2

## TALES OF THE JURY ROOM By Gerald Griffin THE THIRD JURYMAN'S TALE

THE KNIGHT WITHOUT REPROACH

CHAPTER I

At the time when Francis I., of heroid memory, was marching against the united forces of the Itelian states, and memory, was marching against the united forces of the Itslian states, and that sovereign who was in those days emphatically styled the Emperor, he was suddenly recalled to France, by the revolt and descrition of the constable of Bourbon. Accordingly he returned homeward, relinquishing with regret his dream of conflicts, leaving the Milanese, which was already overrun by his troops, in the hands of the Admiral Bondivet, who so far from adding any-thing to what his master had already won, found it more than he could accomplish to retain possession of what the latter had acquired with so much ease and rapidity. His arg, composed of the flower of the French chivalry, was found far less efficient when the ardour of the men was restricted to purely defensive measures, than is had been when they rose triumphant on the very ridge of conquest, with the daunt-less Francis at their head. Is was while the camp remained in this state of inactivity, that a knight, tall and well-built, and having that in his aspect and demeanour which immedi-

aspect and demeanour which immedi-ately attracted the attention and re-gard of the beholder, sanntered idly, towards a tent, the shady interior of which looked cool and inviting in the glare of an Italian mid day sun. The heat had thinned the camp ; the greater portion of the officers and men having retired within the tents. The field in which they stood, a few days before a grassy plain, was now besten into a parched and duay level, by the con-tinual tramp of men and horses. Ban-ners drooping in the noon-tide air, and revealing but partial glimpses of some device renowned in history and song, distingnished the tents of the admiral of La Palice, of Suffolk, of Lorraine, D'Aubigni Chabanes, and others, whose names shed a lustre on the French nobility. In front of these a sentinal paced slowly to and fro, broiling in his heavy armour and arquebus, and occa-sionally giving the salute to a small body of horsemen as they galloped hastily by on some mission from the ad-miral, half obscured by the gray cloud which arose from the brase' feet as they proceeded. At intervals one or two soldiers of the Black Bands, that in-fantry renowned throughout all Europe, were seen pacing leisurely along, dis-coursing, in quietly lummured tones, of their past victories and the compar-tive merits of their leaders. Occasionaspect and demeanour which immediately attracted the attention and re of their past victories and the comparative merits of their leaders. Occasion-ally too, the shrill pipe of a vivandiere complaining of some real or feigned in-justice suffered in the disposal of his goods, interrupted the summer stillness of the camp

"What sayest thou, Le Jay ?" ex-claimed the knight already spoken of, as he entered the tent in which a single as he entered the tent in which a single equerry was occupied in arranging his masters armour, "how are we to spend these scorching days in which our cautious admiral will not allow us to retreat or to advance ?" "It is a heavy time indeed, my lord,"

"It is a heavy time indeed, my lord," replied the scorer, with a modest air. "I may speak freely with thee, Le Jay," said the chevalier. "It will, I doubt, and worse than it has begun. The men are disheartened, and the con-federates, as they loiter in our rere, seem to pick up the spirit which along with other more substantial good things, we are compelled to leave behind us. Francis and Bonnivet !-Fire and snow. reacts and bonniver — Fire and show. The one by his excess of energy hurries us into the very midat of danger, and then he leaves us in the hands of the other, who by his lack of that quality is unable to take us out of it. These is unable to take us out of it. These two extremes meet very punctually, and I fear to our grevious loss."

grandee upon his lence, and in the next, fetch him a confessor " tch him a confessor." "Thou woulds't have him put the steel through body and soul together if t were possible." "It is doubtful which of the two feelarmed enemy, or his veneration for the energy of a mend-here y for the cuirass and helmet of an armed enemy, or his veneration for the bald head and hempen girdle of a mend-

cant friar." "Why, I wonder whom thou meanest, for there are few such that I know of in cant friar. the camp, much less at court. But let us see a little of the shade if thou have us see a little of the shade if thick have been at the set of the sector begins to grow oppres-sive with all its light. Remember we are in Italy, and it is a summer moon." "Ah, there my pallet fails me," re-plied the fouyer. "What, has this paragon no fault ?"

