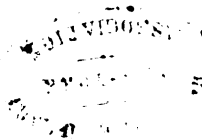


114



OUR MONTHLY.

A

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY--1871.

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

BY GEORGE LEE.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH LITTLE PROGRESS IS MADE.

THE fugitives from Troy, we are told, founded a second Ilium, and in their little town fondly endeavored to reproduce the loved features of the original. They even adopted a thirsty stream and called it Xanthus; and, while the unconscious rivulet babbled merrily along in its narrow channel, they paced sadly to and fro upon its banks, and sighed and sang, and wept and prayed, and built new altars and lit new fires thereon in honor of their gods. In the streets and halls of the mimic city their lives went on much as before the perfidious Greeks reduced their ancestral homes to ashes. They ate and drank, and made love and married and had children; they planted and watered and harvested; they bartered and got gain; they quarreled, worshiped, and died—all in the good old Trojan fashion.

So that forlorn little band of wanderers who, many centuries later, sought an asylum in the wilderness, brought with them the names, the customs, and the associations of the land they loved

in spite of her intolerance. They abandoned England old, only to found an England New, which they endeavored to make in the image of the mother country—differing in a few particulars obnoxious to their Puritan consciences. Thus it came to pass, that throughout the section originally occupied by the Pilgrim Fathers and their immediate descendants, are innumerable villages and towns bearing good old English names. They are pleasant places, often nestled cozily at the foot of a rugged hill, sometimes beside a river or creek, whose waters are seldom suffered to escape from the vicinity until they have done their share of useful work. It is generally understood that the inhabitants of these thrifty villages know a thing or two, and by the combined force of brain-power, water-power, and steam-power, contrive to keep the crank of industry moving pretty briskly, and to grind out in the course of the year enough to eat. They are believed to be shrewd financiers also, and to have an especial aptness for converting the produce of their soil, their looms, their shops, and, in short, of their industry in all its manifold departments, into currency.

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IV.

Found Drowned !

A prodigal, mayhap, far wandered from home,
 Now retracing his footsteps, exulting to come,
 Fully bent never more from love's duty to roam ;
 He, the strength of a mother, her fading life's stay,
 Whose sad heart, sorely yearning, scarce brooks the delay,
 And in absence protracted can pining, but pray ;
 While to her comes no sound
 Of one found, who was drowned !

V.

Found Drowned !

Some poor, weak wife, it may be, is widowed hereby,
 Her sweet children thus orphaned, untried hearts to try,
 She left helpless, despairing, to soothe their wild cry ;
 By the window she watcheth, while trembling lips say,
 Ah ! why lingers my loved one thus cruel away ;
 But the weeks bear no message from him who doth stay.
 Oh ! will grace not abound ;
 Who hath found this one drowned !

VI.

Found Drowned !

Let the brief item speed, through exchanges resound,
 Of a person who perished put under the ground,
 Where a nameless board shelters an unsodded mound.
 But afar no physician of grief may reveal,
 To those weepers these clods which their lost one conceal,
 And the wounds in their cleft hearts, Christ only can heal.
 Nor till God's trump shall sound
 Will be found one thus drowned.

UNDER THE YOKE.

BY MRS. JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER FIRST.

THE INTERRUPTED WEDDING.

“**F**URTHERMORE, my children, in entering into the holy estate of matrimony, you solemnly promise, as becomes good Christians, to train up whatever offspring shall be given you in all the tenets and rites of the Holy Catholic Church.”

The full tones of the Very Reverend Father Garren, slightly tinged

with Irish brogue, rolled through the cathedral. The fair cheek of the kneeling bride flushed a deeper crimson through the drooping folds of her veil, as she replied : “ I do ; ” but the voice of the groom, Brian Waring, was decided as that of the officiating priest, as he made answer : “ No, that I do not promise.”

The bride's rejoicing aunt gave a little scream, the four bridesmaids and the four groomsman rustled amaze-

ment; there was an audible stir and catch of breath among all the fashionable witnesses of the fashionable wedding. Beautiful Clare Bently, the bride, drew a little from Brian's side, and turned her head. The priest spoke promptly.

"My son, do I understand you? Do you refuse the pledge to train your children in the Catholic faith of God?"

"Proceed with the ceremony, father, and let that pass. You are asking a promise which you have no right to ask; which I can not give.

"Then I proceed no further!" cried the priest; "I have a *right* to ask this question. The Church regulates the conditions of marriage, and I **INSIST** upon this promise."

Brian Waring sprung from his knees with much greater alacrity than he had bent upon them. He had shrugged his shoulders as he assumed that lowly position for the first time since juvenile games of marbles, or the far-off early days, when some good nurse may have taught him the legitimate orison.

"Reverend sir," said Brian, giving his hand to the bride and lifting her to her feet, "I came here to be married to this lady. It becomes you to receive our vows to be true and tender to each other. But to go beyond this, and to demand how I may exercise a new relationship to other unknown beings, is to pass the limits my self-respect assigns you. I have promised you before these witnesses to treat this lady with all faithfulness and courtesy; I beg you conclude this ceremony and receive your fee."

The last words were in a whisper, but the priest was not to be moved by a hundred dollar bill.

"The Church must conserve the interests of her unborn children. She is their mother by nature and by grace. Unless you promise to train your children as Catholics, this ceremony shall never be concluded."

The bride and her four most intimate friends were blushing fearfully; the decorous groomsmen stroked their mostaches and smoothed their glossy

locks, to the destruction of their new gloves, as they endeavored to conceal their smiles, while Mrs. James Bently entered into an excited calculation of the cost of the trousseau and the amount expended on the magnificent dresses of the bride and her attendants, and here was—an interrupted wedding! Brian turned his back upon the angry priest.

"Beloved Clare," he said, "we are in point of fact married, having made our promises to each other before these witnesses. But as no voice has duly pronounced us man and wife, we will return to your uncle's, where your Cousin Ben will speedily bring some one to complete the ceremony."

Ben, groomsman No. 2, hearing himself thus mentioned, stepped forward.

Clare looked up earnestly: "Brian! I can be married by no one but a Catholic priest."

"By any one you like, Clare, be it even a Jewish Rabbi, or a Mohammedan Mufti!"

Father Garren plucked Mr. Waring's sleeve, crying hoarsely: "Marriage celebrated under other auspices than those of the Holy Catholic Church is no marriage; it is a farce and a sacrilege; it is a shameless adultery, and its offspring are illegitimate."

Brian's face flushed hotly, and he exclaimed wrathfully: "Silence, sir! I am the child of what you are pleased to call heretical parents."

"Daughter Clare Bently," said Father Garren, "I forbid you ever to marry this rash and wicked heretic."

By this time Clare Bently had endured as much as was possible. She gave a hysterical cry, and threw herself into the arms of her uncle, and was at once taken out to the carriage, accompanied by her aunt and bridesmaids. Brian stood with the first groomsman, Alban Rowe. The Very Reverend Father, the assisting priests, the choir boys, and the acolytes trooped away; the boys whispering in high glee, as they crowded through the door on the epistle side of the altar. Mr. James Bently and his son, Ben, came back

for a hurried conference with the dismayed groom; and then invited the guests to the wedding breakfast on the following day, before which time the marriage, for which it was manifestly impossible to make an exact appointment, would have been celebrated in the presence of the attendants and the immediate family of the bride.

"Mr. Bently," said Brian Waring, as the gentlemen stood near their carriages on the sidewalk, "you know that it was no lack of affection or deference to Clare that has caused this action on my part. But I could not retain my self-respect or my manhood, if I sold my future liberty to a priest, by making vows concerning a relationship the desires and feelings of which I can not now imagine."

"If Father Leroy," replied Mr. James Bently, "had not fallen ill, and had officiated as we expected, all would have gone right. This Father Garren is new to this country, and disposed to be domineering. For my part, I would have my niece married by any person legally qualified to perform the ceremony; but women, you know, are different, and with Clare it must be priest or nobody. Clare is very much devoted to her religion—" For the first time in his life Brian winced at a reference to Clare's religion. Mr. Bently continued: "My wife and Clare would never consent to anything but the solemnization of this marriage here in the cathedral. We must see Father Leroy. I will send and make an appointment for us, at his house, at three, and we will have this affair talked over. I will drive round for you. I want to see Clare; take care of her for me, until then."

Mr. Waring stepped into the carriage which was to have carried himself and his *wife* to a home, and lonely, angry, and disappointed, drove off to the St. Nicholas. Even among the well-bred functionaries of this hotel, from the proprietor to the youngest waiter, there was a start and look of amazement when the joyous bridegroom, who had gone off that

morning, came home in this fashion, and went to his room with a moody face. And well might Brian Waring be moody; the curse of his life had now first spoken in audible words—an iron that should fester and corrode until his heart ceased to beat had but now entered into that heart; he had felt the thorns with the blossoms of his marriage crown. All this he did not apprehend; he believed the present storm one that would speedily pass away. A great problem of independence or of servility was presented to him, and he sat down to consider it. Our friend was an extreme type of that Americanism that revolts at domination and interference, and has only one terror—that of being under bondage to—priestcraft. Of a high imperious temper, he was filled with indignation at the assumption and overbearing of the priest; and his national pride resented the dictation of the Milesian autocrat.

We can not make out Brian better than he was, and we grieve to say that a *hatred* of Father Garren in particular, and of priests in general, took possession of his soul. Besides indulging this reprehensible feeling, Brian, pacing up and down his room in fierce excitement, exhibited another of the idiosyncrasies of the unconverted soul, and swore vehemently; and having begun by calling the very Rev. Father after the humblest of quadrupeds, concluded by consigning him to the constant society of a being improper to mention before ears polite. At this stage of his history Brian Waring was certainly not a Christian gentleman. A man of education, fashion and fortune; a man of business probity and prudence, he called himself too *liberal* to be chained to a creed, and considered it the part of a man of mind to hold himself superior to piety.

While Brian Waring was fuming and and raging in his hotel, and the family of James Bently were in confusion, Father Garren divested himself of the festive paraphernalia, wherein he had prepared to celebrate a wedding in

high life, and went in hot haste to Father Leroy, feeling while he went certain severe twinges in the lower region of the heart—that lying nighest the pocket—occasioned by a vacuum that should have been filled by the marriage fee. Arriving at No. 19—, 16th street, the irate *father* tramped noisily up stairs, and burst into the luxurious bed-chamber of the invalid priest. Lying wearily back in an easy chair, his pale, thin face touched with a ruddy hue, by the fire blazing before him, Father Leroy was finding, perchance, treasure-trove of miters, robes and scarlet hats in the glowing coals. The charge of a vast congregation in a great city, and the painful efforts to hold his own in a mighty throng of struggling priests, each fiercely battling for pre-eminence, had written deep care-lines on the sick man's cheek and brow, and bleached the thin locks hanging about his well-made head. In the years of toil and contest since he had entered priestly orders, Father Leroy had learned the wisdom of the serpent. Indeed so thoroughly had he studied his part in life, that he was the same hero to himself in private that he appeared in public. His calm was never outwardly broken; the fixedness of his purpose never relaxed—to sum up all in a breath, we have only to say that Father Leroy's housekeeper and scullion venerated him as entirely as did any member of his flock. He never descended from his pinnacle even at home.

"Back from the wedding so soon?" he asked, as Father Garren dashed into the room; then looking up at the flushed face and blazing eyes of his guest, he demanded "What has happened?"

"Nothing but that I have stopped the ceremony, and refused to marry a daughter of the Church to a vile, heretical, obstinate infidel."

"Stopped the ceremony! interrupted *Clare Bently's* wedding!" cried Father Leroy, aghast.

"I have that," said priest Garren, vauntingly. "I find the base deceiver

has not become a Catholic christian; he has not confessed, nor taken the sacrament, and would not promise to train up his children in the Holy Church."

"All these were matters which you should not have inquired into. We were to let them pass."

"You must be far gone in heresy to talk of letting such monstrous enormities pass. The fellow must submit to the Church, or give up his bride—that's fixed."

"I promise you he will not do either."

"He must; for I have forbidden her to marry him. If he won't yield, we'll find the girl some good Catholic husband, and tie the knot."

"That might do in Ireland, or France, but not in this country. A pretty muddle you've made of this wedding, and I wish I'd gone myself. Sit down here, and let me explain matters to you. Brian Waring is a great catch, and not to be lightly yielded up by any family. This girl Clare is a portionless orphan, and her aunt and uncle are delighted at the prospect of such a match for her. James Bently is rich, but his family is absolutely innumerable. It really seems to me as if it is like that of our famous German count, who had seventy-five daughters christened Elizabeth and seventy-five sons christened John. I truly think I've baptized more Bentlys than all other children in the congregation together."

At this view Father Garren relaxed a little from his angry gravity, and smiled.

"Under these circumstances," said the Rev. Leroy, "Bently can not give his niece property, and is glad to have her well provided for by a marriage with a rich man. Mrs. Bently's girls are some of them growing up; and their mother is naturally anxious to get the lovely niece off her hands. You may rest assured that Bently will never lose Brian Waring, and if we won't marry them somebody else will."

"Do you tell me that a member of

the Holy Church sets so little value on her marriage law."

"I can easily tell you what sort of a member James Bently is. He comes to church, pays us money, sends his children to our schools, and that is the best we can do with him. He would hoot at the idea of confession, and as a consequence he hasn't taken sacrament since he was twenty; but as long as he is counted a Catholic, and don't help the other side, we have to rest contented."

Father Garren's lower jaw had fallen, and his eyes were nearly starting out of his head with horror at this revelation of concession; the consternation of young Hamlet at the appearance of the paternal specter was not worth a consideration in comparison with the agonizing terror of the Celtic priest.

"Such monstrous wickedness is your own fault!" he cried passionately. "I'd put the screws down on him until he was reduced to obedience!"

"It couldn't be done with a rich American. The *authority* game serves very well with women and the ignorant—we can keep them down. But the sons of aspiring Americans, Catholic or not, are educated in secular schools and the learned institutions of the land, else they would not be capable of holding their own, or advancing to preferment—they imbibe thus liberal notions, and we have to wink at this and be content with their dying on good terms with the Church. Still he that is not against us is for us. We get the money, the wives, the children of these men. If we had been hard on Bently he would have left us. Now we have his family, and the women are quite devout. This Brian Waring dotes on Clare; and if you had not made such a coil this morning our course was plain. Clare would have brought him to church, and coaxed his money for us; she would have gradually set him against other creeds. As a politician his influence would have been for us; he would have helped make us respectable and influential—Clare would have brought the babies

for baptism, and quietly have trained them Catholics. How do you know but thus we might have gotten one day even a Catholic president or general? Now you have roused his antagonism and suspicion, and may have spoiled our game——"

"If you please, sir—a note from Mr. Bently."

The chambermaid stood at the door with a letter. It was Mr. Bently's request for an interview at three o'clock. Father Leroy feebly traced a few lines in response, and sending down his note, said: "I'll banish you from that confab, Garren; you'll have to count out of this business."

"I believe," said Garren, "that I shall report at once to the bishop."

"The bishop understands the necessity of this policy as well as I do."

"The archbishop, the cardinal, the pope," gasped Father Garren; "some one must look into matters."

"Good sir, this is our only course until we obtain the balance of power. When we get *that*; when cautious men, such as I, have drilled and prepared the masses, and laid the plans and stored the arms, and gained the day, then we may lie down in dust, and men like you may hold America purely and severely Catholic above our bones."

Clare Bently, weeping and nearly fainting, had been carried to her home and to the room where the bevy of gay girls, under Mrs. Bently's supervision, had arrayed the bride. While these same girls ran, one for sal-volatile, and another for cologne, and cried now this and now that, defacing meanwhile their dainty cheeks with tears, Mrs. Bently showed a commendable carefulness for the dresses and decorations that had cost her a pretty sum of money.

