

she died—bullied and worried and insulted by your brother James and his wife. It would have been much better for her if she had not been so sweet and patient; they would never have treated her so. That's just the way with Italy; it's not patience that's wanted—it's for somebody to get up and defend themselves——”

“Jim, dear, if anger and passion could have saved Italy she would have been free long ago; it is not hatred that she needs, it is love.”

As he said the word a sudden flush went up to his forehead and died out again. Gemma did not see it; she was looking straight before her with knitted brows and set mouth.

“You think I am wrong, Arthur,” she said after a pause; “but I am right, and you will grow to see it some day. This is the house. Will you come in?”

“No; it's late. Good-night, dear!”

He was standing on the doorstep, clasping her hand in both of his.

“For God and the people——”

Slowly and gravely she completed the unfinished motto:

“Now and forever.”

Then she pulled away her hand and ran into the house. When the door had closed behind her he stooped and picked up the spray of cypress which had fallen from her breast.

CHAPTER IV.

ARTHUR went back to his lodgings feeling as though he had wings. He was absolutely, cloudlessly happy. At the meeting there had been

hints of preparations for armed insurrection; and now Gemma was a comrade, and he loved her. They could work together, possibly even die together, for the Republic that was to be. The blossoming time of their hope was come, and the Padre would see it and believe.

The next morning, however, he awoke in a soberer mood and remembered that Gemma was going to Leghorn and the Padre to Rome. January, February, March—three long months to Easter! And if Gemma should fall under “Protestant” influences at home (in Arthur's vocabulary “Protestant” stood for “Philistine”)——No, Gemma would never learn to flirt and simper and captivate tourists and bald-headed shipowners, like the other English girls in Leghorn; she was made of different stuff. But she might be very miserable; she was so young, so friendless, so utterly alone among all those wooden people. If only mother had lived——

In the evening he went to the seminary, where he found Montanelli entertaining the new Director and looking both tired and bored. Instead of lighting up, as usual, at the sight of Arthur, the Padre's face grew darker.

“This is the student I spoke to you about,” he said, introducing Arthur stiffly. “I shall be much obliged if you will allow him to continue using the library.”

Father Cardi, a benevolent-looking elderly priest, at once began talking to Arthur about the Sapienza, with an ease and familiarity which showed him to be well acquainted with college life. The conversation soon drifted into a discussion of university regulations, a burning question of that day. To Arthur's great delight, the new

Director spoke strongly against the custom adopted by the university authorities of constantly worrying the students by senseless and vexatious restrictions.

"I have had a good deal of experience in guiding young people," he said; "and I make it a rule never to prohibit anything without a good reason. There are very few young men who will give much trouble if proper consideration and respect for their personality are shown to them. But, of course, the most docile horse will kick if you are always jerking at the rein."

Arthur opened his eyes wide; he had not expected to hear the students' cause pleaded by the new Director. Montanelli took no part in the discussion; its subject, apparently, did not interest him. The expression of his face was so unutterably hopeless and weary that Father Cardi broke off suddenly.

"I am afraid I have overtired you, Canon. You must forgive my talkativeness; I am hot upon this subject and forget that others may grow weary of it."

"On the contrary, I was much interested." Montanelli was not given to stereotyped politeness, and his tone jarred uncomfortably upon Arthur.

When Father Cardi went to his own room Montanelli turned to Arthur with the intent and brooding look that his face had worn all the evening.

"Arthur, my dear boy," he began slowly; "I have something to tell you."

"He must have had bad news," flashed through Arthur's mind, as he looked anxiously at the haggard face. There was a long pause.

"How do you like the new Director?" Montanelli asked suddenly.

The question was so unexpected that, for a moment, Arthur was at a loss how to reply to it.

"I—I like him very much, I think—at least—no, I am not quite sure that I do. But it is difficult to say, after seeing a person once."

Montanelli sat beating his hand gently on the arm of his chair; a habit with him when anxious or perplexed.

"About this journey to Rome," he began again; "if you think there is any—well—if you wish it, Arthur, I will write and say I cannot go."

"Padre! But the Vatican——"

"The Vatican will find someone else. I can send apologies."

"But why? I can't understand."

Montanelli drew one hand across his forehead.

