AILEY MOORE

TALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOV EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCH-LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN LAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY RICHARD B. O'BRIEN. D. D., BISHOP OF LIMERIC CHAPTER V THE VISITOR

Some two or three hundred yards Some two or three hundred yards from the public road—on a gentle eminence—and snugged in among a number of healthy elms, is, or was at the period of which we write, a residence known far and wide in the land of Kinmacarra. Every one liked the house, and many people loved it. The traveller, as he passed by, felt as if he knew the inmates there were happy—and if ever he had a happy, hour, it came to his memorythen; the "neighbors" hearts warmed as they placed their hands upon the nice green wicket, and upon the nice green wicket, and looked up at the green hall-door before them, for they knew that a smiling, happy welcome waited them, at the threshold; and the beggars. at the threshold; and the beggars, though they had a certain "path of their own" to approach the "house-keeper" for the govawl of turt, or the aprin of meal—if they could see the master about the place at all, they bolted right in, and presented them selves to the same happy gentlema who spoiled all the sound lessons of the housekeeper, and no regard on earth to the "awkward appearance of beggars" about the aforesaid green

A red brick dwelling it was two stories, rather long than high; it had a great stack of chimneys, all together in the middle of the roof; the windows had Venetian blinds and muslin hangings, very white; the hall door, we have twice said, was green, with an uncommonly bright brass knocker — more frequently called "rapper"—and there it stood—the house that should be happy.

We have said nothing of the orderly appearance of the little walks—the two box trees, like fat walks—the two box trees, like fat porters, at the door—the green mound in the middle of the field, and the great sun-dial that puzzled many an honest folk, and frightened some people too, it had so many odd-look-ing figures upon it. We will only add that this dwelling looked down upon the lands of Kinmacarra, and glowed in the red light of the great sun as he set behind the Atlantic

That was the residence of Father Mick Quinlivan-God bless him!

The parish chapel of Kinmacarr is very near—a narrow and very neat pathway leads from the good parish priest's house to the chapel

A pretty parlor, too, has Father Mick Quinlivan, and a room wherein to meet a friend at dinner, or half a dozen of them. Job offered more to charity the more need he had of wealth; and Father Mick always gave abundantly when he was threatened with embarrassment. He gave to get; for Father Mick believed in God Almighty, so he did. The parlor of the priest's house

was pretty-most certainly-it had a plain but well brushed carpet; a round table, with a handsome cover a polished mantlepiece—true Kil-kenny marble; a book-case—mahog any, from end to end of the wall, and the book case was filled with books. There was, moreover, a vase—a copy of an antique—on a pedestal, and a bust of Daniel O'Connell; the latter at the top, and the other at the lower

extremity of the room.
On the day here spoken of, there was a lady's bonnet on the parlor far away. There were also five or six volumes of books.

Ailey Moore was the angel of the old man's home; her gentle hand was traced in all its arrangements, and her filial affection in the enjoyment it gave her to make them.

wo places, however, never missed Ailey,—an altar in the parish chapel, just to the left of the great one, and an altar in the quietest, remotest and most charming room in Father Quinlivan's house: this room the old man called his Eden.

The altar in the chapel was

dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary; and the oratory in the house was "Mary's Altar" also.

The summer flowers were never allowed to droop, in the church or in the dwelling—and even from the chill winter himself was wrung the tribute of an offering to breathe around the shrine of the "Mater amabilis.

The love for the Morher of God is a great mystery. It is the least attractive to error, and most absorbing for faith. Strange, is it not? You will meet many of those whom grace has renewed, and what forbade their approach to the Church, like a threatening spectre, at one time, becomes the most passionate impulse of their devotion afterwards-Mary!"

Ailey Moore loved the Blessed as her mother, and spoke to her in the faith and confidence of a child. Ailey had not known, for many a long year, a mother's affectionate solicitude, and therefore perhaps, her heart more ardently turned towards the altar, where Mary looked down with eyes so loving, and hands outstretched to guard her. She looked and looked, until heart would fill and her eyes overflow-and she felt in the depth of her being, that she was in the presence of God's Mother, and surrounded by a holiness all sublime.