"My darling girls," she entreated, "pray do not ruin your clothes, for tomorrow we shall need them for the wedding. Violetta! Clare can wait for that bay-water on her head until I remove her veil; it is common smelling stuff any way; I don't see why she likes it. Of all things, Rose, don't

give her any wine until I get her wrapper on. I shall go distracted if you give way so, Clare—and the breakfast all ready, and the whole town talking. Agnes! ring for my maid, please, and lay these things away properly.”

“I thought, I thought,” sobbed Clare, “that Brian loved me—and now he don’t, or he would not have spoiled our wedding.”

“For mercy sake don’t lay it to Brian,” cried Mrs. Bently, fearful that Clare might arouse a quarrel with her excited lover, and break up the match entirely. “It was all the fault of that new priest. Father Leroy would have made no trouble.”

“For my part I like to see a man independent,” observed Violetta, taking the bridegroom’s part; “and such questions were ridiculous.”

“It was not Mr. Waring’s fault,” said Agnes; “he looked terribly cut up.”

“Well, come girls,” cried Mrs. Bently, “let us be comfortable. Get yourselves dressed, and we will have refreshments. Make Clare as pretty as you can, and do, child, quit crying your face up. Brian will be here to see you before long. I heard the gentlemen come in some time ago. Be good now do, and make the girl enchanting in my boudoir, while I run down and hear what Mr. Bently says.”

Father Garren would have been amazed at hearing these young maidens condemning him unsparingly; while they yet declared that “Catholic ceremonies and cathedrals were the only fitting forms and places for marriage; and that Father Leroy was a saint and an angel.”

Clare having announced that “her heart was broken, and she wished she were dead,” refused to eat when urged to do so; but her Cousin Agnes having assured her “that she hadn’t a particle of color, and looked like a fright,” she yielded so far as to take some wine, some cream toast, and a few spoons of gelatine, and much to her chagrin was comforted thereby. She also stole looks in the cheval glass to see that her dress and coiffure were becoming.

Just at this moment the voice of Brian Waring being heard in the hall, the bridesmaids fled hastily to the library, and Clare, resolved to be inconsolable, fixed her eyes on a picture of Santa Clara, and made believe not to hear her lover’s knock and entrance.

“My Clare is not angry?” said Brian, softly bending beside her. Although Clare had only the moment before fully made up her mind to a freezing little address, she now forgot all about it, and cried out, “You don’t love me Brian; I know you don’t?”

“O, upon my soul, I do! Don’t I think you the most beautiful and bewitching little woman that ever existed?”

Brian’s eyes avouched him so in earnest in this flattery, that Clare relented still further, but said, with an injured air, “But you stopped our wedding, and have made me—talked of—by everybody, by doing so this morning.”

“I did not stop the wedding, my dear girl, it was that ridiculous Irish priest; didn’t you hear me tell him to go on?”

“But why did you let me say ‘Yes,’ and you say ‘No?’” cried poor Clare, her face flaming.

“I had no idea of his asking his stupid questions, and you might have said ‘No,’ too, for he was going beyond his business. Surely, Clare, you would not have me sell away my liberty to that priest, and bind my future life, as head of a household, to his commands.”

“I thought you were a good Catholic,” said Clare.

“My dearest love, you know I never professed to be any thing. Just put this matter out of your head, and you and I will be happy together. I shall see Leroy this afternoon with your uncle, and to-morrow we shall be properly married. As for the talk, Clare, that is nothing; not an honorable man in the city but will feel that I was right, and you and I together can face all the gossip that ever was uttered.”

Suddenly Clare recalled Father Garren’s last angry words, and tears rush-

ing to her eyes, she said: "But you heard what he told me, Brian; he forbade me to marry you."

"What if he did!" said Brian, astonished; "I say that you are to marry me, and isn't my word more to you?"

"But you are not a priest," faltered Clare.

For the first time the demon of jealousy, a demon that never afterward wholly slumbered, awoke in Brian Waring's soul.

"And will you, Clare, give me up for the word of a stray priest!" he exclaimed, drawing back from her.

At this moment Mrs. Bently, ever opportunely on hand, entered, saying: "Give you up, Mr. Faint-hearted, who intends to give you up? Surely you are not so foolish and excited as this poor little girl. Mr. Bently is ready for you to go to Father Leroy's. Bid Clare good-by, and tell her not to fret herself sick; to-morrow morning will set all right, and our wedding will not be interrupted."

"Mr. Bently," said Brian, as they entered the carriage, "if your priest refuses his consent, will that prevent our marriage?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Bently.

"I'm afraid Clare would think she should not marry me against the priest's will."

"Clare is a baby, and will do as she is told," said the uncle impatiently.

"Then she is likely to do as her priest bids her."

"I mean that she would do as I tell her—as you tell her," replied Mr. Bently hastily.

Father Leroy, according to his word, had banished his rude confrere Garren, and was prepared to receive his callers with the greatest suavity. His evident illness awoke their sympathy; his genial demeanor conquered their vexation.

"Father Leroy," said Mr. Bently, who was heartily annoyed by the occurrences of the day: "The occasion of our call is exceedingly unpleasant."

"I regret what happened this morning as fully as you can; and wish that I had been present, at whatever sac-

rifice of my own health, that your nuptials might have been uninterrupted."

This was said to Brian, and nearly disarmed his ill-humor. Still his suspicions had been excited, and he asked rather stiffly: "Yourself and Mr. Garren being priests of the same Church, what difference would there have been in the ceremony?"

"Father Garren asked you a question which he has been accustomed to put in his own country, where both the contracting parties are Catholics," replied Priest Leroy, smoothly. "But I trust, my dear sir, you are not an opposer of our faith."

"I am an opposer of no faith, neither am I a believer in any. Religion seems natural to the aged and to women; indeed, it is quite pretty and attractive in the latter, and I leave it to them. I supposed this was fully understood."

"Yes, I so understood it. But you have attended at our services respectfully——"

"I went to please Clare, and do not begrudge an hour or so spent on Sunday in making her happier. I should never in the least thwart her religious inclinations. I like your creed as well as any; indeed, it seems to suit the women, who are your most devout worshippers, uncommonly well."

"It is common," said Mr. Leroy, cautiously, "in a marriage where only the bride is a Catholic, to stipulate that at least the daughters shall be educated in the mother's faith."

"Sir," replied Brian, with decision, "I shall give no pledges to a minister of your denomination that would not be demanded by the minister of any other creed. If you have *advice* to tender in the exercise of your office, it will be heard with due respect."

"My dear young friend," said Father Leroy, politely waiving away the disputed point, and gracefully assuming the paternal, "however lightly you may esteem the matter of *religion*, it must ever appear to me a subject of the first importance. In committing to you the keeping of a beloved daughter of our

Church, we should desire to feel assured that you would in nowise interfere with her highest interests, or prejudice the safety of her soul."

"Her uncle and guardian, at least," said Brian, glancing toward Mr. Bently, "is willing to trust Clare's future happiness and welfare to my love and honor."

"We all know Mr. Waring to be a man of distinguished justice and charity," began the priest, when Mr. Bently interrupted:

"The fact is, father, your friend, Father Garren, made a great mistake this morning, and one which we can not easily overlook. My niece must be married to-morrow morning, and we wish some one secured to perform the ceremony. Could you not officiate? You could be taken comfortably to the cathedral in your carriage, and have some one or two to assist you. Very likely going out would not be an injury to you."

"Benefit or injury, I shall most certainly make the attempt for the sake of my sincere friendship to you both," replied Mr. Leroy.

The final arrangements for the wedding having been concluded, Brian Waring took his way back to the hotel, and found his friend, Allen Rowe, comfortably ensconced in his sitting-room.

"Well, Brian the strong, have you overcome the priests? Having promised myself to see you safely through this weighty business of getting married, I am naturally anxious to know how affairs are progressing."

"Sit still—sit still; I'll ring for our supper to be brought up here. Glad to see you, Allan. I'm just about the bluest bridegroom on record. Yes, I've settled the priests; but my look-out is rather dubious, after all. I wish Clare were not a Catholic!"

"Then she would be perfection, which is not to be looked for in this world," said Allan, gallantly.

Brian rested his elbow on the mantle, and stood glowering at the fire.

"Why didn't you just throw the priests overboard, and get married by

some other ecclesiastic? Would not the bride agree?" asked Allan.

"Knowing her preferences, I was not such a boor as to ask her to yield them. I daresay she would."

Brian spoke pettishly, feeling convinced, all the while, that there was a settled persistency in his Clare for her religion, with which it would not be well for him to come in conflict.

Allan Rowe was an older and more thoughtful man than his friend. He sat watching Brian's moody face, now thrown out in strong lights by the darting flames, now cast into deep gloom as those flames cowered away in the heart of the fire. At last Allan spoke, the silence having lasted while the servant lit the gas, and spread out the supper on a table drawn before the fire:

"I'm greatly afraid, my dear fellow, that you are going under a double yoke; not the yoke matrimonial alone, but the yoke of Rome."

"You are wrong there. I'm not such a dastard as to submit to any shaven crown and chin that ever saw sunlight. If they undertake to set a yoke on me they'll find their mistake. They'll rouse a spirit as if all the gallant knights of story were resolved into one man, and that man Brian Waring." Brian spoke jestingly, while he was in earnest, and made some poor attempt at a laugh.

"But," persisted Allen, "it is not a cheerful prospect this maintaining your position in married life, by strife."

"Mind you, the quarrel would never be between my wife and me, but between me and the priest."

"And if your wife loves you and loves her priest —"

"Stay there! that is a word I won't listen to"—shouted Brian, angrily.

"I mean as as priest—if her heart holds with you, and her conscience with him, her prospect is not a very bright one—nor is yours. I talked of this matter long ago with you. I say Brian I wish we could convert your Clare."

"Convert her to what! to *nothing*," cried Brian, bitterly. "She supposes she has something; I profess nothing—

not a very attractive exchange. I know no better way now than to go it blind, and to fight the battle along as it stirs up. I love Clare, and I mean to have her; and having her I want to be first in my house, and not only first but alone in her heart." Having thus spoken, Brian threw off his gloom, seated himself at the table and invited Allan to turn his attention to the supper.

He had expressed his true feelings; so exacting and so self-asserting was Brian that he would have felt jealous if he believed that Clare held God or eternal happiness higher than his love. He set her first in his heart, he said; but in point of fact he set himself first, as he was not willing that she should have a hope or an interest that reached beyond him.

Brian Waring entering his married life, was also to enter into conflict with a bigoted woman, an exacting creed, an interfering priest. This conflict was to begin so quietly, to advance so slowly, that it should imperceptibly drive him back from the positions he had assumed and lead him into the greatest difficulties. In these beginnings *pride* would be Brian's reason for contest, and alas for him who fights and toils rather from pride than from an honest, hearty sense of what is right. Allan Rowe, not a Christian, but with higher views than Brian, and a deeper knowledge of both Romanism and Waring himself than Waring possessed, saw this wearisome contest from afar, and trembled for his friend. But why prognosticate evil just before a wedding? What other than happiness can be expected for lovely Clare and Brian who married her for love's sake alone.

Again the bridesmaids dress the bride, and Mrs. Bently gives a sigh of relief as she sees that dress and veil, wreaths and jewels have suffered no detriment in the scene of yesterday; and now the maidens, Violetta, Agnes, Rose, and Alice are arrayed; the carriages wait; Ben Bently vows "that if Father Leroy goes to making any blunders or running into any needless

questions, he will don the surplice and marry the couple himself."

As for Clare, she brings into the rudely winter morning a beauty like the fairest day of spring; there lightens in the violet eyes no gleam of the fire that flashed yesterday at Brian, "but you are not a priest." The delicate folds of that costly veil have shaded away any lines in her dimpled young face that may mean hard obstinacy; the pearls that Brian has brought, as bridal gifts, are but poor types of such precious beauty and grace. All brides are fair, and Clare is fairest of all.

Father Leroy, gaunt, tall, and wan in his robes, looks a little like a specter at a feast as he marries this couple. The father is undeniably feeble, and he astutely makes the most of his feebleness, and impresses Brian with a great sense of his goodness and friendship in coming painfully from his sick-bed to bless the groom and bride.

So, now, they are married at last, and all good fortune go after them; and blessings many and rich, like the troops of guests who, all in best array, again follow them to the wedding-breakfast.

Quoth Father Garren to Father Leroy: "When I marry a couple, I make them both confess and take the sacrament, and prove themselves good Catholics, before I will make them man and wife."

"So do I, among poor people, or those who will do it," replied Father Leroy.

"And the very least they should yield, is daughters to the mother."

"That is good, too, and my plan when you can secure that much. Where you can not, my policy is to yield all at first, looking to gain all by and by."

So we see that Father Leroy had two terms of membership for his holy, indivisible, infallible, and unalterable Church; one to suit the ignorant and submissive, another to please the educated and independent, and by both the Church was to be most effectually and efficiently served. From the marriage-feast to the home where their new life begins, go the happy pair, and there anon we shall see them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



OUR MONTHLY,

A

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY MAGAZINE.

MARCH--1871.

THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

BY GEORGE LEE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CATS AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY.

THOMAS and Charlotte Hemenway were twins. They were a year younger than Elisha and myself, in whose ages there was a difference of a few weeks only. The intimacy which existed between the heads of our respective families had extended to us juniors, and we were friends. They had lately visited us at the parsonage, where they became acquainted with Agnes; and their delighted interest in every thing, together with their gentle manners, had completely won Aunt Cynthia's easily won heart. They were shrinking, sensitive little creatures, as unlike as possible to Mr. Hemenway. They were perfect pictures of their mother, Grandma Prime once told us. We speedily returned their visit, spending a day with them in New Haven, and they showed me their poor mamma's picture. It was Lottie who called the delicate, sad-looking lady, with large, melancholy eyes, "poor mamma," and the child's own dark lashes were moistened with tears as she spoke. She remembered her moth-

er very well, and so did Tommy; but Lottie, in speaking of her, always said "poor mamma." The picture was an old-fashioned daguerreotype, in a great square case. Somehow every thing in and about the house seemed to be as square as itself, which was as square as square could be. Mr. Hemenway did business on the square, lived in a square house in the middle of a square acre lot, situated near a public square. He had a square silver-plate precisely in the middle of his door, on which his respectable name was engraved in unmistakable square letters. The principal rooms were square, and the furniture was squarely arranged, in other words, stiffly. He always wore square-toed boots, whether they were in fashion or not, in order that, to use his own jocular expression, everybody might see that he toed the mark. He appeared to always have an imaginary straight line in view, although I have no idea what it was supposed to represent, which he was continually finding people guilty of not toeing. He never passed a Sunday at the parsonage, at which place he had spent a good many of late, without putting us through a severe catechising; and an indispen-

the triangle, passes along, brilliantly mapping out human duty for life, and hope for the tomb.

We confess the evils of an extreme rationalism. Rationalism is a triangulation without any given base. While, however, such a wild method is confessed to exist, it seems certain that the ills which have come to Christianity from reason acting against it from without, are by no means equal to the blessing logic has brought, acting for Christianity from within. And, even could not these good and bad results be compared and measured, we would still be justified in trusting God fully for the final outcome of all mental culture.

God has, furthermore, so constructed the mind that it will always come to principles beyond which reason, in fond pursuit, can never pass; and in the sermon upon the mount are to be seen propositions over which the thought of society can never spring. The maxims of the Saviour are the final result along the path of duty and religion. To such words as, "Blessed

are the pure in heart," time can never add any more truthfulness or simplicity. All the dross of mortality has been poured out of their holy urn. At the words of Christ, reason will cease to disintegrate and abrade—it will dare only to unfold and admire.

