

Published by permission of P. J. Kennedy & Co. 41 Barclay Street, New York.

HAWTHORNDEN

A STORY OF EVERY DAY LIFE

BY MRS. CLARA M. THOMPSON

CHAPTER XVII.

RAMBLES ABOUT HAWTHORNDEN

The estate of her grandfather, to which Rosine had gone from the sea-side, was situated among the range of hills that traverse the eastern part of Connecticut, within which certain townships afford a soil rich and fertile as the river bottoms, the land cultivated to the very hill-tops. The air of this region is bracing and invigorating as mountain breezes.

The fat of three hundred acres in this fertile region had made Mr. Hawthorne, not a rich man, as we count riches in the city; but who is really richer than the owner of an unencumbered farm like his, free from debt, with the gathering of his years of health laid by for old age? His farming tastes, his independence of the farmer with the taste and refinement of the gentleman. It is needless to say, that Rosine was here free and happy as a mountain stream, living over again the days of her childhood with her dear brother Willie. Her health became re-established and her spirits buoyant, after she heard of the pleasant change in her parents' home.

Dr. Hartland came according to promise, as soon as he could leave town, with fishing lines and rods, fly-fishing flies, and make-believe worms, for trout-fishing excursions. "You don't want me, of course," said Rosine, as she saw him preparing for the day's pleasure; "so Willie and I'll go a nutting."

"Want you?" he exclaimed, stopping her as she was running from the room, "of course I do—what to show me over the hills and far aways?" "The girl you left behind you," she said, archly. "But, Ned," she added seriously, "you will have no sport with Willie and me chattering about you; trout, I have heard, are very shy."

"Never mind; it is late for trout, and as some famous angler has said, 'The gentleman angler who goes to the river for his pleasure, he may come home lightly laden at his leisure.' You see I don't expect much in the way of piscatorial luck, so you must go. I shall not leave you at home." And thus it came to pass, that with the old family gray, the safest and gentlest of horses for such an excursion, they took their departure for one of the clear pebbly brooks that run among the hills, with banks fringed with a heavy growth of alders mingled with willows and graceful elms. The Doctor suggested several stopping places, as they crossed the winding stream, but Rosine would not listen to any propositions of the kind, assuring him that she knew the very best spot, and that she should not stop short of that.

"There, you must sit down these bars," she said, as they came to another crossing, where the brook suddenly turned from an opposing hill and shot across the road through an open field; "we must ride through this lot," as the people call it, over to that alder copse and the wood you see beyond."

The Doctor obeyed very submissively, guiding the tractable beast over a gorgeous array of whorlberry bushes and sumacs, clothed in the first brilliant liveliness of autumn. "Now we must leave the wagon," she said, as they came upon a huge Virginia fence; "we can ride no further, and we must carry our luggage to the sweetest spot."

"Your most obedient," cried Dr. Hartland, springing from the vehicle, and lifting her and Willie to the ground, he made a low obeisance, saying, "Any further orders, madam?" "Yes," she replied, "we shall want your help with this heavy basket, and you must come back for your fishing tackle, unless you will trust Willie."

"Do you mean to camp out tonight?" he inquired, in a mocking tone, as he lifted the hamper; "we are virtualled for a long time, judging by the weight of this basket. I shall not be able to sing with Walton, 'While I fish I fast.' I wonder if he never took lunch in his knapsack?" They found the pretty nook Rosine had designated as their stopping place, after crossing the fence and brushing through a group of swamp maples gleaming with bright colors. Heavy hemlocks bordered the stream on either side; and far away down the valley the banks grew steeper, and the evergreens climbed one above another till their tall tops seemed "close against the sky."

hills, resting themselves as it were against each other sloping gradually to the verdant valley of the Quinnebopsc, dotted on their sides and very tops with pretty villages and neat farms, now in the shadow, now in the sun, as the glancing clouds flacked the autumn sky. Near by the clematis hung its white feathers all over the hazel bushes, while the brilliant golden-rod and asters of various shades of rich purple mingled their colors with the hues of the kindling leaf, and the squirrels sported and chattered among the falling nuts. The eastern view from this enchanting spot looked far down among the dense growth of hemlock, like gazing into a grotto, through whose leafy walls a glimmering stream glided with only a low murmur.

