by way of benches. We'll go and see the half-way pagoda, and we'll take a boat up the See-kiang, where they say there are houses the whole way to Chow-king-fou, where the viceroy lives, and that is twelve miles. Only we want to see the Pe-kiang first—"

"All right, all right; that'll do," interrupted the lieutenant. "Please yourselves; only if you come to grief—"

"No fears. Come to grief! Nonsense. The natives are quiet enough if you know how to take them. They may try on a few shots from the upper forts: but none of them will hit."

And so it was settled.

At the wharf, however, there was more difficulty in procuring a boat that might have been expected, seeing that the hiring out of such was a regular trade. No celestial was willing to risk being hauled over the coals by the authorities for piloting strangers up the Pearl River. At length, the offer of an exorbitant hire in advance induced a speculative owner to intrust the barbarians with his boat for a specified number of hours; and presently, our party was making way through the floating city to the middle of the stream, here very wide on account of the confluence of the See-kiang, or West River, with its northern affluent,

the Pe-kiang. It was up this latter the young men had decided to go; and indeed its aspect was very inviting. For the distance of about four miles the shore was lined with buildings and the river filled with boats. Our travellers moved up the river quite unmolested. From the vessels, and also from the shore, they were regarded with very marked attention, but no one challenged them; even the expected shots from the forts failed to put in an appearance. Mr. Bland, who posed as leader of the expedition, took charge of steering, and relegated the two "lazy fellows" to the oars; an arrangement which left Eustace to ply his pencil. There was plenty of inducement to do so. As the boat got clear of the town and its environs, the scenery became more and more picturesque. The levels were filled with rice or sugar-cane; the hills were higher, and such as were not too steep and craggy, were terraced to the top, and utilized for the cultivation of tea. Numberless villages reposed on the banks of the stream, with small junks lying at the quays, or plying up and down, and sampans drawn up on the beach. Villages also occupied many of the elevated sites, while on others could be seen handsome villas, and on many, pagodas of various sizes, more or less highly ornamented.

As the hours went by, and point after point which excited the admiring comments of Hillyard, elicited nothing more appreciative than a languid monosyllable from either of the young men, Eustace began to wonder what had induced them to attempt the adventure. A

turn of the river brought them face to face with a combination of hill, valley, wood, and stream, that ought to have tested the sense of the beautiful wherever it existed.

"I don't care for scenery," said Bland, yawning, in answer to Hillyard's remarks.

"What, then, was your idea in coming up here?"

"Our idea? Why just to say we had done it. We wanted to shew John Chinaman that he could not keep *us* out. And by-the-by," he added, dreamily, pointing to a very ornamental tower which looked down on them from a neighbouring hill," as we are here at any rate, we might as well examine that pagoda. I'm all cramped up in this uncomfortable boat, and a walk up that hill is just what I want."

"Will not that delay us too long?"

"I think not. The boat will have the river-current going down; we will give her the benefit of her mat sail, and only guide her with the paddle. A couple of hours will take us into Canton, and there will be moonlight. We will try to find out at the next village the shortest way up the hill."

"But suppose John Chinaman resents our trespassing on his territory? We are all unarmed."

"No Englishman is unarmed so long as he has his fists," returned Bland; a sentiment heartily echoed by the other two.

The travellers, therefore, drew inshore at a hamlet, a few rods farther on, where, by signs and such flow of Chinese as he possessed Mr. Bland endeavoured



to make the natives comprehend what was wanted. The attempt was far from successful; the villagers either could not or would not understand, and no information could be got from them. They eyed the party with no very pleasant countenances, and steadily refused to direct them. There was nothing for the young men but to seek a road for themselves. A wide rice-field on the river bank rendered ascent on that side impracticable; but a neighbouring creek seemed to promise a pathway around the back of the hill. Up this creek they went, and at some distance came upon a path leading through a dense plantation. Securing the boat among overhanging shrubs, and noting well the landmarks so that they might easily find it again, the party landed and took the road through the plantation.

Like most roads in China—a country where wheeled vehicles are at a discount—this which the young men followed was a mere path; and while upon the whole it ascended steadily, it was tortuous to a degree, sometimes on the level, then dipping for a space, and again zig-zagging up the hill. The windings of the path thus rendering the ascent more lengthy than had been expected, the sun disappeared behind west-shore hills and banking clouds just as the party left the thickest, and the short tropical twilight was upon them by the time they got clear of the trees. There would still have been light enough to enable Eustace to enjoy for a few moments the superb view which had been his personal motive for ascend-

ing the hill, had it not been for a chilly mist which had gathered over the lowlands, and was gradually encroaching on the higher ground. A look, therefore, at the pagoda, and then back to the boat, seemed the most reasonable programme. From where they found themselves, no pagoda was visible; but keeping track of their bearings as well as they could, they travelled this way and that around the hill which was steep and unterraced. At length, they turned a bluff past which the road ascended to a small village; and thence, somewhat to their discomfiture, they beheld the desired pagoda a long way off, and realized the startling fact that they were on the wrong hill.

The young men now concluded that the wisest they could do would be to get back to the boat as quickly as possible. But that proved more easy to say than to do; and after some time spent on the return trip, it became appallingly evident that they had lost their way.

"Let us retrace our steps, and inquire for a guide at that village," said Eustace, after a long time spent in fruitless endeavours to strike a faithful descending path or even to recover their bearings, hopelessly lost in the fog and darkness. Turning back in as nearly the desired direction as possible, they at length caught sight of the thatched gable roofs of the village standing sharply out from a sky, slowly brightening under the influence of the rising moon; and following the path mentioned, soon reached its principal, or rather its only street. Groups of men

were lounging around, clad in the loose short trousers, unshapely blouse, and pith hat — conical, "wide awake," or "pork-pie" according to taste — worn by Chinese peasants, and everyone with the inevitable pipe in his mouth. Women sat at the doors, with or without babies; and cute little urchins gambolled about the street. The men, as before, turned upon the strangers surly and scowling looks. Mr. Bland once more essayed to make himself understood, pointing down below, and expressing the necessities of the case in very fair Chinese, which, however, promised no better success than before. Then, bethinking himself, he pulled from his pocket a handful of *sapecs* and held them out, feeling certain the lack of comprehension was only pretended. The faces instantly assumed a look of intelligence; and gathering around one of their number, who, from his somewhat better dress, appeared to be Head-man of the village, the celestials began to talk earnestly in low tones. This man had a very forbidding countenance; but he seemed inclined to lend the solicited aid. After a little time, he approached the Englishmen, and gave them to understand in the broken jargon of the ports that some of the villagers would guide them down to the creek.

Bland offered the man the *sapecs*, but by a gesture he refused them, the young men inferring that he wished them bestowed on the guides.

"It never rains but it pours," said Bland, as they turned down the rough road, accompanied by half-a-

dozen stalwart peasants. "We badly wanted one guide; now we shall have six."

"I suppose they think 'the more the merrier' when *sapecs* are going," replied Eustace.

After proceeding a few yards, the party turned short off, inclining round the shoulder of the hill. Two Chinamen walked in advance, leading the way; the Englishmen following abreast or in couples, according to the width of the road; while the remaining celestials took it easy and were now alongside, now in the rear, as suited their fancy. The road did not descend very perceptibly; in fact, after a considerable stretch on the level, it began to rise abruptly. Our travellers, however, had such recent experience of its vagaries and inequalities that this caused them no surprise. Following the guides, they perceived the path winding along the brink of a precipice. As the last of the four attained the summit of the cliff, simultaneously and swift as lightning-flash each was pinioned from behind within the strong arms of a lusty-peasant, and hurled from the brink. Eustace, by an instinctive wrench in the moment of being seized, caused his assailant to lose his own balance; and the five went crashing down over the precipice, and into the ravine below.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

THE full moon shone down from the zenith of the midnight sky, upon a rugged and unfrequented path leading through the hills which overlook Canton from the north. It was not a regular road, but the dry bed of a mountain streamlet, sometimes made use of as a near cut by the country people on whose line of travel it lay. A party of eight were returning by this path from the city to a distant village situated in an obscure part of the mountains. Four of them were of the class of coolies, stockingless, and barefoot, save for the wooden sandals which protected them from the rough stones; their otherwise scanty attire surmounted by capes of the nippa leaf, and their shaven heads by the unfailing pith hat. They carried on their shoulders a rude little litter constructed of a few short boards slung on long bamboo poles, the sole occupant whereof was a large folded coverlet. Of the remaining four, two were in the ordinary dress and coarse shoes of the peasant, while the other two wore the long dark robe of the learned or literary class. These last, each carrying a small bag or satchel, brought up the rear of the procession. They were conversing together in a low tone, and the language they spoke was *not* Chinese.

"I find it fortunate," said the younger of the two, "that our journeying lies along the same road for a

space. There are many things concerning which I would gladly be informed, but which the hurry attending my so recent return to Canton, and my hasty departure to take the place of our dear confrère now in chains, has prevented me from inquiring about. Our good Father Moreau, what befell him?"<sup>1</sup>

"He was taken grievously sick, worn out doubtless by the labours required in a district so large and among a Christian population so scattered. When he reached the village of Choo-ling, the good neophytes, fearing he might die without medical assistance, and without the rites of the Church, concluded to send him into Canton to our residence. They placed him in a litter, and with such care for his comfort as circumstances would allow; and one of the catechists accompanied him into the city. It is to take his place that I now return with Jo-han and the bearers to the village of Choo-ling, which is, in some sort, the headquarters of that very poor mission."

"And Father Leturdu, is it true that he has been taken?"

"Alas! even so. He was embarking to join Father Jaquenin and take him to his new post, when he was seized by six men. They conducted him at first to Chin-chow; but fearing he might escape thence, his captors took him elsewhere, and now we

<sup>1</sup> All the missionary incidents introduced are taken almost at random, and irrespective of slight anachronisms, from the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* of the decade of our tale. Invention has been purposely avoided even in details.

know not where that dear *confrère* lies. Doubtless, if he be still alive, they hold him for ransom; but how much? and when can it be offered? And will they not before then deliver him to the mandarins? Three times within a very short period this poor province of Quang-tong has seen its missionaries thrown into chains. It is to be feared that the Christians, worn out with so much ill-usage, may refuse to receive them. But God's will be done!"

"Would that the record were less painful and the prospect brighter elsewhere! In the island of Hai-nan, whence I have been recalled to fill another post, I met not a few exiles from Annam—that land of martyrs. It would be impossible to depict in detail the immense tribulations to which the Church has been, and is still, subjected to in that unhappy country. In Western Tong-king, the three colleges have been successively invested by the mandarins and reduced to ashes; at least fifty congregations pillaged or subjected to heavy ransoms; about seventy neophytes exiled for the Faith, while five have gloriously suffered martyrdom, and several have died in prison. Twenty-five native priests and their pupils have gone into exile, and three have died in chains, while six priests have been beheaded."

"And what of Monseigneur R...?"

"Alas! Monseigneur R..., having been obliged to fly to the mountains, after wandering about for nearly four months, constantly drenched by the rain, sleeping in caves, suffering from hunger and thirst,

without having had, during all that time, the consolation of offering up a single Mass, died on the 22nd October. Attacked by a tertian fever, he had not strength to resist the third relapse; and he died in the midst of a forest, the resort of tigers, in a cabin about six feet square, roofed with branches of trees. Thus he realized in death, as well as throughout his painful life, the heroic device engraved on his signet — '*Fac me cruce inebriari!*' " ^

"And his remains?"

"They have been left in the mountains."

A few moments of silence followed, during which Father Castelan offered up a silent prayer for the repose of the deceased bishop. Then he resumed:

"And the missions of the Spanish Dominicans, have these also, suffered in this last persecution?"

"You have said it. The missions of both Central and Eastern Tong-king are complete wrecks. That of Central Tong-king, especially, has been frightfully dealt with. Monseigneur Melchior, its vicar-apostolic, has followed his immediate predecessor, Monseigneur Diaz, on the road to martyrdom; he was quartered and cut to pieces with the greatest atrocity. He is the only European who has suffered in this last crisis; which is providential, for under such a persecution all might have perished. Seven Annamite priests of Central Tong-king have been put to death, and four others have been lately arrested."

"It will take many a year and many a struggle to repair all these disasters," returned Father Caste-



lan. "We might well lose heart, did we not remember the three centuries of suffering under Pagan Rome. Did you see or hear anything of Father Amat, while in Hai-nan? He was pursued on charges as ridiculous as they were atrocious, and had to flee in order to save his life."

"Truc. He took the first boat he could find, on reaching the sea-shore, and crossed over to the island, where he staid with us till the storm blew over. After remaining with us for a month or two, finding that the report of his escape was beginning to die away, he quietly went back to his post, where our dear Lord was preparing for him a consolation worthy of an apostle, in the baptism of forty-three pagans."

At this point in the conversation, the two French priests became aware of an excitement among the coolies. They had come to a halt, and were gesticulating violently, while the two catechists, on reaching the same spot, did likewise. The ravine at this point was narrow, and the rocks high and precipitous; and the priests coming up with the rest were horrified to find what seemed to be five dead bodies, four of whom were at once identified as European. They were not all dead, however. A low moaning from one of the unfortunates told that he was still alive; and the patch of gravelly sand on which he lay partly accounted for the fact.

"I see how it is," said Father Castelan, in Chinese, and pointing to a bushy but dilapidated shrub which grew midway out of the rock, directly above

the spot, and fragments of which lay on the ground. "The bush has broken his fall, and he has not struck the rocks. Let us examine him."

Accordingly the two French Fathers, giving their bags to the catechists, carefully withdrew the loose linen jacket and neck-tie, and proceeded to examine the state of the unfortunate Eustace Hillyard, with a skill and dexterity that betokened the practical and professional knowledge of surgery so common not only among the Jesuit Missionaries, but also among the Lazarists, to which order these Fathers belonged.

After a careful examination, Father Castelan observed:

"There do not seem to be any bones broken. The left ankle is shockingly swollen, but I do not think it is fractured—only a very bad sprain. He is stunned by the fall, and probably badly bruised. Let us look at the others."

A few moments sufficed to assure the party that the three poor Englishmen had paid the forfeit of their rash adventure with their lives, and that the Chinaman also was past all succour. Their heads had struck the boulders and the necks of all four were broken.

"We will care for the one who survives," said the priest. "The others are past our help, and we cannot dig graves for them with our bare hands. It is fortunate we have the litter. But we must take some precautions, otherwise our own lives will be in additional jeopardy. We cannot remove any of his other garments without disturbing him too much, but his

shoes must not be found with us; they would betray us at once."

Tenderly the two priests laid Eustace on the litter, having first removed his European and tell-tale shoes, and thrown around him the dingy blue tunic of the Chinaman, whom Jo-han and a coolie attired in the young officers linen jacket and neck-tie. They then picked up the clumsy hat and shoes of the dead celestial, and stuck them on the head and feet respectively of the unconscious Briton, whom they covered carefully with the wrap which had been used for the sick priest. The coolies then shouldered once more their burden, and the party resumed its march towards the yet distant Christian village.

The term of furlough allowed to Lieutenant Hillyard and his companions having passed without any sign of their return, Captain Vivian became alarmed, and without delay communicated with the heads of the mercantile houses and Government department in which the three young Englishmen were employed. After due consideration, a note was forwarded to the viceroy, informing him of the circumstances, and demanding an investigation. As it suited the Chinese authorities, just at this time, to speak their European neighbours fair, the viceroy immediately sent out a party of soldiers to scour the country far and near. They were not long in discovering the rapidly decomposing bodies of Bland and his friends; and by the viceroy's orders a number of Chinamen were arrested and put to death for their murder. There

was nothing to certify that the persons executed had anything whatever to do with it. But that was a minor consideration; and the prompt reparation had the effect it was intended to have, in preventing the *Seringapatam* and its fellow iron-clads from steaming up the Bocca Tigris and bombarding Canton.

The scouring party also made known to the viceroy a fact of which he did not think necessary to say anything in his communication with the British. This was, that of the four Europeans said to be missing, only three could be found; and the sharp officials had not been slow to collect such evidence as made it probable the fourth was still alive, and certain he had been carried away. The white linen jacket and Manilla hat of the Chinaman, and the European shoes on his feet, told their own tale. So the celestial, who happened to be young and good-looking, and, moreover, not recently shaved, was deprived of his pig-tail, and otherwise trimmed up, coffined and buried in the European quarter where the features of Hillyard were unknown; and only the viceroy and his satellites knew that "a devil from the West" remained somewhere in their midst.

## CHAPTER XXIX

THE village of Choo-ling, in a sequestered part of the mountains, consisted of a few families of the agricultural class, and was one of the Christian settlements of Quang-tong. It contained no Government official, all needful discipline being quietly maintained by the "head-man," an elective officer answering to our mayor, — who was himself a Christian. The local district-mandarin (only a Gilt Button) was easy going, and winked at the Christian community — for a consideration; all the more readily that the mandarins of the opposite faction were down upon them. For it may be mentioned, although in no way necessary to our story, that Clan Chattan and Clan Quhile were strongly represented in Quang-tong, and were sometimes with difficulty prevented from emulating the widely-celebrated cats of Kilkenny.

When Eustace Hillyard returned to consciousness, he found himself lying on a very humble bed in a very humble room of a very humble cottage. A few indispensable articles were its sole furniture, to wit, a rude table and three or four primitive wooden stools, together with a shelf or two, and some pegs on which clothes were hanging. There was but one window, a small square hole, on the sill of which stood a few flowerpots full of pretty flowers. The window was without glass, and a small board attached to the upper

and outer edge served to cover the aperture wholly or in part as desired. Our hero did not at once notice even these meagre details, his enfeebled faculties being lost in a maze of bewilderment and confusion. The catastrophe, which had nearly deprived him of life, had been so sudden as to leave but the fraction of a moment of advertence; and being followed by complete unconsciousness, the reviving sufferer struggled in vain to make out what it meant. Where was he? And how did he come to be there? And what had happened? He endeavoured to shake himself out of what appeared to be a dream; but the pain which racked him, when he tried to move, warned him to keep still, while awaiting explanations. Then he perceived that his ankle, from which the acutest of the pain was gone—thanks to the hot bathing applied by Jo-han, under Father's Castelan's directions—was tenderly wrapped up, and ached dull and heavy. Having noticed so much, his throbbing head could attempt no more, and he lay quite passive, with closed eyes, till a gentle hand, bathing his brow, caused him to open them again. The mild expression of a pleasant but decidedly Mongolian face, the almond-shaped eyes, the shaven crown and pig-tail were too much for him. He was in the predicament of the celebrated Little Woman whose skirts were curtailed by the villainous Pedlar; he had lost his own identity, and hopeless of finding it again, he quietly went to sleep.

After about ten minutes he awoke; and behold there was another shaven crown, and another pig-tail,

the owner whereof was in subdued conversation with the first. Eustace was not yet sufficiently himself to observe that the features of the new-comer were not of the Oriental type. Jo-han, gently raising his head, offered him a cooling drink of which he partook; then in feeble accents he exclaimed:

"Where am I?"

"*Taisez-vous, mon enfant,*" replied the priest, softly replacing the half-raised head on a little card-board pillow.

"*Taisez-vous, mon enfant,*" said Eustace dreamily to himself, "that sounds familiar. Can it be Chinese? Then I must have learned it in my sleep, for I understand that perfectly. Perhaps I am now a Chinaman." And he hurriedly lifted his hand to his head. To his horror he found that it was shorn as close as those of his attendants, and that a silky lock descended from the crown in readiness to be plaited into the celestial queue, mark of allegiance and submission to the Tartar dynasty. Fortunately, he was too weak to receive impressions with any force; he was simply bewildered beyond measure, and once more took refuge in sleep.

It was many hours before he again awoke, refreshed and strengthened, the crisis of his condition past. Jo-han, who apparently never left him, offered him some bananas and rice, using, not chop-sticks, but a little porcelain — *alias* crockery-ware — spoon. He then bathed his hands and face, and Eustace felt a new man.

"Where is the other one?" were the first words

he addressed to his companion. Jo-han, to whom the enquiry was Greek, merely shook his head in reply.

"What place do you call this?" next demanded the young officer. Again the head was shaken. Eustace looked at him a moment, and a light began to dawn.

"Don't you understand English?"

Another shake of the head. This was puzzling. What was he to do if he could not make himself understood? Besides, how did it come he could understand the "other one" if this one did not understand him? Ah! yes, by-the-bye. It was not English the "other one" had spoken; what was it he *did* say? And Hillyard tried to collect the still unravelled strands of memory, following the while with his eyes the movements of Jo-han, who, apparently in pursuance of a sudden idea, was rummaging in the pocket of a dingy pair of trousers that hung on the wall. From thence the lad drew forth the chaplet which Eustace had, on a former occasion, displayed to the then Anglican eyes of Philip Carr, and which, as on that occasion, he stated to the young parson, he always carried about him. The Chinaman brought it and laid it in Hillyard's hand with a look of intense satisfaction. Instead, however, of beginning to say his prayers, as the catechist expected, Eustace merely uttered the words:

"*Taisez-vous, mon enfant.*"

"*Oui,*" answered the Chinaman. "*C'était le Père Castelan.*"



"That's not Chinese?" asserted Eustace in French, yet with a note of interrogation. "Do you speak French?"

"Very little," answered Jo-han, in that language. Here then was the means of communication, the discovery of which advanced by a stride our hero's return to his normal state. It was indeed "very little" Jo-han could talk in that European tongue. Such as it was, he had picked it up through often hearing the French missionaries conversing among themselves. But very little goes a long way in such circumstances, and Eustace felt truly thankful for it.

By degrees he learnt from his Oriental friend the catastrophe which had happened to him, under such critical and painful circumstances, in the interior of the then sealed land of China; also the fate which had overtaken his three companions. He gathered from the rather jerky and fragmentary narration that Father Castelan and the catechist had brought him to Choo-ling, while the French Father from Hai-nan had proceeded with the other catechist—the unfailing and useful appendage of a missionary in the Flowery Land—to the scene of their own labours in a distant part of the province. Father Castelan had assiduously shared the Chinaman's watch by the fevered bed of the Englishman until assured that all danger was past; when he had betaken himself to the numerous duties that awaited him in various parts of his extensive district. Jo-han did not know when he would be back; but his last words were that the

sick stranger was to lie still and be nursed till his ankle and his other bruises were perfectly healed. At first, the patient felt so shaken up and helpless that he offered no opposition; but as his pain gradually subsided and his health returned, he grew very miserable on account of his prolonged absence, and began to insist on getting up and returning to Hong-Kong.

As soon as Johan considered it safe, he permitted him to rise. But as to returning to Hong-kong, that, he said, was impossible until the Father should return. Eustace tried to argue; but when Jo-han handed him the garments from off the pegs, and made him understand none other were to be had, he began to realize despairingly the situation. The dull blue cotton tunic of his would-be assassin, his own loose linen trousers considerably curtailed, and reduced to a corresponding dinginess by means of some primitive dye-stuff, these and the clumpy thick-soled shoes and pith hat, constituted the only available wardrobe. Nothing else was to be got in Choo-ling, even for money, Hillyard's stock of which he found safe in the pocket beside the beads and the long-forgotten tract bestowed by the Rev. Mr. Rodwell. Poor Eustace, in his mental misery, first became cross and as near to quarrelsome as his natural amiability, his habitual self-command, and the warm gratitude he felt towards Jo-han, would permit. He demanded to know why his nice white trousers had been made that horrid colour, and where were his own shoes. The Chinaman with infinite patience tried to enlighten him as well

as his slender French vocabulary would allow; and by degrees Eustace learned that *white* being "tabooed" for funeral ceremonies in the Celestial Empire, the wearing of it would attract undesirable and perhaps perilous notice; and that the European shoes, if found in the village, would have betrayed his presence, and cost the lives of all the inhabitants. As he came to understand these things, and to realize the peril to which his presence exposed his charitable rescuers, Hillyard became perfectly tractable. He even passively resigned himself to the plaiting of his pig-tail—a short one, indeed, but sufficient to complete the disguise, aided as it was by a complexion bronzed considerably by a long cruise under a tropical sun.

