# THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

## AS A LILY.

2

### BY DARCY BYRN.

#### I. Ave Maria.

In the very heart of Eogland-in that In the very near of Eagland — in that country where lordly trees shelter grace-ful deer, and the rich green foliage shades the sweetest of English song-aters,—stood a mansion stately, grim, and grey. It was built in a hollow, and the widespreading elms came up to its very doors. The bot, lune and resided the whoen the bar only the sun suited through the branches, but it seemed to have no effect on the forbidding aspect of the house. The dancing rays, as if checked by such an unwonted rebuff, darted here and there, flecked in and out, turning green into gold, and grey into green, till they found an unexpected entrance at a casement thrown wide open on the ground floor. Hot though it was, every other door and window was carefully closed. The roses shed in vain their sweetest fragrance, the orange blossom sprinkled it odorous bloom their a there was no one to see and no one to care-for the Lord of the Manor was dying.

For weeks the walks had been un For weeks the walks had been un-swept, and the weeds had run riot in the pleasure ground. For weeks no flowers had been culled, no fruit had been plucked; a stillness terrible and solemn had fallen upon the place. The timid deer even ventured to nibble on the lawn, the wood pigeons cooed on the broad window sill; no one disturbed them, no one paid them any heed. For the Lord of the Mange had been a

For the Lord of the Manor had been a bad man. In his young days he had quarrelled with his tather, and gone across the seas; nor was he ever heard of till he came to take possession—when (crowning act of his badness) he brought home an Andalusian wife, ex-ceeding fair to beheld hur a (Uneric U ceeding fair to behold, but-a "Papist ! who told her beads and genu -one flected, and made the Sign of the Cross and sang of the Virgin, and did every, thing that was idolatrous and supersti

The neighbors shrank away appalled. Here in the bosom of England's richness and greenness no filter of toleration had trickled through the minds of the staunch country gentry. The English Courch, and nothing but the English Church, was religion to them; all else was blasphemy and abomination. And when it began to be whispered that Sir Daryll Spence was cruel, morose, harsh to his tenants, and that he was seldom sober, the county raised its eyes sancti-moniously, and said : "What else could come from marrying a Catholic ?" One after another ceased to call on him, till in savage defiance Sir Daryll shut his gates against all comers, and in the midst of exquisite scenery, surrounded by smiling plains, unbrageous slopes, and many winding rivers; blessed with a virtuous wile and baby daughter; plentifully provided with the goods or this earth, and gifted with talents as few men are gifted, Sir Daryll deliberately drank bimself to death

drank himself to death. It was a sad life, and a still sadder death. His violence amounting to mad-ness estranged all domestics : new-comate only more in his sadder comers only were in his service-paid hirelings, who batted on his "tantrums," ancy. Only one remained faithful and h to him-his gentle, patient wife, who tended him lovingly and faithfully to the

Yes, there he lay, where the sunbeams Yes, there he lay, where the sunbeams had found the casement open, on a heavy "four poster" hung with dingy faded tapestry. The farniture was oaken, carved in many a fantastic form; the ceiling was low, and painted with Capids and Venuses but faintly traced. Capids and Venuses but faintly traced. All was dim and gloomy—so different to God's fresh air outside, and God's glori ous sunshine smiling down from the great unclouded sky. A faint mouldy odor prevaded the room; a vapor of thin mist seemed to hang round the weighty curtains and arise from the ponderous chests.

At first glance he seemed to be alone. He had been so long in dying that the When trouble comes, who will teach you

dying man's knees, and the gay tones dying man's knees, and the gay tones sounded strangely in this chamber of death. But, unconscious of the shadow hovering over her, the little one read on, her checks flashing with the hard words, and her voice trembling with esgerness to get to the next page. From time to time the long-lashed eyes were raised to see if her father was listening. Yes: there he lay with a strange, sweet smile on his face, and the eyes that had looked so wild now softly closed. closed.

Satisfied and happy, the child prattled on explaining the pictures, and wonder-ing what was the next crisis in the pussies' eventful career. At last she

pussies' eventful career. At last she came to a word she could not understand, and she appealed to her father for help. "Dear father, tell me," she said plead-ingly, "are you so very fast saleep ?" But he did not speak, he did not move -for little Rosamond was talking to the dead. Then a weird feeling of awe crept over the child. "Dear father," she said again, but this time in a whispar, "your little Rosie will

time in a whisper, "your little Rosie will pray for you.

