

AS A LILY.

BY DANCY BYRN.

In the very heart of England—in that country where lordly trees shelter graceful deer, and the rich green foliage shades the sweetest of English songsters—stood a mansion stately, grim, and grey.

For weeks the walks had been unswayed, and the weeds had run riot in the pleasure ground. For weeks no flowers had been culled, no fruit had been plucked.

For the Lord of the Manor had been a bad man. In his young days he had quarrelled with his father, 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 behold, but—a Papist!

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.

Gradually the girl learned something of the sad history of the fragile being at her side; she listened to the recital of her unclouded childhood in the land of orange-groves, of her innocent attachment to one of her own country, of the stern English lord who wooed her and won her by the very eagerness and strongness of his love.

It was a sad life, and a still sadder death. His violence amounting to madness estranged all his domestics; new-comers only were in his service.

Yes, there he lay, where the sunbeams had found the casement open, on a heavy "four poster" hung with dingy faded tapestry. The furniture was taken, carved in many a fantastic form; the ceiling was low, and painted with Cupids and Venuses but faintly traced.

At last grace seemed to be alone. He had been so long in dying that the attendants had relaxed their vigilance. The saddest sight of all is when every preparation is made for death, and death does not come.

The sunbeams peeping in, half frightened at the noise of death and decay which was visibly settling there, might have retreated, had not the golden rays lighted on one like unto themselves—so bright, so winsome, and so fair.

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So with infinite difficulty, and in her baby prattle, she spelled out the story before her; and the sunbeams stayed to listen to the childish voice, and the cooing laugh as she came to the funny pictures. Her dimpled arms rested on the

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 cheeks flushing with the hard words, and her voice trembling with eagerness to get to the next page.

Satisfied and happy, the child prattled on explaining the picture, and wondering what was the next crisis in the pious' eventual 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 pleadingly, "are you so very fast asleep?" But he did not speak, he did not move—his little Rosamund was talking to the dead. Then a weird feeling of awe crept over the child.

Twelve years have passed away—twelve years of almost uninterupted happiness to innocent, lovely Rosamund. She and her mother travelled from sunny Spain to fervent Italy, 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 cheeks, the spring of health to her movements, and the light of mirth to her saddened eyes.

And, as the girl listened, her heart could understand so much that was so 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 surging of pity and compassion towards one so much more helpless than herself.

It was a cool, gray day, when tender arms enveloped the great city in a softening haze, and the red sun struggling through, casts a picture-glow on the tomb filled abbey and the stately Parliament building. Wherever you go, you find signs of bustle, hurry, struggle and life.

"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. When trouble comes, who will teach you to bear it?"

And many a time they thanked God together that she who had been feeble and resistless in all things else, in this had been a strong woman.

Where the mother's words a foreboding of the future? The blow was coming, and would be struck by her own hand. Sunshine and flowers had been Rosamund's life now, but no child of Adam can escape the inheritance of our first parents—sorrow. It came in this wise:

The shock to Rosamund was great. The power of possession had always been hers. Her mother was hers, and no one else; 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 bitterness of her heart; alone in her room she fought out the battle. What had become of all her dreams of future protection—the joy of shielding, of caring for her? In the purest love there is always something maternal, and in Rosamund's love for this beautiful, feeble creature there was that sense of protecting strength which seems an element of the divine.

In her first passionate resentment, Rosamund had said "she could not bear it;" but calmer thoughts intervened, and the spirit of self-sacrifice, which is rooted in every noble soul, rose triumphant, and whispered of duty in her ear. She

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

"I am motherless, but for Thee, Madonna mia," she murmured between her sobs. "I am Thine now, as I never was before."

Count de Ross 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-sacrifice making her eyes burn with a strange radiance.

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 maid, dwelling single," she was to go to the issue of his younger brother, Earl, except £200 a year, which his "misguided daughter" might still retain.

The wedding day came, soft and sunny as a wedding day should be. The bride 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 heart?

When the hour of parting came, her mother clasped her as if she would never let her go. "My child, how shall I dare to be happy if I know not that you are living 'as a lily'?"

Again we must turn over the pages of time for four years. The scene is now in London—London with its wealth and its rags, its gilded mansions and wretched hovels; the heaven of the rich, the hell of the poor; where lives are lived unparallelled 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.

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It is pleasant to turn out of the moil and bustle of a street, full of tall houses, teeming with life, which stand aloof from their plebeian neighbors in proud disdain. Branching off from this faded greatness is a pleasant little square, where the birds sing and children play, and only in the distance is heard the hum of traffic and toil.

The largest house in the square is a convent, built of comfortable, warm brick, handsome stone steps leading up to it, and every part of every window clean, well looked after, reflecting a kindly welcome. The hall is spacious, and painted bright blue; a crucifix, a statue of Our Lady, and a picture of the Pope ornament the walls; but there is a feeling of home-warmth and comfort and protection in the stove-heated atmosphere, and the red felt curtains which ward off all draught and cold.

In the smallest and coziest parlor sits Rosamund by the fire. She is changed, and yet the same. She was a beautiful girl; she is a still more beautiful woman. Her noble and ample brow tells of thought and intellect and study; her eyes are more subdued, but they shine with the steady lustre of a soul that has strait from God what it ought to do, and undauntedly sets about doing it.

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Rosamund was happy indeed; a radiant peace filled her soul: to-morrow she would get her heart's desire—to-morrow she was to take the veil.

She was waiting now to complete the last of her earthly acts. 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 a Lady Bountiful. Their welfare was the only thought which troubled her.

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OBEEDIENCE TO GOD.

The creation of man was always a possibility, and the pre-existence 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 immutability, therefore, all that He has done or ever will do, is but the development of His original intentions.

