

nder

son,

ores-

thus

, he erse-the

l it

the . N. four

mas Best

Ont

alls,

e by

tres yrill.

stu-

ad-

the

As

treat

nt.

t dis

lated

, yet ns of lana-

nat a

or of

pon-

ctual

nd in

ayer. flow

ipses,

·like

l the

vhich

imon

. Mr

io lics

re of

eturn

they

tand

mar

they

tion, such

Bat

the

Per-

fmy

0

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The "Holly and Ivy" Girl. J. KEEGAN.

2

"Come buy my nice fresh Ivy, and my Holly sprig so green; I have the finest branches that ever yet were seen, Come buy from me. good Christiaus, and let me home, I pray. And I'll wish you 'Merry Christmas times, and a happy New Year's Day.'

"Ah, won't you take my Ivy ?- the lovelies

Ah ever tyou take my Holly boughs !-all you who lows the Green ! Do ?-take a little bunch of each, and on my kneed ?!! pray our Christmas and be with you New Year's Day.

On New Year's Day I said my prayers above

On New Year's Day I said my prayers above a new made grave, Dug recently in sacred soil, by Lifley's mur-muring wave; The minstrel maid from earth to Heaven has winged her happy way, Ard now enjoys with sister saints an endless New Year's day.

GEORGIE'S LOVERS.

"It's all humbug !" "What is all humbug ?"

"To talk about being resigned to one's lot in life. I am not resigned. I hate being poor, and I hate-oh, I do hate that shabby old thing !"

Georgie Casterton marched up and down her meanly-furnished little bed-room, flourishing her hair brush vehemently in indignant protest against her special lot

in life. She was dressing for an evening party, and a curly mass of tangled brown hair streamed over her scarlet dressing gown far below her waist. "The shabby old thing" lay spread out on the bed. It was a dress of black alpaca—not a bad dress of its kind, and nicely made. White tulle ruffles lay beside it. "Horrid old thing," said Georgie, com-

ing to a standstill in front of it, and giv-ing it a contemptuous twitch, "I do hate

"Ob, Georgie !"

"Yes, I do; and you need not sit perched up on the bed, Esther, saying, Oh, Georgie!' in such a horrified tone. I do hate it, and it is horrid and poverty stricken. Just think of going to a party in it ! I would rather by half go in sack cloth and ashes." "How lovely you would look in a sack-

cloth garment with a rope round your waist !" said Esther dryly, from her perch on the bed.

Georgie gave an unmerciful pull at the curly brown hair. "I wish you would be sensible, Esther you meso dreadfully literal. At any rate, if I might dress like a Sister of Charity,

cate creamy complexion, with no spot of color save in the rich scarlet lips-all framed in the wonderful masses of bright nut-brown hair. Georgie gazed at herself intently for a minute or two, and then smiled through her tears. It was very pleasant to know she was so fair that even the space dress could not quite hide her beauty. "There, Georgie, you need not be so disconsolate," said Ether, seeing the tears had nearly vanished. "When you have finished admiring yourself, I will do your hair for you."

"Ah. won't you take my ivy 7-the lovellet and the won't you have my Holly boughs :-all you who love the Green: and on my knees I'll pray
That God may bleas your Christmas and be with you New Year's Day."
This wind is bleak and bitter, and the hall-stones do not spare with you New Year's Day."
Then, when the skies are pittless, be merei-fai, I say-Bo Heaven may light your Christmas and the coming New Year's Day."
Twas thus a dying maiden sung, while the coid hall ratifed down.
And fierce winds whisted mournfully o'er Dublin's dreary town:
Twas thus a dying maiden sung, while the coid hall ratifed down.
So grim and statue-like she seemed, 'twas evident that Death drops from her halt."
So grim and statue-like she seemed, 'twas evident that Death drops from her balt.
So grim and statue-like she seemed, 'twas evident that Death drops from her ast.
Twas on that broad, bleak Thomas street I heard the wanderer sig.' I stood a moment in tue mire, beyond the my heart fielt coid and nealy and my My heart fielt coid and neal the may non-set the wanderer sig.' I stood a moment in tue mire, beyond the my heart fielt coid and nealy and my My heart fielt coid and nealy and my
Mre. Ball's was the great house of the