"Bat one, that I can speak of." "And what is that ?" "That he sometimes bears too hard a

hand upon the errors of a devoted fol-lower who would die to serve him." And the écuyer bowed low to his

And the conver bowed now to an master. "Chut-chut-chut-chut; thou wert speaking of myself all this while," said the chevalier, neither offended nor gratified by the flattery of his follower, "thou talkest of one pretended fault, and I could have turnished you with a hundred real ones, the least of which were enough to incapacitate him, though he had no other, for the high trust of which we speak. But a truce with such folly, and set thy wits to work to an-swer my first question-how are we to consume these broiling hours ?"

swer my n'st question-now are we to consume these brolling hours?" "What say you to tennis ?" "Or a quiet jue de boule?" "Worse and worse." "Thes there remains but one resource which I have learned too much discre-tion in my good master's service to name without permission." "What is is, Le Jay? Thou hast it." "And yea it was but yeaterday morn-

"What is is, he say: Thut make it. "And yes it was but yesterday morn-ing I received a pointed chiding for the mention of it," replied the écuyer. "Oh, ho i L'Amour?" said the cheva-lier, yet without displeasure.

lier, yet without displeasure. Years-ages have rolled by since the gallant knight in question, in common with his other brother chivaller, ceased to do or to speak, either good or evil for this world:

The Knights are dust,

Their good swords are rust, Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

The hand and tongue that were his in-The hald shift of the one or the other, have been for the one or the other, have been for centuries resolved to dest. In the words of one of his own historians, this "checalier sams re-proache" was not at all times "un chretism sams defaut." The truth musc have bet her it he encode to musch chretien sans defait." The truin must be spoken, but let it be enough to speak the truth. Let us add no censure. Far be it from us to extenuate the faults which history has ascribed to him; still farther to suffer that they should obscure the unfading lustre, which his heroic virtues have shed up-on the history of his times, and of his nntry.

At this period when the heroism of the youthful Francis had revived the sinking chivalry of France, and brought back the days of Charlemagne in all but the consummate prudence which usually directed the enterprise of that imperial bero of song and tale, there were few names, even at this brilliant period, which might bear comparison with that of the gallant knight whom for the present it shall suffice to designate as the chevalier. It has been remarked indeed, that the court never intrusted him with the important function of com-mander-in-chief, and even on this diaas-trons expecition, all his fame and his services had not prevented his being over-looked in favour of the feeble Bonnivet. The chevalier, however, had a spirit in-capable of resentment or of jealousy. He could not avoid seeing and lamenting the incapacity of the admiral, but he never thought of murmuring against the free choice of his king, for whom he At this period when the heroism of the free choice of his king, for whom he entertained a pure and disinterested loyalty worthy of the early days of

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"In good truth, my lord, I will take no pains about it. A poor écuyer hath a body and a soul to save as well as a chevalier, and I have heard too much "I thought so. O this art 1 I could forgive anything but art and cunning. But I promise thee, elever as thou art, and simpleton as thou thinkest me, thou shalt not find me simple enough to be good counsel in your worship's excel-lent service to be ready to fling mine away, for no better hire perchance than a round half hour's lecture for my thy dupe." Rosalia, who was the last person in the world to make a dupe of anybody, could only weep afresh at this new

psins." "Tush," said the knight, "I was in the sour vein that morning. I had been with the admiral, who has the flattering knack of always soliciting another's counsel, and always following his own; and his fears and his wavering, and his shifting to this side and to that, light-ing on course measure and resting upon

shifting to this side and to that, light-ing on every measure, and resting upon none-neither bold enough to be vic-torious, nor cautious enough to be secure, were such that it soured my spirit to speak with him, and as he was commander-in-chief, and thou wert but the écuyer of an insignificant chevalier. I made these compliment of the full measure of chagrin which it were more just than seemly to bestow upon the admiral."

admiral." The ósuyer acknowledged the prefer-ence by a grateful bow. "Therefore dost thou hear?—prose-cute this matter, and speak of it no more unless to tell me thou hast suc-ceeded; I trast all to thy discretion; of thy genius I have had proofs in many ways, so I doubt not of its efficiency in this, and the sconer thou hast executed thy commission the better.

The third Juror here paused to replen-ish his tumbler, which had inseasibly become exhausted since he commanced speaking. We will take advantage of the pause to close this first chapter of his narrative.

CHAPTER II

CHAPTER II Le Jay required no more. As the day declined, he left the company and hastened in the direction of the cottage of francesca Pacheco. The sound of a voice high in anger made him pause, as he drew nigh, and remain for a time concealed by some intervening shrubs, as one might wait the passing of a shower.

chiolt's?

day.'

"Me? Not I, indeed."

plainly, that it was not to be ead

"Don't tell me-don't tell me!" ex

"Don's tell me-don't tell me!" ex-claimed a voice tremulous with passion; "it is little wonder we should be poor and hungry and needy. At thy rosary, traly? And I must drudge like a plough-horse while thou art chapel-honting. What with Masses and rosaries there is nothing done in the house, from sunrise to sunset, as it should be, ex-cept what I am obliged to do myself, to the sacrifice of the little remains of health that old age and care have left me."

