A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

XXIX.

What refined fastidious, quiet-looking Mr. Edgar thought of the great, ill-dressed, loud, and forward woman to whom he was presented by Carnew, it required his most stern self control to prevent from showing, at least in his face. She gave herself the most absurd airs and with her immense size, and her dress of gay-colored satin that shimmered in the light like a great surface of metallic sheen, and her head dress of plumes that added to her height, and made her seem like a female warrior, she was a most novel and indicrous sight. Those of the company who were not within the range of her vision were convulsed with laughter, and those who were, had to resort to many manœuvres to hide their mirth.

Carnew was crimson from anger and shame, but with his imperturable self-command, he permitted no more evidence of his feelings to appear than the flush itself gave, and he fulfilled his part of the presentation of his aunt with a quiet, gentlemanly grace which charmed Mr. Edgar. That done, he turned away; but Mrs Doloran, whose whim it was to keep him just then, caught his arm.

"Now do, Alan, let your gallantry come to my rescue awhile. You know that Mr. Edgar, having travelled so much, will expect to be entertained by a varied conversation. And what variety can a woman's poor mind devise? You know, Mr. Edgar—" with a languishing raising of her eyes, and an affected setting back of her head that was most mirth-provoking.

"I am one of those who know the true value of the sex: the little insipid nothings that fill the female mind; the vagaries, the emotions that upset the female heart. Therefore I am anxious to retain about you something that savors of brains." With a look at her nephew meant to be conciliatory, but that only roused his indignation to white heat.

Mr. Edgar bowed; the only thing he could do under the circumstances, as in the character of such an honored guest he could neither reply as he would to that unwomanly speech, nor, in deference to the nephew whom he very much admired, betray by a look his utter disgust of the speaker.

But, Alan, who was bound by no such regard, and who was now so angry that even his wonted command had deserted him, said a little hotly: "It is better for me to go, Aunt Doloran, than stay to witness your inoculation of Mr. Edgar with ideas so disparaging to yourself as a woman." He bowed low to his aunt, and before she could recover from her astonishment and indignation at his boldness in administering such a public reproof, he had bowed also to Edgar, broken from her grasp, and was hurrying away.

"There's a fool for you," in her anger bursting out into her customary inelegant speech; "he can't take the truth, and never could; but here is one—" catching sight of Ordotte, who had just entered the parlor and was approaching her, "who holds my views of things."

Ordotte had been presented to the guest earlier in the evening, and he now came forward with that ease of manner which to thoroughly cultured Edgar savored a little too much of ill-bred familiarity, and began at once with clever tact to soothe Mrs. Doloran's irritation and to draw out the guest. In her new-found interest the lady forgot her previous uncomfortable feelings, and talked volubly and nonsensically enough to corroborate her previous assertion of the impotency of the female mind.

"But your stories, Mascar; your Indian stories," she said suddenly, in the very middle of one of her pointless tales, remembering that that part of the programme arranged for Mr. Edgar's entertainment had not been yet carried out.

Ordotte laughed—a laugh that showed in full his white even teeth, whiter looking by contrast with the tawny hue of his face—and snapped his eyes at the new guest in a way that rendered the latter a little uncomfortable.

"My Indian stories," he said, when he had ceased laughing, "will have, I have no doubt, a very singular and fascinating interest for Mr. Edgar. Which shall I tell, Mrs. Doloran? The one where I lay in a jungle all night with the dead tiger on my breast, or—?"

"No; don't tell any of them yet;" said Mrs. Doloran, rising. Wait until I get Ned here; I enjoy your stories better when I have her face to watch, ever since you said her face recalled one of them to you."

But the messenger dispatched for Ned reported that the young lady was neither in her own room, nor in any of Mrs. Doloran's apartments.

"Then search the house for her," said the lady, impatiently; and so messengers were sent in different directions. Mr. Edgar, taking advantage of the slight lull that had occurred in the conversation, begged to be excused, while he also sent a message to his daughter.

Ned entered the parlor, pale and tremulous from her recent emotions, and pitiably indisposed to make one of the party awaiting her. But she nerved herself to it, and bowing, dropped into the chair beside Mrs. Doloran.

It was well that that lady was so anxiously interested in the anticipated Indian story, or Ned would have been assailed by most sharp and impertinent questions. As it was, she hardly noticed her after having motioned her to the chair beside her own.

