

Whom God Hath Joined Together.

(By Milton E. Smith, in Rosary Magazine.)

THE BROXLEYS OF BROXLEY HOUSE.

The great house on the hill, with its tall Gothic gables and vine-embowered porches, always seemed solemn and pretentious. The silence of the scene was seldom broken save by the music of the feathered choir that sang in the leafy gallery of the old oaks from morn till night during the long summer days, apparently mocking the stately dignity of the venerable mansion that had for three generations been the home of the Broxleys of Broxley House.

To-day there is something oppressive in the severe stillness of Broxley House, and even the birds seem to be singing in a subdued key, as if rehearsing a requiem for to-morrow. The gloom is contagious, and the thoroughbreds, the pointer and the setter, have forgotten their gambols on the green lawn and are quietly watching the entrance to the main hall, waiting the coming of their loved mistress, who so often joined them in their play. How little they know that when next she comes her face will be veiled from them.

In one of the many chambers of Broxley House the old physician sits by the bed watching the shadows play over the face of his patient, while opposite sits Richard Broxley, waiting to learn whether a life is to go out with the one that has just come. The anxious husband has tried to ascertain from the doctor the prospects of the young mother's recovery, but Dr. Sheridan can give no cause for hope, and he does not wish to add to the sorrow that is crushing the young man.

When the sun withdrew its burning rays from the scorched earth and slowly sank to rest, the white face on the pillow grew brighter, and to the joy of the husband a feeble voice was heard coming from the bed. But a single word was audible, "Baby," but to the inexperienced man it was cause for hope; but the heart of the old practitioner sank, for he knew that the entire vitality of his patient was required to whisper that word. Just as the sun cast its parting rays over the western sky the young mother spoke again:

"Richard," she said, "I am leaving you. Good-bye. Watch over her as I would have done."

In another moment her soul went forth on the long journey. Dr. Sheridan left the room, not daring to try to console the heart-broken man, knowing that time alone could bring peace to one suffering such agony. For hours the bereaved husband sat by the bed, silently watching the moonlight on the floor as it spread up the side of the couch until it rested on the cold face of the dead.

A few days later a great funeral cortege passed slowly down the avenue over which the happy bride of a year ago had come to Broxley House. When the last absolution had been pronounced and the grave filled up, the unhappy father returned to his little motherless babe, all that rendered the great house in the least attractive.

When time had withdrawn the sharp arrow from the heart of Richard Broxley, leaving a wound he thought would never be healed, he considered the future of his child and decided to invite his sister, a widow, to reside over his desolate home and care for little Rose.

With the coming of Mrs. Ross many changes were introduced at Broxley House, and the old servants began to give notice of their intention to leave, those they had served long and faithfully, as the new mistress was so unlike the one who had been taken away. Richard soon noticed that home was no longer the dearest place on earth, and within a few months he went away and was seldom seen to cross the threshold. He had long been a dealer in stocks, and since the death of his wife he became more enamored with the excitement of the Stock Exchange and loved the bustle and enthusiasm evinced by the speculators. In consequence, he borrowed heavily, and was so absorbed in business that little Rose reached her tenth year without really knowing her father or the meaning of a parent's love. Mrs. Ross was a world reformer and found no time to devote to the simple affairs of home. She thought it a sinful waste of time to look after the details of housekeeping or the training of children when there was the cause of Woman's Rights to be

advocated, the interest of the Daughters of Zion to be guarded, and the welfare of the Society for the South Sea Islanders to be advanced.

"A woman of talent and influence," she said, "must have a larger sphere of action than a single house, where the servants can do all that is required. The poor heathens are just as much in need of my services as this house and I shall not neglect them, especially as it adds to my prestige to be the head of our society."

These were her words, spoken to her brother the only time he protested against her continued absence from home, which he discovered on one of his few visits to Broxley House. From that day he determined to marry again.

Rose was in her eleventh year when her father brought his bride home. The second Mrs. Broxley was a lover of society and had passed through a half-dozen seasons without forming the brilliant alliance she hoped for. By her exquisite taste in art and dressing and her captivating manners she had won the love of the supposedly rich owner of Broxley House. The crowd's feet had come to her delicate face, but she was still a beautiful woman. One of her first acts was to send Mrs. Ross away, although Mr. Broxley earnestly requested that his sister be permitted to remain at Broxley House.

