IN THE

Clutch of Rome.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

Senator Maxwell, perfectly regulated, refined and luxurious in every detail, nothing seemed changed by the medling fingers of the church. Mrs. Maxwell rode out, paid calls, watched carefully over her children, and attended to the ordering of her household, prayed and supplicated the virgin to watch over her always, and was never so unhappy in her life; and she dreaded and longed for the return of her husband, who had lately written to her that he would make a visit bome as soon as his business would permit.

Miss Martha was much exercised in had written him. That he had received the letter, it never occurred to her to doubt. He could not be angry with her for what she had written, for he always sent words of kindly rememhis wife. So she at length came to the to look the girl in the face, for she no the handsome young priest standing conclusion that her brother had replied longer carried a guilty secret in her under the shade of a Madrona tree, exto her letter, and that Miss Dillon had, in some way, got possession of the mail, spised her for the shameful confession the old gentleman looked at his watch and kept her letter from her, with a she had been obliged to make. St. and said: view to making her think that her Michael had not failed her; under his "Well, boys, you have just threebrother ignored her tale-bearing, "For watch she had found peace. She no quarters of an hour to gambol in. of course the jade had read it, but I longer thought of Father St. John, exa faithful Presbyterian."

So Martha wrote her brother to the effect that he had no doubt received mind (with that sublime ignoring of the her letter of several weeks ago, warn- future when the present is bliss, which trees and tangle of underbrush. ing him that things were not going is common with the young) that she straight in his household; that he had, without doubt, replied to her letter, probably to make light of her warning, or he would have been home, if only for a week, to see what was going on.

tempted to run after strange gods."

bright chestnut hair and pansy eyes, despair. type of woman about her, had come becredit to himself that he had never ous train of thought. gone back to this woman, for the revul sion of feeling for her had come unsought, and he had felt no temptation to trifle again with the forbidden fruit, so providentially snatched from his lips.

girl, whose beauty compared to Ida Olney's was like that of some pale sunflower of the north, beside a gorgeous flower of the tropics, haunt him so persistently? I She, also, for him, was forbidden fruit, though she was no man's wife. He loathed the memory of that it. room with luxurious, oriental furniture, rose light, and scents of sandal wood and attar of rose; but often an in ense longing came over him to rest in a note of warning, lit in the branches of fresh, sweet scent of heliotrope and fully parted the blossom-loaded boughs, enough into the basket of some wizened this charge in a time of great peril

wonderingly conscious of feeling no in speech, he cried aloud: grovelling self-censure that he could had fallen upon himself; he would unite tiny being." the duties of a pastor with the tender interest and friendship of a brother, in in the trees, seemed to say: all the innocent and artistic pursuits of her life.

So strong in the conceit of the as she painted her pictures, or sat in down on a fallen tree and his thoughts lesson from God, and Illustrate It by "Maria Monk at length tired of her the dainty parlor and talked to her of grew dark and bitter.

At first, Flora had received the visits tering, singing birds of the air know path through life may be. Not that I another mob appeared the next day."

he took to dropping in often of an even- Church." ing, and Margaret began to grow a little uneasy at these frequent visits of the handsome young man, priest though him. The weeks sped on. In the home of he was, but in spite of her vague uncasiness she was so much interested in the elegant, refined priest, who, by his intelligent and instructive conversation, so pleasantly broke the monotony Twas to the Church I made them-the of their evenings, and she often looked at her sister and their guest, and as the creature of man, and whom I am thought "what a pity it was he ever ister of any other faith, now, among whom marriage was not only permissi- moral right to make these vows?" ble but honorable, what a handsome, weil-matched couple he and Flora would make." For Margaret, who had never mind by the non-receipt of a letter from marriage, though it had never, owing stood, with some curiosity, watching her brother, in reply to the one she to the peculiar circumstances of her the motley company approaching him. life, come in her way.