heard the wanderer sing, istood a moment in the mire, beyond the ragged ring-My heart felt cold and lonely and my thoughts were far away, Where I was many a Christmastide and Happy New Ycar's Day. Over her bright hair, and walked down-tatirs very soberly, pondering many things. Mrs. Ball's was the great house of the neighborhood. On this evening the large particular the source of the source of the source of the reighborhood. On this evening the large particular the source of the source of the source of the source of the hard the source of the source of

Mrs. Ball's was the great house of the neighborhood. On this evening the large parlours, with their handsome massive furniture and rich sober colouring, were filed with almost a crowd of people, for tution. When Mrs. Were a popular insti-I dreamed of my own native cot and porch with I yr screen; I dreamed of lights forever dimm'd-of hopes that can't return-And dropped a tear on Christmas fires that never more can burn.

a cordial greeting, and, after introducing Georgie to the one or two strangers pre-sent, consigned her to the care of her daughter Lallie, who, to Georgie's relief, was almost as plainly attired as herself. She the New Year's Day''

talk in a light, careless manner that speedily set her at her ease. Even the troublesome dress was at length forgotten, and Georgie bore her fair share in the half. laughing, half-serious conversation that

ensued. After a while he drew the stand of photographs forward, and turned them over for her to look at, telling her about Italy, in a soft low voice that seemed meant for her alone. He was a tall, hand-some man, rather fair, with bright blue

eyes, and a moustache and whiskers that seemed to require an immense amount of attention to keep them in order. He possessed in perfection the art of being all hings to all women. His indolent, grace-

ful air of deference and intense devotion his low, caressing voice, were irresistibly flattering. His words were simple enough neither very wise nor very witty; but they might have been very pearls and dia-monds of wisdom from the veneration with which Georgie listened to them. He stayed by her side for a long time, turning over and discussing folios and albums. At length Mrs. Ball captured them for a round game at cards, much to Captain Day's disgust. However, he managed to obtain Georgie for a partner, took care of her counters, and contrived to throw an immense amount of earnestness into the simplest questions. He conducted her

Georgie was completely fascinated. Sh

into supper, and took care to have a snug

of a sweet little thing being sacrificed for my anusement! It is too absurd." "I have seen too many of your flirtations not to know the signs of a new one. I know what your hour or two of amuse-ment means, and I say you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have no right to raise hopes and wishes you have not the sightest intention of fulfilling." "Looks like a case of righteous indigna-tion," said the Captain coolly, smoothing his moustache. "Thanks ; your lecture might be more effectual were you not an interested party." "U don't understand you," said Mr. Day, haughtily. "We lould not find any this morning," "We could not find any this morning," "We so late for them ; can't you manage without hem ?" "Yes, I think I can," said Georgie ; giv-ing a few bright touches to the leaves. "How much do you think the man will on any young lady before ; but to-night you have bonoured us both with your. "Yes I think I can," said Georgie ; giv-ing a few bright touches to the leaves. "How much do you think the man will only atone for it! My poor little one, if "I don't know—five pounds, I hope." She gave a long shivering sigh, and laid

