MILES WALLINGFORD

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

CHAPTER VII "And the beautiful, whose record Is the verse that cannot die,
They too are gone, with their glorious

From the love of human eye."

I cannot dwell minutely on the events I cannot dwell minutely on the events of the week that succeeded. Grave sank daily, hourly; and the medical advice that was obtained, more as a duty than with any hope of its benefiting the patient, failed of assisting her. Mr. Hardinge saw the invalid often, and I was admitted to her room each day, where dinge saw the invalid often, and I was admitted to her room each day, where she would lie reclining on my bosom for hours at a time, seemingly fond of this innocent indulgence of her affections, on the eve of her final departure. As it was out of the question that my sister should again visit the family room, the causeuse was brought into her chamber, where it was made to perform the office to which it had been several times devoted in its proper apartment since my return from sea. The venerable chair still exists, and I often pass thoughtful hours in it in my old age, musing on the hours in it in my old age, musing on the past, and recalling the different scenes and conversations of which it could tell, did it possess consciousness and the

did it possess consciousness and the faculty of speech.

Mr. Hardinge officiated in his own church, agreeably to his intention, on the succeeding Sunday. Lucy remained with her friend, and I made no doubt theirs spirits devoutly communed with ours the while, for I mastered sufficient fortitude to be present at St. Michael's. ortitude to be present at St. Michael's I could observe an earnest sympathy in every member of the little congregation, and tears fell from nearly every eye
when the prayer for the sick was read.
Mr. Hardinge remained at the rectory for
the further duties of the day, but I rode home immediately after morning service. too uneasy to remain absent from the house longer than was necessary, at such a moment. As my horse trotted slowly homeward, he overtook Neb, who slowly homeward, he overtook Neb, who was walking toward Clawbonny with an air so different from his customary manner, I could not help remarking it. Neb was a muscular, active black, and usually walked as if his legs were all springs; but he moved along now so heavily, that I could not but see some weight upon the spirits had produced this influence on the body. The change weight upon the body. The change was, naturally enough, attributed to the state of affairs with Chloe; and I felt slave, who had been unavoidably over-looked in the pressure of sorrow that had weighed me down for the last ten days. I spoke to the poor fellow as cheerfully as I could, as I came up, and endeavored to touch on such subjects as I thought might interest without troubl-ing him.
"This is a famous windfall that has crossed Mr. Marble's track, Neb," I

said, pulling up in order to go a short distance at an even pace with my brother tar. "As nice an old woman for a mother, as pretty a little girl for a niece, and as snug a haven to moor in at the end of the voyage, as any old worn-out sea-dog could or ought to wish." "Yes, sir, Masser Mile," Neb answered

as I fancied, in the manner of one who was thinking of something different from what he said; "yes, sir, Mr. Marble a

reg'lar sea dog."
"And as such not the less entitled to

dog, all must allow. Nebberdeless, Masser Mile, I sometime wish you and I nebber hab see salt water."

"That is almost as much as wishing we never looked down the Hudson from the hills and banks of Clawbonny, boy; the river itself being salt not far below us. You are thinking of Chloe, and lanying that had you traved at home your that had you stayed at home your chance of getting into her good graces would have been better."

I started in surprise. Mr. Hardinge kept everything like exaggeration and those physical excitements which it is so much the habit of certain sects to mistake for religious impulses, even from the negroes of the Clawbonny property. Neb's speech sounded more like an in-novation of this nature than I had ever heard among my people; and I looked hard at the fellow for an innovation of this nature than I had ever heard among

this nature than I had ever heard among my people; and I looked hard at the fellow for an instant before I answered.
"I am afraid I understand you, Neb," was my reply, after a meaning pause.
"It is a relief to me to find that my people retain all their affections for the children of their old master and mis-

"We hard-hearted indeed, sir, if we

don't. Ah! Masser Mile, you and I see many dreadful t'ing togeder, but we nebber see ant'ing like dis!" Neb's dark cheek was glistening with tears as he spoke, and I spurred my tears as he spoke, and I spurred my horse lest my own manhood might give way there in the road, and in the presence of those who were fast approaching. Why Neb had expressed sorrow for having ever gone to sea, I could not account for in any other way than by supposing that he imagined Grace was, in some manner, a sufferer by my absence from home.

