TWO

# CARDOME

### A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER XXXIII

With that bitterness of heart a man knows when he realizes the evil that has come to him is of his own making, Thomas Todd had accepted his orders to execute the sentence against Clay Powell. As he rode past the Park the day he received the commission from General Burbridge, he thought, gazing toward the red house, half-hidden among its trees

"Had you tried, Clarisse, you could not more surely have slain the pas-sion you inspired in my heart than by dealing me this last blow ! Yet I can forgive you because I once held you dear. Some men can still love the one they forgive; but she who stoops to acts calling for my forgiveness, I can not love.

When the hurried messenger, des-patched by the jail guard, came with the order that the exigencies of the ation in Lexington made necessary the shortening of the prisoners' already brief stay among men, Thomas Todd left Cardome, and with an unaccountable fear shaking his heart went to where his four soldiers awaited his coming, and through the darkness led them to the jail. The prisoners were ready, and together they walked with firm step and calm down the dim corridor to the door, where stood the Union captain and his men. The light fell full on the prisoners as they crossed the por-tal, but Thomas Todd did not look up thinking Clay Powell was one of the two men, ha shrank from a sight of that proud face, those dark eyes In an unsteady voice, he gave the command to march forward. The road, when they left the deserted streets, wound white through the level fields, and over it in solemn procession went the condemned men and their executioners. There were no strains of martial music, no futter of flags, in company of which the soldier goes glady to glorious death; only the long well of the night wind among the trees and the sweep of their leafless branches. Hal's face had grown ghastly at sight of his brother, and as he marched along the familiar road, all his past, with which that brother was so separably connected, came back with appalling force and vividness. were again babies clinging to their mother's hands, children playing marbles in the white yard, boys travelling away to school, young men returning home to begin life ; always logether, one in aim as they were one in heart, until circumstances, brought about by mad passions, had set then apart, made them enemies of each other, and now was sending one to death, the other to a sorrow more terrible than death. Then a peculiar light began to diffuse itself, over the sky, pale, spectre-like. Under it the oaks of the Park grew discern while away in the distance was faint outline of Cardome ; and the pain of the young heart escaped muffled cry. His compa turned his eyes toward him, and said in a soft, low Southern voice : 'Friend !" Hal bowed his head and whis

pered : 'The Captain is my brother !"

"And we are soldiers !" was the reply, in that tender, comforting voice; then as the white pillars of the Park gate loomed up under the light, growing each minute strangely clear, he lifted his voice and sang of Dixie Land. At the first note the heart of his boy-companion shook off its weight of sorrow, and he joined in the song. Thus with their feet keeping military step, their lips

This was the scene that Job, the This was the scene that Job, the singer, rushed in upon, and with the hortor and anguish of it breaking his loyal heart, he, a few minutes later, dashed into the room where Virginia stood with her friends and shrieked :

"Ob, Miss 'Ginis ! Miss 'Ginis Marse Hal's dead ! Shot dead by Marse Tom an' his sojurs !' and he fell on his knees and buried his face most broke tob yob. in his hands, as if to shut out from him forever the recollection of what he had witnessed. Under Mr. David son's questioning, Job related what

he had been able to gather from the soldiers, for unconsciousness had overtaken Tom, and like one dead he lay on the blocdy ground, clasping the lifeless form of his brother. As she listened, Virginia felt her limbs grow numb and an oppression seize her hears, and she wondered if merciful death were coming, at last, to claim her ; but the sensation passed soon, leaving her tremblingly alive to suffering. She bowed her head low in her hands, as she moaned :

"Oh, boys ! my more than brothers Is this your end !" Then she arose "Where are you going ?" asked Mr. Davidson, for the clergyman's face was hidden in his handkerchief and the lawyer was gazing at the fire. "To Cardome! To the Judge !" she replied, and called to the sobbing

blos to bring her hat and veil.