Ordotte begun:

"Klipp Kargarton, the hero of my tale, was one of the strangest fellows I ever met. He had all the qualities to win hearts, but they seemed to have been so smothered by some blight that it was only at times one knew that he was not the heartless, sullen, and taciturn man he seemed to be. When I met him for the first time in Singapore, he was doing business there for some firm, but shortly after, at my suggestion, he gave up his position and accompanied me to Calcutta, where I had already invested some capital in an English house. I obtained for him a position in the same house, and we became such warm friends that he occasionally gave me scraps of confidence which wonderfully enhanced my interest in him. He was an excellent sportsman, and one of the memories that I shall never forget, is of his face when he, with some others, were out for a day's hunting in the jungles. At such times he seemed to be like another being, and his courage in pursuing and attacking the fiercest beasts was a source of envy to more than one of us.

"On one occasion he and I, owing to his ardor in the hunt, an ardor which I unconsciously caught, became separated from the rest of the party, and we found ourselves actually on the lair of a tiger with her cubs. The tiger we dispatched after some trouble and a scratch or two upon ourselves, but the two cubs, strange to say, Klipp would bring home alive with him. No argument of mine would dissuade him from his project, nor make him see that he would get just as much for the skins, which we could take off as we had already taken the mother's and at the same time be spared the trouble of carrying the live beasts. He would have his way, and I was forced to carry one of the cubs, while he took the other. Our great fear was to meet the father of the animals, unless, perhaps, he had been met and dispatched already by some of our party. Our stock of ammunition was very low, so we courted no more game, but made our way to civilized haunts as quickly as possible.

"Then Klipp stated his object in bringing the cubs alive. Only a day or two before, a female tiger captured for some zoological show that was to leave for England in a few months, had given birth to cubs which had died. The grief of the beast, they said, was excessive, and Klipp, with his great, kindly heart thought of her when he saw the cubs in the jungle.

"And the bereaved tigress actually welcomed the little strangers, and fondled them as if they were indeed her own departed ones. At which Klipp, to my surprise, looked disgusted.

"'Her nature is as little to be relied upon as if it were human,' he said to me; and when I laughed, he said again:

"'They say parental instinct is so strong that in the face of any deception a father would recognize his child; but it is not so.'"

Up to this point of the story, no one save Mrs. Doloran had manifested anything but a polite interest; now, however, Mr. Edgar was sitting erect, his face as pale as the snowy bosom of his shirt, and his eyes flaming through Ordotte. But he, pretending not to notice the sudden and strangely awakened interest, proceeded:

"As I said before, Klipp was a very strange man: indeed, some thought that his mind was not altogether sound, but those people did not know the singular events in his life. He went every day to see that tiger and her adopted children, and every day he returned more and more disappointed and disgusted with her increased fondness for them.

"One day, in his deep disgust, he said to me:

"'We are all brutes, and a man may be pardoned when he does a great wrong because of his brutish nature. I expected to see in that animal something that would shame us men; an instinct that would make her turn away from these strange cubs, and not receive them as men do who have other children palmed upon them for their own.'"

The perspiration was standing on Mr. Edgar's brow, and the fingers of the hand that rested on his knee worked convulsively.

Mrs. Doloran, who was angry that Ordotte had not told her that Indian story, could contain herself no longer:

"Why did you keep that tale from me, Mascar?" she said with indignant reproach.

He answered with a laughable assumption of penitence and humility:

"My dear madam, it was hardly of a kind to interest you; but Mr. Edgar," with a profound bow to that gentleman, "has, no doubt, encountered so many strange phases of character that I thought it would not be uninteresting to add one of my experience to his own."

The lady was some somewhat mollified: "Well, Marcar, I shall forgive you. And now finish the tale."

"The tale is finished," with another bow, and a quick, sharp look at Edgar.

"But Klipp, and the cubs, and the dear old tiger, what became of them all?" asked Mrs. Doloran, for voice raised in trembling eagerness.

"The dear old tigress and her cubs were taken to England; and Kipp, I left him in Calcutta."

"Couldn't you ask him to come here? O Mascar, it would be delightful! Just write and invite him here." And her gushing eagerness set the plumes on her head to quivering in a most ludicrous manner.

