

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

EDITH YORKE

2

OHAPTER XII. - Continued.

CABL BEES HIMBELF IN A GLASS DABELY. A bright crimson color swept over her face, mand she stood) up instantly, drawing away from him, her eyes sparkling. Edith Yorke's innocence was not of that kind which is dlworced from dignity and delica y, and amiles st freedoms trom, everybody, "Pardon me "the minister stammerod, and

at the same moment, to complete his discom-fiture, perceived that the curtain to the window directly behind them had been drawn suide, and that: Mrs. Yorke stood there, mashed and haughty, with a look in her eyes which he had nover seen there before."

Malca he had hever soon there balots. His case was desperate, ke knew; but he made an effort to recover. "I forgot myself." he said; but I assure you I meant no harm." -" What harm could you have meant, sir?

raid the lady, drawing herself up. It was not an easy question to answer.

"You have probably made the mistake of supposing that the young ladies in my tamily are as free in their manners as those in some other families you may know. It is a mistake. I have taken care that their education shall second and confirm what is niways the impulse of a refined nature: to regard such freedoms as offences when coming from any one, but the one chosen to receive -ali favors."

Mr. Griffeth might apologizs, and the apology be civiliy received, but, when he waiked away from that house, he felt that he would not be welcomed in it sgain. And so the church in Seaton lost a friend and found an enemy. The next Sunday the most bitter anti-Catholic sermon of the season was preached from the Universalist pulpit.

A few weeks after came a peremptory letter from Miss Clinton. She wanted Carl to come up to see her. What was he burying himselt in the country for? Was he raising turnips? Was he going to marry some freekled dairy maid? If he was, she did not wish to set .yes on him. What did they mean by leaving her to die alone, without a relative cear her ? It was unnatural ! It was a shame! Let Carl come at once. If he pleased her, she would provide for him.

Miss Clinton's promises were not very irnstworthy in this respect, for she had successively endowed and disinherited every one of her relatives and friends. But that was no reason why her request should be refused. She was a lonely old woman, and Carl must go to her.

He consented rather reluctantly, protesting that he would only stay a weak. But, when he got there, it was not so easy to tear himself saway.

"A newspaper to edit?" cried the old lady. "What signifies a newspaper in a little coustry town? Nobody ever reads it."

"Not when I edit it ?" says Carl with a langh. He found the old lady amusing.

"N , not even then, Master Vanity," she re-"Stay here, Carl. It is miserable to plies. be left alone so. I sha'n't keep you very long. You shall have any room you choose, and money enough to be respectable, and you may smoke iron morning to night. There is only one thing you may not do. I won't have a dog in this house, for two reasons : he might go mad, and he might worry my cat. Will you stay ? Old people live longer when they have young ones about them, and, besides, I'm lonely. Bird torments me. She hints religion, and reads the Bible when she thinks I don't see her. I know she is searching out texts that she thinks will fit my case. I am getting old, Carl, and I forget a little the arguments against all this superstition. They are true, but I forget them; and sometimes in the night, or when I feel nervous, the nonsensical religious stories I have heard come up and frighten me, and I have nothing to oppose to them.

Alice torments me, too, She is so sure

would, whether she was willing to be his wife. Sal 2 Perhaps something said to him by Captain Cary has hastened his decision. The captain had seen what his studies were, and been red by them. "You are going too far, Dick," he exposit vered by them.

lsted. "A man never should change his religion for a girl's sake. She won't like you any better for it. Besides, Dick, 1 can't help. saying it, you are making a fool of yourself. She will marry Carl Yorke."

Dick stared, reddened, then grow pale. "I think not," he said decidedly. "Don't say that again captain." The first thing to be attended too, then, was

his religion. He must be a Catholic when he and not of Miss Edith Yorke met Edith. Besides, if religion gives strength, he would feel better prepared to put ais of Edith Yorke but once since I. entered the fortune to the test. He went, therefore, to a

olergyman immediately. "I do not wish to read any more, sir," he said. "I do not like the way in which learned men prove their arguments to be true. It is too ingenious. It always seems

to me that the other side could be just as well proved, if one were elever enough, I am willing to believe whatever is true. I cannot swear to any doctrine, except the existence of a God and the divinity of Christ. Those two truths I would stand by with my life. For the rest, I can only say that I place my mind and heart passively in the hands of God, and ask him to direct them. I can do no more, except to say that, if I do not believe, neither do I disbelieve anything that has been proposed to me. Perhaps my head isn't a very good one; I dare say it is not. I certainly de not like subtleties. It seems to very moderate study. What I want in religion is what I find in the faces of some of the poor people whom I see here at Mass in the early morning, and I don't believe they got that out of books, or got it themselves in any way.