"Sunny Nook," Willie and I call this," said Rosine, as she saw the unfeigned look of delight upon the Doctor's face, "and the village people call that Paradise," she added, pointing down into the leafy cavern-like, obscurely. "A funny notion they must have of Paradise," said her companion, throwing himself at full length on the bed of leaves that had drifted into this sheltered spot; "quite inappropriate! I shall call it Purgatory."

"Your idea of Purgatory, then," she said, laughing, "is a good place for catching trout?" "Rosine!" he exclaimed, trying to look grave and raising himself on one arm to look at her, "what is the matter with you? You are getting as keen as a brier. O, I recollect; you have reached seventeen—taking the liberties of age, ha?" "No, Ned," she replied seriously, "I don't know why it is, but I always feel gayer and happier here than in any other place; Willie and I have such nice times. Don't we, darling?" she said, closing the little box in her arms.

No restraints of form and ceremony," replied the Doctor; "yes, there is something delightful in that; we were born for the country, I know; it was a great mistake putting us into the city. But you remember, last evening you had something to tell me—something particular."

"Aren't you in a hurry for your fishing?" she inquired as she drew a letter from her pocket, and letting her little brother slide from her lap and run for the flowers, whose bright coloring he had sufficient vision to discern in the sunshine. "Time enough," cried the Doctor; "never be in a hurry in the country; it is out of place, and this comes first," he added, producing his cigar case; "go on while I puff."

"You may play off there, Willie dear," she said to the child, giving him fruit from the basket; "don't go where it is dark or where you hear the water. Precious child!" she added as he leaped and scampered away into the sunshine with his companion, and her brother, his unwearied companion, "do you think, Ned, there is any hope for his sight?"

Dr. Hartland looked after the boy and shook his head. "I may as well tell you, I think not; if the disease is what I fear, there is no hope." Rosine looked down in thought, and neither spoke for some moments. "I'm waiting for the news," he said at length, "cheer up and give it to me."

Rosine raised her eyes and with a half sigh said, "You can't guess where Laura is?" "No," he replied, as a frown dark as the shadows of the trees came over his hitherto sunny brow; "no, don't bring that woman into this pure blessed sunshine, I don't want to know where she is."

"Very well," she said, again folding the letter and rising to go to Willie. "No, stay," he cried, seizing her hand, "if you know what is and has been said about Laura Marten, you would hardly speak her name. That rascal Lem Compts boasted at a dinner not long ago, but that for her inopportune illness they should have eloped, and wears a ring which he swears is her gift. Indeed, I cannot tell you all I know of her; believe me, Rosa, she is not worthy of a tithe of the sympathy you and I expressed when she lay ill."

"But, Ned, must we believe all we hear?" Do you count Lem Compt a man of truth, would not he make light of any woman's good name?" "I believe any thing of Laura Marten, since she could make a lover of such a base villain."

the whole matter, if there has ever been any engagement. I tell you, when he's put upon his mettle he carries all before him, stern and unbending as the Rock of Gibraltar. He is not so easily roused as I, but once get up his will 'er touch his honor, and I doubt if Laura, with all her brass, could stand before him."

A cry from Willie at this moment reached their ears, he had fallen down an embankment to the very brink of the water, not much hurt, but thoroughly frightened. Rosine reproached herself for leaving him, brought him back into the sunshine, cooled and patted him, and as soon as the April shower was dry, rambled off with him among the scattered nuts, unbending the Doctor's repeated calls to her to return.

The fishing prospered when he found his companion was determined; she only returned a few moments for lunch, and was away again; leaving the Doctor under the dense shade, weaving the links of the past with bright visions of the future, till her ringing voice was heard, assuring him that she was homeward bound, for the sun was almost down.