"I thought I had left nothing undone

"What hast thou to do with Masse and rosaries, and plous sodalities? It is for those who are at their ease, and ave a heavy purse and a well-stocked cellar, to spend so much time upon the concerns of their soul, and not for poor wretches like us, who know not when we rise in she morning where we are to provide the means of subsisting until

ightfall." I was wrong, I know, mother." "Thou art ever so when we differ. I ask thyself, had I ever to reprove thee yet, that in the end thou hadst not to yet, that in the end thou hades bot to make the same confersion? Is it not the invariable terminstion of all our disputes, that in the end thou ars com-pelled thus to entwine thy hands to-gether, and cry bitterly, and say, 'I was wrong mother?' Is it not, I ask thee?" "I believe it is indeed, mother."

"Do-cry sway-didst thou ever once hear me make such an acknowledg-

hear me make such an acknowledg-ment?" "Never indeed, that I remember." "To thee, or to anyone else?" "Never, I believe." "Didst thon ever see me thus fold my hands together and burst out a-crying, and say 'I was wrong, daughter?' No, I warrant you, nor anyone else in the parish. I am four-and-thirty years old come next Assumption (Dame Francesca had come to a halt at four-and-thirty, for fifteen years past at least), and no

" A message for me ?" Francesca exclaimed, overflowing with sudden curiosity, as she led the écuyer to a little " In the first place," said Le Jay, " the

"In the first place," said the say, the cavalier presents his respects to you and to the charming donzella, and begs that you will accept the inclosed, as a trifing mark of his esteem." "Me, signor! me accept money from

charge. "And who was this person with whom the noble — the generous 'cavalier 1 Never 1 never 1 It shall not be said that Francesca Pacheco receives money in return for the ordinary offices of hos-pitality." you had the heart to remain idly gos-sipping, while you knew that your poor, feeble, widowed parent was wear-ing out her existence to find the means

As she uttered these words, by way of evinoing her determination, she turned herback directly on the ambasador, plac-ing one hand behind it, in order to add to the dignity of her movements. "But as a mark of esteem, merely, signors," said the éouyer. "Surely you would not occasion my master so much pain, as he must feel when he hears that you have refused him?" And saying this in his most insinuating tones, he ventured to slip the purse into the hand just spoken of, and with a gestle violence to close the fingers on the ce to close the fingers on

poor, feeble, widowed parent was wear-ing out her existence to find the means of prolonging yours at home?" "It was Maris Pecchic." "Umph! I might have guessed as much. And what was the important subject of your conversation? No arti-fice! no hiding of the truth! Thou mightest as well speak plainly, for I shall be sure to find it out. Thou knowest that when I once have got fairly a-foot to track a secret, there is not a hole in the Duchy of Milan in which it can escape me." "Indeed dear mother, I have no de-sire to hide it from you. She did but stop me on the bye path near Rencto Cerl's vineyard, to tell me thas-that-Jacopo had returned," she added blush-ing and looking down at her sandals. "So -mo-mo-mo-bit after bit, the whole plot is coming forth. I see the whole at length-Maria Pacchioli came to tell thes that Jacopo had returned, and thou and Maria went together by the vineyard to Facchieli's house, and thou remainedst talking with Jacopo, while I supposed thou wert plously joining in the Angelus." "Me, mosher! I remain talking with Jacopo ! I go to Jacopo's house! In-deed I did not-I scarcely stopped to hear Maria say he had arrived, when I huried back." "Umph! And you did not go to Pac-chieli's?" cavalier—" here she shot a downward glance at the purse, ere she plunged it into her capacious side pocket. " And yes, signor, to lay pride apart," she con-tinued in a mournful voice, " if you did 'bus know the miserable state of mind in which the war has left me at this mo-ment, not knowing how soon this cottage in which I spent the happiess years of my life," here the good lady laid hold of the corner of her aprop. " may pass into other handa, and I may be cast upon the world without a home or a resting-"Umph! And you did not go to Pagworld without a home or a rec

As she said these words, she lifted the apron to her eyes and surned her head saide, to indulge her grief without

"Me? Not I, indeed." "We'll, in that part at least thou didn't right for once in thy life. This Jacopo might very well have remained where he was. We are poor enough in ourselves without tying his poversy to our own. But we will talk of this here after, go in and try to make up by a little exercion before night closes, for the shameful indolence and artifice with which thou hast disgraced the day." restraint. "This cottage! What a pity !' ex

