THE FORTUNES OF A NEWSBOY.

CHAPTER IX.

When they arrived at the Wiltshire depot, Dick and Mary were still undecided what step to take next; for neither of them favored the idea of asking at once for Dr. Heremore, feeling certain that the probabilities of his being alive would vanish the moment that such an inquiry was proposed.

It was a nice enough town, with fine breezes from the sea blowing through its streets, and a quaint look about the houses that made Dick, at least, feel as if they were in a foreign land. Dick and Mary stood on the depot platform together undecided still.

"Let us walk a little way up and see what we can," Mary proposed.

All that they found at first were a few lumber wagons, a market wagon, and now and then a group of boys playing; but finally they came upon a store, at the door of which several long-limbed countrymen were talking and chewing tobacco. I should have said "chewing and talking;" for the chewing was much more vigorously prosecuted then the talking. The presence of the strangers, one a lady in a plain but very stylish dress, attracted some attention; the men surveyed them in a leisurely, undazzled way, hardly making room for them to pass; for, having seen the sign "Post Office" in the window of this store, Dick and Mary concluded to enter and make inquiries. The afternoon sun streamed in upon the floor; the flies buzzed at the windows: and a man, with his hat on and his chair tilted back, was at the back of the store. He made no sign of changing his position when he first saw the strangers, not because Mr. Wilkes was any less well disposed toward "the ladies" than a city merchant would be, but because country people fancy it is more dignified to show indifference than politeness. In time, however, he tilted down his chair, freed his great mouth from its load of tobacco, and lounged up to the counter

question in regard to Dr. Heremore.

"Rather," was the laconic reply, with no change of the speaker's countenance.

"Do you know if a Dr. Heremore lived here once twenty-five years or so ago?"

"I wasn't here in them days," for Mr. Wilkes was a young man who did not care to be old. "I did not suppose you did know, of your own knowledge; I thought you might have heard."

"I suppose you have come to see him?"
"Or to hear of him," added Dick.

"Come from Boston or York, I suppose?" "From New York," answered Dick; "can you

tell us who is likely to give us information?" "About the old doctor?" asked Mr. Wilkes in the same impassive manner.

"Yes," said Dick, rather impatiently. "I suppose you are relations o' his?"

"We came to get information, not to give it," Dick replied in a quiet tone but inwardly vexed.

"Well," answered the storekeeper, not in the least abashed by this rebuke, "there's an old fellow lives up yonder, who knows pretty much everything's been done here for the last forty years; you'd better go to him; if any one knows, he does. Better not be too techy with him, I can tell you, if you want to find out anything; people as wants to take must give too, you know. That there road will take you straight to the house; white house, first on the left after you come to the meeting-house."

"Thank you; and the name?" "Well, folks usually calls him 'The Governor round here; you, being strangers, can call him what you please."

"Will he like a stranger's calling?"

"Oh! tell him I sent you—Ben Wilkes—and you are all right."

"Thank you!" Mary and Dick replied and turned away. "Ben Wilkes," who, during this conversa-tion, had seated himself on the counter, the better to show his ease in the strangers' society, whichout of the store; then took outsome fresh tobacco, and returning to his chair.

"I don't like to go," said Mary, "It may be some joke upon us."

"I am atraid it is," answered Dick; but, after all, what can happen that we need mind? If it is a gentleman to whom he has sent us, no matter how angry he is, he will see that you are a lady, and you will know how to explain it; if he has sent us to one who is not, I guess I shall be able to reply to him."

Their walk was a very long one, but the meeting-house at last came in sight, and next it, though there was a goodly space between, was a large white house, irregular and rambling, with very nicely kept shrubbery around.

Dick opened the gate with a hand that was a little nervous; but Mary whispered as their feet crunched the neatly bordered gravel walk to the low porch, "It is all right, I am sure; there is an old gentleman by the window."

Will you be spokesman this time?" asked Dick. Mary nodded, and as the path was narrow and they could not well walk side by side, she was in front, so that naturally she would be the first to room; a badly painted picture of a young girl in meet the old gentleman.

A very fine old gentleman he was; a large man with a fine head, and, as his first words proved, a remarkably full, sweet voice. Seeing a lady coming toward him, he rose at once from his arm chair, closed his book and advanced a step or two to greet her. Mary was one of those women toward whom courteous men are most courteous from the first glance; and this old gentleman, who moved toward her with all the grace and ease of a vigorous young man, was one of those men to whom gentle

women are gentler, from the first, than to others.

