

LADY JANE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FIRST VISIT TO PEPSE.

When Pepse first looked at Lady Jane, standing before her holding up the bird, with the light of the sunset on her yellow hair, and her lips parted in a smile that made even the solemn eyes bright, she felt as if she saw a visitor from another world.

"For a moment, she could only look at her; then she found voice to say: 'I was afraid you would not come. Tite said you would not. I looked for you all day.'"

"I came to show Tony to you before I go to bed. I'll hold him so you can see him." And Lady Jane stretched up on the tips of her little white toes to reach the bird above the railing.

"Wait a moment, I'll have Tite open the door for you. Won't you come in?"

Tite, who heard Pepse talking, was peeping through the kitchen door, and in an instant she had pushed the bolt aside, and Lady Jane stood in the little room, and was looking around her with pleased surprise.

"Why, how nice!" she said, with a little sigh of content; "I'm glad I came. Have you got a kitty?"

"A kitty? you mean a little cat," asked Pepse, her face one broad smile over the child and bird. "No, I have not one, and I'm sorry."

Lady Jane had dropped Tony on the floor, holding him with a long string fastened to the leather band on his leg, while she looked over Pepse's little, disordered figure with mingled curiosity and pity.

In the meantime, Pepse and Tite were watching the bird with the closest attention, while he hopped about, not very gracefully, picking grains of buck-dust from the cracks of the floor.

At last Tite, unable to control her wonder and admiration, broke forth: "Miss Pepse, jes look at he. Ain't he the cur'ousest bird y' ever seed? An' he ain't no goslin', shore nuff; jes look at he tail feathers; jes lak dem feathers on Mamselle Marie's hat."

"And he knows when I speak to him," said Lady Jane, lifting her lovely eyes to Pepse. "Now I'll call him, and you'll see him come."

Then she chirruped softly, and called "Tony, Tony." The bird turned his bright eyes on her, and with a fluttering run he hurried to her.

"Oh, oh!" cried Pepse, quite overcome with surprise. "Is n't he knowing! I never saw such a bird. Is he a wild bird?"

"No, he's very tame, or he'd fly away," replied Lady Jane, looking at him fondly. "He's a blue heron; no one has a bird like him."

"A blue heron!" repeated Pepse wonderingly. "I never heard of such a bird."

"Did n't I done tole yer dem chil'ren say he a herin', an' he ain't no herin'?" interrupted Tite, determined to support her assertion as to her knowledge of the difference between fish and fowl.

"I tole yer, Miss Pepse, how herin's fish, an' he a bird, shore nuff." And, unable to repress her mirth at the oddity of the name, she burst into a loud laugh of derision.

Lady Jane looked hurt and surprised, and, stooping for Tony, she gathered him up and turned toward the door.

"Oh, don't go, please don't!" pleaded Pepse. "Tite, stop laughing, and put a chair for the little girl, and then go to your work."

Tite obeyed reluctantly, with many a grin and backward look, and Lady Jane, after lingering a moment at the door, shy and undecided, put Tony down again, and climbed into the chair on the opposite side of the table.

"Now that darky's gone," said Pepse, with a gaiety that was reassuring, "we can talk sense. Do you understand me, everything I say? You know I don't speak English very well."

"Oh, yes!" answered Lady Jane; "I know what you say, and I like you."

"I'm glad of that," said Pepse brightly, "because I've been just crazy to have you come over here. Now tell me, is Madame Jozain your aunt or your grandmamma?"

"Why, she's my Tante Pauline; that's all," replied the child indifferently.

"Do you love her dearly?" asked Pepse, who was something of a little diplomat.

"No, I don't love her," said Lady Jane decidedly.

"Oh my! Why, is n't she good to you?"

Lady Jane made no reply, but looked wistfully at Pepse, as if she would rather not express her opinion on the subject.

"Well, never mind. I guess she's kind to you, only perhaps you miss your ma. Has she gone away?" And Pepse lowered her voice and spoke very softly; she felt that she was treading on delicate ground, but she so wanted to know all about the dear little thing, not so much from curiosity as from the interest she felt in her.

Lady Jane did not reply, and Pepse again asked very gently:

"Has your mamma gone away?"

"Tante Pauline says so," replied the child, as the woe-begone expression settled on her little face again.

"She says mamma's gone away, and that she'll come back. I think she's gone to heaven to see papa. You know papa went to heaven before we left the ranch—and mama got tired waiting for him to come back, and so she's gone to see him; but I wish she'd taken me with her. I want to see papa too, and I don't like to wait so long."

The soft, serious little voice fell to a sigh, and she looked solemnly out of the window at the strip of sunset sky over Madame Jozain's house.

Pepse's great eyes filled with tears, and she turned away her head to hide them.

"Heaven's somewhere up there, is n't it?" she continued, pointing upward. "Every night when the stars come out, I watch to see if papa and mama are looking at me. I think they like staying up there, and don't want to come back, and perhaps they've forgotten all about Lady Jane."