Very much to be pitied are young ladies, who are more troubled, in-

"tie" than about the altar of the Virgin Mary, and who talk of "spirit-"absurd." Poor little thinge! They lengthen life's road only to find it short and narrow; they seek its pleasures where disappointment palely sits by the ashes of hope, and

they forget the sweet smile of Maryl

Poorthings!
Father Mick has just come from the chapel in the height of good humor. His white hair is thrown back from his broad brow, and his light blue eye is beaming with ben-evolence. One hand is in his capacious waistcoat-pocket, and the other holds his silver spectacles by the "handle,"—a huge breviary, with ever so many ribbands, is tucked

Having entered the pleasant little parlor, he was about to call out, when he heard from the oratory, sweetly and softly sung, by a voice which touched his old heart like a melody of the sky:

" Vita dolcissima Salve purissima! Vergin Maria!"

"Hail purest Virgin, Hope of my heart, Our life and our sweetness, Oh Mary, thou art."

The good man paused fine print of the Immaculate Concer words which he had heard—a long life and hard labors were a development

The old priest, as he looked

" Hope of my heart !"

" Our life and our sweetness,

Oh Mary, thou art!'

and the memory of youth, and fresh manhood, and college times, and gone companions, and the zeal and hope of the young missionary, and death-beds, and opening graves, rushed upon him—for Mary was present to him in all his life, and her name gave animation to the Years upon years were before him. Let us not feel surprised if the old man's eyes filled with tears—the tears were a luxury.
"Thou art!" he said, and laid the

great breviary upon the table.
"Signorina," he called out.
"Well, sir," answered the voice which had already so deeply affected

him.
"Signorina?" again cried Father

"Ten minutes, sir—five!" answered

the same sweet tone.
At this moment a girl, about fourteen, came running up the walk in front of the priest's dwelling; it was early—not more than 11 o'clock in the forencon. The youngster's hair fell over her face, almost blinding her, but by the active exertion of her hands, flinging it back at every step, she was able to see her way. She wore a clean white pinafore or "bib," and a blue cotton frock, but she had no shoe or stocking. She had, nevertheless, the handsomest pair of feet in the world. The priest saw her.

"Why then, Bid," he said coming to the coor, "who is running after you, Collen; where are you going, eh? where are you running?" And he caught "Bid" by the two

ears, and shook her, while she reddened and laughed, showing the circle of fair teeth, whiter than pearls, inside her handsome lips.
"O ahair," she said, "the 'qu

qual. is coming down, an' I run afore 'em to tell you.'

"What quality; you Banneen beg -what quality, eh? ahair; they come up from the lord's; but faith, she's very handsome, so

"Who, Bid ?-who, eh ?" "The young lady, ahair."
"Ho, ho! and where are they go-

ing? where, eh?"

"They come to see Ai—Miss Ailey, thair, an' they hard she was dow hare ; an' they said they'd come, and Master Reginald come with 'em, an' I run down.

Good Colleen Bid; go in to Mrs. Maher, and you'll get a-O faith, here they are, true enough."

At this moment Cecily Tyrrell and her brother Frank entered the priest's little green gate, and Regin ald Moore followed

Cecily wore a riding habit, the train of which she held in her hand; she also wore a hat and veil : a dan gerous companion for poor Reginald Moore was Cecily Tyrrell. Cecily's brother, with her free yet steady tread, approached; he was in the ordinary morning dress of a gentleman. Reginald Moore's hand was in a sling; he had his usual calm, self possessed manner, but looked to lose observer ever so little excited The eye was somewhat brighter, and there was a little more color in the

cheek than was usual. We forgot to say Frank Tyrrell had made a seizure a short distance outside the gate. It was a fine little girl, about six years old. She was neatly, scrupulously neatly, dressed : had fair hair, as most of the children of Kinmacarra have. She had blue eyes, too, fresh rosy cheeks, and ever so small a mouth, into which truth compels us to say she had thrust the forefinger of her right hand. Frank

held her by the other.
"Miss Tyrell," said Moore, bowing to Father Quinlivan, and looking towards the lady, to whom he also bowed. "The parish priest, Miss Tyrrell. Mr. Frank Tyrrell, Father Quinlivan, Mr. Tyrrell."

Sir," said Cecily, with her usual earnest look, and her most cl

smile, "you may have heard that we my brother and myself—owe, per-haps, our lives to Mr. Moore, who risked his own to seize and govern a horse which the day before yester-day had run away with us. We came to day to return our grateful thanks to our preserver; and as Miss Moore was said to be here at your house, we calculated upon your good nature in resolving to visit you so early."