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When I reached the house, not a soul was visible. The men had all gone to church, and were to be seen in the distance, coming along the road, singly, and in a melancholy manner, not a sign of the customary, thoughtless merriment of a negro escaping a single individual among them; but it was usual for some of the black Venuses to be seen sunning themselves at that season, exhibiting their summer finery to each other and their admirers. Not one was now visible. All the front of the house, the lawn, the kitchens, of which there were no less than three, and the kitchen yards; in short, every familiar haunt of the dwelling was deserted and empty. This boded evil; and, throwing the bridle over a post, I walked hurriedly toward the parts of the building, or buildings, would be a better word, in habited by Grace.

As I entered the passage which communicated with my sister's own room, the departure from ordinary appearances was explained. Six or seven of the

and I could hear the low, solemn, earnest voice of Lucy, reading some of the col-lects and other prayers suited to the sick-chamber and to the wants of a partlects and other prayers suited to the sick-chamber and to the wants of a parting soul. Lucy's voice was music itself, but never before had it sounded so plaintively sweet. The lowest intonation was distinctly audible, as if the dear, devout creature felt that the Being she addressed was not to be approached in any other manner, while the trembling earnestness of the tones betrayed the depth of feeling with which each syllable escaped from the heart. Talk of liturgies impairing the fervor of prayer! This may be the fact with those who are immersed in themselves while communing with God, and cannot consent even to pray without placing their own thoughts and language, however ill-digested and crude, uppermost in the business of the moment. Do not such persons know that, as respects united worship, their own prayers are, to all intents and purposes, a formularly to their listeners, with the disadvantage of being received without preparation or direction to the mind? nay, too often substituting a critical and prurient curiosity for humble and intellectual prayer? In these later times, when Christianity is reassuming the character of the quarrels of sects, and, as an old man who has lived, and hopes to die, in communion with the Anglo-American church, I'do rels of sects, and, as an old man who has lived, and hopes to die, in communion with the Anglo-American church, I do wish to exculpate my own particular branch of the Catholic body from blame; but, in these later times, when Christianity is returning to its traculency, forgetful of the chiefest of virtues, charity, I have often recalled the scene of that solemn poontide, and asked myof that solemn noontide, and asked my-self the question, "if any man could have heard Lucy, as I did, on that occasion,

comprehensive rule, if not absolutely as a formulary, and imagine the heart could a formulary, and imagine the heart could not fully accompany words that had been previously prescribed?"

No sconer had Lucy's solemn tones ceased than I passed through the crowd of weeping and still kneeling blacks, and entered my sister's room. Grace was reclining in an easy-chair; her eyes closed, her hands clasped together, but lying onher knees, and her whole attitude and air proclaiming a momentary, but total abstraction of the spirit. I do not think she heard my footten at all and think she heard my footstep at all, and I stood at her side an instant, uncertain I stood at her side an instant, uncertain whether to let her know of my presence, or not. At this instant I caught the eye of Lucy, who seemed intent on the wish to speak to me. Grace had three or four small rooms that communicated with each other in her part of the dwelling; and into one of these, which served as a sort of boudoir, though the name was then unknown in Ameria, I followed the dear girl, whose speaking, but sad look had bidden me to do so.

"Is my father near at hand?" Lucy

concluding with the petition which Christ Himself gave to His disciples as a

"Is my father near at hand?" Lucy asked, with an interest I did not under stand, since she must have known he in tended to remain at his own resider in readiness for the afternoon service.

"He is not. You forget he has to at-

"I have sent for him, Miles," taking one of my hands in both her own, with the tenderness a mother would manifest to a very dear child; "dear Miles, you

must summon all your fortitude."
"Is my sister worse?" I demanded huskily; for, prepared as I was for the result, I was not expecting it by any

means so soon.
"I cannot call it worse, Miles, to be "And as such not the less entitled to have a good old mother, a pretty niece, and a sung home."

about to be called away to God in such a frame of mind. But it is proper I should tell you all. Rather less than an hour since, Grace told me that the hour was at hand. She has the knowledge of her approaching end, though she would not let me send for you. She said you would have ample time to wit-

said you would have ample time to without a like For my father, however, I have sent, and he must soon be here."

"Almighty Providence! Lucy, do tyou really think we shall lose Grace so soon?"

"As it is the will of God to take her from a Miles I can accept that

from us, Miles, I can scarce repine that "No, Masser Mile; no, sir. Nobody at Clawbonny t'ink just now of any'ting but deat."

