A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID. XII.-CONTINUED.

The valedictory was announced, and as the sweet, distinct, but at first slightly tremulous tones floated out, Dyke and Meg squeezed hands under Meg's shawl, and as the speaker gained confidence and won a closer and more enraptured at tention by her perfect elecution and natural manner, Meg cried outright for joy, and her nephew's eyes for an instant joy, and her nephew's eyes for an instant shone with a suspicious moisture. When at length all was over, and the pupils were permitted to receive their friends, Miss Edgar flew to her father's embrace; but, even in that moment of honest emotion on his part, when she felt his tear upon her cheek, vanity and triumph that he was so handsome and distinguished-looking, so superior to everybody else's father there, were the feelings uppermost in her breast.

Ned, forgetful of everything but that she was with Meg and Dyke, was embracing each, and crying and laughing in

bracing each, and crying and laughing in

turn.

Mr. Edgar was introducing his companion to his daughter, and the elderly lady, bearing that impressive something about her which marks the grand dame of the old school, acknowledged the introduction with a manner that made her interpress as charming as sixteen. She ixty years as charming as sixteen. She

wrinkles that marked her features.

"And now," continued Mr. Elgar, to his daughter, "bring us to your friends," looking in the direction of the group of which Ned was the centre.

which Ned was the centre.
"Is not that young man Dykard Dutton?
He is very much older and manlier grown, and I suppose that is Meg Standish with him? What an old woman she has be-

The young lady obeyed, and she was ged to affect a cordiality in her greet-of the mountain friends whom she ignored so long, when she saw how warm were her father's salutations.

And the elderly lady, introduced as Mrs. Stafford, shook hands with Meg in her plain country dress, and placed her delicate white jewelled hand in the great brown hard palm of Dyke with as sunny a smile and as much graciousness of manner as if both were her equals in the social scale. To Ned she gave a look which seemed to express her secret con-fidence that they would be intimate friends some day.

Dyke was interested in watching Mr.

Edgar. The decade of years seemed to have made such changes in that gentleman's appearance. His abundant black hair and thick mustache were much streaked with gray, and his handsome forehead was indented with lines that told of harassing care or thought. But the young man's observations were terminated by the chiect of them insisting minated by the object of them insisting minated by the object of them hasisting on the whole party accompanying him-self and his daughter to Barrytown, and there making at least a brief stay before going to their mountain home. Meg was quite willing to do so, for it would recall the old happy times when Mr. Edgar was her master, but Dyke politely demurred. Perhaps he feared that the grandeur of the place would make Ned discontented with her own humble abode, and per-haps also he was selfish enough to fear that Mr. Elgar's generosity would go to the extent of inviting Ned to make a permanent stay with his daughter Under the influence of such feelings he onld not give his consent immediately but he gave it at length, though his heard was filled with a strange gloomy fore

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boding.

The beauty and luxury of that Barry town home ravished the young heiress with a delight that reached its culmina with a delight that reached its culmina the needed solutide to compose himself, ton when she found that the thoughtful kindness of her father had provided even to thelp him also, as if it brought nearer a trained pony for her use. She and her cousin had been taught to ride at school, and strengthens for sacrifice, and supports in that the provided even that there was only Meg and you to take the three was only Meg and you to take that there was only Meg and you to take the three was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Meg and you to take the with the true was only Meg and you to take the true was only Me and happiness as usual making her ex-ceedingly good-natured, she insisted that Ned should have the first canter on the graceful and gentle little animal. There was a groom in attendance, but Dyke being within sight, Ned took the responsibility of inviting him to attend her, and Miss Edgar, in her exceeding great joy, forgot to make secret fun of him as she might at another time have done.
So the pair went out to the road, Dyke

keeping a little behind, both to admire the graceful rider and to war with his own unhappy thoughts. Something that he had never realized before came to him little behind, both to admir now. He passed his hand over his fore-head and said between his teeth: "Fool, blind, mad fool that I have been,

not to have been prepared for this!'
Med was turning in her saddle Med was turning in her saddle to see why he loitered, and calling to him with all the simplicity of her early years, reminding him when their horses were again together, of the quaint fancies of her childhood about the trees and plants, and demanding in her playful eager way answers to every one of her remarks.