"I can't do that very well," answered Ordotte, stealing again a sly, sharp look at Edgar, "owing to Klipp having left Calcutta without leaving any trace of his destination; so letters from my Indian friends informed me over a year ago. But if you wish, Mrs. Doloran, I could write to the managers of the zoological show in London, inviting the tigress and her cubs here, providing the interesting beast is still alive. They might consent to let them come."

The last part of his speech being spoken with the same imperturable gravity and earnestness that the former had been, rendered it irresistibly comic, and Ned, who had paid but little attention to the story, laughed in spite of herself; but Mrs. Doloran arose, and said with offended dignity:

"No, sir, you will do nothing of the kind; I shall not have Rahandabed turned into a jungle."

Mascar dropped on one knee in front of her, and clasping his hands, said with an excellent assumption of the trigio-comic air that it convulsed with laughter most of those who witnessed it:

"Pardon, a thousand pardons, madam; I but thought to minister to that inherent love of nature which in you is so beautifully developed. On my bended knee I assure you that I shall not write for the illustrious tigress."

It was of little moment to Mrs. Doloran that such speeches and attitudes made her supremely ridiculous: they gave her prominence in her own eyes, and that gratified her vanity; then the homage of Ordotte, assumed and ludicrous though it was, pandered to her innate vulgar love of display; she might be laughed at, but, at the same time, if she could attract attention, it made little difference to her. She had the one comfort of vulgar minds—the thought of her wealth, which in the eyes of many covered all her oddities.

And so she said, with what she considered a graceful bending of her person to the suppliant, and a pretty tapping of his cheek with her fan:

"When you sue for forgiveness in such a manner, I cannot refuse you."

Mr. Edgar looked and acted like one in a dream and in an unpleasant dream. His face still retained its snowy pallor, and as if that bleached hue had driven out the lines upon his forehead and about his mouth, they appeared more numerous and prominent than they had done since his arrival. His eyes were fixed upon Ordotte, nor did they seem to have the the power of withdrawing themselves until his daughter, escorted by Brekbellew, came up to him. She arrived in the very middle of Ordotte's ludicrous plea for pardon, and with difficulty preserved her composure; the poor sheep by her side so lived in her presence that he scarcely saw the laughable incident before him.

How beautiful she looked; not a trace of any secret grief, or recent emotion about her; certainly nothing to indicate that she felt even half as much as Ned felt the terrible thing that had happened.

Vigor and joy seemed to return to Mr. Edgar with the advent of his daughter; it was as if her presence dissipated some ugly unreality; and he rose, thanked Brekbellew for his attention, and immediately transferred her to his own arm.

"Edna and I will have a little saunter together," he said, bowing to Mrs. Doloran, "and later," turning his eyes to Ordotte, "I shall be happy to have some conversation with this gentleman."

"Ah! his Indian stories have interested you, then," said Mrs. Doloran enthusiastically.

"Yes; a little," replied Edgar with some hesitation, as if afraid to commit himself.

And he turned rather hastily away with his daughter.

Ned watched them. She wondered if her cousin would tell her father then of her ghastly discovery, or if she would wait until the morning. They turned away in the direction of the conservatory and, at the same time, Mrs. Doloran called Ned to accompany her and Mascar; they were going to attend to some detail of the illumination that was to take place at midnight.

XXX.

The opportunity of speaking to Ordotte that Mr. Edgar desired, arrived just before the guests went out to view the illumination. Edna having been claimed by Carnew for the songs which she sang so well, and to which it was his delight to listen, had gone with him to the music-room, and Mrs. Doloran having disappeared to change her toilet for one as gorgeous perhaps, but a little more suitable for the grounds, Mascar was for the moment free. He had not forgotten Edgar's wish to converse with him, and seeing that gentleman apparently holding a sort of dreary conversation with Brekbellew, he went up to him.

Edgar changed color; he was aware that he did so, and he fancied that Ordotte's eyes twinkled mischievously at the sight. He chafed secretly that it should be so, without well knowing why, in the first place, he had any need to give such an exhibition of his feeling, and, in the second place, why he should care particularly for what Ordotte thought. But that gentleman said in his easy, familiar way:

"Thinking that Mr. Brekbellew would like to go to the music-room, I came to offer you my company."