An English poet tells us of a gothic cathedral, toward which the ocean had worked for centuries, threatening to engulf the sacred pile. At last the waves came to a wall of adamant, and were compelled to pause forever there; and now, having lost the power to destroy, the wild waters accept a better destiny, and becoming worshipers, join with the organ and the bowing hearts in repeating, *Amen! Amen!*

"And all through winter's storm, and summer's calm,
They rise and fall in everlasting psalm."

Thus reason, done at last with its abrading, dissolving art, will gladly join the loving soul, and, before the impassible words of the Saviour, mingle its voice in the great Amen, Amen, beyond this brief encampment.

UNDER THE YOKE.

BY MRS. JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT,

AUTHOR OF "ALMOST A PRIEST," "PRIEST AND NUN," ETC.



CHAPTER SECOND.

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

THE storms that had seemed to lower over Brian Waring's marriage passed away, and their portent was forgotten. Sunshine brightened over the new household. Rome's yoke rests lightly on the rich and restive as long as they yield outward acquiescence to her forms. Clare and Brian went to church of Sundays; kept the church feasts with state, and fasted on Good Friday, a royal fast on green turtle, oysters, lobsters, and terrapins, wines, fruits and cream, and all the vegetables

in season; (the fact about Brian being that he did not know when he was fasting or feasting, or when the holy days came), but he ordered whatever Clare requested, and neither Catholic priests nor Catholic servants were scandalized. When the "joyous fast" of Lent came, Clare gave up balls and theaters, did a little more praying and church going, when Brian was at his business, and instead of the balls and opera, had innumerable church shows, concerts, and festivals to pass away the time.

Brian had forgotten his own apprehensions and Allan Rowe's warnings,

and began to think there was nothing annoying in being married to a Catholic. Indeed Brian was seeing the sunny side of Rome just now, and affairs went this way:

"What's in order for to-day, Clare?"

"O, don't you know its Candlemas-day, and we are all going to see the holy candles blessed. You are too busy to go, Brian dear, but you can give me an offering; that will do for your presence."

And to Clare, so enchanting in a morning dress from Paris, and with little yellow wavelets all over her head like glints of sunshine, Brian willingly gave a gold piece to be taken to church.

Then again: "Say we stay home from church to-day, Clare," says Brian.

"O yes, we might, Brian dear, but don't you know it is Palm Sunday, and it will be so splendid in church. There will be the blessing and distribution of palms, and a procession, and mass; and really, Brian, Palm Sunday anthems at the cathedral are as good as an opera."

Of course after that Brian relinquishes the idea of staying at home, and goes to church and gives an "offering" for the privilege.

Very likely when Brian understood that for the ceremony of "blessing the candles" no less than thirty-three articles, as incense-boat, sprinkling-brush, books, tables, altar-veils, ornaments, linen-cloths, etc., have to be prepared, he felt the necessity of making therefor a liberal offering, and on Palm Sunday he *may* have considered the anthems as worth the price of several opera tickets.

The pursuit of the world, the flesh, and the devil in theaters, balls, and card parties, the worship of mother Rome on high days and holy days came to an end, at least for a time, and we are brought to a grand occasion, when Aunt Bently, seated in state in Clare's chamber, held on her knee a soft, red-faced, squealing bundle of humanity, carefully done up in an embroidered blanket. Rose and

Violetta, kneeling before this new comer, admired it as they did their favorite image of the holy mother and child.

"Clare," said Aunt Bently, turning to the young mother who lay under a blue silk quilt, with a ravishing lace cap on her pretty head, "this child could not have been born at a better time; we can now have her christened on Holy Saturday, a most fortunate occasion, none better, except the Easter or Pentecostal Sabbath."

"O, the little love! we'll have her baptized on next Saturday!" cried Violetta.

"And mother and Miss Lucy are to be godmothers, and Mr. Chapin godfather," said Rose.

Here Brian came in. "Brian," says Mrs. Bently, "we must have little Cora baptized next Saturday, it is a most suitable occasion—Holy Saturday."

"But you'll kill her, taking her out so soon," cries Brian. "Who ever heard of such thing. She is not two weeks old!"

"But it is always done. It won't hurt her at all, ask nurse."

Nurse being a Catholic, responded that it was quite in order, and would be sure to do no harm.

"Well," said Brian, laughing, "do as you like, so she isn't hurt; and mind I shall expect splendid presents from the sponsors."

Brian regarded the whole affair of the christening as a joke—no harm for a girl, and all right if the mother wanted to have it so.

"You'll go to church, too, Brian?" said Mrs. Bently.

"Surely. I want to see that the thing is done properly, and that the daughter is not dropped on the floor."

They were ready to start for church on Saturday. Clare, proud of her first-born, lay watching the preparations with glistening eyes.

"Wrap the mite up warmly," ordered Brian.

"There now, she has no space to breathe, and you'll have her smothered!" he cried again.

"She's all right, sir," laughed the nurse; "how fearsome these fathers do be!"

"Brian," said Clare.

Brian obediently hastened to her side.

"You'll give Father Leroy a liberal fee for christening our baby, won't you? It is always expected, dear."

A liberal fee! certainly he would. It is a great thing to be going to church to see *our baby* christened; to claim property in such a lovely bundle, done up in an embroidered cloak lined with quilted satin, and with cambrie robes trailing over the bearer's arms and falling to the floor. It is a great thing to have long hope become glad possession; to find secret suspense and trembling fear exchanged for joyful certainty; a great thing to see *our baby* strong and handsome, and our Clare so fresh and smiling.

The benefit of Brian's beatific state was experienced by Father Leroy, and he shook out the baptismal fee before Father Garren, and said cheerfully: "Here's for christening our heretic's first baby; duly received into the Holy Church with reliable sponsors—wisdom and waiting win the day."

The complacency with which Brian Waring regarded his wife's religion, extended to his little daughter. He was proud to have her baby feet patter up the cathedral aisles with his heavier tread; he laughed when the sharp little thing learned the angelus from the nurse, recommended by Father Leroy; he considered it a good joke when she had a rosary, and wore a gold cross in her corals. "Religion was all well enough for a girl; it would not go any farther than her mother's had, and that was never enough to hurt her." Thus said Brian.

Allan Rowe shook his head.

"I have heard of girls who were called 'devout' from infancy, and thus became easy prey to the priests, and were led to be nuns."

"Such a perversion I never would admit," said Brian. "I have no faith in nuns. I do not believe them all

bad—there may be flowers among weeds. But I believe monastic life and vows a perversion of natural and social laws, a flagrant violation of justice and liberty. The tendency of these institutions is to vice and impurity; and, you may rely upon it, that child of mine shall have nothing to do with them."

"I hope you will hold to this opinion, and maintain your position," said Allan; "but I'm afraid, if you do, it will only be through trouble and division."

"Let there be trouble and division," said Brian; "I hold firm to this point."

"A house divided against itself can not stand," quoth Allan Rowe.

"The division would be between me and the priests, not between me and Clare—we are united, and will ever be so; of course, her husband's word and wish is more to her than a priest's."

Before baby Cora had been very long pattering to church, and lispng her *aves*, baby second made its appearance in the home of the Warings. This injudicious infant was guilty of greatly disappointing her parents upon her first arrival. The father and mother had fully set their hearts upon a son; yet, in the face of these earnest wishes, the child had the incredible audacity to be girl No. 2. To look upon the fair, round, smiling innocent, one could hardly believe her capable of such perversity, and, indeed, to hold malice was quite impossible. The stretching out of her little dimpled fist was more potent than the golden scepter of Ahasuerus; he may have won obedience from all but Vashti; the infant Belle conquered every heart.

There now followed more sponsors, and more baptism. Lest any one should consider him too deeply aggravated by the sex of the new comer, Brian resolved not only to attend the ceremony at the church, but to double his fee. Like an exemplary Catholic, Clare had her babies make their appearance in season for a suitable christening-day. Belle was taken to church on the pentecostal Sabbath. What was Brian's

chagrin to find Father Garren on hand to perform the ceremony. He had never forgiven this father's interference on his marriage, and now felt very much like ordering baby and sponsors home again until such time as Father Leroy could officiate. He controlled himself, however, and took secret satisfaction that the Ritual required the priest to wash his hands before proceeding to the rite. When the reverend Celt covered the babe with the extremity of his stole, and remarked, complacently, "*Ingrederet in Templum Dei*," Brian chafed inwardly, and vowed that the child should come no more under the power of Priest Garren, and should not go further in the holy Romish Church than she had at that instant. When the business was over, he made Ben Bently deliver the fee, and horrified Aunt Bently by declaring the baptism a "mummery." In these days of his darkness, Brian would have called any religious service a "mummery," and see no difference between them.

The education of little Belle proceeded like that of Cora. She soon knew her rosary from her corals, and a crucifix from a toy; knelt on a *prie dien* when she clambered over other furniture, and caused her nurse to smile with delight when she dipped her wee finger in the holy water, and made the sign of the cross.

Father Leroy's strength was not always to sit still. Hitherto, every thing had gone as he desired in the household of Brian Waring. Clare was permitted to manage her family, choose her servants, regulate her giving, and instruct her children exactly as she pleased. Her nurses were Catholics; she kept the holy days; she chose her books, and pictures, and nicknacks; you could tell that hers was a Romanist home the instant you went in it. The priest came often, and was always made welcome. One would have supposed that this state of things would have highly gratified Father Leroy; but, as is usual in his creed, the much only

made him demand the more. It was time for him to make a move. One obstacle lay in the way of his complete satisfaction: that was—Allan Rowe.

Clare went, as became her, to confession. The usual formulas having been gone over:

"My daughter," says the holy father, "is the intercourse between your husband and Mr. Rowe as close as ever?"

"Yes, father; perhaps they are even more intimate."

"Do you know of any business entanglements, any pecuniary obligations, that may cement their union?"

"No, father."

"Then why this intimacy?"

These questions would appear impertinent and presuming, did we not know that in the confessional the priest sits as God, and has a *right* to supervise all things. He continued:

"You must be aware, daughter, that the constant society of an infidel like Mr. Rowe drives your husband farther and farther from the True Church."

"I know it, father," replied Clare, "and I wish he had made choice of some other friend. But Brian is very faithful to his friendships, and he and Allan Rowe were schoolmates."

"This interloper may do you all much damage."

"That is true, father. I have never liked Mr. Rowe, and I do not think he likes me."

"A man of his stamp could scarcely be expected to appreciate the lofty character or the womanly graces of a carefully-nurtured daughter of the Church," said the flattering priest.

"But what can I do to lessen his influence over Brian," asked Clare, eagerly.

"A woman can work her will, and the will of her Church, in many ways," returned Priest Leroy. "Without descending to any thing unlady-like, you could make it apparent to Mr. Rowe that he was not fully welcome at your house; and, as a gentleman, he would cease to come. I would suggest that these trifles of manner be light as air,

and nothing of which he could complain, or which your husband could condemn."

"Yes, yes, father," said Clare, impatiently, "but Brian?"

"What is this proverb about continual dropping wearing a stone?" asked the priest, smiling. "Mr. Rowe must have failings, and it would be well to call attention to them in a careless way. Little *gaucheries* may now and then be commented upon; and, need I tell you after years in society, that we can most sharply blame when we *seem* to praise; we can *regret* a fault until it becomes odious; and we can keep before other's eyes the error we would appear to hide. Further, my daughter, you are fully aware that whatever serves, even remotely, our Church, is right."

"You may rely on me to do what I can," said Clare. "I have no doubt that Mr. Rowe does use his influence with my husband against our Church. But then, Brian likes him better than anybody."

"Surely not better than his wife," suggested the wily priest.

"You know I meant better than any other acquaintance," replied Clare, testily.

"Just so, my dear daughter. Surely the best friend, counselor, and confident any man can have, is a pious, well-instructed wife."

Yes, surely, the first friend of the heretic husband must be the Romish wife; but that wife's chief "friend, confident, and counselor" should be, not her husband, but—her priest.

Having received from the holy Leroy so much valuable spiritual instruction, Madam Clare went home, and proceeded to put his suggestions into action. It did seem hard and strange that, at the dictation of this stranger, she should try to rob her husband of his best loved friend; to deprive him of the satisfaction of his favorite society. Clare never stopped to think whether it were hard or not, the priest had commanded, it was hers to obey. She initiated her maneuvers against

Allan Rowe, and—Allan Rowe saw them.

He also traced them to their source—and next, he knew why they were commanded. Knowing this, he resolved not to be wounded, not to be angered by any thing that might occur. He would be more truly Brian's friend than before. When his visits at the house seemed more and more unwelcome to Clare, Brian went less often to the house, and more frequently to the office. All Clare's little flings could not shake Brian's faith in his brother-like friend, for he knew Allan to be far nobler than many whom Clare approved.

Urged on by her priest to work against Allan, Clare sometimes spoke overhastily. Brian's eyes were opened, and he was pained. "I am sorry, Clare, that you do not like Allan," he said. "Or rather that you are not allowed to like him. Allan is courteous, true, and wise; the very man you would like, and trust in as a brother, if you were not stirred up against him. My dear Clare, be as religious as you choose, but do not allow any interference in our domestic affairs, or any meddling by a third party in my business."

"I don't know what you mean, Brian," pouted Clare.

Then she told all this to the priest. It is so encouraging and convenient to have a stranger to whom you can unfold all family differences and confidences. How glad Brian would have felt had he known all his Clare confessed to her priest! But then Brian did not know; in fact, the priest said that he must not.

While affairs were in this state, and Brian little guessed what toils were being wound about his family by the priests; nor how great was the hostility to his cherished friend, he and Allan bought a small island, covered with cedar trees. The trees were to be felled, and great would be the value of the lumber. The joint owners concluded that they must go and visit their possession, and give orders

about the wood-cutting on the spot. Brian thought best not to delay the trip; but when he was gone he was uneasy, and in a hurry to get home—they settled their business as quickly as possible and came back.

Returning thus at the edge of evening, and forcing Allan to come to the house with him, as Brian opened the door with his latch-key, he was met by Aunt Bently, with the face that had ever been the harbinger of good news. She shook hands, and said a few words in a low tone, no less indeed than that Brian had a son, twelve hours old. After this astounding news, Brian dashed up stairs, three steps at a time, moderated his pace a little in the hall, calmed down ostensibly at the bedroom door, and was admitted by the doctor, the nurse, and the aunt. When, at last, the nurse resolutely extinguished the small son under a blanket; when the aunt said serenely, "that will do, Brian;" when the doctor remarked, despotically, that his patient must be kept quiet, Brian remembered that he had left that forlorn old bachelor, Allan Rowe, standing by the hall register, and hurried to find him.

"Congratulate me, my good fellow! here is your namesake at last; and he promises to be a beauty, if his small countenance is at present snarled up, and as red as scarlet. Come into the library, Allan."

They entered the library, and Brian rattled on of the long-desired son; but Allan was uneasy. He paced about, took down and put up books, was miserable, and, as tea came in for the travelers, blurted out: "Brian, you're kind. I'm fond of the boy, proud of him for your sake already; but as for the name, that must not be, if he is to be baptized into the Romish church. I can't be responsible for a — Jesuit."

Brian looked thunder-struck. "Why, Rowe, I shall not have this boy baptized there. I will have my son enter his life fettered by no vows, under no men's dominion but mine. Let him reach his man's estate, and choose as

pleases him. I have no hearty choosing of these 'religions' for myself, and I hand over my heir to no sponsor whatever."