"I shall be mistress here," she said firmly, "and I shall require a competent housekeeper, for I have no intention of wasting my time in the prospect of the young mother's recovery, but Dr. Sheridan can give no cause for hope, and he does not wish to add to the sorrow that is crushing the young man."

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CHANGES AT BROXLEY HOUSE.

Eight years had come and gone, and Rose, grown into a beautiful, cultivated woman, was once more at Broxley House for the first time since she had gone to her grandmother's. During a portion of these years she had been a pupil at a convent school of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, and she was a devout Catholic. This won for her the dislike of her stepmother, who feared her social position, as the leading member of the High Episcopal Church, would suffer because she could not induce a member of her own family to accept the Thirty-nine Articles of the Episcopal Church.

While Rose was growing into womanhood other changes were taking place at Broxley House, and her father was on the verge of bankruptcy when several financial storms by the assistance of his nearest neighbor, Thomas Morris, who loaned large sums on a mortgage on Broxley House. When Mr. Broxley failed to meet his obligations, Morris threatened to sell the property and was deaf to all the entreaties of his friend.

Morris had passed middle life and was generally supposed to be a bachelor, as he had for years lived in a large house with no company except a number of servants. He was a frequent visitor at Broxley House, and in spite of his years he became enamored with Rose and determined to make her his wife.

One day when Mr. Broxley called to see his creditor to make a final appeal for a renewal of his notes, Morris surprised him by saying in a business-like way:

"Richard, I have been thinking over our business affairs of late and while I don't like to press an old friend to the wall, I can see no hope for you. It will be impossible for you ever to pay the notes, and to renew them will only add to your liabilities. You have a young and expensive family, and we have been thinking what I can do for you and have discovered a way to add to the happiness of both of us. It is true I am not as young as I once was, but I have determined to marry, and have concluded that Rose would make me the wife I want."

Mr. Broxley's face grew crimson, and he stood up as he said: "You may sell my home, but you shall not insult me, sir."

Without stopping to hear Morris' reply, he passed out of the door and was about to mount his horse when Morris called to him; he retraced his steps.

"You had better keep cool, Richard, and listen to my proposition," began the determined suitor for the hand of the beautiful young lady. "I am willing to deed Broxley House to Rose the day we are married, and you shall have possession of it without any one being the wiser as to the real owner. At your death it will become a part of this estate, but not before."

Mr. Broxley was interested, and waited to hear what else his creditor had to say.

"I can," continued Morris, "give Rose as good a home as she has ever had, and many young ladies as well educated as she would be glad to accept me. But I love your daughter, and I thought you would like to see her well settled and at the same time secure a home for your wife and young children. I do not suppose either you or your wife would like to see Broxley House sold over your heads. Now, look at this matter in a business way and you will appreciate my liberal proposition. It is certainly not a cause for you to get angry because I have asked for your daughter's hand and offer to secure your home for you as long as you live. Did you think you insulted your wife when you asked her to marry you? Of course not, so be reasonable and consider my suggestion as you would any other reasonable proposition. This is your last chance to save the old home, so proud, for I shall certainly sell it unless you consent to my proposal. Probably you had better consult your wife before determining to refuse my offer."

"Mrs. Broxley knows nothing about my financial affairs," replied Mr. Broxley in a subdued voice. "I sell myself for a home."

"If you knew, my child, what depends upon your complying with my request you would not refuse; but I cannot tell you. Only remember that my peace and more is at stake and to save me more sorrow than you can imagine, change your mind and promise to become the proud mistress of Medford."

"Papa, your words alarm me; you must tell me what you mean or I shall become ill with fright."

"They mean, my child, that I am indebted to Mr. Morris for a sum I can never pay, and that Broxley House will be sold over my head and my wife and children will have no home unless you marry my creditor. Now will you consent, or do you prefer to see me and my wife and the little ones turned out of a home I have respected for yourself and save our home. Is this not sufficient to induce you to consent?"