A wooden stool, placed outside so that Eustace could lean against the cottage wall, enabled him to enjoy the air and the lovely scenery before yet he was able to walk around without assistance. The village stood in a narrow valley through which flowed a small stream; and to watch the varying lights on the surrounding hills would have afforded great pleasure to our hero had his mind not been oppressed with a load which entirely disabled him from taking any consolation in the beauties of nature, or almost from adverting to them. The kind attentions of the poor villagers—notably of the head-man—and of the bright, engaging children, touched his heart, and came as near to being a pleasure as anything could, by developing in a powerful degree the sentiments of charity and gratitude.

## CHAPTER XXX

TWO months passed over the unfortunate Hillyard, months of despondency amounting almost to despair. He did not passively give up to it. He turned in his mind every possible plan for extricating himself, and every possible result of his enforced desertion. At times, in spite of himself, the thought would come over him that now he was dead indeed to all he loved, cut off forever from all that life had held in store for him, from love, fortune, title, professional ambition, friends, relatives, everything. He tried to shut out the idea, and to cherish some glimmering of hope, however vague; for it was like to drive him mad. Under its influence, he besieged Jo-han—who steadfastly refused to quit the village till the return of the priest—for such information as would enable him to find for himself a way back to Canton. The catechist whose French had considerably improved through his intercourse with Eustace, represented to him, on these occasions, that besides the impossibility of finding his way alone through a country so broken and mountainous, there was the imminent danger of his falling into the hands of the military, or of brigands, either of whom would inevitably pounce on him for the sake of the reward his apprehension would bring them. To Hillyard's suggestion that perhaps his

presence in the country was not known, Jo-han shook his head doubtingly; and any allusion to the efficacy of his disguise merely caused the Chinaman to laugh.

"Yes," he would say; "pretty well disguised to eyes not on the look-out for you. But money sharpens wits that are already keen enough, and the Western countenance differs from ours. Besides, if you set out alone, you would betray yourself; you cannot speak the language of Cathay."

This last suggestion, made for the first time, opened the eyes of our hero to the hopelessness of his position, and perhaps also helped to fortify him somewhat by providing him with an occupation that afforded a distraction. He would learn Chinese. To master the language would be one point in his favour, in case circumstances should take a more promising turn. To this end he cultivated the acquaintance of the junior population, asking the vernacular for every object, and giving to all he heard around him a degree of attention he had not heretofore bestowed. He also produced the pamphlet given to him on board the *Seringapatam*, and besought Jo-han to instruct him in its mysteries. The catechist looked at the pamphlet and a cloud came over his face; then his features relaxed, and he laughed.

"*Souliers*," he said, re-folding the paper and handing it back to Eustace.

*Souliers*—shoes! What had the tract to do with that idea? In vain, Hillyard questioned the Chinaman; he would only laugh, and persistingly refuse to

use it as a primer. Instead of doing so, he brought from a private receptacle what looked like a well-bound quarto-volume, but proved to be a small portfolio in which were half a dozen booklets of the Chinese fashion, the leaves of which, made of the thinnest possible paper, were double, the open pages being stitched together, while the uncut edges were to the front. Taking out one of these booklets, whose sugar-stick hieroglyphics seemed to Eustace in no way different from those on the tract, Jo-han proceeded to instruct him in the difficult, and by no means euphonious, language of Cathay. As a mere study, the Englishman would not have considered it sufficiently interesting to be persevered in; but as a possible factor in his ultimate escape, he went at it with a will. The booklet contained the principal Catholic prayers, together with the Ten Commandments, and an Abridgement of Christian doctrine; and all these matters being familiar to Eustace, the study of the language was much facilitated. When alone, he frequently compared the characters in the booklet with those on the tract, not altogether successfully as far as coming at the contents of the latter was concerned, but with the double result of cementing acquaintance with such of the characters as were common to both, and of acquiring an intimate familiarity with the pictorial lay-out of "*Good Words*," etc., at least as respected its first page.

One evening, Eustace was sitting at the door of the cottage, surrounded by a small crowd of urchins

with whom he was endeavouring to practise his linguistic acquisitions, when he observed, at a distance, Jo-han slowly walking up the valley, in earnest conversation with a stranger. Except the small bag he carried, there was not much in his appearance to distinguish him from the villagers; but these were all familiar figures by this time, and the indescribable difference of personality at once struck the Englishman, causing his heart to bound with a great throb, as something stronger than instinct told him it was the long-expected priest. New hope sprang up within him; and when the children, recognizing the approaching figure, danced about and clapped their hands, he felt like joining in their exultation. At length, the priest and the catechist, ascending the slight slope where-on the village stood, approached Hillyard who studied closely the new-comer as he advanced. Needless to say he was but in early middle-life; a man rarely gets time to age on these missions. His bronzed complexion resembled that of the native who accompanied him; but the set of his dark eyes, and less prominent cheek-bones proclaimed his European birth.

Father Castelan accosted Eustace very kindly and made careful inquiries after his injuries. He seemed much relieved to hear that he was so far restored as to be able to travel. He also listened with great attention to the narrative of the adventure which had terminated so fatally. But to Hillyard's eager entreaties to be put in the way of returning to Canton, he answered with clouded brow :

"That, my friend, is not so easy. The two months you have been invalided here in Choo-ling have been fruitful in changes throughout Quang-tong and Qu-see. The flame of rebellion, which has been smouldering in these provinces for the last two years, has at length burst into a great conflagration. A fanatical native, giving himself out to be a Christian—

"Is his name Hoong?" exclaimed Eustace, scarcely knowing why.

"Hoong-sen-tsuen; where did you hear of him?" asked the priest, looking surprised.

"A missionary of some sort came distributing tracts on board our ship—the *Seringapatam*, of which I have the honor to be senior lieutenant—the morning after we reached Hong-Kong. He bothered me with a long story about Hoong and his compatriot Fung, whom he claimed to have converted—himself, or some of his friends."

"It is the same person," returned the priest. "That unhappy man, supplied with a few disjointed truths of Christianity and left, without reliable guidance, to put his own interpretation upon them, has evolved a system of error and blasphemy that must shame in the eyes of the pagans the very name he has so falsely assumed. And like all movements of the kind, this outbreak of false Christianity has at once amalgamated with every form of political discontent. Its fanatical apostle began his self-imposed mission by entering violently the pagodas, and himself and his followers destroying the idols. The resentment of



the authorities caused him to retreat to the mountains of Quang-see, where he was speedily joined by the hordes of brave and hardy tribes among whom the spirit of rebellion flourishes. For two years their plans have been fermenting—”

“That must be the ‘Great Awakening’ the reverend gentleman was congratulating himself upon.”

“A ‘Great Awakening’ indeed! They have now thrown down the gauntlet, and are ravaging these two provinces with the avowed intention of overthrowing the Tartar Government, restoring the Ming Dynasty, and elevating that miserable adventurer to the imperial throne.”

“Surely, such a thing is impossible,” exclaimed Eustace, vehemently, “unless all the rulers of China have pulled on their night caps and gone to sleep?”

“You do not know the Meaou-tse tribes,” returned Father Castelan. “The rulers, far from being asleep, are taking all measures to meet the danger; for the manifold experience of their past history shews how great it is. The imperial troops have been called out in force; but up to this time, the rebels have defeated them in every engagement. As you may easily suppose, this has greatly increased the rage and jealousy existing against all foreigners. God grant the mandarins may not mix us up with it, and put to death, on a wider scale than ever, out poor Fathers and innocent neophytes! It is perhaps providential that Quang-see alone of all China has not been visited by a Catholic missionary for a hundred and fifty

years; yet will they discriminate? Our missions of China have been planted and watered in blood—not the blood of our enemies, but our own. It is not of ourselves, however, that I wished to speak; it is of the bearing these events have on your own destiny.”

“Might I not, with a suitable guide, reach Canton? A figure so unpretending as myself could hardly attract the attention of the marauders; as for the authorities, my presence in the country is not known.”

“You are greatly mistaken; there is where your eminent danger lies. The inquiries that were set on foot by the Governor of Hong-Kong—”

“Then they have inquired for me?” exclaimed Eustace, new hope mantling in his face.

“Certainly,” replied the priest. “They demanded an account of *four*, and *four* were produced and received burial from the European residents of Canton, while due apologies, accompanied by the execution of the supposed murderers were tendered by the viceroy. Your countrymen fully believe you dead, and no further inquiry will be made.”

“But were I to re-appear among them—”

“You do not apprehend me. *They* think you dead; the viceroy knows, or, at least, believes that you are living; he knows that one of the four was not an Englishman, but the native, in whose garments we were obliged to array you, in order to save your life and our own. He has since had every road leading into Canton jealously watched; and every boat

that navigates the Pe-kiang is thoroughly searched with a view to finding you."

At this intelligence the heart of Eustace died within him. The priest continued:

"It is of the mercy of Heaven that our complicity in your rescue has not been suspected, nor the place of your refuge discovered..."

"But it may be discovered at any moment, and then—and then—I shall be the cause of your death and that of Jo-han, and of all these poor people!" burst from the lips of the unfortunate young man, now completely broken down under accumulated anguish.

Father Castelan waited a moment till the paroxysm had somewhat subsided. Then he said quietly:

"There is but one step which can save us or yourself. I have explained matters to the catechist. You must leave Choo-ling under his guidance. He will lead you northward, over the Mei-ling Pass, into the Province of Kiang-s e, across the mountains. At the city of Nan-ngan-fou, at the northern end of the Pass, he will seek out Father Tomasin, one of our Lazarist Fathers, who knows him very well. Father Tomasin will exert himself for your concealment until you can, if it so please Providence, make your way to one of the northern Treaty Ports. What do you say?"

Touched beyond words by the thoughtful care of the priest, and revived by the new glimmer of hope, Hillyard could but answer by an eloquent look, and fervent pressure of the hand. The nightfall saw him set out on his journey, accompanied by the faithful Jo-

han. Before they departed, a remark from Father Castelan from Eustace the explanation he had formerly given to Philip Carr, of how the beads happened to be in his pocket.

"It is well," responded the priest. "It will do you no harm to carry them—if you keep them out of sight of the pagans. You will also one day learn to pray; and when you do, forget not a little prayer for me."

## CHAPTER XXXI

IN travelling through that part of Quang-tong which *y* between them and the sources of the Pe-kiang, Jo-han was careful to choose the least frequented route. He had armed himself with a bamboo pole on which he slung a basket such as was used for carrying the fresh tea-leaves cultivated around Choo-ling to the nearest establishment for their manufacture; the cultivation and preparation of that widely used beverage being in altogether different hands. Into this basket he put such articles of food as were portable, thus rendering them more independent of intercourse; and he endeavoured as far as possible to avoid Pagan villages. Eustace, who relieved him from time to time, had also made his own preparations, first by consigning to the Chinaman's care, to meet expenses, such money as he had, to wit, the few *taels*<sup>1</sup> he had brought with him on his ill-starred holiday; and, last but not least, by destroying *Good Words for Exhorting the Age*, which, if found on himself, might have inculcated him in the rebellious movement; or, if found in the village, would have drawn on the guiltless Catholics the vengeance of the authorities. Indeed, it was with a will he put the match to that portentous pamphlet; for it embodied

<sup>1</sup> *Taels*, pieces of uncoined silver, valuing about a dollar and a half each.

in his eyes all the evils, direct and indirect, of Private Interpretation, the qualities of which he was beginning to understand.

The Mei-ling Pass, the only route of land communication between the Southern Provinces and Central China was opened up as early as the year 705, at great cost of labour, by reducing the mountain-summit to within eight thousand feet of the sea-level. The ascent is extremely arduous; yet at the time of our story, all the tea exported to Europe was brought over this Pass, then down by boat to Canton. Two hundred thousand coolies were employed to carry it; and during the busy season, they formed a continuous stream, going or returning. As there was little if anything to distinguish our travellers from the crowds traversing the mountain road, they were comparatively safe, but did not feel quite secure till, descending the northern declivity, they found themselves in the Province of Kiang-see.

It was late in the evening when Hillyard and his guide reached Nan-ngan-fou, one of the eighty walled cities of the province. The gates being shut for the night, it became necessary to seek a resting place in the suburb. To this end, Jo-han sought out the only acquaintance he had in the locality, a poor shoemaker whose better-half eked out ways and means by conducting a little tea-shop. It was Hillyard's first introduction to the domestic life of the Pagan population; and what most immediately struck him on entering the little shop, was a heavy, insufferable odor

which nearly caused him to faint. The cobbler, whose "smile was child-like and bland," and withal, a fixture, was squatted at his work with a pile of papers beside him, of which he seemed to construct the soles of the shoes he was making. He was not smoking; but Eustace mentally remarked that his tobacco, when he did smoke, was surely the vilest stuff ever grown. In an aside, he hinted as much to Jo-han, whose face took on a troubled expression, while he softly uttered the word—"opium."

To pass away the time, while the cobbler's wife was getting ready "chow-chow"—an interval Jo-han devoted to exchanging an occasional remark with their rather taciturn host—Eustace took stock of the surroundings. To eyes already accustomed to the humbler class of Chinese interiors, there was not much of interest; and it was not till a covert nudge from the catechist directed his attention to the pile of papers the cobbler was using, that the eyes of Eustace opened wide with astonishment. For there before him lay heaped up copy after copy of *Good Words for Exhorting the Age*, in the native character—facsimiles of the one he had lately destroyed! By a look he invited Jo-han to institute some unravelling of the mystery; and presently that young man elicited from the cobbler the information that he got them cheap on the other side of the mountain, where many celestials turned an honest penny by selling them to persons of his trade. They got them for nothing down at the Port. They made excellent soles.

"So much for the tract arrangement," said Hillyard to himself. "I now understand why they are so eagerly sought after—and in any quantity. I have heard say the Missionary Society's publications are considered by the celestials to make good *wads* for guns, but I did not believe it. I believe it now; and this is still better. Would to God they put them to no worse use!" he mentally added, as he thought of Hoong, the rebels, and his own uncertain fate.

Next morning, as soon as the gate of Nan-ngan-fou were open, our fugitive and his guide entered the busy, thronged city. In threading its streets, the catechist met a few friendly recognitions, but did not linger to talk. At length, as they neared that part of the town where stood the Hall of Justice, in which the mandarin holds his daily court, a coolie of troubled aspect accosted Jo-han and began to speak rapidly in a low tone. The effect of his communication on the catechist was startling. His face drew deadly pale, his eyes almost jumped from their socket, and he threw up his hands with a despairing gesture.

"Ah! Father Tomasin! Ah! Father Tomasin!" was all that Eustace could wring from him. Meanwhile, he hurried on, Hillyard close after him, while the coolie, apparently going in the same direction, dropped behind out of their company.

Around the formidable Hall of Justice, whose tribunal answers to Police-office, Civil Court and Criminal Court all in one, and where cognizance is taken of every delinquency from the theft of a *sapac* to rebellion



against the State, was gathered a larger crowd than usual, indicating that serious measures were in progress. Some care-clouded faces told of a special interest in the proceedings, whatever these might be; but the listless air of indifferentism largely prevailed. Following closely the catechist, Eustace entered the courtyard, and at once came in view of the spectacle which presented its hideous fascination to the loungers. This was two unfortunate Chinamen who were undergoing the torture of the *cangue*, a large wooden collar, four or five feet square, including the heavy beams of the frame-work. The victims were partly squatted on the ground, partly supporting themselves with one hand, while the head and right hand were passed through holes in the centre of the *cangue*; the whole weight of the machine resting on the shoulders and one knee. The faces, which on this occasion looked out from over the *cangues* bore testimony to a previous process of starvation: so wan and pitiable was their appearance. Among the groups, which stood contemplating them, silent and circumspect by reason of the two executioners in charge, was a boatman, evidently from one of the barges in the river. His bamboo hat was well drawn over his bronze face, and in his hand he held an oar. To this man Jo-han addressed a few whispered words, of which Eustace caught only the last, together with the bargeman's reply, which brought horror into the face of the catechist.

"— Father Tomasin?"

"He is on the chains."

Sickening at sight of the two sufferers, and rather to avert his gaze than impelled by curiosity, Hillyard turned from Jo-han who continued to converse in an undertone with the boatman, and entered within the portal of the building. It was a large hall, at one end of which sat the mandarin with a table before him, on which were papers; notaries, executioners, and other officials stood around him; while near the door knelt the petitioners, or the accused, as the case might be. A large gong stood beside the door, by which all who had business with the mandarin were supposed to summon him when absent. Needless to say, it was seldom or never applied to; the mandarin's attendance being a pleasure not much appreciated, and willingly deferred as long as possible.

All this, of course, Hillyard took it at a glance; and then his eyes fell on a spectacle which, after one moment's horrified contemplation, drove him back for relief to the *cangues* and the courtyard. From the roof were suspended some chains in the fashion of a swing; and on these were resting the uncovered knees of a man whose figure was kept in position by suspending cords which were fastened to his thumbs and hair, in such manner that his whole weight rested on the chains.<sup>1</sup>

That he was a European a single glance could tell, notwithstanding the swollen and knotted veins,

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<sup>1</sup> Father Perboyre was subjected to this torture for half a day, and Father Chapdelaine for a whole day, before the decapitation.

the starting eyes, and the congested and agonized countenance.

"We must go," whispered Jo-han, pushing Hill-yard on before him. "We must linger here no longer, if we would not share their fate."

"What does it all mean?" demanded the Englishman, yielding passively to the pilotage of his companion, who hurried him from the scene as fast as he could.

"I will tell you presently. Meanwhile we must think of your safety. Pau-shan's boats are still in the river, and will not sail for some hours at least—may be longer. I will put you on board one of them."

"Where are they going?" asked Eustace, mechanically; for the spectacle he had just beheld absorbed his mental vision, and he scarcely remembered what had brought him to Nan-ngan-fou.

"They are going back to Pau-shan's tea-factory, among the Bohea Hills. They came up the Kan-kiang with cargoes which have been sent over the pass for transhipment to Canton. They will return as soon as—"

"As soon as what?"

"Well, they are waiting for someone. You, perhaps. They were due to go yesterday; they may go tomorrow; who knows!"

"But the prisoners?—the priest?—I am sure it was a priest."

"Ah! Father Tomasin!—don't look interested or excited. He was taken," continued Jo-han, covertly

wringing his own hands, "he was taken — it is all because of this rebellion. We have nothing to do with it. But the mandarins are furious, and, as always happens, are putting it out on us. And they may take Father Chang, too! Who knows?"

"Father Chang — who is he?"

"One of our native priests. He came with Father Tomasin, from San-kiau. The others are already in concealment."

"Who are the other two prisoners?"

"Two of the best Catholics in Nan-ngan-fou. How many may they not take before they are done! All three have been starving in prison these five days — not a crumb to eat!"

"Was there no charitable soul in this great city to hand them a morsel through the prison-bars?"

"They dared not."

"Did they not explain that they had nothing to do with this uprising, which is in another Province altogether?"

"Oh! yes, they explained, and the mandarin knows it quite well. But he makes a handle of it, — and — and — they will not accept the test he propose to them, which also has nothing to do with it."

"What test?"

"To trample on the Cross. They are in torments because they refuse to trample on the Cross. Oh, my friend! Pray for them!"

"How can I pray for them?" cried Eustace, desperately, "I who hardly know how to pray for

myself! Holy Virgin! Mother of Him who is True God and True Man! Do *you* pray for the poor martyrs —and for me!"

It was his first invocation of the Mother bequeathed to us from the Cross, and it came from his heart.

The river was full of barges, broad, flat-bottomed boats, some of which, like Pau-shan's, had come down the affluents of the Kan-kiang with tea from the factories among the hills; others, more numerous, having been employed to bring up the cargoes from Hockow, transhipped from the larger vessels at Kan-chow-fou. It was on board one of the former that Jo-han took Hillyard. The catechist appeared to be known to the men, and entered on some sort of explanation to the one seemingly in charge. The boat, in common with all that crowded the river, was fitted up somewhat in the fashion of a Noah's Ark, with diminutive dwelling accommodation for the bargemen. The looks the men directed towards himself, aided by such comprehension as he now possessed of the native tongue, discovered to Eustace that Jo-han was making him known to them merely as a particular friend of Father Chang. As this introduction procured him great respect for the boat's crew, he inferred that they, too, were all Catholics; and jumped to the further conclusion that the tea-manufacturer, in whose service they were, also belonged to the Christian population of China.

The rest of the day passed wearily enough for the

young officer. His guide, who shewed no intention of immediate departure, was unusually silent and pre-occupied. This was not to be wondered at, after what they had seen in the city; but the anxious and expectant looks which the catechist cast from time to time in the direction whence they had come, indicated some further cause. To Hillyard's inquiries he only replied that they were comparatively safe in their present quarters; that the boats would take him—Eustace—to a place of greater safety, but that they could not start just then, as they were waiting for two of the men.

A little after night-fall, the two who were waited for came on board. One was the bargeman in the wide-brimmed, bamboo hat—still with the oar in his hand—whom Eustace had seen in the courtyard. It was too dark to note the pallor of his bronzed face, but not, to see the expression of intense grief which overcast it. Jo-han and the master of the boat saluted him, evidently with questions to which he replied in a subdued tone. After some minutes' conversation, the catechist drew Eustace aside, and said:

"It is all over. Our dear father and his two blessed companions are now in Heaven praying for us. They have given their blood for Christ. They were all three beheaded at sun-down. Thank God! their sufferings are over. They," indicating the two boatmen "remained at peril of their lives, to see the end. Now, the boats will start; and I, my friend, will bid you God, speed. May he keep you from all harm, and one

day restore you to your native land! And here are the *taels* we did not require," he added simply, drawing the money from his pocket. Eustace repelled it with a frantic gesture.

"How can I ever thank you for all your kindness!" he cried. "We shall probably never meet again in this world. Oh! how hard it is to be unable to acknowledge, even in the smallest way, the inestimable service you have rendered me!"

## CHAPTER XXXII

**D**URING the two weeks' voyage, first down the rapid Kan-kiang, then up one of its eastern affluents, Eustace endeavoured to earn his rations by making himself useful. The first thing he did, when the boat moved away from the wharf, and he took his last grateful look of Jo-han, was to ask for an oar. He proved no inconsiderable help to the limited crew and recovered an unlooked-for amount of spirits and elasticity in an employment which bore a relationship— even if a humble one— to his own profession ; while the exercise in the open air strengthened him wonderfully. With the return of vigour came renewed hope, and a capacity for enjoying the scenery and the marvellous succession of large and populous cities whose hustle and splendour were an unspeakable astonishment to one hitherto so little acquainted with the character and the features of the "Flowery Land," and prepared to find it in the back-woods, as we may say, of civilization. The mountain-regions of Quang-tong had not prepared him for the wealth and fertility of Kiang-see, now in the profusion and beauty of September. Still more enchanting would it be a month hence, when the fragrant yellow tea-blossoms would adorn the hill-terraces.

Owing to his insufficient knowledge of the language, Eustace had but little intercourse with his



companions. Still, the little he had acquired at Chooling stood him in good stead, and every day added to it. Being thus thrown chiefly on his own thoughts, he took the more notice of surroundings; and one of the first things to strike him was, that of the two bargemen for whom the boat had waited in Nan-ngan-fou, only one took a hand with the rest in managing the craft. He in the bamboo hat, whose appearance and association with the tragic torture-scene had specially interested our hero, vanished "under hatches" almost immediately after he came on board, and in the course of four or five days was seen no more on deck. Hillyard, as soon as he adverted to the circumstance, naturally began to speculate on it. He recalled the whispered conversation with Jo-han in the courtyard, the look of intense pain on the man's face as he came on board, the fact that it was himself and his companion who brought the news of the martyrs' execution, the extreme anxiety manifested by all in the boat until he appeared, and the unconcealed relief it was to all when he did. After some cogitations, Eustace also remembered the terms in which Jo-han had introduced him to the boat's crew as "Father Chang's particular friend"—a designation which had sorely puzzled him at the time, but which now began to gather a ray of light that went far to explain the disposal made of himself. Putting all these things together, Eustace concluded that the ostensible bargeman was none other than the poor fugitive native priest — the distinguished Father Chang.