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 most irreverent manner. How shocking!

There is something radically wrong in our civilization. The prince of the world has nearly banished God from the 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 it pleases God;" "I will come, God willing;" "God save all here;" "It's a fine day, thank God;" "God be with you;" "God direct you;" "God look down on us;" "God spare you."

These in these days such expressions are never used, not even by church members in good standing, because God is not in fashion in our times. The older citizens remember when God was mentioned in conversation as above. It is to be hoped that a movement may be inaugurated to bring God into fashion again among our people.

There is a lack of reverence everywhere apparent. It is caused by indifference to everything outside of the material world of sense. Men of brains and culture, cold-hearted scholars, lawyers, doctors, professors, do not kneel down in the morning to thank God, in whom they live and move and breathe, for their preservation through the dark mystery of the night. When retiring at evening to rest, they offer no thanks for protection from the accidents of the day. The grandparents of these days, their morning and evening prayers, 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 thousand miles in its daily motion and sixty-eight thousand miles in its yearly motion, and has been doing this since creation's dawn to produce day and night and the four seasons. They know that God sustains this stupendous system each moment to preserve them from falling into nothing. 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 ours, and this stupendous mass is necessary to our existence as much as the air we breathe.

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

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

"Then off with your hat, sir!" roared the Justice. "Don't you know any better than to come in the presence of me and God with your hat on?"

If you desire to possess a beautiful complexion take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and removes blotches and pimples, making the skin smooth and clear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance. Take it this month.

THE CONVENT.

Into what darkness and dreariness of epochs and ages, of minds and of souls, the convent throws salutary, beaming light! What marvels it has worked in the development and improvement of the human race! The convent was the sacred vessel which collected the dew 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 mankind. In the present age people think they perform miracles when they further 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 urged forward the daring human spirits to its proper end; they guided the pulses of the soul, and led her either to the fulfillment of her duty in the active life, or to sanctification by the exercise of the works of mercy, or they provided for her the peaceful retirement of the silent cell for contemplation and devotion. They did all, they answered all purposes, they understood all, and supplied the necessities of all. On the long ladder which the innumerable wars of men 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 saints drew the most miserable and the most sublime creatures into their holy sphere. 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, cultivated the deserts, and were indefatigable in the cure of souls. In short, what is there of useful, merciful, and philanthropic work that they have left undone? And they performed all out of love for God and the desire of serving Him faithfully; out of love for Christ and a longing 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 neighbors'. 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 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 from Jerusalem.

Needless to say, there was a more congenial residence in the city of St. Nicolas du Chardonnet spent some time both prot and happily.

In the year 1735 Mr. Grant was appointed to the Mission of Lochaber, as assistant to Rev. Donald. He was afterwards in the Catholic Island of Barra showing how bitterly the Catholics were persecuted after Culloden; he related that some ships came to the coast in 1746; landed from them on Barra the victims. The chief object of the it appears, was the priest, threatened to lay waste the w if he were not given up to Grant, on hearing of those the safe retreat to which the small island, rather than see ioners reduced to misery, gave up to the enemy and was prisoner to Mingary Castle western coast. He was there for some weeks and then con Inverness, where he was thro common prison, with forty together with him in the st This was not all. He was chie leg to Mr. McMahon, an Irish the service of Spain, who ha Scotland in order to be of Prince Charles. So chained, not in the night time, chang one side to the other, except passing above the other. The Inverness humanely provided some conveniences. Amorgs, they gave to each a this they hung out at the win morning when it was filled persons with fresh water. Oa sentinels falsely informed the officer that the prisoners had to knock them on the head w which they had ready for the In vain did Mr. Grant and o that the accusation was as gr it was improbable and ridicul we were not all, but depriv bottles. Mr. Grant was deto to own that he felt more p rivation than any other cr Grant, of Wester Bogas, at le to know where he was, w furnished him with money, such powerful interest win of his Clan as to obtain his in May 1747. The condition w he should come under the sent himself when called u influences on his side; must that he was never so callu minister and other Protestan gave testimony as to his pee inoffensive demeanor durin rection. The cruelties infli his incarceration, had seriouly his health. On being libe returned to his brother lo Erzie in order to renew health. In 1748 he repaired in consequence of a recon that he should drink g whey. Following this su men, and, at the same tim 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 Rev. John Gordon to the Buchan. Bishop Smith now 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 Febru He wasaverse to this promotion friends had great difficulty in him to accept the dignity. The of it caused an illness which tion, always so severely scarcely able to bear up agai sequence of this illness his was delayed till the 13th Nov that date, his health being was consecrated by Bishop Edinburgh. On the death Smith in 1766, he became Vicic of the Lowland district.

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CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE REV. ANEAS M'DONNELL, LL. D., F. R. S., ETC.

The place of Bishop Grant's Western Bogas, in the Catholic of the Ezrie, Brantfahire, at the Scotch College of Rome till 1734, when he was ordain Before returning to Scotland longed his studies for another the advice of his Superiors of College, at a seminary kno Dame des Vertus. This house, although Mr. Grant and knew it not, was infested with taint of Jansenism. This 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. Represent his head was a crown conce number of small circles, on the names of his works. No with this, the artist added u the following inscription:

Hic est quem plebs Deo tota Magnanimus viri vixit, moriturus, In quibus celsa summo veriti R Laus vixit dicit totum palati

Mr. Grant's companions lo both portrait and inscription, and some sang-froid the former that it would be no difficult to compose a few lines more s subject of the portrait. They to try, when he wrote the words:

Hic est plebs malo qui demone Agnilis pelle lupus, Regi qui Deo In quem sacra vixit dum vixit Vincit prieca Fides totaque oris.

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