RESEDA:

Or, Sorrows, and Joys.

Second Part.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

When he came near to the cottage the light fell upon him. Teresa rose, and clasping her hands in terror, cried, "John! oh, John!" It was Sir John, and when he heard her my he turned towards her for a moment. The monlight for an instant showed his haggard face, his wild eyes, and his pale brow.

"I have seen her! I have seen her!" he exclaimed in a hourse voice, and rushed again

madly on. Teresa tried to follow him, but her limbs failed her, and she would have fallen to the ground but for Madelmo's supporting arm.
"To the lake!" she gasped, "he is going to

Madeline placed her in her chair, hastened down the steps, and bravely followed the poor madman'a course.

CHAPTER IX. DROWNED.

He was soon out of her sight, but she knew the way, and in her excitement never reflected that unless he were to stand still it would be quite impossible for her to overtake him. The of the path along which she rau with the speed of a fawn delayed her, but the poor madman rushed straight on, regardless of any obstacls. When she had gained the summit of a little rising ground she stopped for a moment to take breath, and looked anxiously into the wood which lay at one side. No sign of life or movement was visible, and she turned towards the lake, which lay at a very short distance be-fore her. Her heart failed her at the sight which met her syes; Sir John was climbing the rooks the waterside. Almost paralysed with serror she tried to call him back from the perilous ascent, but in vain; it may be that her feeble voice never reached his ears, or else that he heard and would not heed; he never stopped, and in another moment he was standing motionless as a statue, on the great flat rock said by tradition to be the chosen resting place of the Red Lady. There he stood, with his neck and chest bare, and his hair floating on the breeze. He had turned towards the Castle, and leaning forward he seemed to be watching some one coming through the darkness, Then he suddenly started back, clasped his hands above his head, and with a cry which froze Madeliue's blood in her veins, threw himself into the lake. Again she ran forward crying out for help, while the echo answered her cries. When she reached the bank of the lake, she saw nothing but the smooth surface of the water hardly ruffled by the breath of the gentle breeze; the calm lake had covered Sir John like a fair windingsheet. In another moment the servants, who n looking for him and whom Made ine's cries had attracted to the lake, appeared. Teresa herself was there, and in a trembling voice in quired, "Where is John?"

The sight of two servants who were bearing a little boat gave answer to her question. Made-line led her to a great stone seat placed at the side of the lake, and throwing her arms around her wep: with her, while she watched the search

which was being made.

It did not last long, the boat soon stopped beneath a weeping willow whose branches hung down into the lake; Sir John's body had drifted to this spot and had then been arrested by the branches. It was taken out and laid on the damp grass; life was quite extinct. Teresa knelt dewn beside her dead brother and covered his livid face with her tears and kisses. Two of the men began to cut down some boughs to form a bier, the work seemed a very slow one, and Madeline turned to a strong man who was standing with folded arms and gazing mournfully on the corpse. "Peter," she said, quickly, "could not you carry him to the Castle?"

Peter silently and gettly put Teresa aside, took the body in his strong arms, and went towards the Castle with his borden. Everyone followed him. Other men repeatedly offered to help him, but he shook his head and declined their aid; from time to time he stopped to rest. and then it might be seen that great tears were falling from Peter's eyes on the pale brow and the grey hair of his master.

As the sad procession reached the Castle, Lady Burton and Mary came with hurried steps Kate arrived, panting for breath. When she saw her master she uttered a piercing cry and bid her son stand still.

Pater obeyed; the old woman seized one of Sir John's lifeless hands and pressed it to her faded lips, then turned to Lady Burton, and stretching her bony arm towards her, she cried,
A curse upon you, Lady Burton! It is your
fault that he whem I nourished at my breast is lying dead in the arms of my son! Where is the caretaker you gave him? Leb him show finnself, unfaithful servant that he is! Ah! but for you Peter would have never left his side. Sir John would now be a living man, or else two corpses would have been drawn out of the lake. A curse upon you, avil wife!"
No one tried to silence poor Kate, whose out-

break of invective had taken all by suprise, but she was led away from the spot, and Sir John's lifeless form was borne into the hall of Castle Burton. A week later another coffin was laid in the family vault where many generations of the decendants of Sir Richard were reposing, and Arthur Burton, who had been among the chief mourners, was Sir Arthur Burton of Castle Burton.

CHAPTER X. THE WIDOW.