r haughtily. "Who is it talks about 'volumes in locks,' or some such sentimental nonsenset I have never seen you bestow two glances I have honoured us both with your most distinguished regards. If Miss Georgie Casterton is wise, she will turn the cold shoulder on my irresistible self. You are a much more eligible parti than your scapegrace brother." "Mr. Day turned his eyes contemptuously on his brother. "Mr. Day turned his eyes contemptuously "Your remarks are most uncalled-for," at due. "However, I don't care to dis-cuss the matter further. Nothing that I can urge is likely to stay your hand." "Wot with the prospect of a rival in the field, and such a rival." "With another indignant glance Mr. Day tursed on his heel and walked away. "Tancy I had rather the best of that little game," thought Captain Arthur ashe took out his Casterton! Thank you, Mr. Francis Day; you shall not find the course oc casy to walk over. If L can hen ot out his Casterton! Thank you, Mr. Francis Day; you shall not find the course oc casy to walk over. If L can hen ot can urge is likely to stay your hand." "Mot quite," returned Georgie, smiling; we are always so poor, and the money is "Not quite," returned Georgie, smiling; we are always so poor, and the money is "She p ow arned for this part is hard to he with other head and walked away. "Statention to Miss Casterton! Thank you, Mr. Francis Day; you shall not find the course oc casy to walk over. If L can hen course oc cast to walk over. If L can hen course oc cast to walk over. If L can hen took out his cigar case. "Not pay any tatention to Miss Casterton ! Thank you, Mr. Francis Day; you shall not find the course oc cast to walk over. If L can hen course on easy cast to walk over. If L can hen course on easy to walk over. If L can hen took out his cigar case. If the hend hend course on cast head to heave the walk over. If L can hend took out his cigar case. If the hend hend took out his cigar case. If the hend hend took a the for thency it is hard to he with. "Mr. Francis Day; yo

she dreamily. He looked at her anxiously. "I would give my life to make atone-ment—to make you happy. Georgie, will

attention to Miss Casterton! Thank you, Mr. Francis Day; you shall not find the course so easy to walk over, if I can help it;" and the Captain took out his silver matchbox and struck a light, with a vin-dictive determination to thwart his bro-ther, come what might.
Alas, for poor Georgie! She was very young and very childish, and it was the old, old story. Two months flew by on silver wings. Captain Day had the field all to himself, and he made the most of
got up regardless of expense, now.", "Not quite," returned Georgie, smiling; we are aiways so poor, and the money is so wanted for things it is hard to be with-out, that I don't think I should be any more gorgeously arrayed than I was then." She sighed a little, for the troubles of that half at least of her poor little earnings would have cared nothing for all the little all to himself, and he made the most of
got up regardless of expense, now.", "Not quite," returned Georgie, smiling; we are aiways so poor, and the money is so wanted for things it is hard to be with-nore gorgeously arrayed than I was then." She sighed a little, for the troubles of that half at least of her poor little earnings would have cared nothing for all the little trials and stings of her daily life had she
he waited a long time. The blaze of
he waited a long time. The blaze of alas, for poor Georgie ! She was very young and very childish, and it was the young and very childish, and it was the hast half at least of her poor little earnings it entered the room, she came forward with a cordial greeting, and, after introducing a cordial greeting, and after introducing a cordial greeting, and and the site of the states of the corde of the states of the at ther, drawing a chair beside her, began to a servent, who came to the, drawing a chair beside her, began to ta the, drawing a chair beside her, began to the tothe fair shoule. The source corde dow was neither known nor sanctioned the source of the source fair share in the half.
be corde to the source of the

L ous look on to the fair young face as one waiting and watching continually; and the lovely eyes looked sweeter, sadder, and more wistful than ever.
Presently Esther put down her paper and sauntered to the window, gazing disconslately out at the fog and rain.
"Oh, dear, Georgie, there he is again, coming in at the gate!" exclaimed she abrunti in a few minutes.
"Do you know that I can give you nothing in return ?" was the answer, given very sorrowfully.
"I did not ask anything," was the quiet response. "I only want the right to take care of you." She lay back sgain in her chair, gazing dreamily before her with pathetic, sad weariness.

"Whatever happens, remember I am "Who? As if you didn't know!" is bat he comes to see in this house!" "Whatever happens, remember I am always your friend," said he gently, rising always your friend," said he gently, rising that he comes to see in this house!" "Whatever happens, remember I am always your friend," said he gently, rising always your friend," said he gently, rising that he comes to see in this house!" "Whatever happens, remember I am always your friend," said he gently, rising and make it full and perfect." Then he "What do you mean, Esther ?" said

Georgie, aroused. "Mean? Oh, nothing particular!" returned Esther dryly. "No doubt he takes an immense interest in papa's pet ceased to waste my eloquence upon him, since I found out that Miss Georgie Casterton's silence was more appreciated than

all my wit and wisdom.

