

"Judge not, That ye be not Judged."

Perchance the friend who cheered thy early years
Why shrink back and draw away thy feet
Has yielded to the tempter's power;

THE MISSION CROSS.

CHAPTER I.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN ROSE-COURT.
Give me a penny, mother; come, now,
Just one; I'm so hungry, and I want to
Get a bit of bread for my supper.

CHAPTER II.

Next morning Lizzie rose with the
others, but made as though she would have
gone out with the rest of the party
gathered round the big deal table for breakfast,

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.
"FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE."
While Lizzie was sobbing herself to sleep
in the dark corner of the little kitchen in
Rose-court, the congregations of all the
neighboring churches had been pouring
out from crowded aisles and over-heated
galleries into the fresh, chill air of the
October night.

Two young people—one a mechanic in
his Sunday best, the other a stately, bright-
faced girl, perhaps too daintily dressed, in
her elegant flower-trimmed hat, bright
necktie, and befringed blue merino dress
—turned aside from the stream of people
pouring out of St. Bede's Church, and
walked quickly in the direction of Ken-
nington Gardens.

"We can walk up here a bit, can't we
Fanny?" said the young man, drawing her
on. "We shall have lots of time to get
back to your place before half past nine."

"All right," responded the girl, somewhat
reluctantly, and even, as it seemed,
reluctantly.
He took a quick look into her face, and
drew her hand more tightly into his arm,
walking swiftly on until they reached the
comparative solitude of the railed off path
lined with shrubs and flowers, which at
this hour was almost deserted.

"Fanny," he said, walking more slowly,
"there's something the matter with you.
What is it?"
She hesitated for a moment before
replying, and then said:
"Nothing, really, Will, that it would
be better for us to break off our engage-
ment."

"Good heavens, Fanny!—why?" ex-
claimed Will, almost dropping her arm in
his surprise.
Fanny hung down her head without
answering.
"Come, my girl, you can't throw me
over all in a moment like this without a
reason. Tell me what it is."

"Well, Will, if you must know, I've
been spoken to about it. My people say
I ought not to marry you because—you've
been seen—not so true, it's true, but it's
true. The young man's face fell as she looked
up doubtfully at him, with a faint glow
of denial. Then, as he remained silent:

A HIDDEN TREASURE.

One dismal, rainy evening in the fall of
1857 a wayfarer entered a country inn in
Indiana and secured lodgings for the
night. He was a sailor, he said, and was
on his way to a town twenty miles distant,
where he had relatives. He was a stout,
brawny, rugged-looking fellow, but next
morning he was found dead in his bed.
The above facts were clearly established,
but a certain other fact could only be sur-
mised. Word was sent to the dead man's
relatives, the coroner took charge of the
remains, and all personal effects were
turned over with the remains. The de-
signed over a few dollars in money and
a few trinkets, but the relatives at once
claimed that he had been robbed of valu-
able papers.

The proprietor of the inn was a verita-
ble Yankee, including a hawk-bill nose
and the legendary trademark of his wife
was his counterpart. He was known to be
sharper than steel in a horse trade, and
he never put out a dollar that he did not
get a big interest; but no one believed he
had hid the dead man's baggage. When
the relatives were asked about the nature
of the alleged valuable papers they refused
to answer, and in a few weeks the
affair blew over, and in about three
months the landlady and wife began to
feel lonesome for the hills of old New
Hampshire. There was an auctioneer
listing all their property for sale, and six
months after the death of the stranger in
the hotel the place passed into other
hands.

The next season opened in New Orleans.
I was then employed by Blank & Blank,
wreckers, as general manager of the busi-
ness. We had three vessels, steam pumps,
divers, and all other necessary apparatus.
I was called into the private office one
day, and there found Jonas Stebbins, the
book-moved Yankee who had sold out his
hotel in Indiana. He had something to
say to me, but he hesitated to say it. It
was half an hour before we could bring him
to the point, and then only after the
three of us had placed our hands on a
small Bible, which Stebbins had thought-
fully provided, and sworn never to reveal
his secret. Then he brought forth two
letters and a map, and we saw that an
other buried treasure crank had struck the
city. Such incidents were not uncommon.
In the five years I had been manager we
had encountered a full dozen of these
cranks, and on two occasions the firm had
lost heavily by entering into partner-
ship with one of them.