"Good-evening," he said, as Mary looked up to him with a smile at once pleasant and deferential. "Good-evening," and as she did not say more than these words, the gentleman continued, "I will not pose Charles has the checks." say 'Come in,' for it is too pleasant out of doors for

that; but let me give you chairs." "Thank you, sir, we are strangers, but we hope, not intruders," she replied.

"Certainly not," he answered. "It is a great pleasure for me to receive my old friends, and a pleasure for me to make new ones; and strangers, even if they remain strangers, bring with them great interest to the quiet lives of us old people." This he said in a tone not in the least formal, or as if "making a speech," and still looking more at Mary than at her brother. They were not yet seated, and no expression but that of kindly courtesy crossed his face while looking into the sweet, gravely smiling one before him; his tones were hardly altered when he added, "I have waited for you these many long years, Mary; but I never doubted you would come at last. You must not play tricks upon my old heart; it has suffered too much to be able to sustain its part as it did in old times."

Mary drew back a step, at this strange address, but she could not withdraw her eyes from his, as in tender, gentle tones he spoke the last words. Dick stood closer to her, but said nothing.

"Indeed, you mistake," Mary said, with great earnestness; "I have told you the truth, I am really a strauger, although you have called me by my

name, Mary. I am Mary Brandon, and this—"
"Is your husband. Well, Mary, are you not my daughter? If you were changed, why come to see | they came out together, and now it was clear. He |

HEREMORE-BRANDON; me? I heard you were changed. I spent four years in Paris and Rome, following up the trace given me in New York, and then I came back disappointed but not dispairing. 'Mary will not die without sending for me or coming to me,' I said; and I have taken care always to be ready for you. I never though you could come to me with coldness or indifference. I was prepared for almost anything—to see you poor and broken-hearted; no shame, no sin, no sorrow that would part us. I did not think to see you come back beautiful, happy, rich," a glance at her dress, " and without a word of greeting."

"Dr. Heremore?" said Dick, not because he believed or thought it, but because the words came forced by some inward power greater than his

"Well, Charles," answered the old gentleman, sadly but composedly, turning at this name, "can

you explain it?" And then Mary understood it all. The years were nothing to him who had waited for his child's return. She was in his arms before Dick had recovered from his first bewilderment, now, by this

act of hers, trebly increased. "Ah my child! if I spoke severely, it was only because I could not bear the waiting. I knew your jokes of old, darling; but when one has waited so long for the dear face one loves, the last moments seem longer than all the years. I will ask no questions. I see you two are together, and it is all right. You can tell me all at your leisure. Now, Mary, I must kill the fatted calf. Even though you and Charles have not returned as prodicals," he added as if he would not, even in play, risk hurting

them. "Not yet, please," said Mary. "Let us have it all to ourselves for a few minutes." And they seated themselves on the sunny porch, the old gentleman's delight now beginning to show itself in the nervious way he moved his hands, and his disjointed sentences. Mary took off her hat at once, and threw it, with rather more gayety than was quite natural to her, upon one of the short branches, looking like pegs, which had been left in the pillars of the porch.

where Mary and Dick were standing.

"I want to ask you a question," Dick answered to the storekeepers look; "I suppose you know this town pretty well?" Dick was so afraid of the answer that he did not know how to put a direct are as much a child as you were that day, is she not cheeper?"

Charles?"
"Pretty nearly," answered Dick, who could not fulfil his part with Mary's readiness.

"How deliciously fresh everything looks!" exclaimed Mary.

"You should have seen it in June. I never saw the roses thicker. O pet, how I did wish for you then! The time of roses was always your time." "And I love them as much as ever!" exclaimed Mary, telling the truth of herself. "Next year, if I am alive, I will be here with them; we will have jolly times looking after them. I have learned a great deal about flowers lately, but I shall never love roses like your's." This indeed, Mary felt to be true.

"Flora has had to be replaced," said her grandfather observing her eyes resting on a statue in the garden in front. "I will show you the alterations I have made, and a few are improvements. But you must have something to eat now. I cannot let you go a minute longer. You came up by the boat, I presume?"

"Yes, and had a harty dinner," Mary answered, having a dread of servants entering, and getting things all wrong again. "To eat now will only spoil our appetite for tea, and I want you to see what an appetite I have."

"Perhaps you are too tired to go around the garden?"
"Tired! No indeed."