He averted his face whenever her eyes sought his own, and he replied to her with what firmness he could assume; but every tone of her voice pierced his heart, and every touch of her fingers, as some-times in her eager conversation, when they were ambling slowly along, she flung her hand upon his arm, was like a cruel blow, for he felt that soon tone and touch must be lost to him forever. That night he sought Mr. Edgar for a private inter-

If the gentleman were surprised, he did not betray the feeling, and he invited the

young man to a seat with exceeding graciousness But Dyke replied: "Thank you, Mr. Edgar; but my busi-ness will be communicated better stand-

ness will be communicated better stand-ing. It is about Eina—"he had almost said Ned—"I have come to know if you have any plans for her future."

The gentleman did not answer for a moment; insead, he looked very earnestly at the young man as if he would read his thoughts, and when he did speak, there was a strange uncertainty shout his manuer.

apeak, there was a strange uncertainty about his manner.
"I really have no plans further than to continue to keep her in ignorance of her relationship to me, and to remunerate you from time to time for your care of her."

Then you desire that she shall make

home with my aunt and me, as she before she left us to to school?"

ested her beyond such a life, and it would be unjust, not to say cruel, to bury one of her attainments and gifts in a home so

plain and lowly as ours is. Had you eleven years ago resigned all claim upon and all interest in her, we would have reared her according to our means, and she might not then be so unfitted to be one of us. Now she is a lady, and far, far above us. Also, Mr. Eigar, she is your flesh and blood and entitled from that fact to much consideration on your part; let the generosity which has impelled you to educate her provide for her now."

now."

How the heart of the speaker rose up and well-nigh choked him as he uttered the last words! But Dyke's was a brave nature, and rather than turn aside from

nature, and rather than turn aside from a purpose once surely chosen, he could have borne to pluck out his own heart.

Mr. Edgar was somewhat aunoyed; it was the second time in the course of a week that the fact of Ned's being his own flesh and blood was thrust into his face, and much though he might recognize that fact secretly, he disliked any open allusion to it. Besides, he had not now the slightest doubt that the beautiful girl whom he called his daughter was really such, and in proportion as his heart went rapturously out to her, so did his indifference to his brother's child increase. Every time that his eyes rested upon her he fancied that he detected new and marked resemblances to his brother, his marked resemblances to his brother, his hatred of whom neither time nor distance seemed to soften. Having educated seemed to soften. Having educated Ned, and having offered to remunerate any fature care of her, he felt that he had done all that could be required, and no thought of her now disturbed him, until Dyke brought her so unpleasantly before

He made a turn of the room before he answered; then, with his hands behind him, and his head thrown slightly for-

"Marry her, Dyke; I shall dower her well, and then both her future and your own will be assured."

Scorn flashed from the young man's eyes, and his voice was tremulous with sudden anger. "Your niece"—with fine emphasis on the latter word-" Mr. Edgar, is not a chattel to be disposed of in such a manner. She has a heart to be consulted, and were I her equal by birth and education, as I am greatly her inferior, still would such a marriage be im-possible, because she regards me only as a brother."

Mr. Elgar was silent, but his head was erect now, and his eyes looking through Dyke's face. Secretly, he was admiring this blunt, fearless fellow, for he half suspected that the young man loved, and loved dearly, the fair subject of their dis-cussion. "What would you have me do?" he said at length.

do?" he said at length.

Dyke answered slowly—every word
was a knell to his own affection. "Since
you have given her equal advantages of
education with your own daughter, give
her the some advantages of a home.
They can be like sisters and, after all,
they will be the most, proper companions they will be the most proper companion for each other."

The gentleman made another turn of the room; he could think best when walking, and he was mentally discussing this proposition with all its advantages and disadvantages. Did he give his brother's child a home

her companionship might render un-necessary for a longer time the company which, for his daughter's sake, he intend-ed to invite to the house—might secure to him for a year or two that country soli tude which now, being enlivened by his daughter, would be doubly delightful—and might indeed procure for him a longer term of his child's society; for when company, and especially of the opposite sex, came to the house, it was natural to suppose that Miss Edgar's marriage

might speedily follow.