"I am anxious about you. Things keep coming into my head—and after all, there is no need for me to go——"

"But the bishopric——"

"Oh, Arthur! what shall it profit me if I gain a bishopric and lose——"

He broke off. Arthur had never seen him like this before, and was greatly troubled.

"I can't understand," he said. "Padre, if you could explain to me more—more definitely, what it is you think——"

"I think nothing; I am haunted with a horrible fear. Tell me, is there any special danger?"

"He has heard something," Arthur thought, remembering the whispers of a projected revolt. But the secret was not his to tell; and he merely answered: "What special danger should there be?"

"Don't question me—answer me!" Montanelli's voice was almost harsh in its eagerness. "Are you in danger? I don't want to know your secrets; only tell me that!"

"We are all in God's hands, Padre; anything may always happen. But I know of no reason why I should not be here alive and safe when you come back."

"When I come back—— Listen, carino; I will leave it in your hands. You need give me no reason; only say to me, 'Stay,' and I will give up this journey. There will be no injury to anyone, and I shall feel you are safer if I have you beside me."

This kind of morbid fancifulness was so foreign to Montanelli's character that Arthur looked at him with grave anxiety.

"Padre, I am sure you are not well. Of course you must go to Rome, and try to have a thorough rest and get rid of your sleeplessness and headaches."

"Very well," Montanelli interrupted, as if tired of the subject; "I will start by the early coach to-morrow morning."

Arthur looked at him, wondering.

"You had something to tell me?" he said.

"No, no; nothing more—nothing of any consequence." There was a startled, almost terrified look in his face.

A few days after Montanelli's departure Arthur went to fetch a book from the seminary library, and met Father Cardi on the stairs.

"Ah, Mr. Burton!" exclaimed the Director; "the very person I wanted. Please come in and help me out of a difficulty."

He opened the study door, and Arthur followed him into the room with a foolish, secret sense of resentment. It seemed hard to see this dear study, the Padre's own private sanctum, invaded by a stranger.

"I am a terrible book-worm," said the Director; "and my first act when I got here was to examine the library. It seems very interesting, but I do not understand the system by which it is catalogued."

"The catalogue is imperfect; many of the best books have been added to the collection lately."

"Can you spare half an hour to explain the arrangement to me?"

They went into the library, and Arthur carefully explained the catalogue. When he rose to take his hat, the Director interfered, laughing.

"No, no! I can't have you rushing off in that way. It is Saturday, and quite time for you to leave off work till Monday morning. Stop and have supper with me, now I have kept you so late. I am quite alone, and shall be glad of company."

His manner was so bright and pleasant that Arthur felt at ease with him at once. After some desultory conversation, the Director inquired how long he had known Montanelli.

"For about seven years. He came back from China when I was twelve years old."

"Ah, yes! It was there that he gained his reputation as a missionary preacher. Have you been his pupil ever since?"

"He began teaching me a year later, about the time when I first confessed to him. Since I have been at the Sapienza he has still gone on helping

me with anything I wanted to study that was not in the regular course. He has been very kind to me—you can hardly imagine how kind.”

“I can well believe it; he is a man whom no one can fail to admire—a most noble and beautiful nature. I have met priests who were out in China with him; and they had no words high enough to praise his energy and courage under all hardships, and his unfailing devotion. You are fortunate to have had in your youth the help and guidance of such a man. I understood from him that you have lost both parents.”

“Yes; my father died when I was a child, and my mother a year ago.”

“Have you brothers and sisters?”

“No; I have step-brothers; but they were business men when I was in the nursery.”

“You must have had a lonely childhood; perhaps you value Canon Montanelli’s kindness the more for that. By the way, have you chosen a confessor for the time of his absence?”

“I thought of going to one of the fathers of Santa Caterina, if they have not too many penitents.”

“Will you confess to me?”

Arthur opened his eyes in wonder.

“Reverend Father, of course I—should be glad; only—”

“Only the Director of a theological seminary does not usually receive lay penitents? That is quite true. But I know Canon Montanelli takes a great interest in you, and I fancy he is a little anxious on your behalf—just as I should be if I were leaving a favourite pupil—and would like to know you were under the spiritual guidance of his colleague. And, to be quite frank with you, my

son, I like you, and should be glad to give you any help I can.”

“If you put it that way, of course I shall be very grateful for your guidance.”

“Then you will come to me next month? That’s right. And run in to see me, my lad, when you have time any evening.”