No horses were to be had at that hour, and on foot, Virginia, with her waiting woman, went back to Car-dome. There was no light in its many windows, no sound, as in old days, of song and laughter ; no dance thorn music came from the white yard, no tinkle of banjo from the cabins; darkness instead, and silence and desolation. But he was there, and she passed down the narrow walk and knocked at the office door. She heard his steps on the floor, and raising her vell, waited for him to draw the bolt. When the door un-closed and the light fell on his visitor's face, he staggered from her

crying : 'My God, Virginia, is that you ?' He crept to his chair and sank into it to keep himself from falling at her feet, for well he knew her coming to him thus boded ill. When he recovered from that first emotion, he rose, and, clinging to the table for support, said :

What has happened. Virginia What has happened to send you here, on the sve of your wedding day -at this hour-in that black-unat tended-Virginia! my child! my darling girl!" and he opened his arms to her, and with a cry of joy, for she knew she was forgiven, she ran to him, sobbing wildly. He sank again into his chair, still clasping her to his breast ; and as she felt his tears falling on her face she realized that the separation, which had been sorrowful to her, had been to him as on the group pityingly, for their grief bitter as the waters of death.

Then she slipped to her knees, and winding her arms around his neck began her sorrowful story. She told him all; but when she came to its tragic close she paused and leaned her head against his shoulder, for her lips refused to say to the old man that, aided and abstred by the whese right he had not hesitated to thrust from him all that is dearest to men, he had brought one son to death and branded Cain's flery mark

on the brow of the other. He unclasped her arms, and, lifting her head, turned her white face toward him, and said : "And is there worse than this for me to hear Speak, Virginis, for your voice robs sad tidings of their cruelty. Speak, child, speak !" he cried, as she con-tinued to gaze silently into his deep ly furrowed face ; "for no sorrow can now come to me greater than what I

have already known." have yet to feel a crueller pain, a flercer sorrow-the pain, the sorrow, that crushed the heart of Adam look ing upon the slain Abel."

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

and he drew her to him and kissed her. Then with a firm step he crossed the office door, and seeing, for the first time, the weeping Chloe, he said : 'Ab, Chlos, good faithful woman !'

She sank on her knees at the words, and, clasping his hand, pressed it to her lips as she sobbed : "Oh, Judge, Judge! my heart's

"Yes, yes," he said, "I know, poor Chlos, that my sorrow is yours. But God is wise. Go tall Charity to make the house ready, for Virginia and the boys will be here to night."

When the man and servant were gone, Virginia fell into the Judge's chair and sat there like one carved of stone. She could not think, she seemed scarcely to feel, as all the while sgainst her beat a merciless rain of sorrow. After a time the eyes that rested on the book lined wall in unseeing gaze fell on the table, and the sight of the quaintly bound volume drew her attention. Mechanically she reached out a hand for it. It opened at the third page, where lay the moss rose that she had given the Judge that day, when, in

her curiceity to learn his one visitor's name, she had invaded his office. She lifted the rose and gazed at it pityingly, while through her heart, now keenly alive, memory went with its two-edged sword. Again she saw the June sunshine, the gold flecked face of the Eikhorn, and then the black horse, bearing Clay Powell to Cardome and into her life for evermore. Ah! the rose she had so care-lessly plucked had pressed its hidden into her heart, and still lived there, while the rose itself lay for-

gotten, dead. Here loud cries and lamentations came from 'the "quarters," and she rose dand went out to comfort the servants, who were mourning over the affliction that had come to their master's house. She found them in the white yard, and when they saw her standing before them in the moonlight, their sorrow only increased. Vain were her words of consolation ; even Charity refused to listen, and mourned as one without

hope. "'Tain't no use, honey-chile, to talk to 'en," said the weeping Obloe. "Dey's los' all dey lub, dey's los' der young master and Cardome. Gone!

gone ! an' dey'll be scattered to de fouh winds uv heaven. An' de strangu'll come in an' bide in de house dat wuz dars, while dey'll be wandahs. Oh, evil's de day, an evil's de hour, dat we crossed de workin' uf dem wooden hands !" And the tall, spare negress, with clasped hands lifted toward heaven ross among her weeping companions like a prophetess. At her words roke out afresh, and before BOTTOW it Virginia stood silent. She looked

was not more sad to witness than was hot more sad to witness than was their condition. They had clung to Cardome, refused to accept their freedom, and with pathetic patience and eageness tried in their helpless way to run the vast plantation, for the Judge was always absent ; but while they could work, they could not manage; misfortune overtook them in loss of crop and stock by invading armies, and often they had felt that hitherto undreamed of calamity

hunger. Then, when the cries of the children could not longer be en dured, Charity would walk to Frank fort, and going to the Judge, would 'Master, de children have nuthin to eat." And the Judge would order that wagons of provisions should be

sent to Cardome, and bid Charity return to him when that was exhausted The debts were piling high against

the Judge, still, like thousands of slaveholders, though the govern-ment had relieved him of all legal