And the white-clothed innocent knelt in the darkening room, on the bed, and

"Mary, sweet Mother, bless dear father. Kind Jesus, make him happy with You forever. Amen."

It was the first prayer said for the

# repose of his soul. And so we will leave them together-the living and the dead.

II.

Twelve yesrs have passed awaytwelve years of almost uninterrupted happiness to innocent, lovely R manual. She and her mother travelled from sunny Spain to fervent lially, from snow.capped Switzerland to the picturesque Rhine, And the child, who loved her mother with an almost idolatrous affection, had the joy of watching the subtle color return once more to her checks, the spring of health to her movements, and the light of mirth to her saddened eyes. the light of mirth to her saddened eyes. Beneath the shadow of the mountains, or basking in the sun clothed plains of the Campagns, the mother breathed into her only one the same fervent spirit of faith which had been her own support in all her trials.

Gradually the girl learned something of the sad history of the fragile being at her side ; she listened to the recitai of her unclouded childhood in the land of orange-groves, of her innocent attach-ment to one of her own country, of the stern Eoglish lord who wooed her and won her by the very eagerness and strongness of his love; how she, too and strongness of his love; how she, too weak to resist the united force of par-ents, relatives, and friends, finally yielded, and let him carry her from all that made life a joy, and take her to a land where every breath was pain. And, as the girl listened, her heart was hot with pity and with love. She could understand so much that was only faintly sheddwed in heaitting, morely

faintly shadowed in hesitating words. She, who had inherited her father's strength of will and force of character who was uncompromising where truth or fidelity was concerned, felt a great surg-ing of pity and compassion towards one so much more helpless than herself. A vow took birth in her breast that she A vow took oftin in her breast that she would dedicate her whole life to this frail and feeble being; she would guard her out of the very richness of her own young strength, and would pour out on her the purest, the most passionate ardor of her life's love, so that the waning days of her sweetly loved parent should be like unto the budding of her life, for peace, and shelter, and repose. The sacredness of her vow lent a hallowed lustre to her face, and people marvelled, not so much at her matchless

beauty as at the steadfast light in he eyes, and the firm curves in her violet sensitive mouth and chin. Even her mother gazed on her in admiring wonder. "I have kept you away from everyone,

my child," she said, with a dim sensation of regret; "because I wished you to grow up as a lily-pure, white, and strong. Have I been wise? I know not.

had vowed to do anything in her power to promote her parents's comfort, and she was bound by her vow to conceal her own grief, and do nothing to mar she was to take the veil.

her own grief, and do nothing to mar her mother's joy. To resolve was to act with Rosamund : she knelt before her marble statue of Our Lady, and with tearful eyes but resolute heart made a renunciation of that first place which had always been hers in her mother's heart. "I am motherless, but for Thee, Ma-donna mia," she murmured between her sobs. "I am Thine now, as I never was before,"

before. Count da Rosa had dreaded some

Count da Rosa had dreaded some opposition on the part of the beautiful, high spirited Rosamund. But in this he was agreeably disappointed. She came to him frankly, with hand outstretched, and the glory of self-sacritice making her eyes burn with a strange radiance. "I could give her to no other man," she said simply. "Take her, and be happy as you deserve."

said simply. "Take her, and be happy as you deserve." Indeed she proved his strongest ally. She soothed her mother's trepidation; she persuaded her to yield to the Count's wish, and have a speedy marriage; she supervised all minor arrangements, and with a practical promptitude for which no one had given her credit, she decided that while the Count would take his bride to his property in Spain, she would spend the next two years in a convent in England, and continue her studies. "You know, mamma dear," she said gaily, "I am but an 'unlessoned girl,' not fit to face the world yet." The contents of her father's will were first made known to her. Everything

The contents of her father's will were first made known to her. Everything went to his wife, unless she married again; in which case it all devolved upon Rosamund; but if on her twenty first birthday she still remained "a mean, drivelling Papist," it was to go to the issue of his younger brother Earle, except 2900 a year which his "misquided