Rosine's vacation was too soon over, though it included many bright and joyous days, in a few of which Dr. Hartland's company added to her enjoyment, but Laura's name was not again spoken, and it was a long while after her return to the city before any mention was made of her in the family. Rosine wondered within herself if she ought to call even upon Sister Agnes while Laura was with her, since she knew Ned's indignation at the mention of her name, and saw plainly that neither the Colonel nor his lady cared to know where she might be. She had a yearning of the heart for her old friend, yet she knew she ought to make no advances for a renewal of the friendship, and when she considered her position, there was a slight feeling of vexation that Sister Agnes should expect any thing of her in the way of peace-making, after the oft-repeated warnings she had received against the companionship.

After revolving the question as to her duty in the matter over and over again, she put the vexed question aside, determined to be guided by circumstances.

Terrible rocks rose all around them. Higher and higher they towered above their heads, jagged, torn, peaked violently, frowning as if God's sunlight had never lain along their scarred sides or brightened their rugged heads. And far out in the dark waters, that lay at their feet, they ran in secret reef and shoal that meant destruction to the lives of men. Many and many a fisher-boat had foundered on its treacherous right within sight of home and safety.

Centuries ago, so long that the tale was old before generations now dust had heard the story, a little shrine of Our Lady stood high up on the top of what, through the slow changes of Time, was now an inaccessible rock. Looking out over the cruel sea it stood, a brilliant beacon shining at its side, to warn away from the perils of the shore, and the tiny chapel hung a bell that rang, by the hundred agency, it was whispered, when precious lives were spared, to tell how Our Lady of the Rock still watched over those who called upon her in their despair.

"But yet, Mademoiselle," said Jeanne, the Breton fisher maid, eagerly, half-resentful that the young English girl who sat by her on the beach, watching her deft fingers as they fastened the threads of a torn net, did not know, as she did, that the tale was true; that the hundred agency, it was whispered, when precious lives were spared, to tell how Our Lady of the Rock still watched over those who called upon her in their despair.

"Who is the hermit?" the young tourist asked smiling. "Ah, Mademoiselle, you do not know the story! It was he who built—so long ago—they say the rock could then be reached, but now, not even a goat can scale or find a path to its top—but the hermit, he was a saint, Mademoiselle, and he built, as I say, her chapel for Our Lady, and he lived in a little cell close by and tended it for the love of his fellowmen, that they might not be swallowed up by the seas, nor destroyed by the fearful reef that lies just out there, where a man cannot see in the storm and night. And many a sailor and fisher lad came home to his own because of the blessed beacon of Our Lady. But there came a terrible time to our belle France, I know not how it was—perhaps you, Mademoiselle, who are so learned in books and know so much more than I, could tell—but whatever the cause, wicked men arose throughout the land, and went through the country plundering and slaying and trying to kill God's faith and His Church. And one day they came to our Brittany, even here where we sit, Mademoiselle, and they climbed to Our Lady's chapel. They threw down her statue and shattered her beacon, in spite of the pleadings of her poor hermit, and then—the

devils, Mademoiselle—they seized the holy man himself and flung him down, down on the awful rocks below, jostling and shunting to him on his head, for he had not the strength to swim, and they swore that never in that place should he arise again, or her light be lit or her little bell ring out in her honor. But see, Mademoiselle! They say as the hermit fell to death, the bell rang out twelve long solemn strokes, clear and strong, and an awful flash of lightning struck the band—they were twelve, Mademoiselle—struck them right down to earth at the foot of the ruined altar, and never again were they seen by any man. But time and time again since then, when storm and tempest have been at their worst and the good ships and boats in danger of striking on the reef, the beacon of Our Lady has suddenly flashed forth, and the dead hermit stood forth on the rock above to beckon into a safe channel, and the little bell has rung clear and sweet across the waters. You smile, Mademoiselle—but it is true—I know it!"