We must not distract the Judge or Master Tom by our sorrow. Re-member, our grief is nothing to theirs. Now, let us go and make ready for those who will soon be with

us." As she spoke, she turned toward the great house, they following in silence. They opened the many doors, unclosed the shutters and placed lighted lamps in each room. But on the long parlor they bestowed their greatest care, for this would be Hal's. From the library they brought his mother's picture and they hung it on the wall above where his narrow bed would stand. They carried the long disused silver candlesticks from the dining-room, and, adding fresh candles, placed them to pour their tender radiauce upon his sleeping face. While they were doing these and other things for their young master, Virginia went out to the garden and gathered the late blooming flowers. It would not have been to a mournful house that Hal Todd would have come liv-ing and as he could not have come a ing, and as he could not have come a greater hero, why should melancholy greet him at the door ? So she set in Purgatory." the flowers where they would meet the eyes of all who would enter that room, knowing that, if he saw her, he smiled his approval. Yet when wheels sounded on the gravel drive she shuddered, and would have cried out her bidde laws here here the

out her bitter loss had it not been for those around. They took their places in the hall and waited in tense stillness, while those dreadful sounds came nearer, nearer, nearer, until they ceased at the portico steps. Then Virginia went to the open hall door. She saw Mr. David-son and three other men take a

comp, draped with the Confederat flag, from the hearse. As they started forward with it, her woman's neart failed, and she cried out in her uncontrollable anguish : "Oh, Hal! is it thus you come back

to Cardome !' At the words, such a cry of pain

rose from the group of men and women behind her that it proved how far, indeed, Hal Todd was removed from them when he did not awake and sooth their sorrow. Amid the wild lamentations of men and women and the pitcous cries of children, they bore him into the parlor and placed him under his mother's picture. Virginia knelt by bis low bed, and, lifting the shroud from his marble face, bathed it with ber warm tears and tender kisses. Then she left him with those whose love was as true, and went to the library where were the living, who needed her far, far more. Judge Todd was standing by the table, and before him was Thomas. The young man's face looked not less than the face of his dead brother. As she was entering the room, drew his sword from its sheath and laid it on the table, as he said :

"There is your sword, father. When I received it from your hands, it was a weapon that the proudest might bear with honor. I return it to you, stained with the blood of my brother. And on my brow is the brand that was laid across the brow of Cain. No! No! No! It is use less for you to say that I did not know-that I believed Clay Powell not my brother, stood before methat I but performed my duty which I swore to do when I entered the service of my country - useless, worse than useless, are all such words! They can not bring me back my brother! They can not kill the knowledge that I ordered his death! They can not silence his last cry in my ears ! It will ring there through all time

have slain my brother ! But I will slay no other man's brother. My Country? Who plunged us into this fratricidal conflict ? Justice ? Right? No, no, a thousand times, no!

JESSIE'S OFFERING

Jessie had not been very recollecte during the first weeks of preparation for First Communion, and Sister Margaret had once gone so far as to say that perhaps she would better wait another year. This had the effect of making the child more thoughting although by return of thoughtful, although by nature she was very lively, and not much given to piety. Sister Margaret seeing this, had kept her after the others, in order to encourage her good disposi-tion by pious conversation and stories of the saints. Jessie fully appreciated all that was being done in her be-half and surprised her teacher by numerous questions and thoughtfu remarks, which gave her a better in sight into the character of the child than all the previous years of acquaintance and guidance had ac-

complished. One day she said to her, "Jessie my child, what is your favourite devotion ?"

The child smiled shyly as she answered, "I like to pray to the souls

"To them or for them ?" "To them," said Jessie. "Of course I always pray for them-I think 'Out of the Depths' is the loveliest prayer. But when I want anything very badly, I just say, 'Please get me so and so, dear holy souls," and they nearly always do."