Flora was, or thought she was, supremely happy.

brances to her in the letters he wrote to in them. She no longer felt ashamed from 8 to 14, grouped around him, and will wake him up this time, or I am not cept as he had bidden her, as father, locomotive make a bee-line for the stabrother, and spiritual adviser. All the tion. Now scatter." same, she determined in her young

Church of the Blessed Sacrament. And the young priest? He saw the altered appearance of the girl whose "In any case," she wrote, "your let- welfare was more to him than the eterter never came to my hand, for the nal salvation of the universe, and he reason that your house is filled with drank deep draughts of self-praise, that train. And you?" Jesuits and Roman priests. Your chil- his judicious treatment had brought dren have been baptized into the Catho- health and happiness to her, by teachlic faith, and your wife priest-deviled ing her to look upon himself in a new few friends of mine out to breathe some till she looks like 'Death on a Pale light; and he told himself that he was of God's pure air. As we are both wait-Horse.' In a word, the scarlet woman thankful to all the saints that this had is firmly established in your house, and come to pass, though being so constantly to yonder station together?" I fear it is too late for you to rout her in the companionship of the lovely out. I told you in my first letter, As young creature who had once, in shame you have sown, so must you resp. Your and anguish of heart, confessed he was sister, Martha Maxwell, who, thank Al- more than earth and Heaven to her, looking small friends of yours?" mighty God, the devil has never had filled him with mild unrest and St. John no longer tried to conceal life; but he knew time would quiet quiry, for we both know they are not

with all the attributes of the highest | One day, business connected with the muffins and vagabonds. You wouldn't tween him and his priesthood. He had the city. Having transacted his busi- you?" And he looked at the elegant don, Eng., by a Catholic bouse, endeavhated himself for once yielding to the ness, he signified his intention, to those young priest beside him, and laughed oring to prove that Miss Monk's Awinfluence of a woman's passion, although | whose duty it was to drive him to the again. the animal impulse in his nature has station, on his return, to walk the dis- Father St. John colored. "Really, been drawn forth by all the devilish tance of two miles. His way led through Mr. Stafford, besides the fact of my seem to me to disprove any part of her arts of elegant and refined voluptuous green fields dotted here and there with being a priest, I have been taught to story. Besides, this statement of the ness. He had felt the keenest self | bright patches of flowers which herald- scorn none of God's creatures, however | Rev. Chiniquy is a direct confirmation abasement for his mortal weakness, and ed the coming of the early California humble, but-" a loathing for the woman with a calla spring, for February was already on the lily skin, a scarlet mouth and glowing wane. Nature herself proved a beauti- rupted the old man, "but you would eyes that had too plainly told him that ful temptress to the young priest that rather that I would picnic with such which it was a shame for her to reveal, sunny afternoon, and looking at her in as those." Then, as he quietly slipped and for him to know. He took no her various moods he fell into a danger- his arm in that of the young priest:

clusters, mingling their lines of color jester of old, think they are privileged and perfume together; a line of butter- to say whatever comes into their heads. flies flashed across his path, as he jist. But, here we are at the station; let's lessly watched the graceful, undulating sit on this bench out here in the sun-Why, then, did this half-formed, pale line, two of the happy fluttering things shine, and I will tell you how I happen suddenly, making love signals with to be here with those friends of mine. their pale yellow wings, flew away to- who are rolling among the brush over gether. A little farther on, a bird flew there; and let me assure you that I swiftly past him, uttering a shrill, have other friends who are more resweet cail; another, with an answering spectable and congenial, but the cranknote, darted, circling and fluttering after ism in my nature leads me to do some

parleying of these free, wild creatures and, picking out the most likely lookof the air, another bird, with a wild ing spec mens, say: ribbon-twined rocker, by a glowing a tree over his head. Close by, from a grate, in a long, pleasant room, with tangle of Manzanita bushes, came a for I'm well known among the riffraff; courage, and sublimity of character, filmy lace curtains, delicate tones of fluttering and a twittering reply. Wi h and we walk along the streets and pick combined with such lovable traits and color, and simple furniture, where the a sudden impulse, Father St. John care- up more as we go. I throw money womanly graces as commended her for mignonette bred no unhallowed desires. and a little brown moss of quivering, urchin, who is selling matches or some Her love of justice, batred of wrong Yes, Father St. John acknowledged feathered life flew with a chirp to the other trifle, to buy out his stock, and and unfaltering devotion to humanity to himself that, priest though he was, protection of her mate in the tree. Fa- say: 'Fall in; it's my treat.' In short, decided the question, and watchman he loved Flora Hume. He could never ther St. John looked at the little half. I pick up in various ways as many of Hogan seized a favorable opportunity, yield to this love in the slightest de- completed nest, and its pathetic mean- my boon companions as I can manage and secretly hurried Maria Monk to gree. It should never interfere with ing sank deep in his sad heart, as he at a time. Then I say; 'Boys, I am Mrs. Reeve's residence where she and the labor of his life, for his vows were gently let the parted leaves and blos- going to take you out for a little trip. Mrs. Hogan welcomed her at midnight. sacred. It had come to him unsought soms fall back over it. Then, in the Hands up for water and down for land. She was immediately secreted on the and he could not conquer it, and he was fulness of heart which only finds relief To-day the land had it, and I brought top floor, previously prepared for her,

not. It was the cross he was to bear of your home, little bird, and sing your had on hand, and let each boy drink she wrote her famous book, Awful Disthrough l'fe. No other should feel the notes of praise to Him who created us till he could drink no more. weight of it. Flora should never dream | both, that you are free to carry out the that the faintest shadow of her love great law of love He implanted in your