"This cottage! What a pity!' ex-olaimed Le Jay, with a commission air, "and where as you observe, signors, the happiest days of your life were spent! Alas! and can nothing be done to prevent such a misfortune?" This imprudent question drew from the oil lady a copious history of a whole catalogue of grievances and oppressions, complaints of creditors, who were hard-hearied enough to come looking for their momer, and sundry other unamerited Resalia entered the cottage without reply, and Dame Francesca remained wishout, dellberating some matter silent-ly in her own mind. She was not so blind to her daughter's merits, as to hearied enough to some looking for their money, and sundry other unmerited affictions, which notwithstanding all the predames and foresight and industry which is was metaphysically possible for human beings to use, and a degree of heavenly patience and gentleaces of con-duct, which were quite astonishing un-der the discumstances, had brought her daughter and herself to the very verge of rais. blind to her daughters merius, as to suppose that apart from all which had relation to herself, Rossils, was already destitute of any claim to esteem or ad-miration. Her beauty spoke for itself so

plainly, that it was not to be called in question, like her unseen graces of char acter and disposition. It is true there were few young men of their rank in the neighborhood, who could afford in the choice of a wife to be influenced by or-namental, rather than useful qualities, but the case might do otherwise, when both were combined as they actually were in Rosalia. In a sufficient degree to render her worthy the extern of any "But I ought to ask your pardon, signor," she said, when the torrent had flowed by, "for troubling you about our grievances—but you and the good cav-alier are so compassionate, that it en-courages one to be over hold. You must find the cavaliar an excellent master, alernor.

"The kindest in the world."

"Long may be live to enjoy it, and happy were it for the world, if all the

happy were it for the work, it all the rich were inclined to make as good an use of their wealth. But, my poor head i I had forgot. You told me that the cav-alier had entrasted you with a private message. Will it please you to step this way for a moment?"

were in Rosalis in a sufficient degree to render her worthy the esteem of any individual, with the exception of so na-paralleled a mother. These reflections which had their weight with even Dame Francesca herself, had led her so look with less approving eyes than hith-erto, upon the long projected union be-tween Jacopo Pacchioli, one of the many younger sons of a neighboring farmer, and her daughter! Whatever prospect Jacopo had a year before of be-ing able to provide for a wife and fam-ily, was now entirely annibilated, in Francesca's eyes at least, by the sudden irruption on the country. of conflicting armies, and she had accordingly in her own mind determined to see whether Rosway for a moment ?" She led the way to a small gate, and Le Jay followed her into a little garden where, now sufficiently master of the ground on which he trod, he proceeded to unfold his proposition. The poor woman, though no saint, was honest, and mind determined to see whether Ros-alls's good qualities, both of mind and person, might succeed in ob-taining for her a settlement more con-ductive to their common advantage. It ductive to their common sdvantage. It was true Jacopo had been their friend from childhood, and at all times regarded

to discover those who are ashamed to

to discover those who are asnamed to beg, and to scatter his gold amorgat them without being recognized." "They may say what they will, signora, and thou mayest imagine what thou wilt, but I assure thee it was he and no other who spoke with thee in this cottage some days since, and who this day commissioned me to make on this day commissioned me to make on his behalf a proposal, which any ration-al mother in Europe would have re-ceived as one of the highest honours which fortune could bestow." Francesca paused. Had the tempter been less estimable, she would in all probability have continued to spurn the guity proposition of his ambassador, but the high reputation of the chevaller effected with all the arts of a known profigste might have failed to accom-pilah. The horror of the offence became diminished to ber eyes, when she found it recommended by so admirable an example. She did not, however, think it proper immediately to allow the

As she uttered these words, by way of

example. She did not, however, think it proper immediately to allow the alteration in her sentiments to become apparent. She contented herself for the present, with uttering a new volley of reprosenses in a somewhat less angry tone, and expressing her determination to ascertain, without loss of time, whether the unprincipled écuyer were not and selously calumnisting one of the noblest and most exemplary knights in Christendom. Le Jay sock his depart-ure, is being understood that he was to retern on the following day, merely for the purpose of ascertaining whether

"In that case indeed, signor," said "In that case indeed, signor," said Francesce, slowly withdrawing the hand as she turned gradually round, "as a mark of esteem as you asy, and to avoid wounding the feelings of the dear, noble cavalier—" here she shot a downward the purpose of ascertaining whether Franceses had satisfied herself as to the Francesce had satisfied herself as to the truth of his mission, and Francesce con senting to allow him another interview with the same harmless object TO BE CONTINUED THE CHAPLAIN'S VACATION

of rais. " But I ought to ask your pardon

"He is rich too, I doubt not ?" Le Jay nodded his head in ament.

woman, though no saint, was honest, and when she was made to understand the views of the profligate messenger, was for some moments really horror stricten. The thought of extricating herself from her distresses by delivering her daughter up to infamy, had, in her moments of wildest impatience, never yet entered her imagination. Rage first, then grief,

thine head, have spoken so.

