THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

THE VILLAGE ANGEL: Or. Agatha's Recompense.

1

SHAPTER LXXIII-Continued.

If he had married Agatha ! How small and paltry, and trifling all the reasons seemed to be that he had once thought all sufficient ! For these who had flirted with him-who had met him half way in this terrible game of firstation, he felt no remores, no pity ; but the vey life's blood of those two innothey were in simplicity, in tenderness of heart, is child-like faith in how carnestly they both believed in being good and seeking for heaven !

fow eachestly they both helieved in what he had once thought to be trifles, but which he found now were the most solemn things in life. There sime back to his mind the old church with its great shady trees, the old-fashioned perch, the stained glass window in the eastwhere the fair form of the Christian virgin Agatha shene, with the halo of gold around it with the wind that wailed through the trees ; he could hear the grand chant of the fair Agatha; he could hear the sweet, clear voice ; he could see the child-like face that looked at him with such wonder when he said there was more thin one Deliluh. Where was she! Alas I for his vile and miserable sin, What answer could he make to the Great Judge, when the souls-the lives-of these two inno sent girls had to be accounted fer?

And as, unable to bear the weight of his misery, unable to bear the sting of his con-science, he flang himself down on his knees, the prayer of the publican rose to his lips: "On, God ! be merciful to me, Asinner."

The handsome earl, whose eyes had lurso many hearts gway-ti wealthy early whose riches no man had counted, crie out in utter, abject serrow for the wrong he has dens. He knows in the midst of the dend leaves and the dry grass, and he cried al ud for pity and for comfort.

He knew then, in that supreme hour of his life, what he leved Agatha best, that the great love ci his heat and life had gone to her, and that Lo bud level Beatrice because she was so much like the girl who had believed herself to be his wife. That way no excuse—it did not and o the wrong, but it was true that the likes ess he saw in the character of Beatrice to that of Agatha was the one great reason why he had been so attracted by her.

And his love had slain her, as it had alain Agatha before her ! Ah, if he could see her ! -the one true faithful love of his heart-if he could see her ! and then the pain, the desolation in his heart grew so great that his pride all melted and he wept aloud.

He knelt among the dead leaves, the dry grass, and wept aloud. There are tears and tears, but surely some of them form jewels in heaven. Ho heard a rustling among the dead leaves, a sound as of something brushing the long grave ; he knew that some one was advancing slowly toward him ; he could not as first check his sobs or his tears ; but he know that the figure had stopped just before him, and he heard a faint low cry of fear and dismar.

There was something familiar in the crysomething familiar in the unseen presence. He raised his face ; at first he saw only a long blue dress and a halo of golden hair, then a pale, sweet face, with a seared, frightened exressien, blue eyes, into which sudden fear leaped-a sweet red mouth parted as though with surprise, and the faint sound died on the

For the first few minutes he was paralyzed with fear, then he stretched out his hands to her.

" Agatha 1" he cried. "Great Heaven ! San it be you ?" No other face on earth was so sweet-no

voice so tender-no heart so true-no love so great-no pity so nearly Divine ! "Agatha !" ho repeated. " Agatha !"

She drew near to him, and it seemed to him that she did not touch the ground, but floated to him over the

he had left her, as they both thought, for a few short hours-the whole long history; of the kindness of the noble French lady, the tragedy of the unhappy Phyllis Norman, of the way in which fate or Providence had brought her to Penrith Castle, She spared neither him or herself the details, and she lingered long over the story of Beatrice-

Her voice was very low and gentle, but to him it was as clear and terrible as the voice of an accusing angel. "Uf all the cruel deals of your life, Vane,"

she said, "and some of them have been very cruel-this is the worst. That innocent, loving girl-what harm had she done?" like you. In her face there was a look of innocent wonder and sweet girlish surprise-just such a look as you wear-and it was for that I loved her. Then I believed you to be dead, and I monraed for you as few men mourn even for the wives they love. I meant to make her happy, Agatha. Be just to me; it is the punishment of my sin, my doubt, but it was not my fault that my enemy followed me and wreaked her wicked ven-geance on that innocent head. If she dies it will be Valerie who has slain her, not I. I would have been good, and kind, and true to her. Oh, Agatha, angel of life, come back to me! You wake into life all that was best in me-come back to me, and teach me the have told us to whom ! We have wearied way to heaven. Heaven knows that if any one had taught me or trained me David Brooke, absorved when I was young, I should have press much surprise. me, Agatha, darling? I humble myself before you---I kneel before you, and ask your pardon as the highest boon that Heaven can grant me."