"We love, we love! We are free, we

Father St. John looked at his watch. them that the devil was in their hearts, fury aroused, and the consternation strength of his own character, young He had yet an hour to wait for his train. Father St. John took to visiting inform- The little station stood out brown and ally the dainty studio, to watch the girl bare a short distance away; so he sat little friends of mine I read them a troversy."

the lives of the saints, and the historic "Fool, fool;" he muttered, "to swear fields, the flowers, the birds, the tiny proached a window, and was recoglegends of the church, and sometimes away my right to love one fair girl and squirrels that dart across their path, nized." he told her incidents of his boyhood, take her away from the world, and and the grand blue sky over their "That night a mon beseiged the and talked to her of his beautiful Span- build a home in which should ripen the heads, that I trust they will never house, demanding her immediate surfruition of our lives. Surely, the flut- quite forget, no matter how dark their render." "They were dispersed, and

of Father St. John with a painful em- better how to use the Creator's gift of wish to disparage the Sunday-schools. barrassment, which his frank, delicate life than we who are called His noblest God forbid! There is a class of chilmanner soon dispelled, and she had work. Everything in nature cries down dren that are the better and no doubt frenzied mob of howling fanatics (Rogradually come to regard the visits of the vows the Church demanded of me, happier for going to them regularly, man Catholics), who threatened to raze the young priest as a part of her life. before she deemed me worthy to pro- but not that class;" and he waved his Beside making frequent afternoon calls, claim the decrees of holy, infallible hand in the direction of the boys.

The priest threw back his head and looked up to the deep blue sky above

"What had the Universal God, the God of man, the God of the birds, the butterflies, the flowers, and the beasts, alike, to do with these vows of mine? Church whom I have learned to know beginning to look upon as a dangerous became a priest. If he had been a min- rival of the Christ, in whose name she rears her haughty head. Have I a The priest's soliloguy was interrupted

by a sound of voices, and he beheld coming over the green fields a number been pretty and was now a stout old of boys, with a tall man in the midst of maid of 40, was a strong advocate of them. The young priest arose and

The tall man, with a full, florid face, innocent of any beard and with silvery hair falling low on his great cost collar, Her cheeks had regained their round- with his roughly garbed young comness, and a delicate pink came and went panions, whose ages ranged anywhere bosom. Father St. John had not de- changed a few words of greeting. Then

When you hear the first whistle of the

icsome antics, disappeared among the "I see by your dress, sir, you are a would never marry, but live always in Catholic priest. Do you live around

The boys, with loud whoops and frol-

the cottage with Margaret, by the here?" "No, sir; I am Father St. John, of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, in San Francisco. I have been to the town, some distance back of us, on business. I am awaiting the return

> "I am Frank Stafford, sir, also of San Francisco. I have been taking a ing for the same train, shall we walk greatly agitated and begged to be ex-

> "With pleasure, sir," said Father St. John; "out will you tell me where vided he would promise never to reveal you picked up those rather doubtful

The old gentleman laughed. "You longing for the sweet joys of domestic need not be so polite, sir, in your infrom himself that the young girl with tuese emotions with the calmness of doubtful looking at all. They look what they are-twenty young ragachurch called him a short distance from care to picnic with them, now, would phamphlet recently published in Lon-

"Come, now, be honest, sir," inter-"No offense, sir. I am what they call The sweet wild flowers grew in loving a crank, and cranks, like the king's strange things sometimes. So, occa-

'It's your day; come on.'

"I shall take them back to the city into a Sunday-school and read twenty with threats of assassination." pages of the Bible to them, and then

as a sequel.

(To be Continued.)

"IN THE CLUTCH OF ROME," published in book form, paper cover, and be had by sending 25 cents in cash to AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

MARIA MONK.

The Nun Who Escaped From the Hotel Dieu, Montreal, Canada. Fresh Developments.

