A long, vast hall, then up a fligh Unto an oaken door, which turn

hinge Noiselessly—then into a Chape On Gospel side of which there

From ceiling down to floor, a

that
A long and narrow choir, with m

Brown oaken ; all slong the

hung Saint pictures, whose sweet fa-

upon
The frees of the Sisters in their
Beside a "Mater Dolorors" bur
The picture of the "Argal of the

He sees it now thro' vista of th Which stretch between him and

gone day, It hangs within his memory as

In tint and touch and look as I There was a power in it, as if t

THEIR STORY RUNNETS THUS.

BY FATHER RYAN

Two little children played among the flowers,
Their mothers were of kin, the' far apart;
The children's ages were the very same
E'en to an hour; and E hel was her name,
A fair, sweet gir, with great, brown, wond'ring

eyes
That seemed to listen just as if they held
The gif; of hearing with the power of sight.
Six Sammers slept upon her low white brow
And dreamed amid the roses of her cheeks.
Her voice was sweetly low; and when she spoke
Her words were music; and her laughter rang
So like an attar bell that, had you heard
Its allwars sound a-ringing, you would think Its slivery sound a-rivging, you would think Of kneeling down and worshipping the pure.

They played among the roser—it was May—And "hide and seek," and "seek and hide," all They played together till the sun went down. Earth held no happier hearte than theirs that

day:
And tired at last she plucked a crimson rose And gave to him, her play mate, couch kin;
And he went thro' the garden till he found
The whitest rose of all the roses there,
And placed it in her long, brown, waving hair. And placed it in her long, brown, waving nair.
"I give you red—and you—you give me white:
What is the meaning?" said she, while a mile,
As radiant as the light of angel's wing.,
Swept bright across her face; the while her eyes
Seemed iofinite purities half asleep
In sweetest pearls—and he did make reply,
"Sweet Ethel! white dies fi.st—you know, the

(And it is not as white as thy pure face) Melts soon away—but roses red as mine Will bloom when all the snow hath passed away."

She sighed a little righ, then laughed again,
And hand in hand they walked the winding ways
Of that fair garden till they reached her home.
A good-bye and a kiss—and he was gone.

She leaned her head upon her mother's breast,
And ere she fell esleep she, sighing, called,
"Does white die first? my mother! and does red
Live longer?" and her mother wondered much
At such strange speech. She fell asleep
With murmurs on her lips of red and white.
Those children loved as only children can,
With nothing in their love save their whole
selves.

When in their cradles they had been betroth'd, They knew it is a manner vague and dim— Unconscious yet of what betrothal meant.

The boy-she called him Merlin-a love name-The boy—she called him Merlin—a love name—(And he—he called her always Ullainee,
No matter wby)—the boy was full of moods.
Upon his soul and face the dark and bright
Were strangely intermingled. Hours would pass
Rippling with his bright prattle—and then, hours
Would come and go: and never hear a word
Fall from his lips, and never see a smile
Upon his face. He was so like a cloud
With ever-chargful huee, as she was like
A golden sunbsam shining on its face.

* * * * * * * * *

Ten years passed on. They parted and they

Not often in each year, yet as they grow la years, a consciousness unto them came Of human love.
But it was sweet and pure.

There was no passion in it. Reverence
L'ke Guardian Angel watched o'er Innocence.
One night in mid of May their faces met
As pure as all the stars that gazed on them.
They must be part from themselves and the world

Their hearts just touched to separate and bleed,
Their eyes were linked in look, while saddest

tears
Fell down like rain upon the cheeks of each:

They were to meet no more.

Their hands were clasped

To tear the clasp in twain; and all the stars
Looked proudly down on them, while shadows knelt,
O: seemed to kneel, around them with the awe

By seemed to kneed, around them with the awe Eveked from any heart by secrifice. And in the heart of that last, parting hour Evernity was beating. And heesid, "We part to go to Calvary and to God— This is our garden of Gethsemane; And here we how our heads and breathe His

prayer
Whose heart was bleeding, while the angels heard:
Not my will, Father! but Thine own be done."