It was not till the boats, of which there were several, had entered the tributary river where towns were not so numerous, and where the rich cultivated lands, through which the navigation lay, were varied by the occasional stretches of barren marsh, rather plentiful in Kiang-see, that the mysterious passenger, who occupied so large a portion of our hero's thoughts, ventured on deck. It was a moonlight night when he first shewed up — a light unfavourable to chance recognition; and when Hillyard noticed the glance cast hurriedly around the barge rest deliberately on himself, he no longer doubted the stranger's identity. Father Chang approached the young man, and sat down beside him on an empty tea box.

"You speak French?" he asked, in an assured voice, as though already aware of the fact, and himself speaking in that language. "Yes; Jo-han told me so," he added, in reply to Hillyard's affirmative monosyllable. "How do you come to be in the heart of China, which is so well guarded against foreigners?"

Eustace then recounted to the native priest all the circumstances connected with his presence in the Flowery Land. Father Chang heard him with great attention; and when he alluded to the disturbed state of affairs in the neighbouring provinces, which had rendered impossible his return by way of Canton, the face of the priest clouded.

"Yes," he replied; "it is to that outbreak Kiang-see owes it that her Christian communities are thrown into consternation, and their priests martyred, or fly-

ing for their lives. The mandarins are in terror lest the higher authorities visit on them this rebellion, as the outcome of defective vigilance on their part; and, as a matter of course, they will vent their passions on us. If the movement begun in Nan-ngan-fou, which has deprived us of a most dear brother, and of two fervent Christians, should spread through the Province, our Fathers of St. Lazare will have to quit their residences, close their seminaries and orphanages, and take refuge among the mountains. "Doubtless," he continued, "you understand why you are here and where you are going?"

"I have surmises, but can hardly say I know," returned Eustace. "The guide who brought me from Quang-tong gave me to understand that in this boat I should be carried to a place of security. He mentioned the name of Father Chang—" and here he looked inquiringly at the other.

"That is my name," rejoined the priest. "I am one of many native priests who have been educated at the schools and seminaries of the Lazarist Fathers. That is why I speak French; it is taught there. Jo-han who is well known to us, having been often employed as guide, made me acquainted in few words with the necessity in which you stand; and I directed him to take you to the barges about to leave Nan-ngan-fou. It was the means of escape I had planned for myself, when our dear Father Tomasin was taken; but I could not think of leaving till I saw how things went with him. I took the precaution of assuming

this disguise, and with an oar in my hand to aid it, I returned to the neighbourhood of his prison. His conflict is closed; and I am taking the sad yet glorious news to our Fathers at Kien-chang-fou, which I shall try to reach across country after seeing you safe with our faithful Pau-shan."

"Pau-shan—Jo-han spoke of him. Who is he?"

"He is the representative of one of our old Christian families, descended from a noble convert of the days of Ruggiero and Almeida, of Ricci and Cataneo. You must bear in mind that there is a Christian China as well as a Pagan China, although unhappily, through almost ceaseless persecution, the latter still vastly outnumbers the former. I might call it rather Infidel than Pagan, for it is sheer indifference and the spirit of worldliness that stand between our people and Christianity. Pau-shan is a noble specimen and devoted to the Faith. He is a man of fair learning. He was educated at one of our colleges, but shewed no vocation to the religious life. He has two sons, fine lads, who may perhaps receive that grace. Pau-shan himself has followed mercantile pursuits, and carries on a considerable tea-trade. His residence of Hiang-chay lies among the western spurs of the Bohea Hills; we shall reach it in eight or ten days."

Father Chang might have added that he, also, was descended from a long line of Catholic ancestors who had given both priests and martyrs—many of them—to the Church; but humility kept him silent on that point.

## CHAPTER XXXIII

THE villa of Hiang-chay stood on the lower slope of a not very high hill—one of many, to which the loftier ranges eastward formed a picturesque back-ground. On three sides the hill was terraced and cultivated nearly to the summit, its crown of rock preventing cultivation being carried quite to the top, as was generally, if not always, done when practicable. Where the slopes were very steep, the terraces were fortified with facings of stone-work; and near the top of the hill was an artificial reservoir, the rain collected in which was carried by miniature canals to every part of the cultivated ground where the *Thea Bohea* flourished in all its beauty and usefulness. The gathering season was long past, and the shrub, a late bloomer, was beginning to display its odorous yellow blossoms. Many cottages, and even villages, bordered the river, and dotted the adjacent hill-sides, those in the neighbourhood of the villa being the homes of Pau-shan's work-people and boatmen, the rest occupied by the small peasant proprietors, among whom the soil of China is almost all distributed; these last finding at the local factory a convenient market for the tea under their cultivation.

The villa itself was a large one-story building of stone, roofed with tiles. It was surrounded by a garden of middling size, laid out according to the most ap-

proved Chinese taste, in what we call landscape gardening. Its tiny park sloped to the stream, up which our hero has just travelled; and a miniature canal, utilized for irrigation purposes, provided an excuse for one or two little zig-zag bridges, as well as a small expanse in a convenient corner, where grew the waterlily and lotus.

Beyond the garden proper, a small tract of marsh, overgrown with the beautiful *lien-whay*, whose dark, shiny leaves and delicate almond-flavoured fruit, rendered it at once useful and ornamental, supplied to the eye a larger pond than the limits of the garden itself could afford. Along the river-bank flourished the oleander, and around the house, roses, begonias, double jessamine, and the splendid Chinese peonies in all shades—notably the rare and beautiful yellow—presented in season the most delightful sights. At the time of Hillyard's arrival, none of these were in bloom; but asters and chrysanthemums were out in all their glory.

The house itself corresponded with its surroundings—comfort without undue luxury, elegance without splendour. A wide verandah compassed it on three sides, the long windows opening onto which, were shaded by blinds of bamboo work, glass being unknown to the celestials. The main entrance led into a large hall used for the reception of strangers. Two rows of pillars, four in each row, divided it in some sort into three compartments. These pillars, as well as the floor and wainscoting of the walls, were of

walnut, carved in some places, and highly varnished. Three of the large ornamental lanterns, so characteristic of the country, depended, one in each compartment, from the painted and gilded roof. But the most beautiful thing in the hall was the partition which separated it from the inner hall, or family-room. It was of the most delicate bamboo lace-work, and extended from floor to ceiling. The inner entrance was covered with a *portière* of flowered taffeta from the looms of Han-chow-fou; and on cabinets of inlaid work, at each end of the hall, stood specimens of the delicate porcelain-ware of King-te-ching. A few large vases of the same containing flowers, and the necessary supply of chairs and small tables completed the arrangement of Pau-shan's drawing-room.

Of the rest of the house, we need not say much. Of course, everything was plainer, although abundantly comfortable. The inner hall, or family-room, opened on a large court encircled by another verandah, on which also the different apartments opened. The partitions between these were of a more substantial though less ornamental character. Mango trees, and those of the mandarin orange, adorned the middle of the court, while beyond lay the kitchen-garden—an important item in that land of vegetarians. Instead of porcelain-ware, the cabinets of the family-room contained a fair supply of books; and a large table occupied the centre of the room, around which the family assembled to meals in regular western fashion, the celestial custom of a tiny table for each person

being a ceremonious arrangement observed only on festal occasions. There was, throughout the house, a complete absence of the mottoes which, embroidered on hangings or painted on the walls, constitute a chief feature of Chinese ornamentation, and take the place of pictures. To have displayed Christian texts or emblems might have been dangerous, everything belonging to Catholic worship being regarded by the ignorant Pagans as pertaining to superstitions and diabolical practices; and the maxims of the Philosophers, although good in themselves, might have been taken to indicate some sort of compromise. The sheds containing the ovens, and other apparatus for tea-manufacture, were at a short distance from the house; but we will not inflict on the reader any details concerning them, as everybody already knows all about tea-making, and it has nothing whatever to do with our story.

The tea-plantation, as we have said, covered but three sides of the hill. The northern slope, which was steep and rocky, had been left in possession of its primeval pines which grew densely, as did also the undergrowth of shrubs. A winding path led from the terraces to a spot in the heart of the pine-wood, where had been erected a stone chapel in which the Christian community assembled for prayers on Sundays and holidays; and when the presence of a priest permitted, assisted at Mass and received the Sacraments. The building was so judiciously placed, and so well concealed, that although its erection ante-dated many



fiere persecutions, it had never yet been destroyed or even discovered by the enemy.

Pau-shan, the proprietor of the above premises, was a fine-looking specimen of the Chinaman, tall and robust, stately without pomposity, fresh coloured and pleasant-looking. When Eustace Hillyard, landing at the wharf near the factory, was escorted to the villa by Father Chang, preceded and announced by the two boys, Michael and Leo, who met them at the boat, he was charmed with the appearance of his future host, as he stood on the verandah to welcome the priest, clad in his robe of ceremony of soft flowered silk. He received both travellers with great urbanity and respect; a little too ceremoniously, Hillyard thought, but that he afterward discovered was an indispensable part of national custom, carried sometimes to an oppressive and ridiculous extreme. The mistress of the mansion, who shared in all things the respect and authority of her husband, also received our hero very graciously, and impressed him most favourably. She was a lady of Tartar family, and her name was Tooktan.

It only remains to introduce our reader to the daughter of the house, and then he can make himself quite at home in Hiang-chay. Paula Pau-shan was the eldest of the three children, being about seventeen years old, while Michael and Leo were in the neighbourhood of fifteen and thirteen respectively. She was the very light of the home. Slender and graceful in form, her lovely fair face, with its delicately rounded

features and beautiful bloom, her luxuriant golden-hair swept back from the forehead, the pretty feet, undeformed by outrageous compression—thanks to the Tartar mother<sup>1</sup>—even the almond-shaped eyes were full of attraction; and as she moved about the house in her “divided skirt” and loose jacket of pale blue taffetas, and her dainty embroidered slippers, the national fashion of flowery head-gear represented by a single white rose among her heavy braids, she was a perfect picture. Still more lovely were her winning ways and affectionate manners, while the devotion and caresses bestowed on her mother were most touching. Her parents and brothers fully appreciated her; she was the centre of all hearts; and indeed the tender affection subsisting in this family was beautiful to see.

Eustace had been installed for several days at Chiang-chay, in the enjoyment, we may say, of a more suitable dress pressed on his acceptance by his host, to whom his story had been made known by Father Chang, and accepted rather out of deference to the family than for any other reason; the clothes of his would-be assassin being unfit to wear in their company, however available as a disguise. At the end of that time, Pau-shan, whose French like Hillyard's Chinese, was only adequate to the merest common-places of every-day intercourse, made to our hero, through the medium of Father Chang, a very impor-

<sup>1</sup> The Tartar women do not adopt this Chinese custom.

tant proposition. This was that he should engage with him for at least a year, at a salary of two hundred *taels* to instruct his sons in Latin and French. It was his intention, Father Chang said, to send the boys later on to the Lazarist College at Kien-tchang-fou. But at present they were fully young; and the troubles threatening the country—which might even, ere long, disturb Kiang-see—rendered it advisable to keep them at home yet a while. At the same time, he thought this opportunity for their prosecuting preparatory studies, quite too good to be lost. He had all the necessary books, relics of his own college days. This proposal sent a thrill of joy and hope through the heart of Eustace. He saw in it the means of earning wherewithal to pay his travelling expenses to Shang-hai. True, it would detain him for a year in China, but without it he saw no prospect of leaving the Flowery Empire at all. His joy, however, stumbled against a consideration which sobered it a little, and caused him to hesitate. It was evident both Father Chang and Pau-shan thought he was a Catholic; honour demanded he should undeceive them.

"I know not how to thank you and your friend," he said, in answer to the proposal. "From every point of view it would be desirable for me. But in accepting such a trust, I think it needful there should be no misconception of any kind. You doubtless regard me as a Catholic?"

"Are you not a Christian?" asked the priest, surprise in his tones and something stronger in his face.

"Oh! yes, I am a Christian. I have been, to the best of my belief, baptized, and I believe all the doctrines of Christianity. But I am descended from a family which separated from the Church some three hundred years ago.

"At the so-called Reformation — I understand," said Father Chang, while his brow visibly clouded. "You are what Europeans call a Protestant. Now, answer me." And he fixed his eyes with a searching look on Hillyard's face. "What brought you into China? Was it to propagate that heresy, and to add infinitely to the miseries of our poor Catholics by unsettling them in their holy faith, by dividing them among themselves, by robbing them of the priceless treasure which they and their fathers have preserved, and still can preserve, only through sacrifices the most bitter, martyrdoms the most dreadful?"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Eustace, passionately. "A thousand times, no. My coming here, as I told you, was an accident, or an imprudence, whichever you like to call it. But the motive you suggest——"

"I may be judging hastily," interrupted the priest. "I hope so. But the revolution now going on in the two southern provinces is well known to have its origin in attempts of the kind I mention. It is well known that the wretched leader of the insurrection poses as a convert of the so-called Protestant clergy at Canton. The disturbance began as a religious movement, this Hoong arrogating to himself the right of interpreting, according to his own views, the Scrip-

tures supplied to him by these ministers of error. The political outbreak in which it has culminated is penetrated to its core by the hallucinations of the fanatic; for carrying to its logical conclusion that supposed right of private interpretation which has already given to the Christian world so many heresies, he has assumed a self-imposed mission to establish on earth the Protestant fiction known as the *Millenium*. He calls his murderous rabble the 'Tai-ping,' or Heavenly Soldiers; and I am sufficiently acquainted with European history to know that the methods of these Tai-ping are not without parallels in the history of Protestantism."

While the Lazarist was speaking, it dawned on the mind of Hillyard that, by associating himself with Protestantism, he had laid himself open to the suspicion of being at least a sympathizer, if not an actual participant in the disturbance which had broken out. It was done, however, and he could but vindicate himself.

"You must see," he said "that if I were even remotely connected with, or interested in the movement you speak of, I would not be here. I would be where I could aid it, and advance my own interests with the leader."

"That is true," responded the priest, reflectively.

"You must also see," the young man continued, "that if I had the remotest desire to introduce anything contrary to the Catholic Faith, I would not have told upon myself, but would have allowed you

to think me what I am not. I have been honest; and therefore, I deserve your confidence."

"That, again, is true," replied Father Chang.

"Now, were I a Protestant whole-hearted, as I may say—devoted, that is, to the particular views in which I was brought up—it would still require a very un-called-for and deliberate going out of my way, to mix up such things with the study of Latin and French. The same sense of honour which led me to undeceive you would, even in that case, deter me. But such is not the case. I am not in any sense attached to the religion in which I was educated. What is there in Protestantism to be attached to? It is simply a negation—a denial. No one can be attached to a mere denial. A man may embrace it, propagate it, fight for it, because his worldly interest is implicated; but love it? No. On the other hand I do love the Catholic Church. I have lived in Catholic countries, in Rome itself; and I love them. I believe all her teachings, and would not be sorry to call her Mother."

"What then holds you back?" asked the Lazarist, brightening. "Is it worldly interest? O! my friend, 'What will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?'"

"It is not a question of worldly interest. My rank and possessions in my own country, should I be fortunate enough to return to it, are happily secure to me, whatever religion I may profess. What holds me back? Well, those who know me best would tell you it was frivolity, carelessness, indifference. Perhaps these

words correctly express my natural character. But misfortune has great power to sober a man and make him think. My recent experiences have been of a nature to sober me; and the heroic sacrifices I have lately seen made for Catholic Truth cause me to hate and despise myself as a poltroon who shrinks from the sacrifice required of him."

"What sacrifice, if your rank and wealth are secure to you?"

Eustace hesitated a moment; then he made answer, his face flushing with emotion:

"The woman I love is lost to me, if I become a Catholic. Perhaps she is lost to me now. I may never return to my own land or I may return only to find her wedded to another. Still, I cherish hope. But she is a Protestant, and I have her own assurance she will never marry a Catholic."

"Is she so bitter against the truth?"

"No, she is not bitter; but she has strong opinions on the subject of mixed marriages."

"I do not wonder. We have sometimes seen a whole community exposed to dreadful persecution through a disagreement with a Pagan husband or wife. But you, my friend, cannot afford to lose your soul for a woman. If we love father or mother more than Christ, we are not worthy of him."

For a few moments both were silent.

Then Eustace resumed: "You now know all the truth regarding myself. What do you advise in the matter of your friend's proposal?"

"I think," said the Lazarist, after a little reflection, during which he took account of the possibility of Hillyard's intimate conversion, "it would be well to accept it. I have every confidence in you. And I think it unnecessary, under all the circumstances, to touch with Pau-shan on the matter you have confided to me. In view of the political events transpiring it might cause him a needless alarm; I hardly require to caution you that any lack of discretion with others would expose not only yourself to imminent danger, but also all those who have befriended you."

So Eustace was installed as temporary tutor to Michael and Leo Pau-shan: and Father Chang, after a few days devoted to the spiritual interests of the community at Hiang-chay, departed across country to the city of Kien-tchang-fou, where the Lazarist Fathers had a seminary and other establishments.



## CHAPTER XXXIV

THE life of Eustace Hillyard for the next few months passed tranquilly enough and even pleasantly, in the retirement to which circumstances had led him. He soon grew to love his two young pupils, whom he found singularly apt and intelligent, as well as industrious. They, in turn, became much attached to him, and out of work hours, delighted to take him over the tea-farm, and on excursions among the neighbouring hills and valleys. He soon stood high in the good graces of Touktan: while servants, work-people and villagers vied with each other in the effort to be friendly and obliging. Of the beautiful Paula he saw comparatively little, except at meal-times, when she always showed herself equally gracious and modest. She spent nearly all her time with her mother, the balance being devoted to the chapel, of which, as the boys informed Eustace, Paula was sacristan. They also apprized him that they themselves did duty as acolytes, and had the honour of serving Mass when a priest visited the station; but this fact he had already learned through ocular evidence during the few days Father Chang had remained.

As for Pau-shan himself, he took greatly to the young Briton, and gave him much of his company. He was remarkably intelligent, and, for a Chinaman,

unusually talkative. Fairly well posted on many subjects, his hobby of hobbies was his country, its history, its antiquities, its social and political vicissitudes; and when seated of an evening with Eustace on the verandah, he would entertain him with copious details on these subjects, as they indulged together in a social pipe. At first, a great deal of what he said was lost to his listener; for it must be remembered that Eustace was now thrown entirely on his limited knowledge of Chinese. Daily intercourse with the family was fast improving that; and the harangues of his host served the same purpose, even while they failed to impart any very precise knowledge of events. It was in this connection that Eustace listened to them with attention and interest. He felt himself making rapid and satisfactory progress with the language, even while he could not, as yet, tell "t'other from which" among the worthies whose names all sounded alike. His hitherto acquaintance with Chinese affairs was of the newspaper pattern, and strictly limited to British relations. He had also, early in life, gleaned from the delicious pages of *Lalla Rookh* the information that the Emperors Yao and Chun reigned many centuries before the Dynasty of Tang; and from some unremembered source had imbibed the impression that the period of the said Dynasty was recorded, in the native annals, as the time during which the world was made.

The first thing which mildly startled our hero into paying some attention to the matter of Pau-

shan's discourse, as well as to the medium in which it was conveyed, was the discovery that the above-mentioned Dynasty of Tang began to reign no farther back than the early part of the seventh century of our era. This discovery brought along with it the presumption that surely, after all, he was being told about real men, genuine members of the human family, and not about myths and genii, as he had hitherto supposed. He one day expressed himself to this effect, quoting Fadladeen's crockery, and alluding to the amazing style of ancient chronology credited to the celestials.

"The author you quote," replied his host, "probably meant the dynasty of Chang, which, although long subsequent to Yao and Chun, was still very ancient, reigning between the years 1766 and 1122 before our Christian Era.

"That *is* very ancient," returned Eustace, half astonished, half incredulous. "Still I think the world was made some time even before that date."

Pau-shan laughed. "You do not surely," he said, "credit us with believing the fabulous chronologies of the Ti-whang and Gin-whang? It is true that, in India, fables of the kind are gravely accepted, but not so in Cathay. By the followers of Confucius—for, of course, I do not speak of the Christian population—they are not only held in contempt, but even in abhorrence, as being the teaching of the Tao-tse, an extravagant sect which, in early times, overran the country, and withdrew the people from the original

worship of the Supreme Being, as taught to our forefathers, in the earliest dawn of their civilization, by our much revered ancients, Soui-gin-chiand Fou-hi—of whom I think I told you. That worship was restored by Confucius, and is still adhered to by the educated classes; although some even of our emperors have allowed themselves to be intoxicated by the absurd pretensions of that miserable sect to confer on them an earthly immortality. The masses of the people were again carried away by the inflow of Buddhism from India, under the Han Dynasty; a modified form of it, certainly, but still, rampant idolatry.”

While listening to this *résumé* of ancient history, Hillyard's mind reverted to a subject which had been to him a source of great surprise, namely the Christian Church of China. If at any time he had come across allusions to the French and Portuguese missionaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, their names had been so utterly disconnected with anything in the way of religious achievement, that he had remained, all his life, under the profound impression that the London and other Missionary Societies had inaugurated the first attempt to make known the Gospel to the Chinese. The assurance of the Rev. Azariah Rodwell, that the noted lexicographer of 1807 was absolutely the first apostle ever sent out to that benighted people, tallied exactly with his previous belief, although it drew from him a disparaging criticism on the matter of results. At Choo-ling, a new light began to dawn upon him; but personal troubles weighed so heavily

that he only at moments adverted to it. Since his installment, however, in the quiet villa, his thoughts had more than once dwelt upon the subject with wonder and curiosity; and he very naturally alluded to it on the present occasion. Pau-shan's eyes brightened.

"It is so," he answered. "The Luminous Religion, as Christianity was anciently called, was preached in Cathay from a very early date. In the ninth year of the reign of Tai-tsoung, first ruler of the great Dynasty of Tang, the holy man Olopen, with his companions, came to Sin-gan-fou, ancient capital of our empire, from the Far West, from the kingdom of Ta-Tsin, bearing the Scriptures of the True Doctrine, and the Sacred Images. They came by way of the Stone Tower, across the vast desert of Tartary; as did also the merchants who came to trade, and who carried to the Far West our silks and the delicate teas of Yun-nan. The emperor commanded his First Minister, Fan-hi-wen-ling, to go with a great retinue to meet the holy men, and bring them to his palace, where he had them translate the Sacred Writings into the language of Cathay. The Court listened to the holy doctrine, and multitudes of the people embraced it. The emperor also commanded a temple to be built, and shewed to the holy man Olopen great honour, appointing him the Guardian of the empire. His son, Kao-tsoung, built Luminous Temples<sup>1</sup> in all the pro-

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Catholic churches.

vinces; the temples filled a hundred cities, and the people enjoyed great happiness. Under six emperors of this great Dynasty the Luminous Doctrine flourished in Cathay; as did also all the Arts, insomuch that the country was greater and more highly civilized than it has ever been since."

"You astonished me!" exclaimed Eustace, opening wide his eyes at this relation. "Are these things actually recorded in your annals?"

"They are recorded in the Encyclopedia published under the succeeding Dynasty of Song,<sup>1</sup> as also by Min-kieou, who wrote under the same; but especially and in full they are recorded on the marble tablet preserved at Sin-gan-fou in the monastery of the City of Gold, formerly the monastery of the Sublime Humanity, as is stated in the great Imperial Geography."

"I never heard of it."