Silence and stillness seemed to have fallen on Castle Burton. The great drawing room, which had an hour or two before been filled with relations and friends assembled for the funeral, was empty, save for the presence of two silent and gloomy black-robed figures seated on a velvet-covered couch at the further end of the splendid apartment. These were Lady Burton and her daughter. The expression of Mary's countenance was one of ill-humour and annoyance rather than of grief. Lady Burton seemed to be completely broken down. Now that no one but her daughter was there to see her, she had laid

aside her haughty and steady air, and her proud head was bowed low. She had always rescented the little disarpoint ments and troubles which are to be met with in life. She had bent beneath but one yoke and that was the will of her daughter, and as the bondage was self-chosen, it was as sweet as

The death of the husband who had found little happiness in his union with her, was the first great blow which had fallen upon her, and this blow over whelmed her. For, in the first place, she could not completely stifle the voice of conscience, or escape the sting of remorse, and besides, the change of position, which she had hoped to avoid by means of her daughter's marriage, was terrible to her. There are trials in life which soften the heart, and transform the most rugged natures. In certain souls these morse for the past, but the germ of future virtues, but for others the bitterness and desola-

tion are fruitless and barren.

The sound of shutsing the door in the corridor made Mary start. "I am frightened!" she said, shrinking back upon the velvet

The door of the great drawing-room opened alowly, a servant came in with candles, and Teress followed. She looked very pale and beau-Teress followed. She looked very pale and beau-tiful in her deep mourning, her sweet face was very sad, and her blue eyes full of tears. She sat down near the two ladies and looked earn-estly at her sister-in-law, whom she had not seen alone since the fatal night. Lady Burbon's appearance surprised her; during the mournful ceremony she had preserved the cold and haughty air which was habitual to her, and con-sidering shab'she had left Sir John'so much to himself during his life, it could hardly be sup-rosed that she mourned for hum, ary deally. posed that she mourned for him very deeply. Teresa was secondingly autonished at her atti sample of despair, and almough ashe ind come for State perpress purpose of reaying that she was

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farewell. "Would you not be better upstairs, Charlotte." The said, in a tone which had almost all her usual gentleness. "this room is cold and slooms." gloomy.

Lady Burson whook her head and said. Thank you, Teresa, I am very well here."
"Where have you left Madeline?" asked

Mary. "She is at home, packing up You are going away, aunt?"

Yes, I have come to say good bye."

Where are you going!"

"To Paris?" repeated Lady Burton, with

consternation.

"Yes," said Teresa, gravely, "I will not go back to the past, for I do not wish in any way to hurt your feelings, but there is nothing to surprise you in my journey. Poor John no longer needs me, we have lived together without sympathy and can part without regret." "Do not say so!" cried Lady Burton. "What is to become of me when you are gone?"
"I never thought myself

"I never thought myself necessary to you, Charlotte," replied Teress; "you have not looked on me as a sister, and there are sad memories between us which would make it hard forus to live together."
"Teresa! Teresa! do you mean that John's
death was my fault?" said Lady Burton.

Teresa was silent.
"Your silence kills me," cried Lady Burson,
wringing her hands. "Alas ! alas ! if I had but known."

"I implored you not to send Peter away 'It is true ; but could I foresee what has hap-

pened?"
"There are things which ought to be foreseen."
"I understand Teresa, you accuse me and

now you are going to forsake me."
"Charlotte," answered Teresa, and her voice trembled with emotion, "my brother chose you for his wife, and in return for all he gave you, only asked for a little happiness. You never gave it to him, and if his life had not ended in so terrible a manner I should scarcely have grieved to see him die. It was always an understood thing that I lived here only for John's sake. He is dead and I am going away."

"Oh! do not go!" prayed Lady Burton, whose features were haggared and whose eyes were fixed upon Teresa. "Everyone hates me, and I cannot stay here if you go sway." Why not? Arthur does not wish you to

leave Castle Burton until spring."

"And do you think that I can accept his kindness if you leave me? What would people say of such a sudden parting? All the Burton family love you and dislike me; I should be under an obligation to them by staying on here,

but it would be pa'nful to me. Teresa, I beg of you not to forsake me just now."

There is a secret power in habit which in certain cases takes the place of sympathy. Teresa had never been thoroughly happy with her in the place of the place of sympathy. sister in law, she had been the witness of every phase of her poor brother's unhappy life; but he had spent a great deal of time with Lady Burton, and now that she saw her humbled and sorrowful, and heard her suppliant tones, her kind and gentle heart was touched by pity. La ly Burton had in great measure estrange self from her husband's family and could not expect from the very many tender considera-tion in the intercourse which would necessarily have to take place for the arrangement of business. She saw that Teresa was beginning to yield, and accordingly urged her request yet more earnestly. Mary also joined her entrea-ties to those of her mother, and before Teresa

left the Castle she had promised that she would remain with them. As she walked home she wondered how she could reconcile this promise with her engage-ment to take Madeline to Paris, but a solution to the problem soon occurred to her mind. Mrs. Fellowes had spoken of Mr. Duchene in the highest possible terms, and Teresa felt that under his care Mignonette might safely take

of which she was unwilling to deprive her. She was not, however, prepared for the young girl's reluctance to accept her proposal, for after all it only involved a separation of two months, and it would have seemed a pity to lose so rare an opportunity of seeing old friends.

the journey to Kerprat and enjoy the pleasure

Everything was accordingly settled, and on the following day they both went to Southampton. Mr. Duchene soon came to the hotel where they had taken rooms for the night. He was a fine-looking old man, with old-fashioned ceremonious manners of former days, with a kind heart and a genial temper. No better escort could have been found for Madeline. Teresa saw them embark on board the packet for St. Malo, and then returned in lonely sad-ness to Castle Burton.