Raptures meet agonles in such heart hours ; Gladness doth often fling her bright, warm arms Around the cold, white neck of grief—and thus The while they parted—sorrow swept their hearts Like a great, dark stormy sea—but sudden
A joy, like sunshine—did it come from God?
Fiung over every wave that swept o'er them
A more than golden glory.

Merlin said:

"Our loves must soar aioft to spheres divine, The human estisfies nor you nor me, (No human love shall ever satisfy— Or ever did—the hearts that lean on it); You sigh for something higher as do I, And let our wedlock be as soul to soul;
And let our wedlock be as soul to soul;
And prayer shall be the golden marriage ring,
And God will bless us both."

She sweetly said:

"Your words are echoes of my own sou

thoughts; Let God's own heart be our own holy home,

And let us live as only suggestive;
And let us love as our own angels love.

'Tis hard to part—but it is better so,
God's will is ours, and—Merlin! let us go." And then she sobbed as if her heart would

break— Perhaps it did—an awful minute passed, Long as an age and briefer than a flash
Of lightning in the skies. No word was said;
Only a look which never was forgot.
Between them fell the shadows of the night.

Their faces went away into the dark, And never met again; and yet their souls Were twined together in the heart of Christ.

And Ethel went from earthland long ago, But Merlin stays still hanging on his cross. He would not move a nail that nails him there, He would not pluck a thorn that crowns him

there. He hung himself upon the blessed cross With Ethel—she has gone to wear the crown That wreathes the brows of virgins who have

Their bodies with their souls from earthly taint.

And years and years, and weary years passed on Into the past; one Autumn afternoon, When flowers were in their egony of death, And winds sang "De Profundis" over them, And winds sang "De Profundis" over them, And skies were sad with shadows, he did walk Where, in a resting-place as calm as sweet, The dead were lying down; the Autumn sun

Was half way down the west-the hour was

three,

The holds have of all the twenty four,
For Jesus leaned His head on it, and died.
He walked alone amid the virgins' graves,
Where virgins slept—a convent stood near by,
Aud from the solitary cells of nuns
Unto the cells of death the way was short.

Low, simple stones and white watched o'er each While in the hollows 'tween them sweet flowers

While in the hollows 'tween them sweet nowers grow,
grow,
Entwhing grave with grave. He read the names
Engraven on the stones, and "Rest in peace"
Was written 'neath them all, and o'er each name
A cross was graven on the lowly stone.
He passed each grave with reverential awe,
As if he passed an altar, where the Host
Had left a memory of itz sacrifice.
And o'er the buried virgin's virgin dust
He walked as prayerfully as tho' he tred
The holy floor of fair Loretto's shrine.
He passed from grave to grave, and read the
names

names Of those whose own pure lips had changed the By which this world had known them into

names
Of sacrifice known only to their God;
Veiling their faces they had veiled their names.
The very ones who played with them as girls,
Had they passed there, would know no more
than he

than he
Or any stranger where their playmates slept.
And then he wondered all about their lives,
their hearts,
Their thoughts, their feelings, and their dreams,
Their joys and sorrows, and their smiles and

He wondered at the stories that were hid Forever down within those simple graves.

In a lone corner of that recting-place
Uprose a low white slab that marked a grave,
Apart from all the others—long, sad grass
Drooped o'er the little mound, and mantled it
With vell of purest green—around the slab
Too whitest of white roses 'twined their arms,
Percentiles at the arms, The whitest of white roses twined their arms, Roses cold as the snows and pure as songs Of angels—and the pale leaflets and thorns Hid e'en the very name of her who slept Beneath. He waiked on to the grave, but when He reached its side a spell fe'll on his heart So suddenly—he knew not why—and tears Went up into his eyes and trickled down Upon the grass—he was as strangely moved
As if he met a long gone face he loved.
I believe he prayed. He lifted then the leaves
That hid the name—but as he did, the thorns
Did pierce his hards, and lo! amazad he read The very word—the very, very name He gave the girl in golden days before— "ULLAINEE."