Thus it seemed well to agree to Dyke's proposition, and Mr. Edgar did so briefly, and then seemed to consider the interview ended, and the young man went out —out to walk in the dark silent grounds. He needed solitude to compose himself, trial. Then he sought Meg, and broke the news of the change in Ned's pros-pects to her At first, delight that her darling would be indeed a lady, having all the grandeur to which she was truly entitled, overpowered every other emo-tion; then came a feeling of wild grief, as she realized how Ned's good fortune must sever the old relations between them and lastly her anxieties all turned to

and lastly her anxieties and through Dyke.

"What'll you do?" she said through her tears. "It was for her you wanted everything, and now she'll no come wi

us any more."
"Never mind me, Aunt Meg; I'm a man, with a man's strength, and I'll work the same as if it were for her. Indeed, I shall be comforted by the thought that she is well provided for. Some day she will marry one of her own kind, and I shall be proud and happy to see her happi-ness." His voice quivered in spite of himself, and his aunt detected it.

himself, and his aunt detected it.

"Ay, lad; thee'lt be proud and happy
when thy hair is gray, and thy form is
stooped, and thy old aunt is gone, and
thee'st ne'er a hearth of thy own to sit by,

through loving and waiting, with never the heart to ask and——" Hastoppad her with a kiss.

Meg, when the very asking might make her consent, for fear of ingratitude; con-sent, even though she couldn't give me her heart's love."
"That's true, lad; it might be so."
And then her thoughts reverted to all
that Dyke had told her of his interview;

he had prudently reserved Mr. Elgar's proposal to him to marry his niece, say-And didn't Mr. Elgar say some at about your own matters? you tell him anything about your inven-

Dyke smiled. He was too full of the other subject; and besides, what need to tell him? If the invention succeeds, as it seems likely to do now, he may hear about it, and then, you fond, foolishold aunt, there will be enough to gratify your pride.'
Again kissing her, he left her.

XIV.

The next morning, after another interview with Meg, Dyke sought Ned.

"I want to see you alone," he said, for Miss Edgar was in a part of the room writing an order for something that was to be brought from Rhinebeck.

The unusually grave, and even somewhat troubled expression of his face alarmed Ned, and without even waiting to tell her cousin that she was going into the grounds, she took his arm and hurried forth.

Neither spoke until they had reached a very secluded part; then Dyke, motion-ing his companion to a seat on the mossy eminence, threw himself down besides

her. It was a harder task than he had It was a harder task than he had thought, this breaking to Ned of the change in her fortune, and she sat so quietly waiting for him to begin. She asked no question, but her great, lustrous, guileless eyes looked at him very earnestly. He could have looked at her forever, she formed so sweet a picture with her wealth of raven hair coiled simply at the back of her head, and her rich, dark complexion. But he had to begin.

"Would you like to live here always, Ned?"

" No; is that what you had to say t "No; is that what you had to say to me?" her lips parting into a half smile. He resumed: "Mr. Elgar proposes that you make your home here with his daughter; you will be treated as if you were her sister."

The smile faded from her lips.
"Mr. Edgar is very kind, but I prefer my home with Meg and you."

Dyke said again: "But Meg and I think it best for you, Ned, to accept Mr. Elgar's offer."

Edgar'e offer.' "What! not to live with Meg and you any more—not to consider that dear old place way up among the mountains my home for the future?"

She could say no more for the great lump which came suddenly into her throat, and in another moment she had burst into tears and was crying with all the abandon of her childish days. How Dyke's own heart beat, and how something in his own throat rose up; but he set his teeth firmly together, up; but he set his teeth armiy together, and fastened his hands into the earth beside him, that he might not, in spite of himself, claep this beloved one to his heart and whisper that she might make his bome always hers if she would.