Sister Margaret smiled. "Now I never thought you were such a pious little thing," she said. 'Indeed, I

"Oh, but I fam not plous at all," in-terrupted Jessie, hurriedly. "If I had been, you would not have had almost to put me away from my First Communion. But I do love the holy souls and, Sister"-she hesitated, blushed and again smiled in her peculiar shy

little way. "Do not be timid about saying any of your thoughts to old Sister of your thoughts the gentle religious, Margaret," said the gentle religious, observing her confusion.

"I was only going to say, Sister," she continued, "that I wondered if it would be nice to offer up my First Communion for the release of a suffering soul?"

echoed the Sister. 'Nice ?" "Nothing could be more lovely. Is there some relative, perhaps, tor whom you should wish to make the offering ?

"No, Sister, Papa and mamma are always praying and having Masses said for the grandpapa and grand-mamma who are dead. And I don't now of any other friends."

"Well, then, what would be your wish ? "I thought it might be a good thing

to offer it for some neglected soul.' "Indeed it would, said Sister Margaret, much edified.

"Then I will do that," said Jessie, simply, and the matter was spoken of no me

On the morning of First Communion day the children marched in pro-cession from the convent to the church, with that look upon young faces which no human being ever wears except on that memorab occasion. Jessie and her companion were the last to run the gauntlet of admiring criticism from the crowds that lined the sidewalks and surged up to the steps. A lady richly attired was passing in a carriage driven by a liveried coachman. The horses be-gan to kick, and Jessie swerved aside with her companion, for the first time raising her eyes, which had been bent upon the ground. They met those of the lady, large, dark and sorrowful, with a haughty expression that repelled the child even in that brief moment. But something in that innocent gaze caught the attention of the occupant of the carriage. She hesitated, leaned forward, and ordering her coachman to alighted from her vehicle and stop,

the children were stready assembled, the lady came forward and addressed ler :

"There was a little girl this morn-ing, Sister," she added, "if I see her I will peint her out. I should like to know her name. She was so very eweet and innocent, with such a wrapt look in her eyes that she im pressed me very much. Indeed, it may seem a very strange thing, but is really drew me into the Church, where I had no thought of going, for I had not been in a Catholic Church for many years."

Sister Margaret glanced at her nuickly, and then withdrew her gaze. It was a face that bore traces of suffering, a proud face, with lines of care and unhappiness upon the forehead, and there were traces of recent weeping. "Do you know where she sat in the

church ?" asked the Sister. "In the last row, I was just behind her. A little thing, with great, dark, pleading eyes. A future nun I should say, if appearances are not de

ceitful." "It must have been Jessie," was

the reply. "Ab, there she is," said the lady, as a child ran across the walk toward the school room "Yes, that is Jessie," replied Sister Margaret, and moved by an impulse for which she could not account, she

added : "She is a dear good child. Would you believe it, madame, she offered her first holy Communion this morn

ing for some neglected soul in purga "Mon Dieu," exclaimed the lady clasping her hands, "it is like a miracle. Oh ! Sister, I must see you

again when you have leisure. I must tell you the story of my life. I have just been asking the priest when might come to confession. can I see you ?" When

"To-morrow we will have a holi day on account of the First Com municants," was the reply. you come to the convent at 3 ?"

The next atternoon, Sister Mar garet found herself listening to the following story :

"I was born in New Orleans," said Mrs. Malot, "of mixed French and Irish descent. My father, once a Catholic, had become an infidel; my mother was a pious Catholic Chris. tian. But from the first I was care less in religious matters, and when I married, after the death of my mother, I gave up my faith entirely. My husband was a Protestant, and did not know that I had ever been a Catholic. In earlier days it was a mark of odium in some portions of this country to attend the Catholic Church, and when we removed to the West we settled in a new town composed almost entirely of Methodista. Nothing could be farther from my inclinations than the Mathodist re ligion, but I joined the church for the sake of society, and it was only after I had really identified myself with that form of worship that I began to realize my perfidy, and have

oured to stifle. "Some missionaries came to the town ; my husband went to hear them through curiosity, with the result that he obtained works on Cath olicity, and was received into the Church. He not only lost prestige, but clients and money by it, and while I did not repreach him for what he had done, I made no sign. Our only child died, after having been baptized by the priest, and I felt it to be a judgment of God. My husband solicited me to join the Catholic Church, where I would find true comfort and consolation ; but I had now gone so far that I was ashamed to tell him I was already a Catholic, fearing his displeasure and lasting contempt, for he was an up-right man. He wished to remove to

than a coincidence, it is a special Providence, a miracle. I needed one to bring me back to the fold. "Yesterday I was tempted to des-

pair; I felt that I could never face my God, never meet my poor hus. band whose last prayer I had per-mitted to go unbeeded. But last night I went to confession, and to-day I havin to variatione but to day I begin to experience what it is to be a Catholic, even though a most unworthy penitent."

