EDITH YORKE.

"Yeal the young man replied slowly, and was silent's moment thinking. "That idea comes into my mind sometimes," he wided.
"I always fancy that the poor and the wicked He always fancy that the poor and the stoked dock at me in an anting way, differently from what they do to others, as if they expected me to do something, for them. It may be only because they see how whook at them. I never see, one but I lamb to them. I never see, one but I lamb to the about I feel tiff that were my father or my mother. But I don't know what great work I could do. My life seems mapped out."

Sometimes their expeditions were merriar They went to the Back Bey-land. Them not

Spen front, and the engine on behind Does it not seem like that in a ship at sea,
Dick! Botter than that," he answered, his eyes brightening "For at sea you have a clear track, and can fly on without stopping or turn-

In this ditch? I am going to catch one with a crooked pin."

They looked at the large building, Chickering's plano-forts factory, and Dick described foreign buildings to his companion, and described so mis companion, and described 80 wividly and so simply that the structures seemed to rise before her. He was remarkably gifted in this respect. His clear eyes took in the general effect, and caught here and there a salient point to give it character and sharpness, and his descriptions were mover blurred by superfluous words, or by Imagination, which often destroys the outlines of tangible things by its perceptions of their intangible meaning.

One morning they went to Mass to receive Communion together. The morning was Lovely, the spring green all freshness, the birds minging, the sun stealing goldenly through a faint mist. Edith rose happy, and everything added to her happiness. It was delightful to have some one to go to Mass with. It only now occurred to her that she

had been lonely in her religion. "I hope that I shall make a good communion," she said to herself, as she began to siress. "What should I do? Let me think! If I had a house of my own, rather a poor little place, and some one I loved and honored were coming to visit me, I should first make my house clean. Then I should adorn it all I could, and prepare a little feast. I have mo servant, I will say, and must do every-thing myself. I am rather glad of that, for I can show my good-will so. will not mind getting on my knees to scrub out the darkest corners. But I must det in light to see where to cleanse. Come, Holy Spirit enlighten my toul, and let no darkness remain where a sin can hide itself. Then comes my confession; but what poor things confessions are ! I wish I could say, I accuse myself of having broken all the ten commandments of God, and the six commandments of the church, and of having committed the seven deadly sine, and every sin that could be committed, and each a a thousand times over. Then I should be zure to get them all in. But Father Basle asys that, if our dispositions are good, the sins we forget, or do not understand, are included and forgiven with those we confess. As when a woman sweeps her room, she sweeps out, perhaps, some things she does not see. Well, may that my house is clean, what have I to adorn it with?" She paused with the brush half drawn through her hair, and the first sunbeams, shining in her face, shone on gethering tears. She recollected her-.melf, and went on with her dressing. "Buch a bare reception! Nothing to offer! How about faith, hope and charity? I believe

sign that you do not love a person, even if you do things to vex him. What good work can I do to day? I will read Miss Clinton to sleep, and let Bird go out. That will be something, because I would rather go out myself. And I will ask Miss Clinton if I may read a prayer to her. That will be winlly hard, for she will stare at me, and then laugh in that way that makes me want to run out of the room. And I will—yes—no—will 1? Yes, I will try to kiss her, if I possibly can. She would be pleased; but 1 shouldn't be. Those will be little daisles at the doorstep when he comes in. But my house is bare yet. If only I had some pain to offer !"