"Lady Jane, is that your name? Why, how pretty!" said Pepse, trying to speak brightly; "and what a little darling you are! I don't think any one would ever forget you, much less your papa and mama. Don't get tired waiting; you're sure to see them again, and you need n't be lonesome, sitting there on the gallery every day alone. While your aunt's busy with her customers, you can come over here with your bird, and sit with me. I'll show you how to shell pecans and sugar them, and I'll read some pretty stories to you. And oh, I'll teach you to play solitaire."

"What is solitaire?" asked Lady Jane, brightening visibly.

"It's a game of cards," and Pepse nodded toward the table; "I was playing when you came. It's very amusing. Now tell me about your bird. Where did you get him?"

"A boy gave him to me—a nice boy. It was on the cars, and mama said I could have him; that was before mama's dear head ached so. It ached so, she could n't speak afterward."

"And have n't you a doll?" interrupted Pepse, seeing that the child was approaching dangerous ground.

"A doll? Oh yes, I've got ever so many at the ranch; but I have n't any here. Tante Pauline promised me one, but she has n't got it yet."

"Well, never mind; I'll make you one; I make lovely dolls for my little cousins, the Paichoux. I must tell you about the Paichoux. There is Uncle Paichoux, and Tante Modeste, and Marie, the oldest,—she has taken her first Communion, and goes to balls,—and then there is Tiburee, a big boy, and Sophie and Nanette, and a lot of little one, all good, pleasant children, so healthy and so happy. Uncle Paichoux is a dairyman; they live on Frenchman Street, way down where it is like the country, and they have a big house, a great deal larger than any house in this neighborhood, with a garden, and figs and peaches, and lovely pomegranates that burst open when they are ripe, and Marie has roses and crape myrtle and jasmine. It is lovely there—just lovely. I went there once, long ago, before my back hurt me so much."

"Does your back hurt you now?" interrupted Lady Jane, diverted from the charming description of the Paichoux home by sudden sympathy for the speaker.

"Yes, sometimes; you see how crooked it is. It's all grown out, and I can't bear to be jolted; that's why I never go anywhere; besides, I can't walk," added Pepse, feeling a secret satisfaction in enumerating her ills.

"But it's my back's the worst."

"What ails it?" asked Lady Jane, with the deepest sympathy in her grave little voice.

"I've got a spine in my back, and the doctor says I'll never get over it. It's something when you once get it that you can't be cured of, and it's mighty bad; but I've got used to it now," and she smiled at Lady Jane; a smile full of patience and resignation.

"I was n't always so bad," she went on cheerfully, "before papa died. You see papa was a fireman, and he was killed in a fire when I was very small; but before that he used to take me out in his arms, and sometimes I used to go out in Tante Modeste's milk-cart—such a pretty cart, painted red, and set up on two high wheels, and in front there are two great cans, as tall as you are, and they shine like silver, and little measures hang on the spouts where the milk comes out, and over the seat is a top just like a buggy top, which they put up when the sun is too hot, or it rains. Oh, it's just beautiful to sit up on that high seat, and go like the wind! I remember how it felt on my face," and Pepse leaned back and closed her eyes in ecstasy, "and then the milk! When I was thirsty, Tante Modeste would give me a cup of milk out of the big can, and it was so sweet and fresh. Some day I'm sure she'll take you, and then you'll know how it all goes; but I don't think I shall ever go again, because I can't bear the jolting; and besides," said Pepse, with a very broad smile of satisfaction, "I'm so well off here; I can see everything, and everybody, so I don't mind; and then I've been once, and know just what it's like to go fast with the wind in my face."

"I used to ride on my pony with papa," began Lady Jane, her memory of the past awakened by the description of Pepse's drive. "My pony was named Sunflower, now I remember, and her little face grew radiant, and her eyes sparkled with joy; "papa used to put me on Sunflower, and mama was afraid I'd fall." Then the brief glow faded out of her face, for she heard Madame Jozain call across the street, "Lady! Lady! Come, child, come. It's nearly dark, and time you were in bed."

With touching docility, and without the least hesitation, she gathered up Tony, who was standing on one leg under her chair, and, holding up her face for Pepse to kiss, she said good-by.

"And you'll come again in the morning," cried Pepse, hugging her fondly; "you'll be sure to come in the morning."

And Lady Jane said yes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

To Mary Ever-Blessed.

O Virgin Mother of our gracious Lord, Thou art whose shrine all kings, all nations bend; Mother of Mercies, who thinkest aid doth lend; To lips who bid thee, O! heart's fervent: Solace of sinners, loveliest everigh; Whose holy feet the serpent sin have crushed; How many I love, when all rude winds are hushed; And alv'ry moonbeams light the motley sky; Beneath high heaven's blue vaulted canopy; In hallowed stillness to invoke thy aid, And feel my cares released, my sorrows fly; For, but to hail thee once, O spotless Maid, Seems a bright ray of hope in realms on high, Where pain dissolves in joys that never fade. —Acc Maria.

THE REAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US.