"Pray, walk in, my dear young lady," said good Father Quinlivan,— "walk in, pray; you'll find Miss Joore here, sure enough, rest certain of that. The morning somewhere about the altar, and business at home done, then the poor little girls.
Eh, Kathleen," he said, turning,
towards the child whom Frank still
held, "what are you about?"

"Come, now, say again," said Frank, "what you said outside the

What did you say, Kathleen? blushed, and was silent.

"Come, now," said Frank Tyrrell,
"a silver crown for it all, every word.
We met you, and you were peeping in at the gate, and you said,——"
"I was waiting for Ailey," said the child, turning away her head.
"Then I said, 'What Ailey?' and

Our own Ailey," answered the

"Our own Ailey," answered the child, half crying.

"And I asked you, 'Was she like this lady?" and then she said——"

"I said," replied the little one, raising up her head boldly, "that she was never like our Ailey, an' no one in the country was like her, an' no one in the world was like our own one in the world was like our own Alley Moore, on'y the blessed angels," said the child; and by a desperate struggle she freed herself from Frank, and flit, like an arrow, along the walk, and through the little gate. All inside, of course, joined in a loud laugh; but there was a tear upon Cecily's check when the merriment

By this time Ailey Moore had been apprized of the distinction which awaited her; and it must be owned that she would have been as well pleased to have been spared. Not that she was indifferent, nor that she had and apprehension about her costume—for Ailey was always ready to be seen,—but she felt she knew not why, and she scarcely knew what. Perhaps the prevailing feel-ing was that the visitors did not belong to her sphere, and the visit was too much of an honor; or might be conceived by some, and she would not hurt any one, as too great a condescension.

But she came radiant as the morning of young summer; as the child said, beautiful as an angel, and like one. The reflection of the altar was upon her finely moulded features; and as she passed the door, even Cecily felt a new feeling, —such a feeling as if one beheld a creature of the other world in this. Ailey wore a white dress at the of Mary. She wore a plain blue ribbon round her neck, and a small cameo, the dear Mary, still in her collar.

Cecily and Ailey were immediately acquainted. Cecily admired the transparent comeliness of her fair and gentle companion,—the softness which yielded to every impression, but was consistent to the end; and Ailey saw the character of a bold and noble, though perhaps untrained, spirit in Miss Tyrrell, which, by the force of contrast, interested and en gaged her.

I am delighted," said Miss Tyrrell, "to know you, Miss Moore,—or will you allow me to call you 'Ailey,' like the children? our own Ailey Moore?' she continued, in a subdued voice. Well." continued Miss Tyrrell. again addressing Ailey, "I would not which you seem to have gathered. were it mine, for a ducal coronet.'

Ailey smiled. You do not think me serious ?"

"Quite so, I assure you." "I am. I see the poor shrink from us, and I often know them to hate us. They envy us, and malign us; we do not know the good in their souls, and whatever humanity we have is hidden from them, and not

believed by them "Cecily is right," said Frank;
"every tie between the rich and poor is broken in England."

"A dangerous state of things," marked Reginald Moore. "It hen the parent of many troubles." You never met anything of that kind, father," said Ailey, turning to

the clergyman. "Never," said Father Mick. can exist only where the equalizing spirit of Christianity has ceased to be

And how is it that this equalizing pirit is not felt among us?" asked

There was a dead silence. Courtesy closed the lips of the parties addressed. The soul of Cecily broke through the bondage. She saw with wonder

ful power. The curse of pride is upon us, and the greed of gold," she said. Religion has lips to teach, but she has no sceptre to command. We listen to her lessons, but we follow our own caprice. Every individual is a church."

And think you," asked Ailey, gently, "that Pro of a system which so separates you vagary or hardness of heart?"

"I confess," said Miss Tyrrell, "that a sometimes am sceptical; I cannot find the — I see you have got Dante on the table—the

Dolce color d'oriental Zafiro' The sweet color of Eastern San

ast over any system

"I suppose Ailey could find you at, Miss Tyrrell," answered Regin-

"'Un' aura dolce senza mutamento (The changeless sweetness of an odorous air.")