saw would not leave her memory. And

faith she was longing for. She pleaded for baptism. He soon saw she had not long to live, and as he slways carried his stole, he took a cup of water from the table beside the bed and baptised her

He left a little crucifix in her hands and departed. He had scarcely arrived at the ree-tory when a massanger came fling down

He had scarcely arrived at the rec-tory when a measure came flying down the street. The warden had sent the boy. He apologized for troubling the priest the second time but the woman was worse, evidently dying and begged so pitfully for the last sacraments that the nurse insisted on the second mes-sage, assuring the warden the priest would gialy come.

sage, assuring the warden the priest would giadly come. Taking out his oil stock and entering the church to place the Biessed Sacra-ment in his pyx was the work of a moment, and once more the priest went to the jail. Yes she was dying, but at sight of the priest she rallied and held out her hands. A little table was ready in a moment and the nurse lighted the blessed candles the priest brought. The prisoner was anointed and made her First Communion. Her faith and hope and love were miraculous.

First Communion. Her faith and hope and love were miraculous. Must we not feel that those prison walls of stone, those iron gratings lined with curious, hard, sin stained faces, were softened by the presence of unscen angels, mellowed by the choirs of blessed spirits that invisibly attend the pres-ence of Jesus in the Holy Eucharist ? The ceremonies were over, and the end The ceremonies were over, and the end

was near. The woman had clasped her hands, and only one word trembled on her lips. "Saviour !" Yes, her Saviour. Had not the Good Shepherd followed her over stony paths, through briars and thorns -this one, poor, fallen, wandering stony paths, through briars and thorns --this one, poor, fallen, wandering sheep. She was dying in a jail--she would sleep in a pauper's grave but she was saved. Yes, saved ! Oh ! blessed word !--Salvation ! And so with her glazing eyes fixed on the cross the outcast passed away. Within a few hours she had been bap-tised had here noninted had received

vitant a few hours are had been bap-tised, had been anointed, had received her Lord in Holy Communion, and with the last absolution trembling on the air had passed into the presence of God, "saved for all eternity ! Whence came

haved for all eternity ! Whence came all these graces ? Who knows ? As the heavy iron doors closed on the hospital chaplain, a great choking breach rose in his throat, and a swift thanksgiving went up to the gentle, yearning heart of Christ that had brought about this wondrous return of the prodigal.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH THE SALVATION OF SOCIETY

[Delivered in the church of St. Charles Borromeo Brooklyn, by Rev. Thos. N. Burke, O. P., in 1872 in id of the hospital in charge of the Sisters of the My friends : The subject which, as

My friends: The subject which, as you know, has been announced to you, and which I purpose to treat before you this evening, is the proposition that "The Catholic Church is the Salvation of Society." Perhaps there are some amongst you who think I am an un-contelly convergence man to make a wontedly courageous man to make so wild and so rash an assertion. And it All must be acknowledged, indeed, that for essed must be acknowledged, indeed, that for h, he the past eighteen hundred years that the Catholic Church has existed, society

By Rev. Richard Alexander in The Missionary It was a trying day. The chaplain of a great hospital in one of our Western cities had just finished his rounds. It was a task of several nours. Often he returned to his rooms gladdened by some special evidence of the mercy and love of the Master, but to day he was sad-dened. A woman had cast away the graces offered, and deliberately turned

A TRUE STORY

graces offered, and deliberately turned her back. Ill and suffering she surely was, and pain and softe were rothing new to the chapialn, but definace of God in the face of death was a phase of feeling not often met with, even in his experi-ence. The woman had not thought of her soul—"did she have one ?" was her query. And was she to die this way ? The chaplain was sorely troubled. And yet, what was to be doze ? He could not force salvation on her poor weak brain. Only prayer remained, and she was placed among those for whom was naked forgiveness, because she knew not what

forgiveness, because she knew not what she did. There was something strange and repelling about her, too, that strained the forces of Christian charity

strained the forces of Christian charity to minister to her. The days passed on, and yet she did not die. Nay she rallied, she improved, she convalesced, and finally recovered. She left the hospital and was swallowed up in the great stream of life that ever rushes onward. Perhaps the angels of the hospital, the prayers of the nuns, the ascriftee of the altar, followed her---who knows. who knows. Summer came, and with it the chap-

Summer came, and with it the Casp-lain's rest and vacation. This time it was "home," many miles away, among his nstire hills, where his father and mother lay in their quiet graves, where the remnant of his family

welcomed him with warm greeting. It was a glad rest indeed, after all the sad-dening sights amid which his life was spent. One fair morning he wandered out toward the little churchyard, where the graves of his kindred hay. He

paused there and whispered a requiem, with uncovered head. The winds stirred the branches of the old trees around him, and the birds twittered softly,

when she went deeper into her sinful ways and was picked up a disgusting inebriate, thrown into juil, and devel oped pneumonia, her first conscious cry was for the priest-the Catholic priest ! And here he was ! The very chaplain of that hospital miles distant, whom God had sent to her in her extremity. Oh !