Georgie flushed painfally. "What nonsense you talk, Esther. When you know how kind he has been, and what trouble he has taken about my drawings, it is absurd of you to invent reasons for such a simple thing as his coming here sometimes." "Sometimes !" echoed Esther satirically.

Georgie, daring, we must just rait and hope for something to turn up; and, my pet, our engagement must be a secret between ourselves." "If I might only tell mamma !" pleaded

"I know," interrupted Georgie steadily. "Who was it ?" "I was Emilie Forest," answered he have spoken to him again; and he shall

have spoken to him again; and he shall not come here unless you like." Georgie rested her head with quiet con-tent on her husband's shoulder, and looked up at him with shy, trustful eyes. "Why should they not come, Frank " said she, simply. "I will give them a

said she, simply. "I will give them a welcome." Mr. Day took the fair pure face in his two hands, bent down and kissed the sweet red lips, and then, drawing her close again, said laughingly— "Do you know, sweet wife, I was griev. ously deprived of my rights of courtship ? My lady-love has never even yet told me if she loves me."

It is l On To at

Wh

For v

Wh And Hoj

The s

Wh But 1

Tha

He a

Tha And J The

When

To s Twas But

Man

Was The te For

And t Thom We sw Wit

A

A c of Mu

29th, profor that of for th

presse

raw-h this A of Ma

says t

Mass f P. Nic

Georg

amen

Masor The son of Mass

remar

sions a Masor

might of the

funera

tury." The

lodge

Priest.

resplei assista

Rev. V

priest Free M

other with t

to add

their

ing th

gentler was ma

propit that t

regard

utterly

induce

as poss in all t

Zuni

devil

propiti "lodge

tolerat of M cast-of

well as

Jewish

what conside

was set temple "Aida,

occasio

and sa

Pedest

around

promp

even

black g

crosses

presen in blac

a viol

from t

red cro

with]

seemed

same s

and th

Jewish

period

later th

Aphor lugubr

the lig

out as

was ut Chopin

the ar

tion"

very n

strong in the

high p throug It was

that of the ac

tawdr

gratify

ately, The

nothin

vas.

pueril

And

world

and re

ious h

nature ody d so slig Son

"lodg

tian

Acade

It was ians

might

JAN. 17, 1865.

f she loves me."

if she loves me." "Perhaps she dosen't," returned Geor. gie saucily. "Let me go, Frank—I hear Esther opening the window." "Answer then"—keeping her firmly imprisoned. "Do you ?" She gave a long shivering sigh, and laid her head back wearly upon the cushion of her chair, as if tired.

"Thank you-you are very kind," said "Do I what?"

"Do I what ?" "Do you love me ?" "Please let me go, Frank—she is com-ing, really !" And Georgie made a des-perate effort to escape from his encircling you marry me ?" "No-oh, no !" she replied, shaking her

arm. "Tell me, then, my sweet wife"-in a

"Tell me, then, my sweet wife"—in a slightly anxious tone. She ceased her efforts to escape, raised her eyes, deep and dark with emotion, and, clasping his hand in hers, said, gravely and steadily— "I love you, Frank, with a love com-pared to which all other love seems poor and mean. I love you so much that I know that till now I did not know what love meant. My husband, I love you so

"I cannot. Don't ask me." "Georgie, since the first night I saw you I have loved you, or even now, to atone for this great wrong, I would not have asked you to be my wife. Can it not be ?" said he, anxiously watching the sweet fair face with the beautiful miser-able even love meant. My husband, I love you so

that nothing but death can part us." THE END.