"You are right," the priest said. "What you saw in their faces was faith, a pure gift of God. But you believe baptism necessary to salvation ?"

"I am inclined to think so, but not sure," was the reply. "If I were sure, then I should already have faith, which is what I come to ask for. If it is necessary, I wish for it."

The priest mused. This was not a very fervent penitent certainly; but he was a at New York. It would be almost like a sincere one, and in his fine, carnest face the father read a latent fervor and power of strong battle for me to go away now. Do come if conviction which would be all the more preclous when aroused.

Dick mistock the father's silence for healtation, and his real impatience broke out. "I am uneasy, sir," he said ; " I wish to be one thing or another."

The priest looked at him. "What do you mean ? 7

Dick paused a minute, rested his head on his hand, then raised his bright, clear eyes. "What I say to a priest goes no further?" he said intercogatively.

"Your confidence is safe with me."

"Edith said that I should tell you everything," Dick muttered, half to himseli, and for a moment his dreamy eyes seemed to contemplate the picture his mind held of her saying so. A smile just stirred his lips, and he went on. "I was born on outlaw, sir. The conventionalities which keep many people streight had nothing to do with me. Then I like adventure, and am hard to frighten. I have been about, and seen all sorts of people believing all sorts of things, and one sort was as good as another, as far as I could see. The effect of this is, of course, to make one liberal; but such a liberality, if a man has not a settled religions belief, unhinges the principles. There have been times when I have thought that it wasn't much matter what I did. I had half a mind to run away with Edith, and turn privateer."

" Who is this Edith?' "She is a little Catholic girl who was brought up with me, sir. I'm going to ask that he was aspiring toward a girl her to marry me, and I think she will. who, if she should visit these lands, She is the only person in the world whom I whold wold will in poleces. Therefore what depend on, or who has any influence over me. I believe in her. She is as true as steel. And she believes in me. I can't fail her, sir. That thought has kept me from harm 80 far."

When the priest came in at day break, he

found his penitent prostrate before the altar. After Mass was over, the baptism took place. The father was struck by the countenance of his convert. It wore a wrapt and exalted expression, and he appeared to see nothing of

what was visibly before his eyes. "God bless you !" he said to Dick on go-ing out of the church. "Come to see me. And for a while try to think of God entirely, "Sir," said Dick quietly, "I have thought

church last night ? and then it was as though the Blessed Virgin put her sside and stood in her place."

OHAPTER XIV.

BREAKING THE ICE.

-Shortly after Mr. Rowan's beptism, a miniature avalanche of letters reached the Yorke family. Mrs. Bowan-Williams wrote to Edith, in a very scrawly hand, in lines that sloped down, in a depressing manner, toward the sonth-eastern corner of the page : "Do come and make me a visit, now that Dick is at home. You have no idea how handsome and good and smart he is. Mr. Williams thinks the world of him; and as to Ellen-well, it wouldn't become me to say what I think. But it's of no use for her to try. Now, do come. This is the twentleth time I have me all necessary truth may be known and saked you. We will go everywhere, see all believed by a very ordinary intellect with that is worth seeing, and you shall be waited on like a lady, as you are.

"So the old clay bank has slipped down sgain, and the bushes have tumbled in the to Miss Olinton. It will only make her dismud, and the men have piled their lumber over the ashes of my poor home. O, Edith ! my heart is buried under those boards. Thank you, dear, for going to see it for mø."