"Your wife will not assent to this," said Allan.

"Clare will surely not object to my views for this boy, when she has done as she chose with two girls. I tell you boys and girls need different training, and *my* boy is not going over to the priest."

Of course we do not subscribe all of Brian Waring's views. These were his days of great soul-darkness, and according to the ignorance of his heart he spoke.

Upon the subject of the baptism of his son, Brian's mind was fully made up, and not wishing to disturb his wife, he unfolded his views to Mrs. Bently.

"Clare will never consent to have her child unbaptized," said Aunt Bently, stiffly.

"And I shall never consent to have him baptized," retorted Brian. "I have yielded my preference about my daughters, feeling that their mother knew best for girls; but I know best for my boy."

"But, Brian, it is so heathenish," said Aunt Bently, condescending to argue where she could not command.

"Not any more heathenish than I was myself," said Brian; "and it is not so much the rite I object to, as to *Romish* baptism. Your Church claims so much authority. She so dominates over soul and body. She demands sponsors to take what must naturally be the parent's place, the spiritual nurture of the child."

"So do other churches have sponsors," said Mrs. Bently.

"Not sponsors who will work against the parent, and teach disobedience as a virtue. There's enough said, aunt, that baby shall not be christened like the others."

Brian's ideas were not very definite; his arguments were not very logical, but he had unalterably made his decision. As early as possible, he resolved to talk with Clare. So entering

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Brian's ideas were not very definite; his arguments were not very logical, but he had unalterably made his decision. As early as possible, he resolved to talk with Clare. So entering

her room, one morning, when she was feeling quite well, he dismissed the nurse, and sat down by his wife's side.

"How is young Allan to-day!" he questioned.

"There! is *that* what you're going to name him?" cried Clare, with a good deal of vexation in her tones, "it is such an ugly name."

"I think not, and after the best of friends. You recollect I always said I wanted my first son named for Allan. Don't be selfish, my dear Clare, you know you named the other two."

Clare meditated, she could yield about the name, but not about the christening. "Well, then, Allan, he shall be baptized," she said quickly.

"Not *baptized*," said Brian. "I mentioned that to Aunt Bently. Did she tell you? I don't object to a form, but in your Church it means too much. It hands the child soul and body to the priests. They teach that child to despise and disobey the heretic parent; they interfere with its education and the books it reads; they call the child to the confessional, a spot where my boy must never kneel. If our son is baptized your Jesuits will claim him, Clare, and deny him the rights and privileges of a free man."

"But, Brian," said Clare, "do you want your son to grow up a *heathen*?"

Brian's face softened suddenly; he stroked the short silken hair on the head of the sleeping baby, tenderly, as he answered, "No, Clare. If there is any high good in religion I want him to reach it. I would claim for him the best of all things. We will not have him a heathen, Clare. I have an old Bible up stairs which they tell me my mother used to read before I was born. I have never studied it much, but it is marked by her hand, and she believed in it. We will teach this little man to read, and give him this. That will suit us both; I believe in my mother's book, your Church accepts the Bible —."

"But not for the laity. That plan would never do, Brian, it would only work mischief. The priests are the

natural custodians and expounders of the Bible."

"There now, that is just it; and proves what I say of their arrogant and impertinent domination. The Bible is not free to me, a layman; it is free to Priest Leroy, or that confounded Garren. Clare, you know I have better brains than either of them. The Bible must be kept from this boy, his mind and soul must be fettered and trained by a priest, while our boy heirs a good brain, and the culture of generations, and the priest may have come up from the very dregs of society. For this child I hope much; with the advantages we can afford him he may aspire to the highest honors. I mean to give him the most liberal and extensive education that money or teachers can render possible, and I will *not* bind him in his infancy to the feet of any meddling priest. So hear me, heaven!"

"For shame to get so excited," said Clare, turning away her face.

"It is a shame—excuse it—and let us be as united in the training of this little Allan as we have been in everything." Brian bent over and kissed his wife. Clare gave no sign. Her husband could not see the clear, cold deliberation which shone under the dropped lids of those blue eyes. He could not know how firmly for any contest with him that fair-faced wife planted herself on the mandates and commendations of her priest. Clare said no more, and Brian supposed he had gained his cause. Straight forward himself, he did not know the meaning of Romish silence.

Not many mornings after this Brian was in the case of Job, when he called his servant and he "gave him no answer." It was a gray dawn, long before Mr. Waring's usual hour for rising, but restless and troubled Brian could not sleep. He concluded to go to the library and while away the time before breakfast with a book. As he reached the foot of the stairs, he was astounded by meeting several people coming in at the front door. These

were the missing servant, the nurse-maid with the infant boy, and Rose and Violetta Bently. One glance told Brian the whole story of the early excursion, and his wrath rose. He opened the library door and motioned them all in before him.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"Sure, there's no harm in giving a healthy babe a sup of morning air," said the nurse.

"No prevarication!" shouted Brian. "Violetta, you have been at the cathedral, having *my son* baptized!"

"What if we have?" said Violetta defiantly; "his mother has as much right as you to dictate about him. You wanted to deny him Christian privileges."

Brian felt as if stabbed to the heart. His wife had then arranged this underhand, deceitful deed. Then another suspicion crossed his mind: "And by what name was he baptized?"

"Sure then, by a good holy Catholic name," said the nurse insolently, relying on the favor of the priest and her mistress.

Brian turned quickly, took the babe from her arms, and as he was by this time not unskilled in handling an infant, deposited it safely among the cushions of an arm-chair. "Thomas and Margaret," he said, "consider yourselves dismissed from my service, and leave my house instantly. I will order the house-maid to pack all your possessions that are here, and send them after you. You can come to my office at eleven o'clock for your wages. Go! this moment!"

"And sure, will ye not give us a character," said Margaret angrily.

"You can get your recommendations where you have got them many other times, from your priest," said Brian, and he dismissed them from the dwelling, not even allowing them to take time to go out at the area door. Then he turned to Violetta. "Tell me, by what name was this child christened?"

"Joseph"—faltered Violetta, her

pert anger frightened away. "Joseph, after the Saint, the husband of our blessed Lady."

"Saints and Ladies!" shouted Brian, quite beside himself with rage. "And am I thus deceived in my own house, by my servants, my cousins, my wife even—abused, and disobeyed, and deceived!"

"Indeed, Cousin Brian," said Rose Bently, bursting into tears and taking his hand; "the name is not Clare's fault. She could not let the babe be unbaptized, for fear it should die and so be lost. She said she had rather die than have her son denied the privileges of his little sisters. We all felt so, Brian. As Christians we *must* feel so. But the name, Clare said was surely to be Allan, and nothing else—Allan Rowe Waring, and we gave it so; did we not, Violetta?"

"Yes, it was not our fault," sobbed Violetta.

"Whose fault was it, then?" demanded Brian.

"I will tell you just how it was," said Violetta. "We expected Father Leroy at the church, but the hour was too early for his health, and there was Father Garren. We gave him the name you had chosen, and he said he would not christen a Catholic Christian by the name of a heretical infidel. We said we had no other name to offer, and by all means to christen him according to his parents' wish. We thought he meant to do so, and then, to our surprise, he called him Joseph ——— instead." Violetta caught her breath, as if there was another name she dared not speak.

"What beside Joseph—tell me what other name?" cried Brian, now thoroughly aroused, and in the fiercest passion of his life.

"Garren—Joseph Garren," faltered Rose.

Garren! it was a gratuitous insult. The wicked priest knew how that hated name would gall the father's soul. Garren! Brian, at that moment, felt carried out of himself in an extasy of fury. Fortunately he was one of those

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men whom intense passions binds as with chains of adamant. He stood voiceless, motionless, white as a corpse. He knew after that moment in what state of mind—in what furious insanity—men do deeds of horror; murder women and babes, and send themselves unbidden before God's bar. In that terrible instant Brian felt as if he could have killed those two foolish, weeping girls, and even that beloved babe lying among the chair cushions. The very fierceness of his rage kept him quiet; the tide of passion presently ebbed away and left him weak and broken.

"That is *not* his name," he said. "I had rather kill him with my own hand than curse him with the name of Garren. Whoever calls my boy any thing else than Allan Rowe, is forever forbidden my house. That baptism is null and void; never let that foul name be uttered in my hearing."

The child began to wail. Brian lifted him up, trembling. "Rose, take the boy, and hand him to Clare's nurse without a word. Violetta, I wish you would go home and send your mother here. I must see her."

Brian left alone, dropped into the chair where his child had lain, and entered thus upon the bitterest hour of his life. He realized the toils by which he was surrounded, and the vast advantage of his unscrupulous adversary. As if in a panorama, the future spread out before him, scene after scene of contest, and yet he dreamed not of half the woeful burden of the coming years. His foes were those of his own household. Snares beset his children's way; his wife was not free to be loving and loyal, her conscience was in the keeping of her husband's enemy. Heavy, cruelly heavy, upon Brian's neck was the yoke of Rome!

Aunt Bently, informed by Violetta of the recent trouble, and the unfortunate conclusion of the secret baptism, came to Brian with fear and trembling.

"I can not talk to Clare," said Brian, "it would excite us both too

greatly. I remember what is due to her health. But I wish to be explicit with you, and you can tell her my resolution, my unalterable purpose."

"Brian, when we believe that baptism is absolutely necessary to your boy's salvation, you can not blame us for obtaining that security at any risk. I feel grieved and angry about the name; it was a presumption, an unwarrantable interference, of which Father Leroy would not be guilty. But, after all, what is in a name?"

"There's a deal in it to me," said Brian. "My son's name is Allan Rowe, and that only shall he be called, baptism or not. If a servant calls him Joseph Garren, or either of those names, that servant shall be discharged; if a relative so calls him, that relative will be forbidden my house; if my little girls are taught so to name him, I will take them away to a school where they will learn to obey their father; if my wife calls the child by the name chosen of that infamous priest, then my child must be put out to nurse until he can have his right name and no other. Next, that baby is to have a Protestant nurse, hired by myself; again, he shall never be taken inside a Romish church. His mother is at liberty to teach him what she can, and I shall give him *my* mother's Bible. Lastly, I myself will never again enter a Romish church. I shall see Father Leroy very soon, and let him know what to expect."

Brian gained the day about the name, the boy was called Allan. He *thought* he gained, too, in the matter of a nurse. A girl came with excellent recommendations, and asserted that she was a Methodist, "and did not want her religion interfered with."

"It shall not be interfered with," said Brian; "I had as lief you were a Hindoo, so you are not a Romanist."

"La, I *couldn't* be a papist, sir," said the girl, warmly.

"I can never make any more offerings to your church, Clare," said Brian; "but I will give you such an allowance as we both shall consider

fair, and your giving shall be out of that."

This did not suit very well, but was the best that could be done. Father Leroy saw that he had missed his mark, and hereafter it must be hand-to-hand conflict in the household of the Warings. Brian went no more to church; people talked; the boy-baby's training and church going had to be secret.

"Our Cora is seven years old, Clare, the children need more regular teaching," said Brian.

"The sisters' school is near by, we can send them there."

"I prefer a governess in the house," said Brian.

"Oh, well, I'll try and secure one," replied Clare, coldly.

"I have heard of one—a lady, highly educated, kind, every way unexceptionable—a cousin of Allan's."

"But she's a heretic," cried Clare.

"So am I," said Brian, grimly.

"I don't believe I'll like her; is she pretty?" pouted Clare.

Brian smiled; this little assumption of jealousy was so evidently a pretence on the part of lovely Clare.

"Her beauty has been done away by small-pox," he replied; "but she is accomplished, and no fright. As nothing but her creed can be urged against her, I prefer to try her, and I'm sure you will be pleased. You can bid her say nothing about religion to the little girls, if you choose; but young Allan can not even learn his letters from a nun."

Clare smiled a sarcastic smile, as she looked into the fire. She thought how useless were Brian's efforts to keep his boy away from papists, and she knew there were so many ways to free herself of the governess after she came, and one of Clare's stamp was found. "Hire her, if you choose," said Clare. With Father Leroy's help she could outwit her husband; let him bring the Protestant governess, she would not stay long.

Brian relied a good deal on the pleasant *Methodist* nurse, who loved the baby, and was so fond of giving him the fresh air. Brian went out to walk with his little girls one day, when they passed the cathedral, and Cora begged leave to run in for her prayer-book, which she had left there. Brian went to the door, and let Cora and Belle go to their pew. It was Saturday, and the priests were busy in the confessionals, which are ranged along the sides of the church. A young woman, who was kneeling in one, rose and turned away. Father Garren issued from the door at the same moment. Brian felt a pity and disgust for the person who must pour out her secret heart to that man. She came near the pillar behind which he stood. It was the worthy *Methodist* nurse-maid. Another of Priest Leroy's machinations; and this was why Clare tolerated her! She was a methodist with a vengeance—a methodist in whom there was no guile.

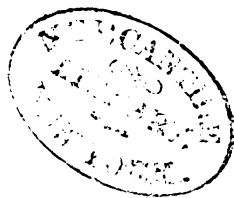
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



DE FIDE.

BY REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.

THE robes of the Dawn rustle nearer,
 The end of the Night is at hand;
 Through the babble of Mammon, still clearer
 Sounds the solemn and kingly command,
 Be ready! ye know not the day nor the hour
 When the Master shall come, clothed in terror and power,
 Taking vengeance on those who reject Him,



OUR MONTHLY,

A

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY MAGAZINE.

APRIL--1871.

THE SCATTERING AND THE GATHERING.

BY PROF. HENRY N. DAY.

ONCE, we are taught, "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech"—was of one lip and of the same words. In other words, all the inhabitants of the earth had the same articulation and the same vocabulary. The spoken language was the same for all; that there was any written language, any literature, we have no warrant for assuming. Revelation is silent, and no monuments remain.

What this spoken language was, we are equally unable to conjecture, for we have no information and no remains, except as the new languages which spring up among the scattered families and tribes may have retained some fragments of the old. This is not unlikely; indeed, this is altogether probable. It were as unreasonable to doubt it as to doubt that the law of human descent continued the same after the dispersion as before. The tongues which came to be, we have no ground for supposing to be of miraculous origin.

Nor is there any ground for supposing that this one language, spoken by the whole race immediately after the

flood, was either Hebraistic, or Egyptian, as has been respectively claimed by partisans. In all probability it was neither. Only on the unwarrantable assumption of a continued miraculous intervention, can it be supposed that a language should have been preserved, so as to maintain its integrity, for the centuries of unsettled life between the dispersion at Babel and the times of Abraham. How much of the old vocabulary is it likely that nomadic patriarch transported from Chaldean Ur to the land of Canaan? Several hundred words, perhaps; not more in any likelihood, probably less. He retained so many as were necessary for his simple life, for his few wants, and in his little company of followers. We are credibly informed that three hundred words make up the entire vocabulary of some of the peasantry, even in old England, with its crowded population, its stir of industry and of travel, and, what is more, its rich and cheap printed literature. A simple shepherd of wandering life, pitching his tent here and there as pasturage invited, in a vacant world, meeting but rarely any but his own small household, what

UNDER THE YOKE.

BY MRS. JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

AUTHOR OF "ALMOST A PRIEST," "PRIEST AND NUN," ETC.

CHAPTER THIRD.

FOES IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

AFTER the ignominious departure of Father Leroy's METHODIST, Brian got one recommended by the governess, Miss Vail. It was a singular fact that a genuine Methodist was not nearly so popular in Brian's household as a bogus one. The new girl was subject to numberless petty persecutions. Her mistress, for the most part, loftily ignored her, gave her no commendations, but found fault freely, directing her remarks *at* rather than *to* her. The servants, one and all, snubbed and derided the new comer; and, though Miss Vail's sympathy, high wages, and a pretty nursing, retained her for some months, she finally declared her annoyances "more than flesh and blood could bear," and so gave warning.