"You did me a cruel wrong, Vane."

"I did : but you yourself have taught me the greater the sin the greater the repen-tance-the greater need for mercy. Forgive me Agatha, even as you ask forgiven se yourself ! "

And for all answer she laid her hand once more in his. They were silent for some time, and then the earl in a low voice said :

"You will let me atone to you Agatha, for the wrong I did you-you will be my

simply.

"In justice to yourself and to me," he said. "Ob, my darling," I deceived you once, trust me row. 1 will spend the remainder of my life in trying to atone to you

for the wrong." "I cannot say. Yes, I own that it is "I cannot say. Yes, I own that it is rightful restitution—nothing more. You are bound to give me back the fair name of which you rebbed me. I admit that, but the question must stand. While Beatrice lives I must remain with her; if she dies, I do not think there will be much hope left for either of us; if she lives, I will think and decide.

"Will she live, do you think ?" he asked. "I have never thought her in such danger as others have done. And now, Vane," she continued, "we must part. I shall stay at Penrith Castle. In six months' time, if you wish, you can write to me here, and I will

give you my decision.' "Heaven grant that it may be 'yes,'", he

crieù "Heaven grant that it may be for the

best," she added. "Agatha," he asked, " will you write and tell me how Beatrice is? It will ease my heart and mind so much."

"I will write to you for that purpose," she replied, "but not for any other;" and he thanked her.

Beatrice did not die. The visit, which every one thought was the last of her life, proved to be the turning-roint of her illness, The earl had left her with, as he thought, the last breath almost on her lips. When she came to herself sgain, it was with a sense of calm and rest to which she had long been a stranger. It very often happensthat a strong lovo dies under the influence of a long illness; such was the

to her since the sunlit morning when it was known that Miss Brooke was leaving, she was so beloved by the whole household but she noticed one thing, that Lord Penrith never smiled upon her after he knew her story.

They were married in London, very quietly and without any display ; only two witnesses were present, distant relatives of the earl's, and no mention was made of the marriage except in one or two papers. If ever man milde ample reparation, it was Vane, Lord Kelso. The first thing he did was to take his beautiful wife home to Whitecroft.

There are things that will hardly hear the telling-this was one-what Lady Kelso felt when she say the old church again-when she looked once more on the grand eastern window her mother had loved — when she saw the fair face of the saint shining on herwhen she heard once more the grand roll of the organ-when she looked once more at the grave where her young mother slept, and the pretty village that had been her home.

It was a sight to see the people clinging and weeping around her, so pleased once more to see the kindly beautiful face that had been to them as the face of an angel. No words could tell the joy of old Joan. To think that her beautiful mistress was a countess, " higher than my Lady Ruthven !" "You told us you were married," she said; "but, oh, Miss Agatha, you should have told us '' sore after you."

David Brooke, absent as ever, did not ex-

"T'höught that you would come back ome day, my dear," he said. "I knew that your mother's daughter could not go far wrong; but I am astonished that you have married an earl ! "

Lord Kelso made himself everything that vaa most amiable. On Jozn he settled an annuity that made

her in the eyes of the village a rich woman. He made friends with the doctor.

"Will you forgive me," he said, "for running away with your daughter? I loved her so much-and there were circumstances I osnnot explain. We have been selfish to remain away so long; but you see I have brought her safely back.'

The doctor was made happy for life. would not leave Whitecroft because his wife was buried there, but he accepted the handsome income that the earl settled upon him, which enabled him to give up his profession and devote himself to the studies he loved. He would not leave his house, although the earl urged him to do so. Agatha was rather pleased; she loved the little parlor, and she loved the garden gate where Joan had seen her talking to Sir Vane.

Perhaps the most surprised was Lady Anne Ruthven. Lord Kelso took his wife to see her, and her surprise was almost ludicrous. She was honestly pleased. I had turned out so much better than she had ever dared hope. Agaths, Countess of Kelso, had no truer friends than Doctor Ruthven and his wife Lady Anne.

What wonders the carl did in that villaeg -every man, woman and child was the better for his coming into it. He built model cottages at low rental ; he built new schools, a pretty little hospital, a library, and everything was called after his wife. The Agatha almshouses are considered the best in Eoglind,

Then he took his wife to see Madame de Tiernay, who was delighted to welcome her. The count raved for a few days in the mest romustic fashion, then declared that the Lord Kelso was the finest man he had ever met, and swore eternal friendship with him. In Paris they heard that Mrs. Norman was dead; and that fate had avenged her, for her husband had married again. His second wife was a beautiful young girl, one of the greatest flirts in Paris, who delighted in driving him to the verge of madness by jealousy—then laughing in his face.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, Though they grind exceeding small."