No Masser Mile; no, sir. Nobody her end should be so easy, and, in all respects, so tranquil."

So long as memory is granted to me

So long as memory is granted to me, will the picture that Lucy presented at that moment remain vividly impressed on my mind. She loved Grace as a most dear sister; loved her as an affection on my mind. She loved Grace as a most dear sister; loved her as an affectionate, generous -minded, devoted woman alone can love; and yet, so keenly was she alive to the nature of the communication it was her duty to make, that concern for me alone reigned in her saddened and anxious eye. Her mind had schooled itself to bear its own grief, and meek, believing, and disposed to forsee all that her profound faith taught her to hope, I do believe she considered my sister a subject of envy rather than of regret, though her solicitude on my account was so absorbing. This generous self-denial touched my feelings in more ways than one, enabling me to command myself to a degree that might otherwise have been out of my power, during the few succeeding hours. I felt ashamed to manifest all I endured in the presence of so much meek but pious fortitude, and that exhibited by one whose heart I so well knew to be the very seat of the best human affections. The sad smile that momentarily illuminated Lucy's countenance, as she gazed anxiously in my face when speaking, was full of submissive hope and Christian faith.

"God's will be done," I rather whispered than uttered aloud. "Heaven is a place more suited to such a spirit than the abodes of men."

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a place more suited to such a spirit than the abodes of men."
Lucy pressed my hand, and appeared relieved from a load of intense anxiety by this seeming fortitude. She bade me remain where I was, until she had therself apprised Grace of my return from church. I could see through the open door that the negresses had been directed to retire, and presently I heard the footsteps of Mr. Hardinge approaching the room adjoining that in which I then was, and which answered the purpose of a sort of antechamber for those who came to the sick-room from the more public side of the house. I met my excellent old guardian in that apartment, and Lucy was at my side at the next instant. One word from the last sufficed to keep us in this room while she returned to that of Grace.

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"God have mercy on us," my dear boy," the divine ejaculated, as much in prayer as in grief; "and I say on us, as well as on you, for Grace has ever been dear to me as a child of my own. I

knew the blow must come, and have prayed the Lord to prepare us all for it, and to sanctify it to us, old and young, but notwithstanding, death has come 'literary' when no man knoweth. I must have materials for writing, Miles, and you will choose an express for me out of your people; let the man be ready to mount in half an hour, for I shall not require half that time to prepare my letter."

"Medical advice is useless, I am afraid, dear sir," I answored. We have Post's directions, and very respectable

"Medical advice is useless, I am afraid, dear sir," I answored. We have Post's directions, and very respectable attendance from our own family physician, Dr. Wurtz, who gave me to understand several days since that he saw no other means of averting the evil we dread than those already adopted. Still, sir, I shall be easier if we can persuade Dr. Bard to cross the river, and have already thought of sending Neb once more on that errand."

once more on that errand."
"Do, so," returned Mr. Hardinge, drawing toward him a little table on which Dr. Wurtz had written a on which Dr. wurtz had written a few prescriptions, that were used more for form, I believe, than any expectation of the good they could do, and beginning to write even while talking; "do so," he added, "and Neb can put this letter in the post-office on the eastern bank of the river, which will be the quickest mode of causing it to reach Rupert—" "Rupert!" I exclaimed, on a key that I instantly regretted.

I instantly regretted.

"Certainly: we can do no less than send for Rupert, Miles. He has ever been like a brother to Grace, and the poor fellow would feel the neglect keenly, did we overlook him on an occasion like this. You seem astonished at my thinking of summoning him to Clawbonne."

thinking of summoning him to Clawboony."
"Rupert is at the Springs, sir, happy in the society of Miss Merton; would it not be better to leavehim where he is?"
"What would you think, Miles, were Lucy on her deathbed, and we should fail to let you know it?"
I gazed so widely at the good old man, I believe, that even his simplicity could not avoid seeing the immense difference between the real and the supposititious case.

between the real and the supposititious case.

"Very true, poor Miles, very true,"
Mr. Hardinge added in an apologetic manner; "I see the weakness of my comparison, though I was beginning to hope you were already regarding Lucy, once more with the eyes of a brother. But Rupert must not be forgotten either, and here is my letter already written."