After numerous trials Brian found it was impossible to keep Protestant servants in his house, the opposition to them, from the mistress down to the scullion, was so persistent that they would not stay. His main reliance was now on Miss Vail, whose unvarying kindness and patience had in a measure won the hearts of the children, in spite of the open instructions of the priest and the covert insinuations of their mother.

Knowing that his wife had been a party to the deception practiced by little Allan's nurse, and witnessing her unvarying opposition to the governess whom he had chosen, Brian began to feel that his Clare was in league with his enemy to subvert his plans, and destroy his influence in his own household. In vain the husband

besought his wife to be united with him in word and act, and to permit no intruder into their domestic councils.

"I can not unite in your views, for they are wrong and heretical," said Clare.

"At least judge me yourself, and do not lay all our most private affairs before your priest, and be guided by his verdict."

"That is only fair, when on your part you take that Mr. Rowe into all your confidence."

"You are mistaken, Clare; I may consult him about business, but family difficulties I keep to myself. I permit no third parties to intrude there."

"I'd try and please you where I could, Brian; but in the religious life of myself and my children I must be guided by those that know."

"Why don't you direct your course by the Bible? I am willing to refer to that as a Divine guide, and I know we shall not find opposition, domestic contention, and priestly interference there inculcated."

"The Bible is not for the laity. I know nothing about the Bible. I do know what my Church demands, and I shall try and do it."

But though Clare thought fit to be thus outwardly defiant, she was frequently very unhappy, and poured forth her complaints to Father Leroy:

"Brian and I are getting so divided—our married happiness is gone."

"You must try and bring your husband over to our views—you must argue with him."

"I can't argue," snapped Clare. "How often have you told me the duty of the Catholic Christian was not to *argue*, but to obey?"

"It is true," said the priest, "that this part belongs to the clergy, but unfortunately your husband will not hold intercourse with any of us. You must endeavor to convince him, though argument is outside of your sphere—I will put words into your mouth. What is better than all, you must try and persuade—allure, by means of the added domestic happiness that would be possible if you were both children of the Church."

Clare took the first occasion to follow these directions. "Your opposition, Brian, is not to me, or to my Church, or priest, but to religion. You think it unmanly to be religious. Now if you would drop that idea and be devout, you would be happier. If you can not do that on your own account, why not let the rest of us pursue our way in peace without all the time trying to interfere? and then, Brian, having never experienced it, you can not know what rest and comfort are to be found in leaving all to your spiritual directors, and trusting every thing to them."

"I want no *man* for my director; nor can I trust myself to the guidance of any human being. When people talk of being guided by God's Spirit, seeking counsel from Heaven, and trusting to Christ, then there seems to me something high enough and strong enough for resting and trusting, and I feel desirous of knowing more of it; but this talk of priests is so different. You say I will be spiritually *safe* if I am baptized, receive absolution, and the sacrament; you admit at the same time that these rites are only efficacious when they are accompanied by the *intention* of the priest.* If the intention does not accompany the baptism it is null and void; the same of other rites. Now how am I to be assured of the intentions of that rascally Garren? Ten to one he would have no true intentions in the matter, and I should be as much at sea as ever.

* Frs. J. Garcia; Gavin, *et al.*

I can not trust to any such nonsense, my dear Clare."

"I will not hear you call my priest a rascal and my religion nonsense," said Clare, rising in anger.

Day by day was breaking some of the love ties between this husband and wife, and driving those far asunder who should have been forever near together.

When little Allan was just entering into the mysteries of his primer, Miss Vail gave Brian notice that she should seek another situation. This young lady had never been treated with even ordinary courtesy by Mrs. Waring. The coolest of nods on meeting, was the only notice ever bestowed upon her; set apart from the family, the children carefully enticed away from her as soon as daily lessons were over, Miss Vail had still endured and persevered, hoping that she might make friends, and be allowed to do a good work. When Father Garren had told Clare that she must take some decided stand, and Clare had said to her, "Miss Vail, as long as my husband insists on retaining you as our governess, it is in your power to stay. As far as I am concerned I should take it as a favor, if you gave up this situation and found another;" then Miss Vail could not stay longer, and said as much to Brian. She did not tell him what his wife had said to her, she simply notified him of her early departure.

"She is a most excellent governess," said Brian to Clare, "and if you had given her a little more kindness and sympathy, I daresay she would have remained with us."

Clare replied: "She was none of my choosing."

"I should think her goodness and loveliness would have insured your friendship to her."

Miss Vail's religion had put her beyond the pale of Mrs. Waring's humanities, and she cruelly retorted, "I don't think she cared much for my sympathy, so she had yours."

Brian looked at his wife in aston-

ishment; how the influence of the confessional was changing her from the impulsive, loving Clare of other days. The joyous, affectionate Clare of his courtship was now sharp, hard, unrelenting. Oh for freedom from the cruel yoke of Rome!

Gradually and evidently being sundered in heart from his wife, Brian, with wistful, trembling tenderness, looked upon his children, feeling that they, too, would be divided from his love, and secretly taught to consider him rather as a misguided tyrant, than as a loving parent.

These fears received, perhaps, their first confirmation in the words of Cora, who seated, one day, on his knee, inquired, "Pa, what makes you be a heretic?"

"Who says I am?" asked Brian.

"Father Garren," replied the child, not noticing her mother's signs for silence. "He says you are a heretic, and that I must not let you mislead me with your notions." Brian being silent with grief and indignation, Cora mused a moment and continued, "Father Leroy says I must pray for your conversion."

"When did Father Garren tell you this?" asked Brian.

"One day at confession," replied the child.

Brian put her from his knee, led her to the door, and quietly shutting her from the room returned to his wife and demanded, "Clare, do you send that child to the confessional?"

"She is eight years old,"* said Clare.

"Can you, a *mother*, send that innocent baby to be drilled and questioned by a gross, coarse man like Priest Garren? Is not the very thought revolting? Do you not feel that any intercourse with such a person is contamination? That pure and tender spirit should intrust its confidence only to a loving parent; it should be nurtured and guarded from every suggestion of

sin; and you send her to that arrogant, bloated, tyrannical priest, whom every decent person ought to loathe." There was no limit to Brian's dislike to Father Garren.

"You use too strong expressions about Mr. Garren," replied Clare. "He is not half as bad as you imagine him. He is not an attractive man; he is not a person whom one naturally trusts and likes; viewed as a man one does not admire him; but in the exercise of his priestly office, he is not to be regarded merely as a man; in the confessional he is lifted by the Church to a higher sphere, sitting in the place of God. The Church has judged him worthy to receive confessions and pronounce absolution, it is not my business to question his fitness."

"Absolution!" cried Brian, "receive absolution from a man whose soul is doubtless burdened with nine times as many sins as his penitent has committed!"

"The sins of the priest do not interfere with his absolution; in the name of God he can forgive others, when he is not forgiven himself,"* said Clare.

"And would you confess to Father Garren?" asked Brian.

"Yes; if I must," replied Clare, rather reluctantly. "Father Leroy is getting old and feeble, and is frequently unable to attend in the confessional."

"I have never interfered with the manner of your education of our daughters, doubtless through mistaken courtesy; but now I must, and do forbid any confessing to Father Garren. If Mr. Leroy can not be confessor, some other priest, who I *hope* is a decent man, must be found, not one who I am sure is a bad man. I speak once for all, Clare. I had rather send my children from home to a place where they will be safe from priests, than put their souls in jeop-

* Council of Trent, Fourteenth Session, Chapter VI. Those are officially cursed who deny this doctrine. Fourteenth Session, Ninth and Tenth Canons.

* "From the age of seven children shall attend confession four times per year."

ardy from that man's influence. You must be aware that the *law* gives me control of my children, if your Church does not."

"I'm sure I'm sorry I married a heretic," blazed Clare, in the haste of passion.

"And I wish to Heaven I'd never married a Catholic!" cried Brian, angry as his wife.

Now this was a shocking state of affairs, and it is but justice to this unhappy pair, to say that they repented of these words as soon as they were spoken; there was love between them yet, though it had been sorely bruised and weakened by a meddling Church and interfering priests—yes, Brian and Clare repented and apologized.

If all the confessions of this family had been made in humility and love, "one to another," their lives had been both better and happier.

Though Brian had made proclamation that visits from priests were forbidden, he could not but be aware that Father Leroy came and went at his own pleasure. The priest timed his visits when Brian would be absent about his business, and the master of the family knew no better way than to pretend ignorance of what he could not prevent.

It happened one day that Brian met Father Leroy in the hall. The priest was on his way to the door, and Mr. Waring intended to pass him with a haughty nod, but, with the utmost amiability, the priest touched his arm, saying, "My son, your estrangement deeply distresses me, and I have your welfare much at heart. Why do you pass me by? How have I offended you?"

"Your Church," retorted Brian, "is the cause of all the troubles of my life. It interrupts the harmony of my household, frustrates my plans, divides me from the confidence of my wife, and estranges me from my children. Your brother priest, Mr. Garren, is my enemy; has deceived and insulted me, and takes every means in his power to injure me."

"Perhaps Mr. Garren has a zeal without knowledge; it is the fault of his head rather than of his heart. He is far from being the foe you suppose. I fear you are opposing yourself to the highest interests of your family. Let me beg you, my dear son, to accord to them the liberty of obeying their consciences, being sure that they will then yield you all due love and respect."

"To obey the dictates of conscience means to obey the man who assumes the place of conscience-keeper to them. Let me tell you, Mr. Leroy, that the ministers of no other Church would interfere between me and my family as priests have done."

"All other ministers would not be servants of the only true Church, outside of which salvation is *absolutely impossible*,* and therefore they lack zeal and wisdom," replied Father Leroy.

"Other ministers," returned Brian, with heat, "have learned from their Bibles that those are 'false teachers' who 'creep into houses and lead captive silly women,' and who make discord between husbands and wives, who should be one in love and purpose. I must request again, sir, that your visits be discontinued."

"My son," said Father Leroy, "I shall ever, by labor and prayer, strive to promote your happiness."

In pursuance of this gracious promise, Father Leroy, in a few days, called again, and solemnly charged Clare to "use every endeavor to counteract the pernicious influence of her husband over his children. Not to scruple to set his heresies before them in their true light, and to show them that their first obedience was due to the ministers of their Church." †

Our sympathies have naturally turned to Brian, but was not this poor Clare a woman to be deeply pitied? She loved her husband and her chil-

* Summary of Pope Pius IV.

† *Catholic World*, April, 1870, *Brownson's Quarterly*, et al.

dren; she was of a nature, that left free to its own bright course, would have made home loving and happy. She was forced to believe that her husband was her enemy, her children's enemy; tenderness toward him was tenderness toward heresy—opposition to him was a heroism, a virtue sure of its reward. While her soul longed wearily for peace, she was forced to war; while nature turned her to her husband as her friend and counsellor, her Church forbade her the sympathies of an obstinate heretic, and sent her to a priest with her fears and her troubles, her loneliness and her cravings for kindness. One great hope supported her in this dark and thorny way; the salvation of her children would be secured, and her husband, by virtue of her long defiance, would be driven at last into the true Church, when she might love and trust him as she pleased.

This conflict was wearing Clare out; it was making her gloomy and petulant, her beauty was fading, her health declining, she grew weary of her life, and often vaguely wished life were ended, while yet she dreaded to die.

As for the unhappy Brian, jealousy consumed his heart; his children's affection was weaned from him; the boy he idolized would be perverted and dragged away from the shining path his father had marked out for him; Clare whom he had loved so devotedly, had withdrawn her heart from him, had given her deepest confidence to his enemies, had put her very love for him into the hands of his foe!

The dissensions to which popish interference gave rise in the household of the Warings, were not unknown to their relatives. Violetta and Alice, the whilom bridesmaids, now married, took sides with the priests, and declared that Brian was cruel, wicked, and shameful; and, if they were Clare, they would not yield to him, oh no, not for one moment. Madame Bently onewhile shrugged her shoulders over the whole affair; again, was a partisan of her niece and, said she did very

right; and presently, terrified at the idea of a family scandal, besought Clare to pay no heed to the venerable mischief-makers in orders, but to effect a complete reconciliation with her husband, lest matters should go from bad to worse, and the public should begin to gossip; why it might even get into the newspapers!

Mr. Bently had never been afflicted by any internecine wars, originated by priests; his whole soul now and ever had been given to stocks, per cents., and mortgages; in these lay *his* love and honor, and with these the holy fathers did not meddle, save to claim a share of the profits. Young Ben Bently was, however, in a different case; he had married a very pretty girl, and was furiously jealous of a gaunt, fierce-eyed priest, who haunted his house to such an extent that he had become, in absolute truth, the family skeleton.

"Oh," said Ben to Brian, "it is a confounded shame about these priests; heretic fellows have a deal better time of it: there's no holy father, no better than he should be, hanging round their wives, having the run of the house from the garret to the cellar, and laying down laws to all of the family, from the wife to the little blackey that runs the cook's errands. I wish there was a law requiring the priests to marry, rather than forbidding it."

"So do I," said Brian; "for that would cut at the roots of some of the vilest errors of the popish system. Their own authors admit that the celibacy of the clergy is the bulwark of the confessional, and that, if priests married, the tribunal of penance would be abolished."*

"Yes," cried Ben, scowling blackly, "there's the rub! Confession—that is the cruelest part of it. The very time when I feel most urged to give my whole confidence to my wife, to treat her, in very truth, as my other self,

*Abbe Martinet, *Religion in Soc.*, p. 210. Also see *Genie du Chretien*, liv., first chapter, 8th.

comes to me the horrible knowledge that the words love utters to her are, in very deed, being whispered into the ear of the priest. I shouldn't be at all surprised if, some day, I committed the sacrilege of kicking that priest out of doors. My home would be paradise, and my wife fair as Eve unfallen, if I hadn't him to contend with. Truth is," concluded Ben, ruefully, "it seems to me that old story of the garden is a parable of a home, with a jolly young couple in it, and the old serpent tricked off in gown and book, that slips in and gets the wife's ear. If you were to step into *my* house, any time of day, I reckon you'd find him there prating."

Brian felt like advising Ben to go over to Protestantism, and take his young wife with him; but he recalled the long and hopeless strife in his own home, and was silent.

For some years Cora and Bella Waring had been day-pupils at the school of the Sisters of St. Sacrament, but now the time of their first communion approached, and, that nothing might be lacking to their thorough instruction, their mother, at the command of Father Garren, had them remain two months at the convent, to be prepared by the nuns for the great occasion. He who instituted upon earth the family type of His eternal Church, ordained the Christian parent as the first and best religious instructor of the child; but Rome, subverting every divine law, and thwarting every heaven-implanted impulse of our nature, boldly denies the God-given right of the parent, and intrudes a stranger as the guide and first friend of son or daughter.

The two girls gone, great loneliness settled over this family. Clure was worn and feeble, and had lost her relish for society and amusement. Brian was wrapped in a stern regret. Young Allan having spent the hours required with the tutor whom his father had engaged to come daily to instruct him, found his mother melancholy, his father, when not absorbed in business, despairing; his sisters were gone, the moral atmosphere of his home was

chilling—on every side was antagonism or contradiction. Did his father give him a book, he suddenly lost it; what the priest gave him his father loftily condemned. The child's vexed spirit found a welcome rest in the honest, genial soul of Allan Rowe, who, for his little namesake, became a child again; but companionship so dear was forbidden by priest and mother.