THE METHODIST CONFERENCE

New York Freeman's Journal. The Methodist Conference closed its deliberations in Baltimore on December 17th. A pastoral address was issued by the committee of Methodist Bishops

sheltered, loved, and honoured, safe in his steady devotion from sorrow and trouble, shielded from every rude blast. He waited a long time. The blaze of firelight lit up Georgie's face, sad and dreamy, lit up his own, steadfast and true, his dark eyes watching anxiously every change that swept over her features. "Shall it be as I wish?" said he at last, cently. addressed to the various branches of Methodism under their charge. The pas-toral emphasizes the doctrinal points of Methodism called "doctrines of experi-ence." The document will be of much

gently. "Do you know that I can give you interest to those Protestants who have not outgrown what Wordsworth calls "a creed

"Why not ?" "I cannot. Don't ask me."

outgrown what wordsworth calls "a creed out-worn." The most interesting part of the address is the evident desire of the Methodists to save their children by the same means which the Catholic Church long ago adopted—Christian education, and which some Methodists, among many others. characterized as "un Amoricen" others, characterized as "un-American "Shail it be, Georgie ?" urged he again.

That Methodism has ceased to rely on Sunday schools is plain from certain sen-"I don't know-give me time. I am so tired. I cannot think now," said she tences in the pastoral : "The address urges the maintenance of

family religion. The boliest sanctuary on earth is the Christian home. Neither church nor Sunday schools can do the work of the home, or become an adequate substitute for the influence of piety in the

left her. The long brick front of an old-fashioned household. See to it that the children be all taught of the Lord. With sound in-struction let the hand of restraint be emcountry house lay glowing in the sunshine of a summer day. The smooth lawn, dotted with spots of mixed scarlet, yellow, ployed, yet with such firmness and gentle grievances, and comes to condole with purple, and crimson, stretched away far him. My entertaining conversation of course counts for nothing; in fact, I have opening on to it. A damask rose-tree ness as to win and help the children, as well as to hold them in subjection to authority."" Methodism cannot be held together as a opening on to it. A damask rose-tree was trained all over the wall and round body by preaching or by social inter-course. There their church fails. The Sunday schools-and Methodist Sunday those windows to a considerable height. A tall ladder, in a very shaky position, leant against the wall. Perched half way schools are very scientific arrangements up, clinging desperately to it with both hands, and looking very frightened, was -are powerless against "colorless" public, schools. What is, then? the family? But, with Methodists, marriage is not a Sacra-

Georgie. Her light muslin dress was twisted and fastened firmly round both herself and the ladder, and several long festoons of flowers and frills hung on the sprays of the rose-tree, evidently torn ment ; and what is to prevent the family from falling apart ? away from the skirt in violent efforts to

"Sometimes !" echoed Esther satirically, Georgie thrust her brush into a pool of neutral tint, and stirred it round and glance at the crimson face and an emphatic shrug of her shoulders, betook herself to study the marriage list. "Why, good gracions Georgie," ex. A NEGLECTED PRECEPT

"Where is John ? Could not he

In a moment Mr. Day had mounted

Do our younger Catholic generation contribute as generously to the calls of the Church as do the older 1 There is scarcely any difference of opinion in the conclusion that they do not. They fail to respond as liberally upon the occasion of collections. They do not think of making sacrifices. study the marriage list. "Why, good gracious, Georgie," ex-claimed she, in a few minutes, "his brother is married !" "What?' said Georgie sharply. "He is really ! You can read it your-self, if you like. "Why, good gracious, Georgie," ex-losing her balance. "My dress is quite fast to those nails. I have been here for nearly half an hour. When I stooped to unfasten it the ladder shook so that I "Keep quite still, Georgie," said an un-self, if you like. "Not daring to turn her head for fear of that they do not. They fail to respond as liberally upon the occasion of collections. They do not think of making sacrifices. The young women are not of the same spirit as were the working girls who so willingly gave of their earnings for the support of the Church in the new country, to which they came as emigrants.