Society was aghast when the rich and fashionable Mrs. Malot returned to the Catholic Church, of which she took pains to inform her friends she had once been a member. Jessie wondered at the affection she ever afterward showed towards her, and why she seemed so pleased to meet her on the way to and from Mass. her on the way to and from Mass, their roads lying in the same direc-tion. But she did not know the secret of it; wiser heads than hers believing it better net to endanger the simplicity of her pure young heart, by telling her how it seemed that her beautiful offering had been pleasing to God and accepted by

Him. Nor does she know it yet, though one of the holiest and happiest among the Helpers of the Holy Souls.-The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament.

### **GENERAL INTENTION** FOR DECEMBER

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE BENEDICT XV.

DEVOTION TO HOLY MASS

The record of all peoples, savage and civilized, show that in their relations with the unseen supernatural world, the offering of sacrifice is, as t were, an instinct of human nature. The primitive revelation of God to man, as the first chapters of Genesis indicate. entails the idea of sacrifice. in pre-Christian times and after, the religious ceremonies of pagane were accompanied by sacrifices under some form or other, whereby those offering them "might obtain good things and avert evils." The Jews, whe were the chosen people of God, offered sacrifices to the Most High in the Temple of Jerusalem in order to acknowledge His supreme dominion over them and as a means of securing His friendship and faver. And when the Jewish Dispensation had run its course and Christianity came to take its place, the old sacrifices were abelshed and a new and greater Sacrifice, of which the older ones were only figures, was instituted to be offered always and everywhere. "From the rising of the sun even to the going down thereof, My name is great among the Gentiles, and in every place there is sacrifice, and there is offered in My name a clean oblation." (Malachy i, 11.) This new Sacrifice, the greatest of

our Christian mysteries, is the offer-ing of the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ in the Mass. It is the most sacred and sublime act of religious regrets for my own, which I endeav worship, far exceeding the sanctity and merits of the older sacrifices, and is offered to God alone to acknowl-edge His dominion over His creaage his dominion over his crea-tures. Adoration, praise, petition, thanksgiving, satisfaction — titles under which are resumed a crea-ture's relations with God—are solemnly enacted in this great Sacrifice. In offering it the Catholic Church obeys the mandate of her Feunder; she at the same time satisfies the innate spiritual longing of the millions of her own children, and plicitly becomes a witness to the fact that while sacrifice is a common instinct inherent in the human race, the Holy Sacrifice is a common need the batterment of human scule No other proof than this need be fur-nished of the aberration of the religious sense in the Reformers of the sixteenth century when they abol-ished both the altar and the Mass. In the early Christian centuries. those ages of faith when religion entered deeply into the details of public life, men realized what a tremendous act was the celebration of Holy Mass. Their belief in the Real Presence of the Victim, sacrificed in their midst, was so strong that all their actions, personal and civic, were in some way or other refer-red to the Mass. Even though churchmen and statemen had their own well-defined and independent functions in society, they found a common rallying place at the foot of the altar. There all men were equal, all were the common children of the one true the common children of the one true God really present. "Kings and princes were crowned," says a re-cent writer, "communities estab-lished, commonwealths founded, charters promulgated, expeditions organized; even war to a certain ex-tent was regulated and moderated by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass." Civic, social, political life moved in harmony with the glory, the solem-nity and the sacredness of the Mass which was the sun around which the other Christian mysteries revolved. It was a keen perception of the greatness of this liturgical act that urged the faithful in the past to sacrifice time and labor and money for its worthy celebration. Prince and peasant, master and servant, high and low, rich and poor, all contributed according to their means to raise temples in which the Mass should be offered, and, as far as human limitations would allow, to make those monuments worth of Him who deigned to become Dweller and Victim within their walls. Architects, painters, sculptors, im-

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marched on, their souls growing braver, their love of country stronger, until the voice of the Captain called : 'Halt !'