"It will be too late, sir," I got out, hoarsely: "my sister cannot survive the hoarsely ; "my sister cannot survive the

I perceived that Mr. Hardinge was not prepared for this; his cheek grew pale, and his hand trembled as he sealed the epistle. Still he sent it, as I afterwards discovered.

"God's will be done!" the excellent divine murmured. "If such should really be his holy will, we ought not to mourn that another humble Christian spirit is called away to the presence of the great Creator! Rupert can, at least, attend to do honor to all that we can honor of the saint we lose."

There was no resisting or contending

There was no resisting or contending with so much simplicity and goodness of with so much simplicity and goodness of heart; and, had it been in my power, a summons to the room of Grace called all my thoughts to her. My sister's eyes were now open. I shuddered, felt a sinking of the heart like that produced by despair, as I caught their unearthly, or rather their supernatural, expression. It was not that anything which indicated death in its more shocking aspected death in its more shocking aspect. ed death in its more shocking aspect met my look, but simply that I could trace the illumination of a spirit that already felt itself on the eve of a nev state of being, and one that must at least separate all that remained behind from any further communication with itself the thought my sister could be entirely happy without any participation on my part in her bliss. We are all so selfish that it is hard to say how far even our

But Grace herself could not entirely shake off the ties of kindred and hum love so long as her spirit continued in its earthly tenement. So far from this, every glance she cast on one or all of us denoted the fathomless tenderness of every glance she cast on one or all of us denoted the fathomless tenderness of her nature, and was filled with its undying affection. She was weak, frightfully so, I faucled, for death appeared to hasten in order to release her as swiftly and easily as possible; yet did her interest in me and in Lucy sustain her sufficiently to enable her to impart much that she wished to say. In obedience to a sign from her, I knelt at her side, and received her head on my bosom as near as possible in that attitude in which we had already passed hours since her illness. Mr. Hardinge hovered over us like a ministering spirit, uttering in a suppressed and yet distinct voice some of the sublimest of those passages from Scripture that are the most replete with consolation to the parting spirit. As for Lucy, to me she seemed so be precisely in that spot where she was most wanted, and often did Grace's eyes turn toward her with gleamings of gratitude and love.

gleamings of gratitude and love.
" The hour is near, brother," Grace whispered, as she lay on my bosom.
" Remember, I die asking forgiveness as much for those who may have done me wrong, as for myself. Forget nothing wrong, as for myself. Forget nothing that you have promised me; do nothing to cause Lucy and her father sorrow."

"I understand you, sister," was my low answer. "Depend on all I have said—all you can wish."

A gentle pressure of the hand was the token of contentment with which this assurance was received.

ition, while all the older men were also noticed personally.

"Go, and rejoice that I am so soon released from the cares of this world," she said, when the sad ceremony was over.

"Pray for me, and for yourselves. My brother knows my wishes in your behalf, and will see them executed. God bless you, my friends, and have you in his holy keeping."

So great was the ascendency Lucy

So great was the ascendency Lucy had obtained over these poor simple creatures during the short time they had been under her mild but consistent rule, that each and all left the room as rule, that each and all left the room as quiet as children, awe struck by the solemnity of the scene. Still, the oldest and most wrinkled of their cheeks were wet with tears, and it was only by the most extraordinary efforts that they were enabled to repress the customary outbreakings of sorrow. I had gone to a window to condeal my own feelings after this leave-taking, when a rustling in the bushes beneath it caught my ear. Looking out, there lay Neb, flat on his face, his Herculean frame extended at full length, his hands actually griping the earth under the metal agony he endured, and yet the faithful fellow would not even utter a groan, lest it might dured, and yet the faithful fellow would not even utter a groan, lest it might reach his young mistress' ears, and disquiet her last moments. I afterwards ascertained he had taken that post in order that he might learn from time to time, by means of signs from Chloe, how things proceeded in the chamber above. Lucy soon recalled me to my old post, Grace having expressed a wish to that effect.

"It will be but an hour, and we shall "It will be but an heur, and we shall all be together again," Grace said, startling us all by the clearness and dis-tinctness of her enunciation. "The near approach of death places us on a height whence we can see the entire world and its vanities at a single view."

