

THE OLD HATED.

We are the Uinackes of Castle Dare, and our cousins are the Uinackes of Barren Castle. There is not a quarter of a mile of country from one doorstep to another, but it was a distance no Uinacke had crossed for many generations. The distance between us in other matters was indeed a world wide. We are of the old religion and they of the new. We are gentle and they violent. And now at Dare we were shrunken to but two of us—my father, the Lord Uinacke and myself, his daughter Ursula. Once there had been three gallant gentlemen of our name, my brother Ulrich, Terence and Maurice. But they had followed Barren and were dead in French Flanders, and so there was room to keep up the honor of our house saving only a girl.

My father was a very grave and somewhat sorrowful man, with one solace and one pastime in the pursuit of astrology. When he had the heavenly globe between his hands he ferreted for a time, believe how much of earthly happiness had slipped out of the world with the death of my mother in her lovely youth and the following after her of her sons.

I used to sit by him like a mouse at my needlework while he pursued his studies, and if we spoke not for hours there was still a comfortable and loving communion between us. He had his study high in air, a lantern room with four windows which surveyed the countryside, and from a corner of it a little winding staircase led to the telescope on the tower-top. Often he has called me to follow him to the telescope end of a starry night, and then applying his own eye to it, has forgotten all about me. Nor would I recall him by so much as plucking at his sleeve, but have waited patiently by him till he returned from heaven to earth, when it was his habit to be most repentant and to upbraid himself for his forgetfulness.

Indeed, he never seemed to love me, but rather scorned that I was a girl, and he was proud of me in his gentle way because I was fearless, and could ride and swim like any gentleman, and could shoot, too, if need be, though not the deer nor the birds, for they were all old friends to me, and I could never bear to hurt dumb creatures. But, at least I could do these things, and had learned the dead languages from my Father Richard, whom we had sheltered from the storms outside till we found him one day with his kind old grey head fallen between his crucifix and skull, and the last sands of his hour glass long run out. I was yet skilled in household matters. Indeed, I could carry with any one or distill sweet waters or make cordials or salves, and I could never be of opinion that a woman was a worse man for being able to spin and sew.

However, 'tis too much of myself. The Uinackes of Barren were also at this time shrunken to one representative of the name, a young man, Sir James Uinacke, who had lived much in England and abroad, and at this time was doing the grand tour, as was the fashion with young men of rank, out in the world beyond the trials and poverty of Dare. He had had a brother, Ralph, a wastrel and a soldier, but he was reputed killed in the wars of the Low Countries. Often, often at night, when I have stood waiting for my father to remember me on the tower, I have looked across to the dark mass of Barren, black against the sky, with its woods and waters at its feet, and my thoughts could not help but play about the unknown cousin, the only other of our blood living, whom my father had taught me, as much as consistent with his meekness and religiousness, to hate. For it was his conviction that nothing good could come out of Barren so that to love the Uinacke of Barren was as though one hated a sin.

But one night, as I stood there by my father, a summer right of stars and purple, when hardly a leaf stirred in the woods below the tower, I saw that there was a light in Barren, in every window of the long range that ran to westward of the hall door. And, though it startled me, I said nothing, for I felt my father would not like me to think upon the house or the family.

The next morning I climbed the tower again. It was a shining morning of early June and the woods for miles around sang a sleepy song, as though they rocked many cradles, which doubtless they did. And, standing there, I looked across to Barren, and as I looked I saw a servant leading a horse up and down. Then the doors opened and a gentleman came out on the steps. I sprang behind the telescope, lest he should look up and see me outlined against the sky, and from there I saw him mount and ride away.

Even at the distance I could perceive that he looked of a gallant and dignified figure and made no doubt that my cousin James had come home, but I kept my counsel to myself. However, it was not a week from that time when a servant came to my father, where he and I sat together in the tower-room, and announced a visitor, no less a one than Sir James Uinacke. I saw my father's face whiteen and then turn a dark red, as though some one had struck him.

"Tell Sir James Uinacke that Lord Uinacke receives no visitors," he said, controlling himself, as I perceived, with difficulty. But when the servant had gone he broke forth into such a passion of violence as I had not believed him capable of. His meekness and his piety seemed to have dropped away from him, and, instead of those transports of fury, I realized all at once that we were sprung from the same bloody and violent stock which had produced the Uinackes of Barren, with all their rough riding and cruel deeds. Nor could I forget him as he appeared there, although afterward he did penance and wore himself thin with fasting and was more meek than ever before.