There also they heard of the brilliant marrizge of Mademoiselle d'Envers to Duc d'Albe. True, he was rast eighty; he had lost all his hair and all his teeth, he was crip-pled and decrepit; but he was one of the wealthiest peers in France, and madly in love with Valerie's brautiful face. "That explains why she did not interrupt or madding Acaths, "wid the evel, "Every" lost all his hair and a

UNCLE MAX.

CHAPTER I. OUT OF THE MIST.

It appears to me, looking back over a past experience, that certain days in one's life stand out prominently as landmarks, when we arrive at some finger-post pointing out the road that we should follow.

We come out of some deep, rutty lane, where the hedge-rows obscure the prospest, and where the footsteps of some unknown passenger have left tracks in the moist red The confused tracery of green leaves olay. overhead seems to weave fanciful patterns against the dim blue of the sky; the very air is low-pitched and oppressive. All at once we find ourselves in an open space ; the free winds of beaven are blowing over us; there are four roads meeting; the finger-post points silently, "This way to such a place;" we can take our choice, counting the milestones rather wearily as we pass them. The road may be a little tedjous, the stones may hurt eur feet; but if it be the right road it will bring us to our destination.

In looking back it always seems to me as though I came to a fresh landmark in my experience that November afternoon when I saw Uncle Max standing in the twilight, waiting for me.

There had been the waste of great trouble in my young life, -sorrow, confusion, then utter chaos. I had struggled on somehow after my twin brother's death, trying to fight against despair with all my youthful vitality; creating new duties for myself, throwing out fresh feelers everywhere; now and then crying out in my disciplined way that the task was too hard for me ; that I loathed may life; that it was impossibled to live any longer without love and appreciation and sympathy; that so uncongenial an atmosphere could be no home to me; that the world was an utter negation and a mockery. That was before I went to the hospital, at the time when my trouble was fresh and I was breaking my heart with the longing to see Charlie's face again. Most people who Philippa. have lived long in the world, and have parted "Hallo with their beloved, know what that sort of

hopeless ache means.

shut me out from all sympathy. It had wrapped me in a sort of mautle of reserve all the afternoon, during which I had been driving with Aunt Philippa and Sara. The air would do me good. I was moped, hipped, with all that dreary hospital work, so they said. It would distract and amuse me to watch Sata making her purchases. Reluc-

tance, silent opposition, only whetted their charitable mool "Don't be disagreeable, Ursula. You might as wel help me choose my new man-tle," Sara hal said, quite pleasantly, and I

had given in with a bad grace. Another time I might have been amused by Aunt Philippa's majestic deportment and Sara's brisk importance, her girlish airs and graces ; but I was too sad at heart to indulge in my usual satire. Everything seemed stupid and tirosome : the hum of voices wearied me: the show-room at Marshall & Snelgrove's

seemed a confused Babel, -everywhere strange voices, a hubbub of sound, tall figures in black rassing and repassing, strange faces reflected in endless pier-glasses, -- faces of puckered anxiety repeating themselves in ludicrous vraisemblance.

I saw our own little group reproduced in one. There was Annt Philippa, tall and portly, with her well-preserved beauty, a little fuil-blown, perhaps, but still "marvellously" good looking for her age, if she could only have not been so conscious of the fact.

Then, Sara, standing there slim and straight, with the furred mantle just straight, with the furred manue just slipping over her smooth shoulders, radiant with good health, good looks, perfectly contented with herself and the whole world, as it behooves a hand-some, high-spirited young woman to be with

drove down Bond Street, where Sara had some glittering little toy to purchase, I reiterated my intention of not calling at Hyde Park Mansions.

"I do not want any tea," I said, wearily,

"and I would rather go home. Give my love to Lesbia; I will see her another day." "Lesbia will be hurt," remonstrated Sara. "What a little misanthrope you are, Ursula ! St. Thomas's has injured you socially ; you have become a hermat such all at once, and it is such nonsense at your age."

"Oh, let me be, Sara !" I plesded ; "I am "Oh, let me be, Sara !" I pleaded; "I am inneu." Internation of the second author inclines us to rely on his statement." Certain it is, however, not tell me she was coming to dime with us this evening?"