He sat beside that lonely grave for lorg,
He took its grasses in his trembling hand,
He toyed with them and wet them with his tears,
He read the name again and still again,
He thought a thousand thoughts, and then he
thought
It all might be a dream—then rubbed his eyes

And read the name sgain to be more sure; Then wondered and then wept—then asked him self :

seir:
"What means it ail? Can this be Eihel's grave?
I dreamed her soul had fled.
Was she the white dove that I saw in dream Fly o'er the eleeping sea so long ago?'

The convent bell The convent bell
Rang sweet upon the breize, and answered him
His question. And he rose and went his way
Unto the convent gate; lorg shadows marked
One hour before the sunset, and the birds
Were singing Vespers in the convent trees.
As silent as a star-gleam came a nun
In apparer to his summons at the content. In answer to his summons at the gate; Her face was like the picture of a saint,
Or like an angel's smile—her downcast eyes
Were like a half closed tabernacie, where
God's presence glowed—her lips were pale and

worn By ceaseless prayer; and when she sweetly And hade him enter, 'twas in such a tone
As only voices own which day and night
Sing hymus to God.

She locked the massive gate. She locked the massive gate.

He followed her along a flower fringed walk
That, gently rising, led up to the home
Of virgin hearts. The very flowers that bloomed
Within the place, in beds of sacred shapes—
(For they had fashioned them with holy care, Into all noly forms—a chalice, a cross,
And secred hearts—and many saintly names,
That when their eyes would fall upon the

flowers, Their souls might feast upon some mystic sign). Were fairer far within the convent walls,
And purer in their fragrance and their bloom Than all their sisters in the outer world.

He went into a wide and humble room-The floor was painted, and upon the walls,
In humble frames, most holy paintings hung;
Jesus and Mary and many an olden saint
Were there. And she, the well clad elster, spoke:
"I'll call the mother," and she bowed and went.

He waited in the wide and humble room, The only room in that unworldly place
This world could enter, and the pictures looked
Upon his face and down into his soul, And strangely stirred him. On the mantle stood A crucifix, the figured Christ of which A crucifix, the figured Christ of which Did seem to suffer; and he rose to look More nearly on it; but he shrank in awe When he beheld a something in its face Like his own face. But more amazed he grew, when, at the foot Of that strange crucifix he read the name-

"ULLAINEE." A whirl of thoughts swept o'er his startled soul-When to the door he heard a footetep come, And then a voice—the mother of the nuns Had entered—and in calmest tone began: Had entered—and in calmest tone began:
"Forgive, kind sir, my stay; our Matin song
Had not yet ended when you came; our rule
Forbids our leaving choir; this my excuse."
She bent her head—the rustle of her vell
Was like the trembling of an augel's wing,
Her voice's tone as sweet. She turned to him
And seemed to ask him with her still, calm look What brought him there, and waited his reply. "I am a stranger, Sister, hither come," He said, "upon an errand still more strange : But thou wilt pardon me and bid me go If what I crave you cannot rightly graut, If what I crave you cannot rightly grant,
I would not dare intrude, nor claim your time
Save that a friendship, deep as death, and strong
As life, has brought me to this holy place."
He paused. She looked at him an instant, bent
Her lustrous eyes upon the floor, but gave
Him no reply, save that her very look
Encouraged him to speak, and he went on:
He told her Ethel's story from the first,
He told her of the day amid the flowers,
When they were only six sweet summers old;
He told her of the hight when all the flowers. A listning, heard the words of sacrifice— He told her all; then said: "I saw a stone In yonder graveyard where your sisters sleep, And writ on it, all bid by roses white,

I saw a name I never ought firget."

She wore a startled look, but soon repressed The worder that had come into her face. "Where name?" she calmly spoke. But when

"TILLAINER," She forward bent set face and pierced his own With look intensest; and he thought he heard The trembling of her veil, as if the brow It mantied, throbbed with many thrilling thoughts.

But quickly rose the, and in hurried tone Spoke thus: "'Tis hour of ennest, 'tis our rule To close the gates to all till to-morrow's morn. Return to-morrow, then, if an God wills.

Return to-morrow, then, if so God wills,

He gave many thanks, passed out From that unworldly place into the world.
Straight to the lonely graveyard went his steps,
Sailt to the "White Rose Grave," his heart: he

knelt
Upon its grass and prayed that God might will
The mystery's solution; then he took,
Where it was dropping on the slab, a rose,
The whiteness of whose leaves was like the foam Of summer waves upon a summer sea.