And now young Allan was taken to a new resort. There was a brotherhood school not far from his home, and here, under order of secrecy, he was frequently taken by Priest Garren. *Here* the lonesome boy found friends, flatterers, playmates, games, amusing books—a thousand things to charm the eye and beguile the heart. Here, then, he was happy; here deceit was inculcated in the fair guise of virtue; here, by example, by precept, by self-interest, he became obedient to the priest; here the priests and brothers blessed him in mellow tones; and when he went thence to his home, a smile of comfort crept over his mother's face, she called him to her arms, and welcomed him as if he had come to her from the celestial gate.

We may wonder why Brian, knowing the dangers that beset his idolized boy, did not place him in a good school, distant from the evil influences of his home. But the boy was young and tender—the father's heart trembled at the idea of parting with him. He knew nothing of the secret visits at the Brotherhood house, the mother wept at every hint of his absence, and Brian's heart was filled with a great compassion for the wife he had loved so fondly, but who, withdrawing herself from his love, seemed fading like a flower uprooted from the soil.

The girls had made their first communion, and had come home. Nurtured in the very bosom of Romanism, Belle, by virtue of some subtle law of inheritance, developed daily the characteristics of her father. Though to her he had breathed no word of his sorrow, she *felt* that he was lonely, disappointed, heart-chilled in his dearest

loves; and constantly her sympathy for him increased. Slowly she was learning, from observation, the secret cause of the desolation of her home, and was comparing that home with others she had seen, with the ideal home, even, depicted in books devoted to her own religion, in which books, sometimes, the irrepressible voice of nature spoke.

Quietly the girl was ranging herself on her father's side; was nourishing for him a profound filial devotion; was dreaming of days to come, when her affection and care could be balm to his pained and wounded soul.

As yet this sympathy and tenderness were voiceless; but the girl was laying up in her heart memories which, one day, should appeal to her with a power beyond all speech.

Though seldom permitting himself to leave his endangered home for any length of time, Brian was now compelled to be absent for some weeks.

No sooner had he gone than Clare, ordered by Father Garren, dismissed young Allan's daily tutor, and sent him each morning to the Brotherhood school, permitting him only to return at night. We mention the order of Father Garren. He was now inquisitor-in-chief over Clare's household, for Father Leroy was dead. Cora Waring's first communion marked the last living appearance of Priest Leroy in the cathedral. There was no one, now, to suggest, even through motives of policy, patience, prudence, or prayer. War—war to the death—war, cruel and open, was all Father Garren's cry.

It was Allan Rowe who first discovered the attendance of his namesake at the Brotherhood school; and his discovery he immediately made known to his friend Brian. This hastened the father's return. A new tutor was engaged. It was useless to storm or upbraid.

"Clare," said Brian to his wife, "if this tutor is dismissed by other than myself, or if our son is sent any more

to the Brotherhood, I shall feel it my duty to put him away at a boarding-school, and not permit him to return for five years."

Clare was sullenly silent.

"How unhappy father looks," cried Belle, as she watched him passing down the street. "He is not so old as Mr. Rowe, or a good many others that we are acquainted with, and see how his face is lined and his hair made gray. Oh, mother, what is the matter with our home! It seems as if never a ray of sunlight entered it."

Clare turned a pained, amazed look on her child; her heart acknowledged the force of her words, and, burying her face in the sofa cushions, she sobbed passionately.

Cora lifted her eyes from her music copying, and a troubled look swept over her usually impassive face. Cora, from very infancy, had been called *devout*. Carefully instructed in her religion, scrupulously obeying its dictates, reticent of speech, and with a strange calm of temperament, perhaps, after all, the dominant feelings of this girl's nature were those impulses of a lady, which demanded the most exact delicacy and deference in all treatment of others to herself; in all her own conduct in life; the most rigid adherence to forms of etiquette; and the most lofty contempt of avarice, meanness, or malice.

Quiet in speech, dainty in attire, and minutely polite, Cora seemed the very genius of order in her home; while from her more impulsive younger sister flashed swift intelligence, and speech going home to the heart; while intuitions of sympathy gave, at times, a strange grace to her look or manner. It was a family that might have been wonderfully happy, but for the galling yoke of Rome.

Young Allan was now nine years old, and the fact of his pupilage at the Brotherhood house had greatly excited his father's fears. Considering how he could guard the heart and life of this cherished boy, Brian's better impulses awoke. He called his son, one even-

ing, to the library, and, drawing him fondly to his side, said:

"Allan, my mother died when I was but an infant. I never knew her love and care. I have left of her but two remembrances: they are equally dear to me. One is for myself; the other I give to you, my only son, charging you to keep it sacred for my sake and for hers, who has been, I trust, these many years in heaven."

Brian took from the table an ancient silver case, and, opening it, showed a miniature on ivory, the semblance of a lovely face, that long ago laid down in the dust, awaited yet the first resurrection of the dead. It seemed strange to the boy that those girlish features, the smiling mouth, the tender blue eyes, and straying rings of golden hair, could represent his father's mother. He looked from the fair countenance that had never grown pinched or weary, to the care-seamed face that now belonged to Brian Waring.

"My mother, and God's saint," said Brian, with new emotion in his voice. "Here, Allan, beloved boy, is the Book she loved the most; the guide and ornament of her life—my mother's Bible. My command to you, Allan, is to keep it as your most sacred treasure; yield it to none; read it; model your life by it, and I believe in my soul you can never go wrong. It teaches no false morality; it is pure and perfect; and I do not doubt, Allan, that it is the very voice of God."

Oh, why had not this trouble-tossed man adopted this Bible for the guide of his own life!

Allan took the book with interest and pleasure; his sympathies were moved. From the dimmed covers seemed to smile at him the face of the treasured miniature. He had learned to say little of any of his father's gifts, advice, or confidence, and now, conveying the new treasure to his room, he locked it up safely, and, as time passed on, devoted many hours to reading it, with all the zest of romance. It was more enchanting than any thing

at the Brotherhood school, and like that had the sweetness of bread eaten in secret.

We pass over a year.

Brian, returning home one evening, heard his children singing. Cora was at the piano, and the sweet, boyish tones of Allan joined with the clear notes she lifted in praise of *Mary*:

"Then list to me, then list to me!

Oh, mother, purest best!

And be to me, and be to me,

The harbinger of rest!"

There had been these several months unusual quiet in this distracted home. The words of his children's song awoke in Brian his fears for his son. They rung in his ear at the tea table, and when, afterward, the family had adjourned to the parlor, the echoes would not die away. He laid down the evening paper, and called his boy.

"Allan, come here, my child! I have not asked you this for some time—what have you done with my mother's Bible?"

With the words a thunderbolt had fallen. Cora turned from her globe of gold fish. The Bible! he had mentioned "the root of all sedition and heresy," as being in child Allan's keeping.

Belle's look was simple curiosity.

Clare, however, turned pale, and her breath came in swift catches. Allan drew near his father slowly.

"Answer me, child! Have you grown tired of it? Is it a dull book to you? Have you neglected to read it? Speak up, man—what have you done with my mother's Bible?"

Still no answer. The boy's eyes are downcast; his cheek is pallid; he half stretches out his hand to his mother, and Brian perceives that there is something wrong. He cries out:

"Answer me, Allan! Good heavens! have I been such a monster in my family that they are afraid of me? Am I such a savage no one dares tell me the truth?"

No; he has been neither a monster nor a savage, and now Belle's look

changes swiftly to intense sympathy, and her father catches it with a strange glad bound of his heart amid its pain. What! one to feel with him and for him at last?

"Answer me, my son; are you afraid, say?"

"No, father—that is—I'm so sorry—but, but, I could not help it, indeed; and—it is not my fault—I—I."

"Speak English, sir! Give me an honest sentence, an answer plain and true, even if it flings my book back in my face."

"It can not, father," says Allan, literally, "for it is gone. There, mother! he told me never to tell, but you see I must tell, since my father asks me so plainly. I must, father; it is gone! It is burned! Father Garren took it from me; I told him it was yours—and hers, you know"—he looks at Belle, and lo! the fair face of the miniature is hers! and he goes on, "I told him, but he took and burnt it up."

The child is not fashioned of the stuff martyrs are made of, he cries and quivers, but the lightning of his father's wrath passes beyond him to that cruel priest. None of those now present saw his transport on the day when Allan was baptized. They shudder now at the white fury of his face when again his enemy has crossed his way, has stabbed and robbed him in the dark.

It was gone, the sacred book, chosen palladium of his boy; best legacy of the beloved dead. In that tremendous passion he might have cursed, in awful words, the priest, the wife, the child, his hapless fate, when suddenly before his blazing eyes, into the distant shadows of the room, grew the girl face he had known only on the ivory miniature—the face of the young wife and mother early lost, that had been the holiest dream of his life—grew out of the darkness before him as in living beauty, pleaded with tender eyes until her passion-tossed son, man as he was, melted into a rain of tears, and Brian Waring hastened from the room.

There was no Christ to meet him in the library with potent consolation. Brian had never bowed his neck to the yoke which is light; but the heavenly compassion is infinite, and moved by some divine affection, went after the unhappy man the child in whose face the lineaments of the fair young grandmother and the distracted father were strangely blended. She came up beside him, struck the heaped-up papers on the library table with her little clenched fist and cried, "It was cruel, and I *hate* that man!"

"Oh! my child," said Brian, feeling a gleam of hope, "if only always you would love and pity me!"

Wretchedly unhappy—grieved, oh! so heartily for her husband, tremblingly and vaguely angry at her oppressive priest, and awfully apprehensive of the future, poor Clare went to her room, and wept all night.

Brian must work rather than weep. Quietly, in the midnight, he aroused his boy, and the two went out into the starlight to the home of Allan Rowe. An hour later, and at the railroad the father parted with his son.

"Good-bye, my poor boy. Don't think I am angry with you or blame you. I am taking this means to make you good and happy. Give all your confidence to this true friend, who has never failed me."

Then he went homeward, and young Allan was an exile from his home, placed under the wise and loving care of Allan Rowe.

Here are these two playing against each other—Brian and the priest.

"Mate!" cries Brian, when he sends away his son.

"Checkmate!" cries the priest, for now he has robbed Brian of both his girls.

"The only way to get back that boy is to banish those girls; and I command you to do it," says Father Garren to Clare. "And, until he reveals the boy's hiding-place, you must conceal the girls."

So one day, while the father was

busy in his office, the priest took the daughters somewhither, and days passed and they came not again; while in the desolate house the father and mother faced each other, a pale anguish written over either countenance.

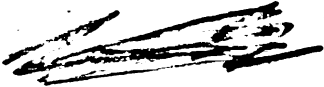
"Tell me what you have done with my girls!" said Brian.

"Give me back my boy!" answered Clare.

"Let us take them all back and be rid of the priest!" said Brian, in miserable entreaty.

"Flinch from your duty and you are lost!" said the priest to Clare.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



LETHE.

BY CLAUDE IRIS.

LOW shores, down sloping to the river's brink,
 And guarded by a wall of wizard pines,
 Slow, tranquil waters—stirless, you might think—
 Whose surface dark a ripple ne'er defines.

A desert-moor beyond it—stretching on
 In utter, dismal desolateness drear;
 A leaden arch above droops thick and dun,
 No bright blue sky, no sunlight flickering here.

The noiseless current shows no waving trees,
 Nor song of woodland bird the silence breaks;
 Silence eternal! save when ghostly breeze
 Sweeps through the pines, and doleful moaning makes.

Lo! on the banks are shadowy spirit bands,
 Wild-eyed and ghastly, with unmeaning stare,
 In pale robes clad, wandering with folded hands,
 Or vaguely searching by a torch's glare.

Searching the sandy bank, the gloomy moor,
 For what the river's sullen blackness keeps;
 The bleak, chill wind sobs on for evermore,
 While weird tones shriek, "What each one sows, he reaps."

And ye, pale throng, that erst in mood so rash,
 Quaffed of the oblivious wave—bade Memory fly;
 Now, though the thunders of Eternity should crash,
 Lost, lost forever all your treasures lie.

Those balmy blossoms that so sweetly shone,
 Through the long summer of your youthful days,
 Crushed, broken, faded—hue and fragrance gone—
 In vain for their return the sad heart prays.

Perished those gems, that once with glittering sheen,
 Illumined all the darkness of your night—
 Their changeful, brilliant ray no more is seen;
 Forever quenched that liquid shimmering light.

OUR MONTHLY,

A

RELIGIOUS AND LITERARY MAGAZINE.

MAY--1871.

UNDER THE YOKE.

BY MRS. JULIA MCNAIR WRIGHT.

AUTHOR OF "ALMOST A PRIEST," "PRIEST AND NUN," ETC.



CHAPTER FOURTH.

THE YOKE OF CHRIST AND THE YOKE OF ROME.

A GIFT neglected shall be withdrawn. That mother's Bible had lain, these many years, unopened in Brian's desk; but now that its sacred pages had been given to the fire, how doubly precious it became!

Far away on the Island of Cedars, the boy Allan lived with a tutor and Allan Rowe, in a queer, easy, safe, bachelor establishment, set up there by Rowe for his own accommodation. Here the pupil of the Jesuits, the cowed serf of the priests, learned that he had a mind and soul of his own. His nature expanded, he was free from spiritual bondage, and his father's high, ardent disposition began to be developed in him. The days passed gloriously; he studied, he roamed about; he enjoyed the sports of the woods; he was taught to form opinions; to argue them; to be a reasonable being. The higher element of

faith, of reliance on an infallible God and His infallible Word, was, thus far, left out of his education; but over the night of gloom rose the clear dawn of day.

Allan Rowe frequently left his young charge and the tutor, and returned to the city. We do not here stop to explain the dealings of God with Allan Rowe, by what path he led him, by what discipline he instructed him: enough that He who went abroad at the sixth and the ninth hour to bring laborers into his vineyard, saw Allan Rowe standing idle, spoke to him with the voice of mastery, called him, and Allan obeyed and followed Him.

Andrew, being found of Jesus, went first for his own brother Simon. Allan Rowe, having no brother in the flesh, went after the man who was the brother of his heart, and preached Christ unto him. He knew whereof he affirmed, and testified that which he believed; and Brian Waring, tossed with doubts and fears, robbed of domestic happiness, disappointed in his dearest hopes, seeking rest on earth

and finding none, listened assenting to the good news of Grace to sinners, and took upon him the yoke that is easy and the burden that is light. In him was worked the Spirit's miracle of transformation; he was the same; and yet how different! He had suffered, and now by that suffering came to him humility and sympathy; the bitterness of his soul was gone; anger gave place to a profound compassion. In his desolated home there was but one to receive the benefit of this Divine tenderness, of these sanctified hopes; but how greatly was that one in need of consolation!

Clare was, indeed, bereaved. Her health was gone; her children were gone; she had been driven by her spiritual advisers to rebuff and trample on her husband's love until she believed that, too, was gone; happiness was lost; hope had perished. No words can tell how this poor Clare longed for peace, for affection, for the society of her son and daughters, for all the sweet amenities of domestic life; yet these longings she concealed in her heart. This unhappy slave of priestly bondage, with more than Spartan resolution, hid in her bosom the gnawing grief that hourly destroyed her; she would die and give no sign.

But now came this change in Brian; his eyes were opened; he saw the ceaseless and perfect love which God had ordained between husband and wife; he appreciated, for the first time, his wife's spiritual anxieties; he realized her darkness, her danger, her blind craving for soul-safety; he could now comprehend her anxieties for what she deemed the religious training and spiritual safety of her children; she believed in her false gods; indeed none other had ever been presented to her. Brian had hitherto given no evidence of religious feeling; but the priest had addressed himself to the eternal want of the soul, and to him her awakened conscience had woefully turned for instruction and satisfaction. It might be now too late to retrieve the past; but Brian must do now what

was evidently duty, and had suddenly become pleasure.