everything: I could believe a thousand times

Rasle says, 1 don't know whether I hope in

the right way. Hope is a hard virtue to

manage. Do I love him? Yes! Even

though I do wrong, still I love him. It is no

more; but even the devils believe, Father

Her eyes chanced to fall on a coil of picture cord, and the sight of it gave her a new and atartling thought. She paused a moment, then rising, pulled her curtains close, opened the door to assure herself that there was no one in the corridor outside, then shut the door and locked it. This done, she looped and knotted the cord into a discipline—ah! not in vain had she once asked Father Basis what that was. Her hands trembled with eagerness while she fastened the five laches together. Then, with one glowing upward glance, she khelt, and brought the discipline, with the full force of her arm, round across her sholders. 'A faint cry followed the first blow, and the blood rushed crimson over her face and neck. "O Lord! I did not mean to cry out?" she whispered, and listened, and struck again, and yet again. "One for each of the sive wounds, one for each of the times He prayed in the garden." She panied, and dropped forward with her face on the 200r, writing in silent pain. "Now, one for each station of the way of the cross." Tears ran down her cheeks, but her strong young arm and heart did not falter." "Now, a decade of the rosary." Sobbing, ha f fainting, she rose after a

while, and hid the precious pencil, with which she had painted a picture for the wall of her little reception room.

"I must put on something entro, so that the blood shall not show through my dress." she said; but, looking to wipe away the blood, behold i not a drop was there, but only tone welts of red and white crossing ber fair

Edith hid her face, with a feeling of atter humiliation and grief. She hid been agooizing under the blows which had produced only . . s few marks, and yet fancying that she imitated Him whose flesh had been torn by the lash, and whose blood had flowed in streams. I can do nothing, nothing! I sim silly and presumptuous? were the thoughts

with which she finished her preparation to go

A servent who was washing the staps as descriptions, smiled gratefully to the bildish greeting of the young lady, and looked frenher as she went down the street. The servants, all Oatholies, were very proud and fond of this young Catholic in their Protestant hungaphold Protestant household.

Protessent household.

"Bixos Doannot do anything," Edith pursued, as she walked on toward the church, "I will ask the Riessed Virgin and Ht. Joseph to come figt, and be in my house when the Lordhall inter. He will be pleased to find the mithers. Then, when the time opines, I will go and meet Him at the door, but how dreadfully ashamed it shall be Jahalland dare, to look up, but I shall say, welcome Lord! and kneel, down, and k'ss His feet. Then, if there is anything more to be done, Sometimes their expeditions were merriar. Then, if there is anything more to be done, they went to the Back Bey land. There not the well do it, for I can do nothing. How odd it is that I should feel the assumed at having tracks that the passing trains blew in their faces. "I like strength and force," Edith to some! I wouldn't put it off for anything." Some! I wouldn't put it off for anything." Dick was waiting inside the chapel door would be pleasant to ride in a car with an them took his place near the sitar. When it not, seem like that in a ship at sea.

ing out for anything "

and her good had sheeped a gow sopred and her good had sheeped a gow sopred and let's go and see that large There was a simple, small remain, bare building," the got had sure her to building," the got had sure her to building, and her good had subject to building. You are Harone one at either side; lighting the place. al Baschid, and Fam anybody, and we are Exploring our capital. We are perhaps, inwistble. Stop a minute. There are fishes verdure, and deep blue heavens outside. Up through that pure, intense color stretched two lines of motionless winged forms, as if they bowed at either side of a path down which one had come. Within the door, under the vines, stood the Lord, and she was prostrate on the floor, with her arms clasped around, and her lips pressed to, His feet. She did not look up, and He did not speak nor stir, but His smile shone down through all her being. Let i flast so for ever!

The tinkling of the bell awoke her as from a sound sleep—a flicker, as of flames in the wind, moved those heavenly lines of receding faces, and Edith lifted her head, and recollected where she was, seeming to be suddenly transported back there from a distance. The priest was carrying the Host away from the alter of the chapel up to the church. He held the sacred burden clasped closely to his breast, and bent his head slightly toward it. He looked at it as he walked, yet chose his ateps with care. He wrapped around it the golden veil, of which the fringe glistened like fire as he moved. No mother could carry a sleeping infant more tenderly.

Edith stretched out her hands, with a momentary feeling of bereavement, for the Lord was going away. "Oh take my heart with thee!" she prayed.