"I am afraid it will no interest you much, Char-les," the old gentleman said to Dick. "You never did care much about the little place."

"Oh! I assure you I would be delighted to see it all," Dick answered eagerly; but Mary had noticed the constraint in her grandfather's voice whenever

he addressed the supposed Charles, and said quickly: "Oh! we don't want you, you don't know a rose from a sunflower; pick up a book and read till we come back."

"This way, dear; have you forgotten?" Dr. Heremore said, looking at her in a perplexed manif you go around. Come through the house. There, dear old Mary," he added, smilingly handing her a glass of wine which he poured out from a decanter who was spending his summer holidays in the vic-on the sideboard in the diningroom. "Drink to inity of Wiltshire, and immediately on her marri-'The Elms' and no more jokes upon old hearts."

"To our happy meeting and no more parting," added Mary, drinking her wine with him. He poured out a glass for Dick or Charles, and he thought him, and rather formally, carried it to him. It was very clear that "Charles" was no favorite.

All through the trim garden, and then through the whole house, Mary followed her grandfather her heart, as it may be believed, full of love for the tender father of her lost mother. She stood in the room which that mother had occupied, and could not speak a word as she gazed reverently around. It was a thorough New England bedroom-a high mahogany bedstead, a long narrow looking-glass with a landscape painted on the upper part, in a gilt frame, a great chintz covered arm-chair by the bed, a round mahogany table, with a red cover and a Bible, a stiff, long-legged washstand in a corner, a prim chest of drawers under the looking-glass between the windows, composed the furniture of the the dress of a shepherdess, and a pair of vases on the mantle, were the only ornaments; a crimson carpet and white window-curtains were plainly of

a later date than the furniture. "I have had to alter somethings," said Dr. Heremore, as they came out of the room," "but I got them as much like the old ones as I could that you might feel at home here. Your baggage should be here by this time, should it not? How did you send it?" "We left it at the station," answered Mary. "You know we were not sure-not certain sure that we should find you."

"I suppose not, I suppose not. These have been long years, Mary, but they have not changed us, after all. But I must send for your trunks. I sup-

"We brought but very little with us," Mary said, considerably embarrassed, and, seeing the change in his countenance, she hastened to add, But now that it is all right and we have found the way, we will stay with you until you turn us

out; at least, I will." "Then you will send for more things, and how about the children?" with the same perplexed look at her. Mary knew not what to say. Was it not better to tell him the real truth at once? How could she go on with this deception, as innocent as any deception can be, and yet how break down his joy in its very midst? Silently she stood beside him, at a hall window, looking upon the prospect he had pointed out to her, considering what answer to make him. He, too, was silent; for a long time the two stood there, and then it was the doctor who

spoke first. "Mary, your children must be men and women now. I had forgotten how long it was; but I remember you were here the last the year the meeting house over there was put up, and I just was thinking that was over twenty years ago. Richard was a few months old, then. Mary, don't deceive me. Tell me the truth."

Mary turned toward him, and laid her hands in his. "Grandpapa, I will, was all she said.

It was a great blow to him, but something had been hovering confusedly before his mind ever since

After a brief conversation with Mr. Brandon, all his future life. - Catholic World.

turned abruptly away from her at the first shock, then came to her more kindly than ever. "Forgive me, dear," he apologized with mournful courtesy; "I did not mean to be rude, but it is a great shock. You are very like her, very like her, but I should have known at once that those years could not have left her a girl like you. I will not ask more—your mother-

"My father is living," Mary said, with tears streaming down her face, as he stopped, "and that is my brother down stairs." "Is he your only brother? have you sisters?"

he asked. "We are your only grandchildren," she answered; and he understood that his child was dead, and another woman had filled her place.

"You are a noble girl," he said, with lingering tenderness in every word. "We will go down now. I will greet Bichard, and then, dear, you will have

to send for your things, you know.
"If it is any trouble—" began Mary.

"None, I will see about it at once." They went down, and he greeted Richard, then went away slowly, still begging them to excuse him for the inattention to them. Soon a barefoot ed boy of twelve or fourteen or so went whisling down the road past the house, staring at them as he went by; an hour after, the same boy returned with their bags; these were taken up-stairs by a thin, severe looking, very neatly-dressed woman, who quickly and with only a word or two showed them their rooms, and told them that, as soon as they were dressed, tea would be ready.

