## THE DISCARDED SON.

(Written for the Philadelphia Cathotic Herald) CHAPTER I .- TRIBULATIONS FOR CONSCIENCE' SAKE.

Father, I was told that you wished to speak to me.'

The words were uttered hesitatingly, and the speaker, a boy of fifteen years, looked anxiously at the stern man he addressed, whose keen, grey eyes were bent steadfastly upon him, though he gave no other token of being aware of his presence. The boy grew embarrassed under that scrutinizing gaze, and after a time passed in silent constraint, repeated his previous words in a tone of inquiry.

I hear you, sir,' was the harshly-spoken reply. I was only contrasting the ready obedience you affect in trifles, with your utter disregard of my wishes in things of greater moment.'

Still that relentless gaze was fixed upon the gentle youth, whose large dark eyes were lifted to his stern parent with an expression of deep mournfulness as he replied: 'Dear father, I hope you fied me always ready to obey you.'

'As your drawing lessons evince, for instance.' interrupted the same stern, unfeeling voice.

The boy's face flushed a little, but he spoke

Perhaps you will deny that you have thus been engaged ?'

'No, sir,' was the answer in a tone at once firm and respectful. 'You have taught me neforget your teachings. I have been taking lessons in drawing and painting from Professor pose that you would have any objection to my that iron will from its stern resolve. doing so, as the expenses I have paid out of my own spending money, and the time thus spent has not encroached on my studies. I have only spent my leisure hours in this way, father.'

'Your conduct is exemplary no doubt in your though it is rather a suspicious circumstance that you have never even made a passing allusion to this admirable mode of spending your leisure,

The youth did not answer. When, indeed, had his father manifested any interest in his studies or amusements, that would prompt a refer-

eace to them in his hearing? But as you profess to have misunderstood my

reiterating them for the last time. It is my positive command that you benceforth spend no more time in this pursuit, whether by way of lesson, practice or amusement. Now, sir, I am understood. 'Yes, sir,' was the sad spoken reply. 'Very well. Now for another matter. One

year ago I wished you to commence learning the upholstering business at my establishment. You pleaded for another year's schooling. I yielded. The year has expired, but I have now other views in your regard. It is evident that you have not spirit, energy, or any of the qualifications for a successful man of business. All your characteristics point in another direction. A certan gentleness of manner, insinuating address, tathusiasm on religious and aesthetic subjectsall of these are good qualifications for the ministry, and these you undoubtedly possess. I have no doubt you will make a fashionable and popular minister; and have accordingly made arrangements for your theological education to commence immediately.'

Frederic Hudson had listened attentively to this speech as it fell upon his ear in the calm measured accents that betoken the iron spirit within; listened in silence while his varying features expressed the emotions it awakened. His first feeling of sorrowful disappointment, was succeeded by one of surprise, but at the closing words he looked up with an expression of an arguish and dismay.

Well, sir ?' said his father impatiently. your wishes in this matter,' said the boy with deep emotion. 'I have never felt any mclina-

tion for the ministry.'

the only response.

'There is one objection-one obstaclewhich is insurmountable,' said the youth, conquering his agitation, and speaking with a manly 'You know, father, my mother was not of your coldly save his own parent's. church; she was a Catholic-so am 1.'

about religion.

'Well?' queried the father as he paused.

Mr. Hudson muttered an execration against Popish meddlers. Then he spoke as imperatively as at first. It matters not, and I expect your ready compliance with my wishes; even the superstitious creed into which you have been entrapped inculcates, I believe, obedience to pa-

rents.7 ' Not when it conflicts with the obedience due to God, father,' was the mild, yet firm reply .-Surely, sir, you do not expect me to give up my religion and-'

'No more!' interrupted the father sharply; 'I have plainly expressed my wishes; you have of your career, whatever may be its termination,' the alternative of complying with them, or of leaving this house for ever. You can take this morning to deliberate. If you decide to obey

A haughty look flashed from the tearful eyes

A haughty look flashed from the tearful eyes

A haughty look flashed from the tearful eyes me, well; if not, prepare in the interim to leave a house which will no longer be your home, even for a single day. Not a word!' be added, imperiously motioning towards the door; 'after dinner I will hear your decision.