"Yee, to be sure; but she wanted us to meet the Percy Glyns." Mirrel and Winifred Glyn are to be there this afterncon. Never. mind, Lesbia will understand when I say you. are in one of your ridiculous moods." And Sara hummed a little tune gayly, as though she meant no effence by her words and was disposed to let me go my own way. "The carriage can take you home, Ursula;

we can walk those few yards," observed Aunt Philippa, as she descended leisurely and Sara tripped after her, still humming. But I took no notice of her words; I had had enough dulness and decorum to last me for some time, and the Black Prince and his consort Bay might find their way to their

I told Clarence so, to his great astonishment, and walked across the road in an opposite direction to home, as though my feet were winged with quicksilver.

For the Park in that dim November light For the Park in that dim November light middle of the sixteenth century. The north seemed to allure me; there was a red glow, transept, with its beautiful traceried of sunset in the distance; a faint, window, is entire, and is used as climbing mist between the trees; the the burial place of the family of gas lamps were twinkling every. the Marquis of Lothian, the descendant where. I could hear the ringing of and representative of Sir Andrew Ker, of some church half, there was a near free. Ferniherst to whom, in the year 1920 some church hell; there was space, freedom for thought, a vague, uncertain whole of the property which had formerly prospect, out of which figures were looming belonged to the canons was granted, and curiously,-- a delightful sense that I was sinning against conventionality and Aunt

"Halloo, Ursula !" exclaimed a voice in great astonishment ; and there, out of the hibits massive Saxon piers, with deep splayed mist, was a kind face looking at me, -- a face My work was over at the hespital, and 1 with a brown beard, and dark eyes with a had come home again, to rest, so they said, touch of amusement in them; and the eyes

As I caught at his outstretched hand with a falf-stifled exclomation of delight, a police- apparently the principal entrance ; the other man turned round and looked at us with an air of interest. No doubt he thought the tall, brown-bearded clergyman in the shabby cost--it was one of Uncle Max's peculiarities to wear a shabby coat occasionally-was the its character, but to torm a truly uncomfort-sweetheart of the young lady in block. Uncle able place of meeting for the columists who Max-I am afraid I oftener called him Max | desecrate its hallowed precincts. -was only a few years older than myself, and had occupied the position of an elder brother to me.

He was my poor mother's only brother. and had been dearly loved by her, -rot as I had loved Charlie, perhaps; but they had been much to each other, and he had always seemed nearer to me than Aunt Phillippa, who was my father's sister ; perhaps because there was nothing in common between us, and I had always been devoted to Uncle Max.

"Well, Ursula," he said pretending to look grave, but evidently far too pleased to see me to give me a very severe lecture, 'what is the meaning of this ? Does Mrs. Garston allow young ladies under her charge to stroll about Hyde Park in the twilight? have you stolen a march on her, naughty litile she-bear ?"

To be continued.

ANTIDOTE FOR CANCER.

A REMEDY WITEAN THE REACH OF ALL. (From the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.)

SUNDAY READING.

Jedburgh Abbey.

APRIL 13, 1887

Of Jedburgh less is known than of any other of the large religious houses on the S tottish Lorder. It was founded by David I. of Scotland ; but whether in 1118, during the lifetime of his brother Alexander, as Wynton alleges, or in 1147, when he occupied the throne, according to Fordun, is not deter-mined. The well known accuracy of the St. Augustine, whose first firmates were first brought from St. Quintin, near Beauvah, in France; in one or other of these year. The death of Abbott Oabert, the first superfor of the house, is recorded in the "Chron. icle of Mailras," to have occurred in 1174. Restormet, in Forfarshire, and Canonby, in Dumfriesshire, were cells belonging to Jedburgh; and the Priory of B'autyre, in Clydesdale, is also said to have been a de-

pendency of it. The buildings were situated on the banks of the river Jed, about two miles above the spot where it flows, into the silver Tweed, The only port on remaining is the church, which was dedicated to God under the invo. own stables without depositing me at the cation of the Blessed Virgin. It is greatly front door of the house at Hyde Park Gate, ruined. Nearly all the walls of the nave, the central tower and the choir are standing. Of these the two latter are much dilapidated and bear the marks of the English cannon during the investment of the burgh in the middle of the sixteenth century. The north Ferniherst, to whom, in the year 1622, the erected into a temporal lordship, with the title of Lord Jedburgh.