They stopped before the Park gate The brick house loomed up, dark, silent; and in the darkness and the the Captain waited the rising. The prisoners had silence. ceased their song. They were pray-ing, for the brave are always reverent in the face of death. The radiance the sky deepened ; the solemn blue along the horizon began to grow like unto steel, then pearl-gray, then all tints were lost in a soft sil very effulgence, as a narrow rim of the moon appeared above the belt of woodland. Up it rose, slowly, grandly, mejestically; and with calm heart and steadfast courage the praying soldiers faced it, the ever-in-creasing mellow light falling upon and illuminating their countenances. It was then out of the grave, deep silence there came, far down the road, a clear, musical voice singing :

"Other refuge have I none, Clings my helpless soul to Thee. Leave, oh, leave me not alone

The moon, like a bark that had slipped its moorings, sailed into the cloudless blue, and with the cadence of the singer's tones mingled the trembling voice of the Captain, as he said :

"Fire !"

Four shots rent the moonlight and as the two gray-garbed men fell forward, a voice cried, sweetly, forgivingly :

Tom

And Thomas Told, knowing that on all earth there was only one to so speak his name, sprang forward and caught the falling figure in his arms. sorrow had robbed of its fairness, he The moonlight showed him the young cried

Tace, and the terrible cry tore through the hush: "O God, my brother !" and the Union Captain fell with the Confeder-union Captain fell with the Confeder-through the dust.

His hand fell from her face, and he drew back, his eyes meeting hers in horror, his lips trying faintly to form the word : "Hal !'

"Oh yes! It is Hal. Butbridge sent a second order. He needed his soldiers. As the moon rose this even. ing, they shot Hal at the Park gate and ob, Judge! Judge! they made Tom command the Union soldiers!" The old man caught his hands in a tight, flerce clasp, and all the heart's anguish poured itself forth in the bitter cry :

"Ob, my country! Is it thus you have rewarded me ?' He laid his arms on the table and bowed his face upon them; A silence more sad. more heart rendering, more unbear able than the wildest cries of sorrow followed. As she waited for him to turn to her, Virginia's eyes, falling on the table where the Judge's white head rested, saw lying there the little book that he had given her to read on that long gone June day; and as she gazed upon it all the past, from that hour until the present, went before her in solemn procession. Then the Judge raised his head, and, merciful and patient than was your

leaning heavily on the table, rose to his feet.

"Where are you going ?" asked Virginia, rising, for she could not interpret the expression that now lay on the furrowed face, the light that and often in this white yard ? Oh! you will not forget her teachings ? shone upon her from the blue eyes. "To bring my bays home," he said

You will not make her ashamed up in heaven by doing what is wrong, solemnly, calmly, no quiver in his voice, no shadow in his eyes. He paused, and looking on her face, that will you ?'

"No! No! Miss 'Ginia!' they cried, in one voice. She smiled on them, and now her voice was calmer :

sponsibility for the welfare of his Men's passions on one side, men's former slaves, he recognized that avarice on the other. And at the the moral responsibility was his now, behest of these base motives, I as previous to their emancipation. But soon the estate would be killed my brother ! My God ! oh, my God ! let me die !" mortgaged past redemption ; and

"Thomas, my son, my only son now," cried the old man, taking up the sword and holding it toward him, "when I offered you this sword when penniless himself, he could no longer care for those helpless men and women who had been flung into the broad sea of life, to sink or swim, of mine first, you took it in joy. Take it now in sorrow, your sorrow according to their ability. Perhaps by some instinct they realized this and mine. My house is now bereft as they stood that night in the white of all save honor. Will you rob it of that? Your brother is dead. But died as the soldier loves to die—in yard, realized that not only were they mourning a master's loss, but their own desolation. For a long time Virginia remained silent, lock-ing sadly from the white, bowed the cause of his country. His is another name added to our roll call of herose. Shall yours go down be-side his dishonored ? Must the hisheads of the old men to the startled, tear wet faces of the little children, tory of Cardome close with you a called from their happy slumber to be made the partakers of their parents wee. Then she reached out deserter to your cause, a traitor to your country? Then I say to you, Thomas Todd, that sacred as I hold my life—a gift from God !— sooner her hands toward the group and cried: "Oh, poor hearts ! this is but the eginning of your trouble. We who than live to witness such disgrace to my house and name, I will find death on the point of this sword. beginning of your trouble. We who love you, who would shield you from it, and care for you in sickness or in which you would cast away! I would rather lie by my son yonder, where the enemy's flag is furled for health, are rendered helpless. Yet some purpose of God's must be working by these means which we can not understand. Trust Him. him, than live to witness your deser tion. I gave you my sword once He now must take the place of your kind master and old home. To Him Now I command you to take it. And I charge you, by the love you bear turned round. you must turn in your affliction. Don't fear. He will not prove less your dead brother, that you keep as he kept his, untarnished! Do