His nature, strong and ardent as it was, was too noble for such a course. He was the coarsel and if he ware he would

was too noble for such a course. He was
not her equal, and if he were, he would
refrain from asking her heart's affection
until he had given her time and opportunity to test it. So he answered, when
he had recovered his wonted calm:
"Remember, Ned, that you are a women now and must submit to the dic-

man now, and must submit to the man now, and must submit to the dus-tates of your judgment rather than those of your heart. A residence here will be-better for you in many ways. Mr. Pat-ten, who has busied himself about my in vention for some months past, has every-thing in readiness for us to travel to-gether about it now, and Meg being long anytions to see some cousins of hers in anxious to see some cousins of hers in Albany, I shall leave her with them while I am away; so, you see, the little mountain home is no place for you. What in the world "—brightening a little -"would do there? No piano, no society, no books such as you have been ac-

"Why did you give me such an educaion?" she asked through her tears. Better you had saved the money spant on me, and brought me up simply in that little mountain home. I should have been just as happy, I am sure."

"Did I ever tell you that I had paid for your education?" asked Dyke.

"Now but I supposed of course you.

"No; but I supposed, of course, you had; am I not right in supposing so?"

He was silent, not knowing what to reply. How he regretted not having ob-tained Mr. Edgar's permission to revea to her the truth about the matter. His

silence, however, was giving to her the revelation he fain would have made. "I see it all now," she said, springing to her feet. Mr. Eigar has paid for my

Dyke also arose.

"He did not want you to know that,
Ned, and you must tell him how it has
come about, for I do not expect to have an opportunity of speaking to him priv-But why should he do so much for

me?" she parsisted.
"Because he is wealthy, and he knew
your family in Eagland."

"We gave you such care as we could," said Dyke, anxious to get her thoughts away from her family, lest she should divine other things about herself, as well as she had divined who had paid for her as she had divined who had paid to her education; "and I don't think in the matter of the affection you gave us it made much difference whether we were

your own, or not."
"Indeed, no;" was the earnest reply.
"You were my brother always, and al-

ways shall be my brother."
With a sharp pang he felt the truth of her words; as a brother, and as a brother alone, would she ever love him. But he went on bravely enough: "You see now, Ned, that, owing so much to Mr. Elgar, you can hardly refuse him when he wishes you to live here for companionship for his danghter." "Perhaps he just educated me for that," speaking a little sarcastically, and draw-

ing herself up.

"No, no; you are mistaken. I am sure
he did not entertain such a thought."

"Well, let Mr. Edgar alone for a few
minutes, and tell me about yourself. Are you poor, Dyke?"

He looked at her in surprise, and be

fore answering, demanded to know why she asked. "Oaly because, as your sister, I have a

right to know all your circumstances, and to know also whether Mr. Elgar, in his great generosity to me, has done any-

thing for you?"

Dyke smiled.

"My circumstances at present do not need any aid from Mr. Edgar; and if this invention succeeds, I shall be a rich man." For one whirling moment a great hope filled his heart; if he became a rich and noted man, and Ned should remain numarried, perhaps her hand might one day be his. It was a hope so sweet and bright that it gave a more cheerful tone to his voice as he continued; "All my to his voice as he continued: "All my aunt's savings and my own are sunk in this invention, and if it should turn out a failure we would be pretty poor; but there is no fear of that, everything is so promis-

ing now."

"And how long before your hopes can be fulfilled?" Her face was flushed and

year, perhaps two; for people,

especially country people, are so slow to accept improvements"
"Well, for the present then, I shall accept Mr. Edgar's offer of a home."
Her lips quivered and her eyes were full, but she did not let Dyke see.

Each separate death is an undisclosed secret between the Creator and the creature — Father Faber.