Three or four distinct styles of architecture are to be seen in these rains. The choir excircular arches ; over these the Norman style appears; and in the superstructure of the nave the Old English is My work was over at the negative, and it touch of amusement in them; and the eyes of the nave the olu regisen in but in reality to work out plans for my future and the beard and the bright, welcoming represented by the tall, narrow-point-to smile belonged to Uncle Max. Norman doorways; one at the west end, in the south wall of the cave, close by the transept. The west end of the nave has been adapted in a barbarous manner for the use of the parish Kirk, so as not merely to destroy

At the (so-called) Reformation its revenues were stated as £1,274 10s of Scotch money; 2 chalders and 2 bolls of wheat; 23 chalders of barley; 36 chalders, 13 bolis, 1 ficht and peck of meal-measured peculiar to the inhabitants north of the Tweed.

More minute information respecting this once influential religious establishment, -- the lord of which was a lord of parliament-will be found in the elegant " Monastic Annals of Teviotdale," published at Edinburgh # 1832, by the Revi James Morton, D.D., Vicar of Holbeach, and one of the prebendaries of Lincoln, a gentleman whose extensive acquirements as a scholar are duly accompanied by the purest and most graceful charities of the Christian. Oh ! si sic ornnes !

A NEW USE FOR TRACTS.

Robert Kettle, of Glasgow, Scotland, het ter known in that city as "Trastarian Bob," having left some temperance tracts at the house of a friend, found them, on calling a few days after, serving the purpose of cur. papers to one of the young la lies. "Well," said he, "I see you have made use of the tracts ;" but immediately converted confusion "I ace you have made use of the into merriment by adding, " only ye has put them on the wrong side o' yer head, lassie,"

grass-or-and he could have cried aloud at the thought-was this the Agatha from the stained glass window ?-the Christian virgin who would rather die than offend God ? -some to reproach him ? A shudder of cold and fear came over him. "It is I, Vane, be not afraid," she said.

"Agatha !" he repeated. "Ah, Heaven send that this be no fancy, Agatha !"

She drew nearer, until he clasped the folds of the blue dress in his hands.

"How shall I know that it is really you ?" he oried. " I am mad with grief and shame. Mave you rises from the dead?" "I am living and well," she replied. "I

am no spirit. Fouch my hands; they are warm with life-net cold in death."

He touched them, while the tears fell from h is eyes and his lips quivered.

"Ab, they are warm and living erough. Kind, aweet hands they were--gentle, loving hands that ministered to me. Oh, Agatha, how shall I look at you?" What shall I say "Did you mean to do me that cruel wrong?"

she asked, gently.

OHAPTER LXXIV.

THE BARL'S ATONEMENT.

"I will not win your pardon, even by a He," he answered. "Yes, at first I did mean You were only a simple country girl; I thought; but I loved you. At first it was have to suffer. only a mild, aweet, mad fancy. I had many such before, but I believed that it was sweeteyes smite me with pain. I meant to take you away with me : but just then I did not think to make you my wife. I deceived you. her heart was broken, but the young Yet, except yourself, I think there was no fer much, and it takes much to kill. other girl in the world who would have believed in that marriage. You did, Agatha, I know it." "I did," she said. I believed in it. Now

I cannot think how I was so mad or so blind ; but it was real to me."

"I know it. And then, Agatha, when heart, and soul, and life were engrossed in yen, and I would have given the whole "Not yet,' she told him. She should world to have undone what I had done. I swear to you that I loved you before she made any change in her life. She so well I would have given my life had been left in charge of the children, and to have undone the wrong; and I she must fulfil her trust. swear to you that I lived in an agony of fear He grew jealons and fearful It lest you should over know what I had done. seemed to him that she thought more through a legal form of marriage with you. My life is all stained with sin-I do not deny that : but I repeat that I longed to make you my wife; that you are the only woman whom have truly loved or wished to marry. self between ns, you would have been my wife, and this horror would never have happened. But tell me, Agatha, what brings you here? Oh, my lost darling, my lost love ! yon here? Oh, my lost darling, my lost love! of the story as she liked to Beatrice, but stay here with me always and tell me-what Lady Penrith said she should not mention it brings you here!

The set down on the fallen trunk of a tree, with the dead leaves rustling around her, he knelt at her feet while her surprise. che tord him all that had happened There was great dismay at the cratle when canon of Clerine by the bishop of the diocese.

case with her. That she loved him well enough to die for him, was true; she had expended what she thought to be her last breath and her last degree of strength in trying to do him good. He had taken the deadliest sting of pain from her heart, and he had promised all she asked. For the first time for many long months her heart was at rest, and she fell into a deep, dreamless sleep. When she woke she was better, and a flatter of hope went through the whole household, The doctors said there was a chunce.