"George, come down with me to the beach tomorrow," Aline Craig said to her brother a day or two afterward. "You know we are lonely at the end of the week, and you haven't yet made the acquaintance of my 'dad,' Jeanne Kerbice. She's really the most interesting person I have come across in all our trip, and full of all sorts of legends and odd tales. I set her to talking while she sits mending her nets on the shore, and I believe I could make a book out of what she has told me. She has such faith, too, in everything she tells—of course it is her ignorance, but the funny thing is I often feel as if she were talking the same view of me and pitying mine! Anyway, she's a veritable 'find,' of the first water, and one not to be lightly thrown aside. She never gets angry when I have to laugh sometimes at her saints and ghosts—I don't mean to hurt her feelings, but her stories are rather far fetched, I must say. The last one was about a ghostly hermit of centuries ago—no, I didn't mean a pun—and a beacon—that saves you without any trouble on your part. If ever you are in danger in Carder's boat, remember it, and pay your respects to both. As I was saying, she never gets in the least angry, she only says, 'But wait—Mademoiselle will see!'"

"Suppose you should—would you be scared?" said her brother, with a lazy smile. "I—don't know. I believe I would rather like to see the hermit and hear the bell—oh, that was part of the outfit, I forgot to tell you about! That is—if they weren't really the hermit and the bell!"

"This was sometimes a paradox," quoted George, laughing outright now. "Well, I'll take a look at your 'travails' before we go, but tomorrow I'll stand by you to sail over to Fallerville to the farm for the day. Wouldn't interest you—pigs and cows and horse races, you know, and all that—don't much want to go myself, but Howard's great on 'local color,' so Pierre Cardac is going to take us over in his smack—we'll be back before night. Next day I'll stray down with you and lend an ear to Mademoiselle Jeanne and her fairy tales."

The morrow came with a stillness of air and a peculiar clearness of atmosphere, in which the sinister rocks stood out in a sharp, gray, and form unusual to their general aspect. The morning was gay as morning should be, the party of young English fellows, passengers in Pierre Cardac's fishing boat, as gay as the morning. The little boat was thronged to see them off, les braves messieurs, as likewise the half dozen other boats that went with them crowded with fishermen and villagers bound for the distant pleasures of Fallerville also. Jeanne and her English friend stood side by side, waving and laughing to brother and sweetheart, Pierre Cardac's boat, as gay as the morning. The little boat was thronged to see them off, les braves messieurs, as likewise the half dozen other boats that went with them crowded with fishermen and villagers bound for the distant pleasures of Fallerville also.

"Back by sundown," called out George Craig to his sister, and they were off. The day passed on. The two girls sat on the beach, as usual; all around was that same still clearness of rock, sea and sky. But more than once some old fisherman, as he plied by and saluted them, shook his head and muttered below his breath, looking at the far horizon. It struck Aline suddenly, that all but imperceptibly the waters were darkening before them. Little wreaths and curls of vapor began to run over the heavens; the waves heaved an uneasy stir every now and then—finally, a toss of occasional spray and foam that sprang far above the level. Higher and higher and more frequently it rose—thicker the veiling of the clear heavens—a long moan broke upon their startled ears, another and another as a strong wind blew without warning over land and sea. Then—it was on them! Wind and storm and tempest—riven skies, thunders scarcely louder than the roar of the waters as they leaped upon the shrinking sands. God! The fishers, the boats, the pleasure-seekers, who were to be at sundown!

In safe—safe—thanks to le bon Dieu and Notre Dame de Gard! Here they are—all but the boat of Pierre Cardac. Torn from the company of the rest, lost in the darkness that made day as night—

Where was the boat of Pierre Cardac? There!—see it in the flash of the terrific lightning, the flare of the inadequate torches brought down to the shore, and over being extinguished under the open footgate of the skies! Right on the reef it was driving—no human power could save them now! On the sands, regardless of the tempest, the villagers gathered together, the women weeping and

sobbing, the men stern and silent, the Abbe in their midst. The coast guard of the nearby station were there, too, with their useless lifeboats, powerless, important, as the doomed boat drew nearer and nearer to its fate. Those on board had long since ceased to strive. Death was inevitable—they knew it.

The old priest all at once flung out his arms to the rock above their heads. "In the name of God and Our Lady," he cried, "stand forth, thou Hermit of the Rock!" A light shone suddenly out on the inaccessible heights that lit up the face of the waters like day. In its strong and steady radiance the lightning paled. Stronger and stronger still it grew—the beholders felt to their knees in an agony of supplication. A peal of thunder rolled along the heavens like a trumpet-call. "See, see, Mademoiselle!" shrieked Jeanne, clutching the English girl in a grasp of almost superhuman strength.

