



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1873.

NO. 35

BOOKS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY. The Graces of Mary: or, Instructions and Devotions for the Month of Mary. With Examples, chiefly of graces recently obtained through Mary's intercession. 32mo. cloth, 504 pages. \$0 45

the Castle, soldiers off-duty. Sometimes a fugitive seeking his home in the city, after a brief but disastrous campaign in the country, ventured into the Roost for shelter and refreshment. He was received with the cordiality of previous times, but however short might be his sojourn, he never left its threshold except as a prisoner.

since I took employment with you and the Town Major. It might have been better earned I allow, but once I have placed the Squire's daughter in your hands I intend to leave this country and settle down somewhere abroad.

as artless and unaffected as she was gentle and gifted. His heart, so long pent in a lonely solitude, went forth from him at the sound of her voice, her eyes awakened in his breast the affections which lay sleeping, not extinct; a nature formed for love assumed its proper aspect, and in yielding himself without resistance to the influences of her sweet presence, Craddock felt that the gloom which had overshadowed his life might yet be illumined by the radiance of happiness.

"Mine now, beyond the reach of Fate!" It was agreed that Marion was to make her dwelling at Father O'Hanlon's until better days might dawn, or until her husband, in case the rebellion should collapse—for the insurgent prospects, despite some partial successes, were daily waning—should have effected his escape out of the country, when his wife could join him, provided her refuge were not meanwhile discovered by the enemies of the rebel chief.

WHICH WAS THE TRAITOR? A STORY OF '98.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE PLOT. We find ourselves once more in the chamber in Roonan's Roost, where the reader first made the acquaintance of Richard Raymond, and his worthy colleague, the spy Bradley.

He had listened steadily while Raymond set forth the business on which he required his services, and preserved the same imperturbable demeanour while the lieutenant endeavoured to enlist his zeal in furtherance of his design.

"I trust everything to you, Bradley," said Richard, whose spirits were raised by the confidence of his instrument. "This proud girl has treated me badly, and I will yet humble her."

Craddock rose, and warmly greeting Marion, deliberately endeavored to excite her to a more lively frame of mind by some graceful compliments upon her appearance. But before she had time to reply, the sound of galloping hoofs was heard outside, and the next moment Charles Raymond, followed by his friend Duigenan and Neddy Fennell, entered.

They passed close to Raymond and his companions, who stood with hands ready to curb a motion or a snort from their impatient horses. Raymond, peeping eagerly through the covert, marked them as they went by, stern and silent, like men bound upon a dark errand. In the leading horseman he thought he recognised a familiar figure, which, however, passed from his gaze ere he could bring his memory sufficiently to bear upon its identity.