Then thro' the night he went And reached his room, where, weary of his

thoughts,
Sleep came, and coming found the dew of tears
Undried within his eyes, and flang her veil
Around him. Then he dreamt a strange, weird dream. A rock, dark waves, white roses and a grave,

And cloistered flowers, and cloistered nuns, and

tears
That shone like jewels on a diadem,
And two great angels with such sbining wings
All these and more were in most curlous way
Blended in one dream or many dreams. Then
He woke wearier in his mind. Then slept

Again and had another dream.

His dream ran thus
(He told me all of it many years ago,
Bat I forgot the most. I remember this):
A dove, whiter than whiteness' very self,
Fluttered thro' his sleep in vision or dream,
Bastlen is fluth a species rose. Bearing in its flight a spotless rose. It
Flew away across great, long distances,
Taro' forests where the trees were all in dream,
And over wastes where silences held reign,
And down pure valleys, till it reached a shore By which blushed a sea in the evaling sun;
The dove rested there awhile, rose again
And flew across the sea into the sun;
And then from near or far (he could not say)
Came sound as faint as echo's own echo— A low sweet hymn it seemed—and now And then he heard, or else he thought he heard, As if it were the hymn's refrain, the words, "White dies first!" "White dies first."

The sun had passed his noon and Westward sloped; He hurried to the cloister and was told The mother waited him. He entered in, Into the wide and pictured room, and there The mother sat and gave him welcome twice.
"I prayed last night," she spoke; "to know

God's will,
I prayed to Holy Mary and the saints
That they might pray for me, and I might know
My conduct in the matter; now, kind sir,
What would'st thou? Tell thy errand." He replied :

"It was not idle cariosly
That brought me thitier or that prompts my

lips
To ask the story of the White Rose Grave, To seek the story of the sleeper there Whose name I knew so long and far away. Who was she, pray? Dost deem it right to tell ?"

There was a pause before the answer came, As if there was a comfort in her heart. There was a tremor in her voice when she

There was a tremor in her voice when she
Unclosed two palest lips, and spoke in tone
Of whisper more than word:

"She was a child
Of lofty gift and grace who fills that grave,
And who has filled it long—and yet it seems
To me but one short hour ago we laid
Her body there. Her mem'ry clings around
Our hearts, our cloisters, fresh, and fair, and
sweet. weet. We often look for her in places where

Her face was wont to be: among the flowers, In chapel, underneath those trees. Long years Have passed and mouldered her pure face, and

It seems to hover nere and naunt us all can not tell you all. It is enough To see one ray of light for us to judge The glory of the sun; it is enough To catch one glimpse of hoaven's blue For us to know the basuty of the sky. It is enough to tell a little part
Of her most boly life, that you may know The hidden grace and splendor of the whole.
"Nay, nay," he interrupted her: "all! all!
Thou'lt tell me all, kind Mother."

She went on Unheeding his abruptness:
"One sweet day—
A feast of Holy Virgin, in the month Of May, at early morn, e're yet the dew Had passed from off the flowers and grass, e're yet
Our nuns had come from holy Mass—there came

With summons quick unto our convent gate A fair young girl. Her feet were wet with dew-Another dew was moist within her eyes— Her large, brown, wond'ring eyes. She asked for me,
And as I went she rushed into my arms

Like weary bird into the leaf-roofed branch That sheltered it from storm. She sobbed and

sobbed until I thought her very soul would rush From her frail body, in a sob, to God. I let her sob her sorrow all away.

My words were waiting for a calm. Her sobs Sank into sighs—and they too sank and died In faintest breath. I bore her to a seat In this same room—and gently spoke to her, And held her hand in mine—and soothed her With words of sympathy, until she seemed As tranquil as myself.