Dick wrote : "Which is Mohammed, and which is the mountain? I must see you, and if you cannot come here, I shall go to asked. "I detest country mannors." Seaton, though that would not be easy for me

to do. Basides, I want you to see your namesake. I have not long to stay, for the ship is

about ready to start, and we take our cargo in soldier deserting his army on the eve of

you can. It seems to me that you must wish to.' This young man, we may remark, has got

quite beyond the model letter-writer and the practice of penmanship. He writes quite in his own way, and is a very creditable writer, too. He has also a fair education, and can converse more intelligently on more subjects of general interest than many a young man for whom education has done its best. When Dick Rowan spoke, he said something, and off me," he thought. one never heard from his lips inanities. meanness, or malice. Neither did he say much of such things, even in condemnation. He looked on them with a sort of wonder, a flitting expression of disgust, then forgot all about them. His time had been too much occupied, his mind too busy for triffing. He had studied constantly and methodically, and the little library in his cabin on board ship was a treasury of science, art and belles lettres. So far as it went, it was the library of a man of cultivated mind. His life, too, had educated him, and been a perpetual commentary on, or illustration or refutation of, his books. The phenomens of the ses he had studied not merely as a sailor, but as a student of natural history. Whatever culture can be derived from the intelligent visiting of foreign countries, without going into society there, that he had. He had not spent his time about wherves, and

ships, and sailors' boarding houses. Aside from his own tastes, he never forgot would walk in palaces. Therefore, whatever was famous in nature or art in those places, he sought and examined. Many a traveller who fancied himself perfectly cultivated brought away less pleasant and valuable information than this salior from the cities they had both visited. Moreover. Dick had studied hard to acquire something of the language of every port he stopped at and was already able to speak French and Italian with ease, if not with elegance. The elegance he did his best to improve by read. ing the best authors in those languages, and all. by a few lessons in pronunciation, when he could find time. Therefore, Miss Edith Yorke's friend and correspondent was by no means one whom she had reason to be But the Rowans were not the only ones who over him. He couldn't have held on long, insisted on Edith's visiting Boston at this and we could not get to him any way. But time. Miss Clinton dictated a letter to Mr. Yorke, and Carl. suppressing his laughter, tios." wrote it: "1 have sent three times for that girl, and this is my last invitation to her. Why is she not allowed to come? Has she nothing to wear? I enclose a check for a gown and a pair of shoes. When she reaches here. I will give her what sho mey need to make her decent. Or is it that Amy Yorko is jealous because her own daughters are not invited? If one of them must come as company for Edith, I will pay her passage up, but I don't want her here. She can go to Hester's or Alice Mills'. Melicent has too ridiculous an idea of her own consequence, and Clara is too sharp and impudent. Bird has read me ber book, and I think it a very disagreeable hook. She had better learn to cook and mend her stockings, and let writing alone." "Have you finished?" the old lady asked, as Carl, with pen suspended, looked up from his writing. .

dark, "Here he fell Here he was struck! Here he was nailed to the cross" There was in this darkusss and elleace such a vacuum of, the carthly that the heavenly seemed to break shrough the thin wall of sense and flow around the soul. When the priset carma in at daybreak the fame of a taper, when she stopped him: "Oh! send it as it/ls,' since you are so stubborn.; though I baven't a doubt that you have write ten the most dreadful things of me." The Yorkes were highly amused by this letter. "You see, Edith, she is a dragon,"

her uncle said. "You will have to carry yourself very gingerly." "A" am not sure that is the best way to keep the peace with her." Mrs. Yorke remarked. "It would do with some, but she grows more overbearing with Indulgence. If she were touched by sweetness and submission, it would be different. I have thought of late 'She took a step toward the street door, years that such persons are benefited by a only a step, both her hands behind strongly firm resistance. Hester also wrote : "Let mamma come with

Edith, and stay at my house, of course. It is really a shame that she has never visited me in the city yet. Come .ight away, and we will all go back to Seaton together. You should come for poor Oarl's sake, to , cheer him up a little, if for nothing else, for he must lead a miserable life with that awful old woman. You would not have believed he could be so patient. Indeed, he would have left long ago, if it had not been for the hope of bringing you all back here again. If he were the only one in question, he would not stay a day."

Miss Mills also wrote in the same strain, and the result of it all was that the invitations were accepted, with a difference. "I will stop at Miss Ölinton's, since you think it better," Edith said to her aunt. "But I must see a good deal of the Rowans."

"Oertainly, dear," Mrs. Yorke replied. "But say as little as possible of the Bowans agreeable. Hester will be happy to see the young man and his mother, and since he is a Catholic, I should think that Alice might be civil to him."