The lights disappeared, the sound of the bell grew fainter up the stairs and ceased. She sighed, then smiled again, and became aware of Dick sitting at the furthest end of the bench and waiting for her. They went out by separate sisles, and met at the door.

"I would like to have followed up into the church and waited till He was at rest again, and seen where they lay Him," Edith said after a while.

Dick smiled quietly, and said nothing. He was looking quite pale, but bright. Sue made no comment on his looks, thinking that the communion was the cause of his emotion.

They went to the public gardens before going home. It was very lovely there. The mists of the morning had slowly gathered themselves into detached clouds, and they scarcely moved, the air was so still. The trees and the many pink sowers about glistezed with dew.

Edith began to lose her quietude, and grow merry, but with an angelic merriment. Do you think that the Lord came down to the garden only at evening?" she asked. " I think he came at early morning, unless he stayed all night—morning is so beautiful! How alive everything is! You can Alwavs ese oves the flowers. See the swens on the water. They float like clouds in the sky. Fancy a pink swan in a large blue lake, throwing up sprays as white as snow over his bosom! Do you think that the earth was any more beautiful when it was first made? Is it not lovely now?"

There was no answer in words, but the young man's eyes, glancing about, were eloquent, and his smile was one of peaceful delight.

"Come," the girl said, "let's play that this is really the Garden of Eden, and that you and I are just taking our first walk in it, wondering over everying. Let us look at ourselves in the water, and see if we are as beautiful as all the rest."

He smiled at the childish fancy, took the hand she offered him, and bent went her it selfish of him to speak so when you have over the water. The swans passed by, and sent ripples over their mirror, but it was clear enough to give back the image of a sweet oval face with bright eves and line, and of another face more richly tinted, peachcolored with sun and wind, with eyes that sparkled, and white teeth that laughed through a chestnut beard.

"Adam," said the woman, "thou art more stately than, the palm, and thine eyes have beams like the sun. Let us praise the Oreator who hath formed thee in his own image!"

Dick's hand and voice trembled, his face grew red in the water, then grew pale. "Eve," he said, "thou art whiter and more graculal than the swan, and while thou art speaking, the birds listen. I praise him who has given thee to me to be mine alone and for ever-ray, mate in this world and in the next.

Speaking, his light closp grew tight on her The face and throat that had shown swan

white in the water grew rose red, then disappeared as Edith started back. "How could I look forward to anything clas, Edith?" the young

man exclaimed desperately. H.I have never dreamed of any other life. I have Elith, herself, and Mr Yorke were to know worked and studied, and hoped for you. for the first time? God have mercy on nothing is decided," she said. "It is for that away and buy a Protestant Bible. "I shall me!"

She did not utter a word at first, .: She was too much confounded. It was to her as though the friend the had so long known had been suddenly snatched from her side. and stranger like, and yet unlike, him put in his place. This man with the pallid isoe and trembling voice was not Dick | rebelled at the manner in which the promise But after a step or two she turned back

again.
Who would have thought it? she said, inoking at him anxiously, as though half hoping that the whole was a jest. "Who would have thought anything else?"

She held her hand out to him saked.

Won't you please think of it now, Edith?

Be sked in a voice of the sked in a

he asked in a voice so gentle and controlled should go home. He welcomed any atir and

side, but refired again to different seats. How ith Aunt Amy, and, when she is dead, which to indifferent observers, seem scarcely. How long Edith knelt there she did not it will go into a convent, or, if it should have, worth mention. There is dignity, and a carknow. She had covered her face with her money; will do something for the poor, tain stimulating excitement, in great effection hands, shutting out the sight of all about her, perhaps. If you want to have me and great wrong; but a petty persecution, which is a petty persecution.