Up on the height, in full sight, stood a small chapel, which no man living had beheld before. At its side rose the glowing beacon, and in its wondrous rays stood out, clear and distinct, in spite of the distance, the figure of a venerable old man, clothed in the robe of a monk. Smiling, he held out his hands across the waters to the imperilled boat, beckoning it gently on with a gesture to which it turned as if driven by some hidden power, in a mad and plunging race across the hidden reef to the impelling of his silent call. Then somewhere above their heads a bell began to ring, sweet, clear and insistent. How long it sounded none could tell, but as it ceased, the vision was gone—the wind died down, the lightnings faded away. The clouded heavens suddenly broke into a glory of sinking sun, and through the ebbing waters, in a frenzy of cheers and thanksgiving, the boat drew in and touched the strand.—Mary J. Makoy, in the Magnificat.

ARCHBISHOP HANNA SAYS DIVORCE THREATENS MORAL DISASTER TO CIVILIZATION

In his sermon on "The Church and Family," Most Rev. Archbishop Hanna denounced the modern social cancer of divorce and proved in the following powerful sermon how the Christian ideal ever maintains the unity and indissolubility of marriage. Never since Christianity began have thought and practice deviated from Christ's view of the family group as they have deviated in our day. In the past ten or fifteen years, and there is no moral danger so great as wrong conceptions of the family, nor is there any greater sign of moral decay than the present attitude of men toward the union of man and woman upon which the Christian ideal of the family must be based.

God, from the beginning, insured the permanence of the race through the union of man and wife, for it is written, "God blessed them, saying, Increase and multiply and fill the earth."

A MOST SACRED BOND If we measure the place and the dignity of an institution by its sacredness, its deep significance for human happiness, the great responsibility which it implies for the future of mankind, the surely marriage must claim the reverence and respect of every mind capable of appreciating what is good and true and necessary unto the high development of the race.

That marriage is a bond most sacred, we know from the fact that God himself established it for the perpetuation of the race, and in the fullness of time, through Christ, elevated it unto the dignity of a sacrament, whence man and woman, too, derive the strength and grace necessary for the difficult task of rearing into justice those whom their love had brought into the world.

This institution, blessed so by God, must be fraught with most serious consequences for the future happiness of men. For men are happy only when they see things aright, and seeing, have power to follow the light; and the great principles of education have their beginning and their fostering care in the family group.

And finally, if this sacred institution, raised to such dignity in Christ, means so much for the future of mankind, it is impossible to measure the responsibility which rests upon man and woman who, in love, enter upon this most important contract. If the marriage contract is so sacred and entails such mighty responsibility, it is essential in the first place that clean lives and high thoughts ought to be the preparation which will bind together the love of man and wife. Nor can we stop here—those whose love brings them together ought to make sure that their motives too are noble and upright, for where the purpose of this union is simply selfish, where there is no thought save of ambition and greed, genuine and permanent love are simply out of the question.

It is only when those whom love binds together see in marriage God's plan of perpetrating the race, and because it is God's will, accept the responsibility of bringing children into the world, that marriage can hope to reach the great ideal that underlies its power for the happiness and the well-being of mankind.

mankind, philosophers of all ages and statesmen have held that the marriage bond ought to have unusual stability, for it is impossible to conceive the great purposes of marriage, the perpetuation of the race and the preparation of the children of the family group for the battle of life, could be accomplished if the union of man and woman could be dissolved in accordance with a whim or wish or fancy.

Of itself, and under normal conditions, this love which unites lives and makes them one flesh, endures through life, growing in strength as time passes, and renewing its sweet tenderness in the children that are pledges of this love. Indeed, the thought of separation, even by death, is repugnant and nothing less than death can weaken the bond. For this reason, throughout the ages, no sane man has ever regarded divorce as a good thing. The most that anyone can say in its favor is that it sometimes affords relief from intolerable evil.