I sat with my eyes down while this happened, as becomes a girl, and kept my hands folded in my lap; yet I will confess that I had to struggle with myself to sit by so calmly and see the letter burn. Indeed, I was half ashamed of myself as Uinacke was of Dare, because something whispered within me that it was time the old hatred was forgotten. Yet, there was my father, as near a saint as I ever knew man to be, and he could not forgive, and was I to be better than he?

Very soon after that the old flame of persecution, which had sunk low, suddenly sprung up again and the fines and the threats of imprisonment came faster than ever.

"They will have all Dare before they are done," said my father. "Alas! as though it were prophetic, the trouble was already on its way. Within a few hours we heard that Dare was no longer our own. It had passed from us to the younger branch of the house. A Papist had no rights to lands nor houses, nor to anything of value. All that was ours had passed to Sir James Uinacke.

I thought in the first moments that the blow would have killed my father. But as soon as he had somewhat recovered himself, though trembling pitifully, he commanded me to put together the bare necessities and leave Dare free for James Uinacke to enter it.

In Dublin we found our refuge. There was just one friend in the world with whom my father had kept up communication, and that was Lady Barbara de la Poer, a friend of his youth and my godmother.

Lady Barbara found us lodging in Doninick street near her own, and it was very pleasant to be so near orchards and open country, and, since we must be citizens, to have our lodging high on the steep hill which overlooks the city from the north.

I had never seen Lady Barbara, though I had always associated her with pleasant things, since many a gift such as girls love had come from her year after year to her godchild.

Now, when I saw her, I thought I had never seen anything so pretty. She wore diamonds in her powdered hair, but they were no brighter than the black eyes under their black brows, which sparkled and laughed incessantly. I do not know how much her cheeks owed to the rouge pot. I was not skilled in city ways. But their delicate carmine, repeated in her lips, contrasted delightfully with her powdered hair. About her eyes, where little faint lines were, she had set a patch here and there to distract the gaze from them, and on her cheeks there was a crescent moon and a comet and horses to point the road to her dimples.

She was on her way from some rout or other when I first saw her, and she was wearing a sapphire and quilted petticoat of pink satin with a large brown velvet hat, its feathers clasped by a diamond buckle, set astride on her curled head.

I had taken her to be very rich by her garments and her jewels, but I knew later that she was poor. She was very reckless at the gaming tables, and royally generous with her friends, and she had stripped herself of wealth; but, as she never seemed to want for a farthing, I took it for granted that she was not of the sort that irked.

When she had taken me in her arms she was little than I, and the plumes of her hat tickled my nose—she broke out in praises of me saying she would show me at court. But my father shook his head, smiling at her as though she were pleasing to him as man should have been to any man, though he were a saint or an anchorite.

"No, no, Lady Babs!" he said. "We are too poor to go to court, since even what remains of our fortune has gone into James Uinacke's pouch. We shall bide at home or pray in the church yonder. We have no fine, extravagant tastes."

If Ursula have none," said she, looking at him from under her great feathers, "then she is less or more than woman."

"She has had a different training from most women," my father reminded her. "Ah! but under the scholar you shall find the woman," she answered, stepping lightly to his side and shining in the dark room like a pink moth. "Ursula is grave," said my father. "Because you have made her so, Terence," said the lady. Still, she had not her will of taking me to court, although she tempted my fancy with the fine clothes she would have given me. My father had indeed withdrawn from the world and taken me with him. We went nowhere except to the church of the White Friars, the overgrown out-lodging, and when the weather served, we took long walks through the apple and cherry orchards of Drumcondra, and out into the open country beyond.

meetings were enough to gild my days and my dreams at night. Even my father noticed a change in me. Some evenings later, when my father and myself were returning late from Lady Barbara's we were set upon by a crowd of roughs who had imbued too freely with liquor. My father remonstrated with them, when suddenly the leader, a tall villain, plucked his arms, while another threw a cloak over his head. Just at that moment who should come to our assistance but the gallant gentleman I had not so often. He spoke out boldly to the leaders of the roistersers.

"These are a noble gentleman and a noble lady," he said; and what followed could not bear, for there began such a howling and swearing and laughing all together that my ears were deafened.