"In the reign of Tien-ki of the Dynasty of Ming, it was found. Some workmen digging a grave for Hoa-sing, to the south of the monastery of the City of Gold, found the monument which had lain hidden for nearly nine hundred years, having been raised in the second year of Kien-tchoung. It was engraved by Lou-sion-yen, councillor of the palace, who came from Ta-Tsin.<sup>2</sup> It records a summary of Christian doctrine, also the names of the holy men who came from Ta-Tsin, and the favour shown to the Luminous Doctrine by our rulers."<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A. D. 1005.

<sup>2</sup> *Ta-Tsin*: Europe. <sup>3</sup> *Christianity in China*, etc., M. l'abbé Huc.

"Ta-Tsin—where is that?"

But Pau-shan's geography was not equal to so great a strain. It was in the Far West; that was all he knew. He, however, went on to recount the bitter persecutions which the Chinese Christians had to suffer from the Buddhists and mandarins, and which exercised a baleful influence on the spread of the Luminous Doctrine, although in Western China there were still Christians when Genghis-khan overran the empire.

"And in all the days of the great Kublai-Khan," he went on to say, "other holy men came from the Far West, and restored the True Doctrine in Kambalu, which is Pe-king, and in the great city of Han-chow-fou, where a cathedral, a church and a monastery were built. Two churches were built at Kambalu by the Archbishop Jo-han; afterwards, there were seven other bishops, first three, then four; and great multitudes were converted to the Faith. Then came the holy man Oderic, who converted countless numbers. But the dogs of Revolution barked; the Mongol Dynasty of Yuen was expelled; and the light of the missions went out, so that when the great doctor Ly-ma-teou came to the Central Kingdom, in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Wan-lie, of the Dynasty of Ming, the soil which had been dug was again become hard like the rock."

"Ly-ma-teou—who is he?"

A look of such astonishment, mingled with suspicion, crossed the face of Pau-shan at this question, that Eustace, surprised in turn, feared he had in some

way betrayed himself. His host, however, proceeded to explain in a rather injured tone, that Ly-ma-teou had come to the court of the Ming Emperor from Ma-kow.

"Ah! Macao," exclaimed Eustace, relieved to find a clue at which he could catch, "I understand. He was one of the Portuguese Fathers from Macao."

Pau-shan brightened, and nodded his head.

"Never," continued the Chinaman, "did the True Doctrine spread as it did in the days of Ly-ma-teou. There were with him other Fathers, many of them. They had mission at Tchao-chow, Nan-chang-fou, Nan-king, Pe-king, Shang-hai, Han-chow-fou, and many other places. They converted many mandarins and men of letters; also a vast number of peasants and poor people. They founded at Nan-king a college for native priests. The emperor loved Ly-ma-teou, and invited him to stay and preach the Luminous Doctrine at Pe-king. His magnificence also appointed to the holy Father and his companions a suitable income and a dwelling close to the imperial palace. It was this Emperor Wan-lie, who officially established the mission of Pe-king; and when Ly-ma-teou saluted the Age,<sup>1</sup> the Son of Heaven awarded to the Fathers who remained the Pagoda known as the Temple of Discipline and Goodness, to serve them for a church and residence, together with a large piece of ground for a cemetery. But persecution did not sleep. In the later days of this same Wan-lie, Kio-tchin, the prime min-

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<sup>1</sup> i. e., Died.



ister, who hated Christians, pursued them with malignity. The Fathers were banished from their missions, and Christians, both foreign and native, were imprisoned, loaded with chains, cruelly scourged, starved, some of them to death, kept for weeks in cages like wild animals. Again the Light would assuredly have gone out, but that Providence mercifully raised up among our highest mandarins three who were fervent Christians; these were Ly-Paul, Ly-Leo, and Ly-Michael,<sup>1</sup> after whom I have honoured myself by naming my three children. Those men are the glory of Cathay. Their wisdom learning, and true excellence are worthy of all praise. By the mercy of God, the cruel Kio-tchin was cast down from his high estate, and the holy doctor, Ly-Paul, was elevated in his stead to be prime minister of the empire. Then the sun shone out. The missionaries were recalled, the Christians protected, and truth flourished.

"Then came the mighty Tang-jo-wang. It was as though Ly-ma-teou had arisen from the grave. He had many Fathers with him. It was in his time the marble tablet was found at Sin-gan-fou. The Emperor Tchoung-Tching loved him well. Tchoung-Tching was the last Ming Emperor. During the wars which overthrew this dynasty, the worshippers of the Lord of Heaven, with Tang-jo-wang at their head, suffered no eclipse; and in the reign of Kang-te, of sublime memory, numerous Fathers entered the Central Kingdom, and

<sup>1</sup> *Ly* means simply, *Doctor*. It is the only *title* among the Chinese.

were protected and encouraged by that most noble sovereign. But alas! his son, Yung-tching, turned loose once more the dogs of persecution. In his reign and that of Kien-loong, the Fathers were banished from the empire; and although the native priests remained, and many even of the European Fathers eluded the edict, they were all compelled to conceal themselves among the mountains. More than three hundred churches were destroyed or profaned, and more than three hundred thousand Christians of Cathay were once again exposed to the outrages of their enemies. The cloud has not yet passed; and our priests plant and water the Vineyard of the Lord of Heaven only at the peril of their lives."

This last remark recalled to Eustace the dreadful scene at Nan-ngan-fou, a reminiscence which so affected him that he could make no rejoinder. From the fact of his hitherto ignorance on the subject—an ignorance but too common in those days—the foregoing relation made a deep impression on him. True, he remained considerably mystified on some points. The system of Pau-shan's chronology left him a good deal in the dark as to dates; he could not be expected to recognize the "ninth year of Tching-kouan" as the year 636 of our era, nor to identify our A. D. 747 with "the year Tien Pas." With respect to the missionaries, even had he recognized in Ly-ma-teou and Tang-jo-wang the illustrious Jesuits, Matthew Ricci and Adam Schall; these great names were associated in his mind almost exclusively with their mathematical, astronomical

and literary achievements; and the glimpse now given him of their spiritual work would have been no less an unlooked-for revelation. While revolving at his leisure all these matters, Eustace realized with ever-increasing wonder the amazing amount of inadvertence which obtains—an inadvertence in which he frankly acknowledged himself to have been deeply implicated.

## CHAPTER XXXV

China, like other countries, has not been without its political revolutions; or rather, to put it more exactly, China has enjoyed more than her fair share of such upheavals. Not to speak of foreign invasion—mostly Tartar—chronic discontent seems to have been from time immemorial, the prevailing disposition throughout her extensive provinces. To borrow Pausanias's figure of speech, the dogs of Revolution have been much given to barking in the Flowery Land; and their bite has usually been considerably worse than their bark. The widely extended system of secret societies has been at once a cause and a consequence of this discontent; while another manifest revolutionary element has been the jealousies and ambition of rival governors, striving to put on the style of kings and bent on humbling each other. In her numerous changes of dynasty, revolutionary leaders have almost always had a hand; and of these, some from small and obscure beginnings have, like the founders of the Han and Song Dynasties, succeeded in attaining the imperial vermilion, and raised themselves to the throne of the empire, while others—a large majority—have only attained to the point of a sword, their own or somebody else's. For these anarchistic sentiments and transactions, the Province of Quang-see, in Southern China, has always been con-

spicuous, probably from the fact that its mountain fastnesses were largely peopled by the turbulent Miaou-tse, descendants of the ancient aboriginal inhabitants of the empire.

Disturbances, therefore, being a recognized order of the day, it was not to be expected that the first rumblings of the Tai-ping rebellion should cause immediate alarm. The wildest imagination could not have dreamed that a fanatical movement, started and carried out by a poor schoolmaster, should end in desolating the richest provinces of China, should shake the imperial throne to its foundation, should sacrifice millions of lives, and cause an amount and extent of devastation such as was never paralleled in the most bloody wars in which the empire was ever engaged.

As the reader has learned from the communications made by the Protestant missionary to Eustace Hillyard, on board the *Seringapatam*, the originator and leader of this vast insurrection, Hoong-sen-tsuen, (whose rather cumbersome name we shall take the liberty of reducing to its patrimonial first syllable, after the excellent example of Mr. Annesley Dodds) was a poor schoolmaster belonging to a dirty little village of Quang-tong, about thirty miles from Canton. Seventeen years or so before the period of our story, he came to that city to pass the competitive literary examinations, which in China are held of the greatest importance, and are the exclusive key to promotion and advancement of every kind. Having been unsuccessful, Hoong returned to his native village, carrying

with him several copies of a pamphlet which had been gratuitously bestowed on him while wandering through the foreigners' suburb of Canton. This pamphlet, none other than the *Good Words for Exhorting the Age*, with which we have already made acquaintance—contained a setting-forth of the doctrines of the New Testament. Hoong read it, and then consigned it to his book-shelf. About three years later, he came up once more to Canton to pass the examinations, and was again unsuccessful. Disappointment, fatigue, and perhaps other causes, broke him down so completely that he had to be taken home, where for forty days his life was despaired of. During his fits of delirium, the truths which he had gathered from *Good Words*, etc., and seemed to have forgotten, recurred, as was natural, to his memory, and jumbled themselves up with the fantasies of his over-excited brain. These complet fantasies took such hold on him that, on recovering, he fancied he had seen a vision wherein power was given him to exterminate all demons. It was not till six years afterwards that, chancing to look into the forgotten pamphlets, he there found the doctrines which had coloured his delirious ravings. Instead of recognizing the very ordinary influence their previous reading had exercised over his fevered imagination, he jumped to the conclusion that he was elected to establish the Reign of Messiah upon Earth, and proceeded to invest himself with a supernatural mission and attributes which in time became openly blasphemous. He gave up his school, and with a convert—for

he had made several—he left the village and adjourned to the neighbouring turbulent Province of Quang-see.

It was not difficult for Hoong and his convert-friend, Fung-yun-san, to spread their views rapidly among the Miaou-tse, and to gather to their standard Quang-see's half-robber, half-savage population. They had only to be profuse in their promises of promotion and reward when their "Heavenly Kingdom of Great Peace" should be established. They began operations by forcibly destroying the idols in different places, which brought the authorities down upon them. This check retarded matters for a time. Hoong withdrew into retirement at Canton, where, under the direction of an American missionary, Issachar Roberts by name, he pursued his study of the "foreign Scriptures," leaving his friend Fung to work up the Miaou-tse; and it was not till towards the close of the year 1849 that the two friends, all their plans being matured, finally returned to Quang-see to put them into execution. The death of the reigning emperor probably shaped their proceedings; for as their heterogeneous following was traditionally devoted to the former pure Chinese dynasty of Ming, the moment seemed favourable for an uprising which should establish the Cantonese schoolmaster and his "Heavenly Kingdom of Great Peace" upon the ruins of the Mantchoo Tartar dynasty. Matters were in this condition at the time Eustace arrived in China; and during the year and a half which have elapsed since his memorable and fatal voyage up the Pearl

River, the robber hordes of the Tai-ping have been carrying fire and sword through the villages and towns of Quang-see and Quang-tong.

Victorious in every engagement over the imperial forces sent against them, their plan of campaign was modelled on that of locusts. They advanced in formidable bands, first on villages and small towns, then, as they increased in numbers and audacity, on cities of every class. These they looted, compelling the inhabitants to join their standard, or, in case of refusal, putting them to death. They then took up their abode in the localities seized upon, and lived at their ease until every fragment of food they could lay hands upon was devoured; when they burned down as many dwellings and public buildings as possible, and then moved on to repeat the process on new territory. If there be such a thing on record as a respectable revolution—and it is conceivable—this rebellion was not of the number. It was not a respectable revolution whether as regards its aims, its methods, or the character of its leader; and the respectable portion of the Chinese people repudiated it, notably the Christian population. The Tai-ping—*Heavenly Soldiers*—were a band of ruthless marauders, nothing more. Plunder and destruction were their watchwords.

It will be readily surmised that the rumors of these murderous doings created great dismay at Hiang-chay, as elsewhere; especially when the savage hordes, making their way over the Mei-ling Pass,



spread themselves and their atrocities through the rich and smiling province of Kiang-see. The imperial troops sent to check their progress gave the unhappy country a lively foretaste of what it might expect from the insurgents themselves; for in the name of law and order they plundered and destroyed to their hearts' content. Fortunately, Hiang-chay, favoured by its retired situation, had hitherto escaped the notice of these rapacious cohorts; but no one could tell what a day might bring forth. Eustace saw the cloud deepen, day by day, on Pau-shan's thoughtful face; and soon every topic of discussion or of interest gave place to the all-absorbing one of the insurgent host, gradually but surely approaching them like an irresistible tide. Not that much was said. Fear was too strong to allow of many words. But eyes were turned restlessly towards the south and west, in dread anticipation, especially during the darker hours. After a time, Eustace awoke to the consciousness of a curious change taking place in Hiang-chay, both village and villa. First, certain stores, stacks of fodder, chests of tea and other agricultural products disappeared from the magazines and garden enclosures which had hitherto contained them. By-and-bye, he began to miss certain articles of ornament, as the rugs, curtains, lamps, porcelain, etc., from the villa; also from the cottages of the poorer class disappeared all but what absolute daily need demanded. At length, when on leaving his room one morning he perceived that during the night the beautiful lattice-

work partition between the two principal apartments had been removed, together with every portion of ornamental work which it was possible to detach from the walls, and that chairs, tables, etc., had been reduced to a minimum, his curiosity overcame his dignity, and he began to question young Michael.

"They have been put out of the way of the Tai-Ping," answered the boy.

"Where?" asked Hillyard. But Michael would not give any information on that point, and his tutor held it a point of honour not to press him. He felt intensely puzzled, however, for there was no conceivable place where they could be stored. He thought of the little chapel; but a visit to that retreat only puzzled him still further; for not only was there no indication of its being used for such a purpose, but the ornaments, crucifix, candlesticks, etc., belonging to the chapel itself, had also vanished. Eustace, however, had not long to wait in ignorance. It was toward the close of a cloudy cheerless day that he stood with Pau-shan at the door of the villa, his host as usual with anxious eyes scanning the horizon. In the dim twilight, all the surrounding country presented its normal aspect, but as darkness fell, a streak of red light appeared in the extreme distance. Pau-shan, seizing the young man's arm, pointed to it without speaking. Presently another and again another, at different points to the south-west.

"They are upon us! exclaimed the Chinaman. "We must lose no time. We must gather our people to-

gether, and conceal ourselves— Heaven only know for how long.”

“But where?” asked Eustace.

“I will show you,” returned Pau-shan. “Meanwhile I must seek the boys and send them to call together the Christian community. Would I might offer an asylum to our Pagan brethren also; but I dare not. It would be but to betray our poor but only refuge—a refuge which has done us service in many times of persecution. It would be to take from our hunted priests one of all-too-few hiding-places which stand between them and a death of torment. For a paltry bribe it would be betrayed to the mandarins.”

“Can you depend that none of the Christians will betray it?”

“We must trust in God for that. Such things are on record, no doubt, as the work of apostates; but they are very rare, and none have ever, as yet, been found to betray the asylum at Hiang-chay.”

Pau-shan, as he spoke, turned back into the house, and calling Michael and Leo, gave them the necessary directions. “Perhaps you would like to go with them?” he said inquiringly to Eustace. Replying in the affirmative, Hillyard set out with his young charge on their errand of mercy.

The Christian community was somewhat scattered, as a whole. The village, consisting almost entirely of Pau-shan’s labourers, tea-drivers, coolies, and boatmen, was soon warned of the danger, and summoned to the rendezvous. But many families lived

in isolated cottages or in distant or even Pagan villages. These last had to be notified with great precaution. The task involved a lengthened tramp for the two young lads and the Englishman. On their way they found many houses already deserted, chiefly those of the better class ; for others also had been long in expectancy, and all who could by any means do so, had fled to the large towns. It was very late when Eustace and the boys completed their rounds and took the most direct road home. While passing a rather poor dwelling, whose dark desolate appearance betokened it deserted, a plaintive little mewling attracted their attention.

"That is a poor kitten," said Eustace. "They've gone away and let the poor brute to starve."

"If it *be* a kitten," suggested Leo, doubtfully. "Come let us look for it."

They accordingly entered the rickety enclosure, the gate whereof stood open, and endeavoured to localize the pitiful mewling which grew feebler every moment. Although their eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness, they could see nothing whatever in the yard, animate or inanimate, excepting a small trough which lay, bottom uppermost, in its farthest corner. As the sounds appeared to come from that direction, the party proceeded to overturn the trough, bringing into view the tiny figure of a poor little infant about a month old. She must have lain there a considerable time, for the eyes were closed, and the feeble cries seemed as it were to ooze from her livid lips.

"What a shame!" exclaimed Eustace; "what monsters to treat the poor little thing in such a fashion!"

"They often do," answered the boys in a breath. "They have run away and left the child to die. We will take it home. And won't Paula be glad!" continued Michael, while Leo taking up the baby, wrapped it tenderly in the skirt of his tunic. It was but a scanty covering, yet circumstances admitted of nothing better, and the boy nestled the little creature close to his bosom, to keep the warmth in her until they should reach home.

"Paula will be glad, will she?" asked Eustace, just for something to say as they walked along.

"She won't be glad that the baby was left," explained Michael, "but only that we found it before it was dead."

"I understand. Is she very fond of babies?"

"Yes, but it is not that. It is that she can baptize it, and bring it up a Christian. Did you ever hear of the Nuns of the Holy Childhood?"

"I don't know that I ever did—but I may have forgotten," replied Eustace, adding the amendment less his ignorance should cause alarm.

"Perhaps there are none in your country. They don't leave their babies around in Europe—or drown them; do they?"

"Not as a general rule."

"Well, they do in Cathay—that is, the Pagans do. And the Nuns of the Holy Childhood go around

to find them—that is, the babies; and they take them home, and baptize them, so that if they die, they go straight to Heaven. They mostly die.”

“And then,” continued Leo, diverting his attention a moment from his tiny charge to take part in the conversation, “if they find any one with a poor, sickly little girl — it is always girls — they are going to drown, the nuns buy her for a few *sapacs*, and take her home.”

“Are there any of those nuns hereabouts ?”

“No,” answered the boys, in a regretful tone. “But Father Chang says there are convents full of them in many parts of Cathay. There are two, he says, at Nan-chang-fou—”

“Why that’s the town I passed through at the foot of the mountains!” exclaimed Eustace, who was still a little “mixed” over the shades of difference in Chinese orthography.

“That was Nan-ngan-fou. Nan-chang-fou is the capital of the Province—”

“At the mouth of the Kan-Kiang, where you come to the great lake—the Lake Poyang,” interposed Michael, eager to vindicate his geography, as well as to give the exact address.

“And there is one,” continued Leo, “at Kien-chang-fou. And when my father takes us there to college, he is going to take Paula to the Convent of the Holy Childhood.”

“To be a nun, do you mean?” asked Eustace, in surprise, mentally reverting to the superlative posi-

tion Paula indisputably held in the hearts of all her family."

"Certainly. Why else should she go?"

"And what does Paula say to that?"

The boys looked wonderingly at their tutor as he asked this question, although the gloom prevented him from observing it.

"Don't you see," they replied, "it is Paula who wishes to go. You do not imagine our father would send her unless her heart was set upon going?"

"No—I suppose not; of course, they would not. But it seems a strange idea for a girl like her. And in this country I should think it peculiarly uncomfortable. Don't they burn down the convents sometimes, and demolish the churches, and so on?"

"Oh! yes; but Paula won't mind. Why you should hear her tell about the Lovers of the Cross; they are far worse off."

"The Lovers of the Cross—who are they?"

"They are nuns too; a long way off—in Annam. And Father Chang says that when the priests there are in prison, the Lovers of the Cross carry them food on the sly, and do errands for them, and help them all they can."

"And are they not sometimes found out?"

"Oh! yes. And then they, too, are put in prison, and tortured, and put to death. Ask Paula; she will tell you all about them."

They walked the rest of the way in silence—a meditative silence for Eustace. The boys' chatter had

lifted another corner of the veil and revealed in Paula Pau-Shan a new development of Grace. When they reached Hiang-chay, and the Englishmen observed with a degree of advertence he had not hitherto bestowed on the young girl, the exquisite tenderness with which she received and caressed the little scurvy-stricken waif, and the mature gravity and angelic expression with which she poured on the head of the expiring infant, the holy waters of Baptism, he for the first time realized what is meant by a *vocation*, and recognized in the little Chinese maiden her true character—that of a saint.

Whether or not it was the long fatiguing walk during the dark hour of the night that overpowered our hero, the fact remains that he overslept himself, as on a former critical occasion, by two good hours. When he awoke, Pau-shan was standing by his bedside. There did not seem to be anyone else in the house. Hastily dressing himself, he followed his host into the garden, where he fully expected to find a gathering of those who had been summoned on the previous night; but not a soul was to be seen. Pau-shan carefully locked the door of the villa, from which the balance of the furnishings had disappeared, and signing to the young man to follow, led the way to the little chapel.

As we have before mentioned, it was built at a short distance from the house on the north side of



the hill which, being very steep and rocky, as well as densely wooded, had not been utilized for tea-culture like the rest. The approach to the chapel was by a narrow path, whose rather devious course made for several of the tea-terraces, and was well calculated to render it a blind road to the uninitiated. The chapel itself was quite concealed by the heavy foliage surrounding it. As soon as the Chinaman and Hillyard entered it, the former locked the door.

"We cannot," he observed, "be too cautious; although if they entered here I think we should still be safe."

Passing through the building, Pau-shan led the way to a small door on the "Gospel side" of the altar, by which the two entered the sacristy. This latter was a mere corridor about fifteen feet in length by seven in width and height respectively. It was lighted by two small windows, one at each end, placed in the upper part of the walls. Its outer wall, which constituted the rear of the building, was a mere facing to the hill itself, which had been perpendicularly sliced, so to speak, for a few feet, in order to admit of the arrangement. This wall consisted of five large slabs of stone, perfectly uniform, about a yard in width, and reaching from the floor to within eighteen inches of the ceiling; the remaining distance being filled in by a beautiful cornice of the camphor-laurel, plentifully employed in the trimmings of the church itself, furnished with pegs on which to hang vestments, etc. Pau-shan advanced to the central

slab, and pushing it gently with his hand, caused it to revolve inward on two thick, iron stanchions rivetted into the solid rock. Passing from the sacristy, Eustace found himself in a narrow but solidly-built arch-way, the farther end of which seem to defy all exit. Pau-shan, however, repeated the pressure on the rough, unchiselled surface; and this second slab, for such it was, revolved in like manner as the first, allowing the two men to pass into the light and air in a narrow rift, from which the pine-crowned hill arose perpendicularly on either side. The Chinaman stopped to secure both slabs, which, on this side, were supplied with ponderous fastenings.

"We are pretty safe here," he said, regarding the arrangements with great satisfaction. "This retreat was planned at the time the chapel was built, just after the cruel persecution of the wicked Kas-chin, of which I told you. It was a simple idea. This narrow path, you observe, leads into the quarry whence was taken all the stone used in the building of Hiang-chay and in the facing of the tea-terraces. The chapel was the last to be built; and it was suggested by one of quick wit, that by placing it so as to conceal the entrance way, the quarry might be rendered a useful place of refuge for our hunted priests, and even for ourselves in times of great distress. Following out the idea, everything was done that could be done, to render it secure. You observe that wall," he continued, pointing to a lofty and solidly-built bit of masonry which spanned the little ravine from side to

side, right over the exit from the archway, and on the top of which flourished a thick growth of shrubbery and trees; "it is filled in with soil sloping down to the chapel roof, and being closely planted, it conceals from casual observation the cleft in the hill, which is further screened by the abrupt and considerable bend of the pathway."

"It strikes me as a good idea," returned Eustace. "But in the case that any of your priests might be driven to concealment while you are here, how are they to get in? You have locked them out as well as the Tai-ping."