Mary dressed in her mother's room with a sense of that mother's spirit around her. She fortunately had brought a dress with her, so that she was able to make a slight change. Then slowly and with great reverence she went down the stairs, meeting Dick in the hall, to whom she whispered, "O Dick! how I love him; but I am afraid it will kill him; the purpose for which he has lived these twenty years is taken from him. Can we give him another?"

"It may be that you can," Dick replied, looking tenderly into her sweet face, all a glow with the bright soul-life which had been kindled so actively in the last hours. "If you can, Mary, try it; do not think of anything else; stay with him, do anything you think right and good for him; he deserves more from us than—" Dick hesitated, not willing to speak unkindly of Mr. Brandon, who certainly had been a father to Mary-" than any other."

"I will try," Mary answered speaking quickly and in a low voice. "If it seems best that I should stay a little while, you will explain to papa? But perhaps, after all, it will be you who will be able to replace her best."

"We shall see," Dick said, and then Dr. Heremore was seen coming toward them, with less lightness in his step than they had noticed before; otherwise there was but little change, except that his voice was more mournfully tender than at first.

"It is a long time since I saw that place filled." he said, arranging a chair for Mary before the teaurn. "And it is very sweet to me to see your bright young face before me; a long time since I have had so strong an arm to help me," he added, as Dick eagerly offered him some little assistance, "and I am very grateful for it."

There were no explanations that night; he talked to Dick and Mary as to very dear and honored guests, of everything likely to interest them, and was won by their eager attention to tell them many little things about his house and grounds, which were his evident pride and pleasure, all in the same subdued, courteous way that had attracted them from the first. There seemed, in the beginning, a far greater smypathy between Mary and him than he had with Dick, which was the reason. undoubtedly, why he devoted his attention more especially to his grandson, whose modest replies, given with a heightened color and an evident desire to please, were very winningly made.

"I have two noble grandchildren," he said to them as they stood up to say good night. "My daughter, short as her life was, did not come into the world for a small purpose; she did not live for little good; she has sent me two to love and es-

I believe." in a few words. His daughter married, when very young and on a short acquaintance, a gentleman who was spending his summer holidays in the vicage, had gone to N—to reside; they remained there until Richard was a month old, when his daughter made him a long-her last-visit; from there she went to New York, whence a letter or two was all that came for some little time; then one written evidently in great depression of spirits. Dr. Heremore, on receipt of this, went at once to New York to see her, only to hear that she had gone with her husband to Europe. A little further inquiry proved to his satisfaction that Mr. Brandon was in the South, and that his wife was not with him; his letters were unanswered, and his alarm was every day greater and more painful. At last, he followed a lady—described to be somewhat of his daughter's appearance, bearing the same name, who had joined a theatrical company though of this last he was not aware for a long time—to Eu- but he was not long left in any uncertainty in rerope. As he had said before, he came back disappointed but not despairing, to hear of Mr. Brandon's death—the same false report, perhaps intentionally circulated, which his daughter had heard. Her letters of him, of which she spoke in her letters to Dick, were lost while he was away searching for her. He had not been rich, then; but coming home, he had resumed his practice, and lived patiently awaiting news of her, energetically laboring to se-cure a small fortune for her should she ever come to claim it. This little fortune he would divide at once, he said, between her two children; for "what," he argued with them, "what is the use of hoarding it to give to you later when, I trust, you will not youth are often worth as many thousands in after

vears." "That will do for Dick," Mary conceded, "because it would be a great thing for him to have a little start just now; and besides, there's Somebody Else for him to think of; but I will take my share in staying here: You will not drive me away?"

" Your father?" Fred and Joe constantly ever since they went; but for me—he thinks girls are a sort of nuisance, I know he does; and will be very grateful to you if you divide the burden with him."

"But if-just as I got used to loving you, there should be another Somebody Else besides Dick's? How about this out of civilization place, then?" Mary grew very red indeed, but answered readily. "Oh! that's a long way off; and besides, he may not think this out of civilization, you know."

So it was settled. One of the clerks who had been from early childhood in Ames and Narden's Dick went down to New York the day after this of it. Rose does not wonder-she thinks she knows. conversation, between the members of the firm, and to wit, Barnes and Heremore.