Rose remained silent for some minutes, apparently in deep thought. Then she said sadly:

"It cannot be, papa. I will go away and work for you. I have a splendid education and can easily secure a position as governess and earn a liberal salary. You can have every cent I earn. But do not ask me to perjure myself by promising to love this man. I shall never even have respect for him after this, and were I to marry him, I would despise myself and render his life and my own miserable in the extreme. Let me go away at once, for it will be a pleasure to me to work for you—but I will not sell myself even to save our dear old home."

"Then, Rose, I must tell you what no one but myself knows, although it will probably cause you to despise me for my weakness, I am guilty of forgery. Morris does not know that the notes, or some of them, indorsed as he supposed by responsible men, are the work of my hand. You now have your choice. Send your father to prison, his wife and children made paupers, or marry Morris. Which shall it be? It is with my daughter to send her father to prison and his family to the almshouse, or to spare him and them this sorrow, I shall not ask you again, but will only say try to call to mind what your sainted mother would ask you to do could she speak to you now."

Rose fell unconscious in her father's arms and it was a long time before he could revive her. He lifted her gently from the carriage and placed her on the grass. Then he bathed her temples with water from a neighboring spring, and was finally rewarded by seeing her open her eyes. Soon she was able to resume the journey, and when she was strong enough to travel, she said:

"The cross is indeed heavy, but God will pardon me and the Blessed Mother will help me. You must tell this man that we accept his price, but that I shall never love him nor even promise to do so. You must tell him this and spare me the humiliation of doing so. I will make the sacrifice whenever it is necessary, but that time, spare me from talking about it, please. I have nothing more to ask."

Mr. Broxley was deeply moved at his daughter's words and desisted himself that he had permitted himself to be placed in a position that required him to demand such a sacrifice from his child. They drove home in silence, each busy with thoughts that words could not express. Rose went at once to her little oratory, which in spite of Mrs. Broxley's protest she had kept lighted by a single lamp and decorated with choice flowers. She placed herself under the care of the Mother of Sorrows, imploring assistance in the most trying hour of her life. She gazed lovingly at the beautiful face of the Mother of Jesus, that hung over her little altar, and imagined she saw a smile on the canvas, indicating that her prayers had been heard. She became more resigned and quietly performed her usual duties of teaching the young children of the house.

It was arranged by Mr. Broxley and Morris that the marriage should take place at the expiration of six months. Rose positively declined to see Morris when he visited Broxley House and secretly cherished the hope that something would occur to prevent the marriage. She spent much time in the open air among her flowers and by the side of the little brooklet that flowed through the grounds at a distance from the mansion. One morning, as she walked beneath the shade of her favorite trees, she said to herself:

"How I envy the dear little birds that sing their lives away unconscious of their liberty, for which so many would give all they possess! Truly may the captive cry: 'Give me again my hollow tree, A crust of bread and liberty.'"

She seated herself on a rustic bench on which she had often sat to tame that they would take food from her hands and permit her to care them, the burdened was her heart sorrow that she imagined her feathered friends felt the weight of her grief and shared in it, for softly sang their sweetest melodies. After they had all been fed and had gone away, a poor robin came slowly hopping towards her. She took it into her hands and found that its leg had been broken by a shot. She pressed the little sufferer gently to her breast and decided to carry it home and dress its wounds: "My little bird," she said, "yesterday were both wounded, but you are more fortunate than I, for the shot only hurt your body, while I am wounded in the heart. You will soon be well and enjoy your liberty again, but my wound will grow daily worse and I shall have a prison for my

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15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY of Padua.

Dear Reader,—Be patient with me for telling you again how much I need your help. How can I help it or what else can I do?
Fear without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain without a Church.

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-Room.
Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles.

And to add to my many anxieties, I have no Diocesan Grant. No Endowment (except Hope)
We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.
I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say:—For the sake of a "little" Cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.
Address—
Father Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P. S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

Letter from Our New Bishop.
Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the name of the Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.
Yours faithfully in Christ,
F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

home, while you will have the woods for yours.
(To be continued.)

YOUR DANGER BEGINS WHEN YOUR BACK ACHES.

It is the First and the Sure Sign of Kidney Disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills

cure the aching back by curing the aching kidneys beneath—for it is really the kidneys aching and not the back.

They act directly on the kidneys and make them strong and healthy, thereby causing pure blood to circulate throughout the whole system.

Mrs. Frank Foss, Wood