And then I asked: What brought thee hither, child? and what wilt

'Mother' she said; 'Wilt let me wear the veil i 'Mother' sae said; 'Wilt let hie wear the ven; Wilt let me serve my God as e'en you serve Him in this cloistered place? I pray to be—Unworthy tho' I be—to be Hie spouse.
Nay, mother—say not nay—'twill break a heart Already broken'—und she looked on me

Already broken'—und she looked on me
With those brown, wond'ring eyes which
pleaded more,
More strongly and more sadly than her lips
That I might grant her sudden, strange request.
'Hast thou a mother?' questioned I. 'I had,'
She said—'but heaven has her now;—und thou
Wilt be my mother,—and the orphan girl
Will make her life her thanks.'

"Thy father, child?'
'Ere I was cradled he was in his grave.'
'And hast nor sister nor brother?' 'No,' she said,
'God gave my mother only me;—one year

'God gave my mother only me ;-one year

This very day He perted us.' 'P.o. child'-I murmured—'Nay-kind sister'—she replied :
'I have much wealth—they left me ample

I have true friends who love me and protect. I have true friends who love me and protect.
I was a miner until yesterday;
But yesterday all guardianship did cease,
And I am mistress of myself and all
My worldly means—and, Sister, they are thine
If thou but take myself—nay—don't refuse.'
'Nay—nay—my child!' I said—"The only wealth
We wish for is the wealth of soul—of grace.
Not all your gold could unlock yonder gate,
Oc buy a single thread of virgin's veil.
Not all the coins in coffers of a king
Could bribe an entrance here for any one. Could bribe an entrance here for any one. God's voice alone can claim a cell—a veil,

God's voice slone can claim a cell—a veil,
For any one He sends.

Who sent you here,
My child? Thyself? Or did some holy one
Direct thy steps? Or else some sudden grief?
Or mayhap, disappointment? Or perhaps,
A sickly weariness of that bright world
Hath cloyed thy spirit? Teil me, which it is.'
'Neither'—she quickly, almost proudly spoke.
'Who sent you, then?'
'A youthful Christ—she said—
Who, had he lived in those far days of Christ,
Would have been His belov'd Disciple, sure,
Would have been His own gentle John; and

would Have leaved, on Thursday night, upon His

breast And stood, on Friday eve, beneath His cross To take His Mother from Him when He died. He sent me here—he said the word last night In my own girden,—this the word he said:
Oh! had you heard him whisper: "Einel, dear!
Your heart was born with veli of virgin on—
I hear it rustle every time we meet,
In all your words and smiles;—and when you

weep
I hear it rustle more. Go—wear your vei!— And outward be what inwardly thou art,
And hast been from the first. And, Ethel, list:
My heart was born with priestly vestments on,
And at Dream-Altars I have oft time stood,
And said and awest Dream Masses in my sleep—
And when I lifted up a white Dream Host,
A sliver Dream Bell rang—and angels knelt,
Or seemed to kneel, in worship. Ethel, say—
Thou would'st not take the vestments from my

heart Nor more than I would tear the veil from thine. My vested and thy veiled heart part to night To climb our Calvary and to meet in God— And this, fair E hel, is Gethsemane— And this, fair E hel, is Gethsemane—
And He is here, Who, in that other, bled—
And they are here who came to comfort Him—
His angel and our own; and His great prayer,
Ethel, is ours to-night—let's say it, then:
Father! Tny will be done! Go find your vell
And I my vestments,"—He did send me here.

'She paused—a few stray tears had dropped upon Her closing words and softened them to sighs. I listened, inward moved—but outward calm and cold, To the girl's strange story.' Then smiling said:

'I see it is a love-tale after all, With much of folly and some of fact in it— It is a heart affair, and in such things There's little logic, and there's less of sense

You brought your heart, dear child, but left your head
Outside the gates—nay, go and find the head
You lost last night—and then, I am quite sure,
You'll not be auxious to confine your heart
Within this clostered place.'

Within this clostered place.'

She seemed to wince
Beneath my words one moment;—then replied:
'If e'on a wounded heart did bring me here,
Dost thou do, Sister, well to wound it more?
If merely warmth of feelings urged me here,
Dost thou do well to chill them into ice?

And were I disponented in recognite. And were I disappointed in you world, Should that debar me from a purer place? Should that debar me from a purer place?