Her invitation accepted, Miss Ollnton began to look at the dark side. "Are you sure that the girl is not very green, Carl?" she

"Oh! she is very green-very !" was the reply.

Carl sat looking out into the garden, unconscious that his companion was observing | Edith had to come very near, and was drawn him curiously.

"Are you in love with that girl?" she eked after a moment.

Bold and hardened as she was, she started and shrank at the glance he gave her. No face with delight. She loosened one of the words could have been more haughty and braids of hair wound around her head, repelling.

nothing. " She shall learn to keep her claws of the brows. "A great artist and physiogno-

No one but himself knew what a price Carl ance. The ceaseless irritation and annoyance, him his vocation, and the constant confinement, were almost more than he could bear. But one thought supported him, and that was that he should some day be able to rereverses had interrupted.

He was also, not quite unconsciously, gaining something better than gold. He was seeing all the deformity of selfishness, and the | to bide her face. unloyeliness of that with whose objef power is to wound. In asking the bitter questions : What is this woman living for ? what good does her life do the world? echo had repeated the same questions in his own soul -- what are you living for ? what it? What in him and in others had been vices

"this is very delightful to know, and it makes such a difference Though I had always understood that your descent had been very-

precipitous!" Miss Olinton glared at him, unable to utter a word, and seemed only just able to restrain herself from throwing herispoff box at him. He rose wearly, and went out of the room having hall a mind to run away altogether. But sh! who met him at the door, bringing sunshine and peace in her fair face, holding out two dear little hands, and scattering with a word all his annoyance?

"Dear Oarl," Edith said, "are you really glad to see me-really glad ? " "How could you imagine such a thing?" he replied.

"Then. I will go back to Seaton sgain Good-by !"__

held....

"You forget, then, silvern, speech and golden sllence," the young man said.

" No," she replied. " But solid silver is better than airy gold. If people say kind things to you, then you are sure, and have something to remember; but looks fade, and you can think that you mistake, or mistook. Oh ! I like silence, Oarl, but it must be.ia slience that follows siter speech. That is the sole golden silence."

" I am glad to see your face and hear your voice, once more, Edith," he said seriously. "I have many a time longed for both."

" Dear Carl !" she exclaimed. " " But what is that I hear ? Is it a parrot ?"

Oarl laughed. "Hush ! It is Miss Olinton. She is calling out to you who has come. We will go in and see her."

Miss Ulinton had one pleasant expression, and that was a smile, when so delighted by something she was out of herself to forget herself. This smile brightened her face as she watched the young couple approach her, hand in hand. She leaned back in her ohsir, and contentplated Edith, without thinking of returning her greeting.

"I'm sure that is a golden silence," Carl said, laughing. "But what do you think of ber, aunt? She likes to have people speak | repeated over and over, first and look afterward."

"You are welcome, dear!" the old lady said softly, and extended her hand, but without leaning forward. To take it, therefore, gently down to the footstool by Miss Clin-

ton's chair. The old lady took off the girl's hat, and dropped it on to the carpet, then studied her and held it out to a sunbeam to see the There must be a large pearl hung in each. He looked out the window again, and said She drew her finger along the smooth curve mist once told me that such brows show a fine nature. Broken brows, he said, indicate panion whispered to him, and they both went Yorke was paying for his expected inherit. eccentricities of character, brows bent toward the nose a tyrannical disposition, heavy brows the enforced giving up of his studies, and reserve and silence, but this long, smooth those literary labors which now seemed to brow versatility and grace Read Lavater if you want to know all about eyebrows." She took the cheek, now glowing with blushes, in the hollow of her hand, and held the eyelids down to admire the lashes. "They make store his family to their lost home, and to the eyes look three shades darker than they pursue those plans of his own which their | really are. But what color are the eyes ? They are no color. Did you ever see a shaded forest spring, Oarl? These eyes are as limpid."