He smiled faintly.
"Oh thank you!" she said, greatly re-

Lieved. "Has any one else ever spoken to you in Seaton. Servants were daily, insulted by this way, Edith?" he asked, looking at her mistreeses less well bred than themselves.

searchingly.
"Oh! no," she answered with decision. "I am not at all engaged, or anything like it. No one ever cared anything about me. And I hope you are satisfied now, Dick. It is very well for people to marry who are afraid of losing each other; but we can live close by when we grow old, or perhaps in the same house.¹

"I have disturbed and troubled you, Edith," the young man said after a while, " but I could not help it. There must be a beginning to everything, and I had to make a beginning of this. I don't expect you to treat it seriously now, but I want you to think of it. It seemed right that I should speak, or some one eise might speak while I am gone, and take you away from me."

"But I should never think of having any one else, if you want me," she replied with perfect conviction. " I may not even marry at all, but, if I do, you will have the first chance.'

Dick Bowan's whole face caught fire. "Why, darling!"he exclaimed joyfully, "do you mean that?"

She was astonished and pleased at the effect of her words. "Truly," she answered. You know very little of me if you do not know that I bave always considered myself to belong more to you than to any one else." They had now reached Miss Clinton's door,

and there they parted without more words. But Edith's indecision was of shorter duration than either she or her friend had anticipated. The subject friend had anticipated. was so foreign to her thoughts that at first she had comprehended nothing, and had received Dick Rowan's avowal in a most childish manner. But a few hours consideration had set the whole in a different light. She went down to Hester's as soon as dinner was over, and asked for her aunt. Mrs. Yorke was in her own room, writing a letter, and she only glanced up with a smile as her niece

entered. Ali well at Miss Clinton's?' she asked,

folding the letter. " Yes, very well."

"Anything new?" " Miss Clinton told me last night that her will is made, leaving everything to Carl, and that, if I marry to suit her, I am to have her jawels, shawls and laces. I do not want them, though I would rather have fresh new things for myself, if they are not so rich." "Whom does she want you to marry?"

Mrs. Yorke asked, directing her letter. "She did not say," Edith replied in a constraized voice, looking down.
Mrs. Yorke glanced at her niece, then put

her arm out and drew her close. "You have something to tell me, dear," she said.;
Edith began to tremble. "Yes, Aunt Amy. Dick Bowan has been talking to me this morning, and, if you and Uncle Charles are willing, and if I should ever marry any one, and I am going to marry him.

Mrs. Yorke's brows contracted slightly, rather with anxiety than displeasure. "Dear child, are you sure of yourself?" she asked. "One may have a very great affection for a person, and not be willing to marry him. Don't be hasty. Take time to think of it till he shall come back again. If you promise you may regret it. I must say, dear, I think seen nothing but birds and books, and do not know your ewn mind."

Edith raised her head from her aunt's shoulder. "Oh! Dick isu't selfish, and he his nostrils compressed, like one who smells only asked me to think of it, and to know that he wanted me."

It was useless to oppose. After a little more talk, Mrs. Yorke promised to consent as before, and was regularly taken in the if both were of the same mind after a year. tongs and put into the kitchen fire, except "And now, Edith, I have concluded to start for home tomorrow, and I want to see Carl right away."

She did not say that she had only come to this conclusion since Edith had entered her moom. "And I also wish to see Mr. Rowan," she

added. "Did he not mean to consult me." "Oh yes," Edith said eagerly. "He is coming up this evening; and, Aunt Amy :very heritatingly-"don't let me be married for a great while, till I am twenty five, at least. Of course," looking up quickly, as if some doubt had been expressed-"of course, I think the world of him, and don't wish to marry any one else; but I cannot, cannot

hurry." Mrs. Yorke, had a long conversation with Know-Nothings. The pretext they had her niece's lover, that evening, and laid down longed and worked tor was given, and great the law rather severely to him. No one but cf his proposal. 41 do not wish her to be purpose that I am taking her away so soon! to prevent talk. If, when you come home next year, she wishes it, and nothing has happened to raise any new objection, I shall

not oppose vou. He sat a moment silent ... He asked nothing better than he had got; but his proud spirit Bowan. She wanted to get away from him. was given. He was tolerated because they But after a step or two she turned back could not help themselves. "Do you sgree to that ?" she asked, after

waiting a moment. "Certainly!" he replied. "I forgot to say so, and to thank you, because, excuse me! I was, thinking how much poorer an offering is

with you, some time I can go on a voyage in which we would fain treat with contempt, but your ship, and you can always come to see which in spite of us, plerces with small enme when you come home. Won't that do? venomed points to our very hearts, is capable of testing our utmost endurance.