Shortly before Easter Montanelli’s appointment to the little see of Brisighella, in the Etruscan Apennines, was officially announced. He wrote to Arthur from Rome in a cheerful and tranquil spirit; evidently his depression was passing over. “You must come to see me every vacation,” he wrote; “and I shall often be coming to Pisa; so I hope to see a good deal of you, if not so much as I should wish.”

Dr. Warren had invited Arthur to spend the Easter holidays with him and his children, instead of in the dreary, rat-ridden old place where Julia now reigned supreme. Enclosed in the letter was a short note, scrawled in Gemma’s childish, irregular handwriting, begging him to come if possible, “as I want to talk to you about something.” Still more encouraging was the whispered communication passing around from student to student in the university; everyone was to be prepared for great things after Easter.

All this had put Arthur into a state of rapturous anticipation, in which the wildest improbabilities hinted at among the students seemed to him natural and likely to be realized within the next two months.

He arranged to go home on Thursday in Passion week, and to spend the first days of the vacation there, that the pleasure of visiting the

Warrens and the delight of seeing Gemma might not unfit him for the solemn religious meditation demanded by the Church from all her children at this season. He wrote to Gemma, promising to come on Easter Monday; and went up to his bedroom on Wednesday night with a soul at peace.

He knelt down before the crucifix. Father Cardi had promised to receive him in the morning; and for this, his last confession before the Easter communion, he must prepare himself by long and earnest prayer. Kneeling with clasped hands and bent head, he looked back over the month, and reckoned up the miniature sins of impatience, carelessness, hastiness of temper, which had left their faint, small spots upon the whiteness of his soul. Beyond these he could find nothing; in this month he had been too happy to sin much. He crossed himself, and, rising, began to undress.

As he unfastened his shirt a scrap of paper slipped from it and fluttered to the floor. It was Gemma's letter, which he had worn all day upon his neck. He picked it up, unfolded it, and kissed the dear scribble; then began folding the paper up again, with a dim consciousness of having done something very ridiculous, when he noticed on the back of the sheet a postscript which he had not read before. "Be sure and come as soon as possible," it ran, "for I want you to meet Bolla. He has been staying here, and we have read together every day."

The hot colour went up to Arthur's forehead as he read.

Always Bolla! What was he doing in Leghorn again? And why should Gemma want to read with him? Had he bewitched her with his smug-

gling? It had been quite easy to see at the meeting in January that he was in love with her; that was why he had been so earnest over his propaganda. And now he was close to her—reading with her every day.

Arthur suddenly threw the letter aside and knelt down again before the crucifix. And this was the soul that was preparing for absolution, for the Easter sacrament—the soul at peace with God and itself and all the world! A soul capable of sordid jealousies and suspicions; of selfish animosities and ungenerous hatred—and against a comrade! He covered his face with both hands in bitter humiliation. Only five minutes ago he had been dreaming of martyrdom; and now he had been guilty of a mean and petty thought like this!

When he entered the seminary chapel on Thursday morning he found Father Cardi alone. After repeating the Confiteor, he plunged at once into the subject of his last night's backsliding.

"My father, I accuse myself of the sins of jealousy and anger, and of unworthy thoughts against one who has done me no wrong."

Farther Cardi knew quite well with what kind of penitent he had to deal. He only said softly: "You have not told me all, my son."

"Father, the man against whom I have thought an unchristian thought is one whom I am especially bound to love and honour."

"One to whom you are bound by ties of blood?"

"By a still closer tie."

"By what tie, my son?"

"By that of comradeship."

"Comradeship in what?"

"In a great and holy work."

A little pause.

"And your anger against this—comrade, your jealousy of him, was called forth by his success in that work being greater than yours?"

"I—yes, partly. I envied him his experience—his usefulness. And then—I thought—I feared—that he would take from me the heart of the girl I—love."

"And this girl that you love, is she a daughter of the Holy Church?"

"No; she is a Protestant."

"A heretic?"

Arthur clasped his hands in great distress. "Yes, a heretic," he repeated. "We were brought up together; our mothers were friends—and I—envied him, because I saw that he loves her, too, and because—because——"

"My son," said Father Cardi, speaking after a moment's silence, slowly and gravely, "you have still not told me all; there is more than this upon your soul."