As Mr. Stebbins unfolded himself he got
the cold shoulder, but he would not take
it that way.
"Look here," he said, as he tilted his
chair back, "do you take me for a fool?"
"Well, partly," I said.
"Do you think I want a partnership in
it?"
"Don't you?"
"Not by a jugful! I want to hire a
schooner and crew and divers by the
week for so many weeks. All are to be
under my orders, and I am to have all
that's found. Partnership! No, sir-e-e!
What's your lowest figure?"

He had shown us a roughly drawn
map of the Bahamas Islands, one ex-
cluded with pen and ink some of the
islands. He wanted a schooner to proceed to one
of the islands. All the apparatus he
wanted was grapnels and divers. He
might want us three weeks, but prob-
ably not over two. It was finally agreed
that he should hire by the day. He
brought us down five dollars on the figure
named, and an ironclad agreement was
drawn up and signed, and he counted
out 1,000 dollars in gold. A sum suffi-
cient to pay us for three weeks was de-
posited with a banker, and we at once
began preparations for the trip. It had
been stipulated that Mrs. Stebbins was
to go along, and we had a state room
fitted up for her.

This was the first time any treasure
hunter had put down his own money for
an expedition, and we could not doubt
that Mr. Stebbins was what seemed to him
a straight chow. It was not our business
to quarrel with him, and he was to
bring cold water on his plans, even
though we were firmly convinced that he
would return empty handed. The firm
decided that I should go out in charge of
operations, and a couple of days after the
contract was signed we were off for the
Gulf. I expected the Stebbinses to be
nervous and frustrated, but there was not
a sign of it. They were as cool as if going
on a visit to a relative. As we were going
down the river, I said to him: "Now that
the contract is signed and we are under
weight, I suppose you had as soon tell me
about your treasure?"

"Well, now," he drawled; "you might
leave the schooner somewhere and try to
cut in ahead of me, or we may be wrecked
before we get there. I think you are
honest and straight, but I can't give you
the exact location."

"No, indeed, we can't," added Mrs.
Stebbins.
"You see, it has taken every dollar we
could rake and scrape, and if we don't get
that treasure we'll be ruined."

"But you seem to be certain of getting
it."

"Oh, yes," they replied in chorus.
"Is the amount large?"
They looked at each other a moment,
and then Mrs. Stebbins replied:
"Jonas, I think we can safely tell him
some few things, for he seems to wish us
well."

A TRUE CATHOLIC MARRIAGE.

THE PROPER DISPOSITIONS FOR ENTERING
INTO THE SACRED STATE.
In these days of the nineteenth century
the busy and fashionable world is
often called upon to attend upon the
marriage of some notable person
about to enter upon that holy state of
life. Yet, alas! how seldom are the
bright anticipations of the wedding day
realized. Do we not almost daily see
sad and striking illustrations of the
records in the newspapers of the increase
of divorce, for maybe light and trivial
causes. And what, it may be naturally
asked, is the cause of these sad realities?

Now, in the courts of equity or other
tribunals of justice, thought and careful
deliberation are always required and ex-
ercised before the decision of a case is
rendered; to the end that no injustice be
done either of the parties to the suit.
This is but just, right and proper. If
such care and precaution are enforced
in the daily and minor affairs of life, with
how much more conscientious scrupulous-
ity should this all-important and binding
contract of one's life be considered and
acted upon. How necessary that the
parties seek Divine light and guidance,
that grace be given to exercise the
prudent foresight in the choice of a state
of life, and weigh well its solemn and
sacred duties!

What can be more beautiful than a
truly "Catholic marriage" when carried
out in the spirit of the Church?

Two hearts that beat a single thought,
Two souls that are one in love,
Kneeling at the altar before God's
appointed priest, offering and uniting
their hearts to Him, and vowing in the
August and Divine Presence the devo-
tion of their lives to each other through
His infinite mercy, finally consummating
all by the worthy reception of the
Blessed Eucharist and the nuptial benediction.

Imagine, dear Catholic reader, the love
and fervor with which the Divine Guest
is received—so much to confide to that
Loving Friend, so many graces to implore
and receive from His Divine Heart.

This sublime! The glorious hierarchy
of heaven itself is filled with gladness at
such a union.
Beautiful, perhaps not in the cold
fashion of the world, nor asking its
applause, but in the sight of Jesus, our
God, His Mother most pure, and all the
hosts of heaven.—Sacred Heart Union.