Brekbellew was intensely grateful; his heart and his eyes had followed Edna when she went away leaning upon Carnew's arm, and though, through politeness, he had offered to remain with her father, he had found it difficult to concentrate sufficient attention on what Mr. Edgar was saying to be able to reply intelligently. To be delivered then from such a situation, and to be free to go after his heart's idol, and to imagine also that Ordotte had come to his rescue purely for his Brekbellew's benefit, was something to make his breast swell with gratitude, and his poor little insipid face kindled as he looked his thanks to his deliverer, and murmuring to Mr. Edgar a polite excuse for availing himself of the opportunity offered, he hurried away.

Edgar and Ordotte looked at each other after his departure; a look on the part of the one that told of hidden fear and agony; on the other, of contempt and triumph. But each look was so brief, the faces returning immediately to their wonted expression, that a spectator might imagine all to be only the outcome of his own heated fancy.

Edgar was the first to speak:

"Your Indian tale had a deeper and more subtle point than you cared to have appear on its surface."

Ordotte shrugged his shoulders.

"Every tale, every common incident of life, may have its deep and subtle point if our consciences are pricked."

"What do you mean?"

There was suppressed passion in Edgar's low tones.

"Nothing, save as you interpret it. As I told you in the preface of my story, I have had much experience with the different phases of human nature. Men have been, and are my study, when I speak, it is out of the fulness of a heart that often, unawares, has touched the keynote of another's secret trouble. Whether I have done so in your case, I leave you to judge."

Edgar stared at him. Who was this man who seemed to know his secret trouble? For, despite his love for Edna, and his absolute conviction that she was his daughter, at times a strange haunting doubt mingled with it all. Fight the doubt he did, and crush it; but it rose again, and with it rose more than once Ned's face in mute reproach. What, if she after all were his child, and that all those years he had been holding to his heart the daughter of a woman of loose and low character?

Ordotte's tale had roused anew these horrid doubts, and they raged until they were dissipated by Edna's presence, which he had hailed as a drowning mariner might hail a plank. Now, however, they were back in greater fury. He stooped toward Ordotte, and said in a broken whisper that was somewhat painful:

"If you have guessed that I have a secret trouble, you have guessed well. Whether your intuitive knowledge leads you to think it is a crime also, I know not. I only ask, I adjure you to tell me if you are in possession of any secret that will help me."

Ordotte rose. Perhaps he felt it was time to end the conversation; it was coming so near a dangerous border. Edgar rose also.

"No, Mr. Edgar; you are wrong in thinking that I am in possession of any secret of yours, or that it is in my power to help you. I have learned to read faces a little, and your face has given me my knowledge of your character."

"An unfavorable knowledge, eh?"

Spoken with almost a child's eagerness, and of which speech he was heartily ashamed the moment he had uttered it.

But Ordotte answered with a gravity that was almost sorrowful:

"I fancy that you have been blinded in many instances by pride and self-will. But pardon me, Mr. Edgar, for my great freedom of speech. As you have found out by this time, I am an odd fellow. Here is Mrs. Doloran"—spoken with such a change of voice that it seemed like another person—"bearing down upon us, and armed with all the accoutrements of war, to judge from the glistening things about her."

The glistening things, as Ordotte termed them, consisted of a silver banded cloak that was already about the lady's ample person, and a veil of silver tissue thrown over her nodding plumes. In her wake followed Ned, looking more ready to weep than to laugh, and wishing with a sick heart that the night's festivities were over.

Supper was to be served immediately after the illumination, and as the guests passed into the grounds there could be heard the clatter of the servants' work in the dining-hall. Somehow, Ned connected the sounds with the falling of clods upon a coffin, and when the handsome and many-colored lights broke upon her view, showing a scene so wierdly and picturesquely beautiful that the guests become enthusiastic in their admiration, she saw everywhere the still white face under the sheet in the out-house.

After supper, Mrs. Doloran would put into execution her pet scheme of exhibiting herself and her guest on the dais. She had the colors arranged purposely to throw into startling effect her own already startling costume, and now since Mr. Edgar was so handsome and so distinguished looking, he would certainly add to her appearance there. Seated in that elevated position, she would be what she wanted to be at all times, the cynosure of every eye, and even, as in her vain, secret, unstable heart she wanted to do, enhance Ordotte's admiration for her. It did not occur to her what her guest might think of such a proceeding; as her guest, he would be obliged to acquiesce politely in what she wished, and her absurd vanity cloaked everything else. But Alan was watching her. He had watched her secretly all night, throwing many a covert, but angry glance at the dais, which he felt was destined to bring him new shame. So, when his aunt was designedly leading Mr. Edgar to that part of the room, Carnew whispered his fears to Edna, whom he had been escorting since supper.