as anything could be called an engagement which was neither known nor sanctioned by the powers that were. Oa the last afternoon in this memor-able visit they stood together in the wood

which adjoined Mrs. Ball's grounds. Her hand was in his; her sweet eyes raised to his in mute entreaty. "Not even a letter, Arthur ?" said she. "My pet, how can I write to you with-out its being found out ? And then just think of the consequences. If Frank how of our entrement be a start of the second second

knew of our engagement he would be furious, and that would ruin everything." "But," hesitated Georgie, "how can his being vexed make any difference to you ?" "Because he is rich and I am poor; and he holds the purse strings," said the Cap-tain bitterly, sitting down beside her. He might have added that to his half-brother he was likewise indebted for his very

handsome allowance and sundry other small favours, the continuance of which he did not choose to risk at the present "Perhaps he would help us as he is an "Perhaps he would help us as he is an a Georgia timidly. rich '' suggested Georgie limidly. "Not he; bestdes, I won't ask him. Georgie, darling, we must just rait and



it would be a merit to look shabby an woe begone." "Sisters of Charity don't look woe be-

gone. At St. Mary's Home they are quite merry and not at all miserable. But you would look a fright in a great black something very new and very charming to his unsophisticated companion. bonnet.'

"I don't suppose I should, and at least it would be no pretence of dressing as well as other people." "There is no pretence, Georgie. The

about in her graceful little head ; and Captain Arthur Day was the handsomest alpaca is a good one, and it does not pretend to be a silk," remarked Esther man she had ever seen, and one of the most consummate flirts in existence. sagely.

You are always so aggravatingly wise, ther ; but just look at that dress." Had Georgie's eyes and ears not been too entirely engaged, she might have dis covered that one person at least showed considerable disapprobation either of her or of her cavalier's proceedings. More Esthe "Well, you can sit in a corner and no one will notice you," was the comforting reply.

Georgie gave another spiteful tug at the tangled hair, as if the anticipation of spending an evening alone in a corner was uct very charning. "Oh, dear," sighed she, throwing herself into a chair. "Just think of Lillie Ball to-night in her silks and velvets, as gor-geous as a fashion-plate, and then look at that wretched dress."

But the vision of Miss Ball arrayed a la

no notice of them. When the time for departure came, Captain Day slippel into the hall, and was ready with Georgie's shawl and little scarlet hood. After one long pressure of her hand, one lingering look into her dark lovely eyes, one soft low "Good night," she passed out into the dim night with a swift subtle delight in every nerve, a feeling of sweet shy joy stealing into Jahion-plate was too much for poor Georgie's philosophy. She threw down the hair-brush, burst into tears, and sobbed away as if her heart would break. Poor child, she was only seventeen, and to go in the poor alpaca-which was the best dress her father could afford-among well-dressed people was a trouble and a trial to a feeling of sweet shy joy stealing into her heart, which would never be the

"Oh, Georgie, don't cry. It is not such a bad dress, really," said Esther, leaving her perch on the bed and coming to the rescue. "Besides, you have something that Lillie would give a great many of her will and estims to have." As Captain Day turned to re-enter the hall he encountered his brother, the gensilks and satins to have."

them in the elecontered his brother, the gen-tleman whose wrathful eyes had so suspi-ciously watched him all the evening. "Anything the matter, Frank ?" asked he lightly, "You look particularly grim." The grant for a mark of the start of "What ?" sobbed Georgie disconsolately. "I have only the string of pearls that be The grave face grew a shade graver as he turned to his brother and said, emphat-This," said Esther ; and taking her "You have no right, Arthur, to pay such devoted attention to any lady, much less Miss Casterton." "What do you mean ?"

sister's face in her two hands, she turned it round to the looking-glass.

longed to Grandma

Georgie involuntarily stopped sobbing, pushed the tangled hair aside, and looked at herself. Through the mist of tears she

at herself. Through the mist of tears she saw a fair girlish face, beautifal with the round soft outlines and fresh purity of early youth, a pair of large wistful eyes gleaming larger through the tears that littered on the fringe of empire black. "What I say. You have no right to sacrifice that trusting sweet little thing "How excessively ridiculous, Frank ! I meet a young lady for the first time in my life try to a muse her for an hour or

ves; and then he be ieorgie. stowed on her all those petits some and delicate attentions which are the right of some favoured mortals, but which were

"No, no, Georgie. No one must know. My darling, is it not the sweeter to you that no one knows or meddles with our usiness ?"