THE CHILD BEFORE THE

BY N RYLMAN

When the Lady Mary became Quee I was appointed one of her Maids of Honor, and I was with her when she rode in state through London, past convents and monasteries founded by her mother, Queen Katharine, dis-solved by her father, bluff Henry past prisons in which had been imprisoned the friends of her childhood, pas places sanctified by their martyrdom. was with her, too, when she opened their prison house doors, and led into God's sunlight the faithful few who had come out of great tribulation, out of the fiery furnace of a mighty and relentless persecution. I was one of the bridesmaids at her marriage in Win chester Cathedrai, when the ancient hearts were lifted as the Host was lift-

ed. Did the lady who rode through London's crowded streets remember how the parents of these very gazers had gazed at the daughter of Isabella the Catholic, and at the two Cardinals as they rode to the scene of judgment I trow she did, for I once saw her bend her head and whisper: "Sweet Jesus grant me patience, more patience." Did the bride of the Prince of Spain think of her mother-her vexed, dis crowned mother - passing away a Kimbolton as she walked down beautiful cathedral in robes of State and searlet shoes? I trow she did, for I saw her pale as she glanced at dead Queen Katharine's missal.

Thorny, ever thorny, was the path Mary Tudor trod; hard, always hard, was the pillow on which she laid her head. I who loved her, whom she called "my little rosebud," knew it. But I am not going to recount her trials here. Are they not written in that great sealed book, whose keepe is an angel? I am simply going to relate a beautiful episode in her life hitherto known only to myself.

My father's Castle of Wayverne, or the Rayler, stood at some little distance from the Thatched House, the seat of Earl Brabazon, sometime a Commissioner of King Henry. We, being Catholics, kept aloof from my lord, who was a steady partisan of the new faith, and, therefore, high in favor both with Henry and the boy, King Edward. The Earl had wedded late in life a beautiful girl of the fallen house of Cleeve, who though she had once owned the priceless gift of faith, had cast it aside in the hour of temptation and of poverty, and when she wended outwardly she conformed. My lord was a loose liver, gress, addicted to wine, free in his speech, as his Master Harry had been : so Sister Meg and myself held ourselves aloof. But for all that I pitied the Countess Reine, whose fair face was like unto that of pictured saint, for her beautiful eyes wore the look of a seeker after the lost, and Meg averred that she would have felt small surprise had she seen her lips unclose, and have heard them cry, I held that sometimes Lost, lost !" the poor soul wanted the forsaken faith. It was during the last years of King Edward's reign. Her husband was much at Court—her he left in solitary state at the Thatched House, and then we spoke with her when we chanced to meet her in the open country. Meg once gave her a Springand kissed the letters, with dim blue eyes, but when Meg drew near to her and whispered "Countess, wilt see our confessor?" she shook her golden head, and said :

"Not now, dear Lady Margaret. My lord would be angered. By-and-

bye. please God."
Whilst the Earl was away one of the Court lords (the Marquis of Romsey), a wild and dissolute young noble, used to come down and stay at his place, Red Rock, close by, and the gossips said that he was over fond—was ena-mored of Brabazon's wife. We desired to think no ill of her, but 'twas all too true. One May day, towards eventide I went with Meg to look at a finch's nest in the hollow of an old oak, but when we peered through the branches the nest was empty. We heard no tweeting, saw no gaping of yellow bills: her fledglings had gone to try their wings. So Sis was exceeding! sad, and when we met Dame Parnell, the bower woman of Countess Reine, weeping on Wayverne Heath, Meg told her about the empty nest, and

asked her why she cried?
"Because I too have an empty nest, my Lady Meg," she said. "The Countess Reine hath fled, and left her husband and her Lady Winifred, her three

years child." Poor thing, poor thing ! Hath she gone to a convent abroad, from whence she can send for the child? Most like "Nay, she has," said innocent Meg. "Nay, nay, not so. She hath gone with the Marquis. My lord was rough with her as he oft is, for she came to me at night yesterday, and she said: 'Parnell I want my mother sorely, and I have no And then she kissed Lady Winifred and wished the saints had taken her ; and then that very night she must have fled to Red Rock Earl went down to the great hall door and barred and bolted it, and as he did so he swore a mighty oath, and said that if the Countess stood outside it he would slam it in her face." " Poor lady! Poor Countess Reine!

said Sis softly, as we went upon our way. "The nest she fled from was way. "The nest she fled from was lined with hedgethorn, not with hap. She will never come back to it, Gracie."

But I being older knew that she might repent, and come back for WinII.