The bright morning sunbeams were shining cheerily through the open windows of that pleasant house as Frederic Hudson ascended to his room; but the brightness and beauty, and the balmy spring breeze that swept by, lifting his bright hair, and playing around his heated forehead, for the first time failed to awaken a thrill of pleasure or admiration in his bosom. Throwing himself wearily into a seat, he looked around with that wistful gaze we are apt to bestow on familiar objects which we are never to behold again; and the boy knew that this was the case; ver to stoop to a falsehood, and I shall not now for, feeling hunself obliged in conscience to refuse the sacrifice required of him, he felt also ciliate the stern man, and plead for forgiveness that in that he might as well attempt to turn the of the act to which duty impelled. Alden for some time past; but I did not sup- mountain torrent from its course, as hope to move

The extraordinary talent for painting which Frederic had early evinced, his father had labored strenuously to smother, positively refusing to allow him to join the drawing class in his school, under Professor Alden; but that gentleown estimation,' replied the father sarcastically; man, happening to see some productions of the youth's untutored pencil, gave him, occasionally, private lessons, and was amply repaid by his pupil's rapid progress. The latter at length tested his powers on a small landscape of his own design, which he submitted to the inspection of his teacher, who, while candidly pointing out the defects, he observed, felt justified by its many excellencies in advising him to devote himself to the | cy. Good-bye.' cultivation of the bright gift he possessed .wishes in this respect I will take the liberty of While the youth was indulging the glowing anticipations thus excited, Mr. Hudson had disco- love. vered his secret labors, and entertaining a sovereign contempt for daubers (as he always desig- of his deceased mother, Frederic directed his nated artists) determined to interdict them for the future.

Frederic, though grieved, was not much surprised by his tather's mandate; he knew his sentiments regarding art and artists. But his astonishment was great on learning that Mr. Hudson, who, until lately, had never troubled himself about religion, was determined on making him a minister. This was, indeed, astounding intelligence; and not less so to the father, was the announcement that the boy, of whose feelings and nursuits he knew as little as the veriest stranger, was a Catholic. Here was an obstacle of which he never dreamed. But he quickly resolved that it should not interfere with the accomplishment of his plans. Knowing the offectionate warmly. disposition of his son, he entertained no doubt of being able to persuade or compel him to accede to his views. But in this he was mistaken. It was a hard trial to Frederic to leave his home. to part in anger with his parent: but duty demanded the sacrifice; so, without much deliberation, though with keen regret, he made pre- what had happened. parations for the exile to which he was doomed.

'the last quiet sleep,' but whose fond praises of the early attempts of his pencil he remembered, and whose religious instructions were sacredly Oh, my father, it is impossible for me to meet treasured in memory. Long ago another had her place in the affection of its master; but that | heaven.' young heart was faithful to the memory of a 'Your other objections, if you have any,' was mother in the grave -upon her place in his heart, no stranger might ever intrude; though, ever gentle and forbearing towards all, he cherished no unfriendly feelings against his stepmother, who, on her part, was seldom deficient in kindearnestness which could not fail to win respect. ness to the boy, on whom, indeed, no eye dwelt

Mr. Hudson remained for a time in silent ent, was over, Frederic descended to the parlor, ently. thought. 'You know nothing of this matter,' where Mr. Hudson was walking majestically to te said at length, 'you were too young when and fro. On seeing his son approaching, he sat your mother died to understand or care much down by the centre-table, awaiting his communication with an air of supreme indifference. The part, his natural cheerfulness, and was able to 'Not so, my father, I assure you,' said the youth, after vainly waiting for a look or word of participate in the table chat his aunt, with woyouth earnestly. Her example and instructure encouragement, begun, in a faltering tone, 'I manly tact, introduced. At an early hour the tions had left a lasting impression, and besides have come, sir, to bid you farewell. But oh! kind old couple dismissed him to take a long task for his future hours, and Mr. Walker soon my father.

wishes - it is just as well.'

boy. 'Father, forgive me one act of disobe-

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1863.

'Never. But go-go at once, ungrateful boy; you are henceforth a stranger to me-go.' With a contemptuous gesture he flung back the hand timidly extended, and the boy, with he had gained the hall, his steps were arrested by his father's voice. 'Unworthy as you are, and though I no longer consider you my son, I do not wish you to beg or steal at the beginning

-the tremulous lips curled slightly at the insulting words.

'Thanks for your kind consideration, sir: but I should prefer even the bitter means of living first suggested, to bounty thus offered,' and he turned proudly away.

The next moment, repenting having given way to his angry impulse, he returned, picked up the coins, and, laying them respectfully on the table, lest the room. Presently he re-appeared, sollowing the porter, who carried his trunk. He paused as he was passing the parlor, and looked toward his father, who sat as he had left him, apparently absorbed in a book. The boy's affecforth without one kind word, one parting embrace from his only parent. Must be depart thus, or should be make one more effort to con-

While he stood thus irresolute, Mr. Hudson, same cold, unrelenting expression, as, wilfully misinterpreting the wistful gaze, he said, taunting, 'Are you waiting for the money now ?-I never repeat an offer once scorned. Leave the house, sir !'

Outraged in his best feelings, Frederic passed quickly through the hall. As he reached the front door, his step-mother followed him, 'So, you will go, Frederic, she said, reproachfully. " is bard for your father to find his wishes thus slighted by his only child; but I hope you will not have cause to regret your undutiful obstina-

And thus the gifted, warm bearted boy

To the town of B-, where dwelt the brother course. 'The ' iron horse' bore him swiftly over the intervening space, and at sunset he reached his uncle's bouse, which was situated just without the thriving town. As he opened the garden gate, be could see the table laid out in the wide porch at the rear of the house, and his uncle and aunt about sitting down to the evening repast. The former, bearing the gate open, went forward and received the unexpected visitor with a hearty welcome; then led him to his wife, calling out in his cheery tones, 'Here is a pleasant surprise for you, mother. I'll wager you did not expect a guest this evening.

'Not so dear and welcome a one, indeed,' replied Mrs. Haines, as she greeted Frederick

Both were surprised to see how wan and languid the boy appeared; he had eaten nothing since early morning, and since then he passed through a severe mental conflict, which left him ceiving this, his uncle unconsciously inquired

In a few words Frederick related his banish-Sadly, while thus occupied, he thought of his ment and its cause. A glow of indignation mount- tened forward again. beloved mother, who had for five years slept ed to the placid brow of Mr. Haines; but it quickly died away, and he threw his arm around his nephew pressing tender kisses on his burning brow and trembling lips, as he whispered, soothingly, Blessed are they who sufter persecution

> 'Were it not that Frederick is so distressed, I would rejoice that something has occurred to bring him to us,' said Mrs. Haines, in her kind tones. 'We are very lonely here, at times, my dear, just two old people together. You will bring some life and fun to our quiet home.'

'Yes, you must be our child, now, Fred,' said ldly save his own parent's. his uncle; 'so cheer up, and let us hope that When the dinner, at which he was not pressome of these days your father will feel differ-

> How gratefully did the disheartened boy respond to this ready kindness, and soon, stimulated by the desire to repay it, he regained, in night's rest, which, as Mr. Haines said, would

'Alas, I cannot-I dare not,' said the agitated | How familiar seemed the neat little room. How | destined to possess a more sacred, yet mournful . vividly memory recalled the night he had passed before the little altar, to pour forth his grateful thanks to the Father in Heaven, who had so graone look of sad reproach, turned away. Ere clously provided for him when harshly cast off by his earthly parent.