Whenever, across the centuries, man and woman have looked upon this sacred union as a bond that could be broken at will, not only have men and women shrunk from the responsibility of begetting children, but endangering entirely the future of the race, but also have the education and the upbringing of the little ones been so jeopardized that children prove incapable of fulfilling the great place which ought to be theirs; and so low has become our standard in America, and particularly in the West, that men of all nations look with horror upon our present conditions and prophesy great evil for the future because of the ease with which divorces are granted in our country.

DIVORCE DISRUPTS HOME LIFE We not only have a disruption of home life unparalleled in the history of the world, but also the children of America are beginning to take an entirely false view of the purposes of this sacred relationship which binds together the love of man and woman. Forgetting that they are co-operating with a Creator for the future of the race, they are entering upon this sacred obligation with no other view than that of safety, ease, comfort and pleasure, and when they cannot obtain these things they then seek freedom from a bond the nature of which they have never understood.

If philosophy, however, and statesmanship do not bring home clearly to every mind the absolute necessity of the indissolubility of the marriage contract, surely the wisdom of Christ supplies for us what is wanting in mere reason. I know of no way of presenting the truth more simply than by telling the story of Christ in His discussion, not only with the Pharisees, but also with His own disciples.

One day the Pharisees came to Him and asked, tempting, "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" Jesus, wishing to meet the thought of their minds, turned and said, "What did Moses command you?" And they answered, "Moses permitted to write a bill of divorce and to put her away," and Jesus quickly countered, saying: "Because of the hardness of your heart he wrote that precept, but even in your own tradition there was an older law in Genesis, 'From the beginning of creation God made them male and female and for this cause men shall leave his father and mother and shall cleave to his wife and they too shall be in one flesh, therefore, now they are not two but one flesh.' What, therefore, God has joined together let not man put asunder."

And when the disciples thought that this was a hard doctrine, and, if true, that it was not expedient to marry, Jesus answered: "All men take not this word but them to whom it is given;" by which sentence Jesus permits not more sexual liberty, but less; the sacrifice of family life for a duty which, in some cases, is higher and nobler.

And Jesus pronounced, with a faculty ever rare in Him, that whatsoever shall put away his wife and marry another committeth adultery. The family, of a consequence, in Jesus' mind, is not a passing union at the mercy of shifting desire. It is ordained for that very discipline in self-restraint which so many in our day are anxious to avoid.

This attitude was not popular with the theologians of Judea, nor with the luxurious Romans of the first Christian times, nor is it any more in honor with the free living people of today. In Christ's mind, the great purpose of life are served only by the unity and the indissolubility of marriage—yes, even the secondary purpose of increasing love and of cementing union of hearts are best served thereby. Every modern, every ancient argument about unhappy homes and un congenial temper, and temperamental differences, and newly discovered love, Christ answers by the simple phrase, "What God for His mighty purpose has joined, let no man dare put asunder;" and every attempt to nullify the new alliance is met by Christ with that most severe condemnation, "Whoever putteth away his wife and marryeth another, committeth adultery."

Finally, if you ask, are there no cases where marriage has become so intolerable that it were better to allow both parties to remarry? The Christ again says, "No." Looking at the problem in the light of the great purpose of God, He detaches Himself from the special cases and looks only to the great general principle of social life and social reform; detach-

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS MURPHY & GUNN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada... FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

DAY, FERGUSON & CO. BARRISTERS 26 Adelaide St. West Toronto, Canada

LUNNEY & LANNAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Harry W. Lunney, B.A., B.C.L. Calgary, Alberta

JOHN H. McELDERRY BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ARCHITECT, NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER

WATT & BLACKWELL ARCHITECTS Members Ontario Association

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ONT. Excellent Business College Department

FUNERAL DIRECTORS John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST.

E. C. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR 389 BURLING ST. Phone 3971

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. ALAMAC HOTEL

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO Hennessey

DRUGS CUT FLOWERS PERFUMES CANDIES

RAW FURS Best Market Prices Paid for Raccoon, Skunk, Mink, Weasel and Fox.

ROSS' LIMITED LONDON, ONT.

Book Bargains 15c. Postpaid

60c. Each Postpaid

ORDER NOW Our Stock is Limited

The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA