LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEAR? GENERAL INTENTION FOR NOVEMBE

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID. IV.-CONTINUED.

With strange similarity, both wives gave birth at the same time, each to a daughter, and Henry deferred the christening of his child until he should learn the rame of his hether, barb. the name of his brother's babe.

Then he bastened to have his offspring

also baptized Edna.

Thus there were two Edna Edgars not Thus there were two Edna Edgars in three miles apart; but, while one had elegant attendance and the most lavish parental love, the other had little better than abject poverty—Henry's allowance being hardly sufficient to support his dissipations, and love, deep enough from the young, illiterate mother, but little more than indifference on the part of the dissipated father.

young, illiterate mother, but little more than indifference on the part of the dissipated father.

The wealthy Mrs. Edgar died when her babe was a week old; and before another week had elapsed, her child was stolenfrom the mansion and from the very arms of its nurse. The latter was found in the morning insensible from the administration of some drug; and when consciousness was restored, she was so stunned by fright as to be able to tell only an incoherent story about the sudden entrance into the nursery, late the preceding night, of a man who looked like a gypsy, and of his violent application of something to her face, while she was nursing her little charge.

Suspicion settled immediately upon the gypsies who had an encampment in the vicinity, and a thorough search was made, but without success. Singularly enough, Edward Edgar never suspected his brother os the deed; and while the whole country about was excited and dismayed, and a varyen hized with the annursh of the

brother os the deed; and while the whole country about was excited and dismayed, and sympathized with the anguish of the bereaved father, not a syllable connected Henry Edgar's name with the cruel and daring action; not until he himself sent word to his brother that the missing infeat was in his house.

fant was in his house.

Edward Edgar hurried to the poor abode, there to be confronted with two infants so exactly alike that he could not distinguish his own, and to be told by distinguish his own, and to be told by Henry that it was he who had stolen the child, and that he knew the babes apart, having put a hidden mark on the one he had stolen; but that he would see his brother eternally condemned before he would tell him which was his own, or by what means he had been enabled to put upon the child letters—letters that he alone could reproduce. He further said that the letters were the initials of her own name, E.E., but he refused to say upon what part of the infant he had marked them.

arked them.

Not even the threat of a prosecution for his crime could move him just as ready to go to prison as to go any-where else, he said defiantly, and El-ward Edgar shrank from the shocking publicity that must be entailed by a criminal prosecution of his own and only brother. His brother's wife, compelled to abject subjugation by her husband, was quite as non-committal, and she was so well instructed that the closest obser vation failed to detect in her a sign that might betray her knowledge; she hung over both infants alike, and never pressed one to her heart that she did not

pressed one to her heart that she did lavish on the other the same caress. There seemed to be but one way our the agonizing dilemma, and that v suggested by faithful Meg Standish way out of suggested by faithful Meg Standish—for Mr. Edgar to take both the babes, and as they grew, something might be developed which would enable him to tell his

He determined to follow the advice, He determined to follow the advice, and Henry consented to yield the two children, provided that he should receive in return a liberal amount of money. Mr Edgar acceded to the demand, but he stipulated for legal possession of the infants, in order that the future might be secured from any claim of Henry Edgar or his wife.

To that demand, after some deliberation to the demand, after some deliberation in the matter of respectful inquiries about the youth's daily avocations, that Meg was proud and happy, and almost forgave his indifference to her little charge.

After this mountain visit, Mr. Edgar returned to his Barrytown estate, and and Henry consented to yield the two children, provided that he should receive in return a liberal amount of money. Mr Edgar acceded to the demand, but he stipulated for legal possession of the infants, in order that the

To that demand, after some deliberation which was due perchance to the imploring look of the abjectly obedient wife, Henry Edgar also consented, and the necessary legal forms being complied with, the two babes were transferred to Mr. Edgar's grand home.

Both Mr. Edgar and Meg Standish watched closely the parting of the young mother with the children, feeling that at tion which was due perchance to the im

such a time some instinct of maternity must betray itself. But her husband never left her side for an instant, and under his scowling, determined look, she under his scowling, determined look, she dared not show a motion other than he had commanded. She hugged and cried over both little ones equally, but that was all; and the very next week her husband left England, taking her with him, but where he went no one knew. Nurses from the continent were procured for the children, and Meg set all