In the winter of 1890 and 1891 the celebrated Chas. Chiniquy, commonly them from the son of this heroic mother. called Father Chiniquy, and now proba- It Miss Monk was not an escaped nun, bly the most famous ex-priest in the why did the priests stir, up Romish world was in Washington, D. C. Here mobs to recapture her? And if those he delivered a course of nineteen lectures on Romanism, He was then in wickedness, why did Pope Innocent his 82nd year, being now 1895, he would VIII. publish a bull demanding refor-It fell to my lot to serve as his assist-

ant and I was with him daily for about of monasteries and other religious three weeks. Being one day alone with houses lead a lascivious and truly dishim in his room, I asked whether he knew anything about the story of Maria Monk and her famous book, Awful Dis- the same story of those prisons? closures. Chiniquy was about 26 years old at the time of Miss Monk's escape, in 1835; and I knew that he had been is situated. He replied that he did, and that one occasion, when he had become too ill to continue his arduous labors as a priest and "Apostle of Temperance," as he was often called, his bishop sent needed rest, saying to him: "The sisters telling the truth. will give you a room, and nurse you tenderly, and you will soon recover your usual health." While he was there a very old nun often came into his room into the dens of Romanism. to minister to his wants; and one day he asked her whether she knew anything of the story of Maria Monk. She replied that she was well informed on that subject, and had read her book. "Awful Disclosures." "Well now," says time when she claimes to have been here?" "Yes," she said, "I was here and I knew her well." "Then," says he, "I wish you would tell me whether the awful statements she has made of deeds done in this numbery were true.'

Upon this question, the old nun was cused from answering; but on being pressed for an answer, consented, proanything she said until after her death, He promised, and she then stated that Miss Monk's statements in that book were true; and says she, "I have seen worse things done here than anything that she has told."

My attention was again turned to the Maria Monk affair, by seeing a little ful Disclosures were a fraud. I read the phamphlet through; but it does not of the truth of Miss Monks story, new evidence, which I have never before seen published.

But I have just received, most unexpectedly, some very interesting and very reliable statements from another

While Friend Traynor, State President of the A. P. A., was in this city rod. recently, he gave me the name of a Rev. gentleman now living in New York Cityfrom whom valuable information concerning Miss Monk might be obtained. wrote to him, and received substantially the following: That it was his mother, who first protected Miss Monk, when she arrived in that city after her escape from Montreal in the year 1835

He says: "It was extremely difficult to select a refuge with any promise of Even as the priest watched the love sionally, I go down to the wharves, safety, as spies were alert and numerous, and danger of discovery was increasing." The name of this protectrix was Mrs. Sarae W. Reeves, famous for "They come with a bound, I tell you, her beauty, breadth of mind, dauntless them out here. I took them to a farm- which she occupied for months, where "Come back and finish the building house and bought all the milk they when restored to health and strength, closures."

"The truths it contained were terthis afternoon, with a more lasting ribly emphasized by the subsequent moral lesson impressed upon their excitement, and flood of vituperation And the refrain of the song, high up young hearts than if I had taken them with malignant persecution, coupled

"It is idle folly to attempt to discredit preached hell-fire to them and told her book in the face of the venomous which forced the leading minds of the "Whenever I go with these ragged Roman Catholic church into the con-

calling their attention to the green captivity, and one day incautiously ap-

"The third day, Fifth street from Avenue D to Avenue C was filled by a the house to the ground, unless Miss Monk was surrendered at once. Mrs. Reeve preferred to take chances rather than surrender. So the neighbors ral-Hed and guarded the house until Miss Monk was safely conducted to other quarters three days later. My

mother often repeated this story, but had I received your inquiry five weeks sooner, I could have given some startling details," for his mother died just five weeks ago.

"The words quoted are as I received convents are not places of lewdness and mation in monasteries and other religious places, and declare that "members

solute life." Why is it that all escaped nuns tell

For my part, I should deem it truly wonderful that these escaped women should all agree so well, though wholly much in Montreal where the Hotel Dieu unknown to each other, and living in widely different times and far remote from one another. Every lawyer accustomed to sift and weigh evidence, knows well that witnesses cannot so agree in all the essentials of a story as him to that very hotel to take some these escaped nuns do, unless they are

> This book should be in every family in the world. The boy or girl who has read it, will not be likely to be beguiled

Yours truly. CHASE ROYS. 631 F St N. W. Washington, D. C.

Maria Monk's Book can be had by sending a postal or express order for 50 cents to the AMERICAN PUBLISHING "Awful Disclosures." "Well now," says Co., Omaha, Neb., or, Chicago, Ill., or, Chiniquy "were you here during the Kansas City, Mo. Order from the office nearest your place of residence.

The Man With a Fishing Rod

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