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THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

By Charles L. Lane.

I remembered him as he was once, with a frank look of good nature and truth on his hand some face. Again, as he had stood in that fatal hour, bowed with shame and remorse, when his eyes wore a look of agony that my heart sickened at.

You did not expect me, eh? Well, I am here at last. Come to plague you again, you see? But, oh, sister, if I could tell you what lay behind those abrupt words, what despair was in those wild eyes, what bitter shame was hidden beneath that reckless despairing look.

Mamma, is that papa? I remembered the pictures I had made for her of the kind, good, beautiful father who was coming home, and never again can I feel the same and grief I did then as I answered 'Yes.'

Her heart was hardened with sin and sorrow; how it was softened, the story of her wrongs and woes, of her fall and repentance, is too long to narrate now.

CHAPTER IV.

But God knew what was the best. He had counted her tears and prayers; each one was to have its reward in Heaven. He had prepared for her a crown that even in this life she was to wear.

I answered him very quietly, that his wife was very ill. Poor fellow! his heart was not quite hardened, for a dreadful change came over his face, his lips became of a livid white.

When she is dead—she is so ill? 'She has not many hours to live.' He rose, and staggered rather than walked across the room.

I could not sell it, Anne, darling; it seemed to burn my hands. God forgive me for taking it from you.' She smiled, and motioned me to go away. I went and left them together. I knelt, and prayed that her hopes might be realised, and that when she went to heaven she might bear the repentance of her husband with her as a most precious offering to our dear Lord.

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What had passed in that half hour only God and his angels ever knew; it was a secret that rested between the dead wife and her living husband. I only know that he entered her room reckless, buried in crime and vice, his heart hardened by sin and passion, and that when he left it the angels had rejoiced over him as they do over one who does penance, and the hard heart was softened; God's grace had touched it; the eyes that so long had been dry shed tears of the deepest contrition; lips that had only been opened to give forth oaths, curses, and cruel words, had uttered a prayer for mercy, had embraced the pale face of his dying wife, and had been pressed to the feet of the little crucifix she held in her hands.

When I heard this last cry I ran into the room. Alas! too late. The poor husband still knelt there, his hands clasped in hers, and the crucifix between them; but she was dead; peace and rest had come at last, and the wearied spirit had gone home.

I pass over the scenes we had with poor Mr. Leyton. The good priest and myself did all we could to console him, but in vain. Until Anne was buried he never left her, night nor day. I have seen remorse in many shapes, but I never saw anything like his; none so great, or so dreadful to behold.

Who shall count the wonders worked by the gentle patience of Catholic wives. Courage and hope, drooping hearts; suffer on; God will crown you some day, when these trials will be of

infinite merit. Bear wrong with patience, give kindness for cruelty, attention and care for neglect. The time will come, sooner or later, when you will conquer, and will reap the reward of those who are faithful unto the end.

A STORY OF KILLARNEY.

There was once upon a time, near the western coast of Ireland, a romantic valley inhabited by a few peasants, whose rude cabins were surrounded by the most luxuriant trees, and sheltered by mountains rising almost perpendicularly on every side.

There was but one spring of water in the valley; it was a little well of the brightest and clearest water ever seen, which bubbled up from the golden sand, and then lay calmly sleeping in a basin of the whitest marble.

In those days there were fairs, so says the legend, and so says Crofton Croker, that admirable historian of the little people of Ireland in olden times; ours is not a story involving in its detail national habits and characteristics; on such ground who would dare to compete with him? Not I.

She uttered this in an agony of tears, walking wildly forwards, while Coolin, with her hand clasped in both of his, walked by her side, en-

Norah was the prettiest girl in the little village. She was the pride of her old father and mother, and the admiration of every youth who beheld her. The cottage of her parents was the neatest in the neighborhood; Norah knew how to make the homeliest chamber look cheerful, and the honeysuckle round the casement was taught by her hand to twine more gracefully than elsewhere.

To return to the well; it was, as I said before a fairy well, and was held in great veneration by the inhabitants of the valley. There was a tradition concerning it which had come out of mind, been handed down from parent to child.

She removed the stone, and having filled the pitcher, she sat down by the side of the well and wept bitterly. She heeded not the hour; twilight was fast fading into the darkness of night, and the bright stars which studded the heavens directly over her head, were reflected in the crystal fountain at her feet.

'Oh! come not here,' she cried, 'come not here. I have promised not to meet you; had I returned home when my task was done, we never should have met! I have been disobedient.—Oh, why did I ever see you? You have taught me how to weep.'