Mr. Rowe being now in the city, young Allan, through him, sent frequent letters to his father, full of loving messages to mother and sisters, and animated details of boy-sports and discoveries. Brian carefully erased the address and took the letters to the lonely mother.

"I hope, dear, that our daughters are as happy."

Clare made no reply, though she grasped Allan's letters as a hungry man grasps food. Once this silence would have angered Brian, but now his new sympathy perceived that this withholding of confidence was painful to her, but that she was forced to it by a power she did not dare to resist. His only emotion now was tender pity, and he redoubled his efforts to comfort her. Again she heard the loving compliments of the days of old; he brought her gifts once more—books, flowers, or trifles of dress or ornament—that would please her taste. He had plenty of time now to spend with Clare, to walk with her, to ride with her; he broke down the barriers of reserve that had slowly risen between their hearts, and resumed the merry or earnest converse of the days gone by. Though the children were gone, Brian would not let the home be gloomy; he would not suffer his wife to go pining and heart-broken to her grave, leaving to his future only a long regret. Clare noted the happy change—as it continued days and weeks, she brightened visibly; her words were freer; her eyes shone with something of the old love-light; she no longer held herself angrily aloof. In her hours of musing the faded ideal of wedded love, which once she had cherished, was retouched to beauty, which persuaded her to strive after a reality as fair. For the first time in her life Clare began to wonder if that religion was of God which put discord between those whom He had indissolubly joined together. But had not Father Garren told her that religion came to set at variance kindred

hearts, and that the *Church* proclaimed in Scripture, "he that loveth father or mother, son or daughter, more than me, is not worthy of me"? No wonder that Clare did not desire to read the Bible; the fragments of it doled out and explained by Rome, had made it seem, indeed, a bitter book.

It was evening, and Clare sat by the open window of the drawing-room. Brian came in, brought a shawl, folded it carefully about her, placed a cushion under her feet, and then fondly stroked the soft golden hair, still her chief beauty.

"Brian," said Clare suddenly, "how different you are lately. What has made the change?"

Another man might have been suspected of changing his manners to gain an end in view, but not the sturdy, outspoken Brian Waring. The time of speech had come; there, as the twilight deepened, Brian told his wife in simple, earnest words, how old things had passed away and all had become new.

This self-abnegation, this casting away of works of righteousness that we have done, this reliance on Jesus, this nearness and direct application to Christ a Living Head, was, to Clare, a revelation. She had never before imagined that there was any such experience possible, but the calm, assured words of her husband fixed it in her mind as an absolute fact. She envied the experience, and had a new respect for him. He seemed to be very much nearer God, and, therefore, more godly than Priest Garren, and it would be so much more encouraging to find in her husband a spiritual adviser and friend, than in the priest who was personally so repugnant to her.

The keen eye of the family inquisitor, Priest Garren, soon detected Clare's softened feelings toward Brian: divided, he might conquer these two; united, they could defy his power. Arrogant domination was this man's natural element. He sent his servant one day to Clare, desiring her to call upon him at his house, he had import-

ant business. Clare did not wish to—did not dare refuse.

"I tell you, Mrs. Waring," said Priest Garren in his most imperious tones, "this matter about your boy must be settled. He is the property of the Catholic Church, and he must be delivered from the keeping of infidels. It is your duty to find where he is, and how he is to be got; and I command you to do it."

"But, father, I can not," remonstrated Clare.

"There is no can not about it; you are weak and traitorous; you are becoming tainted with this accursed heresy; you are in danger of eternal destruction which ever awaits apostates."

"You misjudge me, father," faltered Clare; "I am entirely faithful to the Church."

"Your obedience will prove that," quoth the priest. "I have marked out your plan; it is yours to pursue it. You will leave that man and retire to a convent to pray for yourself and your children, lest you be delivered over to the devil. If you thus separate yourself from him, he will appeal for a divorce, and you can obtain alimony and very likely the custody of your children. At all events we could procure an order that the boy be produced in court; and once we knew where he was, we could be pretty sure of seizing him. What is that obstinate heretic to you in comparison with the everlasting salvation of your children, or your and their eternal perdition?"

But Father Garren had overshot his mark. If there was one thing above others which Clare Waring held sacred it was her marriage bond. Divorce! The priest had overrated his authority; this heart, which he had crushed and wounded, and ruthlessly trampled upon so long, turned on him in a fury:

"Divorce, father! Brian would never seek for that, nor would I. Does not our Church call marriage a sacrament? Does it allow a civil marriage? If the court can not make a marriage



can it abrogate one? If we must appeal to His Holiness, my husband will not recognize his jurisdiction, nor will American law. I tell you I stand before God and men as Brian Waring's wife, and such I remain until death divides us. Dare you, a minister of the Church, lightly esteem the sacrament of matrimony, and lay it at the mercy of a court of justice!"

This was one of the few times, in his life, when Father Garren was forced to condescend to flattery and entreaty.

"Daughter Clare," he said smoothly, "you are, indeed, a most faithful and well-instructed child of the Church. I was but proving you, as the Lord proved our first parents in Eden. You are truly the wife of Brian Waring, and on you God has laid a care for his soul and the duty of his conversion. You have waited long, but you must have faith that your works will be rewarded. Does not the venerable Abbe Martinet call these heretics our *separated brethren*? Are we not to expect their return to the bosom of the Holy Church, drawn thither by the persuasive power of Mary, true mother of mankind?"

Clare had favored her priest with glances of that blue lightning which she had sometimes flashed upon Brian, but these guileful words calmed her rage, and she turned again a submissive ear to his instructions.

"I ask a sacrifice of you, my daughter, but only for a little time. Retire, as I told you, to the convent, to pray for the conversion of your husband and the reunion of your family. I shall unite my prayers with yours, while, immediately upon your arrival at the convent, the Sisters will commence a Novena of thirty days to the Blessed Virgin to intercede for the accomplishment of your desire."

Clare mused: here lay duty in obedience—joy also in seeing those two dear girls—some hope for Brian and family reunion. She spoke one thought aloud:

"I could then be with my daugh-

"Clare Waring," spoke the harsh voice of the priest, "a sacrifice is worth nothing unless it is *perfect*. Hold back from the Church no part of the price. You will not be at St. Sacramento with your daughters, but at St. Bridget's."

Cora and Belle Waring had been sent about among several convents, but, as their father apparently made no effort to find them, they had at last been settled at St. Sacramento, on the footing of pupils. Father Garran's plan for Clare, was to divide her from her home and restrain her affections; far be it from the priestly despot to put the weary-hearted mother where domestic ties would grow stronger in the sunshine of her children's smiles.

While Clare's heart had inwardly renewed some of its tenderness to Brian, she had felt it her duty to give no outward sign of concession. To him she seemed hard as Job's wife who would not be entreated—no, not even for the children's sake. It was, therefore, with more of anguish than surprise, that he found himself apparently deserted. When he returned home, one day, his wife was absent. The servants professed to know nothing about her, though one maid, compassionating his anxiety, said that she had heard "something about her mistress going to make a retreat for the good of her soul."

Among the letters dropped in the box at Brian's office was found, next morning, one from Clare—merely this:

"Do not seek for me. Duty calls me away. I go to pray for your conversion and my son's safety."

No kind form of address—even no signature; just the well-known writing—traced once on such loving letters. Its short, cold lines cut Brian to the heart.

This letter had been ordered and examined by Father Garren. It was three days before the heart-sick husband found a brief note in his dressing-case, slipped there in some blest moment by his unhappy wife:

"My Brian, I do not want to leave

you—I will come again. Oh, Brian! my love, my love!”

Father Garren would have anathematized Clare if he had known of that note; but, to Brian, it came like a voice from Heaven.

The priest's aim was to force Brian to sue for a divorce on the ground of desertion, but he had mistaken his man. This was something Brian would not do; he had the strength of patience. Brian used every effort, quietly, to discover his wife's whereabouts. The Bentlys, evidently, did not know of this new move. Aunt Bently said she was scandalized; but that a Retreat or a Novena might be Clare's motive, and neither of these would last over thirty days for the most devout *secular*.

But, alas! the month passed, and Brian was yet in his deserted home, robbed of all his dear ones. He dared not bring back his boy; he could not find his wife or girls. He finally dismissed all the servants, brought in two or three Protestant domestics, and in his lonely house lived on through dreary days, yet comforted through the darkness by the strong consolation the Spirit brings the children of the heavenly kingdom.

Meanwhile what, in the Convent of St. Bridget, were the feelings and occupations of the truant wife?

During her interview with her priest, Clare had come to a determination—this seclusion in the convent was to be the last effort she would make to Romanize her family. These many years she had struggled and suffered, and laid her best affections a sacrifice on the altar of her faith. A secret anger had grown up within her, against the saints who would not come to her aid, even towards the Virgin Mary, whom the Church styles “the sole extirpator of all heresies,” and yet who had, in spite of his wife's prayers, suffered Brian Waring to go on for years with every drop of his blood a determined and distinct heresy against the Papal Church.

Clare yearned for the love of the

days gone by, and for the happiness of her ideal home, with a longing grown in these last few months stronger than her Romish zeal.

Clare now made up her mind to keep this Novena with the utmost devotion; if the desire of her heart was given her, well and good, peace would thus be achieved. If Brian still maintained his position, yet patiently welcomed her home after absence, then the children should be brought home, and there would be friendship and fair-play in spite of Father Garren; for these last few weeks of loving kindness had done more to destroy Clare's fanaticism than had been accomplished in all the former years. It was not that Brian had, in the least, yielded his convictions of duty, nor his maintenance of his rights, but he mingled sympathy and affection with steady adherence to an honest purpose, and this union of gentleness and sincerity made fair contrast to the arrogance and double-dealing of the Irish priest.

Clare could not, without a great final struggle for success, relinquish the chief object of her life since her acquaintance with Brian Waring. One more effort was to be made, and as was natural to a Romanist, she turned with strong crying to the Virgin.

Romanism is not God-worship, but Mary-worship. Says the Abbe Martinet: “Admirable instinct of the Christian family! Shepherds and their flocks seek an asylum in the Immaculate Heart whose ineffable purity is never tarnished; they are not satisfied with pressing round their Mother, but they throw themselves into her bosom.”

So Clare, calling the Sisters of St. Bridget to the rescue, flew to Mother Mary and began her Novena.

“Be instant in prayer to the Mater Admirabilis, daughter,” said Priest Garren; “her prayers are ten times more acceptable to God than ours.”*

Then came to Clare her husband's words, that “Now in Christ, God him-

* *Challoner's C. C. Ins.*, p. 231.

self loved Brian Waring, and had said, in scripture, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you: ask and ye shall receive, for the Father himself loveth you.' Most blest assurance!

Was it the first germ of a higher knowledge, springing in her soul, that made Clare ask:

"And father, that is as high as we can go, to the Mother of God?"

"Surely," replied the priest. "In the plan of regeneration the woman occupies the first rank. She did not come forth from the God man, but he was born of her. It was not from the new Adam that Mary beatissima learned her destiny; she conferred on him his name, and commended him for thirty years. She offered Him as the victim of propitiation on the altar of the Most High, and how could her presence at the crucifixion be explained if her place there had not been designated for the accomplishment of the great mystery?"*

"Then I may address my prayers to her with entire confidence?"

"Certainly. Rest assured that you will be heard and answered."

Vigils, fasts, and prayers, were now the order of the day. Night after night in the dim candle-light of the chapel the slender form of Clare might be seen, she keeping, on her knees, the consecrated hours in memory of Gethsemane; while Nocturnes, Vespers, Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext and None, and Complins, found our devotee praying still. Then into the chapel, with its taper-lit gloom, came the Sisters of the order, with the Litany of the children of Mary.

"Mother of God the Son, protect thy children. Daughter of God the Father, govern thy children. Spouse of the Holy Ghost, sanctify thy children. Mother of strength; Mother full of zeal; Mother ever calm; Mother most faithful; Mother most meek, assist thy children."

* Abbe Martinet, *Religion in Soc.*, pp. 255-258.

Then the organ pealed, and one voice, far off in the choir, wailed: "O, Mother, hear us!" And again the Sisters pleaded:

"By thy immaculate conception; by thy heart pierced with a sword of grief, O, Mother, hear us!" And so long ago, on Carmel, some called on Baal unhelping and unheeding.

Day after day lapsed and no miracle of assistance came. Instead, Father Garren learned what he did not tell Clare, that Brian had made, among the heretics, public profession of his faith in Jesus.

There were some hours each day when Clare lay down in her own room to refresh her exhausted frame. These hours were insupportable, and to relieve their tedium she besought Father Garren to bring her some devotional books.

The holy father possessed a magnificent library of some thirty or forty volumes, as "The Three Kings of Cologne," "Purgatory," "The Lenten Manual," etc. As he looked them over to find pabulum for the famished mind of his daughter Clare, he came to a small volume of extracts from the Roman Missal, "Defects Occurring in the Mass." He put that with the others intended for Clare. As it happened, this was the first book selected by her for reading, for it had never been suggested to her that any defects could be in that "Most Holy Sacrament."

The statement of an ex-Catholic is as follows:

"What first revolted me, and forever drove me from Romanism, was a study of 'Defects Occurring in the Mass.'"

This was something like Clare Waring's experience. Her eyes were opened. She read: "If rose or any distilled water is used in the bread, it is doubtful if it is a sacrament!" Doubtful, the eucharist—object of implicit faith!

"If the wine be putrid, or made of unripe grapes, no sacrament is made." But mark it, ye honest souls! "If suitable matter can not be had, to avoid a scandal, the priest must proceed."

A sacrament and no sacrament—a holy farce!

“If the intention of the priest fails, there is no sacrament; to take a false sacrament is damnable idolatry.” But to this damnation are the faithful liable through lack of intention of the priest, or to avoid a scandal!

Furthermore, “If poison fall into or on the true blood and body, they are not safe to use, and too holy to be thrown away. They must be burned.” “If a spider, fly, or bug, fall into or on the blood and body, these intruders must be swallowed with the rest.”

The remaining errors are too disgusting to enumerate, and they disgusted Clare. The doctrine of the Real Presence in the Mass stood before her in its bare deformity. She began to sift her faith and found more chaff than wheat. She lived her Novena through, but she was suspicious of her religion, and angry with unheeding virgin, saints, and angels.

But, leaving Clare, we must turn our thoughts for a time to Cora and Belle, pupils at St. Sacrament.

Their mother had been in the habit of visiting them once in three weeks. She retired to St. Bridget's a few days before her usual time for a visit, and as the Novena dragged its slow length along, they were left for some time without hearing from or seeing any one of their family.

Brooding in silence over her memories, Belle's heart turned pitifully, lovingly to her father. Such yearnings did not disturb the placid Cora, but she also found *casus belli*, and she found it in Father Garren, who was constant in his visits. While this priest's appearance was repulsive to a dainty taste, his manners were even more repugnant. Avarice and insolence were this man's prevailing traits. He was a type of the worst, and not the best, of the Romish priesthood. As a reasoner he was an equal of him who, in Rome's mighty reminiscence of Babel—the recent Ecumenical Council—argued that the Pope was infallible, because St. Peter was cruci-

fied with his head downwards, “which shows,” said he, “that the Church stands on its head”!!* He might have proved that the Church stands on its head by the inverted views she takes of every thing.