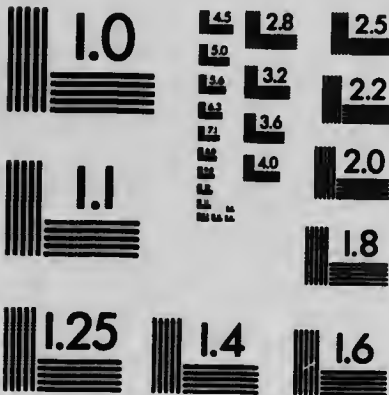
"There is another way into the quarry, known only to myself and the priests of the province. In case any should come and find the house deserted and the chapel closed, they could still gain entrance, but by a path impracticable for our present purpose."

Following the gradually descending roadway, Hillyard and the Chinaman soon arrived in the quarry, which presented an appearance as unexpected as satisfactory. Its possessors for two hundred years back had not neglected such improvements as were possible; and barring danger from starvation, it answered the purpose well, so long as no unlikely accident betrayed it to the enemy. In fact, it enclosed a regular village, now peopled by the Christian community summoned on the previous night. There had been no difficulty in erecting cottages where stone was so plentiful and handy. Even a small chapel had been built, and around it the cottages were grouped. In



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one of these the family of Pau-shan was endeavouring to improvise a temporary home; and needless to say, the stores, furniture, and other articles so unaccountably missing, were all to the fore. A deep well, supplied by a perennial spring, secured the refugees against a water-famine. Still, it was rather a dreary abode, and required the accompaniment of imminent peril to render it acceptable.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

THAT the little community of Hiang-chay should avail itself of the retreat, so providentially in their midst, was only reasonable. Besides the fact that to the average Chinaman discretion is the better part of valour, they were but an unarmed handful, which it would not have taken one of the robber bands—whether rebel or imperialist—many minutes to wipe out. But it is with unspeakable astonishment we find cities of great population, cities numbering their inhabitants by hundreds of thousands, walled cities which surely could have easily been fortified and defended, throwing open their gates to the insolent insurgents, and that not in the least through sympathy with the cause, but through sheer, unmitigated cowardice. Of the eighty walled cities in the Province of Kiang-see, all save four are said to have surrendered; and we may reasonably conclude that these four proved exceptions to the rule simply because they were not attacked. It was the same with the other provinces. In accordance with Chinese custom, the only plan of defense seems to have been as follows. When a town was threatened, those who could do so fled to another; and where flight was impracticable, the head of the family gathered together his valuables, including his wives and children, and cutting the throats of the latter, he set fire to

such of his valuables as would burn, and then hanged himself. At that rate, it will be seen that the Tai-ping rabble was bound to have an easy victory.

As to the rabble itself, it carried devastation all along its line of march. In the darkness of night, which was its favourite time of attack, it could be espied from a considerable distance by means of its standard which was a lighted flambeau. This flambeau consisted of a poor little babe, swathed in bandages, saturated with resin, impaled on the point of a spear, and set fire to. Such barbarity seems incredible, but it is vouched for by dependable witnesses. This was Free Interpretation's homage to the Babe of Bethlehem. It will naturally be supposed that Mr. Hoong, now fully and triumphantly embarked on the political element of his undertaking, gave no further heed to the fanatical impieties in which it originated. No such thing. He left his fighting to be done by his Chung-wang, or fighting kings, of whom he had four, whose operations he directed; while he himself carried on a species of apostolate among his numerous queens and lesser wives, surrounded by all the luxury the wholesale plunder of the country could supply. The temper and views of this self-elected apostle cannot be better elucidated than by giving the text of his edict published after Nan-king, ancient capital of the empire, succumbed to the heterogeneous but formidable and well-organized army of the Tai-ping. Nan-king was the objective point of their operations; and as soon as it was captured, Hoong proclaimed himself the Tien-wang, or



Heavenly King, and commanded the following to be published :

"Our Heavenly Prince has received the Divine commission to exterminate the Manchous—to exterminate them utterly, men women and children—to exterminate all idolaters generally, and to possess the Empire as its true Sovereign. It, and everything in it, is his; its mountains and rivers, its broad lands and public treasuries; you, and all that you have, your family, males and females, from yourself to your youngest child; and your property from your patrimonial estates to the bracelet on your infant's arm. We command the services of all, and we take everything. All who resists us are rebels and idolatrous demons, and we kill them without sparing; but whoever acknowledges the Heavenly Prince, and exerts himself in our service, shall have full reward—due honour and station in the armies and court of the Heavenly Dynasty." "Such," continues the authority<sup>1</sup> from which we quote, "was this proclamation, and frightfully did they act up to their boast. Wherever they went they committed such slaughter upon the helpless and innocent, and perpetrated such cruelties upon those whom they enslaved, that they turned the smiling country and its contented population into a hideous scene of ruin."

While these things were progressing outside, the time passed heavily enough with the dwellers in the quarry. Eustace especially suffered the martyrdom of

<sup>1</sup> *China and the Chinese* : p. 138.

inprisonment. The hope of escape from this land of his enforced sojourn, which had been his chief support during more than two years, was now farther off than ever. At times, the very sickness of death seemed to fall on his spirit. But he was young and naturally courageous and hopeful; and following the dictates of his native good sense, he usually did valiant battle with his despair, although not daring to let his thoughts dwell on the home and friends he might never see again. Pau-shan from time to time availed himself of the secret outlet he had mentioned, to go on reconnoitering expeditions; but as he always departed after dark, and without giving any intimation of his intention, Eustace never gained any clue to the mystery. It was, indeed, a serious situation for the Chinaman. He had a great many mouths to feed, and cut off, as they were, from their ordinary river supplies, it was questionable how long the rations would hold out. The warlike operations were, therefore, in so far as they affected that particular district, matters of the greatest anxiety to him. On the occasions of his nocturnal patrols, he attired himself as a peasant of the humblest class; and his intimate knowledge of the neighbourhood, and even of the surrounding country, enabled him to avail himself of covers—clumps of bushes, deserted cottages, and such—when danger appeared. Destructive fires, more or less distant, could frequently be seen. On the occasion of one of these errands of observation, Pau-shan had the displeasure of seeing from his place of concealment a good part

of his property demolished. A foraging party who, from the long coarse hair, twisted turban-wise around their heads, he judged to belong to the Chang-maou, or rebels, made their appearance at Hiang-chay. They broke in the door of the villa, and finding there nothing to steal and no one to kill, they vented their spleen by smashing the lattice-work window-shades, setting fire to the storehouses, the villa and the tea-shrubs, and then took their departure. Luckily, the slight drizzle just beginning developed into a heavy rain, and partially saved the two latter; the barns being of wood burned fast, and were totally consumed.

As the rebels made Kiang-see a sort of headquarters, carrying their ravages into every one of its seventy-two counties, and as it was impossible to say how long — perhaps permanently — they might remain masters of the situation, Pau-shan judged it impossible to keep his people in their hiding-place until all danger should disappear. After a time, indications were not wanting that the tide of active hostilities was rolling on toward Nan-King, and the noticeable decrease in conflagrations left room to conclude that the worst was over, at least as far as that district was concerned. Accordingly, towards the end of February, the quarry gave up its temporary population; and the work of retrieving their lands and restoring their desolated homes began with energy, and with a degree of patience and cheerful good humour which Eustace could not sufficiently admire. As anything allied to study was, for the moment, out

of the question, the Englishman lent a willing and efficient hand to whatever was being done; and the active employment, after so long an interval of compulsory leisure, did something towards restoring the elasticity of his temperament.

For some weeks the work of renovation went on without much interruption or hindrance; and about the middle of April, the community was refreshed by a visit from Father Chang—not the first since Eustace was domiciled at Hiang-chay. From him they learned that the rebels had taken the city of Nan-king by storm, and that Hoong had there established himself, his harem, and his numerous slaves, in one of the palaces, which the enormous booty collected from the conquered provinces enabled him to adorn with fabulous splendour. The defence of the old Ming capital was apparently conducted on the usual lines as above-stated—wholesale suicide the order of the day, especially among the women, which is not so much to be wondered at under the circumstances. According to Father Chang's account the six imperial generals who had taken the field, voted it "too hot to fight"; so the Tai-ping had it all their own way.

"And I," continued Father Chang, addressing himself particularly to Eustace, "am now on the way to visit our poor Christians of Nan-chang-fou, to ascertain how much damage they may have sustained. I have thought much of you; and as matters stand, I can see nothing better than that you should accompany me. I shall there doubtless find some safe means

for your travelling to Shang-hai; and as I have promised our good friend Pau-shan to take his sons back with me to our college at Kien-chang-fou, on my return, he will no longer require your services as a tutor."

This proposal sent new life through the heart of our hero. Pau-shan, with whom the plan had evidently been discussed, expressed a thousand regrets at losing his guest, and a thousand wishes for his fortunate journey and happy return to his native land. At parting, Leo and Michael made no attempt to conceal their sorrow, although promise of their own adjournment to the college somewhat consoled them as affording a novel change. Paula, in accordance with the counsel of the priest, decided on remaining yet awhile with her parents.

It was not without deep emotion Eustace took leave of that estimable family. Of the four hundred *taels* which, according to contract were due, he would only accept fifty. He calculated that this sum would pay his expenses down the Yang-tse-kiang, and allow a balance which, with strict economy, keep him alive at Shanghai till remittances arrived from home. His kind father, he considered, was suffering under the pressure of very heavy losses; and he steadfastly refused to add to the burden more than absolute necessity demanded. By Father Chang's advice he resumed the disguise in which he had left Choo-ling, as a precaution against brigands of every shade; a person of the appearance he thus presented not being open to the suspicion of carrying *taels*.

It is unnecessary to follow the route of our travellers to Nan-chang-fou. The navigation of the tributary river was achieved much more rapidly than on the former occasion, the current of the stream being in their favour. Scenes of ruin and desolation met them at every point. At Nan-chang-fou they found the buildings of the mission still standing, but the Christian community between the two fires of a marauding foe, and a growling, suspicious populace. Father Chang shewed considerable anxiety about Hillyard's further journey. On the second day, however, he came to the young man with a cheerful face.

"I have just met," he said, "a mandarin of high rank who is well known to me. He belongs to Nan-king, but came here with his family when that city was besieged. He is going down the Yang-tse on important business, he tells me; and will be pleased to have you bear him company. He is not going so far as Shang-hai, however; only to Ou-ho. You do not know where that is," he added, observing Hillyard's bewildered expression. "It is a town on a northern affluent of the Yang-tse<sup>1</sup>, above Nan-king, and is a considerable port. Once there, you will easily find some one going to Shang-hai.

"I should not hesitate to make the journey alone," interrupted Eustace. "True, although I have been nearly three years in China, I have not had great

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<sup>1</sup> For the convenience of our story, we have taken a liberty with the locality of Ou-ho. It is situated on the Whi-ho, an affluent of the Grand Canal.

experience of the country; but I am now well at home with the language, as spoken in the central provinces, and with my bronzed visage and my now lengthy *queue*, I can defy such superficial scrutiny as would likely be vouchsafed to one going *out* of the kingdom instead of coming *into* it. If you could kindly give me a few words of introduction to one of the priests at Shang-hai, I should be at no loss."

"I will give you a letter to Father Reimlinger, of the Society of Jesus. They are all Jesuits, the Fathers in Kiang-nan. Father Reimlinger is a Belgian, a fine man. We became friends at Macao, when I was at the novitiate of our Order there. You will love him; everybody does. And that," continued the Lazarist, taking from his pocket a small bronze medal, "reminds me to offer you a little keepsake, that when you look on it you may pray for me. It is very ancient. It is a relic of the days of Fathers Ricci and Schaal, Verbiest and Gerbillon. It bears on one side the imprint of our Blessed Mother, and on the other that of the great St. Ignatius. I got it, with others, at Han-chow-fou, where Christian emblems are plentiful, although the mission no longer flourishes there."

A grateful and affectionate farewell to the Chinese priest, and Eustace, armed with the promised letter of introduction, went on board one of the numerous vessels about to cross the great inland sea leading to the mighty Yang-tse-kiang. The mandarin—a Blue Button—to whose good offices Father Chang had recommended him, was an old white-bearded man of

venerable aspect and gracious manners. He was of a Christian family once belonging to Ou-ho, the town to which he was now going. His literary attainments had won for him preferment in various departments of the Government; and his singular rectitude and numerous acts of charity had gained him the respect and admiration of all who knew him. But that he was not without his troubles, was evident from the careworn expression of his face. He treated the Englishman courteously, but he said little, and appeared much preoccupied.

Eustace desired nothing more than to be left to his own meditations. The turn his affairs had taken had been so sudden and unexpected, and the details of his departure had so claimed his attention, that he had scarcely been able to realize it. Now the leisure afforded by his voyage across the Lake Poyang came laden with a multitude of happy anticipations. He no longer forced himself to shut out thoughts of home. He was on his way there now; he could afford to give the rein to the yearnings of his heart. He dared now to reveal in the hope of soon seeing dear old Rowanfell, kind Aunt Marjory, and the grandfather whose tenderest love was for him. Did he also dare to rest with delight on the thought of another meeting? Ah! that was the thorn on the rose of hope. Should he find her married? It was more than probable. But even were she not— at then? Had *he* not altered wonderfully since he left her? Not the alteration in his appearance; *that* a change of cloth-



ing and a final adieu to his pig-tail would remedy. But Eustace Hillyard, as he sat on the deck of the junk, and looked down into the deep water without seeing it, awakened to the consciousness of another deep within his own heart, in which was reflected the self-devoted priest to whom he had just bidden a lasting farewell, and the loving friends who had opened to him heart and home, and whom he was now leaving forever—to what? To a life of bitter and continuous conflict, a life of renunciation and sacrifice—ah! that word Sacrifice—and perhaps to a death of violence and blood like the heroic martyrs of Nan-ngan-fou! These things were no longer abstract ideas to him, ideas from which he was practically separated by oceans and continents, by generations and centuries. They came home to his heart in the persons of those who had become very dear to him. Oh! how he longed to unite with them in spirit, not by the ties of brotherly love which already subsisted, but as co-heir with them of that blessed inheritance of Catholic faith, of Catholic tradition, in which, so far as the assent of intellect and will were concerned, he believed as firmly as they did; but for which he was willing to endure so little, while they were ready to endure all things! Yet how was he to tear from his heart the only one he ever loved, the only one he ever would love! “Not the ghost of a chance—I will never wed a Catholic—” the words rang in his ears continually. Ah! sacrifice—what a word it is!

Two days' voyaging brought our travellers to the picturesque northern extremity of Lake Poyang; and the third day saw them embarked on the broad bosom of the Yang-tse-kiang. As their course lay not only down the river but across it, they were not, for most of the time, in a position to enjoy the scenery, except in a general way. It is doubtful whether Eustace, pre-occupied as he was, would have taken much interest in it, in any case. As for old Ouen-tse, the mandarin, his thoughts also appeared to be far away from his surroundings. After a time, he began to observe the cloud which occasionally passed over the face of his companion, and attributing it—erroneously, of course—to *pique* at the neglect of the great man, he approached him, and began to make more decided conversational attempts than hitherto. The town they were bound for naturally seemed to the old man to present the only possible topic of mutual interest; and as usually happens—for human nature is the same everywhere—that soon merged in personal matters.

"Ou-ho," he went on to say, "is the place of my birth, although for many years I have lived elsewhere. In a population of twenty thousand, there are now not more than five hundred Christians; but formerly the True Religion flourished there. It was established in the reign of the Emperor Kang-te of glorious memory, by one of my ancestors, Hiu-hie-iu, who, having become infatuated with the dreams of immortality proposed by the sect of the Lao-tse, gave him-

self up to its pursuit, and lent himself to many extravagances. Meeting, however, nothing but disappointment, he made a journey to Pe-king, and put himself in communication with the Board of Astronomy, which was then in charge of the Jesuit Fathers. These holy men put into the hands of my ancestor the Books of the Christian doctrine. Hiu-hie-iu spent three days and nights studying these books, taking neither food nor sleep. At the end of that time, he went to the Fathers and entreated to be baptized. After his baptism, he returned to Ou-ho, and became the apostle of his people.<sup>1</sup> I am one of more than one hundred Christians now living who are of his family; and although the city now numbers not more than five hundred in all, there were formerly upwards of a thousand, having four churches, two within the walls and two without.

"But the sun did not always shine. The two churches without the walls were swept away by an inundation, more than a hundred years ago. Then the dogs of persecution barked. The Fathers were banished by edict; the native priests were hunted and put to death; and the church of Ou-ho was left with the consolation of religion for twenty, and even thirty years, at a time. Many fell away. Alas, that it should be so! I myself was one of these. Earthly ambitions took the place of Divine Love; and when temporal successes enabled me to reside where I might

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<sup>1</sup> *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith.*

have resumed the practices of religion, I had no longer the heart to do so.

"But God is merciful. He sent to Ou-ho a priest, a man among many, a man of marvellous beauty and of majestic presence. He gathered together the failing remnant and strove to restore the mission as best he might. The good people of Ou-ho had not forgotten me, although I deserved to be forgotten by all. They preserved, in the kindness of their hearts, the memory of certain poor charities I had from time to time shewn them, and they spoke of me to that holy Jesuit. The saintly man made a journey to Nan-king where I dwelt, in order to find me, and bring back the lost sheep. Praised be the mercy of God, and the zeal of his holy servant!

"Sorrows come not singly. Hardly have I fled with my family from our home, where the rebels now triumph, when evil tidings are brought me to the place of our retreat. The unfortunate city of my birth has again been devastated by flood and famine. The Christians of Ou-ho are perishing through want and pestilence. Father Masolino, to whom I owe far more than life, knows not where to look for rice to feed the starving. It is to console him I am now going. It is to assist his charitable efforts. Would I could assist him effectually! but the ruin which has overtaken ourselves has left my hands well-nigh empty!"

## CHAPTER XXXVII

U-HO was not a *chow*, but only a *hien*; which is to say, it was a city of the third class. For a place countaining twenty thousand inhabitants, its appearance was miserably poor. The houses were only thatched; the inclosing walls were almost totally dismantled, as were also the city gates. A recent visit from the Tai-ping satisfactorily accounted for this, as also, for the demolition of the solitary Catholic chapel, successor of the original two which had long since been closed by the government. The streets were narrow, and everywhere were pools of muddy water. It needed not the gloom of a rainy spring evening, to render the town a most depressing spectacle, as Eustace Hillyard fully realized.

But there were not wanting other objects to dwarf these evidences of abject misery. The population which thronged the narrow streets, bore witness to the want and suffering which had pressed so hard for several months, following on the overflow of the river on which the town stands. Some of these starvelings were actually crawling on the ground, so deplorable was their weakness; while skeleton dogs, which were fain to tear up the buried corpses for food, added yet another pathetic feature to the scene. As Eustace and the mandarin wended their way to the dwelling of the priest, a Chinaman, who was

apparently going in the same direction, drew near and saluted Ouen-tse with the usual number of *salaams*. He was as starved-looking as the rest, added to which he was almost without clothing, having, as he informed the mandarin, been stripped by the brigands, when sent by Father Masolino—one of whose catechists he was—on some errand of mercy.

"We are in great trouble," he said, in answer to the old man's inquiries. "Our dear Father is very sick. For months he has been starving himself that he might have a few *sapecs* to give to the poor. He also opened a refuge for the most miserable—but how to feed them? Then fever broke out in the town, and he waited on the sick, night and day. Now he has taken the fever, and has been lying very ill for many days. We are in great trouble."

Great trouble, he might well say. Ouen-tse gave him some money, and desired him to bring to the priest's house whatever he could get that would be most desirable. On reaching the dwelling where sorrowing spectres, brimful of grief, but very empty of all else, were keeping watch, they found the sick priest in a placid sleep. As Eustace looked on the pale wasted countenance, whose "marvellous beauty," as Ouen-tse expressed it, even the ravages of starvation and disease could not obliterate, a strange feeling, such as he had never before experienced, came over him. It was as if, by some unaccountable association, he were carried back to the days of his childhood. The miserable room seemed to disappear, and leave him

standing, not in the woods of Rowanfell, but in the Piazza del Populo, in Rome, his tutor by his side, and gay crowds and *cavalcades* passing by. It was not till several hours later, when Father Masolino awaking turned his lustrous Italian eyes upon the stranger, that Eustace caught up the slender threads of association. The type of countenance had recalled to his mind a certain young noble, an officer of the Papal Guard, who, by his lordly air, his splendid appearance in uniform, and above all, the magnificent charger he rode, had completely fascinated the schoolboy of thirteen. As a sharp look-out for Count Giulio had formed a prominent feature of the daily promenades, the association naturally brought with it to Hillyard's mind all the surroundings. The catechist, who had the patient under his care, gave him a small quantity of altar-wine well diluted, as he had seen the Father himself do in similar cases, after the paroxysm of fever was past. Then Ouen-tse approached and was greeted with a feeble smile, and a still feebler clasp of the wasted hand. A short but earnest colloquy followed, which ended in the mandarin requesting Hillyard to take his place at the sick priest's bedside, while he attended to the most pressing necessities of the poor Catholic community. It was evident to Eustace, that this was done as much to relieve the mind of Father Masolino, as to relieve the wants of the neophytes.

"You are not Chinese," whispered the priest, as Eustace advanced to make his acquaintance. "Do you speak Italian?"

"No," replied the young man, "but I speak French."

"That will do," said Father Masolino in the latter language. What a relief it was to Eustace to fall back on the long abandoned European tongue! It made him feel as if he were half-way home already. He eltered upon the duties of assistant-infirmarian with a devotedness that surprised himself. Had the sick Jesuit been his nearest of kin, he could not have nursed him more tenderly.

If the fever had struck down the priest while he was in his normal state, he would probably have surmounted it. He was in but early middle life, and of fine natural constitution. But half-famished for months back, and spent with assiduous attendance by night and by day on his fever-stricken flock, his sustaining power was already completely exhausted, and in a very few days, it became evident he was sinking fast. He was the first to realize the fact. Ouen-tse was inconsolable, especially at the thought that his beloved Father in Christ had no priest near him to administer the Last Sacraments.

"There is one not far off," said Father Masolino, however he came by the knowledge. "You will meet him beyond the North Gate within an hour. I shall not see him; but he will give me Christian burial, and offer up the Holy Sacrifice for my poor soul."

Acting upon the suggestion contained in these words, the mandarin left the patient in charge of Eustace and the catechist, and made the best of his way to the quarter of the town where he hoped to



meet with the expected visitor. To the Englishman, indeed, had been virtually conceded the post of chief attendant, ever since it was found that he could talk to the sick priest in what the Chinaman naturally supposed to be his native language. Eustace, overcome by his feelings, could not repress the bitter words which are all too common, even when there is no painful emotion to palliate them.

"That one like you," he said, "should die in a hole like this, and all for the sake of a parcel of semi-savages! It is too bad. They are not worth it."

"The Incarnate God died upon the Cross for them," answered the priest. "How infinitely greater was His sacrifice! And He thought them worth it."

"He was God," moaned the young man, "and it would seem to me that frail, feeble men are called upon to suffer as much as He did. How many are cruelly scourged, how many are tortured and even crucified in his cause!"

"My son," said Father Masolino, gravely, while his voice weak and faint, gained gradually, as he proceeded, a new and supernatural strength, "my son, it is because you have never meditated on the sufferings of the Son of God that you speak thus. Among men, none have ever had to endure beyond a certain point—a fearful point, if you will—but not one from which to measure His sufferings. Death comes to their relief; and in many cases which strike us with horror, there is reason to believe that the organs of sensation become dulled and even destroyed. I was once present

at an execution of political prisoners in Russia sentenced to seven thousand blows of the rod. A thousand soldiers were drawn up in two lines, between which the hurdles with the victims attached were passed seven times. Every soldier struck, and the cries were agonizing; but after a short time they diminished, then ceased; and long before the sentence was half executed, the men were dead. The last four thousand blows fell on shapeless masses of flesh.....