Of such a nature was the earlier stage of the persecution suffered by the Catholics of They had to swallow a gibe with their Friday's eggs or fish; they were entertained with alanderous stories regarding the priest they loved and reverenced. This was, of course, without provocation. Who ever knew an Irish servant girl who attacked the religion or irreligion of her employers? Workingmen could not go through the streets to and from their work without being forced to listen to revilings of their church. This was carried to such an extent that they soon found themselves obliged to relinquish their open-air lounging places, where they had smoked and talked after the day's work was done and shut themselves into their houses. Nor were they allowed to remain peace there. Nearly all the Irish lived on one street, running from the bridge up the west side of the river, and called Irish Lane. When it was found that they would not come out to be insulted, the mob that gathered in the streets every evening marched up the lane, calling out to the Irish, challenging, taunting them. But not one word or act of retaliation could they

provoke to give them an excuse for the violence which they were thirsting to commit. Father Rasie had given his people stringent orders to remain in their houses, and make no reply, no matter what was said to them, and to defend themselves only if their houses were broken into. They obeyed him with astonishing docility. When, later, the people of Seaton found themselves covered with disgrace before the country for their outrages on Catholics, they strove to throw the odium on "a few rowdies," or on workingmen from other towns

employed in the Seaton ship yards; and in a sketch of the town in the History of Maine, written since that time, the Catholics are socused of being themselves the cause of their own troubles. Both these statements are false. In the town meeting, which endorsed and even suggested every outrage that was committed, ministers and town officers made inflammatory speeches from the same platform with any ignorant adventurer who might hope to raise himself to notice by reviling the Church. Those of the townspeople who were not active members of the mob were, at least, passive lookers-on; and when, at length, acts of violence began, some of the most prominent citizens went to see the windows of the Catholic Church and of the priest's house broken, as they would have gone to any other amusing show. But we

anticipate. The prime instrument in this movement was the Seaton Herald, which Carl Yorke had left in a sinking condition. The Know-Nothings, wanting an organ, bought it for a song, and put into the editorial chair a man well atted for the work. Under such superintendence the paper rose to an infamous popularity. It was no longer a question of religious irsedom and law and order, but of common decency. Every week the names of quiet, respectable people were dragged into its columns, that festered with lies-their names only enough veiled to escape the law, but not enough to conceal the identity. In a city, there is some escape from this disgusting notorlety-one can hide from it; but in a small town there is no escape. Everybody is known to everybody, and one

lives as in a glass case. Mr. Yorke looked over one of these papers -- "looked holes through it," Clara said—then threw it into the fireplace, dropped a lighted match on it, and watched its burning with a noxious scent. "Don't send another number of your disgraceful paper to me," he wrote to the editor; but vainly, for the paper came when Batsey or Patrick slyly rescued it for their own private resding.

"I don't care for their lies," Patrick said, when Mr. Yorks reproved him; "but I want to know what they mean to do. . If a pack of thieves were planning to break into your house, sir, wouldn't you stop to listen to their conversation?"