In matters of science our priest was of the order of Cardinal Cullen, who, in 1869, admonished his flock that a belief in the rotary motion of the earth was an infernal heresy, and an opposition to the utterances of the infallible papacy.†

A violent, ultra Montanist, a dogged believer in every tradition, miracle, and doctrinal deliverance of the Papal Church, he had reached his present position of one of the priests of the Cathedral, having great authority over the crowds of poor foreigners who worshiped there, sullenly accepted in his ministrations, by the more refined, who cherished the memory of Father Leroy.

Only two incidents of the girls' life in the convent we will give. The first, a trifle “light as air,” which, nevertheless, angered the beautiful and haughty Cora. Cora and Belle had been called into the parlor to see their priest, and seated themselves together on a fauteuil near the window. The priest, sitting near by, took the long curtain cord with its pendant tassel, and as he talked kept swinging it into Cora's face, laughing each time that it struck her cheek or neck. She repressed her vexation for some time, then said sharply:

“Don't do that, father!”

He persisted in his elegant recreation, and Cora remarked stiffly:

“Your manner is inconsistent with the reverence of your profession.”

He gave a loud laugh, and swung the tassel fairly in her face. Burning with rage, Cora sprung up to leave the room, when, stooping forward, the priest grasped her dress. Cora turned,

* “Pio Nono and his Councilors, *Harp. Mag.*, Dec., 1870, p. 28.

† Cardinal Cullen's Pastoral Letter for 1869. Dublin.

in a fury, and promptly hammered the reverend *gentleman's* fat hand with her little fist. He released her, and Cora swept from the parlor, followed by Belle, who, as this scene was perfectly consistent with her idea of her priest's puerile character, was laughing.

Only a few days after the priest called on the girls again. Cora did not wish to see him, but Belle, eager for news from home, urged her to do so. There were now a nun and two German pupils in the drawing-room. It was the age of gold and silver money, and as Cora sat down some coins rattled in her pocket.

"Daughter Cora!" Cora turned; Father Garren was holding out his hand to her pocket.

Vexed, Cora took a quarter of a dollar and dropped it in his outstretched hand; then turned away, ashamed to see him keep it.

"Cora!" She looked about. The hand was held forth again. Flushing, she laid a half-dollar in it.

Again that "Cora," and still the begging hand.

"For shame, father!" cried the girl passionately.

"Think how much credit you can gain in heaven!" said the priest.

"I have given enough. I don't wish to give you all my money!"

"Daughter, can you refuse the *Church?*"

Still the persistent hand; and Cora reluctantly relinquished a gold dollar. "That will end it," she thought.

But no! The fat hand was instantly extended again.

"Do you want *all?*" cried Cora, looking into his eyes for a trace of shame.

"Remember the poor, Cora!"

"Remember the priest, you mean," said Cora, for once stirred out of her calm.

Father Garren did not seem discomposed, neither did he abate his demand. Cora handed him a five-dollar gold piece, saying coldly:

"That is *all.*"

During recreation hour Cora and Belle, arm in arm, walked to a distant part of the convent garden. Said Cora, in a low tone:

"I'm sick of this place; I want to go home."

"So do I," said Belle; "we are much happier there, and we are old enough to go into society. I do not see why mother has not been here this long while. Father Garren says all are well, *but there's no telling* any thing by his words; they may mean half-a-dozen things. Let us go home."

"It would be useless to try unless some one came for us. Father Garren would say we were sent here, we are not of age, and must stay until we are taken out."

"Then," said Belle boldly, "let us send for father to come after us."

"How can we do it?" asked Cora with animation.

"Have you any money?" asked Belle.

"No; *he* got it all," said Cora, grieved for her priest's shameless greed.

"I have a three-dollar piece. Little Nell Jay's black nurse comes for her Friday afternoons, and you know I often dress up the child and take her to the sacristy. I will have ready a note for Mr. Rowe, and slip it and the gold in the girl's hand. She will think it a love letter, pity my forlornity, and deliver it as directed. Then father will come for us. Now, Cora, don't vex yourself any more. The holy father is neither a saint nor an angel, and I never thought he was. Let us be happy. I will send the note; and, any way, we are not badly off. They are kind to us here; we are quite favorites."

Belle went dancing off to pet little Nell Jay. Cora took "A Visit to the Holy Sacrament" from her pocket, and sat down to read.

The garden was fair—a bower of flowers and greenery—but it was no Paradise to Cora. Her Dagon had fallen and was broken. Her priest, God on earth, to whom in the confes-

sional she had bent the knee, was—beneath contempt even. Had she not been taught of her priest, “he rules all conditions by the elevation of his character, and embraces them all in the circle of his charity?”* And that “Christianity has elevated the priest to the incomprehensible dignity of the *coadjutor of God* in the redemption of the world?” † Had she not seen this very man create Christ on the altar? Had she not learned that that “hand had received power by holy unction to consecrate and dispense the body of the Son of the Virgin?” ‡ And now she had fairly loathed that fat hand when it impudently swung tassels into her face, and greedily begged without shame. It was a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous, and she could not endure it.

Poor Cora; she thought nothing of going home, forgot Belle’s plans, dropped her book, and lying down on the seat began to cry.

“What is the matter with my little sister?” asked a nun who was passing by.

“Everybody is so wicked,” sobbed Cora.

“Catholics are not wicked,” said the nun.

“Yes, indeed, sister; a good many of them.

“Oh, no, Sister Cora,” said the smiling nun, “you are mistaken; a Catholic is regenerated in his baptism, and so can not sin; the Church says so. For my part I never commit sins, nor am wicked.”

“What does it mean by venial sins, mortal sins, sins against the Holy Ghost, and all that is in the Catechism?” asked Cora astutely.

“O—why—ah, that must be to instruct us, or to fill up the Catechism, or to give us something to teach these idle children, or for some reason. My little sister knows she must accept all truths whether they agree or not; the

agreement is not our business; and now my little sister will wipe her eyes and come to the refectory.”

While writing her French exercise in the school-room, Belle wrote her note and sealed it unobserved. She did not know that Allan Rowe was now much on the Island of Cedars, and she had no doubt that the missive would reach him at the Astor House. Nor was she to be disappointed. Allan Rowe was now in the city. When Belle playfully conducted wee Nell Jay to her waiting nurse, and slyly slipped a note and money into the black maiden’s hand, that maiden scented a love entanglement, and became sympathetic. Besides, if the lady would give three dollars postage, the gentleman would surely give as much more. The sable messenger, with admirable secrecy, executed her mission, and Mr. Rowe was called from the supper-table to speak with some one in the hall.

“I have a note,” said the girl, “from a young missey, with black eyes, who wears shining gold braids piled up like a crown.”

Allan Rowe recognized this description of Belle Waring, and tore open the note. Only this:

“DEAR MR. ROWE—We are so tired of St. Sacramento we want to go home. Can not you get father to come for us?”
“BELLE.”

“What are you waiting for?” asked Allan of the girl.

Then recollecting that he had given her nothing he slipped an ample reward in her ready hand, saying:

“Keep quiet, my good girl!”

“What an old lover young missey has,” thought the girl, going home. “I hope there’ll be more letters.”

Next day Brian Waring and his friend Rowe went to St. Sacramento, demanded to see his daughters, and announced that they must go home, which the girls were only too ready to do. On Saturday, therefore, they were safely established at their father’s house, and Ben Bently and his

* Abbe Martinet, *Religion in Soc.*, p. 215.

† *Ibid.*, p. 209.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 210.

wife were sent for to keep them company.

On Saturday Clare Waring's Novena had ended, but the Sabbath was the fifteenth of August, the great festival of the "Assumption of the Holy Virgin," "the greatest of all the yearly festivals in honor of the Blessed Virgin," "when the Heavens were opened and the Son of God himself descended to receive the pure and stainless spirit of His forever Virgin Mother," as says the author of "Catholic Festivals and Devotions." It would have been very improper for Clare to leave the convent on that high day; she must consecrate it as a holy after-thought to the Novena; and she did it, hoping against hope, believing against belief, tossed to and fro between old prejudices and new doubts.

On Monday morning Clare summoned her priest:

"Father Garren, I am now going home."

"Had you not better wait until your husband wants you enough to come for you?"

"No; I went without his knowledge, I shall return without his invitation. I have tried to save his soul, father, but I feel that, in this desertion, I have done him a great wrong. I shall now return, and try to be a good wife to one who has always been faithful to me."

"Suppose he will not receive you, daughter?"

"He will," said Clare quietly.

"If he does not will you leave him?" asked the priest, furious because Cora and Belle had gone home, a fact which he had concealed from Clare.

"Do you ask a wife to separate from her husband?" demanded Clare indignantly.

"I want to see a daughter of the Church properly treated, and not ill-used by a heretic."

"Father Garren, I am going home."

"Will you rest it here?" cried the priest; "there is my black boy on the steps; will you tell him to go to Mr.

Waring's office and bid him bring the carriage for you, and not go till he does bring it?"

"Very good," said Clare, with firm faith in her Brian; "you *stay here*, father, and *I'll go* and give the message in just that form."

The priest winced at this lack of confidence, and Clare went out. She gave the order to the boy, bidding him hurry with his errand, and returned to the parlor.

Father Garren then told Clare that "he wished to call her attention to two texts; one was that 'Catholic Christians must not be unequally yoked with unbelievers;' the other was that 'the Catholic Christian must come out from the world and be separate;' and he was in doubt whether both these texts did not mean that Clare should not be married to Brian."

"That question belongs to other days," said Clare; "I can not discuss it now. Holy Church has blessed my union with Brian; my marriage is an irrevocable sacrament; I can not annul it."

She presently excused herself, left the room, and returned in a little time in her carriage-dress.

"What now!" cried Father Garren.

"I must be ready for Brian," said Clare.

She took her position by one of the windows looking into the street. The priest promptly posted himself at the other. The shutters were closed, of course, but in them there was a peep-hole where all true Catholics could view heretics passing by.

The priest now tried to stir anger against Brian in Clare's heart—now to encourage all her Romish views. Clare, too excited to speak, stood tapping the window seat with nervous fingers. Presently came the rattle of wheels—the Waring carriage drew up before the door! The priest gnawed his thick lip. But worse, the carriage door opened, and Brian Waring stepped upon the pavement. Clare eagerly unbolted the shutter, knocked on the

pane, and Brian, lifting his hat, gave her courteous greeting. Clare ran into the hall and pulled the bell for the portress. The Mother Superior and the priest followed her to make the best of defeat, by shaking hands with and blessing their departing daughter. They knew that their case was hopeless when they saw the loving meeting of the husband and wife.

"Brian," said Clare as they drove off, "I left you to try and save your soul."

"Dear Clare, your effort was needless; Christ has saved me."

"I hoped, dear Brian, that my prayers would draw you to enter our Church."

"My wife, I have already united with the Church on earth, and trust one day to join the Church in heaven."

Clare was silent for a time.

"I shall never leave you again, Brian. Let us be united, and love each other."

"With all my heart," said Brian.

"Stop a moment! Tell the coachman to drive to St. Sacramento for our daughters," cried Clare, laying down her last weapon.

"They are at home anxiously waiting for you. They sent for me, and I went for them on Saturday."

How Clare's face lit up! There would be a home and a family once again. Then the shadow—where would young Allan be?

"How soon can you and the girls get ready for a journey?" asked Brian.

"We must go to get our boy. You are all pale and feeble; I will take you away, until November, to one of the most delightful places."

Delightful! Any place would be delightful to that heart-starved mother, where she could be with her boy—with all her children. Who doubts that the Island of Cedars was to this reunited family like Eden—like Paradise restored?

Brian carefully refrained from any religious controversy with his wife, but he established his household in the fear of the Lord. He said grace at

table and no one interrupted; indeed all looked pleased. He began family worship, in fear and trembling, giving his wife and daughters liberty to withdraw if they chose. But they seemed willing to stay; indeed Belle went with her father with all her heart, from sheer love to him. Cora thought it respectful to attend, and was ready to do her share in maintaining peace. There was a church on the mainland which could be reached by the row-boat in a few moments. Thither, on Sabbath, went Allan Rowe when he was their guest, went also Brian, Belle, and young Allan; there also, in the departing glory of Indian summer-days, Clare and Cora ventured once or twice. But while Brian was wisely silent on disputed points, light came to Clare through her children. Cora detailed her vexations and doubts at the convent, and, in hours of confidence, Clare whispered her own doubts. The boy Allan used the new liberty of free speech; so also did Belle.

"I am a Catholic, but I wish father would move, so that we need not meet Father Garren," said Cora.

You may be sure Brian was willing to change his residence; and so, after these many years, there came peace to this troubled home; the oil of healing had been poured on the waters of strife. Young Allan and Belle avowed themselves Protestants; Cora and her mother were nominal Roman Catholics, but of the liberal party in action, so plots and counterplots that had only worked woe were laid aside. With returning content health came back to Clare; when her heart was light the rose bloomed on her cheek once more. By a bitter experience she had learned not to permit priests to meddle with her family affairs.

While Brian was sustained only by pride and prejudice, the strife was hopeless and endless. When he had a faith to maintain, when he had learned alike Christian courage and Christian sympathy, he conquered through Him that had loved him.

But how bitter, during these many

years, had been his bondage! What torture had been his in place of happiness! How cruel had been the yoke of Rome, of which he should bear the scars forever! Only as a Christian could Brian maintain his position against the priests, and hold his own

in the unhappy domestic strife. Had he been a Christian in the beginning of his career, he would never have entered into marriage relations with one whose wishes and whose beliefs were so diverse from his own.

THE END.

ALEXANDRIA OF THE PTOLEMIES. No. V.

BY PROF. J. C. MOFFATT, D. D.

TIME makes some unexpected decisions, and shows little respect for those of any present. A hard-working student, obscure and despised, follows out some imperfect thought to completeness; and the result is accepted by another generation as a new science. A mighty monarch expends his revenues to build himself an empire and reputation; and succeeding ages forget all about him. A little song, thrown off in a vacant hour, is sometimes preserved with affection, while tragedies, which drew the applause of multitudes, are treated by later generations with incurable apathy. The Ptolemæan capital, though bearing most deeply inscribed upon its history the names of great mathematicians and critics, was not without a large number of authors pertaining to general literature, upon whom its patrons especially lavished their favor.

Under this head I do not include the writers of the new comedy. Because they, although of the same date with the first Ptolemies, were Athenian, and because they were the genuine descendants of the old drama, through the changes which had taken place in itself, and in the state of society to which it was addressed. The theater of Alexandria was of a different style. Its productions were called forth by an effort to revive the literary splendor of former times, and consisted of a scholarly and artificial imitation of the old Athenian tragedy. Philadelphus in-

stituted tragic contests, like those of the days of Pericles, and the poets called forth thereby were honored by their contemporaries with a reputation not inferior to any. The tragic poets, honored as the Pleiades, were all of that epoch and of the school of Alexandria. That decision was not confirmed by posterity. It was impossible to reproduce the same conditions of society, and though the means employed were similar, the results were very different. That popular taste, which had fostered the old drama, was not to be found in the mixed population of Egypt. The audience assembled at those royal entertainments was not like the ancient intelligent democracy of Athens, whose religious belief was genuine and practical, and whose native taste judged rightly, without the study of rules. It consisted chiefly of persons of rank and of scholars, who in all their opinions had views to the doctrines of critical parties. In the humbler Egyptian and mixed population, higher art could find neither impulse nor reward. In the continual revolution of ages we often find the recurrence, in human society, of similar but never of precisely the same things. And the attempt to force such an identity can never be better, at the best, than a feeble success.

How far the tragic Pleiades overcame those disadvantages, we can not now determine, inasmuch as not one of their tragedies survives. The same fate has befallen the sixty trage-