The bells rang merrily in the high church steeples as though the streets of Sherborne rode Queen Mary. Brown friars and black, grey friars and white came out to meet her. Nans stood at heir convent gateways holding flowers, gleaners sang, trumpets played fanfares; the scent of the incense was mixed with the scent of the roses. This was the day of the Fisherman - England was reconciled, was Catholic.
When the Queen's litter stopped in
front of the Guild hall a woman in poor, sad raiment threw herself before it, and cried: "Gracious Lady, an,

there be a leech with you, let him come to my child, who is sick unto death." Her Majesty looked out, and touched with compassion, told a page to fetch Squills, the leech who was in her train and then she asked the woman her

name and degree.
"I am Reine Cleeve, Gracious Lady, and I live in the little brown house under the belfry tower," was the re-

When I heard these words I looked narrowly at the suppliant, and though the golden hair was streaked with white, and the lovely face was careworm, I knew her for Earl Brabazon's wife the ill-fated Countess Reine. stooped down and whispered her sad story into the ear of the Queen, who

"Go you and comfort her, and take

Obeying her command, I asked the good Father Placid, who was of the company, to come with us, and, leaving the procession, we made a detour, and were soon inside the brown cot. On a bed in an inner room lay a beau tiful child, with hair the hue of ripened wheat, who was plainly nigh unto death. It was Winifred, Earl Brabazon's daughter, and as I looked at the little gown of faded blue silken stuff which she wore, I thought of the pomp and splendor of her father's house, remembered that even the tender mer cies of the wicked are cruel.

"She hath not long to stay here," said Master Squills. "I can do naugh but give her a soothing potion. She is but a frail flower, and the winds have nipped her sorely. Hath she been baptized?" asked

the priest, gently.

The sorrowing mother answered "Nay," and Father Placid administer. ed the Sacrament, giving the name of Winifreda, after Christ's sweet spouse who works miracles.

Before the little taper burnt away

there was a flicker ; the child seemed to revive, and drawing down my head he asked me who had sent such kind friends to her mother.

I told her the Queen, who loved little children. "I should like to see her," said the

child; " and I will wait for her com-They were singing the "O Salutar is "in the great church near, when Winifred went to the Father Who would not turn her away. For there alone with me, beside the fair dead body of her child, the Countess Reine

told how her natural father, the cruel earl, had cast her off. "I cast away the Holy Faith," she said. "Sold it for jewels, a great house, and a great name, as Judas sold his Good Master for thirty pieces of silver. And this was my punishment
-my lord cast me off. I repented of my sin, and one bitter winter's night, when the snow was falling, I stood at the door of the Thatched House, and pleaded for admission to see. to kiss my my sin, and one bitter winter's night, child. His servants brought my husband. Behind him down the great hall tripped a woman in a wine colored

velvet secured with seed peals ; dark, haughty, bold. She pointed a mocking finger at me.
"'So my lord,' she cried, 'didst call that poor strumpet, that frail wantor

" Yea, once sweetheart, said Brabazon, 'but we of the New Fatth wear out fetters lightly. The two Arch-bishops gave me freedom. Would'st have her turned away?'

"'That would I,' laughed the woman And she took her child? " That she shall do. Go thou and fetch her to me.'

"The woman bent her head, laughed and went for Winifred Then I spoke. "'Let me in to kiss my child,' I said, 'and I will trouble you no more. Forgive me for the sake of Christ's Mother and let me at least live in the weekly plant, and send away that cruel woman.' He laughed, and then

he obeyed.' 'I am of the Reformed,' he cried, and the New Faith regardeth Mary as the woman who bore Jesus, just as I regard you as the woman who bore Winnie, and I trow that Mary hath as much power up above as you have down below.

"'Hush, hush,' said I. 'Brabazon, speak not thus of the Mother in whose

arms we long to die.'
"'Not I,' he said. "The New Faith is like the new coat King Harry wore. It is loose and easy—a man can his wine and kiss a winsome wench without a penance. It makes living easy, and when a man is tired of a woman, as I was of you, he can cast her from him like a worn-out glove.