Dick hurried to Carlton, and was not long making his way to the shadowy lane. To her honor and glory be it said, Trot was the first to see him; and without waiting for a greeting, not even for the expected "dear little Titten," ran with all speed into the house, crying, "Thishter! Thishter! Mr. Dit ith coming !" at the top of her voice; and Rose, all blushing at being caught "just as she was," had no time to utter a word before "Mr. Dit," was beside her. There was great rejoicing over Dick; the children pulled him in ever direction, to show him some new things he had not yet seen, until he began to tell the story of his adventures, when they stood around in perfect silence. Mrs. Alaine and Mrs. Stoffs wiped their eyes between their smiles and exclamations of delight; old Carl once held his pipe in one hand and forgot to fill it for nearly a minute, so absorbed was he; but Rose alone did not say a word of congratulation when Dick's good fortune and his brightened future was announced. I even think she had a good cry about it, after a little talk with Dick by herself, that evening, so hard it is to leave one's home.

"There's not a thing to wait for now," Dick had said, with beaming eyes; and poor Dick's ideas of youth," and "time to get ready," and all that sort of remark, were, put aside without the least consideration. "We will have a little nouse of our own," Dick continued, "we will not go to boarding, as some people do ; you are too good a housekeeper for that, I am sure; and as New York has no houses for young people of moderate means, we will have a home of our own near the city. Shall we not, Rose?"

Dick was a very busy young man for a couple of months after this. One thing Dr. Heremore did that seemed hard, but not so very unnatural, and of which no one who has never felt a wrong to some one dearly loved should judge. He begged that he might never see Mr. Brandon, nor be asked to hold any communication with him. He gave Mary a certain sum of money, which he wished her to use for her father and step-brother; but beyond that, he left Mr. Brandon to help himself.

After attending to all his grandfather's requests and suggestions, Dick, as he had been invited to do, returned to Wiltshire to give an account of his grief and sorrow and pain at a dued of such with management, and to take up somethings for Mary's use. He was on his way to the boat when he suddenly started and exclaimed, "Mr. Irving!" for no less a person than his "Sir Launcelot" was standing beside him. Mr. Irving, not recognizing him, bowed slightly and passed on, and Dick began to be relieved that Mary was so far away; perhaps, after all, it was a great deal better.

But another surprise was in store for Dick, who -an inexperienced traveler even yet, and always in advance of time—had gone on and waited long before the boat prepared to leave; for at the last moment a carriage drove rapidly to the pier, and a gentleman sprang from it in time to catch the boat. It was "Sir Launcelot."

"Mr. Heremore, I believe," he said to Dick, when they met somewhat later on the boat. "I called on Mr. Brandon to-day, just after you met me, to pay my respects to him on my return from Europe. I found him in a different business from that in which I had left him, and very reserved. I asked after the ladies of his family, who, he told me, were at your grandfather's and his father in law's, in Maine, adding that there was a long story, which I had better come to you to hear, if you had not already left. I have business in Maine, so followed you up."

So they made acquaintance, and the new-found relationship with Mary was explained, as also the reverses Mr. Brandon had met with.

"His wife dead, too, you tell me! How shocked he must have been at my questions of her! How like him not to give me a hint!" exclaimed Mr Irving.

The new friendship progressed well, as it often will between two gentlemen, one of whom is in love with the other's sister, although there was a without the aid of a few gray hairs on his temples, brothers, especially when they are very young, de light to appear before their sister's admirers.

Dick had even tact enough, when they reached "business in Maine" did not interfere with his acopened the little gate, and announced himself to the young lady on the porch. When Dick, a few minutes after, greeted his sister, he had no need. though Mary's color did not come as readily as Rose's to say with Sir Lavaine:

"For fear our people call you lily maid. In earnest, let me bring your color back."

I think that Dr. Heremore, though the very sou of courtesy, looked rather sadly upon Mr. Irving gard to that gentleman's wishes; for the very next day his story was told; how he had known and loved Mary from her very earliest girlhood, but that he was afraid of his greater age and, anxious that she should not be influenced by their long acquaintance and the advantages his ripened years had given him over admirers more suited to her in age, he had gone over to Europe, but lacked the courage to remain half the time he had allotted, and now was back, and-"

"And, ah! yes, I understand; I am to lose her, said her grandfather sadly. "I knew I could not

keep her."