CHAPTER XI.

KERPRAT REVISITED.

The following was the plan arranged between Mr. Duchène and Madeline:
At the town nearest to Kerprat they were to leave the diligence and take a private carriage, to spend the day at Kerprat, and go on the same evening to Poulmor to Father Larnec's presbytery. Mr. Duchène was to leave Madeline there for a few days while he visited his brother and they come for her and him they brother, and then come for her and bring her on to Paris.

Many were the emotions which passed through Madeline's heart when she returned to Brittany, her birthplace. She was once more in a Catholic country, her faith was shared by everyone she met : the cross, its sacred emblem was everywhere to be seen, it shows forth on the tower of each church, it stood by the wayside, in valleys and on monutains, stretching forth
its arms of granite, of wood, or of brass, and
bidding man look up from earth to heaven.
When they reached Kerprat, Mr. Duchéne
sought the inn and Madeline bent her steps to

the churchyard. Her first visit must be to the grave of the grandfather who had watched over her childhood, and won the tender love of her

young heart. The past came back to her with all its various memories; she walked slowly on and gazed around her. There, by the trunk of that old fir-tree, the Rector and her grandfather used to stand and talk together after Mass; by that straight shady alley she and her grandfather used to return to the White House, and as they went, he had a friendly word for everyone, and she hovered about, hurrying him on or delaying him, stealing his prayer-book from his pocket, or slipping behind him to glide through the

Dwelling on these visions of the past, she went towards the well-known spot. A woman was kneeling by the grave; when she saw Madeline she rose to her feet, made the sign of the cross, looked at her and turned down the path leading to the presbytery. Madeline hastened after her. "Martha! Martha!" she

And it surely was Martha, a little stouter, a little older than she used to be, but Martha after all. She turned round. "Don't you know me, Martha?" said called. Mignonette, putting up her veil and taking Martha's two hands. "Look well at me." And the good woman fixed her little brown eyes upon her. "My goodness!" she exclaimed, "it is Madeline!" And she threw her arms around her neck, then drawing back to look better at her, said. "The Rector will be quite

better at her, said. "The Rector will be quite onerjoyed—his little Madeline I his Mignonette i. The idea of coming without telling us! I can't believe it," and she laughed aloud for joy.

They went towards the presbytery, and as they went, Martha briefly explained that her brother had left: Poulmor and was again the Rector of Kerprat. The charge of the large Rector of Kerprat. The charge of the large and important parish of Foulmor was best with difficulties; people had taken unfair advantage of the Rector's kindness, and after a time, discord had broken out around him; he had taken his staff hand and gone to his Bishop to beg that he might return to his former flock who regetted him as indeed he also regretted them. His petition had been granted, and two years had passed since he had voluntarily laid aside a dignity, which, in his humility and love. bim as indeed the also regretted them. could do."

His petition had been granted, and two When these explanations were concluded, been granted, and two years had passed since he had voluntarily laid shev had resched Mrs, Dubanloy's.

aside a dignity which, in his humility and love of the house. One of them was alternately not the only one to failed to recognize Mignorean and the court of the house. One of them was alternately not the only one to failed to recognize Mignorean and the court of the house. r practice that and which had involved dissen. whistling and humming an air from an opera nonette.

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about to start for France, as Mr. Duchene had settled by sall from Routing to start for Brance, as Mr. Duchene had settled by sall from Routing to start now unwilling to segin by words of farewell.

"Would you not be better upstairs, Charlotte!" the said in a tone which had almost all wood on the fire, and smiled so see the child warm to the said in a tone which had almost all wood on the fire, and smiled so see the child warm to the said in a tone which had almost all wood on the fire, and smiled so see the child oress forward to enjoy the genial warmth. When Madeline came in, he took off his hat, bearfrom his chair and advanced towards her

with a respectful bow. "How are you, Rector !" said Madeline, gaz-ing withhow on the kind and venerable face of the good prints who had often bent to bless her in her childhopd."

"Good morning," said the old man, again

bowing low.

Martha was laughing under her cap.

Brother," she said, "you used once to know, this young isdy solon't you recollect her?"