Whatever was said, whatever urged, I know not; yet it had its effect, for in an instant the tall villain was howling over my head and asking that he might have the honor of seeing me to my lodging. I was glad that if he had made me free of the gates of heaven; and so, holding me by my fingers, daintily, as though he had me out to dance, he brought me to the door of the house, and, having handed me within, retired, leaving my poor father choking with anger beside me.

God knows that I was relieved enough to forgive them, though my father was not. We saw them from the window; their torches dancing like fireflies in the night. My father raged helplessly. Doubtless it was to the bettering of his health, as it had been before, when he had said that his anger acted like a blood-letting. I was beginning to think of late that my father's meekness was acquired and not natural; and the meekness I had seen in that gentleman whose intervention had saved us such indignities, for it will be remembered that they had stilled my father while their insolence was proceeding.

"Whoever he be," cried my father, "I am his friend for life! I swear it by all things I hold sacred."

I said nothing of having seen him before. I know not why, only that my lips were to be revealed soon enough, for as we sat at our morning cup of chocolate, Lady Barbara was announced. "So you tell in with the Mochaes last night," she said breathlessly, "and would have had rough usage only that a gentleman interposed to save you."

"You had the news early," said my father. "The town has it," she replied. "And your deliverer was shot in the right side by the Buck this morning. There were some sharp words spoken last night, in misunderstanding, before the thing was cleared up. They say the Buck is the sorriest man alive that he had to fight; but his honor demanded it."

"My father turned pale. "I would see the gentleman," he said. "Where does he live?" "No further than Henrietta street. And, by the way, I am his messenger. He asks to see you and Ursula while he yet lives."

My father expressed no surprise, feeling, perhaps, that a dying man had must be satisfied. "We will come," he answered, rising and taking his three-cornered hat. Make yourself ready quickly, Ursula. Who is the gentleman, Lady Babs?"

"You will know soon enough. He is as dear to me as my son."

I saw the tears in her bright eyes and loved her the more for it. If that should prove fatal, what woman on earth would have a right to weep save me?

I put on my feathered hat and my cloak of pure camletine, which wrapped me to my feet, hiding the roses and lilies of my gown, and Lady Barbara and I, taking an arm of my father, walked the little distance that separated us from Henrietta street.

All three of us were ushered into the chamber where our deliverer lay with his eyes watching the door, and as we came in they filled with satisfaction. But lest he should see my face so wrung with love and pity, I moved a little way behind the head of his couch while my father went straight to him and kissed his cheek in the foreign fashion.

"My daughter and I are yours forever, sir," he said. Then I saw that the sick gentleman had a parchment with many great seals dangling from it under his hand. "I sent for you, Lord Uinacke," he said, speaking with difficulty. "To restore you this in case my wound should be nearly at an end."

"Your stewardship?" repeated my father, staring and reaching absently for the parchment. "I took the title deeds," the other said, "lest my brother Ralph should have them. What, did you not know that Ralph had come home from the Low Countries, more loose living than ever, and yet a zealot? I pray I may still live, for your sake, to hold the deeds safe."

THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS

The Casket. We are all on board ship sailing across the ocean of life. We know whither we are going—it is a port no one of us has ever been in before, but we have a chart on which the course is clearly laid down, and we have skillful pilots who know that course thoroughly. The voyage is a stormy one. The ship is staunch, but when the waves dash over her they often carry away some poor fellows who have not been holding fast. The voyage is not only stormy but eventful. One day there was a mutiny, and now the mutineers are in one of the ship's boats drifting God only knows where. Another day, some others, suddenly seized with the mad idea that the ship was sinking, made themselves a raft out of planks, and they too are now adrift. Seeing these things, who are still aboard the ship, though we have not the slightest fear for the ship, have a good deal of fear for ourselves. Nature has not made us anxious for the first glimpse of land.

"Land ho!" the cry is heard. We cannot see it. "You must go to the masthead if you want to see it now." But we cannot go to the masthead; we are afraid, or we do not want to take so much trouble. Then we must be content not to see what the men at the masthead see. "Land ho!" from the deck this time. We cannot see it yet. "Wait till you have been going so long as I have," says an old sailor, "and then your eyes will be as good as mine."