"Instead of killing her,' said Lord Pen-rith to his wite, "I believe the visit of that man has done her good."

They took such care of this new germ of life that she recovered-never to be the same bright, happy girl again, never to know unclouded happiness, but to save the man whom she loved so much from the deepest pain life could hold for him.

nim. It was a long, lingering, illness, but it killed the passionate love, as pain and weariness of life often do. While it lasted Agatha was a most loving and constant nurse; she spont every spare moment with Beatrice - she soothed, calmed, and counselled her; to the end of her life Beatrice Penrith remembered the lessons she learned during that

time of convalescence. When she came back to life and health she was no longer a bat more beautiful than I had ever seen, and bright, careless girl-she was a thoughtful I thought --ah, well, I dare not tell you what woman, with a heart full of pity for all who

When she was able to travel she went with her parents to Italy ; she was always like one or, deeper, and more lasting. I confess all given back from death; she had been so sure my shame and sorrow to you, though your of dying, and every one else had been so sure : she had never thought it possible she could recover; she had been convinced that her heart was broken, but the young can suf-

She was never quite the same; she had lost the bright spirits and light heart-she had lost the sunshing from her eyes and from her laugh ; but some of the noblest souls have passed through the furnace of pain.

When the six months had ended the earl wrote, and Agatha answered "Yes." It was we had been away only a few days, I found a duty he owed her, she said, and she would that I really leved you; I found that my accept the only reparation he could make

her. "Not yet,' she told him. She should wait until the return of the Penriths

I staid so long in Switzerland, always hoping of reparation than of love. She spoke that I could invent some excuse for going and wrote only of the atonement he through a legal form of marriage with you. owed to her, and which he was bound to make ; but in those days she said nothing to him of love.

To Agatha the bare idea of having to tell her story to Lady Penrith was most painful, but she had to do it. She waited until that lady returned with her husband and Beatrice

-Beatrice well, but not strong, Lady Penrith's wonder and pain were great. Agatha left her to tell as much

yet, and she could only hope that for some years, at least, they would not meet. It was some days before Lady Penrith could forget

our wedding, Agatha," said the earl. "Every

moment 1 expected to see her." But Agatha, looking in his dark, bandsome face, so full of love, only murmurs a few words of pity-nothing more. She knows that Madame la Duchesse d'Albe will work out her own punishment in time.

It was not the least of Lord Kelso's pleasures to go to the hospital of St. John and make there a munificent return of all the charity that had been shown to her. And then the earl and countees returned home. Lady Kelso never became a queen of fashion; she was never presented at court, and she never was queen of a London season; but no woman in England was more beloved and admired. She was famous for her charities; for her pious, gentle life; for her devotion to her husband and children; for her goodness to the poor. Everyone knew that there had been some story in her life;

but no one ever suspected the truth. Three years after their marriage, they heard good news of Beatrice Penrith. She had married Gorald Leigh, who was now at

the head of his profession. When Lord Kelso read the news he sighed, then turned to his wife and kissed her sweet face. She held her little ion in her arms, and he kased the child softly. Long years afterward he met Lady Leigh,

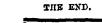
a grave, beautiful woman, with a story in her face that he had written there. They were very silent when they met, each remember-ing the last parting. They said but little when they did speak, and Lady Leigh avoided meeting him whenever it was rossible, although she was now a happy wife and a happy mother.

So the story ends ; but there is a moral. Do not believe, you who read, that a man can do wrong with impunity-that he can lead an evil life, and then enjoy this life as though he had led a good one. Agatha had not sinned-she had been

foolishly credulous, but she had not done wrong wilfully. The innocent must suffer with the guilty. She was happy, but she could have been happier. She did her best to forget, but there were times when all these memories rushed over her, and then happier women could be found than the Counters of Kelso.

The earl has everything that this world an give-a beautiful, devoted wife, beautiful, loving children, boundless wealth, perfect health, honor, fame and every good gift; yet he looks sad at times. He hears that Lady G --- 's daughters, fine, handsome girls though they are, are going all wrong be cause they have no mother to train, or guard, or take care of them. It comes home to him then, and keeps his sins before his eyes. That is the inner life ; outwardly they hap; y, prosperous, and beloved, and the world lays the fairest flowers at the foot of one who had trodden on sharp thorns before

she reached the land of roses.