£200 a year, which his "misguided daughter" might still retain. "Riches for me !" declared Rosamund, stoutly. "When I am in London I shall seek out the heir, and see what he is

like," The wedding day came, soft and sunny as a wedding day should be. The bride was tearful and trembling; Rosamund stood by her side, fair and tall as a lily, with a smile wreathed face, and a happy word for every one. Who was to know all she felt, or how each word of the marriage service was as a knell on her wishes to reign He will have no rival. heart? "Motherless !" rang in the young girl's heart; "Motherless !" sounded in her soul. But her eyes were undimmed, and

her laugh was gay as she flitted from guest to guest. When the hour of parting came, her mother clasped her as if she would never

tet her go. "My child, how shall I dare to be happy f I know not that you are living 'as a

lily ?' " "Have no fear," was the brave reply,

and placed her half-fainting in those of her husband, "The God who has protected you will protect me." And in the glowing sunset of an Italian summer they drove away and left the young girl-alone.

III Again we must turn over the pages of time for four years. The scene is now in London-London with its wealth and its

rage, its gilded mansions and wretched avels; the heaven of the rich, the hell of the poor; where lives are lived unpar-alleled for barbarism even in barbaric annals, and human souls rot by the very house of God, and will not let a friendly hand heal their pitiful leprosy. It is a cool, gray day, when tender mists envelop the great city in a soften-ing tissue and the rod

ing tissue, and the red sun struggling through, casts a picturesque glow on the tomb filled abbey and the stately Parliament block. Wherever you go, you find signs of bustle, hurry, struggle and life : street cries pierce the gloom ; the dull roll of the carriages tells of lordly Mammon wending his way to civic banquet, or from queenly drawing room; sharp swirl of the hansoms, the pon the

kosamund was happy indeed ; a radiant peace filled her soul: to morrow she would get her heart's desire—to morrow She was waiting now to complete the last of her earthly ac's. She had begged for an interview with the new heir : she

wished to plead in behalf of those tenants to whom she had always been as a Lady Bountiful. Their welfare was a Lady Bountiful. Their welfare was the only thought which troubled her. Through the family iswyer she had heard that the owner of all her property was a young man scarcely thirty years of age, and she fell to thinking what he would be like. Would he be an infidel, a narrow minded bigot, or some fanatic zealot in a new creed i However, it mattered little to her: her way was plain: to devote herself body and aoul to lain : to devote herself body and soul to the service of her Lord, and leave all

else in His hands. Her reverie was disturbed by the opening of the door. She looked up and beheld a priest. He was tall and dark, not more than thirty, with a strong cast of countenance, and mild, benignant eyes. Rosamund bowed.

Rosamund bowed. "You are wanting Reverend Mother, Father 7 I will go and call her." He answered only by a slight smile, and, advancing into the room, approached

"I want my cousin Rosamund," he said; "and I have found her, have I not?" He stood looking down on her with a

smile on his strong, pale face. "Cousin !" she faltered, "are you Francis Earl Spence ?"

"Yes."

"And the heir ?" "Yes."

"And a priest ?" "Yes."

"Ob, I am so grateful !" she exclaimed, oy irradiating her whole countenance "Thank God ! How good God is !--how good !" "The ways of God are indeed strange,"

he remarked. "You lose all for your faith, and it falls to me uncondition-ally."

Father Francis then told her of his conversion ten years ago, of his ignor-ance of the residence of his relatives, and that when the lawyer had signified to him his new responsibilities, he de-sired that Rosamund should not be told of his religion, wishing to see the girl who could give up so much for Christ's

"Are you satisfied to leave the pro perty in my hands?" he said, with another smile.

"More than satisfied. I dared never hope for this." They arranged what should be given to the Church to

They arranged what should be given to the Church to the poor, to God, and when twilight came, Rosamund knelt to receive the blessing of him whom she met for the first and last time on earth. And as he solemnly pronounced the words his heart went up in thanksgiving that his young relative had chosen the better part, and would live and die "as a lily."

Only a Little Medal.

Chancing one day to ask a Catholic lady of my acquaintance, the circum-stances of her conversion from Protes tantism, she gave me the following par

She had been a member of the Church of England, and not very long married of England, and not very long married, when she and her husband commenced housekeeping in London. The house into which they moved had been left neat and clean by the outgoing tenants, but on the floor of one of the upper scenes Mrs. R. discovered a Catholic rooms Mrs. B. discovered a Catholic missal for the use of the laity, and a small medal of the Immaculate Conception. The bock she gave to her parlor maid, who was a Catholic; the medal, ollowing some unaccountable impulse, she attached to her watch chain.