"But He! Yes, He was God; and what says the Holy Ghost by the mouth of the prophet? 'A Body Thou hast prepared for me.' His Sacred Body was specially prepared—for suffering. 'Its sensibilities were immeasurably keener than ours in proportion as its organization was immeasurably more perfect. Yes, He was God; and the power of His Divinity sustained Him—to endure more 'suffering.' Thus when, as revealed to the saints, more than five thousand blows had been inflicted upon Him, with all the strength which the rage of men and devils could supply, when in the words of the prophet, 'His countenance was marred more than any man's, and His Form more than the sons of men, till He had not the form of a man,' He walked, and spoke, and carried the heavy burden of the Cross over the long Way of Sorrows. The Crowning with Thorns, the nailing upon the Cross, the Three Hour's Agony—sorrow upon sorrow—were all endured after he had been reduced to this lamentable state; so also the drying up of His Blood—exhausted frame in the bitter March wind, made known to the

saints as the most excruciating part of His bodily anguish. Truly the Son of God explored regions of suffering where no foot save His own ever trod; while Death stood reverently apart, not daring to touch the Author of Life till He Himself, declaring His sacrifice consummated, bowed His Head in token of permission.

"As with His Body, so with His Soul. Anticipation is the keenest of mental agonies, one which our Merciful Creator almost wholly spares us. But before the Eyes of Jesus, the Omniscient God, all these sufferings were ever present with a minuteness of detail and a realization of intensity that we cannot conceive. And not these alone. All the horrors of Earth, all the crimes for which He had offered Himself to suffer, were open before Him, especially during His Passion; every abomination withering up His most pure Soul, every savagery torturing His most loving Heart, every sacrilege wounding Him as only He could be wounded. In that mantle of crime was He enveloped—ah! in our acutest anguish, we can always raise our eyes to our Loving Father in Heaven. But Christ stood before His Father enveloped in that mantle, an object of abhorrence, held guilty of all, and by the Eternal Justice Itself! Guilty of every blow sacrilegiously inflicted on His own quivering Flesh! Guilty of every mockery, every insult offered to His own Divine Majesty! Guilty of all the unbelief! Guilty of His own Death!

"Ah!—to save us—and we refuse to be saved! For the prize of our souls—and we snatch them from Him, our own, and those of others! *Final impeni-*

tence—it dashes from the lips of the Crucified that chalice of Love for which the Precious Blood——”

The lids slowly drooped over the Italian eyes, while the thin hands groped nervously about the chest. Eustace, divining what they were groping for, took from beside the pillow the Crucifix, and pressing it to the pale lips, laid it in the hand of the dying Jesuit. A bright smile, a gentle sigh, and Father Masolino breathed out his soul, at the veritable foot of the Cross.

“Adelaide! Adelaide!” cried the young man, sinking down on his knees beside the saintly corpse, and covering his face with his hands.

“He was the gentlest being I ever met, so thoughtful for others, so forgetful of himself! And he put me so much in mind of Count Giulio, he seemed to be part of my own life.”

Such was the passionate exclamation in which Eustace poured out the grief of his heart, speaking rather to himself than to the stranger priest who, an hour after the martyr of Charity breathed his last, entered the poor chamber of death, in company of the mandarin. The Jesuit—for he, too, was one—turned his grave face on the speaker, and bent his head at once in salutation and in sympathy; then kneeling down by the side of his departed *confrère*, he offered a short prayer. That over, he proceeded to direct the catechists who were in attendance, and to superintend the laying-out of the dead priest, and the arrangement of the room . . . paratory to the Mass he would there

celebrate at day-break, the chapel having been destroyed by the rebels. When all these matters had been attended to, he sat down by Hillyard, and entered into conversation.

"You are a European?" he said, in an inquiring tone.

"Yes," answered Eustace, a little surprised. "I fear my disguise is but poor, since you penetrate it so easily."

"It is not that," returned the priest. "Your disguise, since it is such, is excellent; but, pardon me, you were speaking French."

Eustace, in his pre-occupation, had not been conscious in what language he spoke, and only now adverted to the fact that the stranger was using that European tongue. He, at once, entered on a short sketch of the events which had landed him in the Flowery Kingdom, and kept him there so long.

"But now," he continued, "I have every hope of reaching Shang-hai; and once there, my difficulties will, I trust, be over."

"Do you know anyone in Shang-hai?" asked the priest.

"No," replied Eustace, "but the native priest I mentioned—Father Chang—gave me a letter to one of the priests in that city, a Father Reimlinger."

Again the stranger bowed his head in reply. Then, after a few moments, he said:

"And that Count Giulio you were speaking of—who was he?"

"I used to see him in Rome—"

"You have been in Rome?"

"Many years ago, with my tutor, when I was quite a boy."

"Ah! and Count Giulio—you knew him?"

"No, but I often saw him on the Corso. He was a young Italian noble, an officer of the Papal Guard—"

"He had another name, of course?"

"Doubtless, but I never knew it. The people called him Count Giulio; that was all. He was the grandest-looking man I ever saw—"

"He lies there before you," said the Jesuit, pointing to the marble-white corpse which lay upon the poor pallet, with hands folded over the crucifix. "He lies there—Count Giulio Masolino. In the flower of youth, in the pride of manhood, of beauty, he gave up wealth, friends, earthly hopes, and the bright skies of Italy, to bury himself in this pagan land, this sordid town, without a hope or desire other than the salvation of these poor neophytes. What wonder that the God for Whose love he made the sacrifice, blessed his labours by many conversions, by the return of many who had fallen away! May he pray, now, from his immortal throne, for us who are left behind!"<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> All this is literally true of Father René Massa, an Italian Jesuit, who died at Ou-ho, under the above circumstances, on April 23rd, 1853.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

IT was a very humble *cortège* which accompanied, to the Christian cemetery of Ou-ho, the mortal remains of the noble Italian missionary; a *cortège*, however, very dear to his own heart, since it consisted of about eighty of his mourning neophytes. The Father, who had so opportunely arrived, devoted a couple of days to straightening up parish matters, and then prepared to depart on his own way, endeavouring to console the poor people by promising to exert himself to obtain a successor to Father Masolino.

"I must return to my post," he said to Eustace. "My coming here was quite an accident—at least I should have called it such, although now I can see in it, the hand of a special Providence. About that letter of introduction you spoke of—have you it with you? I am Father Reimlinger."

"Here it is," exclaimed Eustace, joyfully, taking from his pocket Father Chang's letter and handing it to the Jesuit. As he watched the thoughtful face of the stately Belgian, while he read, Hillyard mentally concluded, that part, at least, of the special Providence, had been exercised expressly in his own favour.

"It is to Shang-hai I am about to return," said Father Reimlinger. "I left it several months ago, to visit such of our stations throughout Kiang-nan as have no resident priest; and my work being finished,

I must make the best of my way back to that city, which is our headquarters. Of course, we will travel together," he added, looking with great kindness on the young man. Eustace expressed his satisfaction, and after a most friendly leave-taking of Ouen-tse, embarked once more upon the broad Yang-tse-kiang, in company with his new friend.

The river was much crowded with vessels—war-junks of the imperialists, and also junks impressed by the rebels for their own service; but traffic was not impeded as it was later on, when craft of every kind was monopolized by the Government, to carry on the sieges of Nan-king and Chin-kiang. Father Reimlinger, whose outward bound journey had been overland, gave Eustace a good deal of information on the state of affairs.

"From the mountain which you observe on the eastern side of Nan-king," he said, as they sailed past the old capital, "I could see very plainly the yellow walls of the palace wherein the rebel chief has entrenched himself. I am told he never leaves it, but gives all his orders through his Tong-wang, who has a palace of his own, as have also the other commanders. According to the report of a captive who was in his service, but who escaped, and took refuge with our Christians outside the walls, this Hoong, every Friday, collects his establishment for prayers, and expounds his pestilential doctrine to the miserable women whom he calls his wives. His tower stands high, just now; he has brought unspeakable woe upon



the whole country; but who shall say what a decade may bring forth?"

Did Father Reimlinger make a hap-hazard guess, or had he a prophetic intuition of the scene that palace garden would present in a little more than the time he named? Did he foresee the moment when the corpse of the self-slain adventurer, and those of his "wives," hung up on the trees, would alike disfigure them?

"I was told," he continued, "but I know not with what truth, that certain Europeans, supposed to have come from Canton, are with the rebel army; that they have charge of the mines and artillery, attend to the *commissariat*, and make themselves generally useful."

"There may be some truth in the report," replied Hillyard. "That would account pretty well for the skilful generalship displayed by the fanatical leader; it is probably not altogether original. And yonder is the far-famed Porcelain-tower! That reminds me, by a chain of association not easy to perceive,—that I heard, while at Hiang-chay, of a wonderful monument existing in some unmentionable, out-of-the-way corner of China, which, I was told, had lain buried in the earth for nine hundred years."

"Ah! Yes, you speak of the monument at Si-ngan-fou."

"Exactly. Is there any truth in the story, or is it only a Chinese myth?"

"It is perfectly true. The slab was discovered in the early part of the seventeenth century, and the

inscriptions leave no doubt that it was erected in the early part of the eighth. Father Alvarez Semedo, of our Society, who, shortly after its discovery had charge of that mission, examined it carefully, and has left an account of it. The discovery made a great stir all over China, and greatly favoured the Propagation of the Faith."

"It would argue," said Eustace, "that Christianity was preached in this country at a very early date."

"No doubt of it. From the times of St. Thomas the Apostle, the Far East had its opportunities as well as the West. It is a mistake to suppose that China was anciently as closely sealed to foreigners as it has been for the last thousand years. There are Arabic records to shew that not only that people, but also Persians, Syrians, Egyptians, and even the Jews, frequented China for purposes of trade; and bishops, priests, and even metropolitans, under the jurisdiction of one of the Oriental Patriarchs, are alluded to in connection both with that country and with India; which would indicate that religion was fairly well established at an early date. Then, in the Middle Ages, many missions were sent out. They were supplied from the noble Orders of St. Francis and St. Dominic, many members of which were enrolled expressly for the Eastern missions, under the name of Brothers-travellers for Jesus Christ. They laboured chiefly in Tartary and Thibet, but some, like the Blessed Oderic of Friuli, penetrated into China, and made many converts."

"I remember the name; Pau-shan spoke of him, and also of a certain archbishop whom he called Johan."

"John of Monte Corvino, undoubtedly. He was appointed by Pope Clement V. Archbishop of Pe-king, with seven suffragan bishops. He was recognized at the Court of the Chinese Emperor as Legate from the Pope. He built two churches at Pe-king, and baptized six thousand of the inhabitants. He instructed one hundred and fifty boys in the elements of Greek and Latin literature; some of them he trained for choristers, and prepared, for their use, psalters, hymn-books, &c. A splendid cathedral was also built, in these days, at Han chow-fou, as well as church and monastery. At his death, another archbishop was appointed, with thirty-two missionaries. But the desolating wars of Tamerlane, and other causes, destroyed those flourishing missions, and rendered all further passage across Upper Asia and Tartary impracticable. The last missions sent out were never more heard of, and for a hundred and fifty years the work came to a stand-still; so that when our Fathers, profiting by the newly discovered Cape route, went to the Far East, hardly a trace of it—if any—was to be found, either in Upper Asia or China."

"My good friend Pau-shan never wearied of telling me about those Jesuit Fathers. But he gave them the oddest names imaginable. Who was Tang-jo-wang?"

"That was the name given by the Chinese to Father Adam Schaal."

"And Ly-ma-teou?"

"He was Father Matthew Ricci, founder of the Chinese missions. There were many others of great note—Fathers Ruggiero, Lombard, Pantoja, Cantaneo, Pereira, Verbiest, Gaubil, Benoit, Amiot, Gerbillon, oh! a great many. They had wonderful credit at the court of the emperors, and made many converts. In those days, the prayers and canticles of the Catholic Church were sung in the native language, from one end of China to the other.<sup>1</sup> Unhappily, none of the emperors ever embraced Christianity. Their influence and example were lost to their people. Had there been among them a Clovis or a Constantine, the whole nation would have become Christian."

"It must be a proud thing to be able to call men like those you have named, Brother," said Eustace, looking with intense interest on the noble features of his companion. To this the Jesuit merely replied by an inclination of the head nodding modestly:

"We are now only to be found in Kiang-nan and Western Pe-che-lee. But the missions are well supplied from other Orders. We have the Dominicans in Annam, Tong-king, and Fo-kien; the Observantines in Shen-see and Shan-see; the Reformed Minors in Setchuen and Hou-quang; and the Lazarists in Northern Pe-che-lee, Kiang-se and Tche-kiang. The Lazarist Fathers have also the Mission of Corea—rather, I might say, a bishop and a priest of that Order have

<sup>1</sup> *Christianity in China*, etc., Vol. II.

been toiling there in secret, since 1845. That is a dreadful mission—a veritable Land of Blood. The annals of the Church of Corea are indeed a Martyrology. Her whole history is written in her blood; every date is marked by a persecution; every detail describes a scene of torture, a dungeon or an execution; every person found out to be a Christian is invariably a martyr; her first neophyte, two and twenty years ago, was a martyr; her first Chinese apostle, a martyr; her first native priest, a martyr; her first bishop, a martyr; her first Europeans missionaries were all martyrs.”

“I cannot help thinking,” replied Eustace, “that the good folks I grew up among, waste a considerable amount of superfluous sympathy on the benighted heathen. It strikes me he has had his fair share of chances, if he had only known how to profit by them.”

Just at this point, a small but penetrating voice brought a vivid blush to the face of our hero. It was the voice of Conscience.

“Are you,” it asked, “prepared to profit by your chances any more than has the benighted heathen?”

## CHAPTER XXXIX

As the junk bearing our travellers made its way through the flats and marshes of the Lower Yang-tse, a difficulty which had, from time to time, loomed up on Hillyard's mental horizon, began to claim his serious and not quite satisfactory consideration. During the short period of his residence in Ou-ho, the extreme misery and destitution he there witnessed, had sensibly touched his heart, and no less sensibly touched his pocket. A *tael* here, and two *taels* there, distributed with the liberality of generous inexperience, had left the young Englishman's funds so low that how he was to tide over the two months which must elapse before he could receive remittances from home, was an insoluble mystery. A new and suitable outfit was altogether out of the question, although that troubled him more than the thought of how he was to obtain food and shelter. An application to the English resident or consul, of course, occurred to him as the natural way out of his dilemma; but an unaccountable repugnance to that step took possession of him—a repugnance which he could only explain to himself by attributing it to the sorry appearance he made.

"If I could only get rid of this horrid pig-tail!" grumbled Impatience.

"Take time; you may still have use for it," suggested Prudence. "Besides, if you are seen in that

dress without it, you may be taken for a Chang-maou."

Now, it happened that Father Reimlinger had been covertly made acquainted with the extensive charities of the stranger, by the grateful neophytes of Ou-ho; and with the perception born of experience, he penetrated the cloud which sat on Hillyard's brow, and took in correctly the whole situation. As they neared Shang-hai, therefore, he kindly proposed that Eustace, while awaiting his letters, should take up his abode at the Jesuit residence of Zi-ka-wei.

"It is two leagues out of the city to the westward," explained the Father. "You will be very welcome— and very quiet."

That was his delicate way of suggesting that, by this arrangement, Eustace would not be thrown among the European residents till he could appear as befitted him. Deeply grateful, Hillyard felt that it secured another advantage, which he was far from making light of; it would postpone the moment when he must part from the new friend whom he already valued, and who, besides, was now the sole link between him and dear friends he should never see again.

"If I thought," he replied, "that I should not be a burden on you—if, I mean, there were any little thing in which I could make myself useful—nothing would please me better."

"Very good," said Father Reimlinger, gaily. "I will make you useful. You shall teach me—Navigation."

"Navigation! With all my heart. It is about the

only thing I could possibly teach *you*—which is probably the reason you hit upon it.”

“Not altogether—not altogether. It is a science in which I take a great interest; I already know something of it—a very little. Besides, I have a theory of my own, that being thrown in the way of studying anything, I shall one day regret the opportunity, if I have neglected it. Add to which, if you will, that a Jesuit likes to know a little of everything.”

As soon as Hillyard, with the reverend Father, reached Zi-ka-wei, he wrote, without an hour's delay, to the family lawyer in Edinburgh, directing him to send on to Shang-hai, *poste restante*, ample funds, and inclosing a short but affectionate letter to Aunt Marjory. That done, he settled himself in his temporary home, and entered upon his task of instructor in the science of Navigation. The Father, however, being already an expert in all the branches which go to its make-up, it was little more than a recreation to our hero; and the time spent each day among the books and instruments was a real pleasure. It was very limited, however. As was to be expected in an establishment embracing a college, with one hundred resident pupils, a seminary and house of theology containing sixteen and thirty-eight students respectively (not to speak of a large orphanage, a short distance off, where four hundred young Celestials were taught all sorts of trades), every priest had innumerable duties to attend to; and Eustacc, well supplied with books, was greatly left to himself. The distance precluded



much exploring of the city, a past-time he felt but little inclination for. He paid it one visit, however, and was astonished at the number of Catholic institutions shewn him by his reverend friend.

One day, after Eustace had been about five weeks at Zi-ka-wei, he chanced to see from the window of his room, Father Reimlinger walking in the garden, in earnest conversation with another priest. The latter was a stranger, whom Hillyard had never before seen. He was rather under the middle height, spare and exceedingly bronzed. Without being handsome, his features were good, and his face the most expressive Eustace had ever looked upon. He was gesticulating eagerly, and pouring into Father Reimlinger's ears some business of unusual interest. On the following day, while the Navigation studies were in progress, a tap at the door announced a visitor; and at the *Deo gratias*, the same stranger hastily entered Father Reimlinger's room. His first words were more startling than intelligible to the Englishman.

"I have utterly failed," he said, hurriedly. "Not one of them will risk a single man."

At these words, Father Reimlinger looked grave, and addressing his visitor in German, the rest of the conversation was lost to Hillyard. It ended, however, by an adjournment of further study for that day; and the two priests left the residence together.

For three days, Hillyard saw nothing of his host and pupil. At the end of that time, Father Reimlinger came to his room holding in his hand some papers.

"My friend," he said, "I have come to bid you adieu, perhaps for a couple of weeks only—but who knows. I have received from our French resident, a commission which will take me on a voyage, short indeed, but perilous. If all goes well, I shall be back before you leave; if not—be it as God wills."

A look of such pained surprise came into the young man's face, that Father Reimlinger tried to soften off the leave-taking, by giving some explanation and shewing the papers which contained his commission as *chargé-d'affaires*.

"Some times ago," he said, "a French whaling-vessel was wrecked in the Corean Sea, off the Island of Ko-kown-to. The men were rescued by our consul, but much of their property was left on board the wreck, in charge of the natives. It is now considered desirable to ascertain the condition of the vessel which lies fast among the rocks. The voyage is dangerous in many respects, but Father Brent, who will accompany me, has been in those seas before, and knows the island in question."

Whether it was the vision of the salt water, or unwillingness to part company with the priest, or a frantic desire to throw himself out of China at all hazards, Eustace would have been puzzled to determine; but such an uncontrollable desire to accompany the expedition seized upon him, that without a pretence of circumlocution, he preferred at once the request.

"Your generous hospitality," he said, "has left me with enough money to pay my passage in any trader

you may sail by. The ocean is my proper element, and a snuff of the sea air is all I need to make me feel my old self again."

"My friend," answered the priest, "you do not quite understand the situation. There are no traders sailing to the Corean Peninsula. It is still a sealed land. While even China and Japan have opened in some sort a door—partially and grudgingly, it is true—to western civilization, the secular isolation of Corea remains unbroken."

"How then do you propose to make the voyage?"

"We have succeeded in securing the promise of a small junk belonging to the Island of Tsong-ming, in the mouth of the estuary. The owner is a Pagan, as are all his men; but he seems to be well-disposed and intelligent. Our greatest difficulty is the want of a pilot. I shall have to avail myself, as best I may, of your good instructions."

"Is there none to be had?"

"No. Father Brent went himself to the captains of the French warships lying in the Woo-sung. They consider the danger so great, from several points of view, that they will not risk a single man."

"The more need I should accompany you," exclaimed Eustace, eagerly. "Such skill as I may have could not be better employed. I entreat you will not refuse me."

Indeed, it seemed to Father Reimlinger, on consideration, that the professional abilities of the Englishman, might make all the difference between the success

and failure of his mission, after taking care that the young man lay under no misapprehension on the matters of danger and discomfort, he expressed himself pleased and grateful to have his company.

It was evening of the next day, when the Jesuit and Eustace reached the Island of Tsong-ming, where they found the junk—a paltry craft, indeed—and also Father Brent, of the Congregation of St. Lazare, in company with an old Corean peasant, who had come to China along with the whalers. Early next morning, Father Reimlinger said Mass in one of the Catholic churches, which are numerous on the island, corresponding not so much to the dimensions of Tsong-ming, which measures but twenty leagues by about five, as to the density of its population, territorial and amphibious. Then with the full tide, the junk weighed its wooden anchor, spread its mat sail, and with our travellers on board, floated down the broad river, and out into the Yellow Sea.

## CHAPTER XL

FOR the first two days out, the voyage was all that could be desired as respects wind and weather. Eustace was not long in discovering that the Jesuit had not slandered the junk, when he minimized its comforts and conveniences; but had he felt inclined to grumble, the cheerful patience of the two priests would have effectually closed his mouth. It was more than patience; it was a complete ignoring of the subject—a masterful presentment of the soldier on active service. Two Fathers, Eustace, the Corean, and the Chinese captain, with six sailors, composed the entire company.

The favourable elemental conditions enabled our hero to cultivate at his leisure the acquaintance of Father Brent; and it afforded him an unlooked-for pleasure. He was unlike anyone Eustace had ever met. A Belgian like Father Reimlinger, as are very many of the priests on the Oriental missions, he possessed all the fire and vivacity of the emotional French, with all the solidity of the German. The first shewed itself in his habitual manner, the second in the calm concentrativeness which he invariably brought to bear on any topic of serious import. He appeared to take, from the outset, a very lively interest in the Pagan crew. He was almost always conversing with one or another; now the "captain," now the man at the

rudder, and anon, the full privates under hatches; varying the employment only by pacing the deck while reading his office or softly telling his beads. It was while so occupied that Eustace took special pleasure in watching him. The spare figure, the bronzed face, and the rapt expression with which, from time to time, he turned his large eyes to heaven, filled the Englishman with indescribable emotion. He caught himself more than once wondering how such a man should have been spared, even temporarily, to fill the *rôle* of supernumerary, on an expedition of which mere temporal interests were the occasion; but he concluded that it had been out of consideration for Father Reimlinger, who, otherwise, would have been companionless save for the Pagan sailors, Eustace himself being out of count with the authorities.

One of the ornaments of the junk was an uncouth, distorted, nondescript wooden image, which sat conspicuously at the bow, and which Hillyard took to be a "figure-head" in a rather abnormal situation. It received occasional attentions from the crew, and was duly accommodated with a dish of rice. He remarked upon it to Father Brent. The Lazarist's eyes clouded.

"It is an idol," he replied. "The poor creatures are offering the rice to propitiate it, so that we may have a fair voyage. Would we might replace it by the Cross, or by an image of our Blessed Mother!"

"There are fanatics in my country," said Hillyard, "who would see no difference between them."

"The difference is two-fold. First, there is a difference of *intention*; secondly, the difference of *signification*. These poor Chinamen intend divine worship; and as you must know, intention is what gives character to every act. To the Cross, to the images of the Blessed Virgin and saints, no Catholic intends to give divine worship; only a reverence which looks beyond the symbol to that which is symbolized."

"Is it not possible that the Pagans, also, look beyond the material idol to some signification?"