LORD PALMERSTON'S LAST WORD.
From Chambers Journal.
Lord Palmerston once made use of
some very effective phrases which he
could not have prepared beforehand,
and a sample of these is worth quoting.
While electioneering at Taunton he was
greatly troubled by a butcher who
wanted him to support a certain Radical
policy. At the end of one of his lord-
ship's speeches the butcher called out:
"Lord Palmerston, will you give me a
plain answer to a plain question?"

After a slight pause Lord Palmerston
replied: "I will." The butcher then
asked: "Will you or will you not sup-
port this measure—a Radical bill?"
Lord Palmerston hesitated, and then,
with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "I
will." Then he stopped. Immediately
the Radicals cheered tremendously.
"Not," continued his lordship, (loud
Conservative cheers). When these
ceased Lord Palmerston finished his
sentence—"I'll you." He then imme-
diately retired.

Don't Read This for \$500.
For many years, through nearly every
number of Dr. Sayer's Catarrh Remedy, who are
thoroughly responsible, financially, as
any one can easily ascertain by proper
enquiry, have offered, in good faith, a
standing reward of \$500 for a case of
nasal catarrh, no matter how bad, or of
how long standing, which they cannot
cure.

A Lucky Escape.
Mrs. Cyrus Kilborne, of Beamsville,
Ont., had what was thought to be a cancer
on her nose, and was about to submit to a
cancer doctor's operation when she tried
Burdock Blood Bitters, which effected a
radical cure. This medicine cures all
blood diseases.

WRITTEN FOR CATHOLICS

CATHOLIC OF
BY THE REV. ENMAS M.S.
LL. D., F. R. S.
PART
FROM 1502 TILL THE F
HIERARCHY IN
CONTINU
At this time (1593)
in Scotland was so pov-
erful that the arch-enemy
Queen Elizabeth, was in
favor. This powerful
with her ministers, Ber-
Robert Cecil, entered into
munification with the En-
the Catholic party with
her faction in Scotland
always so much at heart
ing her protestations to
solely by zeal for the
the interests of the
Bowie, her ambassador
declared that a coalition
Catholics and were pro-
would highly offend the
Kirke who would "greatly
heret." Besides, how
such a measure with
prosecute the "Popish"
could be allowed to
appear, steal a
land, and nevertheless
and the Protestant lead-
was an enemy of the
hardly be said the
never took place. Mas-
having overcome his
Bothwell, who had so
intrigued against him
independently with him,
his revenues provided
from the Kingdom,
strongly asserted at it
hold a secret interview
his palace of Falkirk
become an experient
several months had
Argyle's country in
He had also had great
from Spain which had
James from believe
powerful a chief and
need not fear the
Athole, or their al-
followed, in quick
wall calculated to stir
both able and deter-
insults which had been
by the faction of the
wall. Hume, a Cath-
Captain of the King's
ministers were pro-
strongly recommended
communication a
baron. The King
could abandon it.
early, Huntley, Angus
not yet admitted
publicly openly
strongly visited Mon-
advised him to join
now so strong that
to force a union.
had suffered so much
the "Spanish black
appearing near Dal-
eighty horse. His
tenants to abstain
order to save their
burned. How's mis-
capture of Kerr
rewards. Huntley,
Merrill, and other
bottle which belong
events were not a
The ministers were
for these watchmen
keen eye for the
strongly favor that
toward "Popery."
the case, that the
erated, but with
king had serious in-
convert to the
not even James
public exercise
any of his subje-
was to counteract
of Queen Elizabeth
seeking to link
that James was
powerful monarch
die all the feuds
the parties that
strongly opposed
violently advanc-
the King James
learn from a letter
of Berwick and a
near relative of
the fervent hope
arrive which had
linked together
referred to as a
what to say; but
doth too much
(appause) him
for our good,
border districts)
seeking to link
which, I hope, w-
do not only bear
to put in trust
them. What w-
ship's wisdom co-
much I know
your Lordship
trust; for the
Scotland have to
the court of Ep-
Curey to Lord
King James
that "I might be
united together
support to his
forward this fa-
the violent and
the King. Bot-
Queen Elizabeth
was so stragg-
being united w-
would soon get
friends had gat-
in the north.
cessors. How
and reader the
minate against
renounce their
hyetian confes-

CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.
"FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE."
While Lizzie was sobbing herself to sleep
in the dark corner of the little kitchen in
Rose-court, the congregations of all the
neighboring churches had been pouring
out from crowded aisles and over-heated
galleries into the fresh, chill air of the
October night.