Not long afterwards it chanced that her husband, who in the recesses of an Indian bungalow had had many a talk on Catholic dectrine with a pious son of the Church, began to feel a little uncomfort able over the fact of his never having been beptized—having been born into a sect which disallowed infant baptism. Following out the idea, and fully accept. ing the all importance of the Sacrament became convinced that as he had never been baptized, his marriage was not legal from a Caristian point of view. Utterly disgusted with the laxity of the sects in such matters, and remembering the truths expounded by his friend in India, he turned his steps in the direc-tion of a residence of the Jesuit Fathers, rom one of whom he solicited instruction in the Catholic religion. Naturally, he felt somewhat shy of broaching the subject to his wife. Imagine, then, his joy when she told him she had for some time been at. tracted to the Catholic Church, and wished to enter its fold. The good Jesuit Father had the happiness of receiving two very earnest converts in the course of the following year; and the little medal, to which Mrs. B. attributes the grace of her conversion, still holds the place of honor among the trinkets of her watch chain, -Ave Maria

OBEDIENCE TO GOD.

The creation of man was always a possibility, and the plan existed in the Divine mind from eternity. God cannot receive any new ideas. He knows and sees all things, past, present and future, and one of His attributes is immuta bility, therefore, all that He has done or ever will do, is but the development of His original intentions. The glory that is infinite is uncreasted, but there is an outward glory that is created and finite. God made us for His outward or extrinsic glory. Having made us for Himself He has undivided ownership in us. According to theological justice we should render to every one his own; therefore we should give ourselves to God, since He alone has a right to us, Original justice demands the subjection of the body to the mind, the subjection of the will to reason, and the subjection of reason to God. This is the natural of reason to God. This is the natural justice that was lost when Adam fell, but restored by the death of Christ. Thus obedience to God is a condition imposed by the natural law. St. Augustine wrote: "He requires you entirely Who hath made you entirely." Willing or not, we are in His hands every moment of existence and cannot escape. God gave us an understand ing to perceive and know Him, a will to serve Him, and the capacity to love Him. It is our first and highest duty to know Him, to serve Him, and to love Him, as this is the only purpose of our creation. He created us for His extrincic glory, and it is our duty to carry out the supreme He created us for his extrinsic giory, and it is our duty to carry out the supreme will according to the conditions of the divine plan. Do we obey God, or do we serve Him? Ask yourselves. The very name of God is tabooed in the social circles as being out of place; but the name of God should never be out of place. The name of the devil is quite popular, and is mentioned often in conversation. In the family circle the name of God is mentioned, not in the way of piety, but to express astonishment, sarcasm, contempt, or anger, thus: "My God!" "Good God !" "Great God !" "For God's sake!" This is blasphemy. The name of the Infinite is mixed up with trivial and vulgar common places in the mo irreverent manner. How shocking !

thoughts and lips of men. Society is absolutely pagan in its rules of life. Fifty years ago one would sometimes hear such expressions as the following, showing faith in God: "I will go if u pleases God;" "I will come, God will-ing;" "God save all here;" "It's a fine des the doat "I will come." and for the second seco

never used, not even by church mem-bers in good standing, because God is not in fashion in our times. The older citizens remember when God was men-tioned in comparation tioned in conversation as above. It is to be hoped that a movement may be inaugurated to bring God into fashion again among our people. INDIFFERENCE TOWARDS GOD.