"Undoubtedly, among the better educated at least. But what is that signification? What do their idols symbolize? The earth, the sun, the air, the winds, the sea, the rivers. Are *those* objects for divine worship—to say nothing of the vices, the Bacchus, and Venus, and such, of the Greek and Roman?"

"I grasp your idea," answered Eustace. "It never exactly occurred to me before. The images or pictures used in the Church represent Christ, His Mother, His saints and angels. They bring to mind not abstract ideas, but real persons and events. They are *historic*, and as such, serve to remind, and even to instruct."

"Exactly. The Church does not tolerate—for religious purposes, of course,—embodiments of abstract ideas, even the virtues. Take the highest of these, the three theological virtues; you never saw in any Catholic church a statue or picture symbolizing Faith, Hope, or Charity. Did you?"

"No, I never did. I am glad you have distinguished for me. There are some, besides myself, who may pro-

fit by it, should I ever return to my own land. In point of fact, I have found more persons take exception to these things, than I have ever found quarrelling with the dogmas of the Church; especially where the paintings or statuary partake of the crude and grotesque, as they too often do."

"It is much to be regretted," responded the priest, "that inferior art should ever be seen in the church. Where it cannot be had up to a certain point of excellence, it would be better to dispense with it altogether. Still, we must remember that *bad art* is not *bad religion*. The representations may, in some cases, be in poor taste; but the principle remains correct. It is just as lawful to teach through the eye as through the ear; and with a certain class of minds, it is more effective. But these poor Chinese are weighted down with their idle and senseless superstitions. Oh! if the nation were only Christian, what a nation it would be! They make the best Catholics, the bravest confessors, the noblest martyrs in the world. Their land is literally soaked with their blood, shed for Christ."

"What a mystery it is — the permission of evil! How do you explain it?"

"God himself will explain it—in His own good time."

"But to think that the whole race should be lost because one man sinned!"

"As in Adam all died, even so, in Christ, all were made alive, and a perennial Fountain of Reconciliation opened in our midst. It is so very certain, that had



Adam not sinned, none of his descendants would have sinned either? We should, each and every one, have still possessed the perilous and too often fatal gift of Free-will. Would all have necessarily used it aright? The tree of the Forbidden Fruit would still have remained; would none among us have touched or tasted? The sin of the individual would not have affected the race, confirmed in Adam; but for the individual, where the Redemption? Adam's fidelity would not have dispensed us from the necessity of meriting Eternal Life. The angels themselves underwent probation."

"That is true," replied Hillyard. Then, finding the water getting a little too deep, he abruptly changed the subject.

"That church on the island," he said, "I was astonished at its size. Why, it must hold a thousand people."

"It does," replied Father " "There is another of the same size, and about or so of smaller ones. A large allowance you will say for so small a territory; but look at the population! Besides, Christianity is no stranger in Tsong-ming. It was introduced towards the end of the seventeenth century. As early as 1703, there were on it three thousand Christians who furnished a noble contingent of martyrs, during the persecution which broke out on the death of the Emperor Kang-hi. For twenty-seven years, the mission was desolated; yet, at the end of that time, four thousand Christians were found there.

The Faith was, in a manner, kept alive by the native priests, who went to the island in secret from time to time. At length, the Jesuits returned to Kiang-nan, and after a century of widowhood, the mission of Tsong-ming is picking up again under Father Reimlinger's zealous care."

"Father Reimlinger! He never told me a word about it!"

"Because of his humility. He never told you that the Jesuits have, since returning but a few years ago to the mission, over four hundred parishes and nearly as many churches in Kiang-nan, with more than seventy-seven thousand Christians. But what then! The province is as large as France and contains fifty millions of souls. He never told you that the Society has buried nearly forty of its members since their return."

"No, he did not. But he told me of martyred Dominicans, and others, in many parts of the empire. Also of Father Lopez, of that Order, who, during the great persecution, travelled through all the provinces, confirming and consoling the faithful, reconciling those who had fallen away, and baptizing with his own hand two hundred and fifty thousand Pagans. He also gave me some tragic details of the Mission of Corea—a burden laid upon the Lazarists."

"Oh!—ah!—that is to say—well, it is entrusted to our care—but what then! It is a sealed land; we cannot get into the peninsula to do anything. A bishop and one priest succeeded in entering about seven years

ago. Where are they? Dead, perhaps, who knows?"

"It seems singular that the difficulty should be so great."

"Not when you understand things. The missionaries had the same trouble in entering China. Corea, being so isolated, is behind the times, even for this part of the world. Its remote situation, the dangerous seas, the coast bristling with rocks and sandbanks, second but too well the vigilance of the most jealous government on the face of the earth; and both country and people are so poor that commerce has not yet been tempted to break down, with a strong hand, the barrier of exclusiveness. Yet, there are ten millions of souls to be thought of; eleven thousand Christians—sheep without shepherds—to be cared for; eleven thousand baptized Catholics with the sword of martyrdom hanging over their heads."

"Is there no way of reaching them by the isthmus?"

"No. The approach by land is jealously guarded, and indeed are all the coasts. Within the boundary, the land is laid waste for a distance of fifteen leagues—a desert which it is forbidden to populate or cultivate. Beyond that, there are impenetrable forests, and even these are under strict *surveillance*. Then on the coast the ice—"

"You have been in these waters?" asked Eustace, interrupting the speaker in the liveliness of his interest.

Father Brent, colouring slightly, as if afraid lest his eagerness had betrayed him, replied simply by an inclination of the head. Eustace was beginning to under-

stand that inclination of the head. Besides the assent it was intended to convey, he was learning to read in it a protest against further questioning. On the present occasion, he also deduced from it the conviction that Father Reimlinger was not the only one whose lips were sealed by humility.

"What is the matter with the junk?" exclaimed Hillyard, after a few minutes silence. "She is rolling desperately."

"It looks like a change of weather," rejoined the Lazarist, casting anxious glances at the sky. "The wind seems to have changed. It has sprung up in the north-east, and a heavy fog is gathering. I fear we are going to have a rough time of it."

## CHAPTER XLI

FOR eight weary days and nights the miserable junk was tossed on the stormy Whang-hai.

Father Reimlinger and Eustace endeavoured to keep her head in the right direction; but, as that direction was itself a matter of doubt, there was nothing for it but to hope for results. An unbroken circumference of sea—reduced by the fog to the dimensions of a dinner-plate—was the only prospect. Towards day-break of the ninth day, the wind lulled; and the rising sun dissipating the fog, they saw land ahead. It proved to be a group of islands, beyond which lay the coast line at a distance of about five leagues; but whether of all the islands composing the Corean archipelago this group contained the one they were seeking, could not be determined. Favoured by the improved conditions both of wind and water, they, in the course of the day, drew in pretty close to the nearest point of the unknown territory, which presented a mountainous aspect, with a small village nestling between the declivity and the shore. Father Brent, who had been on Ko-koun-to, when the whalers were camping there, failed to identify it.

"I do not recognize it," he said, after a careful survey. "The French sailors made a winding path along the steep incline of the hill on Ko-koun-to; but here I see nothing of it."

"It would not be well," remarked the Jesuit, "to waste the time, which is precious, in looking for the island, unless no alternative is left us. Let us go ashore in the canoe, and interrogate the inhabitants. They are supposed to understand Chinese; if not, you speak Corean."

"It might give the alarm to let them know that," returned Father Brent, laughing.

It did not take long to launch the little canoe, in which the two priests, and four Chinamen as rowers, proceeded towards the island. Eustace remained on the junk, from the deck of which he watched the progress of his friends. There was something about this whole enterprise which he could not understand. It was incredible that the wrecked vessel, or anything which could by possibility be on board of it, should possess such value as to justify risking the lives of these two men, to say nothing of the native crew who had thrown themselves into the risks with admirable heartiness.

"I can't make it out," said the young man to himself; "but assuredly there is more in it than appears on the surface."

Meanwhile the canoe, in due time, touched the shore, where Eustace saw the Jesuit and Lazarist leave the sailors in the boat, and walk towards the village. A colloquy ensued which, judging from the gesture on both sides, was not altogether satisfactory. Presently there appeared on the scene a personage of more pretentious garb, with a small following of attendants,

whom Eustace surmised to be some sort of official, especially when he saw Father Reimlinger take from his pocket and display the papers containing his commission as *chargé d'affaires*. That the interview with this official was also a failure, Hillyard inferred from the abrupt manner in which the priests left him and returned to the canoe.

"They will tell us nothing," was Father Reimlinger's reply to Hillyard's anxious questions. "Neither the villagers nor the coast-guard will say whether this be the Island of Ko-koun-to or not. There is nothing left but to cruise around and try to find out for ourselves. From what Father Brent overheard the peasants say, they would incur a heavy penalty if they gave us any information."

The junk accordingly weighed once more its wooden anchor, and headed for a voyage around the island. On turning a rocky promontory, Father Brent, with a joyful exclamation, pointed out to his companions the winding path which the whalers had cut on the hillside. They were, indeed, at the very spot where they had desired to be. Just then a dark object appeared on the water, in such close proximity, that a prompt reversal of the mat sails was necessary to prevent the junk from colliding. It was the portentous hull of the wrecked vessel.

"Now we can defy them," said the Fathers, as the junk cast anchor at a convenient distance.

At early dawn next morning, the two priests returned in the canoe to the island coast—ostensibly to

examine the wreck. Eustace, who watched intently their movements, observed that the glance the Fathers bestowed on the old whaler, from which everything portable or detachable had been long since removed by the honest Coreans, was of the most cursory; while the canoe steadily pursued its way to the shore. There the priests landed, and following the hill-side path, ascended to the summit of the mountain, which was no great height.

"I see it all now," said Eustace, as he watched the two figures drawn against the pearly-grey sky. "I know that old hulk was only a blind. They are examining the coast."

It was an anxious time for our hero till he saw the little skiff put off on her return voyage. He was beginning to realize the jeopardy in which his two friends probably stood, should their clandestine observations be suspected. It was a relief to him when all were once more on board.

In the meantime, the worthy coast-guard had spent an anxious and sleepless night. During the interview of the previous evening, he had strenuously endeavoured to substitute questions of his own for answers to those of Father Reimlinger. The latter had, however, proved too good at business to shew more of his hand than he thought fit; and as the coast-guard would give him no information, the interview was a failure on both sides. But it left a residuum of great uneasiness. Responsibility, with an attendant train of grievous penalties, shadows every grade of officialdom in the



Far East so completely, so unrelentingly, that it amounts to a universal nightmare, and may, perhaps, be taken to account, in a great measure, for individual barbarities.

The poor subaltern found himself between the horns of a dilemma. If he did not immediately give the alarm that strangers were hanging around, he would be punished for remissness. If, on the other hand, through a too ready zeal, he involved the government in complications with the formidable "devils of the West," he would be punished even more severely. The commission the priest had shewn him, while not explaining the purpose of the visit, rendered the latter risk a serious one. If he could only come at the reason why, then he would have some sufficiently definite statement to make; in which case, he would hasten to the mainland with the intelligence. But how to come at it! There was the puzzle. At length, towards the small hours, the distracted official bethought him of a plan. If a chief mandarin, with all the pomp of his rank, were to present himself to the strangers, they would certainly be overawed to such a degree that further reticence would be impossible. There was no chief mandarin on the island; but there were large junks, and a considerable amount of Oriental millinery. With these the coast-guard calculated he could improvise a chief mandarin and retinue, sufficiently imposing to overwhelm the contemptible strangers.

Accordingly, when morning broke, he set about putting his scheme into execution. He selected one of

the attendants who had been witness of his interview with the priest ; and schooling him carefully in the part he had to play, dressed him up in the rich robes of a great mandarin. The other satellites he attired as became attendants of the same, with pencil and tablets to take down in due form the particulars of the interview, he himself officiating as master of ceremonies. Finally, the three junks were furnished with an ample retinue supplied by the islanders, and after being bedizened, according to the nautical taste of those seas, set sail in solemn procession to visit the little Chinese vessel.

It was late in the afternoon, when the flotilla left the island, and a short time brought them alongside. The foremost and principal junk bore a huge banner, on which was inscribed in Chinese characters :

*"The chief local mandarin wishes to make some pacific inquiries."*

Receiving permission to come on board, the pretended mandarin brought with him six scribes and interpreters, who squatted on the deck, pencils in hand. Without waiting to be questioned, Father Reimlinger himself opened proceedings by demanding :

"What is it you want to know from me? Is not everything explained by my letters of commission, which you ought to understand? If you are a mandarin, you must be aware that I cannot treat upon affairs for which I am not sent. Now I have seen and can see, without your assistance, the state of the wreck. This is all I require; I have nothing whatever to do with you."

While he spoke, the observant priest recalled, in the bogus mandarin, the physiognomy of the coast-guard's attendant of the previous day.

"You are no mandarin," he said, promptly. "I saw you yesterday. Your embassy is an imposture. Begone quickly!"

The order was promptly obeyed, and the *cortège* returned to the island, a very fresh breeze springing up to retard somewhat its progress.

As evening fell, the junk having returned to its former position at the extremity of the island, where a five-league stretch of water alone lay between her and the continent, the fresh breeze developed into a perfect hurricane. Surrounded by rocks, the sea lashed into foam, the situation of the poor little vessel was perilous indeed. Father Reimlinger regarded the change with unconcealed dismay.

"This will interfere with our proceedings, I doubt," he said, gravely.

"It will, at least, prevent the coast-guard from going to the mainland to give the alarm," answered Father Brent, cheerfully.

"May I ask what is it you wish to accomplish?" inquired P'llyard.

"We wish to bring the junk farther inshore. But I fear, when it is proposed, our Chinese sailors will consider the danger too great, and refuse the undertaking."

To the astonishment, however, of the two priests, experienced as they were in Chinese deficiencies where

courage is concerned, the captain and crew stoutly declared their determination to stand by the Fathers through thick and thin, and to carry the junk as far inshore as they wished. The wind, while not favourable, was not dead against them; and although their progress was slow, they still made some headway. At length, when about half the distance had been accomplished, they found themselves face to face with a new obstacle—an immense sand-bank, the extent of which was made fully apparent by the long line of foam shewing spectrally through the darkness.

"Never mind," said the sturdy captain. "We will hang back till the tide is full, and then try to effect a passage." This they accordingly did; but even with the flood-tide, it was morning by the time they finally got clear of the sand-bank, and anchored in deep water, at about one league's distance from the mainland.

Through all the anxious day which followed, the storm raged fiercely. The fog which had before retarded and embarrassed them, was again as thick as ever. Fortunately, it served to screen their altered position both from the island and the continent. This condition of things was still unchanged, when night once more added its darkness to the gloomy turmoil; but towards midnight the wind fell, the fury of the sea subsided, and the fog cleared away. They could see plainly before them, the hilly outline of the Korean shore.

Eustace was standing by the gunwale of the vessel, to which the little boat was lashed, when Father

Reimlinger, who had been in conference with the captain, approached.

"We are going to launch the canoe," he said. "The swell is still considerable, but the worst is over for the present, and time presses. I think she will live."

As he spoke, four of the crew proceeded to lower the skiff; and then, descending the ship's side, they began to fit the little boat with a bamboo mast and a sail of plaited matting, those on board regarding the operation in silence. Then Father Reimlinger said, in a subdued voice: "Here they are!" and from the cabin of the junk there emerged two Coreans—the old peasant who had been there traveling-companion, and another whom Hillyard had never seen. Each carried on his back a small knapsack.

"All is ready," said the captain. Then, to Hillyard's astonishment, the stranger stepped up and held out his hand. It was Father Brent.

"Adieu, my friend," he said, grasping the hand of the Englishman. "You see I am transformed. May you, also, be transformed in a different sense, against our next meeting." Turning to Father Reimlinger, he took his hand affectionately, saying in a voice firm and cheerful, but full of suppressed emotion:

"Adieu, my brother. You have risked your life to aid me; but what then! You have done it for Him to serve whom we are both vowed." Then without another word, he followed his peasant guide down the ship's side and took his place beside him. The canoe moved off silently, the sailors using their oars only

to direct her, fearing lest the noise of rowing might awaken the fishermen, whose huts plentifully studded the shore.

"Where is he gone?" asked Eustace, in amazement. Receiving no answer, he turned his head inquiringly. Father Reimlinger was kneeling on the deck, one hand supporting his elbow, the other covering his face. Obeying an irresistible impulse, Eustace also sank upon his knees, and covered his own face; for in the attitude of the Jesuit, he read, as by a flash, the whole mystery of heroism and sacrifice. He saw the solitary priest casting himself, under cover of darkness and storm, upon that bloody shore, happy if, perchance, he might snatch some souls from spiritual death before physical death, in perhaps one of its most terrible form, should overtake himself. He saw the one who remained behind, braving torture and chains to assist the holy enterprise, without fee or reward, for a mission not his own. He saw the noblest and holiest of companionships severed at the call of duty, without a moment's hesitation, without a word of regret. A perfect tempest of emotions swept over his soul, and he prayed. What he prayed for, only himself knew. How long he prayed, not even himself knew. Absorbed in his own thoughts, feelings, memories, self-upbraidings, time passed unnoted; and only the murmuring voices of the returning sailors, as they came on board, and hoisted their tiny craft after them, recalled him to himself. One of them handed to Father Reimlinger a scrap of paper, on which was written in pencil:

*"All is well. We are landed in safety. Deo gratias!"*

"Where is he gone?" repeated Father Reimlinger, quietly, turning to Eustace as though he had but that moment asked the question; quietly, but with as much subdued emotion in his voice as his habitual and practised self-control permitted to appear. "Where is he gone? He is gone to his inheritance, gone to reap the harvest for which he has been striving these ten years—whether a harvest of souls or of sufferings, God only knows; perhaps both. Ten years of life and sixty thousand francs has he expended in the effort to elude the vigilance of the most jealous government on earth, and to enter that prison-land of Corea. The perilous coast, the impracticable northern frontier, he has tried them all. Of two native Christians brought by our good consul to serve as guides, when he returned from rescuing the French seamen, only the old man survives; the younger has, we fear, paid with his life his efforts as pioneer. But thank God! our dear Father's perseverance has, at last, been crowned. We owe much to the aid of our good consul, who drew up for me the commission to examine the wreck, a pretext which, doubtless, has gained us time, and diverted, for the moment at least, the attention of the worthy coast-guard."

"Father," said Eustace, after a few moments silence, in order to gain control of feelings and voice, "I am conquered. I can no longer kick against the pricks. Whatever of bitterness the future holds for

me, it is dwarfed a thousand times by the ignominy of longer turning away from Truth, from Grace, from the Cross. Oh! how many sacrifices others have to make, and *do* make, willingly, cheerfully, while I am asked to make only one! After all I have seen! So much! So much! I should be less than a man, more than a coward, if I longer hesitated. Let my future be in the hands of God. Father, will you receive me into the Church?"

"Gladly, my friend, when I shall have satisfied myself that your resolve is solidly grounded, and not the momentary effervescence of excited feeling. We shall have time to talk things over, on our return voyage. Meanwhile, it will be, I think, for the safety of our dear Father Brent, that we should remain where we are for a little time. It will concentrate attention on ourselves, and give him time to make considerable way inland. Besides, he promised to send us, if possible, some news of the bishop and Father D——."

It was now dawn, and throughout the succeeding day the junk maintained its position, at about a league from the shore. The baffled coast-guard, however, took advantage of the improved weather to cross over to the main-land, and make his report. The Jesuit and his fellow-travellers were not left long in ignorance of the fact; for towards afternoon they could perceive innumerable boats put off from shore and take up stations at short intervals, all along the coast, so as to intercept any craft attempting a landing. At nightfall, fires were lighted, also at short in-



tervals, all along the coast, rendering either ingress or exit absolutely impracticable.

"It is well we carried the fortress last night," said Father Reimlinger. "To-night it would have been impossible. There is no use waiting for news; no messenger could run that blockade, and it will be kept up for some nights to come."

So the junk shipped her anchor, spread her mat sails, and turned her big fish eyes back towards China. The captain and crew, whose hearts had been won, first by the friendly interest, then by the heroism of the Lazarist, begged to be put under instruction; emphasizing the request by voluntarily consigning the wooden idol to a watery grave. As they had so much more to learn, their reception into the Church was deferred till a considerable time after that of Eustace, which took place immediately on his return to Shang-hai. It would have been a joyful thing for the saintly missionary, self-cast on the cruel shores of Corea, could he have seen, as the trophy of his heroism and sacrifice, the fervent and enthusiastic band of catechumens, whom the battered old junk, after a short and prosperous voyage, carried triumphantly up the muddy waters of the Woo-Sung.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It was thus Father Maistre, of the Order of St. Lazare, assisted by Father Helot, S. J., entered Corea, about the time of our story. The details were substantially as above, even to the conduct and dispositions of the Pagan crew.

## PART IV.—LYNNBOROUGH

### CHAPTER XLII

**B**EFORE re-uniting the severed strands of our tale, it will not be amiss to take a glance at such changes as an interval of three years, more or less, has effected in the surroundings of our old friends. With Philip Carr nearly all that interval has been passed in close application to his theological studies, at the Seminary of St. Sulpice; whence, at the close of his third scholastic year, he has returned to Scotland a priest, and is now devoting himself to the arduous work of the Western District, of which the great city of Glasgow is the centre, and Philip's headquarters for the present. As soon as rumour wafted to Lynnborough the news of his return, and his place of residence, Adelaide Dunbar wrote him a short but kind letter, acquainting him with her own conversion, and expressing, both on her own part and that of her mother, the hope that ere long their old-time friendship would be renewed under the happily altered circumstances.

The news afforded a lively consolation to the young priest; and the congratulations he returned were from his heart. It was not the only consolation Philip experienced. Among the high-born friends whose favour

and influence had been looked upon as the benignant star of his Protestant prospects, some had shouldered the Cross, like himself, and become Catholics; while the rest did not shew the smallest intention of slighting him. One of these latter, a young nobleman, who had been his school and college-mate, made a journey to Glasgow expressly to see him, and carried him off from the priests' house, on Clyde street, to spend a couple of days with him at one of his castles. Such signs of the times had the effect of reconciling his mother—the only member of the family who harboured a grudge.

Nor was it among his upper-class friends alone that a favourable spirit shewed itself. Having been sent by his bishop to preach in the town of K—, an ancient and renowned hot-bed of Covenanterism, where his name was well-known, on account of his connection with a local magnate, Philip's reception surprised his most sanguine hopes. It was not demonstrative; Scottish temperament forbade that. Nor was it personal; as such he would not have appreciated it. It consisted in the array of non-Catholics who thronged the Church, and in the rapt, respectful attention bestowed on his sermon, the subject of which he had purposely selected from among the doctrines of the Church least understood and most maligned by those outside her pale. As he gleefully remarked in his letter to Adelaide: "Just think of the arch-Whigs of K— listening attentively, and with undisguised interest, to a sermon on the *Invocation of the Saints!*"

As for Adelaide herself, shortly after her reception, she accompanied her mother on the long promised visit to Aunt Steele in London. They first spent a week in Pimlico with Countess Ida, where they enjoyed a homeopathic dose of "the Season," including an outsider's view of the splendours connected with a Drawing-room at St. James', which Ida and the earl attended, but which Mrs. Dunbar and her daughter preferred taking in from the verdant slopes of the Green Park. They then adjourned to the less fashionable neighbourhood of Islington, where Aunt Steele lived, and where Adelaide had a lovely time, her neophyte's fervour and enthusiasm being fully gratified at St. John the Evangelist's church.