" At all events she seems to enjoy

it," remarked Frank.
Ailey smiled very sweetly.
"Yes," she said; "and when you,
Miss Tyrrell, compared the love of
the poor with a coronet, I smiled, as
I thought how insignificant any such distinction is compared with their affection. To see the light in the eyes of the innocent when you come near them, and to know that the heart of poverty grows warm when the poor see your face—to love them —and to see them happy. Ah! 'tis a great enjoyment. Yet sometimes one meets hard cases enough. Is it not so, father ?'

"Yes, child, but the worst are never bad to a woman—their superior who cares about them. I am sure not—poor people. They are very good and very patient, and the poor heart is very fresh in them, eh? isn't it, Ailey? A kind manner and good word. 'I dole i modi e le parole neste, are a cheap offering, surely ar'n't they, to make old people con-tented and young people good? Isn't that so, Ailey, eh? signorina?''

Miss Tyrrell looked affectionately at

the old priest.

"Oh," said Moore, "no one resists
the good Father Quinlivan. We had
Bill Power not long ago, who swore
he would give Father Quinlivan his answer, if he came to him. So he, the priest here, did go to see him. He told him that he knew his grandfather—a fine old man of the old times—and a good father, and told him what friends they were, man and boy. And then he spoke o Bill's mother, and how the neighbors loved her for her goodness, and how well she had 'reared her little flock. When he spoke of Bill kneeling be fore his mother to pray, and he him-self there present, and Bill's little hands raised up and joined together, Bill had singular feelings, he says: 'and then,' as Bill tells the story, 'I was killed entirely, that he never scoulded me at all, but he cried down tears, so he did, an' they fell on my nands ; an', oh, gor ! my heart broke an' I fell on my knees. Arrah! man, he'd convert a field o' dhrunken tinkers.'

"But, good father, we detain you," said Miss Tyrrell, after a pause. "You may be obliged to go to this unhappy inquest; and you. Mr

Moore?"
"Inquest?" said Ailey, who had
heard nothing of the murder.
"Alas, have you not heard?" and
Miss Tyrrell briefly related the story

of the night before.
"The Lord have mercy on him!"

exclaimed Ailey.

Reginald Moore looked agitated for Well, then, we must part, swee Ailey," said Cecily, and she flung her arms round the young girl's neck, as if she had known her long. "I shall never forget you—I shall love you!" She took a pin from her neck-it

was a cameo, a magnificent work o art, the "Dolorous Mother." "Take this," she said to Ailey wear it for me."

La Vergine dolorosa !" cried Ailey, in surprise; for the cameo neckband which Cecily wore. "You wear the figure of our 'Lady of Dolors.' Really, Miss Tyrrell."

"No 'miss,' now, Ailey."
"Well, really, I think my hear must have discovered that you loved my sweet mother," and her eyes filled. "Ah, no, Miss Tyrell—well, Cecily-no, do not part with the passionately.

"I shall have one," said Cecily, ooking at Ailey's collar.

Ailey blushed.
"I shall have yours, carissima, said the beautiful young woman.

"Oh, mine is ordinary."
"Nay, no pleading from 'our own Ailey Moore.'"
Ailey drew forth the pin. There was a very small medal under the

shell—she was disengaging it. "What are you removing!"
"A little medal," said Ailey, smil

ing. "Will you not leave it to the her etic?"
"Willingly: will you wear it?"

" For you, Ailey, had it come dir ect from the furnace.' The priest and the young men were amused, though affected

Parting commenced at last, and wherefore, who can tell? She trembled when Frank Tyrrell took her hand-and she felt like one who needed to weep, when Cecily move

"Mr. Moore," said Cecily, present-ing her hand, "may we not meet again ? land ?" Will you never go to Eng-

towards the hall.

"I hope to see England, but not for a long time."
"We should feel delighted at an opportunity of showing our friends to sleep until the Resurrection. trifle.

Cecily felt it was little to what Reginald Moore could do—would do.
"We will not be forgotten?" she said, and there was a look of anxiety in the sweet speaker.

Reginald Moore looked in her face

and their eyes met-fully, fully their souls knew each other.

And all prepared now to move. At the green gate they met Biddy, the beggarwoman, and Eddy, her

Lord save ye all !" said Biddy; ' ye're late for the crownin.