"Let us forestall her," said Edna mischievously; "it will hardly be as ridiculous for us to mount there, as for your aunt in her absurd costume, and my father, who certainly will not like it. And we can keep the places so long that she may lose the desire to do likewise."

He hailed the suggestion, and together they hurried, easily getting in advance of Mrs. Doloran, who did not dream of their desire, until to her amazement she saw Miss Edgar in the very place designed for herself, and beside her, her provoking nephew.

Anger made her dumb for the moment; then her wrath burst out regardless even of the presence of her escort:

"How dared they? Those seats were intended for us. But I shall order them down immediately."

"Do nothing of the kind!" It was Ordotte's voice just behind her. He had seen and divined the purport of Carnew's manœuvre, and he had hastened to Mrs. Doloran to prevent, if he could, the outbreak which he feared would follow.

He continued:

"The lady and gentleman who are in the places fill them very acceptably, and Mr Edgar, did you invite him to such a position, might plead his inability, or his reluctance to be raised to so great elevation."

She was hardly mollified, but Ordotte rattled on, and Edgar, were he not so heart-sore and disgusted, might have found it in him to laugh at the ludicrous positions in which this woman delighted to place herself.

Edna and Carnew did fill the places very acceptably and most becomingly. The bright colors of the dais harmonized well with her simple white costume, and the dark beauty of her blushing face was never seen to better advantage. Looked at there, as she sat in most graceful attitude with her head modestly drooping, she was an exquisite creature, and Edgar's heart beat once more with all a father's swelling triumph and admiration. She was his child. No doubt could move him from that conviction. Perhaps her beauty assumed even a deeper hue from contrast with the young, erect, and handsome man by her side, and many a female heart in the little assembly sickened from pangs of its own jealousy and envy. When, to throw a little playfulness into the impromptu scene, and make the guests think it was a premeditated pantomime, he, with a talent which no one suspected was in him, feigned to be the wooing lover of a sly, coy, and bashful maiden, Edna took the cue, and the little pantomime went well and gracefully on, to the guests' intense surprise and delight. Even Mrs. Doloran was won at last, and she applauded and laughed louder than anybody else.

But Ned was silent and shivering. The pantomime was but a succession of pangs to her, for, now that Edna was free to marry, would not all this dumb show of love on Carnew's part become a reality? What fortune seemed to surround the girl—a happy home, a tender father, and now the removal of the very consequences of her own imprudent, if not erring act, that would have impeded her marriage with a rare good man, as Ned regarded Alan; while she, who had no real home, no father, and who loved Carnew with all the strength of her large, loving heart, must stifle her affection and behold him the husband of another—and such another. In her bitterness she almost wished that Annie Mackay would reveal her brother's marriage. Then she was frightened at herself for having such a desire, involuntary and brief as it was. Still, if Edna did but show even in her countenance a little trace of feeling for what they had both endured in the early part of the evening, Ned imagined that she would not feel quite so bitter. But the longer Ned looked at her, the brighter grew the lovely face, and it was only too evident that no shadow of the dead man rested upon her.

The festivities closed, and much to the satisfaction of Carnew, without the further exhibition of any ridiculous whim by Mrs. Doloran. He seemed to feel that it was due to Edna's timely thought. Accordingly, he was very grateful, and he said his good-night to her with a tenderness that set her cheeks glowing and her heart beating violently. She had hardly recovered from her emotion, when her father, who had found it impossible, without a rudeness of which he was not capable, to leave Mrs. Doloran until that moment, came up to her to give her his escort to her room. But at his own sumptuous apartment, which was just above one of the parlors, he stopped suddenly, and opening the door drew her in with him. She wondered somewhat, and was a little bit dismayed, for her guilty conscience sent up its fears at once. Still, his manner was that of inimitable tenderness; and when, having closed the door behind them, he drew her forward until the soft-toned light from a large shaded lamp fell full upon her face, and folding his arms about her, said with a voice so tremulous and strange it hardly seemed to be her father:

"O my daughter!" Her own feelings gave way, and she cried upon his bosom. He felt her tears and thought they were the evidence of her affection for him, of her sympathy with his own emotions, at once so intense and so inexplicable. He did not dream that her tears were those of relief; relief from the horrid fears his strange manner to her had engendered, for she knew not what might have become known to him. Now, however, that she was assured her secrets were still safe, his paternal love still undiminished, she grew confident and demonstrative in her return of his affection. She wound her arms about his neck, she drew his face down to her own, and she held him as if she would never let him go.