not press this knowledge into my soul, that, of the two sons your s intly mother bore me, I gave the master, if you only try to be good soul, that, of the two sons your always, always. Did not your sintly mother tore me, I gave the sainted 'Mis' Love' tell you this often nobler tothe enemy of my country. Oh, my boy! If I see one child eleeping under the flag of the Con-federacy, let me loek upon the other with the flag of the Union folded

over him, or waving before him, as he returns home, with victory and glory. Add not disgrace to my sorrow.

With a set. stern. deadly pale fac Thomas Todd reached out his hand. took back his sword, and turned to find Virginia's arms about him. TO BE CONTINUED

entered the church into which the crowd had already disappeared. Once inside she edged her way forward, and soon found herself, in a pew just behind Jessie, who was seated in the last row of first Communicants. The Mass proceeded, and the lady

sat during the greater part of it, half kneeling at the Elevation. Her face was pale and outwardly calm, but the occasional twitching of her lips betrayed the existence of a strong hidden emotion. After a few words from the officiating priest before the Communion, the children advanced to the rail. As Jessie once mors reentered the pew, her hands claspe together, her young face radiant and glorified by the sublime act she had just performed, the lady bent forward in a vain effort to catch her eye. But the child had no thought for anything but the hely tenderness that filled her soul, knew only that she had received her Lord within her heart, in which He was still reposing Dropping her head in her hands she remained wrapped in an ecstasy of prayer and thanksgiving. The lady also knelt, tears falling from her eyes. After a time she touched Jessie on the shoulder. The child

"My child," said the lady. "Will you gray for me ?'

"Yes, ma'am, I will," replied the little girl.

"And for a soul in purgatory who very dear to me ?"

The child again answered in the affirmative, and returned to her devotione.

Early that afternoon Sister Mar garet came to the priest's parlowr to confer with him about something relative to the Confirmation of the children, which was to take place at 4 o'clock. He was talking to a lady, whom he excused himself while he left the room to fetch what Sister

some town where there was a Catholic Church; the priest coming to C----- but once a month, his con-gregation consisting of labourers on the railroad, miners and servant girls. I protested against this, and we remained in C-

"My husband entered into politics. neglected his business, lost the nom-ination for judge, and took to drinking. His health was not robust, and couple of years dissipation reduced him to a dying condition. He did not ask for a priest and I did not inquire whether he wished to see inquire whether he wished to see one, fearing to alarm him. The end came suddenly. His last words were: "Oh! Mary, pray for me and have prayers said for me when I nave prayers said for me when I shall be in purgatory." His mind was wandering, but it betrayed his most cherished wish. At the moment I meant to do as he requested, but later neglected it. My heart seemed to have become hardened. God permitted it, no doubt, to punish me. I lost all desire to reconcile myself with Him. Some Western mines in which my husband had been interested proved valuable. I came East, joined the Episcopal Church as being the most fashionable, and I was on my way to early service when I encountered the First Communicants on their way to

Something in the eyes of Mase. that little girl seemed to summon me. After I went in, and found her kneeling in front of me I tried to pray. It was only after she had returned to the pew from the Com-munion table that I felt a flood of shams and repentance sweeping through my soul. I wanted her dear prayers for myself and for him, for whom I had wept and mourned through all these years, but whom I had left to suffer in the fires of purgatory.

"For I firmly believed that his was the soul whom God had chosen her Margaret wanted. As the Sister to deliver, or at least assist by her living faith inspires, exhausted their stood looking into the yard where pure, sweet offering. It is more art in beautifying those churches and