Of Adelaide's life at Lynnborough, there is but little to say. Immediately on her return, she called on Miss Hillyard, and acquainted her with her change of religion. The old lady received the news quietly and kindly, although with evident surprise; and a humorous twinkle came into her eyes as she propounded the question: "What will Eustace say? It will be news for him;" which remark led Adelaide to conclude, though erroneously, that Aunt Marjory would certainly mention the matter to her nephew in the letter which lay yet unfinished on her desk. It was her desire she should do so, but she shrank from expressing the wish in words. Not very long afterwards, the thunderbolt struck Rowanfell and herself, in the sad intelligence conveyed by Captain Vivian to Miss Hillyard. Adelaide's grief was none the less there were

now no personal hopes to shatter. Her love for Eustace was too sincere and unselfish; and the prayers she had unceasingly offered for his conversion were now offered for his repose. Old Sir Norman, quite in his dotage, could by no means be made to understand the situation; and it was no small aggravation of Aunt Marjory's sorrow that after telling him what had happened—which she did about fifteen times a-day—and hearing his concerned: "Ay, ay? Poor Eustace!" he would immediately recommence his loving and pathetic inquiry: "When would his boy be home?"

As a member of the congregation at the Gothic chapel, Adelaide quietly took her place without remark from anybody. As far as details went, it was something of a contrast to the delights she had revelled in at St. John's; but essentials were the same, and that was everything. She sometimes wished that Master Jim Brown would sit out the service like the rest of the people, instead of sneaking down the gallery stair and so out, when he thought nobody was looking.

It is needless to say that she became affectionately intimate with the Stewarts; and of her Protestant friends, none passed the smallest remark on her change of religion—none, that is, except Miss Bartlett. That lady missed few opportunities for side squibs; but Adelaide, after some rejoinders based on her neophyte's conviction, that all any body needed was simply to have things put to a certain light, began to find that the best plan was to let the squibs go by, and to take no notice. One day, however, Miss Bartlett

took occasion of some reported recent conversions to shake up poor Mrs. Dunbar's nerves by gravely predicting a speedy resuscitation of the Smithfield Fires. The burning of heretics is always a favourite topic with malignant "outsiders," whose historians, with the exception of the honest Cobbett, have quite forgotten to mention that all the heretics so handled, in every age and land, for blaspheming God's Truth, misleading His people, and troubling the peace of earth, are but as a drop to the ocean of faithful Catholics, who have been consigned to the same fate for adhering to the Truth once delivered to the Saints. It is also a subject painful to Catholics, and one on which they are always refused a hearing, when they endeavour to contrast the offences. But Adelaide was aroused by the sight of her mother's alarm, and spoke up accordingly.

"I do not defend savage methods," she said. "Far from it. But *some* strict measures were necessary if the people were not to be supinely abandoned a prey to persistent false teachers. We of the nineteenth century might well blame such supineness, beholding, as we do, the utter confusion and chaos which the Reformation has left as its legacy to the non-Catholic world. But don't be afraid, Miss Bartlett. When the Catholic Church condemned the errors of heretics—for remember, it was not *she* who did the burning, but the *State*—she was only judging her own apostate children. Over those outside her pale she never claimed, or exercised, any jurisdiction whatever. So you will be quite safe, you see. No," she added, some-

what bitterly. "If the fires of Smithfield are ever re-kindled, it will be by Protestants."

"Protestants never did such things," retorted Miss Bartlett, whose historical reading, any there had been, was strictly one-sided.

"Didn't they, though?" exclaimed Adelaide, warmly. "You think that Smithfield and Tyburn claimed none but your blessed Ridley, and Latimer, and Cranmer; of all three of whom you should hear the Protestant William Cobbett speak. You never heard of Father Houghton and his fifteen Carthusians? You never heard of Father Campion, and Father Southwell, and a thousand others? You never heard of Father Abel, who was tortured thirty-seven times? Nor of Father Forest, whose roasting was specially superintended by your worthy Latimer, till the very crowd around the gibbet sickened at the sight, and cast both it and its victim into the flames, that his sufferings might be ended? You never heard of Father Ogilvy, who was deprived of sleep during days and nights, I know not how many, by relays of godly and watchful Presbyterians who, by tortures, forced him awake when he dozed over—a charming invention of purely Protestant origin, which was tried on numerous poor Catholics to compel them to renounce the Religion of Christ? Nor of Margaret Clitheroe, the mother of a young family—ah! wait till I tell you how they handled her, and only for going to Mass. They took her to the market-place—in York it was—and their they stripped and stretched her on the

ground, on some sharp flint-stones, before the very eyes of her husband and her four weeping children; they then laid upon her a heavy door, on the top of which they piled the heaviest stones, and crushed——”

“Adelaide! Adelaide!” cried her mother, “for the love of heaven do not tell us of such horrors. You will make me faint.” And poor Mrs. Dunbar reached out to the mantelpiece for her vinaigrette. Adelaide took her mother’s hand tenderly, and continued in a half-apologetic tone:

“They are perpetually fitting the shoe on the wrong foot; it is time they heard a little of the truth. If people had common sense, and would give the subject the smallest amount of honest thought, they could calculate for themselves the nature and degree of persecutions which swept from the land the religion whose home it had been for centuries; till neither priest nor bishop dared be seen in England; till here in Scotland—the land of St. Margaret and St. David, the nursing mother of Melrose, and Dryborough, and Kelso, and Jedborough, and all their glorious companions—Catholic Religion came to be represented by one poor priest, who sought out the scattered flock, and kept the Faith alive at the hourly risk of his life; travelling in disguise from place to place over the rugged mountain-roads, sleeping in caves or on the bare hill-side.”

“I don’t see,” said Miss Bartlett, pettishly, “that the casting out of Popery could have been very difficult. The people hated it.”



"The people *loved* it," replied Adelaide, firmly. "None hated it but those who hoped to profit by its spoliation; and it was easy for them—as it always is—to excite unreasoning mobs to acts of riot and violence. Our ancestors have left us an invaluable and unmistakable record of their sentiments on the subject, in certain imperishable *proverbs*. They have testified to their opinion of the methods of the English Reformation by declaring that "Paul" was paid by robbing "Peter." "I'll send you to old Harry!" is a popular form of anathema which has descended to our day. The very name of the royal ogre has become a verb to express plunder and devastation; "they were "harried," meaning they were robbed and rooted out. As for our own poor Scotch: "The nearer the kirk the farther frae Grace," is the touching expression of the situation as it struck them; while the contemptuous "I wonder will he mak' a kirk or a mill o't?" shews the view they took of the new uses to which the consecrated edifices were put. It was the new-comers — ignorant, violent self-seeking — whom the people hated; as has been happily preserved to our knowledge by, among other things, the immortal lines of the poet:

"Oh! what a toon, what a terrible toon!

"Oh! what a toon was that o' Dunkel!"

"They've hangit the minister, droon'd the precentor,

"Dang down the steeple, an' drucken the bell!"

## CHAPTER XLIII

WHEN Eustace Hillyard, conquered by the superlative act of heroism he had just witnessed, knelt down on the deck of the little Chinese junk, and at Father Reimlinger's feet offered his abjuration, and begged to be received into the Fold of the One True Church, he had clearly before his mind the sacrifice he was called to make; and although it was to him the darkening of all his future life, he made it resolutely and generously. "He who leaveth not all to follow after Me," had been illustrated to him in a wonderful manner; he, too, would strive to be worthy of his Lord and of Eternal Life. So he laid his bleeding heart without reserve at the foot of the Cross.

Scarcely, however, had the step been taken and the sacrifice made, than the cloud seemed to lift, and rays of hope to penetrate his whole being. Why should not the same grace be bestowed on Adelaide, so good, so conscientious? He was now in an infinitely better position to argue the matter with her, both in that he understood things better, and that, having himself followed conviction, he might hope for a blessing on his efforts for the one he so dearly loved. Before he left Shang-hai, Eustace was living in an atmosphere of re-awakened hope; and as his letters and remittances were awaiting him when he

reached that city, he speedily took an affectionate leave of Father Reimlinger, and stepped on board the mail-steamer about to sail for England, not without leaving behind him a goodly "alms" for the poor mission of Kiang-nan.

Aunt Marjory's welcome to her happily-restored nephew may be easily imagined. Sir Norman took his return as a matter of course. All Lynnborough was excited over the event; but Lynnborough must wait a bit, for Eustace had to report himself, before everything, at Throstlehurst. During the voyage, he had been laying out his plans. He would go very cautiously and gradually to work, and avoid whatever might, in the first instance, startle Adelaide. The interview, so far as we have the gift or intention to follow it, was short but quite satisfactory.

"And do you hold to the views you formerly expressed regarding — ah! — regarding — well — what, I think, they call, *mixed marriages*?" asked Eustace, with an effort at composure which could, in no way, veil his trepidation.

"I do," returned Adelaide, very pale but quite firm. "I always felt strongly on the subject; but now that I am a Catholic——"

"Now that you are what?"

"Did not Miss Hillyard tell you?"

"Aunt Marjory has not spoken of you since I came back last night——"

"But when she wrote — when she wrote you, that time, while you were at Hong-Kong?"

"She mentioned no one but my grandfather. Do you mean to say you are a Catholic?"

"I was received more than three years ago."

"How wonderful!" And the young man, after a moment's abstraction, drew towards him the astonished young lady.

"Darling," he whispered, "surely now we meet never again to part; for I, too, am a Catholic."

"You! Oh! thank God!"

Then the brown curls sank upon his shoulder, and the colour, which surprise and emotion had momentarily banished from lip and cheek, was sooned kissed back again.

Within a fortnight after the return of his grandson, old Sir Norman Hillyard passed away. It was not thought necessary to postpone the new baronet's marriage beyond the time Adelaide would require to make her preparations. The long coveted visit to Italy was to come in for the wedding-trip; and Adelaide realized how immeasurably more she would enjoy it now than in her Protestant days. The last three months of the year were to be devoted to it, an interval to be spent by Mrs. Dunbar with Aunt Marjory at Rowanfell. The marriage which, of course, under the circumstances, was very quiet, came off at the Gothic chapel, on a lovely bright morning, towards the end of September, with Agatha Stewart for bride's-maid, Philip Carr as assistant priest, and Father Doyle as celebrant. A small but select party,

including Dr. Malcolm and all the Stewart family, were engaged to breakfast at Throstlehurst, where Father Doyle and Father Carr were to join them, as soon as the former had finished his thanksgiving after Mass. The last of the carriages had driven off, and only a few stragglers of the miscellaneous attenders were still hanging around, when Father Doyle and Philip passed into the chapel-house, to the door of which the priest's gig had been brought. A poorly dressed middle-aged woman, with her apron to her eyes, curtsied to the priest. The cloud on his face deepened visibly as he listened to her tale. Her boy — no other than Adelaide's friend Jim Brown, who had for some time been cooling his ankles in the county jail at —, awaiting his trial on a charge of implication in a burglary — had been struck down with jail-fever, and was dying.

"An' sure," cried the weeping mother, "that ain't the worst, for the minister has got a-talking to him, an' they say he's goin' to turn Protestant."

"Have you been to see him?"

"Sure, thin, and its mesilf that has. But he niver would listen to nothin', I'd say."

"You should have gone to Father Oliver, and ask him to go to him."

"I did, yer riverence; an' the father he wint, but it's Jim wouldn't spake to him — no, not a word. An' oh!" cried the poor creature, who still had faith, whatever she might have done with the practice, "I know I have not allwus done the very best ;

but that I should live to see him turn Protestant!"

"Do you think he would speak to me if I were to go to him?" asked Father Doyle, after a few moments' consideration. A gleam of hope came into poor Mrs. Brown's face.

"Dade, thin, an' it's yourself he was allwus fond of, Father. I think he would spake to yez."

"Well, then, Mr. Carr," said Father Doyle, "I shall have to go, and look into this new trouble. Will you kindly make my excuses to Sir Eustace and Lady Hillyard? I shall drive you to within a stone's throw of Throstlehurst, and then my road turns off. Mary," he called to his housekeeper, "give me a mouthful of bread and a glass of milk."

It was a silent drive that brought the two priests to the stepping-off place whence Philip proceeded to Throstlehurst, and Father Doyle on the three hours' journey which lay before him. On reaching the town of—, where his unfortunate parishioner lay in the hospital, many vexatious delays occurred. The priest of the district, to whose chapel-house he first went, was absent on a sick-call. Then he endeavoured to gain admittance to the prisoner, not a hard matter as a rule, but on this occasion so entangled in red-tape, or what tried to pass for such, that the rumoured attempt at proselytism could not be doubted as the only adequate explanation. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when, at length, he stood beside the pallet where lay the dying Jim; and then he had a

hard task before him. The boy was sulky, reticent and stubborn. He did not deny the efforts made on his behalf by the minister and some ladies with tracts. But Jim was young both in years and in vice. In his heart there were still two soft corners, one for the mother who was bemoaning him, and the other for Father Doyle. The stubborn spirit gave way, at last, to tears of penitence, as he grasped the Father's hand and endeavoured to record the delinquencies of his young life.

"I'm sorry, Father, I'm real sorry," was his Act of Contrition, of the sincerity of which there could be no doubt. Father Oliver came in, at the conclusion of Jim's confession, and the lad held out his hand to him, with the same assurance: "I'm sorry, Father."

Tired and fagged out with worry and care, Father Doyle could scarcely taste the comfortable meal which Father Oliver's housekeeper set before them; nor did he deem it advisable to delay his return journey till next day, although warmly pressed to do so. For the sake of his horse, however, he postponed his departure till evening. The long twilight and a full moon gave promise of a pleasant drive; nevertheless, the air had become unusually close and sultry for the season, and heavy clouds were banking up at various points on the horizon. Long before Father Doyle reached home, muttered thunder-claps and fitful flashes indicated an approaching storm. As he turned down the green lane at the side of the church, he saw a man standing at the chapel-house door, in colloquy with

the housekeeper. It was an old quarryman, come, as the tired priest's instinct told him, with another sick-call.

"Who is sick now, Peter?" he asked.

"Mistress M'Clure, yer reverence," answered Peter, doffing his cap.

"Is she very sick?"

"Ay, yer reverence; they say she's very sick. I'm gaun for the doctor."

"Very good. Then, run for the doctor."

Peter decamped townward, while the priest, shaking up his tired steed, drove back towards the quarry. It was some little distance beyond the railway-bridge which spanned the main road about half a mile from the turn. Hardly had the gig proceeded a couple of hundred yards in this direction, when a terrific flash of lightning, accompanied by a no less terrific thunder-clap, caused the startled horse to rear, just as the ten o'clock express train came tearing towards the bridge.

Dreading the effect of the screaming engine on the already frightened horse, Father Doyle jumped from the gig, and seized the bridle at the animal's head. An instant too late. At the shriek of the engine, as it tore across the bridge, the brute plunged wildly, throwing down the priest, whose foot caught in the reins. Then it struck out with its fore-legs, trampling mercilessly its prostrate master.

"What is that on the road before us?" said Philip Carr, who had spent the afternoon with Dr.



Malcom, and was being driven home by that gentleman to Throstlehurst. "It looks like a man's body. Some one has been having a fit."

The doctor looked steadily in the direction indicated.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that has been a runaway. Some poor creature has been pitched on his head, and killed. Yon flash and peal of thunder did it, I'll be bound. Yes; there is the gig farther on, and the horse quietly browsing by the wayside."

"My God!" cried Philip, as a broad stream of bright moonlight broke through the cloudy canopy, and rested full upon the scene, "It is Father Doyle's gig and horse!"

In another instant, he and his companion reached the spot, and were on their knees beside the prostrate and unconscious priest.

"I see it all," groaned the doctor. "His foot has caught in the reins, as he tried to hold the horse's head; and he has been trampled to death."

"Is he dead?"

"No, not yet; but he soon will be. See here, Mr. Carr, help me to lay him in the phaeton."

Without another word, the soft cushions of the conveyance were arranged as commodiously as possible, those of the gig, as well as the two gentlemen's overcoats being also employed in the service. Then the doctor and Philip tenderly lifted the trampled body of the poor priest, and laid him on the improvised couch.

"Now, Mr. Carr," said the doctor as he lift the carriage-lamps, "get in that gig, and drive as slowly as you can."

The morning sun rose next day on a desolate parish. The news of the catastrophe which had occurred spread like wild-fire; and the kitchen-door of the little chapel-house was besieged by a noiseless stream of anxious and weeping Catholics. Dr. Malcolm, who remained with the patient all night, pronounced his injuries the most severe of the kind he had ever seen. He held out not the slightest hope of his recovery. Philip shared his painful vigil; and as soon as day broke, despatched a messenger to Mrs. Dunbar, and a telegram to the administrator of the diocese, the bishop being absent abroad. Both parties responded promptly and in person to the sorrowful intelligence.

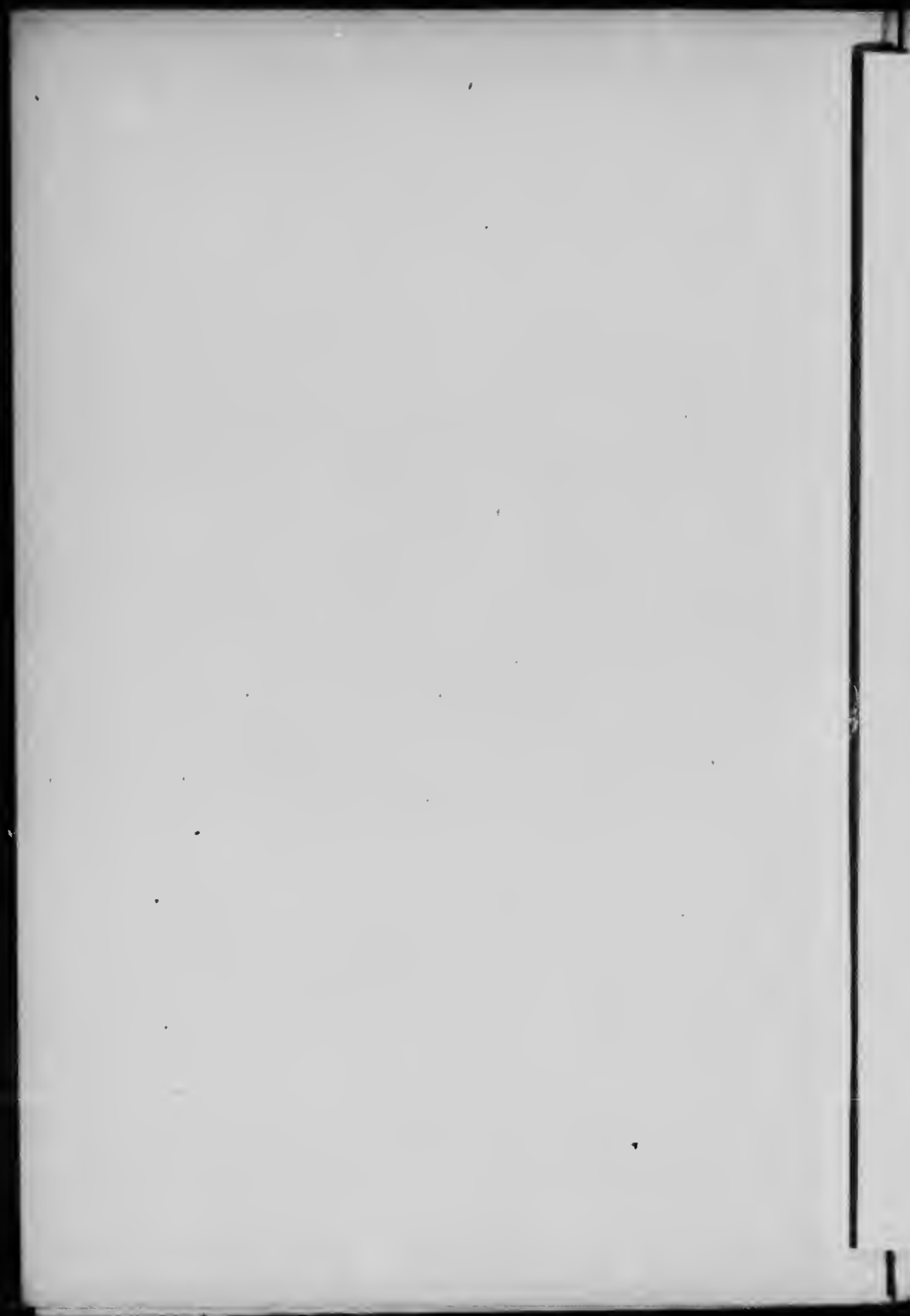
Mrs. Dunbar, bathed in tears, placed all the resources of Throstlehurst at Dr. Malcolm's disposal, and offered to stay herself, and help the nursing. Her heart was broken, she said, to think that her Addie's marriage-day should have closed on such a tragedy.

"Say rather on such a triumph," replied Philip, his own voice choked with tears. "It is a tragedy to us who mourn a saintly friend taken from our midst, and a labourer the less when labourers are all too few. But it is a triumph to the heavenly citizens among whom he will soon be numbered; and a

triumph to the martyr of Charity himself, who is about to receive his Eternal Crown."

For two days and nights the mangled priest lingered in unconsciousness, broken only by frequent fits of delirium. The zeal and devotedness of his soul made themselves conspicuous, even in his ravings. He was continually admonishing and consoling imaginary penitents; and it was with hand upraised, and the words of absolution on his lips, that Lynnborough's parish priest departed, to take his place forever beside the martyr-heroes of Kiang-nan and Kiang-see.

THE END.



## Errata

PAGE	LINE	
15	16	For "denna" read "dinna."
	26	For "mon" read "man."
	28	" " " "
37	25	For "turning up" read "tuning up."
38	23	For "turned linen" read "twined linen."
51	24	For "alone" read "along."
55	14	For "cannot never" read "can never."
	30	For "Edinburg" read "Edinburgh."
56	27	For "work" read "word."
58	19	For "perceived" read "perceive."
69	17	For "understood" read "understand."
77	1	For "cooly" read "coolly."
84	27	For "Sacramental" read "the Sacramental."
97	7	For "remitting" read "re-uniting."
100	6	For "question" read "questions."
	15	" " " "
112	3	For "holy will" read "holy Hill."
118	7	For "recommand" read "recommend."
125	29	For "reckoned" read "reck."
135	10	For "to greedy" read "too greedy."
136	1	For "should" read "could."
139	6	For "reel of Fulloch" read "reel of Tulloch."
143	4	For "remind me" read "remind me of."
170	11	For "admiration" read "animation."
171	26	For "remain" read "remained."
174	14	For "strickes" read "strikes."
175	8	For "selft" read "self."
197	23	For "shews" read "shew."
202	1	For "gifs" read "gifts."
217	9	For "usual" read "unusual."
220	11	For "classes able to" read "classes are able to."
223	7	For "His priest" read "His priests."
	7	For "His priests" read "His priests —"
230	4	For "bysight" read "eye-ight."
240	13	For "the gates" read "thy gates."
244	19	For "quite" read "quiet."

PAGE	LINE	
245	21	For "knew" read "know."
246	2	For "even a" read "ever a."
251	26	For "door-screen" read "rood-screen."
273	10	For "one to think" read "one thing."
274	20	For "that" read "than."
277	24	For "thickest" read "thicket."
278	14	For "wisest" read "wisest thing."
293	14	For "happened" read "opened."
301	27	For "ou" read "our."
310	16	For "it" read "in."
313	25	For "for" read "from."
317	30	For "distinguished" read "disguised."
342	4	For "where" read "were."
351	28	For "tea-drivers" read "tea-driers."
352	15	For "let" read "left."
353	23	For "less" read "lest."
354	23	For "vindicate" read "ventilate."
356	3	For "Englishmen" read "Englishman."
356	14	For "hour" read "hours."
358	5	For "seem" read "seemed."
362	25	For "that" read "than."
370	22	For "reveal" read "revel."
373	15	For "where" read "were."
373	24	For "with" read "without."
395	1	For "past-time" read "pastime."
402	30	For "It is" read "Is it."
410	28	For "residium" read "residuum."
415	13	For "there" read "their."
416	16	For "form" read "forms."
423	28	For "to a certain light" read "in a certain light."
	29	For "plans" read "plan."
425	30	For "their" read "there."
430	12	For "sooned" read "soon."
434		<i>A space must be left between line 28 and line 29.</i>
436	1	For "lift" read "lit."