DECEMBER 28 1912

the boundless love of God I With gentle consoling words the priest soothed her, and explained the

table beside the bed and baptised her on the spot. Oh I the peace that came into those troubled dark eyes ! The restful change that came on that frightened face ! The priest had called the nurse, who was a Catholic, as sponeor, and promised to return in the evening and instruct the dying woman for the last sacraments. Her faith scemed miraculous, she in-stinctively knew at once, and believed.

"I could name one,"said the equerry," whom it is agreed on all hands, the post of commander-in-chief might have been instructed on this occasion with better advantage

And who is that Le Jay ?" inquired the knight.

"Why, my lord," replied the retainer, "I do not consider it safe to name him, and it is no easy matter to describe

him." "That's a strange speech for thee," interposed the chevalier. "I never yet found thee at a loss for words, whatever other deficiencies thou hast to answer for. Is it Francis de Lorraine ?" "No."

"No ;-Le Tremouille, then ?"

"No "De Suffolk ?"

"No.

"Chabanes ?-or La Palice ?"

"No." "Still no 1 D'Aubigne, then ? What, thou shakest that knavish head of thine again. Nay, then, thou must perforce do thy endeavor at word-paint-ing, for my guesses are run out. "Why, sir," said the 6ouyer, smooth-ing his neatly-trimmed beard for an instant with his hand, "it is a difficult teak row not me but it is my dury to

narrative.

continuance of the war had brought

apon the country, while her daughter lis

ened with a grieved and downcast look.

t was this picture which came before the mind of the chevalier (not for the

first time since he had looked upon it).

"Why, sir, said the Suyer, should ing his neatly-trimmed beard for all taskaryou set me, but it is my duty to obey. Were his temper tinged with ever so slight a hue of malice, it were easy enough to sketch his portrait; but the subject is without even so much shade as might serve the purposes of contrast, without which I need not tell my gifted master, both the poet and the painter are as much at fault, as one of our Black Band would be without his srms." A few days before that on which the foregoing dialogue took place, the two foregoing dialogue took place, the two foregoing dialogue took place, the two for walking together at a short dis-tance from the camp when the chevalier complained of thirst. A cottage, ap-parently belonging to a farmer of the very humblest class, stood with the door invitingly open. A middle-aged country-woman, meanly clad, and a young girl, whose beauty, both of form and features received additional grace from the modest gentleness of her de-rearon. were the only persons whom meanour, were the only persons whom they found within. The elderly woman complaimed much of the ruin which the

arms." "Thou art right; any dauber may paint a devil, but not all the art of Italy hath ever furnished the world with even a poor idea of an angel." "Imprimis," said the écuyer, "since thou talkest of angels, he is most re-ligious."

"I like him not the worse for that, if he wear it modestly, and it be sincere

"Sincere ? 'He holdeth a swearer and a poltroom at equal distance. In the day of battle, he is not simply the boldest chevalier under arms, but the boldest chevalier under arms, but the most moving ghostly counsellor; two separate beings inclosed in the same suit of armour; haliknight—half friar; the one demolishing bodies like a tem-pest; the other rescuing souls; he will in the same instant, spit a Spanish

chivalry. Even in those courts where for fifteen years past at least), and no one can say that since I first learned the use of my tongue, I ever yet was heard to acknowledge my self on the wrong aide chivalry. Even in those courts where merit is most highly favoured, it is not always independent of intrigue, and as those were means which the chevalier did not desire to use, it happened that at the hands of the great Francis him-self, he merited honours more frequent-ly than he received them. The entern a dispute-never.'

There was a brief pause, as if intended allow this triumphant assertion to nake a due impress

"Bat thou art ever in the wrong," the prises in consequence, which were in-trusted to his management were often of that kind which rather demands "But thou are ever in the wrong, the voice continued, "and the proof of it is, that thou art slways thyself compelled to acknowledge it. Aye, cry—it may do thee good—though I cannot say that it ever hath produced that effect upon thee ability than confers distinction; and in ability than conters distinction; and in these he displayed a quick and well-governed genius, and an intrepidity of mind which nothing could distarb. From the age of seventeen years, at which he for the first time carried yet, any more than anything else. But it is no fault of mine. I am sure I say enough to thee. Do I not? Do I suffer a day to pass without talking myself hoarse in striving to make thee sensible of thy misconduct? Do I?" arms, to the close of his glorious career his fame as a soldier and a knight con tinned to extend from day to day, until it filled a space in individual history fully equal to that of the chivalrous

