Tere bent on the floor, and there wat aviex expres-
sion on bis face as of he had determe

'a can't understand it,' proceeded Douglas; ${ }^{\text {t }}$ a
man of bis muat to condescend to all those

 did not koom what teder pointshe mas touching,
or herr gentle spritit would sooner kave suffered
oriter torture
Tray, Douglas, sad she merrily, ' what woult
you dion some of your own family were to commit
this offeace, sin this offence, -since you are so. very angry with
M M . Neiviman 'Do?' be replied ; ' why, cur them at once,
of course, and make every one beboging to me
do the same. What do the same. What else would you hape me
do? Hor, as a clergyman, could I do otberwise p Douglas!' exclamed poor Clara idedgnantly.
Herned, and looked fixedy at ber.
I tell you, Clara, said be more genty, but in a tone which ieft no doubt that be fully meant
what he sad,, were it $m y$ owa brotier, I mould thank in mpy sacred duty to show the Cburch and
the world bow I abborred such aposiacy from the farth for whict her martyrs have bled and died. I reperat
ent
in , I
I rould cut bim at once and for sue tbe scene.


Sunday mornang dawned, and the rising. sun
tole througt the Gothic windows of the choir of
 robe marbie pigures that were ranged along the
stalllis. Are they not mary who will still smile, atter
perbaps logn yearas of absence, at tine thoushat of
moments spent kneeling before that desolate altar
 rending lopeliness and desolation wition whici they


 guide, a brother, in the master-mand thar
just given ta bis ailegrace to the great and mys
ferious spstem to which all minds were turciag
 and fellowsipip men had just learned to yearn
There mere three mbo knelt there that morn
 butherto witbout limit, in the ruth and beauty of the Tractarian system. in and more, an undefined suspacion that Mr. Newman might be right, and a longing to know
bis owa reasous for it; and joined to tobis, ras the
 Happuly Clara did not know, from bis baring Shbititered bimself 10 a retired coroer, that miteen the time came for bis going, yp to the altar-rails
hiss heart bad failed humm confictugg tomotions had been too strong ; he had bried his face 11

 morning prayers. Alan only bissed bis hand to the Star by tbemselves, whle he turried dow past Brasenose to his own college. He mas in
eap and gown and Clara looked after bim ic mondering deligbt, -it was the first time she had
seen bim in lis graceful academical dress. Be . fore they reached the Star the stragglers had
disappeared, the bells bad ceased, and Offord
dad eturred to its Sunday morning's stilloess.
We will not weary the readers with count bow Mildred was tired with her jouroes
and the drive to Littlemore was put of for tha day; and bow Clara mas taken by Alan
Magdalen instead. We will not say
 in excelsis,' beautifully sung to the Latin words nor how she lingered the
W ykeham. We will not say bor of Willian the large candlesticses, with ther massy max candles, standing on the for ; or the toucbirg
picture of Our Blessed Lord's sufferings that stull adorns the chancel of Magdalen; or how she stored up each pectiaritit io
Imitition at Astaon-n-le Mary.
stay 吅 Oxford aritied, and Luttlemore still re mained to be risited. At length, on the last a ternoon, the carrisge was ordered, Magdalen
Bridge was crosed, and Clara really stood 10 her. imagination. It mas jet early; fie doory
were still locked, and Douglas and Alan walked off on an errand known onlp to themselves, while
the ladies hagered round the churchyard. Clara's heart was fuil ; and - whej walized up the gravel pati that leads to the fron
door. that sort of subdued way in which people speat, When visiting the grave of a friend, 'It is just what one expected; said Mildred 'I कonder whether they meaio to fixiob it as it mas antended.?

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