"How is that, Biddy?"

"Oh, kase Skerin is crowned,"
answered Biddy, "an' wilful murdher again some 'un not kno'n."

"We're late then," said Reginald.

"Late," said Father Mick; t may as well-avic-sh-may it

'Yes." Biddy and Eddy followed Frank and his sister.

"Lord bless your handsome face!" said Biddy, "an' gie you a good sino-What is that ?" demanded Frank "A good wife to yer 'oner,"

Biddy.
"An' did you ne'er hear of our Eddy own Ailey Moore?"—sung out Eddy
"Hould yer tongue, you omad-haun," she cried to the boy. "Beg yer pardon, sir, but all the poor are mad about Miss Ailey, sir—she's sich an angel.

Come here," he said to Eddy. "Look at this young lady, now—say she's handsomer than Ailey Moore, and I'll give you a silver shilling." A bird passed over Eddy's head and he turned to whistle after it. You young scapegrace, don't you

hear me ?"
"Oh, sorra, good sir, he be burned alive afore he'd give up Miss Ailey—

'Oh, did you ne'er hear of our own Ailey Moore ?
The roses could never come near her

The angel of God to the sick an' the poor. An' our light in the darkness—is

How they love her !" cried Frank

"and she is an angel!"
"I never met her equal," said Eddy got two bright half crowns. The brother and sister went to the lordly mansion of Kinmacarra; but its rich furniture and its noble works of art had no attraction for them. Father Quinlivan's little par-lor—the bright vision of Ailey Moore —the ever mastering and ever governed mind of Reginald—the love of the poor! how good! how sweet! how valuable it was!—and the thought, each of them was possessed by it, that they should meet the brother and sister, and even the old priest, again; all these occupied their minds during the preparation

for their return to England.

Alas, they could not prophesy! TO BE CONTINUED

FOR THE FAITH

Mr. William Gerling was in the primitive sense of the word emphatically a lawyer, who apart from his business led a somewhat solitary existence in Sleepinville, a remote country town in the west of England. His clients and the community gen erally was a very simple people, sub-sisting chiefly by farm labor, and on the whole the aspect of the place and its inhabitants was as if it and they had grown up out of the earth some how, and remained there stationary as cabbages, with little need to toil for their existence, and no power or will to change it.

It was almost a compliment to call the place a town, for it consisted of a mere handful of houses, one being elevated to the dignity of a postoffice and general dealer's shop; with a small Catholic Church and smaller presbytery attached, there were also the parsonage and Anglican church. This latter building, as old as the Norman conquest, was very small and its churchyard contained so few graves that every one of them was a separate chronicle; and by going over them you might guess, fairly enough, at the town's history for centuries. All its family records of sin and suffering, birth, marriage and death, lay covered over in peace by the green turf here. And here had Mr. William Gerling been born and reared, having only been absent from Sleepinsville during his college career, and subsequent studies to per-

fect him for a lawyer's career.

Just between the parsonage gate and the chancel window was a headstone, notably only for its plainness and the brevity of its inscription. There was only a name, "Mary Gerling," and three dates of the three epochs which record all lives— "born," "married," "died." Be-tween the first and second was an interval of forty years, between the second and third one year only. Underneath, the letters being equally old and moss-covered that the oddity did not at first strike the passerby, was a second inscription, "Also of William Gerling her husband, who died —, aged — years," blanks being left for the figures, to be filled up—when? God only knew. In that grave, which the present generation almost forgot existed, and which only an occasional old man or woman gave a sigh to; in that little grave lay the history of Mr. William Gerlings' life from manhood to old

After thirteen happy months of married life, Mary Gerling was taken out of her husband's arms, and laid e man to whom we owe so much." died more than peacefully—thank"Oh, do not speak of it—'tis a fully—fortified by the last rites of the Holy Church, for she was a devout Catholic, telling him she had been "so very happy," and she left him a bit of herself—not the son he had longed for, but a little daughter. making him promise that she should. for he was a non-Catholic, be brought up and educated in the Catholic

faith. This he promised, and he faithfully kept his word.

And now Mary (for she bore her mother's name, and sweetest of all has just returned home, having completed her studies at the convent, and has already won all

hearts by her beauty, simplicity and

sterling goodness.