The late Cardinal Manning, himself a distinguished convert from Protestantism, thus outlines what he regards as the real difference between Protestantism and Catholicity:

The difference between the Catholic Church and every other society is this: other societies are of voluntary formation, that is, people unite themselves to a particular body, and if they do not like it on better knowledge, they go their way; they become Baptists, or Anabaptists, or Episcopalians, or Unitarians, or Presbyterians, until they find something which they do not like in these systems; and then they go their way, and either unite themselves to some other body or remain unattached, because these societies have no claim to govern the will—all they profess to do is to teach. They are like the ancient schools, and their teaching is a kind of Christian Philosophy. They put their doctrines before those who are willing to listen, and if they listen, and by good fortune, agree with them, they remain with them; if not, they go their way. But where is the government over the will? Can they say, "In the name of God, and under the majesty of an imperial parliament, that God was incarnate, and that our incarnate Lord offers Himself in sacrifice upon the altar, that the sacraments instituted by the Son of God are seven, that they all convey the grace of the Holy Ghost?" Unless they have an authority over the will as well as over the intelligence they are only a school and not a kingdom. Now, this is a character entirely wanting in every society that cannot claim to govern in the name of our Divine Lord, and to teach with a Divine voice; and therefore the Church of God differs from every other society in this particular, that it is not only a communion of people who voluntarily unite together, but that it is a kingdom. It has a legislature; the line of its Councils for eighteen hundred years has sat, deliberated and decreed with all the solemnity and more than the majesty of an imperial parliament. It has an executive which carries out and enforces the decrees of those Councils with all the calmness and more than the peremptory decision of an imperial will. The Church of God, therefore, is an empire; and the governors and princes of this world are jealous of it for that very reason. They say, "Nolunt hunc regnare super nos." ("We will not have this man to reign over us.") It is precisely because the Son of God, when He came, established a kingdom upon earth, that therefore in every land, in every nation, the Catholic Church governs with the authority of the universal Church of God. Therefore it is that thirty-five years back the atmosphere was rent and tormented by the uproar of "Papal aggression. The natural instinct of the civil rulers knew that it was not a mere Christian philosophy wafted from foreign lands, but a spiritual power and spiritual sovereignty. For this reason also the extreme liberal school—those who claim toleration for every form of opinion, and who teach that the office of the civil governor is never to enter controversies of religion, but that all men should be left free in their belief, and the conscience of all men be at liberty before God—even they make one exception, and in the strangest contradiction to all their principles, or, at least, their professions, maintain that as the Catholic Church is not only a form of government, it must be excepted from the general toleration.—Cardinal Manning.

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PRIVILEGES OF CATHOLICITY.

"Do converts ever regret leaving Protestantism and embracing Catholicity?" Cardinal Newman once answered this question directly. Through his conversion separated him from his friends he was happy in following the truth. Read his view of the "Privileges of Catholicity:"

"Oh, my dear brethren, what joy and what thankfulness should be ours, that God has brought us into the Church of His Son! What gift is equal to it in the whole world, in its preciousness, and in its rarity? In this country in particular, where heresy ranges far and wide, where uncultivated nature has so undisputed a field all her own, where grace is given to such numbers only to be profaned and quenched, where baptisms

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only remain in their impress and character, and faith is ridiculed for its very firmness, for us to find ourselves here, in the region of light, in the home of peace, in the presence of saints—to find ourselves where we can use every faculty of the mind, and affection of the heart, in its perfection, because in its appointed place and office—to find ourselves in the possession of certainty, consistency, stability, on the highest and holiest subjects of human thought—to have hope here, and heaven hereafter—to be on the Mount of Christ, while the poor world is guessing and quarrelling at its foot,—who among us shall not wonder at his own blessedness, who shall not be awe-struck at the inscrutable grace of God, which has brought him, not others, where he stands? As the Apostle says, "Through our Lord Jesus Christ we have, through faith, access into this grace wherein we stand, and glory in the glory of the glory of the sons of God. And hope confoundeth not; because the charity of God is poured out into our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given to us." And as St. John says, still more exactly to our purpose, "Ye have an unction from the Holy One;" your eyes are anointed by Him who put clay on the eyes of the blind man: "from Him have you an unction, and ye know," not conjecture, or suppose, or opine, but "know," see, "all things." "So let the unction which you have received of Him abide in you. Nor need ye that any one teach you, but as His unction teaches you of all things, and is true, and no lie, and hath taught you, so abide in Him." You can abide in nothing else; opinions change, conclusions are foisted, equities run their course, reason stops short, but faith alone reaches to the end, faith only endures. Faith and prayer alone will endure in that last dark hour, when Satan urges all his powers and resources against the sinking soul. What will it avail us, then, to have devised some subtle argument, or to have led some brilliant attack, or to have mapped out the field of history, or to have numbered and sorted the weapons of controversy, and to have the homage of friends and the respect of the world for our successes—what will it avail to have had a position, to have followed out an idea, to have made a cause to triumph, if, after all, we have not the light of faith to guide us on from this world to the next? Oh, how faint shall we be in that day to exchange our place with the humblest, and dullest, and most ignorant of the sons of men, rather than to stand before the judgment-seat in the lot of him who has received great gifts from God, and used them for self and for man, who has shut his eyes, who has trifled with truth, who has repressed his misgivings, who has been led on by God's grace, but stopped short of its scope, who has neared the land of promise, yet not gone forward to take possession of it.—Cardinal Newman.

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