"My own, own child!" he murmured, with a peculiar and lingering emphasis on the word own; and he continued to repeat the phrase as if there was a balm in it for his doubting and agonized heart.

Never had Edna known him to be so demonstratively tender, and encouraged by that fact she was more than once on the point of telling him of young Mackay's suicide. Something whispered that it would be easier to make the revelation now, than to defer it until the morning. Yet an inexplicable fear restrained her, until he said, noticing that she continued to weep:

"Why do you cry, still, my child? Surely you are not unhappy."

"Ah, papa, not unhappy myself, but unhappy for others."

Again he folded her up to him.

"My darling! You have your mother's tender heart. Did only a servant have a sorrow which she heard, she made it her own. For whom, my child do you weep?"

She lifted her streaming face.

"They have discovered that the suicide who was found on the grounds, papa, is Mr. Mackay's son, Dick."

"What! and with his exclamation he started from her in wonder and dismay; he asked rapidly, and it seemed to her—fear-stricken as she had again become—sternly:

"Who recognized him!"

Her cowardly heart, lest she should be asked for explanations which she would be unable to make, would not let her say as truth demanded: "I did," and though a moment before she had not intended to tell a lie, now she said without faltering:

"Ned came to my room to ask me to accompany her to see him."

"Did she know that the suicide was young Mackay?"

How stern was his voice; Edna cowered from it, and cowered from him as he looked at her.

"I don't know. She only came to me to go with her, and we both saw that it was he."

"And her manner while she looked at him," the stern voice resumed, "was it such as to make you think there had been any great affection between them?"

"I don't know. After looking a moment she said she was getting ill, and we returned."

Edgar said again, but more as if he were talking to himself:

"My surmises have been correct; there must have been some bond of affection between them, or else why should he come here to die? She, perhaps, actuated by a late prudence, has refused to reciprocate his affection, and he may have been driven by his despair to this deed. In any case, I feel that his death lies at her door."

"Oh, my darling!" suddenly approaching her and again folding her to him: "that I have subjected you for any time to the influence of this woman!"

"O papa! do not be too hard upon her; women sometimes cannot help being weak, and she may not have been guilty of what you think."

Her own fears that she had gone too far in criminating Ned, and that the meshes she had woven about another might extend far enough to entangle herself, made her earnest and touching in her plea for her cousin. But her father answered:

"It is your gentle charity which urges all this; you are too guileless to suspect the wrong-doing of others. And has she proclaimed the discovery she has made, or does she mean to let the poor wretch fill an unknown grave?"

"O papa!" with a passionate burst of tears, "she asked me if I would tell you that we had recognized him."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

"Lead, Kindly Light" was the expression of the feelings of a great soul inspired by the Holy Ghost. That soul had been struggling in the dark and gloom for years, humbly and earnestly seeking for light and truth. It was a sincere appeal to God for help. It was a prayer. It was another "Our Father." How many such petitions had gone out from that soul before this one was written, and how many followed it before the light came dimly, as though through a glass, and before it was led into all truth! No one but God knows of the strugglings and wrestlings that preceded and followed it till it submitted humbly to the guidance of His Church. How many earnest men and women has it taught to say with moistened lips and upturned eyes on bended knee, "Lead Thou me on." Only great souls submit with humility and childlike simplicity, or understand what it means to go to Him like little children. The light came and the great Apostle was glorified and sanctified, and the Apologia came forth, and other great works from his pen followed, and his voice was heard and his self-denying life was felt, and the world has been lifted up and Christianized by them. He walked in His steps, and led many others to walk in them. He was in the world, but not of the world. He kept the commandments. He followed Jesus. He loved his fellow men and gave his life for them. Although the greatest writer, and one the most famous men of his time, he sought seclusion in a monastery among the brethren of his order. He longed for his vocation and through giving up self and appealing to God was led into it.