You say it is a love-tale—so it is;

The vase was human—but the flower divine

And if I break the vase with my own hands,

Will you forbid that I should humbly ask

The heart of God to be my lily's vase? I'd trust my lily to no heart on earth Save his who yesternight did send me here To dip it in the very blood of Christ, And plant it here.

'And then she sobted outright A long, deep sob.'

A long, deep sob.'

I gently said to her:

'Nay—child—I spoke to test thee—do not weep.
If thou art called of God, thou yet shalt come
And find e'en here a home. But God is slow
In all His works and ways, and slower still
When He world deals a hold to wreat His Court When He would deck a bride to grace His Court. When He would deck a bride to grace His Cour Go, now, and in one year—if thou dost come Thy veil and cell shall be prepared for thee—Nay—urge me not—it is our holy ruls—A year of trial! I must to choir, and thou Into the world to watch and wait and pray Until the bridegroom comes.

She rose and went Without a word.

And twelvemonths after came, And twelvemonths after came,
True to the very day and hour; and said:
'Wilt keep thy promise made one year ago?
Where is my cel!—and where my virgin's vell?
Wilt try me more? Wilt send me back again?
I came once with my wealth and was refused,
And now I come as poor as Holy Christ
Who had no place to rest His weary head—
My wealth is gone. I offered it to blist Who had no place to rest this weary head—
My wealth is gone; I offered it to him
Who sent me here; he sent me speedy word:
'Give all unto the poor in quiet way
And hide the giving—ere you give yourself
To God!' 'Wilt take me now for my own sake?

aske r
I bring my soul—'ds little worth I ween,
And yet it cost sweet Christ a priceless price."

'My child.' I said, 'thrice welcome-enter here : And few short days of silence and of prayer,
And thou shalt be the Holy Bridegroom's
bride.'

Her novice days went on; much sickness fell Upon her. Oft she lay for weary weeks In awful agonies, and no one heard A murmur from her lips. She oft would smile A sunny, playful smile, that she might hide Her sufferings from us all. When she was well, She was the first to meet the hour of prayer—The last to leave it—and they named her well, The argulof the alister. Once I heard The angel of the cloister. Once I heard The Father of our souls say when she passed— Beneath that vell of sacrificial black She wears the white robe of her innocence.' And we-we believed it. There are Sisters here Of three score years of service, who would say:
'Within our memory never moved a vell That hid so saintly and so pure a heart.'
And we—we felt it, and we loved her so,
We treated her as angel and as child. I never heard her speak about the past, I never heard her mention e'en a name Of any in the world. She little spake; She seemed to have rapt moments—then she

grew
Absent mirded, and would come and ask me To walk alone and say her Rosary
Beneath the trees. She had a voice divine,
And when she sang for ue, in truib it seemed
The very heart of song was breaking on her lips.

The dower of her mind, as of her heart,
Was of the lichest, and she mastered art
By instinct more than study. Her weak hands
Moved ceaselessly rmid the beautiful.
There is a picture harging in our choir
She painted. I remember well the morn
She came to me and told me she had dreamt
A dream; then asked me would I let her paint
Her dream. I gave permission. Weeks and weeks
Went by, and ev'ry spare hour of the day
She kept her cell all busy with her work.
At last 'twas finished, and she brought it forth—
A picture my poor words may not portray.
But you must gaze on it with your own eyes,
And drink its magic and its meanings in;
I'll show it thee, kind sir, before you go.

In every May for two whole days she kept
Her cell. We humored her in that, but when
The days hal passed, and she came forth again,
Her face was tender as a lly's leaf,
With God's smile on it—and for days and days
Thereafter, she would scarcely ope her lips
Save when in prayer, and then her every look
Was rapt as if her soul did hold with God
Strange converse. And who knows? mayhap she
did

I balf forgot—on yonder mantlepiece You see that wondrous crucifix; one year She spent on it, and begged to put beneath That most mysterious word—'Ullaine.'