"It seems so like deceit," sighed she wistfully. And then Captain Day set to work to

was very young, very simple, very roman-tic, beautiful, impulsive, frank as a child, with all sorts of wonderful ideas floating explain away her scruples. It was not very difficult. Georgie's faith and trust in her lover were boundless, and it never entered her head to question the wisdom

or propriety of anything he might wish; so before his specious reasonings her hesi-tation and doubt soon vanished, and she promised all he asked-not quite blindly, erhaps, but with all the trust and confitence of a fearless, guileless love. When the time came they parted with

one long, mute caress and Georgie, her lips tremulous, her sweet eyes full of tears, turned quickly homewards.

Captain Day stood under the trees till the slight dark figure vanished, and then he too strolled homewards, considerably perturbed in his mind. He did love leorgie, after his own fashiou-he did onestly mean to be married to her some

lay ; but it was not in him to make any effort to shorten that time, and things ast now were not very propitious for any ast now were not cheme of matrimony. thought he ""what a

"Little darling," thought he-"what a sweet wife she will make! It's a con-founded shame we cannot be married now -and a precious long time it will be be-fore we shall. I've half a mind to tell

Frank—he might help us, perhaps. No; I won't. I'm certain he is rather touched himself ; so of course he would do nothing. Hang it all, I wish I had not got nto such a confounded mess."

Next morning a bouquet of exquisite flowers was left at the parsonage for Miss Casterton—roses of all kinds, from the richest damask to the delicate scented Provence. As Georgia stood at the mission Provence. As Georgie stood at the win-dow looking at them, and pondering the

message of farewell and secrecy they con-veyed, the Balls' carriage dashed past; she aught a glimpse of a handsome face, a

pair of blue eyes glanced eagerly out, a hand was waved to her, and that was the "What I say. You have no right to last Georgie Casterton saw of Captain Day for a very long time.

in the room; the clock ticked with startling distinctness. Esther, staring at

the paper in her surprise, never noticed the waterspout," replied Georgie, "I thought I could reach them by just climb-"I am surprised ! Isn't it strange Mr. Day never told us i I shall go and ask him what it all means. Here is the paper for you;" and, throwing it on the table, she left the room without even glancing "Foolish child !" said Mr. Day, as he proceeded to unfasten the pretty muslin from the nails and unwind the yards of

round. frilling twisted round and round the rose Georgie dropped into a seat, stunned, spravs. turned to stone. She uttered no exclamahave got them for you ?" "He has gone to the village. I could tion, gave no sign that she had heard what had just been read. She sat perfectly still, not make any one hear. Oh, be quick-I am falling !" And Georgie suddenly grasping the rail of her chair fast with both hands, and staring with wide-open startled clutched the rungs of the ladder desper-ately, and her face turned ashy-pale. eyes out of the window.

There she sat for an hour, awfully still and quiet, her eyes staring in blank be-wilderment at the rain and fog outside, the ladder, put his arm round the slight figure, and lifted her down as easily as if her face set and strained in white despair. It grew perfectly dark, but she still sat on, her head erect, no tears in the wide-open dark eyes; only a long shiver shook her from head to foot every now and then, when she set her teeth hard and clenched the wooden rail anew.

The fire died down to a red glow, the whole room was in a deep shadow. Pres-ently the door opened gently and some ne came in.