difference to everything outside of the monstrous idol of self which we worship. Men of brains and culture, cold-hearted scholars, lawyers, doctors, professors, do not kneel down in the morning to thank (add in whom there line actions) God, in whom the plive and move and breathe, for their preservation through the dark mystery of the night. When retiring the descent retiring at evening to rest, they offer no thanks for protection from the accidents of the day. The grandparents of these did say their morning and evening prayers. These broad-minded people act as if God is unworthy of reverence. They know that the earth rolling in space ninety-two millions of miles from the sun, travels over a thous-and miles in its daily motion and sixtyid miles in its yearly motion. and has been doing this since creation's dawn to produce day and night and the four seasons. They knew that God susfour seasons. They knew that God sus-tains this stupendous system each mo-ment to preserve them from falling into nought. The thought arises, but they do not say, "Thanks be to God!" The sun gives light and heat, else we would be all frozen like marble pillars. The sun is a molten mass, equaling the bulk of one million three hundred thousand worlds like ourse and this churcher worlds like ours, and this stupendous planet is necessary to our existence as nuch as the air we breathe. Is there one, when looking at the sun, that mur-murs, "Glory to God !" O, barren Chris-tianity !- Philip O'Neill in Catholic Mirror.

AUGUST 25, 1888.

### CATHOLICS OF SCO

#### BY THE REV. ANEAS M'DONE LL. D. F. R. S. ETC

PART IL. JAMES GRANT-1766 1

The place of Bishop Grant Wester Boggs, in the Catho of the Eczie, Branffshire, at the Scotch College of Rom till 1734, when he was ordai Before returning to Scotlan longed his studies for anoth the advice of his Superiors of College, at a seminary know Dame des Vertus. This house although Mr. Grant and knew it not, was infected wi taint of Jansenism. Th apparent on occasion of an e Mr. Grant and his fellow There was in a room where pened to dine a portrait of notorious Jansenist. Repre his head was a crown cens number of small circles, on the names of his works. No with this, the artist added the following inscription :

Hic ille est quem plena Deo tot nant. Magnanimus veri vindex, morum ter, In quem ceela suos dum vertit R Labi visa fides et totus paliuit or

Mr. Grant's companions lou both portrait and inscription. utmost sang-froid the forme that it would be no difficult t to compose a few lines more s subject of the portrait. They to try, when he wrote th words :

Hic est plena malo qui demone Agni in peile lupus, Regi qui Deo In quem sacra vigii dum ful vibravit Vincit prisca Fides totusque Orbis.

Needless to say, there was in the Quesnel Jansenist H Grant resolved to leave it a more congenial residence in ary of St Nicolas du Chardonne spent some time both pro-happily. In the year 1735 Mr. Gran

to Scotland, and atter spend time with his friends in the appointed to the Mission of Lochaber, as assistant to Rev Donald. He was afterwards in the Catholic Island of showing how bitterly the Catl were persecuted after Cullod be related that some ships come to the coast in 1746; landed from them on Barra victims. The chief object of t it appears, was the priest, threatened to lay waste the w if he were not given up to Grant, on hearing of those t safe retreat to which he had small island, rather than see ioners reduced to misery, ga up to the enemy and was prisoner to Mingarry Castl western coast. He was then for some weeks and then co Inverness, where he was through common prison, with forty together with him in the s This was not all. He was cha leg to Mr. McMahon, an Iris the service of Spain, who ha Scotland in order to be of Prince Charles. So chained, not, in the night time, change one side to the other, except passing above the other. Th Inverness humanely provided some conveniences. Ame things, they gave to each a this they hung out at the wir morning, when it was filled persons with fresh water. On entinels falsely informed t

officer that the prisoners had to knock them on the head w which they had ready for th ald Mr. Grant s

that the accusation was as gr it was improbable and ridicul

were not heard, but depriv

bottles. Mr. Grant was after

to own that he feit more )

privation than any other c was inflicted on him, His bri Grant, of Wester Boggs, at le

to know where he was, v furnished him with money,

such powerful interest with

of their Clan as to obtain his in May 1747. The condition w

that he should come under

sent himself when called upo

influences on his side it must

that he was never so called u

minister and other Protestan

gave testimony as to his per inoffensive demeanor during

rection. The cruelties inflic

his incarceration, had serious

his health. On being libe returned to his brother's ho

Enzie in order to renew

health. In 1748 he repaired in consequence of a recom-that he should drink g

whey. Following this sin men, and, at the same tin

ing in perfect rest from labor, he recovered his str was able to resume clerical

charge of the Catholics resid

parish of Rathven was assign

in the autumn of 1748, on the

SOMETHING WRONG. There is something radically wrong in our civilization. The prince of the world has nearly banished God from the

ence and a sense of an obligation to respect His divine sovereignty and

There is a lack of reversice every where apparent. It is caused by in

from Jerusalem

fatherhood. In these days such expressions are

either of these interests. The convent took all in itself- its various orders took