Who are the keen-eyed men that get faint glimpses of the other shore—that other shore where lies our heavenly home? Who are those keen-eyed men who see, not clearly nor distinctly, but "as through a glass in a dark manner," what others cannot see at all. They are the Saints. How is it that they can see? It is because they have climbed up to a dizzy height where we should be afraid to venture. They have risen above the mist and fog which lie near the surface; they have taken what we call too much trouble, they are suffering cold and weariness, but they do not mind that, and as a reward they see. Moreover, their eyes are trained as ours are not. It is the result of long years of ceaseless watching by day and by night.

This has given them a keenness of vision which we would give money to purchase, but it cannot be bought with money. Is it then of no benefit to us that they possess it while we do not? It is of very great benefit. They tell us what they have seen and the report encourages us. It will be a long time yet before our eyes can see anything, but now we are better satisfied to wait, now we have better hopes than we had before that nothing will happen to us before the ship enters the harbor.

What is the source of this keenness of spiritual vision in the Saints? It is their holiness. Holiness is one of God's attributes: the blessed cry "Holy, Holy, Holy!" forever before His throne. And holiness we too must possess if we desire to enter one day into that blessed company. We must be holy in holiness. Holiness is one of God's attributes: the blessed cry "Holy, Holy, Holy!" forever before His throne. And holiness we too must possess if we desire to enter one day into that blessed company. We must be holy in holiness. Holiness is one of God's attributes: the blessed cry "Holy, Holy, Holy!" forever before His throne.

One day a young man came to our Saviour, told Him that he had kept all the commandments, and asked if anything more was necessary. "If thou wilt be perfect, go sell all thou hast and give to the poor and come follow Me," was the answer (Matt. 19: 21). There was a call to a higher step in holiness. The young man turned away: he was very rich and he did not wish to give up his riches. But since that time how many there are, young and old, men and women, who have obeyed this call to the very letter. St. Francis of Sales and St. Charles Borromeo, for instance, gave up princely fortunes. Scarcely a monastery can be found, and all Christendom was covered with them at one time—that does not number among its monks many who have given away great wealth for the love of God. But we must not imagine that it is necessary to give up a great deal. When the rich young man had turned away from our Lord, Peter spoke up with his usual affectionate boldness: "Behold we have left all things and followed Thee. What therefore shall we have?" They had left all things. What had they to leave? Their boats and their nets. But they left all they had; they did so that they might follow Jesus; and therefore He promises them that they shall gain eternal salvation, and shall sit with Him to judge the world at the last day. And every one that hath left house or brethren or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or lands for My name's sake shall receive a hundred fold and shall possess life everlasting. The calendar of the Church is filled with the names of holy men and women who have literally done these things, besides the vast number, the countless multitude, whose sacrifices are known to God alone.

St. Peter and his companions may not have had much to leave; but they left what they had; they left home and family and all that the human heart loves best on earth, to follow Jesus, to keep near His sacred Person while He walked among men, and afterwards to preach His Name to the uttermost parts of the earth. They died, but the race of apostolic men did not die with them. St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, St.

Columba and St. Ninian, the Apostles of Scotland, St. Augustine, the Apostle of England, St. Rémi, the Apostle of France, St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, St. Cyril and St. Methodius, the Apostles of the Slavs, St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies—all these were men who like Peter and his companions left all to follow Christ.

Then there are those who have given up not merely wealth but their very lives. "Greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friend." Who will begin to count the numbers in the white-robed army of martyrs? Fully one quarter of those who have sat in Peter's chair have shed their blood for Christ. And they are a very small fraction of the vast army. "If any man will be My disciple let him take My cross and follow Me." Surely the Apostles and Martyrs have carried the cross after Christ. And not they alone, but also those who after the example of St. John the Baptist have buried themselves in the wilderness, have spent their lives in fasting, watching and prayer, in imitation of our Lord's fasts in the desert, who have endured themselves until the blood ran in streams to the ground in imitation of His agony in the Garden.

There are those who have made themselves enuchs for the sake of the kingdom of heaven. He that can take it let him take it. Beginning with the Blessed Mother and the beloved disciple, who can estimate the number of those who wear the virgin's robe and follow the Lamb whithersoever it goeth.

"Do not have two shoes nor two coats." This counsel of perfection has been followed to the very letter by St. Francis of Assisi and the many saints to whom his community, and others like it have given birth. The word at one time venerated the barefooted Friar with his coarse brown robe and a rope for a girdle; the world laughs him to scorn to-day. But it is the same laugh of scorn which saluted our Blessed Saviour as He hung upon the cross.

