

RESEDA: Or, Sorrows and Joys.

When he came near to the cottage the light fell upon him. Teresa rose, and clasping her hands in terror, cried, "John! oh, John!"

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

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.

CHAPTER IX.—DROWNED.

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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 was resting on the branches.

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 relatives and friends, was now empty.

CHAPTER XI.—KERPRAT REVISITED.

The following was the plan arranged between Mr. Duchêne and Madeline: At the town nearest to Kerprat they were to leave the diligence and take a private carriage.

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.

CHAPTER XIII.—MORLEY'S IDEA OF IT.

Mr. John Morley was 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.

CHAPTER XIV.—HARTINGTON AWAKES.

From the Dublin Union—Lord Hartington had at last made up his mind that the "facsimile" letters are forgeries.

Madeline, the Rector opened, on one of the chairs beside the open hearth, was listening to the sad story told by a poor woman who, after receiving an alms, was warning the little child who bore in her arms.

"How are you not better upstairs, Charlotte?" she said, in a tone which had almost all the usual softness of her voice.

"I am better, but I do not wish to go back to the parish, for I do not wish to see you again."

"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."

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"Then I can't be like my mother, as you used to tell grandpapa I was," said the young girl in a soft voice.

"Grandpapa" repeated the old man, turning to Martha, "she said that like little Madeline."

"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 anything.

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JERUSALEM AND THE HOLY LAND.

AT THE TIME OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

The grandest work of Art in America, pronounced by the clergy of all creeds, and by thousands of people who had visited it, as unequalled anywhere for its magnificent conception.

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Persecution in Spain.

From the London Univers: Five years, seven months and one day's imprisonment, together with a fine of £12 and six years' deprivation of political rights, is the punishment inflicted by the criminal court of the United Kingdom on Father Juan Manuel de Zugazaga Sagasti.

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God Words.

If the word of one mercy were not the beginning of another, we were undone.

Whenever we vary from the highest rules of right, just as 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.—St. 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 religion is money.

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

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 nothing but evil.—St. Liguori.

Education commences at the mother's knee, and every word she utters 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 tinkle than a measure of gold in a contorted will.

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 life.

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

"I find," says Father Faber, "great numbers of moderately good people, who it is fine to talk to, and who are a sort of evidence of their own goodness."

Keep up hope in bad 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 Christ 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 literature.

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 error is sufficient to stain 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 sanctity of living.—Cardinal Manning.

All periods in which belief predominates—in which the imagination is the chief power, and the intellect is distinguished by great, soul-stirring, fertile events, and worthy of perpetual remembrance, when unbelief gets the upper hand the age is unfruitful unproductive and intrinsically mean.—Goethe.

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 hope and courage, restores our self-respect, and thrills our hearts like the gay trumpet-call to the battle, that inspires us to victory even before that victory is assured.—Rae 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 Freethinker; 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 loses 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 coin to 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.

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