either of these interests. The convent took all in itself—its various orders took all a hand! They cultivated the barren soil and made the desert land put forth its fruit; they directed the thirst for knowledge, which urges forward the daring human spirits to its proper end; they guided the impulses of the soul, and led her either to the fulfillment of her duty in the active life which was sanctified by the exercise of the works of mercy, or they provided for her the pesceful retirement of the silent cell for contemplation and devotion. They did all, they answered all purposes, they understood all, and supplied the necessi-ties of all. On the long ladder which the innumerable wants of man have raised, there is not a step on which a convent has not stood to fill a gap, to supply a want, to remedy a defect. The convents sublime creatures into their holy sphere. sublime creatures into their holy sphere. They offered a crown of humility for the

They offered a crown of humility for the holy and a crown of penitence for the sinful. They nursed the sick, fed the hungry, released the imprisoned, sent missionaries into foreign climes, wrote and collected books, taught the young, protected the old, cleared forests, cul-tivated the deserts, and were indefatig-able in the cure of souls; in short, what is there of useful, merciful, and philan-thropic work that they have left undone? And they performed all out of love for And they performed all out of love for God and the desire of serving Him faith-

AUGUST 25. 1888.

THE CONVENT.

Into what darkness and dreariness of

pochs and ages, of minds and of souls,

the convent throws it salutary, beaming light! What marvels it has worked in the development and improvement of

the human race! The convent was the acred vessel which collected the dews from heaven, and poured them out upon

the earth in pure and healthy streams : it was the foundation which sprang from life dedicated to God, and its sparkling

currents called down a blessing upon the earth. It promoted the material, the

mental, and spiritual welfare of man-kind. In the present age people think

they perform miracles when they further

God and the desire of serving Him faith-fully; out of love for Christ and a long-ing to follow the example He has left them; out of love for these immortal souls for which the Saviour had died— their own and their neighbor's. They asked for nothing from mankind but leave to serve them, nothing from the world but permission to save it: nothing from the whole earth but liberty to whole earth but liberty to from the renounce it ; nothing from fortune but the right to despise it. That which was the object of all their desire, that which they were bent upon obtaining at any price-was heaven !-Countess Hahn Hahn

# CRITICAL CATHOLICS.

From "We Catholics."

We modern Catholics, it must be con-fessed, may be said to be masters of the language of depreciation. Many and happy are the charges lately made in the attitude taken towards us by the bulk of cure Protestant fallow countryman. Cathattitude taken towards us by the bulk of our Protestant fellow countrymen. Cath-olic ecclesiastics have become great, and even indispensable personages in the outer world. But when Catholics began to interchange all sorts of civilities with out. siders, when the wondering nation woke up to the fact that it had a mine of social and political and philanthropic wealth hitherto ignored, and when the praise of Catholics was around her the praise of Catholics was everywhere on Protestant Catholics was everywhere on Protestant lips, Catholics themselves began to hold one another lightly, and to speak of them-selves and of their belongings apologeti-cally, even despitefully. We learned to serves and of their belongings apologeti-cally, even despitefally. We learned to walk, in regard to one another, not merely circumspectly, but with suspicion, and to breathe an atmosphere chilly with con-tinual criticism.

I say, then, that we modern Catholics are critical Catholics and in more senses than one. Gaping with an often stupid admiration at the men and the women and the ways of Babylon, we are ever on and the ways of habiton, we are even on our guard lest we should squander pre-cious praises on our own. And if we are critical Catholics inasmuch as we are critical of one another—in another way critical of one another-in another way is not our Catholicity critical, too ? Will the flower of faith survive these cold blasts that are forever blowing ? The preacher with whose manner we are as eager to find fault-shall we not, in some moment of confusion, be irritable with his doctrine too? We who are so careful to dissociate ourselves from our fellow Catholics in Club land at court and, who are quick to declare at the polls and round the council board we have no common bond in our common creed-shall we not in time discover that the sanctuary itself is a distasteful meeting-ground, and that the one link binding us to our brother-believers is less attaching than the ten chains which the us to the worldings? I put these questions to myself no less than to my fellows in the faith, whom I love, and whose very folbles I am fain to share. But, as a chief offender, I say that it is an inclined plane on which we, who do not feel the full responsibility of a glorious spiritual kin-skip, have taken our stand; and at the

attendants had relaxed their vigilance The saddest sight of all is when every preparation is made for Death, and Death does not come. Even the fondest heart wishes wearily for the end; the strongest soul quails at another day of such long drawn agony; the very quiv-ering love of the agonized bereft one trembles, yet longs to hear the last earthly breath from the poor exhausted

remotes, yet longs to hear the last earthly breath from the poor exhausted pain-racked body. So it was in this case. "He will not die to night," said the doctor, and he persuaded Lady Daryll to go and lie down in the long low morning room, where atood her guitar and har here no. down in the long low morning room, where stood her guitar and her harp, and where, in the stillness of that hot after. moon, she soon fell fast asleep. The doctor, who was staying in the house, relired for his usual "snocze;" the nurse in attendance thought it safe to visit the servant's hall, and have a glass of wine; and so Lord Daryll was left alone-save

The sunbeams peeping in, half fright. at the sense of death and decay which was visibly settling there, might have retreated, had not their golden ending. rays lighted on one like unto themselves -as bright, as winsome, and as fair. A lovely child was seated on the bed, her wealth of golden brown ringlets hiding the sweet, earnest face, which was poring over the story-book open on her knee. This was Lord Daryll's only child-his little abgel Rossmund. How she en-tered no one ever knew. But, instinct ively understanding that if she came father's" room she must be very quiet, she had provided herself with "The Three Little Kittens who lost their Kittens who lost their Mittens," and, clambering up on the bed, nestled herself cosily by his side.

took one of the damp white hands and kissed it softly. He opened his eyes and smiled. The little one alone was not afraid of him ; he had never been cross to her.

"Poor father ill," she said, smiling contentedly on him; "but Rosie will read to father, and made him smile."

So with infinite difficulty, and in her baby prattle, she spelled out the story before her; and the sunbeams stayed to hsten to the childish voice, and the coo-ing laugh as she came to the funny pic-tures. Her dimpled arms rested on the

to bear it ?" ous thud of the numerous "He who kept you strong in faith in and above and beyond this, the perpetual all your trials," whispered the young girl, reverently. And many a time they thanked God together that she who had been feeble and resistless in all things else, in this had hear form any any state of the state of the

and above and beyond this, the perpetual tread of the passer by ever going on night and day, day and night—make one realize as nothing else does the night and the power of humanity; and more than that, the might of suffering and the power of add had been firm as a rock. "As a lily !" continued Rosamund, in power of gold. It is pleasant to turn out of the moil and turmoil into a by street, full of tall

her bithe young voice. "What a pretty ides, cara mia ! I will take it for my motto in life." houses, telling of better days, which stand aloof from their plebeian neighbors in Were the mother's words a foreshad. proud disdain. Branching off from this owing of the future? The blow was faded greatness is a pleasant little square where the birds sing and children play, coming, and would be struck by her own

hand. Sunshine and flowers had been Rosamund's life now, but no child of and only in the distance is heard the hum of traffic and toil. Adam can escape the inheritance of our first parents-sorrow. It came in this The largest house in the square is a convent, built of comfortable, warm Mother and daughter were in Nice,

convent, built of comfortable, warm brick, handsome stone steps leading up to it, and every pane of every window clean, well rubbed, and reflect-ing a kindly welcome. The hall is spa-cious, and painted buff and blue; a cruci where they met an old friend of the former's-the man whom she had loved in the early bloom of youth. For her sake he had remained single, and the intimacy thus renewed had the obvious fix, a statue of Our Lady, and a picture of the Pope ornament the walls; but The glowing Spanish nature there is a feeling of home-warmth and dominated over one both weak and low comfort and protection in the stove ing, and with many tears, half of fright, heated atmosphere, and the red felt curtains which ward off all draught and haif of happiness, she blushingly con-sented to become his wife. cold. Every reception parlor has its

The shock to Rosamund was great. flowers, its pictures, its own particular air of neatness and godliness which The power of possession had always been hers. Her mother was hers, and reigns in every one of these homes of th no one clse's: all others might go, but not her. God gave the mother to the child, and no one could claim her. So thought Rosamund in the bitter. blessed In the smallest and cosiest parlor sits

