



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XX.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, FEB. 4, 1870.

No. 25

CHRISTMAS EVE; OR, THE SUSPECTED VISITOR.

'Josiah, Josiah, the fly is coming.' 'All right; I'm ready.' 'Nay, you are not ready, Josiah; you must do something before you go. Jemima, bring in the kettle. Your master will go without a taste of food.'

months, thought he; 'but I will know my fate before I come back to-morrow; and the smile this resolve called up indicated plainly enough that he was not very doubtful of his fate before-hand.'

this time with a sort of desperate calmness.—'Sure it cannot be any one with bad intentions coming this way, and so soon.'

gessed her thoughts, and was rather more amused than offended at them. 'The nearest inn is at least two miles off,' said Miss Penelope, 'and I have no one to send with you.'

'It is very lonely, is it not? I don't think we passed a single house for the last mile or two,' was the stranger's next observation. 'Yes, it is rather lonely,' admitted Miss Penelope; 'but some of the men live close to the back of the house.'