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FOREIGN BOOKS.

Sacred and Legendary Art. By Mrs. Jameson. 6 vols, cloth, illustrated. \$33 00
The Life and Labors of S. Thomas of Aquin. By the Very Rev. Roger Bede Vaughan, O. S. B. in 2 thick vols, cloth. 8 50
The Life and Times of Sixtus the Fifth. By Baron Hubner. Translated from the Original French. 2 vols, cloth. 7 20

him to be kind to my child, and see as soon as I had streakit her out and laid her in her grave I lift my ain bit cottage for Auld Reekie to bring your honor the bairn."
" Gang awa, woman. I hae nothing to do with the bairn o' Robert Lindsay and my fause ohield," and David Graham turned with aversion from the unconscious infant.

" Let me retreat your Highness to embark in the French vessel which is now lying in the harbor. What if your enemies seize upon your person?"
" I cannot think of such a step," was the reply. " I will not accede to such a proposal."

the boy to desave you, only a wee sup will do you good."
But the cold hand of the dying woman faintly motioned away the flask which the honest and well-intentioned Denis would have placed to her lips, and then she lay perfectly still and motionless.

sleeping woman, " I love yez in very quiet company."
Then, tenderly as a woman, he raised the baby in his strong arms, and with a fervent " the Holy Virgin be praised," he passed swiftly out into the gloom and darkness of the night, or rather morning, for it was nearly four o'clock before he reached his master's.

THE LIMERICK VETERAN; OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS. BY THE AUTHOR OF " FLORENCE O'NEILL." (From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)

" Pair bairn! pair bairn!" said a woman to herself, as she threaded with weary steps the high street of Edinburgh, " wha shall I do wi ye if the old carle will not see your winsome face?"
Then, suddenly pausing before the door of a large house, she rang the bell with a trembling hand, and pulling her cloak on one side, pressed her lips on the brow of a baby a few months old, which lay nestled in her bosom.

" Here is siller for you, Jessy, for sake o' auld long syne, and do you go to the neighboring Close, off the Canonage, you ken where my sister the hosier's wife lives; say to her: ' Effie Craig will be unco glad if you will gie an auld cummer a bed and a mouth fu' o' food the nicht.'"

CHAPTER VI.—THE HUT IN THE GLEN. The short winter afternoon was wearing away. Though the day had been bright and clear, the weather was severely cold, and the dull sough of the wind as it swept in hollow dusts over the uplands seemed to sing a requiem over the blighted hopes of the Highlanders, who, after taking a sorrowful leave of their friends in Perth, crossed the frozen waters of the Tay and continued their march to Montrose.

Unwilling to disturb his sorrowful meditations, he was walking on, when the wailing cry of an infant struck upon their ears.
" Whist, yer honor," said our old friend Denis of yore, the faithful servant of the brave Sarsfield, and who on his master's death had transferred his allegiance to that master's bosom friend and brother-in-arms, St. John.

" Arrah, thin, where's the wee thing? Shure and its mesilf that must see after the craythur."
A little to the right of the road they were traversing, the bright rays of the moon revealed a miserable hut, and from thence the wail of the infant had evidently proceeded; it was now followed by a dismal moan.

" Ah, what's to be done? Shure and its yer honor must be afther answerin that question yerself. Denis is not the boy that can do it. But she's a swate purty thing, isn't she yer honor?"
And here Denis gently opened the plaid in which the babe was swathed, and displayed its well-formed limbs and sweet face.