

Fellow all out. He hates Catholics as he hates poison, and the one son he has is nearly as bad. I'm thinking it's a hard life poor Mrs. Williams has between them anyhow."

"I had heard something of this before," said Mrs. Ransom to her husband. "Poor Leonore! I was at her wedding, and a very pretty brideshe was, too! I should like so much to pay her a visit as we are so near her house." Her husband made no objection, so they drove up to the door.

Mrs. Williams and her daughters were at home, and the visitors were most cordially received. The husband and son were at their office in the city, and although nothing of the kind was said, it seemed matter of relief and satisfaction that they were absent. The travellers were easily prevailed upon to stay for lunch, and the meal was thoroughly enjoyed by all, as the elders were very old acquaintances, and the young people were soon perfectly at their ease with each other, and chatted away gaily on all manner of topics. Young Ransom was a graduate of one of our principal Catholic colleges and his sister a pupil of a convent-school in one of the Western cities. They were much pleased with Addle and Lina Williams, who were bright and intelligent, although somewhat grave and quiet for girls of twenty and eighteen. It was easy to see they had little of the lightsome gaiety of their age, and displayed in all their words and actions a seriousness that was plainly foreign to their nature—especially in the case of Lina, the younger.

As for the mother, she looked wan and care-worn, with prematurely wrinkled brow, hair sprinkled with gray before its time and

"—faded eyes that long had wept,"

although they had evidently once been fine and the face passing fair to look on. All this Mrs. Ransom sadly