I pressed the dying girl closer to my heart, a species of involuntary declara-tion of the difficulty I experienced in regarding her loss with the religious

" Mourn not for me, Miles," she continued; "yet I know you will mourn. But God will temper the blow, and in his mercy may cause it to profit you

rever."
I did not, could not answer. I saw Grace endeavoring to get a look at my countenance, as if to observe the effect countenance, as if to observe the effect of the scene. By my assistance she was so placed as to obtain her wish. The sight, I believe, aroused feelings that had begun to yield to the influence of the last great change; for, when my sister spoke next, it was with a tenderness of accent that proved how hard it is for those who are deeply affectionate to lose their instincts. "Poor Miles! I almost wish we

"Poor Miles! I almost wish we could go together! You have been a dear, good brother to me." (What a sweet consolation I afterwards found in these words.) "It grieves me to leave you so nearly alone in the world. But you will have Mr. Hardinge, and our Lucy—"

The pause, and the look that succeeded coursed a slight treport to pass ever my

The pause, and the look that succeeded caused a slight tremor to pass over my frame. Grace's eyes turned anxiously from me to the form of the kneeling and weeping Lucy. I fancied that she was about to express a wish, or some regret, in connection with us two, that even at such a moment I could not have heard without but raving the converse it would without betraying the concern it would give me. She did not speak, however, though her look was too eloquent to be mistaken. I ascribed the forbearance o the conviction that it would be ate, Lucy's affections belonging to Andrew Drewett. At that instant I had a bitter remembrance of Neb's word's of "I sometime wish, Masser Mile, you and I nebber had see salt water." that was not the moment to permit such feelings to get the mastery; and Grace herself felt too clearly that her minutes were numbered, to allow her mind to dwell on the subject.

An Almighty Providence will direct everything for the best, in this as in other things," she murmured; though it was some little time, I thought, before was some little time, I thought, before her mind reverted to her own situation. The welfare of two as much beloved as Lucy and myself, could not be a matter of indifference to one of Grace's disposi-tion, even in the hour of death.

Mr. Hardinge now knelt, and the next quarter of an hour passed in prayer. When the divine rose from his knees, When the divine rose from his knees, Grace, her countenance beaming with an angelic serenity, gave him her hand, and in a clear, distinct voice, she uttered a prayer for blessings, connecting her petitions with the gratitude due him, for his care of us orphans. I never saw the old man so much touched before. This unexpected benedictiou, for it had that character, coming from youth to age, quite unmanned him. The old man sunk into a chair, weeping uncontrollady. This aroused Lucy, who regarded the gray hairs of her father with awe, as she witnessed the strength of his emotions. But feelings of this nature could not long absorb a man like Mr. Hardinge not long absorb a man like Mr. Hardinge who soon regained as much of the ap-pearance of composure as it was possible to maintain by such a death-bed.

"Many may think me young to die," Grace observed; "but I am weary of the world. It is my wish to submit myself to the will of God; but blessed be His Holy Name, that He sees fit to call me to Him this day. Lucy, beloved one—go into the next room, and draw the curtain asunder; I shall then be enabled to gaze on the fields of dear Clawbonny once more; that will be my last look at the oater world."

This leave-taking of inanimate things, objects long known and loved, is of frequent occurrence with the dying. It is not in our natures to quit forever this beautiful world, without casting "one longing, lingering look behind." The handlof its Divine Creator was gloriously impressed on the rural loveliness of my native fields that day, and a holy tranquillity seemed to reign over the grain, the orchards, the meadows, and the wooded heights. The couch of Grace was purposely placed at a point in her own chamber that commanded a wide view of the farm, through the vista formed by the door and windows of the adjoining room. Here she had often sat, contemplating scenes so familiar and so much loved. I saw her lips quiver as she now gazed on them for the last time, and was convinced some unusual senti-

ment, connected with the past, pressed on her feelings at that instant. I could see the same view myself, and perceived that her eyes were riveted on the little wood where Rupert and I had met the girls on our return from sea; a favorite place of resort, and one that, I doubted not, had often been the witness of the early confidence between Grace and her recreant lover. Death was actually hovering over that sainted being at that moment; but her woman's heart was not, could not, be insensible to the impressions produced by such a sight. In vain the warm light from the heavens bathed the whole landscape in a flood of glory; in vain the meadows put forth their flowers, the woods their variegated, bright, American verdure, and the birds their innocent gayety and brilliant plumage; the fancy of Grace was portraying scenes that had once been connected with the engrossing sentiment of her life. I felt her tremble, as she lay in my arms; and, bending my head toward her in tender concern, I could just distinguish the murmuring of a prayer that it was easy to understand was a petition offered up in behalf of Rupert. This done, she asked, herself, to have the curtain drawn again, to shut out the obtrusive thought forever.

the curtain drawn again, to shut out the obtrusive thought forever.