The Rector bowed again, but shook his head in evidently perplexity.
"Then I can't be like my mother, as you used

to tell grandpaps I was," said the young girl, in

would not always be little,"
These words threw a sudden light on the matter, and the old man exclaimed, with great emotion, "What? can it be you, my child? and then fixing his calm eyes upon her, added. "yes, it really is. Martha, since our prodigal child has returned we will kill the fatted calf. All her friends in the parish must be invited to dinner; and as the poor must not be forgotten, we will begin by giving Katel and her little one some breakfast. It was just thinking of you, Mignonette, as I looked at them; I of en saw you when you were as little, in your mother's arms, at the White Honse. How you have grown; How like Louisa you are! Are you still without tidings, my child?"

"Yes, still," said Madeline, sadly.

"It is strange," rejoined the priest. But at any rate the inquiries which Miss Teresa was

going to make through the Consul have not resulted in the certainty of the worst?"

"No," replied Madeline; "we can learn nothing good or bad. Am I to mourn for my mother's long-continued absence, or for She stopped short, unable to speak the terrible words, and her eyes were full of tears.

"My dear child," said the good old priest.
"I can well understand how dreadful this un-

certainty is to you; but we must submit to the will of God. Your mother is more to be pitied than you are. You have at least a hope that she is alive, while she believes berself childless. Oh! that newspaper! that wretched news paper ! but the account given was so circum-stantial ! the wreck of the yacht had been witnessed from the shore, everything proved it to be Sir John's vessel, and there seemed no room to hope that anyone could have been saved. When, a month after your mother's visit to Kerprat, I heard from Miss Teresa that you were alive, I shed tears of joy and of grief, Havre, they gave no address. They had gone, God only knows whither."

"But, brother, look at Madeline," said

Martha, in a reproaching tone. "You are making her quite sad."
"It is true, it is true," replied the priest.
"Come, my little Madeline, let us turn from this sad subject. I am sure you have a great deal to tell us Martha, take her to her room, and I will light the fire in the parlour in the

Martha and Madeline went upstairs, the servant took Katel, and the Rector lighted the fire. A few minutes later they were all installed around it. Madeline gave an account of her past life and of her present plans. Then it was the turn of the others to speak, and the following pieces of information were maps and Madeline: Job was in every way most promising, and had nerely completed his studies for the priesthood at the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice. Dubouloy and his son Edmund had died within the same year, and his head clerk, under the active superintendence of the widow, held on his office, as George, who was attending lectures in Paris, had not yet attained the neces-

sary age for the post.
At Old Castle little seemed to have changed. Death still neglected the aged gentleman who was now nearly a hundred; his daughters walked on in the smooth path of long-continued custom. Alan alone was not exactly what he had formerly been; his gaiety had given place to melancholy, he was no longer idle, but had devoted himself to study, and had become something of a dreamer. He had served for a time was the Popula soldiers. Manthe would time among the Pope's soldiers. Martha would willingly have spoken at considerable length shout him, but the Rector cut short various reports which she would have related, and Made-

line learned nothing further.

The budget of news was exhausted, the young girl hesitated to ask her only remaining ques-tion, but she silently wondered what had be-come of Elizabeth, whose severe face she had been expecting to see every time the door open-

"I was afraid I should find more vacant places," she said at last "Death has not come to this house at any rate." The face of the Rector and that of his sister

grew longer as they said with a sigh, "We have lost our sister Elizabeth." "O!" exclaimed Madeline, sympathizingly; but just at this moment, Mr. Duchene arrived,

and Elizabeth's funeral oration was not pro-The Rector received the Parisian gentleman

with the cordial simplicity which was natural to him, and which gave a peculiar charm to his hospitality even in bospitable Brittany. When Madeline spoke of leaving Kerprat_that evening, a chorus of objections arose. The family at Old Castle would want to have her, and the inhabitants of the Presbytery would not let her

go.
She was easily induced to yield to the wishes of her old friends, and it was settled that on the following Tuestay she should be conveyed back to the town where she had left the diligence, and thence proceed with Mr. Duchene to Paris. It Saturday, so she had three days to

spend at Kerprat.
As soon as dinner was over, Madeline's kind escort took his leave, and the Rector, staff in hand, declared himself ready to accompany her

on her round of visits.
"Mrs. Dubouldy is very near at hand," he said; "will you begin with her, Madeline? You will be more likely to find your old playfellows now than at the later hour: they are all at home for their holidays, and are good boys but dread

fully noisy.

'I should like to see them again," answered Madeline; and accordingly they turned their steps to Mrs. Dubouloy's house.

CHAPTER XII. THE DUBOULOYS.