"Oh ! please don't" the girl begged, trying "My dear, I shall call you Eugenie, and

shall adore you," Miss Olinton continued. "I hope they have not told you horrible stories about me, or that, if they have, you will not believe them. People are fond of saying that I am sharp, but I quote Victor good does the world derive from your being in | Hugo to them, La rose du Bengale, pour eire sans epines, est aussi sans parfum.' A or faulte, veiled with a certain decorum so as character without any sharpness would to look almost like virtues, in this woman's be like an ocean without salt. Temper to me as of a very mild and placid position, you Eugenie. I dislike the Edith on account relled, dear. We were what some one has called 'intimate enemies.' But I don't mean to quarrel with her grand-daughter. You have your father's eves and hair. Engenie, but your mother's features. I hope you have not her disposition. She was too positive, and, besides, she ran away with another woman's beau."

been held sacred. She had watched it with awe and delight as it grew, that strange, beautiful, terrible power! How complex it had become, entering into every feeling, every interest! How it had changed and given a new meaning to life, and a new idea and comprehension of herself !

May 23, 1883,

Then, when it had got to seem that she alone was not a complete being, but only about to become perfect then destruction

"Jove strikes the Titans down. Not when they set about their mountain-piling, But when another rock would crown their work."

It the foundation merely of an edifice be overthrown, there is hope that it may be rebuilt ; but destruction overtaking when the topmost height is simost stained is des-

In the evening a knock was heard at the ohamber door, which she had all day refused to open, a note was pushed under the door, and a servant waited outside for her to read it. She rose wearily, lighted the gas, and glanced over the lines. "I am sorry you have headache, sorry for you and for me. Edith is talking with Mr. Bowan, and I am, consequently, de trop. There is no one I care to see topight but you. Send me word if you ere better." "Tell him to wait," she ordered, and, hastf-

ly dressing for a walk, went down. The front parlor was not lighted, but she saw him sitting by a window there. "Come out!" she said. "I wanted to go to the chapel, and you are just in time."

Scarcely a word was spoken as they went through the streets together. They entered the chapel, and turned aside into a shady corner. Cari sat, and his companion, too exhausted to kneel, sat beside him. In a room hear by, a choir was singing that most beautiful of hymns-

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

"Alice," Carl whispered, "that'is enough to break one's heart !"

Her tears broke forth afresh. No, Carl, it is enough to heal a heart already broken. She listened, and looking toward the altar,

"Other refuge have I none."

The solitude and quiet were soothing to both -the sense of a divine presence more than soothing to her who had faith in it.

They had not been there long when a gentleman came up the sisle with a firm, but light step, passed by without noticing them, and knolt down just before them. Carl sat and gazed at him in astoniahment. That Dick Bowan should outwardly and publicly conform to the church, for Edith's sake, was not surprising, but that he should come privately to the chapei to pray was inexplicable. Could it be that a brave, manly fellow like this could sincerely believe ?

Utterly unconscious of observation, the satior knelt there motionless, with his face hidden in his hands, and when Carl's comout, that figure had not stirred.

Edith Yorke's friend began at once to show her what was notable in the city; but, as often happens, what they considered worth seeing disappointed the neophyte, and what they passed without notice she would fain have paused to look at. Inexperienced persons who have read much usually overestimate the magnitude or the wonders they have not seen. What young traveller, entering for the first time a city, ever found its houses as palatial, its streets as superb, its monuments as grand, as fancy had pictured them ? "Everything looks so much smaller and more shabby," Edith confessed privately to