At last the cloister's angel disappeared;
Her face was missed at choir, her voice was missed—
Her words were missed where every day we met
In recreation's hour: And those who passed
The angel's cell would lightly tread, and breathe A prayer that death might pass the angel by And let her longer stay, for she lay !!!— Her frail, pure life was ebbling fast away. Ah! many were the orisons that rose From all our hearts that God might spare her still; From all our hearts that God might spare her still;
At Benediction and at holy Mass.
Our hands were lifted, and strong pleadings went
To heaven for her; we did love her so—
Perhaps too much we loved her, and perhaps
Our love was far too human. Slow and slow
She faded like a flower. And slow and slow
Her pale cheeks whitened more. And slow and slow
Her large, brown, wondering eyes sank deep and
dim. Hope died in all our faces, but on her's

Another and a different hope did shine, And from her wasted lips sweet prayers arose That made her watchers weep. Fast came the end. Never such elience o'er the cloister hung— We walked more softly, and whene'er we spoke, Our voices fell to whispers, lest a sound Might jar upon her ear. The Sisters watched In turns beside her couch; to each she gave A gentle word, a smile, a thankful look. At times her mind did wander; no wild words To far gone days, and live again in scenes
Whose hours were bright and happy. In her sleep
She ofttimes spoke low, gentle, holy words
About her mother; and sometimes she sang About her mother; and sometimes she sang
The fragmants of sweet, olden songs—and when
She woke again, she timidly would ask
If she had spoken in her sleep, and what
She said, as if, indeed, her heart did fear
That sleep might open there some long closed gate
She would keep locked. And softly as a cloud,
A golden cloud upon a summer's day,
Flotts from the heart of land out o'er the sea—
So her sweet life was possing. One bright are So her sweet life was passing. One bright eve,
The fourteenth day of August, when the sun
Was wrapping, like a king, a purple cloud
Around him—on descending day's bright throne,
Sha seut for me and bade me come in haste. I went into her cell. There was a light Upon her face, unearthly; and it shone Like gleam of star upon a dying rose. I sat beside her couch, and took her hand I sat beside her couch, and took her hand
In mine—a fair, frail hand that scarcely seem'd
Of flesh—so wasted, white and wan it was.
Her great, brown, wond'ring eyes had sunk away
Deep in their sockete—and their light shone dim
As tapers dying on an altar. S.ft
As a dresm of beauty on me fell, low,
Lust words,

'Mother! the tide is ebbing fast;
But a're it leaves this shore to grow the deep.

Mother: the tide is abbing in But e're it leaves this shore to cross the deep And seek another, calmer—I would asy A few last words, and, Mother, I would ask One favor more, which thou with net refuse. Thou wert a mother to the orphan giri,
Thou gav'st her heart a home—her love a vase, Her weariness a rest, her sacrifice a shrine— And thou did'st love me, Mother, as she loved Whom I shall meet to morrow, far away— But no—it is not far—that other heav'n Touches this, Mother, I have felt its tou And now I feel its clasp upon my soul. I'm going from this heaven into that,
To morrow, Mother. Yes, I dreamt it all.
It was the subset of Our Lady's feast,
My soul passed upwards thro' the golden clouds To sing the second vespers of the day
With all the angels. Mother—'ere I gc—
Thou'tt listen, Mother sweet, to my last words,
Which, like all last words, tell what e'er was first
In life or tenderest in heart. I came Unto my convent cell and virgin vell,
Seat by a spirit that had touched mine own
As wings of angels touch—to fly apart
Upon their mission—till they mest again
In heaven, heart to heart, wing to wing.
The 'Argel of the Cloister," you called me,
Unworthy sure of such a beauteous name—
My mission's over—and your angel goes
To-morrow home. This earthly part which stays
You'll lay away within a simple grave—
But Mother, on its slab thou'lt grave this name,
"Ullainee!" (she epelt the letters out)
Nor ask me why—tho' if thou witt I'll tell;
It is my soul-name, given long ago Unto my convent cell and virgin veil. It is my soul-name, given long ago
By one who found it in some Eastern book
Or dreamt it in a dream and gave it me, Nor ever told the meaning of the name; And, Mother, should be ever come and read That name upon my grave, and come to thee
And sak thee tidings of Uliaines,
Thou'it tell him all—and watch him if he weeps— Show him the crucifix my poor hands carved. Show him the picture in the chapel choir— And watch him if he weeps—and then There are three humble scrolls in yonder drawer,' There are three humble scrolls in yonder drawer,'
(She pointed to the table in her room)
'Some words of mine and words of his are there.
And keep these simple scrolls until he comes,
And put them in his hands; and, Mother, watch,
Watch him if he weeps—and tell him this:
I tasted all the sweets of sacrifice,
I kissed my cross a thousand times a day,
I hung and bled upon it in my dreams,
I lived on it—I loved it to the last.' And then
A low soft sigh gent thre' the Virgin cell. I lived on te—I loved it to the last. And ther A low, soft sigh crept thro' the Virgin's cell—I looked upon her face, and death was there."