I have often thought, since the events of that sad day, that Grace's dissolution was hastened by this accidental recurrence of her mind to Rupert and his forrence of her mind to Rupert and his forgotten love. I call it love, though I
question if a being so thoroughly selfish
ever truly loved any one but himself;
perhaps not himself, indeed, in a way to
entitle the feeling to so respectable an
epithet. Grace certainly drooped the
faster from that unfortunate moment,
It is true, we all expected her death,
thought it would occur that day even,
though surprised at the suddenness with

thought it would occur that day even, though surprised at the suddenness with which it came at iast; but we did not expect it within an hour.

And what an hour was that which succeeded! Both Mr. Hardinge and Lucy passed, quite half of it on their knees, engaged in silent prayer; for it was thought petitions uttered aloud might disturb the sick. There were minutes in which the stillness of the tomb already reigned among us. I am not enough of a physician to say am not enough of a physician to say whether the change that now came over my sister's mind was the consequence of any shock received in that long, in-tense look at the wood, or whether it proceeded from the sinking of the system, and was connected with that mysterious link which binds the immortal part of our being so closely to the material, until the tie is loosened Grace's thoughts wandered; and, while they never lost entirely their leaning toward faith and a bright Christian hope they became tinctured with something allied to childish simplicity, if not absolutely to mental weakness. lutely to mental weakness. Nevertheless, there was a moral beauty about Grace, that no failing of the faculties sould ever totally eradicate.

It was fully half an hour that the breathing quiet of prayer lasted. In all that time my sister scarcely stirred, her own hands being clasped together, and her eyes occasionally lifted to heaven. At length she seemed to revive a little, and to observe external objects. In the end she spoke.

"Lucy dearest," she said, "what has become of Rupert? Does he know I am

become of Rupert? Does he know 1 am dying? If so, why does he not come and see me, for the last time?"

and see me, for the last time?"

It is scarcely necessary for me to say how much Lucy and myself were startled at this question. The former buried her face in her hands without making any reply; but good Mr. Hardinge, altogether unconscious of anything being wrong, was eager to

exculpate his son.
"Rupert has been sent for my dear child," he said, "and, though he is engrossed with love and Miss Merton, he will not fall to the child. will not fail to hasten hither the in-stant he receives my letter."

"Miss Merton!" repeated Grace, pressing both her hands on her temples, your powder dry." body of that name."
We now understood that the mind of

the dear patient was losing its powers; of course no efforts were made to give a truer direction to her thoughts. We could only listen, and weep. Presently, Grace passed an arm round the neck of Lucy, and drew her toward her, with a

childish earnestness.
"Lucy, love," she continued, "we will persuade these foolish boys from this notion of going to sea. What if Miles' father, and Rupert's great-grandfather were sailors, it is no reason they should

be sailors too!"

She paused, appeared to meditate, and turned toward me. Her head was still turned toward me. Her head was still inclining on my bosom, and she gazed upward at my face; as fondly as she did in that tender meeting we held just after my return home, in the family room. There was sufficient atrength to enable her to raise her pallid but not emaciated hand to my face, even while she passed it over my cheeks, once more parting the curls on my temples, and playing with my hair, with infantile fondness.

ondness.
"Miles." the dear angel whispered, utterance beginning to fail her, "do you remember what mother told us about

Grace now turned toward me, releasing her hold of Lucy's neck, from pure inability to sustain it; and she fastened her serene blue eyes on my countenance, whence they never deviated while she breathed. My tears were uncontrollable, and they seemed to perplex rather that distress her. Of a sudden, we heard her voice aloud, speaking gently, but with a fervor that rendered it distinct. The words she uttered were full sinct. The words she uttered were full of the undying affection of a heart that never turned away from me for a single never turned away from me for a single instant, no, not even in the petulance of childhood. "Almighty Father," she said, "look down from the mercy-seat on this dear brother—keep him for Thyself; and, in thy good time, call him, through the Saviour's love, to thy mansions of bliss."

sions of bliss."

These were the last words that Grace Wallingford ever spoke. She lived ten minutes longer; and she died on my bosom like the infant that breathes its last in the arms of its mother. Her lips moved several times; once I fancied I caught the name of "Lucy," though I have reason to think she prayed for me have reason to think she prayed for us all, Rupert included, down to the moment she ceased to exist.

TO BE CONTINUED

PROTESTANTISM IN IRELAND ITS PRESENT POSITION—LECTURE BY REV. JOHN GWYNN, S. J.

The following lecture on Protestantism in Ireland was recently delivered in Dublin by this distinguished Jesuit.

I do not understand a lecturer beginning his discourse by apologizing for it. If an apology be due, then the remedy is at hand; let him not discourse. In a postsorint I can understand an avology

postscript I can understand an apology. I do not quite grasp the logic of it in a Preface.
Wehave hada goodly number of speecher wenave had goody number of speeches lately both here in Dublin and in Belfast. It was quite the fashion for the speakers to begin by apologizing, saying their quarrel was with principles and systems, not with individuals.

and systems, not with individuals.

Now a man's principles are to him something like his mother, especially his religious principles and his religious system. We Catholics speak of our Holy Mother the Church. I presume we mean it. To come to a man and say to him that he is a fine fellow himself, but that his mother and all belonging to him are a bad lot, and perhaps qualifying "bad" with an expletive which ing "bad" with an expletive which would not grace my lecture, shows a rather obtuse mind and coarse-grained

neart.
The law quarrels with principles, not with individuals. But the only way the law has to hang objectionable principles is to hang the individuals who hold them—a supreme consolation, I feel sure, for those who are going to be

CHOICE OF A TITLE

The title of my lecture I had chosen long before I was aware the present Protestant Archbishop of Dublin had chosen it for his discourse at the last Protestant Dublin Synod. Later still in my reading I learned a similar title was given to a pamphlet by the Protestant Bishop of Cloyne just a century and a quarter ago. Its full title ran—"The present State of the Church of Ireland, ent State of the Church of Ireland, situation and the Consequent danger to

I read them both carefully, thinking to glean a little from the views of others on a subject to which I had given some study. I was disappointed, as both Prelates contented themselves with the brief expression of a plous trust in Pro-vidence and then devoted the rest of their discourse and paper to the ques-tion of tithes, glebe lands, auxiliary funds and other financial questions. Cromwell addressed his Ironsides on one occasion here in Ireland—"Put your trust in God, boys, but above all things keep

w, I am not a financier, so it is not with the financial aspect of Protestant-ism I shall occupy your and my time this

I confess at the very outset I am emharrassed when I would define what I mean by Protestantism. Yet I can hardly be blamed when, in this year of grace, 1911, or, more accurately, in the final months of 1910, a discussion was being carried on in the Spectator as to what the Church of England is, or, in other words, Church of England is, or, in other words, what English Protestantism is, Irish Protestantism rejoices that she is a kind of Siamese twin sister of English Protestantism. When lone of a pair of Siamese twins is undiscoverable, the problem of finding the other presents evident diffi-culties. I shall not trust myself to give a hard and fast definition.

Were I to do so I do not suppose half-dozen in Ireland would admit them

selves comprehended.

By Protestantism I mean that tone of religious thought and sentiment, that "mentalite" characteristic of Elizabethan Churchmen and their followers, and which is to be found in that religious body whose legal title is the Protestant Episcopalian Church of Ireland. I know that Methodists, Congregationalists, and others will claim the title Protestant. However, once I have stated what I mean by Protestantism and

Protestants, if I do not satisfy everybody at least everybody will understand me. I have already received letters giving me many and excellent reasons for not giving this lecture. I could add a good number more myself to those so kindly excepted to me. If anyone feels terms suggested to me. If anyone feels tempted to add to the list I would beg of them to spare themselves the needless trouble of giving them, and me the monotonous trouble of reading them.

IRISH VIEW OF PROTESTANTISM

My reason for giving this lecture is the interest Protestantism just at this time has for us Catholics. The present position in itself, and as far as in its present phase its mirrors the future of a body of our countrymen, which as Pro-testant, we regard as having trickled in-

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to our national, social, and religious life some three hundred years ago must have an interest for us. Some I know on historical grounds would object to the phrase "trickled into our life." Cobbett spoke of the Church of England as "by law and bayonets established." I am afraid he would have to refer to the corresponding Church here as "by law and horse, foot and artillery estab-lished."

lished."

It has flown through our life ever since, as the Gulf Stream through the ocean, in it but not of it. Except at the edges, where, of necessity, it was bound to fuse with the surrounding people, as a body it has kept its individuality, politically, socially, and as a form of re-

ligion.
Protestantism from a social point of

Protestantism from a social point of view we have always made too much of. Politically it has always made too much of itself. Religiously, or as a system of religion, we have never succeeded in taking it seriously here in Ireland, except when we had to pay tithes.

Explain it how you will, there is always a gleam of humour in the eye, a whimsical stirring at least in the grey matter of the brain, an instinctive upcurving of the corners of the lips of every Irish Catholic when Protestantism as a religion comes before him. Onto as a religion comes before him. Quite typical of that frame of mind is the picture, vivid in my mind to-day, of the young Irish lad in a Southern town some few years ago who, to me asking if the building in front of us were a church, repuliding in Iront of us were a church, re-plied with humour streaming from his eye and in the delightful music of a sweet Cork accent, "It is, Father, but it is only a Protestant one."

is only a Protestant one."

To see ourselves as others see us is proverbially very difficult; but to see others as they see themselves is more difficult, and the difficulty is increased when those others have such a blurred knowledge of themselves that they cannot tell who they are or what they are. I told you how in England they are unable to say what a Protestant really s. I do not think in Ireland they e have had the courage to take up lifficult question.

A STRANGE "LINEAL DESCENDANT"

But there is one view of the Protestant Church here in which they seemed to be agreed that it is—to use their unscientific, inaccurate phrase—"the lineal descendant of the Ancient Church founded by St. Patrick." The old dog gerel rhyme which stated "St. Patrick was a gentleman," they have added to, by inserting that not only was he a gen-tleman, but a Protestant into the bargain.

When they say the present Protestant Church is "the lineal descendant of the ancient Irish Church," what they mean ancient Irish Church," what they mean is, that it is the same. There is no sense in talking of the English nation of to-day being the lineal descendant of the English nation of two hundred years ago or five hundred years ago. It is it is the same nation.

Their theory then, stated accurately and scientifically, is that the Protestant Church of to-day is the same as the Church of St. Patrick was up to the vear 600 A. D.

A MISSING CHAPTER IN PROTESTANT THE OLOGY In the first place they point to the "historical fact," which is not a fact, and, therefore, not historical, that in Elizabeth's reign the Bishops, clergy, and people embraced Protestantism. What became of these Protestants who acknowledged the errors of Catholicism acknowledged the errors of Catholicism their historians do not say. At the end of Elizabeth's reign "the very air of Ireland was tainted with Popery," as Chichester complained. Did Elizabeth and her gentle servants slay all those who had become Protestants lest they Popery? Or were they translated bodily to happier regions as a reward for their perversion? What became of their perversion? What became of them? That Ireland was universally Protestant ten years or so after the ac-cession of Elizabeth is what is taught seriously in Protestant histories : that it was universally Catholic at the end of her reign is an admitted fact. But

Kidney Pains in the Back

supposing that the Irish Bishops did

ashamed to have to remind Protestant learned divines of the merest alphabet

statise, which they did not, one feels

Could Not Stand or Even Turn in Bed--Legs Greatly Swollen

All Doctor's Medicine Failed---Cure Effected by Use of

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Again this great medicine has triumphed over kidney disease of a severe type. From a bed of suffering and helplessness Mrs. Walsh was restored to health and strength by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Kidney pains in the back tortured her. Dropsical swellings had set in and she had no reason to hope for cure, since the doctor's medicine failed to even relieve her. Read what the hus-

since the doctor's medicine failed to even relieve her. Read what the husband says about this remarkable cure.

Mr. Thos. D. Walsh, Pictou, N. S., writes:—"Two years ago my wife took to her bed after suffering for a long time from kidney pains in the back. She was not able to stand on her feet or even turn herself in bed. The doctor's medicine was no benefit whatever that we turn herself in bed. The doctor's medicine was no benefit whatever, that we could see. Sometimes her legs would swell considerably. Reading about a woman in similar condition being cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, we purchased two boxes and when these were used she was able to sit up. With purchased two boxes and when these were used she was able to sit up. With three more boxes she was restored to health and doing her own housework.

"As for myself I also found these pills all that is claimed for them. I give this statement in order that others may obtain the same ease from suffering as that experienced by my wife and mysalf."

myself."
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