Dick Rowan. "Trees and waters are finer than any pictures of them that I have seen, and faces that speak and smile are more beautiful than any painted ones. Only somepictures of Italian scenes delight mo. Now, Dick, please do not be shocked when I tell you that I quite long to stop and lock at the organ grinders and their monkeys, and togaze in at the shop windows. But I can't, you know, for that would make Carl and Hester and Miss Mills ashamed of me." The result of this confidence was that, dreesed to attract as little attention as possible, these two friends set the others aside, and went on long tramps together. They naid not much attention to the finer sights. but divided into all sorts of byways. They leoked in at shop windows, at birds and shells and jewels, and more than one shopkeeper was smilingly pleased to display his best wares at the young lady's sby request, though informed beforehand that she did not mean to buy. They watched their organgrinders and their monkeys to their heart's content; they amused themselves with the gamins, and held various conversations with them; they were bountiful to street-beggars. Rigged urchins were astonished by showers of candy that seemed to descend from heaven on their heads, poor little weeping outcasts were asked to tell their griefs, and listened to with tender sympathy, tears perhaps rising into one pair of eyes that looked at them. Sometimes a wretched pauper, walking with downcast face through the street, felt something touch his hand and leave a bit of money there, and looked up to see a lady and gentleman just passing, and one sweet face glance momentarily back with a smile at once arch and pitying. "Shall I ruin you, Dick ?" Edith asks glesfully. "I have ruined myself; but that didn't take long. My poor little money is all gone. Are you very rich ?' "Ohl immensely !" Dlok replies. "I have chests of gold. Give away as much as you wish to." One blind man gone astray long remembered how a soit hand took one of his, and a firm hand the other, and his two gnides led him home, inquiring into his misfortune by the way, and commiserating him more tenderly than brother and sister ever had. "It is so sad to have all the beautiful world shut out," said the sweet voice cut of the derk. "But one might, I think, see heavenly things the more plainly." The poor man never lost himself alterward, but he looked blindly, and listened to hear once more those two voices, and to feel the clasp of those two hands, one soft as charity, the other strong as faith. And since they never came to him again, to his imprisoned soul it seemed as though heavenly visitants had led him, and spoken sacred words for him to remember. These two young creatures, out of the happy world of the rich and prosperous, were not afraid of soiling their hands or their cloines, and did not look on the poor as they did on the paving stones. "O Dick !" Edith said in one of those walks, "I do not wonder that the Lordcould not stay in heaven when He saw the mises " of earth, and knew that there was no comfort even in another world for it. What a trial it must have been for Him to sit above there, and hear all the cries of pain. that went up, and see all the weeping faces that were raised. Why, Dicr, it seems to me that if I could see and know at once all the suffering there is today in this city, it would kill me. I wish we could do something besides play, as we do. Perhaps we ought to work all our lives for the wretched, you and I; who can tell ?" ou and I; who say (To be continued)

she looks so much, she goes about with her religion just like a little child holding its mother's hand, while I am sure of nothing, and have nothing to lean on but this stick"-holding out a cane in her shaking hand.

" It must be comfortable to believe so," she went on, after two or three gasping breaths. "I envy the fools who can. But I can't. My head is too clear for that. And I want you here, Carl, to r-mind me of the arguments that I forget, and to talk to me when I am nervous. They tell me that you are a freethinker, and I know that you are clever. Stay, for God's sake! I suppose there may be a God."

Carl shrank from the wild appeal in that frightened old face; shrank yet more from the horrible task assigned him. Uabelief, as he had contemplated it, looked gallani, noble, and aspiring; but this unbelief seemed like a glimpse into that perdition which he had denied. In this old scoffer he felt as if contemplating a distorted image of himself. It was as if he had been asked to commit a vrime, a sacrilege. There was such a orime as macrilege, he saw.

But he could not refuse to stay.

"Pethans it would be better for us both to look for arguments sgainst than for our

theories," he said gravely. Anything, so that he did not leave her, she insisted. Indeed, she wanted his masculine strength more than anything else. Every one about feared her, or was tenderly careful of her, but this young man had already more than once good naturedly scouted her notions. He was one to be fearless and tell the truth, and she felt safe with him. Basides, he was a man, and clever, and it would not hart her oride to be influenced ov him. If her insensible and selfish heart feit no longer the necessity of loving, it felt the equally feminine necessity of submission and sacrifice. Already in the bottom of her heart was a faint hope that Carl might insist on having a dog in the house, and that she might show her dawning fondness for him by consenting-s greater concession than she had ever yet made in her life.

OHAPTEB XIII.

A RIVAL FOR EDITH.