There was a pause—and in the pause one wave Of shining tears swept thro' the Mother's eyes. "And thus," she said, "our Augel passed away. We burled her, and at her last request We wrote upon the siab, 'Ullsinee.'
And I—(for she asked me one day thus,
The day she hung her picture in the choir) I planted o'er her grave a white rose-tree. The roses crept around the elab and hid The graven name—and still we sometimes cull Her sweet, white, roses, and we place them on Our Chapel-Altar." Then the Mother rose, Without another word, and led him thro'

Its very self; there was a spell That fell upon his spirit thro'! And made him dream of God' heart. The shadow of the picture, in v Was this, or something very li

——A wild, welre

Just like the desolation of a he

Stretched far away into it finit Above it low, gray skies dro down,
As if they tain would weep, s
bare
As bleskness' own blesk self;

atood
All mantied with the glory of
That flashed from out the hea

With such a pale Christ hanging Did crown the mount; and eit cross There, were two crosses ly

One of whitest roses—ULLAIN Was woven into it with buds of And one of reddest roses—Me Was woven into it with buds of Below the cross and crosses and The earth-place lay so dark ar

drear;
Above, a golden glory seemed Like God's own benedictionames.

I saw the picture once—it mo I ne'er forgot its beauty or its But words as week as mine can That Crucifixion's picture. "Some day -some far-off day dead, You have the simple rhymi

hearts, And if you think it best, the know
A love-tale crowned by purest

THE FIFTH OF NOVE

Editor Journal : One day 1 gave an extract from the I telligencer in which the edite to correct our own Free Press history, and reminded the lat approaching celebration of November was not that of the the Gates of Derry," but a the Gonpowder Plot and the King William. Wonder the did not remember that the fit anniversary of another remains the Battle of Inkerman. Wiff he ever heard of the pared Fawkes celebration which Punch brought forth on

commencing: Remember, remember the fi

Sebastopol, powder and shot, When General Ligrand attace and Sandy, And a jolly good licking he go Papist and Protestant b there, and it would be well it tors of Taesday next were that the anti-Jesuit one was more effective than was that

Ottawa, All Saints Day, 1 MR. CURRAN, M, P., C THE MAIL

Mr. Curran replies as f columns of the Mail to an a in that journal concerning O sity :

SIR— In yesterday's issue in an article entitled "The cion," referring to an add delivered by me at the un Tabaret statue, you state:
"The Ottawa University was merely a college until t rescript conferred University it. Non Catholic colleges I to the Legislature for such

Of course such statements atable to the section of the atable to the section of ti you are catering to at moment; the only week po-is that they are wholly de-The Ottawa University was college until the Pope, by a ferred University powers u-olic as well as non Catholic to apply to the Legislat powers, and amongst othe University has had to make thon. If you will refer to tion. If you will refer to the Province of Ontario, 48 you will find that the law the original college of B the original college of E quently the College of smeaded and University po upon that institution by Ontario. The Head of the been pleased to recognize thus established by the law the Catholic centre of edu Province. Thus another giploded, and the title of you Latest Explosion," fully j too bad that the writer, wh to enlighten the people of what took place in Italy hu ago, is not aware of what of Legislature of his own Pro

> Montreal, October 17. The Best Ever M

GENTLEMEN—My trouble
ease and dyspepsis, but I to
of Burdock Blood Bitters at
dock P.lls and got well.
better in my life. My bre
tried B. B. B. and thinks medicine.
MRS. JNO. EARLY,

Minard's Liniment Cure