"Giving her to me will not be losing her. We need it half as much? A few hundreds in early talked about it last night, and we are both delighted with this place; and as I am bound to no especial tent here."

gin, whereon Rose had the unspeakable delightso precious to every pious heart—of laying a beautiful veil-Mary's gift to her "sweet little sister' -which Trot looks critically at every Sunday, and may be a little oftener, and puzzles her small head wondering it its delicate texture—the veil's—will stand the wear and tear of the years that must pass before she can replace it with hers; which always makes uncle Carl laugh. And Rose has persuaded store had been long intending to start one on his Mary to dedicate her own in the same way, and own account, and Dick was very sure that they Mary has laughingly complied, a little shamedcould fulfill their olden dream of partnership, now faced, too, at her own secret pleasure in doing it, that Dr. Heremore was willing to give them a start. at the same time half wondering what will come

As for Dick, there is every reason to believe that the two clerks, which culminated in a dinner and this coming Ohristmas there will be two or three the agreement that all was to go on as it had been glad hearts traveling around in company with two going, until the first of May, when there would be or three rough, ragged, shaggy boys; that he will a new bookseller's firm in the New York Directory, carve his own Christmas turkey at his own, own table: and that there will be a couleur de Rose over

ALLOCUTION OF HIS HOLINESS, THE POPE.

The following is a special translation from the original Latin, of the important Allocation of the Sovereign Pontiff, delivered at the Vatican, to the Sacred College assembled in Consistory on the 12th March, and printed in the daily Catholic journals of the Continent on Saturday, 14th :-

VENERABLE BRETHREN, During the sorrowful times of Our Pontificate, We have on many occasions convened Your most august Order in this Palace with the intent of bewailing, in concert with You, the grievous ills with which the Church is undeservedly afflicted, to utter Our protests against the crimes committed both in Italy and in other countries to the detriment of the Church and of the Apostolic Sec. But of late years We have had to witness the fresh, and ever more violent attacks which the Church of God in various parts of the Catholic world has to endure from her bitter enemies, who have deemed the calamitous state of our affairs and the isolation from all human aid in which We are placed, their best opportunity for assailing the Spouse of Jesus Christ. Venerable Brethren, We could have wished on the present occasion to place before your minds and thoughts a detailed statement of this dreadful and wide-spread persecution now raging against the Church in many of the countries of Europe, but intending as We do at a future opportunity to lay this painful description before You, We cannot meanwhile refrain from calling Your attention to the distresses and vexations of the Church in Italy, becoming daily more severe, and from explaining to You the dangers, every day growing greater, which We see impending over Us and over this Apostolic See.

It is now the seventh year since the invaders of Our civil Principality, trampling under foot all laws divine and human, violating the faith of solema treaties, and deeming the calamities of an illustrious Catholic nation their own opportunity, seized by force and arms those Provinces which still remained under Our dominion, took by storm grief and sorrow and pain at a deed of such great wickedness. The false and hypocritical professions and promises, which, during those dreadful days, they made to foreign Governments about Our affairs, declaring themselves willing to render honour and obedience to the liberty of the Church, and that they wished the power of the Roman Pontiff to be full and unfettered, could not delude Us with groundless expectations, nor prevent Our thoroughly comprehending all the sorrows and miseries that awaited Us under their domination No; We were fully aware of the impious counsels that characterise men banded together in the guilty league of revo-lutionary purposes, and We publicly declared the tendency of that sacrilegious invasion to be not only to the overthrow of Our civil Principality, but also and much more—Our temporal dominion being overthrown—to the easier destruction of all the Church's institutions, to the downfall of the authority of the Holy See, and to the pulling down of that power, which, as Christ's Vicar We, though undeserving, hold on earth. But now this work of demolition and pulling