Dick Rowan came home in the spring of ²52 to begin a new life. In the first place, he was to have a ship of his own. Mr. Williams had a beautiful ship almost ready to launch, and he was to be the master of it. He was to name it, too, that had been promised to him ; but what name he meant to bestow was as yet a secret to all but himself. What could it be but the Edith Yorke? He had other matters to settle, too; he must become a Catholic. He had promised Edith that he would, if, on reading, he found he could do so conscientionsly. He had read a good deal, more than he liked, indeed, and saw nothing to object to. Besides, the fact that it was Edith's religion and the religion of his father's boyhood was a strong argument in its favor. There was one other affair to settle, the thought of which made the color drop out of his cheeks, and his sat far back in one of the seats, but after a heart lise to excite throbs. He had studied it over and over during his last voyage, and The whole place was full of silence and a his mind was made up. Fdith was almost gense of waiting. In the shade the stations seventeen years old, and he meant to speak hung unseen, but not unfelt. Be had seen what you have written there, or give it to me,

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"It is a poor reason for being a Catholic." the father said in a dissatisfied tone. " It is a weak hold on virtue when your motive is an affection like this." The young man smiled with a sudden re-

collection. "When we were at St. Michael's, last winter, there was a great storm, and a vessel was wrecked close to the coast. We went down to the shore to see, but nothing could be done. One man swam or was washed to a little rock not far from the shore. There ashamed of. he lay clinging, with the waves breaking

and we could not get to him any way. But Captain Cary brought out a big bow and arrow of his that always reminded me of Ulyssee', for no one but the captain, I believe, could bend it, and, in a lull of the wind, he shot a little cord over to the man, and the man drewit out. Hope revived his strength, I suppose, and it seemed as if the tempest waited for him. We tied a rope to the cord, and a larger rops to that, and he drew it out, and tled it to the rock, and we saved him."

The priest smilled. " Very true, We rise, we are saved sometimes by degrees, and this litt e hold may be tied to a stronger. Go out into the church, and make the prayer of the blind man, 'Lord, that I may receive my sight.' To-morrow morning I will baptize you. I find you sufficiently instructed."

That evening Dick made a request of the priest. "When men were to be knighted, in olden times," he sold, "they used to keep a vigil in the church Now, if by haptism I am to be made fit to enter heaven at once, changed from a child of the devil to a child of God, why, it is worth thinking about. It is a great thing to happen in a man's life, and it happens but once. I would like to keep a vigil in the church. I could think there better than anywhere else."

The priest besitated. He hardly knew what to think of this mingled coldness and fervor.

" Besides." the young man added. " you say that Ohrist is there bodily. I would like to watch with him one night. It seems to me wrong to leave him slone there now, when he is to do so much for me to morrow."

The priest consented. "But do not fancy that the Lord is alone, though his earthly children forsake him," i e said. "Doubtless the place is crowded with angels and archangels."

Dick gaz d steadfastly at the priest, and for a moment lost himself.

"Then, perhaps," he began hesitatingly, but broke off there. "No, if he had preferred the company of angels, he would have remained in heaven," he said. "It will be no intrusion. He comes here to be with man." Night came on ; the church was locked, and all was dark, save a small golden fiame that burned suspended in the air. A watcher while drew nearer, still sitting, not kneeling. preposterous sulogy of Miss Clinton, with a

to her. She must know now, if she ever them that day, and they spoke through the and Bird shall come and read it. If you were The Martin

"Yes!" "Then sign my name."

"Shall I write 'yours respectfully' or vours affectionately '?" Carl asked, with per-

fect gravity. !"Naither!" she replied curtly. "Sign my name without any compliment."

"May I add a few lines for myself?" the young man asked, when he had signed the name as directed. "There is a whole page left.'

"Yes." The answer was given very softiy, and a smile of singular sweetness flitted sorces the old lady's face as she looked at the writer. Miss Olinton was very fond of Carl, in a tyrannical, tormenting, selfish way, and liked nothing so much as to have him ask favors of her.

BHe wrote rapidly a few minutes, and was about closing the letter, when she stopped him. "Read me what you have written," she said

Oarl blushed slightly, and hesitated. "It was not written to read to you," he answered.

"No matter, it will be all the more interesting," she persisted. "Bead it! You read mine."

Carl hesitated yet a moment longer, then, casting his eyes up to the celling, read, as if he saw it written; in 'the painting there, a minute account of her cat's health.