"Miss Casterton," said a low voice hesi tatingly, and a tall figure approached the window—it was Mr. Day. Then Georgie rose, and, steadying her hand on the chair, turned to him. "Who was it?" called she fiercely.

eted roses, ran lightly down again, and laid them, all glittering with dew, in his wife's lap. Very fair and dainty Georgie looked in

"Who was it i called she hercely. "I came to tell you," said he, and, taking her hand, he led her to the fire. She was deadly cold. He took the poker and stirred the smouldering coals into a blaze; then, placing a low seat for her, he put her in it in the full light and warmth. He stood himself against the mantel piece, looking down at her with a troubled face. At last he spoke.

"I have had a letter from my brother, nd____" He hesitated.

"Well ?" queried Georgie, her usually soft voice sounding harsh and dry. He glanced at her, and then began to

He glanced at her, and then began to pace up and down the room. "How can I tell you?" cried he passion-ately, stopping in front of her. "It is so cruel, so unmanly, so dishonorable. In his adfeatance here the source of the so gleaming larger through the tears that I meet a young lady for the first time in glittered on the fringe of curling black. In meet a young lady for the first time in glittered on the fringe of curling black my life, try to amuse her for an hour or evelashes, a straight little nose, and a deli- two, and you get up a tragic air and talk a glorious fire in the old school room at and """.

mistakable man's voice, and with one firm touch the ladder was steadied. to which they came as emigrants. "What are you doing up there ?" "I wanted some of those roses up near

There is not the same votive generosity whole-souled, trustful and earnestthat obtained among the "poor Irish and Germans," whose contributions have, within fifty years, made the Catholic Church rich in great churches throughout a great continent.

This is to be regretted. Primarily, not for the Church's sake, but for the sake of the younger generation itself. We still believe that generosity is rewarded among men. Niggardliness and penury are pleasing neither to God nor man. But liberality and charity seem to have the element of temporal luck upon their side. What is given is not missed. God increases the store of him who takes pity upon the poor. Temporal prosperity fol ows the generous giver to the needs of the Church

"Little wife, you should not do such things," said he, gravely, as he deposited things," said he, gravely, as he deposited her on a garden seat. "It was very danproper use of his prosperity and instead of becoming a source of happiness it be-"I was only faint with being in that comes a burden of anxiety and, in some

cramped position so long," pleaded Georgie; "and it was so high up." comes a positive misfortune. One of the precepts of the Church en-"Yes; a fall from there would have oinsChristians to contribute to the support of their pastors. This precept is left to the interpretation of every individual, so en no laughing matter. "Don't try it again, Georgie." Nevertheless he tried it ; for, mountfar as the amount is concerned. He is to ing the ladder quickly, almost as he spoke, he gathered a handful of the covgive according to his means. His own onscience will incline him to judge rightly in this respect, and if he makes a con-scientious obligation out of the matter he would not be wanting in the discharge of his whole duty.

the morning sunlight, the rich colour com-ing and going in the creamy cheeks; a That so many of our young Catholic men and women fail to look upon the subject in the light of a conscientious random rose spray was fastened in the bright wavy hair; the sweet eyes, too bashful to meet her husband's, were veiled under their long fringes, the little hands requirement is, perhaps, a chief reason for their slight showing in church collec-tions. Otherwise we might expect them nervously busy with the torn frilling. to set apart at the beginning of each year a certain portion of their earnings, an Mr. Day sat down beside her, and, putting an arm round her, drew her close to amount that they themselves should con-

sider fair-for the Church and for the support of their pastors. The purpose might be formed to contribute from this amount cheerfully and without solicitation, at whatever times the call should be made upon them. A cultivation of this sense of obligation is the truest basis for

sense of congation is the truest Date for all appeals from pastors of the church for revenues. It is better than impulse and worthier than motives of pride or emula-tion.—Catholic Citizen.

"Georgie, I have had a letter from Arthur; he is coming here." "Coming here ?" interrogated Georgie, wonderingly. wonderingly. "Yes; that is," exclaimed Mr. Day, "he wants to come and bring his wife with him, of course." "Well ?" queried Georgie, putting one soft little hand half bashfully into her husband's.