down of all things belonging to the Ecclesiastical edifice and order, may be said to be complete, if not to the extent of the persecutors' intent and malice, yet to the extent of most terrible ruin which they have gone on adding to even to this day; and a single glance at the laws and decrees enacted and issued from the commencement of the new domination even to the present time, is sufficient to show Us that singly and gradually are taken away day by day one after another of the means and securities of which We stand in absolute need in order duly to rule and govern the Catholic Church. Thus, for example, the wickedness which has been perpetrated in the suppression of the Religious Orders has injuriously despoiled Us of efficient and wide difference between their characters. Mr. useful helpers whose assistance was absolutely Irving was many years older than Dick, as his necessary to Us in the transaction of the business finished manners and his manly presence attested, of the Ecclesiastical Congregations and in the discharge of many departments of Our Ministry. At not visible, and half a dozen or so in his heavy the same time that suppression has destroyed here teem, and to win some love for them, I trust—yes, moustache, very visible and adding much to his in our City many homes, in which Religious mengood looks, in the eyes of most of the ladies who from foreign nations found hospitality, who at The next day he set apart a time, and then there saw him. It seemed as natural to Dick that this stated times were accustomed to resort to this Mary's especially—secretly impressed him very mer as naturally enough she turned away from the much, looked leisurely after them as they passed house. "This way, dear, you lose the whole effect story we know already. Dr. Heremore's can be told to the third the strangers' society, which—
Heremore said, looking at her in a perplexed man, so polished, so princely after them as they passed house. "This way, dear, you lose the whole effect story we know already to resort to this traveled man, so polished, so princely after them as they passed house. "This way, dear, you lose the whole effect story we know already to resort to this traveled man, so polished, so princely after them as they passed house. "This way, dear, you lose the whole effect story we know already like continuous to resort to this traveled man, so polished, so princely after them as they passed house. "This way, dear, you lose the whole effect story we know already like continuous to resort to this traveled man, so polished, so princely after them as they passed house. "This way, dear, you lose the whole effect story we know already like continuous to resort to this traveled man, so polished, so princely after them as they passed house. "The same suppression has ter, and be captivated by her, as that he himself should belong to Rose and she to him. Consequently he did not put on any of the airs in which | earth the fruits of benediction and peace. And the same unjust suppression that has struck the mis sionary Colleges established in Rome for training fit and proper missionaries zealously to carry the Dr. Heremore's house—for, of course, Mr. Irving's light of the Gospel into distant and uncivilized lands has miserably deprived many peoples of the saving companying Dick to Wiltshire-to be very busy aid of piety and charity, and has tended to the with the carriage and trunks, while Mr. Irving great injury even of that worldly civilisation which results from the holy teaching and example of Christianity. And these enactments, cruel as they are in themselves and opposed to the interests not only of Religion but even of human society, are greatly aggravated by the late regulations of the Government, by which all associations in convents, of women, members of Religious communities, and all fresh admissions for Regulars of either sex are prohibited under severe penalties. Having forcibly scattered the Religious Orders, their efforts and designs are now directed to the destruction of the Secular Clergy, and a fatal law has been enacted by which We and the Pastors of the people of Italy behold to our great sorrow the young clerics, the hope of the Church, wickedly torn from the sanctuary, and when arrived at the age at which they are solemnly to dedicate themselves to God—compelled to put on the military uniform and betake them-selves to the kind of life most abhorrent to the practice and spirit of their vocation. Nor is this all. Other unjust laws have since been passed, by which the universal patimony which the Church has possessed, by sacred, immemorial and inviolable titles, has been in great part taken from her, small stipends being substituted, locally and partially only, and those completely dependent on the changing viciseitudes of the times and on the will spot (Mr. Irving was an author), and she loves and pleasure of the Goverment. We have also to none half so much as this, we can well pitch our deplore the fact that buildings in great number erected at very great expense by the piety of the But when further acquaintance had enabled the faithful, and worthy of the Christian times of Rome. man of "riper years" to take a place in Dr. Here- and which afforded a peaceful abode to virgins more's life which neither Mary nor Dick could fill, dedicated to God or to Religious communities, have it was settled that the old house was large enough been seized, and, their rightful owners being with-"Papa would—it's a shabby thing to say—be for three; and as Mr. Irving was wealthy, healthy out exception dispossessed, converted to profane cumstances. He has been wishing and wishing for brightly. consecrated to the practice of charity and benefic-There is nothing for me to say, except that Dick | ence-some of them with admirable munificence went down to Carlton still once again, and that in | for the relief of poverty and other distresses, found-

its church there is a little altar of the Blessed Vir- ed by the Roman Pontiffs Our Predecessors, and others, by the pious liberality of foreign nationshave been withdrawn from Our control and from the administration of the sucred ministers; and, if any of those works of public charity still remain under the superintendence of the Church, it is reported that a law is about at no distant date to be brought in by which they are either to be taken from Us or totally abolished; as is plainly and bare-facedly aunounced in public documents. Moreover We have seen, and as We state it, Our soul is pierced with extreme grief, the public and private teaching of the arts and sciences withdrawn from the authority and guidance of the Church, and the duty of teaching entrusted to men of suspected faith, or openly hostile to the Church, and who have not scrupled to make public profession of atheistic.

implety. But the recreant sons of the Church have not been satisfied with thus seizing upon and ruining

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