Mr. Haines had been a merchant of B-, but on realising what he deemed a competency, had retired from business, finding sufficient occupation and amusement in cuitivating the few acres tiqued clouds-the presence of the bright, intelthough anxious to keep him ever with them, yet cles; the following day his letter came back, unopened, in an envelope directed to Mr. Hames. The latter also had thought it proper to write, sided with him, and gently pointing out the netionate heart swelled at the thought of going cessity the lad was under of acting as he had dered a large summer landscape, the design of

bright sky of Frederic's new life. Happy in the taste was similar to his own, joyicily set about never changing affection of his relatives, and the welcome task. Patiently wrought he on, tree to improve himself in the glorious att to day by day, never wearying of adding a few perhaps feeling that those earnest eyes were which he was enthusiastically devoted, two years finishing strokes, while his admining relatives fixed sorrowfully on him, looked up, with that glided happily by, the third opened for him a good bumouredly bantered him on his lastidious-

CHAPTER II .- OUT OF TRIBULATION INTO JOY.

The tame of Daguerre's discovery had reached B-, and produced quite an excitement—the desire to possess one of those wonderful sun pictures being almost universal. Mr. Haines advised his nephew to take a short trip to his native city, and procure instruction in the art from a superior Daguerreotypist, who had established himself there. The plan seemed to Frederic to present an opportunity of increasing the little store he was laying by with the view to spending a few years in Italy; and he quickly decided to

With a mind agitated by conflicting emotions. he traversed the stree's once so familiar, debating with himself whether he should venture on visiting his father, when he suddenly encountered that gentleman in conversation with two or three acquaintances. One of them recognised Frederic as he involuntarily paused, and greeted him warmly. His response was but carelessly given, his attention being fixed on his father, who, hav-

avail himself of it.

ing glanced toward him, turned carelessly away, and, with unaltered voice, continued to converse with his companions. Frederic passed on. He could not now go to see his step mother; neither would he seek any of his former friends, save Professor Alden; but achieved the object of his journey as speedily as possible, and with a feeling of relief that he would soon be far from the place, started for the railroad depot. It was early in the morning, and a very few had met him as he hurried on, when, on turning a corner, be found himself face to face with his father .-Mith an irresistible impulse, the boy extended his hand, exclaiming eagerly, 'O, father, won't you speak to me?' But with Indian stoicism, dejected and atterly discouraged. Instantly per- the stern man slowly pursued his way. The son looked after him as he walked so composedly along, then subduing his bitter feelings, and murmuring a prayer for his father's conversion, has-

The fame of Frederic's Daguerreotypes soon spread; they were admired and valued as well for their softness of finish as for their accuracy, and his time was now fully occupied at the camera, more profitably, if less pleasantly, than at taken her position in the household, and claimed for justice' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of the easel. With the rest came an old ludy and gentleman, leading by the band a tiny girl, a perfect fairy for beauty, grace, and sprightliness.—
They had long desired to have a portrait of the little sprite, who was the orphan child of their only daughter; but vain had been all their efforts to restrain ber restlessness during the tedious sitgive up the attempt. But, on seeing some of law then in force, he would be imprisoned for the Frederic's sun-paintings, Mr. Walker's cherish- remainder. ed wish was again revived by the idea of having her likeness thus taken and transferred to canvass. The young artist readily concurred in the plan, and having excited the little one's curiosity about the camera, soon produced a perfect likeness, in the most bewitching phase of her strik-

bailed with delight the completion of the portrait write some friend—the writer of this letter, for 'This, then, is your choice?' interrupted his make him feel all right. With lightened spirit which in its truthfulness and exquisite coloring, instance.' When I was at my uncle's last summer I was father, coldly. You will not accede to my he sought the couch on which be had so was worthy of the beauty it pourtrayed. Proud Why not go yourself, Frederic? often enjoyed the calm sleep of childhood .- as the grand-parents were, of the portrait, it was! The youth hesitated.

ing loveliness.

estimation. Not long after it was sent home, there with his idolized mother; nor was it with the darling original was attacked with the croup. less of childlike confidence and love than at that and in a few brief nours the fond recollections of time, though with deeper awe, that he now knelt | parental love, and the pictured semblance on the wall, alone remained to them of the little one who had been the beauty, and light and joy of that darkened home.