FATHER KELLER MADE & CANON. DUBLIN, April 8.-Father Keller, the im-prisoned Catholic pricet, has been appointed prisoned

Between the two I could just catch a glimpse of myself, -- a tall girl, dressed very plainly in black, with a dark complexion, shadowy sort of image of discontent and protest in the background, hovering behind Aunt Phillippa's velvet mantle and Sara's alim, supple figure. Well, Ursula," said Sara, still good

hamoredly, "will you not give us your opinion? Does this dolman suit me, or would you prefer a long jacket trimmed with skunk ?

I remember I decided in favor of the jacket, only Aunt Philippa interposed, a little con

"What does Ursula know about the pres ont fashion? She has spent the last year in the wards of St. Thomas's, my dear," dropping her voice, and taking up her gold-rimmed sye-glasses to in spect me more critically, -s mere rabit, for I had reason to know Aunt Philippa was not the least near-sighted. "I cannot see any occasion for you to dress to dowdily. with three hundred a year to spend absolute. ly on yourself; for of course poor Charlie's little share has come to you. You could surely make yourself presentable, especially

This was too much for my equanimity. "What does it mean? I am not coming with you, Aunt Philippa," I retorted, somewhat vexed at this personality; but Sara overheard us, and strove to pour oil on the troubled waters.

" Leave Ursula alone, mother ; she looks tolerably well this afternoon ; only mourning never suits a dark complexion-" But I did not wait to hear any more. I wandered about the place disconsolately, pretending to examine things with passing curiosity, but my eyes were throbbing and my heart beat-ing angrily at Sara's thoughtless speech. A sudden remambrance seemed to steal before me vividly : Charlis's pale face, with its sad, sweet smile, haunted me. " Courage, Ursula ; it will be be over soon." Those were his last words, poor boy, and he was looking at me and not Lesbia as he spoke. I always wondered what he meant by them. Was it his long pain, which he had borne to patient. ly, that would soon be over ? or was it that cruel parting to which he alluded ? or did he strive to comfort me at the last with the assurance-alas ! for our mortal nature, so adly true-that pain cannot last forever, that even faithful sorrow is short-lived and comforts itself in time, that I was young enough to outlive more than one trouble, and that I might take courage from this thought ? I looked down at the black dress, such as 1 had worn nearly two years for him, and

raged as I remembered Sara's flippant words, "My darling, I would wear mourning for you all my life gladly," I said, with an inward sob that was more anger than sorrow, 'if I thought you would care for me to do it. Oh, what a world this is, Charlie ! surely vanity and vexation of spirit !"

could not recover my spirits ; indeed, as we prisoners,

jugu'ar vein that, rather than isk the imperil-ling of her life, they deemed it best not to undertake so grave an operation. Strasghtway after this announcement was made she returned to he bome, which was three miles from Oswestey. boine, which was three nilles from Oswestey, the nearest railway station in the County of Montgomery, North Wales. Here she became a greater sufferer, when one day she bethought herself of a neighbor, whom she soon found, and herself of a neignoor, whom are soon tound, and with all the eloquence of one enthrulled by an implacable fos she appealed to her sympathy, "If it were possible," she implored, "do, do something to assuage my pain." With that ten-

derness and willingness characteristic of every true and noble woman to allay her sister many pains this friend, for she proved a friend in need and deed, forthwith sent her boys (one in need and deed, forthwith sent her boys (one of whom is our informant) to gather what in the United States is known as sheep sorrel; by the people of England as "sour loaf or the cuckoo plant;" in the Welsh language, to the people of North Wales, as "dall surionry gog." To this timely opportunity, and the efficacy of this her b as an antidate for cancer, this our sufferer, is in a large measure indebted for her health and life to day, while not the slightest vertice of a large measure indebted for her health and life to day, while not the slightest vestige of this hitherto unconquerable disease is to be found. The leaves were wrapped in brown paper so tight as to make the package impervious so air. This package was then placed beneath an open grate, covered with the hot ashes of the same. When authorisets coded it was warded sufficiently cooked it was removed, and in as hot a state as possible and not burn, it was now applied, the leaves being in direct contact with t e ulcer, which was little share has come to you. You could firmly held to the part affected by a surely make yourself presentable, especially liarn handkerchief. Strange to say, at as you know we are going to Hyde Park the expiration of one month the tumor came away and has not since appeared. For the first four days the pain was most excruciating, but gradually decreased as it became lo sened. There is much to be said in favor of this method over that of the knife. The nature of its drawing power in the form of poultice, though at first very severe, still is gradual and sure, while new blo drushes into the vacuum, caused by removal, thus serving as a fit iog helpmeet for aiding and stimulating nature's efforts, and in the meantime the atteries which feed this fell destroyer are given a greater im-pulse to move rapidly, flow healthy and strengthening the weaker parts as fast as it egresses. In this connection it is to be observed that this method has none of the accompanying