"Father, I——" He faltered and broke off again.

The priest waited silently.

"I envied him because the society—the Young Italy—that I belong to——"

"Yes?"

"Intrusted him with a work that I had hoped—would be given to me, that I had thought myself—specially adapted for."

"What work?"

"The taking in of books—political books—from the steamers that bring them—and finding a hiding place for them—in the town——"

"And this work was given by the party to your rival?"

"To Bolla—and I envied him."

"And he gave you no cause for this feeling? You do not accuse him of having neglected the mission intrusted to him?"

"No, father; he has worked bravely and devotedly; he is a true patriot and has deserved nothing but love and respect from me."

Father Cardi pondered.

"My son, if there is within you a new light, a dream of some great work to be accomplished for your fellow-men, a hope that shall lighten the burdens of the weary and oppressed, take heed how you deal with the most precious blessing of God. All good things are of His giving; and of His giving is the new birth. If you have found the way of sacrifice, the way that leads to peace; if you have joined with loving comrades to bring deliverance to them that weep and mourn in secret; then see to it that your soul be free from envy and passion and your heart as an altar where the sacred fire burns eternally. Remember that this is a high and holy thing, and that the heart which would receive it must be purified from every selfish thought. This vocation is as the vocation of a priest; it is not for the love of a woman, nor for the moment of a fleeting passion; it is *for God and the people; it is now and forever.*"

"Ah!" Arthur started and clasped his hands; he had almost burst out sobbing at the motto. "Father, you give us the sanction of the Church! Christ is on our side——"

"My son," the priest answered solemnly, "Christ drove the moneychangers out of the Temple, for His House shall be called a House of Prayer, and they had made it a den of thieves."

After a long silence, Arthur whispered tremulously:

"And Italy shall be His Temple when they are driven out——"

He stopped; and the soft answer came back:

"'The earth and the fulness thereof are mine, saith the Lord.'"

CHAPTER V.

THAT afternoon Arthur felt the need of a long walk. He intrusted his luggage to a fellow-student and went to Leghorn on foot.

The day was damp and cloudy, but not cold; and the low, level country seemed to him fairer than he had ever known it to look before. He had a sense of delight in the soft elasticity of the wet grass under his feet and in the shy, wondering eyes of the wild spring flowers by the roadside. In a thorn-acacia bush at the edge of a little strip of wood a bird was building a nest, and flew up as he passed with a startled cry and a quick fluttering of brown wings.

He tried to keep his mind fixed upon the devout meditations proper to the eve of Good Friday. But thoughts of Montanelli and Gemma got so much in the way of this devotional exercise that at last he gave up the attempt and allowed his fancy to drift away to the wonders and glories of the coming insurrection, and to the part in it that he had allotted to his two idols. The Padre was to be the leader, the apostle, the prophet before whose sacred wrath the powers of darkness were to flee, and at whose feet the young defenders of Liberty were to learn afresh the old doctrines,

the old truths in their new and unimagined significance.

And Gemma? Oh, Gemma would fight at the barricades. She was made of the clay from which heroines are moulded; she would be the perfect comrade, the maiden undefiled and unafraid, of whom so many poets have dreamed. She would stand beside him, shoulder to shoulder, rejoicing under the winged death-storm; and they would die together, perhaps in the moment of victory—without doubt there would be a victory. Of his love he would tell her nothing; he would say no word that might disturb her peace or spoil her tranquil sense of comradeship. She was to him a holy thing, a spotless victim to be laid upon the altar as a burnt-offering for the deliverance of the people; and who was he that he should enter into the white sanctuary of a soul that knew no other love than God and Italy?

God and Italy—— Then came a sudden drop from the clouds as he entered the great, dreary house in the "Street of Palaces," and Julia's butler, immaculate, calm, and politely disapproving as ever, confronted him upon the stairs.

"Good-evening, Gibbons; are my brothers in?"

"Mr. Thomas is in, sir; and Mrs. Burton. They are in the drawing room."

Arthur went in with a dull sense of oppression. What a dismal house it was! The flood of life seemed to roll past and leave it always just above high-water mark. Nothing in it ever changed—neither the people, nor the family portraits, nor the heavy furniture and ugly plate, nor the vulgar ostentation of riches, nor the lifeless aspect of everything. Even the flowers on the brass stands looked like painted metal flowers that had never