A battery of the Royal Horse Artillery had come down from Wexter for field practice, and had made things rather lively in Sleepinsville. The soldiers were encamped upon the moor about a mile from the town; and as Mr. William Gerling was one of the few leading men of the place, he received an invitation to the officer's mess on "guest night." He returned the compliment by asking the "gunners" to a garden party at "Rosedeane," his very pretty residence.

ience.
The officers, ever ready for "a good thing," would, without doubt, have accepted the invitation were there no other inducements; but they were very anxious to do so now, for Major O'Byrne had seen Mary at Mass, and being struck with her beauty struck with her beauty and had asked the priest, Father Keith, who she was. Father Keith had told him and he had spread the news among his brother officers, that lawyer Gerline had a charming

daughter.
"Rosedeane" was indeed a beautiful place—an old fashioned country-house situated in its own grounds The garden was a cool retreat. bushes almost met over the paths, and trees kept it shady even in the

middle of the day.

The garden party was at its height.

The hearty laughter from the tenniscourt, and an occasional shout from the croquet-ground, mingled with the brightly dressed ladies, the blue and the gold uniforms of the "gunners," and glorious sunshine, made

the scene a very happy one. Mary Gerling flitted her father's guests like a ray of sun shine from that bright orb itself Dressed in pure white of some flimsy material with a plain blue satin sash around her slim waist, she looked

perfectly happy.

She was indeed a beautiful girl. Her features were regular, with soft brown hair, a pair of large hazel lustrous eyes, and an expression of sweetness played about the corners of her pretty mouth that betrayed habitual good nature. She was quick n all her movements, combined peculiar softness and grace of de portment that was exceedingly at

ractive.

A young captain of the artillery, the Honorable Lionel Belgrade, was watching her intently. Indeed, since he had arrived, this had been his constant occupation. He had been in troduced by Mr. Gerling, had given Mary his courtliest bow, as if he were bowing to some being too pure and too good to be lightly greeted. She murmured something about being "so happy!" and glancing up into he captain's brave bandsome face blushed crimson to the very roots of her hair. The mischief had been done. Cupid had shot two straight shafts. There was mutual love be-tween Mary Gerling, the county attorney's daughter, and Captain the Honorable Lionel Belgrade of the

Royal Horse Artillery,
Three weeks had passed since the garden party and Captain Belgrade had, whenever his military duties permitted, been a constant visitor at Mr. Gerling's residence, Rosedeane. The time had passed happily for both Mary and the captain. But all things must end, and Lionel Belgrade had "warned" by the major that the battery was returning to the following day, and he had called to say good bye and-something else.

He waited alone in the drawing-room, while his arrival was announced. Then there was a rustle of skirts and Mary Gerling entered the room. Never had she looked more ravishingly beautiful, and the young man's heart, though brave enough on the battlefield, for he had two medals

at her coming.
"Lionel," she said, "tell me, it is not true you are going away so soon! The captain bit his lips to recover himself and replied: "My darling it is too true. The 'O. C.' told me My darling, an hour since and I just rode up to say "— here he hesitated — " good bye." The girl turned deadly pale Lionel Belgrade was much excited though he endeavored to hide his emotion. At length he spoke. "Mary," he said, "as you guessed, the battery leaves to morrow, and before I go promise me, dear, you will become my wife. You will, will become my wife. darling, accept the one condition, which I regret is imposed upon me by my father's will, that you will icin the Anglican Church." The girl join the Anglican Church. looked wildly around as if seeking help. She tried to speak, but words failed her. At length she gasped rather than spoke, "God help me rather than spoke, "God help me Lionel, I cannot, I dare not!" It was beautiful though sad picture. He tood over her, as she sat down upon a couch and spread a billowy ocean of fleecy white stuff along it, until she looked like a sea nymph, with polished shoulders and ocean pearls around her throat.

Imperceptibly she moved the bil lowly skirt aside and made room for 'Won't you sit down?" she him said simply. Tears were in her voice and eyes

"My darling," said Belgrade, "you surely do not consider. Remember we love each other, and I have read somewhere that the Pope claims all Christians, who believe they are right, as his children. I can not give you up. Of course hundreds of fel-lows must have fallen in love with you. And surely you, having made the selection, will not cast me off at the bidding of an old man in his dotage, who claims to hold the reys of Life and Death."