The Catholic children had also their cross to bear. The teachers of the public schools, anxious to have their part in the "great work" were zealous in enforcing the Bible reading, and careful to see that no Catholic child omitted the doxology which Martin Luther chose to add to the "Cur Father" of the Son of Gcd.
Suddenly an outery was raised by the

was their joy. The incident was simple enough. The boy who lived with Father Easle was found by his teacher to have a What! will you turn away from me now, talked about, and assigned to any one, when Donay Bible. He was ordered to take it not buy you a Protestant Bible," Father Rasie said. "Use your own, or go without." The child was threatened with punishment it he did not bring one. The priest immediately removed him from school fitted up the building formerly used as a chapel for a schoolhouse, and employed a young Catholic lady, recently come to town, as teacher. The Catholic children gladly left. the schools, where they had, perhaps, suffered more than their parents had elsewhere, and placed themselves under the care of Miss Churchill. How beautiful, how strange it was to kneel down and say an Our Father he replied, taking courage.

She turned away again, but he walked on than a full pures.

Ly you had millions, it would make no dif, nicknames. How proud they were when the must say all.

Ly am not cordial in instruction in religion! It was quite dif. and a Hall Mary at the beginning of their

her new friend," she said decidedly. " I honor Miss Churchill for acting up to her principles, even when it is sure to bring her into a disagreeably conspicuous position; but He was willing, almost glad; that Edith there is nothing that obliges us to share her danger. When a person comes out of the

Fortunately, Miss Churchill anticipated "She has behaved well," Mrs. Yorke said, iter reading the note. And now Charles, I wish that you would show a little prudence and let events take their course without interfering. : Why should you say anything?

It does no good." ... From which motive would you wish me to be silent," her husband asked quietlyfrom cowardice or selfishness?

She made no reply, save to wring her hands, and wish that she had never come to Seaton. "Now, Amy dear, listen to reason," her

husband said. "You know, Charles, it is very disagree-

able to have to listen to reason," she objected pathetically. He laughed, but persisted. "I have heard you say many a time that disinterested and silence—no one liked to be the first to his:

intelligent men were to blame in withdrawing from public affairs, and leaving them in the hands of dishonest politicians. You said, very sensibly, that if such men were not strong enough to prevent abuses, they should at least protest against them, and let the world see that patriotism was not quite dead. Perhaps, you added, such a protest might shame others into joining you. Oh! you and he walked cut, and went home, not very were elequent on that subject, little woman, well pleased. and quoted from Tara's Halls. The idea was that even the indignant breaking of a heart in the cause of truth showed that truth still lived, which was some good. What do you say, milady? Was it all talk? Are you going to fall me? 'I appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.'"

Mrs. Yorke was smiling, and her face caught a slight color. The repetition of her own sentiments had encouraged her, as the recollection of our own heroic aspirations often does help us in weaker.

His wife pacified, Mr. Yorke went out to work off his own irritation. He would not ing how precarious popular friendships are. have had her know it, but he had been at. All have cured me of surprise." tacked in the street that very day when stop-ping to speak to Father Rasie. The priest seldom went into the street unless absolutely obliged to, and would gladly have avoided subjecting any one to annoyance on his account; but Mr. Yerke would as soon have denied his faith as have shrunk from stop. ping to greet the priest cordially-would have so greeted him, indeed, if a mind an enthusiasm for justice. Mr. Yorke hundred guns had been simed at him for it. But it was not pleas. He was a fastidious gentleman; accustomed to respect, and the importmence of the rabble was to him peculiarly offensive. | through the simplest human actions, strings He had come home fuming with anger, which had not abated while restrained. Fortunately, he found something to scold at the minute he went out. A grapsvine, which he had coaxed to grow in that unaccustomed country, had this year put forth its first clusters; by some mistake, Patrick had clipped the uttered by one whom he admired, indeed, but leaves off, and left the green bunches exposed half unwillingly—one of the purest and most

the sub. "Pat, what fool told you to do that?" his nothing but faith.

master demanded angully. "Yourself, sir!" arswered Patrick, without flinching. He had his cause of annoyance also. Mr. Yorke denied the charge with em-

phasis: " It is no such thing, you-you verte-

brate !" Patrick drew himself up with an air of dignified resolution. "Sir," he said, "I've done my duty by you, and you've done your duty by me, and I've taken many a sharp word from you and made no complaint. But I'm an honest man, if I am not rich or learned, and I won't stand and let any one call me such a rame as that."