"If any man strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him also the other." It is a man take away thy coat, let also thy cloak unto him." The lives of the Saints are full of examples of this non-resistance to injuries. There is St. John of Kenty, for instance, who, when the robbers thought they had taken away from him all the money he was carrying, ran after them to tell them that there was still some left. "You are a fool," says the world. Then his was the folly of the cross. Our Saviour was a fool, if judged by the world's standard of measurement, for having given such counsels to men.

"What you have done to the least of these you have done to Me." And we find a St. Vincent de Paul going through the streets of Paris gathering together the children abandoned by their parents. We find a St. Ignatius Loyola opening a night refuge for fallen women; a St. Peter Nolaseo devoting his life to the ransom of captives, under vow to become a slave himself if necessary to buy the liberty of Christian slaves from the Turks. And we find each one of these multiplying himself as many times as he has members in the community which he founded.

He that is greater among you, let him be your minister. As I have washed your feet, so you also ought to wash one another's feet." Was this not literally fulfilled when St. Philip Neri opened free lodgings for the thousands of pilgrims flocking into Rome in a single year, and together with the members of his community and men of the noblest Roman families received the weary pilgrims, washed their feet and then waited upon them at table.

Such are the lives of the Saints. Thus have they put into practice the lessons taught by our Divine Master; and not merely the elementary lessons, those which were learned by all, but the highest, the most difficult which He gave. They never stopped to ask themselves whether Christ commanded such and such a thing, or only advised it. It was enough for them to know that it would please Him and they did it. They kept their eyes fixed upon their Master as the painter does upon his model, until by constant gazing their eyes grew strong and keen, so strong and keen that compared with ordinary mortals they seemed to have second sight. In their hours of prayer they held intimate converse as Moses did upon the mountain, until their faces like His reflected the Divine brightness. And when they came down from the mountain of prayer it was with messages for the people below, with revelations of God's will in their regard. In this way have the saints been of service to the world while they were in it.

The Saints of the Old Testament, Abraham and Jacob, David and Isaiah, Jeremiah and Daniel, all looked down through the ages, saw the Redeemer who was to come, and spoke of Him to men. John the Baptist, the connecting link between the Old Testament and the New, pointed out the Redeemer as He appeared among men. The Saints of the New Testament, from the days of the Apostles until now, have all seen the Redeemer either in the flesh or in the spirit, have spoken with Him, and every one of them been Christ-like in their lives. They have shown us that it is possible for sinful flesh and blood to follow closely in the footsteps of Him who was like unto us in all things except sin.

They have taken up the Cross and carried it after Christ. Therefore we can and should at least but patiently follow the cross which God lays upon us, the cross of ill health, the cross of poverty, the cross of affliction.

They literally sold all they had and gave it to the poor. Therefore we should at least make good use of what ever God has given us, and never fail to help those who are poorer than ourselves. We should be contented with the little we have, and never envy those who are better off.

They made themselves enuchs for the sake of the kingdom of heaven, by observing perfect chastity and the fleshly temptations. Therefore we can and should keep ourselves, body and

soul, free from every stain of impurity. They literally gave up to robbers more than the robbers wanted to take. Therefore we can and should at least suffer injustice without feeling any hatred towards those who have wronged us, and be willing at times to endure a loss rather than reclaim our own by violent means.

They were as vividly conscious of God's presence everywhere as a son is conscious of the presence of his father sitting in the same room with him. Therefore we can and should at least be conscious of God's presence to such an extent that the sound of His Name should always bring Him to our minds. We should never speak that Holy Name except with the profoundest respect, and when we kneel down to pray all other thoughts than the thought of God should be entirely shut out from our minds.

This will the study of the lives of the Saints be most profitable to us. Not only should we admire them with enthusiasm, but we shall strive to imitate their actions in kind if not in degree. And having a firm faith in the beautiful doctrine of the communion of saints, that all who belong to the true Church assist each other by their prayers and good works, we shall earnestly ask and confidently expect that those whose good works, done while they were in the flesh, have been of such invaluable assistance to us by giving us models for imitation, will now that they enjoy the reward of the blessed continue to assist us by their prayers, so that we may one day share with them the same heavenly happiness.

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