There was an answer in the negative, almost inaudible for timidity. "And what is my return, the reward for all my counsels? To find thee day nuity equal to that of the circulations monarch whom he served with so disin-terested a fidelity of his latest breath. But his portrait is to be sought in his-tory, and enough has been already sketched to answer the purposes of my for all my counsels? To find thee day after day repeating the same scene, listening without a word to say in thy defence, and in the end bursting out a-orying and acknowledging thy fauit. But I cannot help it—I can but give my counsel; if thou with not follow it, the guilt be upon your own head. Yes— thou addeat the black orime of ingrati-unde to all the other offences for I do A few days before that on which the

tude to all thy other offences, for I do think that never was so pains taking a nother sfil cted with so disobedient, so idle, so self-willed a daughter."

Dame Francesca Pacheco. had by the force of continual iteration, asserted herself into the conviction that she was indeed the very paragon of mothers, and the young Rosalia anything but the paragon of daughters—nay, such is the power of eloquence, that she had by the same persevering strength of assevera-tion, persuaded her daugher likewise into the full belief that her mother was a very model of goodness as a mother and that she was herself one of the most worthless and disobedient and incorrig worthness and disordenent and incorrig-ible daughters in all Milan. So in answer to the foregoing invective, she could only multiply her penitent tears. "But didst thou teil me all?" the louder of the two volces resumed. "Hast

on the remote suggestion of his attend.

"Hast thou learned anything further, Le Jay," he asked after a pause, "of those people; that querulous mother and her well-shaped daughter?"" thou been nowhere else than to the

"Nowhere indeed, mother. I did but wait until the Angelus had ended." "Nor staid to gossip or ask questio

by the way?" "I--oh, yes-I spoke for a few mo-ments, with one person only."

1

from childhood, and at all times regarded Francesca with the feelings of , son. But circumstances had changed, and one's feelings must not be put in the bal-ance against an imperative necessity. There There were several comfortable young farmers in the neighbourhood, who when they should understand that Rosalia was at liberty, and-

Francesca had proceeded so far in her train of thought, when it was suddenly interrupted by a voice so near, that she train of th when it was suddenly started as if her silent reflections were started as in her shield relections were liable to observation. In justice to the good lady, it should be stated that the tone of severe animadversion, in which she conceived it her duty almost invarisbly to address her daughter, was not ex-tended indiscriminately to all who had the happiness of enjoying her acquaintance. She could upon occasion be graci-ous and affable to an extreme, more espec-ially when the individual she addressed

was one wholly beyond the sphere of her authority, and who, either by superior rank or wealth, or an influential interest with those who possessed either, might possibly have it in his power to gratify her taste for some of the good things of this life, for which Francesca was said to entertain a fondness, that sometimes interfered painfully with her stricte notions of morality. Such an individual was he, who now stood before her, for she had little hesitation in recognizing

she had little nestation in recognizing the esquire of the cavalier whom she had the honor of receiving in her cot-tage a few days before. Accordingly, the close-knit eyebrows relaxed, the contemptuous curve, described by the protruded lips, making them resemble those of a frog emerging from his pond, and

with a careless laugh, "you know not who my master is, signora, when you menace him with the displeasure of the prudently reconnoitering the country before he will venture ashore, or the arch of a lofty bridge spanning a very narrow stream, now became smilingly inverted to a semblance of the same arch, reflected admiral? "And who may he be then, Signor

in the glassy stream beneath; the like-ness of a battered dollar vanished from Impudence?" the chin, and Dame Francesca returned the Parisian greeting of the écuyer with one of her most condescending courtes

es. "Ah, signor, you are welcome! Will you please to come in ?"

Le Jay had lost nothing of his co dence, by the conversation which he had overheard. Determined to make the most of his time, he politely declined the invitation, and signified to Fran-cesca that he had a communication to make to her from the "chevalier." his some place where they might not liable to interruption.

him, and the birds twittered source, hidden among the waving leaves. All was peace and serenity. How blessed are those who die in the Lord, he thought, as he turned and slowly wended endered her incapable of uttering her rendered her incapable of uttering her thoughts with any coherence, and for a long time both feelings alternately governed her mind and speech. Le Jay, however, though somewhat stunned by the first burst of indignation, had his to the cemetery gate. There a woman met him "Father," she

said (for who does not recognize a Cath-olic priest), "the warden of the jail over there begged me to look for a priest one of the prisoners is dying and is call-ing for a priest." Instantly the mission-ary instinct arose in the priest's heart. "Is there a short way to the jail ?" he confidence in some degree restored, by observing that her reprosches were observing that her represents were vented with a degree of superfluous vehemence, and that in the tumult of her anger, the simple process which he at first expected at every instant, of showing him to the other side of the gate

asked. "Yes, father," said she, "I'll show it to you." He did not question who or what

seemed totally to have escaped her recollection. Accordingly he awaited, in apparent humility, the passing of the storm, and suffered the old lady to manner of human being needed him. A soul was calling for the priest, and he went at once. He entered the jail and storm, and suffered the old lady to exhaust the whole stock of invective, the warden greeted him heartily. without attempting to interpose a word