Mr. Yorke laughed out irrepressibly. "Well, well, Pat," he said, "I beg your pardon-You're not a vertebrate." "All right, sir!" Pat answered cheerfully,

and went about his work satisfied. Mr. Yorke, bis good humor quite restored, went into the house again.

"Poor Pat!" Edith said, a little zeslouely, when the others smiled over the story. "We are not scorning him for his ignorance, my dear," her uncle repiled. "With Charles Lamb, 'I hozor an honest obliquity of under-

standing, and I also honor an honest ignorance of books; but sometimes they are amusing." "What did I hear you saying to Mr. Yorke, Pat?" Betsey asked the man that evening.

"It seemed me that you were impudent." "The fact is, I was really mad," Patrick owned. "I'd been down town and there I came across the editor of the Herald, and the sight of him rolled me, especially as he grinned and made believe bless himself. I'd like to meet him alone in a quiet bit of woods. I'd soon change his complexion to as beautiful a black and blue as you ever saw-the dirty spalpeen, with his eye like a button

hole!" Bateey sat on the door step and looked up at the stars. "If I'd had the placing of 'em, she remarked presently, "I'd have put 'em in even rows, like pins in a paper. It would look better. They're dreadfully mixed up ".wog

Patrick looked into the skies a little while, but his mind was ou other things than the marshalling of stars into papers of plus. "I'm sorry Mr. Yorke went to that town meeting to-night," he said.

Mr. Yorke was, in fact, at that moment rising in the town hall to speak. The Rev. John Conway had uttered a bitter tirade against the Catholic clergy, with a flerce recapitulation of the affair of Johnny 'O'Brian, the priess's boy, and his Dousy Bible. Dr. Martin had followed with cooler, but not less bitter, denunciation, and another reference to log her it she did not give it up. The Johnny O'Brian. A Portuguese barber had Herald contained, week after week, inmade an idiotic speech, and various town sulting and scarcely! velled references cfficers and prominent Know-Nothings, all to her and the children could not more or less illiterate, had spoken, and all go through the streets unmolested. But had seasoned their discourse with Johnny do notice was taken of these annoyances. O'Brian. Finally, the Rev. Saul Griffeth had and the school prospered in spite of them held his hearers spell-bound while he de- The children came unfallingly, not, perhaps int see what I lived for, he said.

In substitute and interest spell-bound willout fear, but the notifier came unfallingly, not, perhaps spell-bound willout fear, but the noneness l'abscription, my reasons arent from their accustomed ideas of school scribed in glowing phrases the inbullation and without fear, but the noneness l'abscription of the country in of the count

zling picture of the country's future glories should Catholics be excluded. And here again the perennial Johany O'Brian figured. again the perennial Jonnny O'Brian figured.

In the midst of a cold and threatening silence, Mr. Yorke got up. Never was his voice more rasping, his mouth more scornful, his glance more full of fire. "It was happy," he said, "for one man that the Reverend John Conway was not Calvin; for instead of being content to have Barvatual he would fire her be alsed, in a voice so gentle and controlled that it recalled her own's elf possession that it's recalled her own's elf possession that the led me to study along the was along to be and the possession that the led me to study and the possession that the led me to study the in their more quickly slong. Her down her if her chose her doubt it was love of you that that led me to study in the led me to study it was not that on the first own and the possession that the led me to study the said, though it's was not only the said that the latest own her if her chose was full of hope and triumph, be spirited. He was study from is along. She had said the possession that the led me to study the study to think, dear the possession that the led the contribution of the possession that the led the contribution that the led the contribution that the led the probability of the possession that the led the probability of the led to the contribution that the led the probability of the led to the led to the led the probability of the led to the led shred-of that devoted child was left they would have comething to say. But the res-Fortunately, Miss Churchill anticipated would have compared the speeches to which this, and herself put a temporary ending their soning in the most of the speeches to which this, and herself put a temporary ending their soning in the most of the speeches to which the had listened had reminded him of the Latin of Szarnarelle, le medecin malgre vi. They had out their premises in the middle ages of Europe, and their conclusion in a little New England town of the nineteenth century. Voils justement ce qui fait que votre fille est muette. What, in fact, are we here to talk about?" He then went on to s'ate his own views.