The way to the notary's house passed by the gate which closed the avenue of the White House; Madeline stood still before it. "I should like at least to see the garden and the fields and the path to the sands," she said.
"Do you think the owner would allow me to do

"Certainly, my child; we can go over the

place."
"And the house?" The Rector pointed to a board fixed to an upright post and bearing the inscription, "This property to be let or sold."
"There is no one here," he said, "the keys

are kept in the office, the owner could not stay, every one was against him for it was well known that he had contributed to your grandfather's ruin; the Oldcastles openly slighted him, and Miss Hermine looked down upon his wife. Alan, whom he invited to shoot over his ground, told him that he was not in need of more shooting than he had. Mrs. Dubonloy, who i an excellent woman, but as you know, rather off-hand in her ways, used to turn her back upon him whenever she saw him. Even the poor murmured against him. And accordingly he went away, and it was the best thing he could do."

JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND

AT THE TIME OF THE

CRUCIFIXION

of Art in America, pronounced by the clergy of all creeds, and by th The grandest work of Ars in America, pronounced by the derigy or an creece, and by an aboushed of people who have visited it, as unequalled anywhere for magnificance of conception beauty of colors, harmony in composition, and so LIFE LIKE that one feels actually as if on the sacred ground. THE CRUCIFIXION scene is a marvellous work, along worth coming many miles to see, apart from the OITY, Mount OLIVET, MORIAH, MIZPAH and ZION. This grand PANORAMA to be seen as the CYCLORAMA, corner St. Catherine and St. Urbain Montael. Occasioner day from morning till 10:30 p.m. and on Sundays from 14 to 10:30. treets, Montreal. Open every day from morning till 10:30 p.m., and on Sundays from 1 to 10:30 o.m. Street care pass the door.

reading on the sill of an open window with his once, and let us have an end of thermatter. legs hanging out; two others were playing at the good Rector is entertaining himself at my ball. Their dress bespoke the negligence and liberty of school-boys at home in the country." So you give it up?" cried the old man. for their holidays, and the elders were not at all more presentable than the younger. When the Rector and Madeline appeared, the boy who was reading vanished into the house through the open window, the boy who was playing with the dog passed through an open door behind him, and the boy with the fishing-

rod calmly put it over his shoulder and went away. The two who were playing ball alone remained, they were so near the railing of the court that there was no way of escape open to them. Blushing in confusion, smoothing town their disheveiled locks, and looking auxiously at a blouse and a jacket which lay on the ground at a little distance, they came towards the visi-tors, bowed to Madeline with freeh blushes, and composing their faces as well as they could, stammered out a "How d'ye do!" to the good

"Quite well, he replied; "where is your mother, children?" They looked at each other as if each were willing to let his brother have the honour of

epeaking; after a moment, they answered in one voice, "In the study, I think." "Very well, we shall find her there. Goodbye for the present, but we must see you again," he added, mischievously, and then turned to a little building at the end of the courtyard. "Ah! we have been caught, Henry," said the younger of the two boys in a low voice, as he watched them depart; "let us go and play

omewhere olse Yes, but I want to know who that young lady can be; I have never seen her before and yet I seem to know her face," "So do I. Don't you think she looked at us as if she knew us?"

"Yes, indeed. I am curious to see her again. Let us tidy ourselves up a little and make our selves more fit to be seen, Johnny." "But our game?"
"We will finish it by-and by."

"You must go in first, Henry, you know."
"Not I, indeed?" "Then I won't go!"
"Coward!"

"Coward yourself | you are the eldest." "Yes, but I dont like to have to shake hands irst.'

"Nor do I." "A baby like you-who would take notice of our manuers ?" 'My manners are just as good as yours. You

come forward like a soldier on duty. "And you like a seminary student with your neck stuck forward, and your little bows and inches which makes my little bows and erks which make me laugh. "Well, you shan's laugh at them to day, at any rate," said Johnny, much offended.

"Come, are you going to get angry about a trifle like that?" rejoined Henry, laughing; "ge have not time to quarrel, do you know? I have thought of a better plan; let us get hold of Louis, who goes so much into the world and knows how to make himself agreeable to ladies; he will go before us; he has more coolness than all the rest of us put together.'

"Of course he has ! the banker of the future ! said Johnny, who in his capacity of midshipman on board the Dragon, sometimes affected the off-hand manner of an old sailor; "he is never more at ease than in a drawing-room, the world s the element for him, just as water is for a While the two boys were holding their con-

