



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXIII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1873.

NO. 42

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

ever and again a crimson stream rose to her lips as a hard cough shook her delicate frame; eagerly she peruses a letter her feeble hand has traced, to be delivered after her death to the person she has named; and then taking a miniature from a table beside her, representing herself in happier days, with the name of Margaret Graham engraved on the back, she secured it to a piece of ribbon, which she drew through a small gold ring set in the frame.

the wife of Lindsey; her father was pushing on the overtures of the rich corn-factor, and she must tell the truth now or never. I have forgotten to tell you that both by word and by letter, Lindsey had sought to obtain the consent of Graham to his nuptials with his daughter, but had he been better off in this world's goods than he really was, he might as well have tried to draw water from a rock as to change the mind of David Graham when it was once made up.

tized in the faith I first learned from your lips, and let her bear my name. This letter you will give to Mrs. Lindsey should my father refuse to see my child, and be careful to hang my miniature around her neck before you resign her to the care of others. And now, good nurse and foster mother, let me lay my head upon your bosom, for I am faint even unto death.

man, "do you not know that the king is expected here hourly, and that, perhaps, even in two short days I may have to accompany my father to Scotland." "So soon, so soon, I could scarcely believe them when I heard them say that preparations were already being made for a descent into Scotland."

THE LIMERICK VETERAN; OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE O'NEILL." (From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)

CHAPTER I.—PASSING AWAY.

"Draw aside the curtains, my faithful Jessy, so that the beams of the rising sun may stream into the room, and bring to me my unconscious babe that I may kiss and bless her ere I die." "Dinna say sic a thing, my dear young leddy, wha could sic a pair body as me do wi the bonny bairn?" "You will leave your home, Jessy, and take my child to my father's house in the Canongate," replied the dying woman, "and beseech him to show that mercy to my child which he denied to its mother."

Long she remained silently gazing on the child, who had fallen asleep, at first with that rapturous delight with which a mother regards her first born, then with a sentiment of the keenest sorrow, as she thought how, in the first days of its helpless infancy, it would be thrown wholly on the care of the simple but well-intentioned old nurse, at whose bosom, when under her father's roof, she had herself drawn the first nurture of infancy, and then followed a flood of tears at the remembrance that she was leaving her child thus forlorn and desolate.

Late one evening after Jessy had retired to rest, she was awakened by a knocking at the door of her cottage. When fully aroused, she left her bed and, without opening the door, called from within: "Wha makes sic a din at a pair body's door at this time o' necht?" "Jessy, Jessy, for the love of God, open to your foster child," was the reply, followed by a long wailing cry.

CHAPTER II.—THE MARRIAGE AT THE HOTEL DE BRETEUL. Softly steals the sunlight through the stained windows of an elegant apartment in the Hotel de Breteul. The buzz of many voices of persons assembled in the adjoining room strikes upon the ear, but those of whom I am going to speak to you have stolen away from the busy throng for a quiet half hour to themselves.

Nor were the two or three gentlemen who alone accompanied him in his hasty and private visit to his friends forgotten. Unfortunately for the Chevalier, the bright eyes of a young kinswoman of the Baron's attracted the attention of Lord Keith, one of the Prince's gentlemen in waiting. A sore thing it must be to the self-love and vanity of woman when superceded by another of her sex, supposing she has given away her heart before she dreamed it was no longer in her keeping.