

## CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER

*For the Carmelite Review.*

(CONTINUED.)



HANK you, said Carmelita with a quiet flush of comprehension, "then I shall go with you, unless grandmamma forbids me to do so. But I had forgotten Father Brady is away, perhaps there will be no Mass."

"A strange priest is to officiate on Sunday," said Mr. Rutherford, quickly.

"Ah, you know; have you inquired?" said Carmelita, in surprise.

"Oh, people say I am half a Catholic," said Mr. Rutherford, with an embarrassed laugh.

The truth was he had had the idea in his mind of escorting Carmelita to church ever since he had overheard her conversation with the priest, partly because he was sincerely glad to do her this service, and partly because of the pleasure he anticipated for himself in accompanying her.

"On Sunday morning at a quarter past nine I shall be here," said he, rising to take his leave.

"I shall be ready, unless grandmamma objects," said Carmelita.

"I shall come on the chance," he said, quietly.

Carmelita returned his good-bye with a quaint little courtesy, far more fascinating to his fastidious taste than the somewhat boisterous good-fellowship of the girls amongst whom he had grown up, and he went away. Meanwhile Hepzibah was making the following reflections:

"It seems like as if he might be comin' courtin' here, though 'taint no ways likely that Squire Rutherford's son would look at a papist, unless she'd turn with him."

This last idea kept turning itself over and

over in her mind, with ever new developments.

"Jest to think of her havin' me set up there, and he comin' to see her. That girl's a simpleton. I guess I'll set things straight one of those days. I'll tell her he's the richest young man in this town, and all the girls are ready to jump right down his throat."

Carmelita had to go through a little scene with grandmamma, but Mr. Rutherford was right and Mammon was victorious.

"Your mother took up with papists and wandered into evil paths," said the old woman, when the subject of church-going was first broached to her, "and she went away from here with her father's anger and mine upon her. We closed the door upon her and she went away."

Here her voice trembled a little.

"It was May-time, too, and she never came back," (Carmelita's tears began to fall at the pathos of the tone) "and we prayed right here together, the elder and myself," went on the old woman, more sternly, "to keep far from us all the children of the 'Scarlet Woman,' even though they might be our own flesh and blood. And seems as if the prayer was answered for Araminta never came back."

"I have come in her stead," said the clear voice of Carmelita. "I have come as my mother, when dying, said I should do, to be a staff to your hand and a light to your eyes."

"She said that," said the old woman, in an awed voice, while her thin, nerveless hands twisted themselves uneasily upon the coverlet. "From snares and pitfalls deliver us, good Lord."

"Grandmamma," said Carmelita, speaking with a deep earnestness which impressed the old woman in her own despite, "you will not forbid me to go to church on Sunday."

"I would rather see you dead than worshipping in a mass-house," said Mrs. Johnson, with sudden vehemence.