"I won't have it !" she cried out. "Read

character were stripped of the veil, and preserves. When any person is recommended showed in all their native hatefulness. Here, too, were free thinking and athelem au naturel, nover getting angry, I always say, keep that without the crown on their brows, the lustre person out of my sight! Yes, I shall call he had fancied their faces radiated, and without their airy grace. He saw a scoffer, and of old Mrs. Yorke. She and I always quarit was as though he saw a devil. He had not the cousolation of thinking her really worse than himself, for he could not shut his eyes to the fact that the difference between them had been in manner, not in essence. He had shown more good taste and delicacy, that was

"After all," he thought as he sat there that day, looking out the window, "however it may be with men, women need religion. I would not trust a woman without it.]

will not retract my saving that religion is a strait jacket, and intended only for those who cannot stand straight without it, but I begin to think that we are all of us partial luna-

"I have heard say that parlor means a place to parle in," remarked Miss Clinton presently.

"The orioles are building in this tree," Carl said, quite as though nothing had happened.

She tossed her head. What did she care about orioles?

"How-blood will show, both good blood and bad," she said with the air of one who you very soon. She will send Hester has just discovered a great truth. " Wealth, sesociates, travel, occupations, education, neither will efface the signature. The original stamp remains in spite of circumstances."

At the beginning, Carl scented battle, but he assumed an air of great cheerfulness. "You are quite right," he said. "That great parvenu, Adam, and that still more frightfully new person, his wifs, have left an indelible stain upon their progeny. We can see it to this day, faintly in some, more strongly marked in others. And, on the other hand, that prince of the ancien regime, Lucifer-"

"Nonsence !" interrupted Miss Olinton. "I was going to say, if you can stop your most disagraeable and disrespectful mocking-1 was going to say that you have some of the Bohemian lounging ways of your father, toward her with yearning love; but then though you never saw him, and though you have been under the training of Charles Yorke since your babyhood."

"Do you think I have my father's ways ?" glad I am! No one else ever told me so, and I was atraid I might be all Arnold. My mother is, of course, an angelic lady; but some of her family have had traits whichreally-well, I should a little rather not inherit. And so you think me like my father? Thank you !'

"The Arnolds and the Olintons, eir, are families from whom you may be proud to inherit anything !" the old lady orled, beating the table with her fan. " They were among the elite of Boston and New York when this country was a British province. We had coloulal governors and judges, sir, when your father's people were painting signs and door steps. It is rather late in the day, young man, for you to have to be told what my

descent is !" She stopped, choked with anger. The young man seemed to be much interested in this recital. "Indeed!" he said,

.

Edith drew back, and stood up, turning to Oarl.

"There! she is angry the first thing," the old lady oried. "No danger of anybody's thinking her sans epines. Take her down to get some breakfast, Carl."

"Dick Rowan is here," Edith said, as the two went down stairs ; "and he is a Oatholic ; and he has a new ship which he has namei for me."

There was no reply. They were going through the shady entry, and if the young man frowned at the news, the frown was not seen.

"Aunt Amy has gone to Hester's," Edith went on. "She got over the journey nicely, and wants to see up to see me presently. I am too tired to go out to day, would you believe it? You see, travel was so new to me that I could not sleep. I stayed on deck as long as I could, then I listened all night. It seemed so strange to be on the water, out of sight of land.

Later, while the young traveller was restin the chamber assigned her, a visitor entered gently, unannounced. "I thought I might oome, dear," Miss Mills said.

Edith raised herself, and eagerly held out her arms. The lady embraced her tenderly, then dropped, rather than sat down, in a chair by the bed. She looked with a strange mingling of feelings on this child of her lost lover. When she recognized the tint of his hair and eyes in Edith's, she bent appeared some trait of the mother-a turn of the head, a smile unconsciously proud, an exquisitely fine outline of feature: and, at sight of it, that wounded heart shrank Oarl asked, with an air of delight. "How back as from a deadly enemy. The interview was friendly, and even tender, and engage. ments were made for future meetings; but the lady was glad to get away. 'The sight of Robert Yorke's child had wakened all the sleep. ing past, and for a time the years that had intervened since her parting with him faded like a mist. Since that day, more than one power, at first pride, later religion, had strengthened her, had raised up new hopes and new joys; but they were not the sweet human hopes and joys that every man and woman looks naturally for; they were those born of struggle and self denial. She had lived truly and nobly, but she was human; and today her humanity rose, and swept over her like a flood.

Miss Mills locked herself into her room, and for once gave herself up to regret. It was no ordinary affection which she mourned. It had entered her heart silently, had been welcomed like an angel visitant ; it had