"I'm glad you came Father, she has been calling for you all night." by way of apology. "Alas," she continued, as her passion gradually subsided into grief-"there was a time when I could not be insulted "She ?" So it was a woman.

matter. "Take me to her," said the priest. was a time when I could not be insuited --but there is no one to stand up for the poor widow. Ah, villian, that thou art, if my poor Fornaso Pacheco were alive, he would teach these to come of such errands to this house—but well Down the long stone corridors. past the iron bars, in the dim stern silence, the warden led the way. In a 100m larger than a cell, and somewhat apart from the prisoners lay a woman on an iron bed, gasping for breatb. Her face thou knowest that he is where my voice cannot reach him, or thou durst not, for was drawn and white, her black hair hung down on the pillow. A uniformed nurse was in the room. As the priest thine head, have spoken so." The artful emissary did not think it prudent to make any reply. "But I will see whether there is justice to be had in your camp," said Francesca, "the admiral shall hear of it." approached the bed, the sick w turned her face full upon him, and gave a startled cry. The priest also started. It was a mutual recognition. She was the woman who had left that hospital so "The admiral!" Le Jay exclaimed many miles away so many weeks before, unconverted, and apparently hardened— the woman every faithful soul had

grieved for, and prayed for. And she had despised all prayers and spiritual comfort and now she was in a jail dying! "Oh, Father !" she cried, "is it too Impudence?" / The écuyer mentioned the name of the knight and had the satisfaction to "No, my child," said the hospital

observe that it produced its full effect upon the mind of the angry widow. "What! he?" she exclaimed, "he send chaplain, "it is never too late where God's love and mercy are concerned 1" He motioned the nurse to leave, and thee on such an errand? Impossible!" "Thou wilt find it true, however." the woman poured out between gasps her sad life story. It is not to be told.

"Why, they say, he has more of the monk about him, than the soldier, although he be as brave a knight as But she had never been baptised, she had never been instructed, she had no religion. What she saw and heard at that Catholic hospital had haunted her ever mounted steed. Thou wilt never persuade me that he gave thes such a commission. He bears too high and too fair a name to soi! it with such a deed as the most of his time, he politely declined ever mounted steed. Thou will never that Catholic hospital had natured her and signified to Fran-cesca that he had a communication to make to her from the "ehevalier," his master, which he had rather deliver in this. They say he is a very father some place where they might not be later in his own country in order in the streets in his own country in order in the street sin his own country in order in the str

has always endeavored to get away from

her grasp, and to live without her. People who admit the action of the Church, who allow it to influence their Church, who allow it to influence their history, who let it influence their lives —it they rise to the height of their Christian elevation, if they conform themselves to the teachings of what is true, if they avail themselves of the graces of the Church-they are very often scoffed at, and called a priestridden and besotted people. Now-a-days, it is the fashion to look upon that man as the best of his class who has succeeded the most completely in emanci-pating himself from every control of re-ligion, or of the Catholic Church. In sense, it is a great advantage to a man to have no religion-to shake off the influence of the Church. Such a man remsins without a conscience, and without remorse. He saves himself from those moments of uneasiness and self-reproach that come to most men until they completely lose all reverence for God; and the consequence is, that if he God; and the consequence is, that it he is a sincer, and in the way of sin, he en-joys it all the more; and he can make the more use of his time in every path-way of injuity, if he has no obstacles of conscience or of religion to fetter him. So far, it is an advantage to be without religion. The robber, for instance, can rob more confidently if he can manage to forget that there is a God above him. The murderer can wash his hands more complacently, no matter how deeply he stains them, if there is no condemning record, no accusing voice, no ear to hear the voice of the blood that cries out against him for vengeance. He can pursue his misdeeds all the more at his own ease. And so, for this, amongst many other reasons, the world is constantly trying to emancipate itself from the dominion of God, and from the control of the Church-the messenger of the Saviour of the world. It would seem, therefore, at first sight, rather a hazard-ous thing to stand up in the face of the world, and in the face of society to day -this boasted society-and say to them "You cannot live-you cannot get or without the Catholic Church ! She can do without you ! A coterie here ! A tribe there ! A nation elsewhere ! A