Grateful to the gifted one by whose genius the countenance of their fost darling still seemed so smile in almost living beauty before them, they conceived for him a warm attachment. Especially did Mr. Walker, when the first poignancy of bereavement had yielded to a calmer sorrow, love to spend hours with the youth, who had regarded the little Ada with all an artist's pure, enthusiastic love of the beautiful, and whose ligent boy, with his winning ways and boyish kindly nature prompted him to listen with gratigleefulness, in that quiet house. Every day fying sympathy to the trifling but precious reserved to endear him more to his relatives, who, miniscences of the departed, upon which the bereaved grandfather loved to dwell. Naturally, unselfishly desired a reconciliation between him too, the old gentleman began to take a deeper and his parent, which they knew he had at heart. Interest in his success; and as he was a necson But of this there was little hope. Frederic uad of high standing and influence, Frederic scon exwritten to his father on first arriving at his un- perienced the results of his friendly notice and commendations.

One day he brought to the studio a wealthy gentleman, who was about becoming a resident informing Mr. Hudson that Frederic now re- of B .-- . Struck with admiration of the youth's genius, he purchased several paintings, and ordone. But no notice was ever taken of this which he left entirely to Frederic, not even wishing to see the painting until completed ---This was the only loud that lingered in the The latter, who perceived that the stranger's

> But it was done at last, and the most rigid censor might have pardoned the glow of conscious pride that lit up the young artist's face as he gazed on his work. It was a simple design, yet its very simplicity gave it a peculiar charm. In the background the dense foliage of dark forest trees rose up proudly to the dark, fleecy clouds, a silvery thread winding between the huge tranks, widened into a streamlet in front. with a band of joyous little children casting pebbles into its crystal waters, their little bare feet bathed by the pure liquid, as the pebbles broke its glassy surface into glistening wavelets. A few water likes beut their graceful neads above the stream, and further on a thick growth of blackberry bushes, with the tipe, shining fruit hanging in tempting clusters, completed the pioture. It was one to call up in the beholders mind sweet thoughts of forest bounts, and memories of childhood's happy days; and Frederic anticipated the pleasure it would give his generous patron, whose arrival he now engerly longed

His pleasant reverie was broken by the entrance of Mr. Hames, who uttered an exclamation of delight as he saw the painting gleaming out in rich colors from the favorable position it now occupied, and the heart of the gifted boy throbbed with ourer capture as he saw the mild eyes that ever beamed fondly on him now radiant with admiration of his work. With the childlike artlessness of his nature he threw himself into his uncie's arms, and laid his head upon his shoulder.

Why, Freddy, what is this ?-vanity, en? said the kind old man, with a smile, as he raised up the bearning face, now suffused with an ingenuous blash. 'Well, I do not wonder," he added, again turning to the pointing with fresh

But uncle is this letter for me?' exclaimed the youth, -addenly noticing a letter in his uncle's

Mr. Haines looked down on the letter till thea forgotten, but made no answer.

Does it concern me ?' whispered Frederic with indefinable forebodings.

'It does, indeed, my boy; but I grieve to cloud the well earned joy of this hour with the tidings it brings. 'Tis from a friend of mine in your native place.'

Frederic hurriedly read the letter. It told of the total failure of Mr. Hudson, and expressed a fear that the sale of his effects would not cover tings, and they had been forced reluctantly to his liabilities, in which case, under the barbarous

' And what is to be done now, my dear Frederic?' asked Mr. Haines, as he sat down beside him, deeply commiserating the sorrow which was depicted on the countenance so joyous a few minutes previously.

'I cannot tell, dear uncie. Perhaps the sum which your kindness has enabled me to lay by To produce this on canvass was a pleasant will be sufficient. Shall I go to ascertain the ask for his future hours, and Mr. Walker soon real state of affairs, or would it not be better to