after-weakening effect, as caused by loss a blood so frequently exhibited under the operablood so frequency exhibited under the opera-tion of the knife, while the chances of a thorough extirpation are far more sanguine as to a thread remaining than that of a surgical operation, which many fear and object to. For those parts not admitting of poultice we submit another formula for the same herb, as applied by this same benefactress in somewhat different concess

A piece of flat iron or steel is obtained with at least one bright and smooth face. On this the leaves are placed, which in turn is placed on top of the stove or within the oven until the leaves are thoroughly cooked, whence they are removed and spread on a piece of linen in the same way as any other home-made plaster. When cool enough, with sufficient heat not to hum it is the applied and are the plaster. burn, it is then applied, and, our informant states, was productive of the same beneficial resu t.

PRISON CRUELTIES.

DUBLIN, April 6. — Twenty-three moonlighters have been arrested at Castle Island. Thomas Doyle, one of the Inviacibles connected with the rhœnix Park assassination, has been released vanity and vexation of spirit!" I did not mean to be cross with Sara, but my thoughts had taken a gloomy turn, and 1 life and of the cruelties practised upon the a hata a

CURIOUS CARVING IN NORWENSTOW CHURCH.

A GRAPHIC DOCTRINE OF GOD THE TRINITY.

The Church, synbolized by the tower, is shown assailed by a two-headed mousteran emblem of the enemy ; and defended by the Holy Spirit, signified by a dove : "which proceedsth from the Son !" This work is a broken fragment of the fifteenth century. Another dragon on the left side once as saulted the pillar : another dove fought against him, which came forth from the mouth of First Person of the Godhead, under the semblance of the Ancient of Days. "As aged man," said my informat, "with a flow-ing beard."

THE PITCHPIPE.

This was an instrument of very remoteantiquity. It was used in Greek and Roman oratory, to suggest the rise or fall of the pleader's voice. It was adopted to fulfil the self same office in ecclesiastical sicquence ; and the voices of St. Augustin and St. Chrysostom were roused or suudued by the pipe, in accordance with the size of the structure, or the extent of the audience. It is to be lamented that modern oratory is devoid. of such an excellent means of modulation, and that the usage of the pipe is limited to rural choirs

OPTIC.

SYMPATHY WITH IRELAND.

Muntrea¹, April 2, 1887

The following resolutions passed through boh house of the Nebraska Legislature by a unan-mous vote, and were immediately called to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell over the signatures of the President of the Sonate and the Speaker of the House of Representatives:

WHEREAS, The Government of Great Britain, in defiance of the wishes of the Irish people, and of the express will of the peoples of Wales and Scotland and of he democracy of England, deny the Irish people a responsible government, and now thrateus them with the infliction of laws that will trample on every vestige of personal and constitutional liberty and must end in bloodshed, if not in the ruin of the lrist

Deople; and WHEREAS, The lrish roople have always been steadfast and faithfut friends of American Liber-ty, fighting for its achievement and dying for its preservation, and so bound up with us by ties of blood and honorable memories that our hearts are greatly moved by their noble struggle

for human freedom; Resolved, That we condemn the Irish policy of Lord Salisbury and his cabinet as at variance with every principle of constitutional law and justice, as inhuman in conception and tending, not only to injure the people of Ireland, but to imperil the safety of the British empire and to American people, who can never sauction a policy that conflicts with justice and liberty. Resolved, That we extend to Mr. Parnell and his co-laborers, and the Irish nation our heartfelt sympathy and encouragement to continue their gallant straggle until under the ægis of a national and responsible government, freland

shall once more enjoy peace and happiness. Resolved, That we honor the noble stand taken

by Mr. Gladstone and the enlightened demo-cracy of Great Britain and express our confidence that the triumph of their principles of justice and liberty to Ireland will prevail over the barbarous and unrighteous policy of the tory government. That the speaker be instructed to cable a copy of these resolutions to the Hon, Charles Stewart Parnell and Hon, W, R, Glad stone, House of Commons, London