THE RED MASS IN LONDON.

In Church Once Wrecked in Gordon Riots.

When one enters the long, plain, narrow chapel of Saints Anselm and Cecilia, in the Fields of Lincoln's Inn, London, writes N. P. Murphy, in Dublin Freeman, of Oct. 25, and, peering from the gallery, sees beneath him the short wigs of the stuff gownsman the full-bottomed headdress and the silk robes of the queen's counsel, and the the ermine and lambswool of the upright judge, he knows that he is attending the votive Mass of the Holy Ghost, invoking the blessing of the Divine Spirit upon the contentions fort that the counsellors below may be fortunate enough to be engaged in during the ensuing legal year. The scene impresses the imagination, and the romantic story of the little chapel exacts the admiring homage of the historic mind. It was the chapel attached to the Embassy of the King of Sardinia, and for centuries it had been the centre of Catholic interests in the very heart of the camp of the enemies of the faith. Even its privileged character as the place of worship of the Plenipotentiary of a foreign sovereign did not preserve it from the attacks of the rabid mob when the 'No Popery' fever seized its vitals. As soon as the bigoted shibboleth was raised up rose the rabble, and the King of Sardinia had again to rehabitate the sacred edifice. It was a butt, a whipping-post, for the London mob in the Penal days. So soon as they had blown off steam, by wrecking the chapel, they returned to their shops and their desks, until another fit of fanaticism drove them again in the direction of Lincoln's Inn Fields.

In the year 1780 Lord George Gordon stirred up the scum of the London populace, and gathered to his banner a multitude of profligate and disorderly wretches, whom folly and vice always impel to supply the lack of industry by brigandage. These enthusiasts were animated by a dread that their Catholic fellow citizens should possess the same religious privileges as themselves, as well as a desire for unlimited loot. Headed by Gordon, they wrecked the Sardinian Chapel, and burned it to the ground. That such a terrible outbreak should have been allowed free exercise for days in a large and populous city seems incredible, were the fact not considered tha the Lord Mayor of London took not the slighest means to quell the disturbance. But these things occurred long ago. Nowadays, though bigotry against Catholics is still rampant, it chooses milder methods of exhibition and the Church of Saints Anselm and Cecilia, appropriately situated, as it is, amidst the nests of lawyers, inaugurates the opening of the legal year, without dread of a hostile manifestation at its gates.

This year one great, red-robed figure is conspicuous by its absence. Unfortunately it is an eternal absence, and one wonders where the man is to be found who can take his place. The space left vacant is too large to be filled adequately by any man who at present practises at the English bar. Lord Russell stood out from all his compeers, a veritable Triton. His was the cloudy and lightning genius of the Gael. Perhaps among those young gownsmen worshipping below who knows but that there may be one whose genius, whose industry, whose sterling character, will one day enable him to sit, an ermined judge, in the front bench of that little chapel, let us hope, with the same humble reverence that always characterizes the child-like faith of the great legal paladin who is gone from among us. There was no Catholic judge this year to grace the red bench but Sir James Mathew, than whom no better Irishman breathes.

Among the assembled counsellors there was no lack of Irishmen. There were O'Connors, and Murphys, and other conspicuous Hibernian cognomina, who have apparently not forgotten to carry with them their devotion to their religion from the Island of Saints and, shall we say, lawyers, the two terms not being necessarily synonymous.

The practice of this religious service is not confined to England. In all the Catholic countries of the world the deliberations of the gentlemen learned in the law are fittingly preceded by a religious celebration. The practice in England was suspended at the time of the Reformation, and was not resumed till about ten years ago. The presence of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, together with an effective choir, rendered the whole ceremony one of impressiveness of which it would be difficult to surpass.

It is a fault not a virtue, to wish your humility to be recognized and applauded.—St. Bernard.

A great amount of opposition is a great help to a man; it is what he wants and must have to be good for anything. Hardship and opposition are the native soil of manhood and self reliance. John Neal.

The mischief of flattery is, not that it persuades any man that he is what he is not, but that it suppresses the influence of honest ambition by raising an opinion that honor may be gained without the merit of toil.—Johnson.