versation in the courtyard, the Rector and Miznonette went into the study, where Henry and Johnny had said that their mother was to be found. Ever since her husband's death, in fact, Mrs. Dabouloy had in great measure managed his business. Mr. Dubouloy had filled a position which, although apparently but a modest one, was sure gradually to enable him to realize wealth. He was hard-working and perfectly conscientious, and had in the course of a few years won the confidence of all who knew him. At the time of his death he had already doubled his small fortune. God had taken away the labourer in the midst of his work, and his death had seriously impaired the prospects of his family. But Mrs. Dubouloy was an energetic and religious woman, with a strength of soul not to be overwhelmed by onla-mity. The death of her husband and son struck her to the very heart, and hergrief would have led her to seek repose, but she roused herself to action, she offered her sorrows to God, commended her children to His care, and valiantly set to work. When her husband's friends and clients came to express their sympathy and regret, she frankly confided her plans to them, and begged their support; they all assured her that it should no be wanting; then she made arrangements with her late husband's head clerk, who, though possessed of little talent, was a man of accurate business habits; he was thoroughly accustomed to the routine of the office, although he would not have been capable of directing affairs. He bought the business with the sole object of re storing it later on to George, and his attachment to the family of his late employer left no doube that this engagement would be faithfully performed. For three years things had been going on in this manner, and the income of the office had never diminished. Mrs. Dubouloy, with the real, her experience, and her knowledge of the neighbourhood was its very soul, and the clerk, who was the legally responsible person, was her docile instrument, and accordingly all went on well.

The Rector and Madeline found her, clad in black, standing in the office and giving instruc-tions to two young clerks. A third young man with his elbow resting on a desk was reading some law papers. He seemed to be about twentyfive, his features were regular, his complexion good, his beard thick and brown, his figure tall and well-grown, and his expression of countenance grave.
When his black eyes met Madeline's he started a little.

George," said the young girl to herselt. Mrs. Dubouloy affectionately greeted the old priest, bowed to Madeline, looked at her son, and turned to listen to the clerk. George understood her meaning, and with

perfect, though somewhat solemn courtesy, led the Rector and the young girl into the drawingroom, by a passage which served as a means of communication between the office and the bwelling-house.
Your mother is engaged," observed Fasher Larnec, when they were seated, "and I know that she does not like to be disturbed. Still I

wished to lose no time in presenting this young lady to her; she is an old acquaintance, though perhaps you. George, like myself, may not at once be able to recognize her."

And he opened his snuff-box and looked somewhat currously at the young man. George smiled, raised his eyes again to the young girl's face, then bowed and said, "Mad-

The Rector's snuff-box which he was holding open in his left hand had a very narrow escape of being overturned in his astonishment, "Is it possible?" he exclaimed—"how? even before you have heard her speak! my goodness! what it is to have young eyes!" then signing to the young man to be silent, he added, "here comes your mother, let us see if she will be as

olever na you are !". Mrs. Dubouloy entered the room; she spologised for her delay and when the Rector put his problem before her she was quite unable to

When Marcha appeared accompanied by Ma-playing with a aporting dog in third was sisting, customed blunkness, well-me your name at

once, and let us have an end of uncymaster. The good Rector is entertaining himself at my perplexity."

"So you give it up?" cried the old man.

"Completely."

"Mignonesse," he said, "kiss Mrs. Dubou-

A printing

The name of Mignonette was in itself a re velation, and the good lady's joy was equal to her surprise. Never could she have imagined that this young lady was her little Madeline, who had never been forgotten by her or by her boys. In the midst of an outburst of mutual emotion, the door opened and a row of youthful

faces appeared. "Hush!" said Mrs. Dubouloy, for she shared the good priest's love of a surprise, "let us see if the young fellows will recognize you!"
"And she watched them come in, casting a

glance and a smile to Madeline which seemed to say, "Are not my boys fine fellows?" Truly they were, and some of them promised to be, like George, handsome men in the best accept-ation of the word. A good-looking dark youth with a thick moustache came forward with an ease of manuer which proved that he was ac-

customed to society.

He was dressed in good and simple taste, and in that point he and George differed from the rest of the band, who were their uniforms.

One had the uniform of the Central School; another, the red trousers and blue waistcoat of the College of Saint Cyr; Johnny still were the dress of the naval school, which is almost the same as a midshipman's. They had certainly dressed themselves in their best, and yet the vas a certain negligence in regard to details which took off from the effect. Here a necktie was loose, there a waistcost was half-open, a belt had been forgotten, and a hand had passed through the fair and the brown crop of hair and left it in a confusion which art might have sought to imitate. They came in a close column and at the last moment, Johnny slipped behind Henry, whose jests were still rankling in

(To be Continued.

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Diphtheria and Its Cure.

This much dreaded affection is an independent, acute, specific, infectious and contagious disease, involving the mucous surfaces of the throat and nasal passages, and often extending to all the adjacent mucous membranes. disease is often epidemic and frequently is endemic in certain places and attacks persons of all ages, sexes and conditions in life.