If it please you, Father," and talk and patter about Sacraments. That lady is my Countess, and you are Reine Cleeve. Out of this, Reine Cleeve, and take your whining brat

with ye.'
"He pushed the trembling Winnie (whom the merry mocking woman had dragged down the stair) out of the great warm hall, wherein the hounds lay sleeping by the fire, and then he slammed it in my face and barred it; then to depart out of this wor and I drew my little one to me and put go to the everlasting festival.

my mantle round her, and hushed her sobs, and as I did so I seemed to see the purest of women standing by a And I cried as the sun fell on me Mary, Mother, receive me back. England hath forsaken thee, yet would die for thee.' Then I made my way to Sherborne, and here have I dwelt in poverty with a true but humble friend of the House of Cleeve.

There was silence in the Palace-

women wept, men hushed their foot-steeps, the Holy Sacrifice was offered,

white lips repeated Aves, for Mary Tudor had not long to live. Exhausted by long watching, yet loath to sleep, I knelt before the Adorable Presence in the Chapel Royal and prayed-prayed that J sus of His goodness would let her passing be easy, inasmuch as He knew how she had suffered; that Mary of her sweetness would put her arm around her, that the saints whom she had honored would intercede for her. And as I prayed it seemed to me that the roof of the chapel was uplifted, upborne, or swept away. I saw no waxen tapers burning, no shrines, no green-ery or flowers. Neither did I see the blue above. My eye pierced through it. saw Paradise—a fair place, full of fair meads, on which nodded blossoms fairer than our daffodowndillies and Fair Maids of February. And in the midst of the meads was a golden light, and I knew that in the center of the glory was the Beatific Vision, and near it bathed in it, was a woman, exceedingly compassionate, exceedingly fair. And I knew that she was Mary, most piti-And at her feet was a little spirit, a little child, with an innocent face and rippling yellow hair. And I knew the child. It was Winnifreda, she to whom the dying Queen had sent priest and leech; she whose mother had been comforted by her, had been sent to a convent in Italy, there to forget her woes. And the Virgin spoke to the innocent and gave her a branch of palm. And the child flitted over the meadows and stood waiting by the beautiful gate. And I knew that she waited for Queen Mary .- The Monitor, Madras, India.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

To serve Jesus is to reign ; to live in the Heart of Jesus is true happiness. and to die in It, the ardent desire aithiul souls.

It is the Heart of Jesus which spoke when He said: "My Father, I wish that there where I am My disciples be with Me. - Bossuet.

Let us abandon ourselves to the pierced Heart of Jesus that it may be done unto us according to the good pleasure of that Sovereign Heart.

The Author and Perfector of our faith had no more ardent desire than to enkindle in souls the flames with which His Heart is consumed ; and, to excite still morte that fire of charity, He wished to establish in His Church the veneration of and devotion to His Most Sacred Heart, and that it should

be propagated. - Pius IX. Dear reader, what more can the Sacred Heart do to make you accept His love? Has He not given His promise to help you in all your trials and afflictions? To be your secure refuge in time of danger? To guide not condescending to pay any at tention to His repeated appeals? Why not now, while you have time, join the League of the Sacred Heart, and make His interests yours, and He in return will make your interests His, and you will be happy in this world and the next.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

The Exercises of a Good Religious II.

Prepare thyself like a man to resist the wicked attacks of the devil: bridle gluttony, and thou wilt the easier re-

strain all carnal inclinations. Be never altogether idle; but be either reading, or writing or praying, or meditating, or labouring at some thing that may be for the common

Yet in bodily exercises a discretion is to be used, nor are they to be equally undertaken by all.

Those things which are not common are not to be done in public ; for particular things are more safely done in private.

But take care that thou be not slack in common exercises, and more for-ward in things of thy own particular devotion; but, having fully and faithfully performed what thou art bound what is enjoined thee, if thou hast any time remaining, give thyself to thyself according as thy devotion shall incline thee.

All cannot have the self-same exercise; but this is more proper for one, and that for another.

Moreover, according to the diversity of times divers exercises are more pleasing: for some relish better on festival days, others on common days. We stand in need of one kind time of temptation, and of another in time of peace and rest.