Mary Gerling rose proudly like a young queen. "Stop," she said. "I can not listen to one word spoken slightingly of the Holy Father.

"Forgive me, Mary, if I have hurt your feelings. Of course you cannot expect me, an outsider, to reverence the Pope. But, darling, there must be a way out of the difficulty."

"There is," replied the girl. "One and only one."

"Oh, speak it," he said.

"You must become a Catholic."

The captain bowed his head. He who traced his ancestors back to Elizabeth. He, a scion of a noble family, his ancestors having fought against the proud Spaniards for the Protestant faith. He, renounce the heritage of centuries to become a

My God, Mary, much as I love you can never renounce deeds and be lief of a long line of knightly ances tors.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets And simple faith than Norman blood," quoted Mary, as the tears fell silently

from her beautiful eyes.
"Oh, Lionel," she murmured, "do not think I do not suffer, but I must be true to my God and to His Church. The captain raised his hand as if in salute to a general on parade or as if saluting some sacred personage, and taking her fingers impressed upon

them a most sacred kiss.

Then going out he rejoined his the going out he rejoined his battery to try and forget his grief in the roar of his artillery guns. The girl gazed long and silently at the figure of the young officer as he

galloped away. Then stiffling a sob, "For the Faith!" was all she said.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH

RECOMMENDED AND BLESSED BY HIS HOLINESS PIUS X.

THE LAY RETREAT MOVEMENT "Of all the means," wrote St. Vincent de Paul, "which God gives to men to reform their lives none have produced results more marvellous or more numerous than the exercises of a retreat. Nothing, in fact, can equal he penetrating influence of a retreat in reviving a soul or in exciting it to practise Christian virtues." "All would be safe," wrote, in his turn, Cardinal Guibert, "if Catholics would spend three days meditating on the eternal truths." And our Holy Father, Pius X, in a brief written ten years ago to a leader of the Lay Retreat movement in Europe, thus set forth his views: "We have always highly appreciated the practice of the spirit-ual exercises inaugurated under neavenly inspiration by St. Ignatius Those exercises help marvellously in the uplift of spiritual life and in the renewal of Christian fervor. Men who are Christian in name only enter those pious retreats, with all their anti religious prejudices, and come out converted, to be in their turn apostles by word and example among their fellow men."

The General Intention for the pres ent month, which is to work and pray for a wider extension of the Retreat movement among our Cath olic laity, comes to us at an opportune moment, for something of the kind was needed to inspire our people with higher ideals and to form among the rank and file of Catholics an elite whose services would be enlisted in the interests of God and religion. The object of this Lay Retreat move ment is really to turn our apostles from among an intelligent laity who will help the Catholic cause. Naturally the movement will not appeal to all, but only to those who are generous and who would like to be some-thing more than drones in the Church Militant. Such people will find in lay retreats a providential means of self sanctification and a spur to their votedness and zeal i of Catholic activity While monasteries and converts

throughout Canada have always kept their doors open for those who wished to retire from the outside world for a few days to recall more vividly in silence and prayer the only things worth recalling, and while many laymen and women have seized the opportunities offered them to make etreats, still these efforts have simply been the outcome of personal initiative. With rare exceptions no general invitation was extended to the laity to make retreats in groups, as results were usually held to be problematical. The outcome has been that this admirable instrument which had been turning out so many militant Catholics of both sexes in Europe and South America, has been allowed to lie useless among our own people. But the movement is ginning to spread in Canada and the United States. Who will dare assert that the time is not ripe for it? The Church in Canada as well as elsewhere needs the help of her children. especially those whose influence and energy would be one of her most valuable assets. She needs a laity of strong religious convictions and zeal, a laity whose words and examples would lead their neighbors to appreciate the vast difference there between the baubles of time and the precious stones is eternity. is for such men and women that the

Lay Retreats have been organized. To preach unworldliness and detachment, the need of strong convictions and zeal to those who are supposed to profess these virtues— Religious, for instance-would seem superfluous, and yet it is never a useless task. But it is the people of the world, says St. Ambrose, who should willingly receive this preaching; it is for them an absolute necessity; their own interests are at stake. If worldlings are not dispensed more than Religious from working out their salvation, they are bound, one should think, to do something heroic now and then if they wish to