Rosamund by the fire. She is changed, and yet the same. She was a beautiful ness of her heart, as alone in her room she fought out the battle. What had girl : she is a still more beautiful woman Her noble and ample brow tells of thought and intellect and study; her became of all her dreams of future pro tection-of the joy of shielding, of car-ing for her? In the purest love there is eyes are more subdued, but they shine with the steady lustre of a soul that has always something maternal, and in Rosa-mund's love for this beautiful, feeble straight from God what it ought to do and undauntedly sets about doing it. The lips are just as frequently wreathed creature there was that sense of protecting strength which seems an element of in smiles, but there is a chastened sweet. divine. But her mother did not ness in her merriment which tells of suffering nobly borne, and a sacrifice accepted. She was neither fatherless want her, did not require her; the child was not necessary: it would be an. accepted. She was neither fatherless nor motherless now : she had given her-self to God, and her large heart was filled with compassion for the poor. These were her children: among them she other's privilege to guard her from ill. In her first passionate resentment, Rosamund had said "she could not bear it;" but calmer thoughts intervened, and

# Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and

Scott's Emulsion of Con Liver off and Hypophosphites is sold all over the world. It is far superior to plain Cod Liver Oil, palatable and easily digested. Dr. Martin Miles Stanton, Bury Bucks, London, England, "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion says :

and taken it myself. It is palatable, efficient, and can be tolerated by almost anyone, especially where cod liver oil itself cannot be borne. Put up in 50c, and \$1

Mrs. Celeste Coon. Syracuse, N. Y. Mrs. Celeste Coon. Syracuse, N. Y. writes: "For years I could not est many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indiges-tion." One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without dis-tressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping and should be not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

## A Paintal Subject.

"I was suffering for three months with a pain in my back, and was advised to use B. B. I had not used two bottles before I became as well as ever. I advise all who suffer from pain in the back to use B. B. B." Mrs. Paul Brondear, Lennoxville, P. this month.

## Me and God.

In a country town not far from Boston there is a man who has been trying long and hard to get into some political office. His neighbors knew that what chiefly stood in his way has opionated and overbearing ignorance, but of course this

point never dawned upon him, At last, and chiefly through the intervention of a popular neighbor, he was made a justice of the peace. This was better than nothing, and it set him up accordingly. Still, the days went on, and nothing came in his way to afford him an opportunity to exercise his newly. found power. At last a rough and ready neighbor

came in one day to testify in regard to something to which he had been a witness. He stalked in in his usual sulle

manner, his hat on his head, and stood before the new Justice.

"Don't you know you're going to be sworn sir ?" thundered the new official thundered the new official. The sullen visitor nooded.

"Then off with your hat, sir !" roared the Justice. "Don't ye know any better remedy FREE to any of our readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address, than to come into the presence of me and God with your hat on ?"-Boston Record.

Respectfully, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Tor-If you desire to possess a beautiful onto, Ont.

complexion take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and re-MILBURN'S AROMATIC QUININE WINE is distinctly superior to any other as an appe-tising tonic and fortifier. noves blotches and pimples, making the skin smooth and clear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance. Take it REGULATE THE LIVER and Bowels by the

judicious use of National Pills, they are purely vegetable.

foot of it is the City of Confusion. Henri Lacordaire was wont to affirm that he who wishes to be a good Christian must first be a good man. I accept and I apply the paradox when I say that until we have learned to love Catholics we shall never love the Catholic religion; and that he who to day refuses to accord his respect to persons and to emblems, nay to-morrow be tempted to withdray it from the principles these propound and represent-principles which I pray that I who write and they who read may hold forever dear.

Consumption Surely Cared. 

the Rev. John Gordon to the Buchan. Bishop Smith nor need of a coadjutor ; and hav in the proper quarter, Mr. selected for the important of Congregation of Propagand nominating him Bishop of S forwarded on the 21st Febr He was averse to this promotic friends had great difficulty in him to accept the dignity. The of it caused an illness which tution, aiready so severely scarcely able to bear up again sequence of this illness his of was delayed till the 13th Nov that date, his health being re was consecrated by Bisnop Edinburgh. On the death

Smith in 1766, he became Vid lic of the Lowland district,