It is said of the of the French legitimists under the first empire, that in their Ecom of the emperor, and their determination to regard him as a foreigner, they used to pronounce his name so that it seemed to be a word of twenty syllables. Mr. Yorke had the faculty. His enunciation was clear, and the letter r very prominent, and the mere pronouncing of a name he could make an insult. A first his manner had commanded but it became too scathing presently, and when one gave the first faint sound of disapproval, the storm broke out. He tried again and again to speak, but they would not hear him. Shouts and juers arose, and cries of

"Put him out! Down with him!" "Touch me if you dare!" he said, facing them and lifting his cane. They stood aside,

CHAPTER XVI.

BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEIR, Mr. Yorke went home from that first town meeting, and opened his Bolingbroke to look for a sedative. He found this: "The incivilities I meet with from opposite parties who have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself ob. liged to them all. Some have cured me of icare, by showing me how impotent the world is; others have cured me of hope, by show-

Mr. Yorke readjusted his glasses, and read the passages a second time; but it was not the sedative he wanted. There was something the matter with Bolingbroke; his was a worldly and selfish philosophy; and, it was, moreover, a discouraging one; for the reader wished to believe that it was possible to awaken and keep alive in the popular was not aware that in this warfare be had drawn nearer to God, and that what he missed in his old favorite was that final, heavenly motive which, running like a golden chain them into jeweis, lacking which the noblest human thoughts and deeds crumble like

sand on the sea-shore. Closing his book with a feeling of disappointment, his thought glanced down to later times, and he remembered a noble sentiment une time

"With God, one is a majority " said Wen-

dell Phillips. The thought came down on Mr. Yorke's heart like a hammer upon an anvil, and sent sparks up i : to his eyes and brain.

"I take back all that I have said against that man," he exclaimed, starting up and walking to and fro. "A man who has a vision of absolute honesty, cannot help being impatient of policy. Strong conviction never is, never can be, tolerant." He ran his fingers through his hair as he paced the room, and combed it up on end. He would have liked to go directly back to the townhall, and perhaps would have done so but for the probability that it was now dark and

"It is not pleasant to be insulted by such people," he muttered; "but it would be still-less pleasant to think that the raccals could silence me. I will be heard at the next meeting,

Though bell itself should gape, And bid me hold my peace.'

It was some time before Mr. Yorke had the opportunity he desired, though scarcely a day passed in which he did not speak some word for the truth. There was no other town meeting that summer. The people contented themselves with the weekly scandalous battery of the Senton Revald, and with a small domestic persecution. A few pious church members were especially active. This was a kind of missionary labor which suited them well, for it gave the pretext of zeal to their bigotry and uncharitableness. If a lady could have persuaded her Irish servant girl to oat meat on Friday, she would have gloried in

the trlumph. "I will not cat of flesh on the day when the flesh of Jesus Christ was backed and mangled for the sins of the world," said one

faithful girl. "But nobody knows on what day of the week he died," the mistress urged. " That is one of the lies of your priests. Now Bridget -laying a gold half-cagle on the table-"this money shall be yours if you will cat

that piece of mest." The servant looked at her mistress with that dignity which a scorn of meanness can

martyrs.

give to the lowitest. " Mrs. Blank," he said, " you remind meet the devil tempting our Saviour when to was

fasting." The temptation and the occasion were trivial, but they called out the spirit of the

Cold weather seemed to cool the zeslot the Know-Nothinge; but with another apring it kindled again, making the Catholic school its principal point of attack, Anonymous letters were written to the teacher, threaten