ner wits and all her affection to work to ner wits and all her affection to work to discover in which one there might be such evidence of the loveable disposition of her own young mistress as must estab-lish beyond a doubt the identity of Mr. lish beyond a doubt the identity of Mr. Edward's child. In the course of the year, when the little ones gradually began to develop physical differences by which they could be distinguished, as well as differences in their infantile dispositions, faithful Meg fancied she had onite discovered which was the child of positions, faithful Meg fancied she had quite discovered which was the child of her master, and her warm heart went out to the little one they called "Eldie," while Mr. Edgar, singularly enough, seemed to think that the other babe, who was called Edna, was his. His father also inclined to that fancy, but as, since the death of his daughter-in-law, to whom he was much attached, he seemed to be somewhat imbecile, Meg paid little atten-tion to his preference. Strange and miserable were the feel-

ings that warred in young Edward nings that warred in young Enaut Linawas his child, and at the same time fearful that, after the lapse of years, he might find that he had been lavishing his affection on the offspring of a low woman of doubtful reputation, he came at langth to permit himself no attach-

such a woman as his brother's wife.

"And where will you send them?" asked Meg, her heart in her mouth lest the child she loved should be much lest the child she loved should be sent from

ner care.
"To institutions probably, if I can find any that will take the charge of such young children."

The woman's honest face was aglow.

"You may do what you like with Edna,
for there's some'at about her that I can
na take to, and that tells me she is none of yourn, Mr. Edward. But Eddie you'll
na take from me. She has her mother's
own turns wi' her, and it's past me comprehension that you don't see them.
It the keep her, Mr. Edward, and I'll
take her wi' me to America, to me sister
that's been writin' for me this mony a
month. She has a farm there, somewhere, and a bit o' money saved besides,
and I'm not without me own savings.

"So Eddie 'll be taken good care on, and
she'll have the love that they wouldn't
gie' her an institootion."

gie' her an instituotion."

The gentleman yielded, and on the evening of the same day old Mr. Edgar died. His will, made at the time that he died. His will, made at the time that he discarded his younger son, and never subsequently altered, gave everything to the elder, who, immediately after the interment of his father, placed the Edna that he deemed to be his own child in a sort of nursery in the suburbs of London, and allowed the other to accompany Meg. Then he went to America, to Barrytown, where was situated the property that had been bequeathed him.

where was situated the property that had been bequeathed him.

There seemed to be something in his new life that pleased and in a measure satisfied him, for he continued to make satisfied him, for he communed to make his home in Barrytown. As if in project-ing and supervising improvements on the estate, he was lulled into temporary for-getfulness of his internal horrid struggle —a struggle to master the yearning of his heart for the companionship of his child. He had loved his beautiful young wife with an intensity of which only strong and stern natures are capable, and his soul constantly longed to possess some-thing that was hers. But his fear of thing that was hers. making a mistake with regard to the chil-dren, and his utter repugnance to loving the child of that brother whom he now the child of that brother whom he now fiercely hated, was equally strong. So while one feeling made him fear to be utterly indifferent to Meg's little charge, the other permitted him to do no more than see that there was paid for her care a fair surn quarterly, and to visit her once in her mountain home. She was four years old at the time, and pretty and cunning enough to tempt him to kiss her warmly. But he could not divest him self of the idea that she was his brother's child, and so, much to Meg's secret indignation, he suffered his demeanor to betray nothing more than the passing interest of a stranger.

terest of a stranger.

He asked all sorts of questions about He asked all sorts of questions about the little mountain farm, ascertaining that Meg and her nephew, with the assistance of a hired man, were alone in its management, Meg's sister having died; and he seemed particularly interested in Dyke, then alad of seventeen. The latter, for a country boy, had enjoyed unusual advantages of education, being under the tuition from his childhood of an erratic but well educated man who, making his home with some relatives in the village of Saugerties, turned an honest penny by giving lessons in the "three r's" to the children of his scattered neighbors. In Dyke—whose correct name was Dykard children of his scattered neighbors. In Dyke-whose correct name was Dykard Dutton-he took a lively interest, not only Dutton—he took a lively interest, not only teaching him the three famous rudiments, but ably imparting much instruction in the higher branches. He lent his own choice books to the lad when he was able to read them, and that was how Dyke was enabled to read for Edna's, or as she delighted to be called, "Ned's" mature delectation such tales as had Boman emperors for their herces.

perors for their herces.

Perchance the well-informed, much travelled, and aristocratic gentleman was amazed to find such mental ability under

lived for three years longer in strange seclusion. His neighbors were not many, and a little too far removed from him to give his life and habits the scrutiny they, give his life and habits the scrutiny they, especially the unmarried female portion, would like to have done. They believed him to be a childless widower, and they would have extended to him their heartiest hospitality, but all their advances were received with a hauteur which repelled any future effort.