The aethology or causes of diphtheria are numerous. While the disease itself is not herelitary, yet a child of low vitality and of scrofuls habits is much more likely to have it than one who is of a strong and healthy constitution. Unfavorable sanitary surroundings, a lack of proper and sufficient food, insufficient clothing and frequent exposure to the wet and cold ar among the predisposing causes of this disease Diphtheria is most common between the age of two and ten. It is quite rare after thirty out there are times, especially during epidemics, when it attacks people of all ages from infancy

Symptoms.—The symptoms of diphtheria are both general and local. During the first day or two there is a feeling of languor and prostra-tion, with pains in the back and limbs and some headache. Subsequently there is soreness of the throst and the angles of the jaw, together beadache. with difficulty in swallowing. As these symptoms increase there is more or less chilliness, followed by fever, and soon the fauces are seen to be red and swollen, the tonsils and uvula are enlarged and covered with the diphtheritic de-posit. The presence of this "false memorane" always clearly defines the disease. Occasionally many of these symptoms are wanting and the first indication that anything is wrong is a well defined appearance of the disease. Such cases are usually of a more malignant type and consequently more apt to be fatal. The duration is from seven to fourteen days, although severe cases may have a fatal termination in from

forty eight hohrs to four days.

Treatment.—The treatment of this disease should be prompt, energetic and persistent. Medical aid should, in every case, at once be summoned. The basis of treatment in both hygienic and medicinal Isolation of all those not absolutely obliged to assist in the care of the patient is imperative; especially is this true of young children. The air of the room should be kept at a temperature of about 70 degrees to 73 degrees and as pure as it can be by steady, con-stant ventilation. Some one or more of the best disinfectants should be employed freely. All cloths and in fact everything that can possibly be spared should be burned after they are used.
The air of the room should also kept moist. Local applications and medicines which are ordered by tha physician should be used at the time and manner which he directs. We should impress this upon the attention of all who have the nursing of patients ill with diphtheria. The diet should be plain, but nourishing. It is very important to keep up the strength, and patients should be urged so take nousishment at regular intervals, even though they do not want

Do not relax the treatment until you are sure that all tendency to the formation of "false membrane," is overcome. After the disease is passed patients should take special care to tone up the system and bring about as soon as pos-sible a normal and healthy condition of the body. Remember that diphtheria is a poison disease acting primarily upon the whole system, and it is therefore necessary to fortify the body against subsequent attacks.

Diphtheria is liable to be followed by impor-

This often postpones complete recovery for several weeks, but are rarely fatal. D. N. PATTERSON, M.D.

tant sequelae, principally of the nervous system.

Morley's Idea of It.

Mr. John Morley is very pungent in his remarks on certain occasions. Speaking of the conduct of the *Times* at a meeting in Bedford, he accused the Liberal Unionists of greediness to believe assertions with reference to Mr. Par-nell, the charges against whom were supported by prejuries and forgeries, and were exposed with sompleteness. Mr. Parnell left the Times the laughing stock of the civilized world. Mr. Morley described the present administration as a lawless administration. He contended that one the principle was conceded there would be no difficulty in forming a scheme of self govern-ment for Ireland. It is needless to add that Mr. Morley's remarks were greeted with loud ap-plause by the large and appreciative audience which had gathered to hear nin. His allusion to the Times was particularly happy. The antics of a dowager duchees in a state of drivelling sentity are child's play compared with the eccentricities of the dome of Printing House

Hartington Awake.

From the Dublin Nation Lord Hartington has at last made up his mind that the simile" letters arc forgeries. He even goes so far as to congratulate Mr. Parnell on having proved before the special commission that the proved before and abecut commission that the provided provided the provided provided the provided prov

sure. for this condescension; but his mind will sure, for this condescension; but his mind will, probably, revers to the evening when Lord Hartington quoted the authority of the Times and its forgers against that of his own solemn repudiation, and he will think that, after all, not much acknowledgment is due to Mr. Houston's patron. Lord Hartington wants to know the reason of Home Rulers' inbilation over the exposure. The reason is not that Mr. Parnell has been relieved of a shame that never rested on him, but because, in, the result his enemics and Lord Hartington's proteggs and friends have been thoroughly exposed to the world.

Persecution in Spain.

Persecution in Spain.

From the London Universe: Five years, seven months and one day's imprisonment, together with a fine of £12 and seven years' deprivation) of political rights, is the punishment inflicted by the criminal court of Bilbos upon Father Juan Manuel de Zugazaga Sagasti for having on Aug. 19 of last year delivered three sermons in the parishes of Castillo and Elajabeitia, in which he advised his flock together iect the Liberal and support the Carlist candiject the Liberal and support the Carlist candiject the Liberal and support the Carlist candidate for the provincial deputation. If fairly takes one's breath away to think that such a sentence can be passed in Catholic Spain upon a minister of the Catholic church. No doubt Zugazzga used somewhat hyperbolical language in speaking his mind on the meries of rival candidates. Here is a specimen: "It is quite as the catholic church as the catholic church was a greater sin to vote for a greater sin to vote f great, nay, even a greater sin to vote for a than to accompany a burglar in one of his than to accompany a burglar in one of his mocturnal expeditions. Supporting an enemy of the church is like breaking into the sacred devoted place to the worehip of God." It may be indiscreet in a priest to pass such a sweeping condemnation on political opponents, but even in poor coerced Ireland there is no judical anthority that could by the utmost stratch of a authority that could, by the utmost stretch of a wrongful power, inflict more than six months imprisonment on a priest for using similar language. In Germany, at a time when the Catholic church was subject to every description of persecution, it was enacted that a minister of religion who inveighed against the government might be interned in a fortress for two years as a maximum. But five years' durance vile, and seven years' deprivation of political rights, besides a heavy fine, for comparing the enemies of the church to burglars! And that in Catholic Spanin to. in Catholic Spanin, too. The Queen Regent of Spain is a staunch Catholic, and it is to be hoped that the foregoing sentence will be bought under her notice.

Good Words,

If the end of one mercy were not the begin-

ning of another, we were undone. Whenever we vary from the highest rules of right, just so far do we an injury to the world. Never do anything for your own satisfaction but do all to please God.—St. Liguori.

It is folly to believe that one can faithfully love who does not love faithfulness.—Sir Philip Sidney.

How many people would be dumb if they were forbidden to flatter themselves and slander others! "Shrouds have no pockets" is a short but pointed sermon to preach to those whose relig-

ion is—money. To eat through obedience is more meritorious in the sight of God than to fast through self-will.—St. Ligauori.

Let us know what to love, and we shall know what to reject; what to affirm, and we shall also know what to deny .- Carlyle. Of our own we have nothing but sin, which

renders us worse than nothing; and of ourselves we can do rothing but evil.—St. Liguori. Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word spoken within the hearing of a child tends towards the formation of character. The pound that you have earned through honest endeavour has more genuine music in its jingle than a measure of gold in a contested

As the principle of love is the main principle in the heart of the real Christian, so the labour of love is the main business of the Christian

In all the injuries we receive from others we should recognize the hand of God, which sends evil to us, and thus resign ourselves to His holy will -Father Faber.

"I find," says Father Faber, "great numbers of moderately good people who think it fine to talk scandal. They regard it as a sort of evidence of their own goodness, Keep up hope in had times. We have the same sun and sky and stars; the same God and heaven and truth; the same duties and the

same helpers. Hope thou in God. W. D. Howells is of opinion that Uhrist and the life of Christ are at this moment inspiring the literature of the world as never before. All good literature, he says, is now Christian litera-

Honor, like that precious juice extracted from flowers, forms itself from whatever it finds to be the most exquisite in each virtue, and its delicacy is such that the slightest appt is sufficient to stein it. - Blanchard. The Catholic Church is not a mere vehicle for the propagation of a doctrine. It is a kingdom,

an imperial power, a polity into which men are called in belief of the truth, and in sauctity of living.—Cardinal Manning. All periods in which belief predominates-in which it is the inspiring principle of action, are distinguished by great, soul-stirring, fertile events, and worthy of perpetual remembrane;

when unbelief gets the upper hand the age is unfertile unproductive and intrinsically mean It is so good to have the cordial approval of our fellows in anything we undertake! So sweet to hear the voice of cheer, that fills us with hone and courage; restores our self-respect, and thrils our hearts like the gay trumpet call to the battle, that inspires us to victory even before that victory is assured.—Rose Terry Cooke.

It is remarkable, that the "Imitation of Christ"—which we sometimes think is not sufficiently valued by the generality of Catholics—was the favored book of General Gordon, a man of very true religious instinct, who at times seemed almost to be a Catholic; of George Eliot, the novelist who was a Prositivist; and of

Auguste Comte, the founder of Positivism. Duties seem great or small, according to the spirit in which they are performed. A mean ignoble mind tosses off with a sneer a deed which a magnanimous soul would perform so sweetly and so nobly as to charm whoever saw it done, and leave the recollection of it as a precious possession for ever. A cold, selfish nature gives a guinea in a spirit so petty and a way so cruel, that, its value shrinks to a farthing while a generous one gives a farthing so that it is felt to be worth a guinea.

Washington's Rules of Civility, Every action done in company ought to be

with some sign of respect to those who are pre-In the presence of others sing not to yourself

with a humming noise, nor drum with your firgers or feet. If you cough, sneeze or yawn, do it not loud, but privately; and speak not when yawning, but put your handkerchief or hand before your

and turn aside. Read no letters or books or papers in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of another so as to read them, unless desired, or give your opinion of them un-asked; also, look not nigh when another is writ-

ing a letter.
In visiting the sick, do not play the part of a physician if you be not knowing therein.
When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it. Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable

yourself. It is better to be alone than in bad company. Undertake not what you cannot perform; but be esreful to keep your premise Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

BLUCH WILL DOULLEUK IN WOLL ARE ! SPARE OF COLORD AND THE CALLED CONSCIENCE.