Some things we willingly think on when we are sad, others when we are joyful in the Lord. About the time of the principal festi-

vals we must renew our good exer-cises, and more fervently implore the prayers of the Saints.

We ought to make our resolution

from festival to festival, as if we were then to depart out of this world and

What an infinite blessing is purga-tory! What a terrible mistake did our Protestant friends make when they discarded purgatory and left it out of their formularies of belief! How can they console themselves in the death of

relatives who, they are conscious, have with many imper tions and venial sins? in Holy Writ that nothing defiled car enter heaven. They can not believe that their friends deserved to go t hell, nor that they were so free froe imperfection as to deserve to go straigh to heaven. They may be forgive their mortal sins through the infinit merits of Jesus Christ, but somthing due to the justice of God after sir have been forgiven. David, wh was a man after God's own heart, we forgiven the great sin of which he ha been guilty with the wife of Uriah nevertheless, he had to satisfy the justice of God, which exacted the dea of his favorite son, whom he loved

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PURGATORY.

his own soul. Heaven is the beatific vision of Go where angels and saints and glorifi spirits dwell, and it stands to reas that no soul shall ever be permitted enter there until it has paid the le enter there until it has paid the if farthing of penaity to the justice God and has been cleansed and purif from every stain of impurity and of filement. Blessed be God for the cosolation which Catholics enjoy in being the prevention of the cosolation which carbonics and friends. able to pray for their departed frien with the full confidence that th prayers and charitable sacrifices made available for their purif tion and final happy entrance into

world of light and bliss above. This is no new dectrine. It is for ed in reason, and is as old as Christi It was believed even under old Law before Christ came, as is tified by that striking passage of M abees, so often quoted, in which valiant Judas sent twelve thousand ents of silver to Jerusalem for sacri to be offered for the sins of the soldiers who had been guilty of loining the votive offerings hung in the temples of the ide those whom they had conque "For," the account concludes, "id holy and wholesome thought to for the dead, that they may be le

That prayers for the dead practiced by the early Christis proved conclusively from the mony of St. Augustine in the f century, who expressly decl nevertheless, it was a very as practice of the Church to pray ffer up the Holy Sacrifice for A very ancient practic serve ! And this great Father te himself, that his mother, Monic joined it upon him that he shou member her after death in the Sacrifice. St. Gregory Nazi says: "The practice of prayi the dead has been handed dow

from the very disciples of Jesus.

Catholics have no doubts in

to a doctrine so old, so reasons so consoling, yet it may be a q whether they always appreciation they should. There are two v they should. which they may fail to derive benefits from it that it is calcu bestow. In the first place t danger that they may under evil of venial sin and go on in in it, under the impression the can escape hell by purging awar venial sins in purgatory. Of a man who is conscientiously ing against deliberate, in venial sins may well console with the reflection that by through the fire of purgatory escane the fire very different thing from mak gatory an excuse for contin Such a one has reason

that he may be compelled to g and fare worse. In the second place it is fer none of us realize the severi punishment of purgatory. It would be an infinite gain soul to suffer the most exc torments for a thousand year doing an eternity of suffering avoided. But, surely, ever able man should esteem it worthy his most strenuous and most generous sacrifices the shortest period possibl

No doubt many will rem very remarkable incident pu the Ave Maaia, a few years appearance of a dead nun her former companions in he when, to show them what sh fering, she placed her hand of the rooms and le charred impression of her h into the door. Father O Ne take a photograph of it, a pression was reproduced in of the Ave Maria. Father fully convinced of the truth cident, and there is every r lieve that the nun had ac allowed by Almighty Goo and give this evidence not truth of the doctrine of pu also of the nature and sev ordeal through which even ious may be compelled to p what seems to us as small for this nun acknowledg

was suffering for some calight neglects of her Rul
What are the prosons we are to
this subject? First, let u this subject? First, let u
to pray earnestly and o
Sacrifice as often as possil
pose of the souls of our dep
even though they may h the reputation of sanct let us be careful to lay a tion for ourselves, for the by carefully avoiding de