Two young people—one a mechanic in
his Sunday best, the other a stately, bright-
faced girl, perhaps too daintily dressed, in
her elegant flower-trimmed hat, bright
necktie, and befringed blue merino dress
—turned aside from the stream of people
pouring out of St. Bede's Church, and
walked quickly in the direction of Ken-
nington Gardens.

"We can walk up here a bit, can't we
Fanny?" said the young man, drawing her
on. "We shall have lots of time to get
back to your place before half past nine."

"All right," responded the girl, somewhat
reluctantly, and even, as it seemed,
reluctantly.
He took a quick look into her face, and
drew her hand more tightly into his arm,
walking swiftly on until they reached the
comparative solitude of the railed off path
lined with shrubs and flowers, which at
this hour was almost deserted.

"Fanny," he said, walking more slowly,
"there's something the matter with you.
What is it?"
She hesitated for a moment before
replying, and then said:
"Nothing, really, Will, that it would
be better for us to break off our engage-
ment."

"Good heavens, Fanny!—why?" ex-
claimed Will, almost dropping her arm in
his surprise.
Fanny hung down her head without
answering.
"Come, my girl, you can't throw me
over all in a moment like this without a
reason. Tell me what it is."

"Well, Will, if you must know, I've
been spoken to about it. My people say
I ought not to marry you because—you've
been seen—not so true, it's true, but it's
true. The young man's face fell as she looked
up doubtfully at him, with a faint glow
of denial. Then, as he remained silent:

"Oh, Will, I thought it wasn't true; I
am so sorry.
I don't know what to do, I'm sure,"
the girl murmured doubtfully. "I know
one of my fellow-servants married a man
that was am to do."

"It's Jim Stevens' wife you're talking of,
I suppose; but just look what a dirty,
lazy, helpless sort of woman she is, Fan.
I don't wonder any fellow drank that
nasty beer. Now, you, darling,—and
that's the way to do it,—do give me a
hand,—just see what a bright, tidy, man-
agely little wife you'd make. You wouldn't
always have your room in a steam and a
mess, and wet clothes and dirty
fingers, would you? I'm sure," said the
girl, smiling and blushing in spite of her
frown.
The sudden vision conjured up to her of a
home of her own. "I wouldn't be like
Molly Stevens, though."

"Do you love me a little bit, don't
you?" said Will, drawing her hand into
his arm.
"Of course I do, Will."

"Well, then, can't you just fix the day
now, and let us be married right off?
Here we've been engaged two years next
Christmas, and walking together for ever
so long before, and what is the good of
waiting any longer?"

"But, Will, my father'll never hear of
it; you don't know him. And, indeed, I
was going to talk to you about that. My
stepmother says she won't have me marry
for from their place, she hates the fuss of
it."

"Have'n't you got any aunts or cousins,
or anything of that kind?" asked Will,
cunningly perceiving that the fortress was
on the point of surrendering, and anxious to
clench the matter.

"What's there? My mother's sister, poor
Aunt Lisa. She married an Irishman,
Rafferty, and mother never liked it, so I
haven't seen much of her; but she's a
good-natured soul—I dare say she'd take
me in."

"That will do capitally, Fan dear. And
didn't you tell me you had been buying a
nice chest of drawers with part of your
last wages?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, Will, such a beauty!
And only fancy, our cook, and the girl
next door, who is a friend of mine, have
promised to put their money together and
give me a washstand with a marble top.
Just think!"

So they talked over all their little
purchases until Fanny's last scruples gave
way, and she found herself promising to
become Will's wife on New Year's Day,
when he should take a holiday for the
occasion, besides the usual one of "Boxing
Day," when he suggested they might
devote their spare time to the arrange-
ment of their new home.

Suddenly, Fanny, catching sight of a
church clock, started violently.
"Oh, my, Will, it's half-past nine
o'clock! I quite forgot all about the
time! Do run, now! and, gathering up
her dress, she started quickly off, never
stopping until they arrived at a row of
small houses which went by the name of
"Salem Villas, Kennington."

"Good bye, Will,—wait, I've thought of
something. Couldn't you take the
pledge?"

"Take the pledge!" laughed Will,
soberly; "I'm not such a drunkard as
all that, thank you Fanny. I tell you, I
shall never drink again if you'll marry me.
You don't suppose I can't stop myself?"
Fanny laughed and shrugged her
shoulders as she pushed open the light iron
gate.
"Hope not, indeed. There, go away
now—good night."

TO BE CONTINUED.