He heard at regular intervals from those was all their advances of the child he was all

who had charge of the child he was almost convinced was his own, and every letter spoke of her growing beauty and intelligence. She knew her letters and could read a little, but the nursery, being the could read a little, but the nursery, being the could read a little, but the nursery, being the could read a little, but the nursery, being the could read a little, but the nursery, being the could read a little, but the nursery, being the could read a little, but the nursery are sufficient to the could read a little state. only for very young children, afforded no further educational facilities, and it was necessary to transfer her to some school. Edgar determined to attend to the matter in person, and it was in consequence of this resolution formed in haste, and leav ing little time to prepare for his departure that he wrote to have Ned brought from

her mountain home to visit him.

He would see her before going, in order to compare her with the other Eina whom he would also shortly see; hence he cause for the little one's journey to Barrytown.

As Mr. Edgar would leave for New York on the ensuing afternoon, Meg re-York on the ensuing afternoon, Meg re-solved to depart the next morning, so that "Ned" had little time to explore the woods about the estate, and to make the acquaintance of any of the trees, as she longed to do. Her usual fancies were at work, and not a rustle of the leaves that she heard from the open window beside which she stood waiting for Meg to finish her simple toilet, nor a twitter of the birds that reached her in the early, sweet-scented morning air, but told her a story as sweet and simple as her own little

guileless heart.

She yearned to be abroad among all the alluring influences, and calling to Meg at length to permit himself no attachment to either.

When the children were two years old, some property in America was bequeathed to Mr. Edward Edgar. The bequest, however, required his presence on the spot, and as his father was fast sinking, he waited only his death to make the journey, determining to place the children, before he went, under suitable but separate care. He desired to separate them because he would not have his child the companion of the daughter of such a woman as his brother's wife. that she could wait no longer, she darted of the hower that every breeze water at her with an overwhelming sense of odor-ousness, she pursued her way until she came upon great, variegated beds arranged in all sorts of shapes, and nestling at the foot of hills, and in the midst of green-

foot of fills, and in the midst of greenhouses, through whose crystal panes were
seen tall foreign exotics.

She had never seen any but wild
flowers, and now the beauty and variety

Edna arrived of

of the beds, and took long innaiations of the fragrance.

"You dear things," she said, "how God must love you when He makes you so pretty!" It was her first and usual thought; pretty things were God's favor-ites, and she continued to apostrophize them in her quaint way, until she was startled by a deep voice saying behind her:

ner:
"Wouldn't you like to pick some of the

flowers? It was Mr. Edgar, big and dark as he It was Mr. Edgar, big and dark as he was yesterday, and very much out of "Ned's" good opinion because of his unwarrantable interference with her name. But Meg had talked to her a long time about the matter, and had seemed to feel so badly because of "Ned's" temper before the gentleman, that the child with her usual impulsiveness had promised to ask his pardon the moment she saw him; and with much trepidation of heart she had waited for that moment all the evening. But Mr. Edgar did not reappear. Now, hard as it was, it seemed to be her bounden duty to keep her promise to Meg, and, without waiting to let her courage weaken, she rose, shook back her age weaken, she rose, shook back her lose flowing black hair, and said a little

tremuously:

"Meg said I was naughty to you yesterday, and that I ought to ask your pardon

Please forgive me."

She held out her little brown hand, and looked up into his face with a charming blending of confidence and candor in her

blending of confidence and candor in her own countenance.

He was touched in spite of himself, and for an instant he fancied there was something in her expression which resembled his lamented wife, but the next moment he imagined that he detected in her features the closest resemblance to those of his hated brother, and he said half coldly: "I forgive you; and now you had better pick your flowers, and go back to the house; they will want you for breakfast."

He turned away, and the child, designtedly availing herself of the permis-

He turned away, and the child, delightedly availing herself of the permission, seemed to forget all about him.
Directly after breakfast, the party lett
for their mountain home, Mr. Edgar
shaking hands with Meg and Dyke and
Ned, but not offering to kiss the latter
—a slight which was most agreeable to
the little one, for she had a sort of fear of this big, dark man.

Two months had passed, and Farmer Brown coming up from the village brought another letter to Meg Standish, brought another letter to Meg Standish, and this time the contents cansed more exclamations from Meg, and more private conversations with Dyke than the former letter had done.

"What do you think he's driving at?" she asked of her nephew, when for the third time the two privately discussed the contents of the epistle.

"He's driving at one thing," answered Dyke gloomily. "though perhaps he's

"He's driving at one thing," answered
Dyke gloomily, "though perhaps he's
not aware of it himself."

"And what's that?" asked Meg, mopping her good-natured face with her
apron, and drawing closer to her nephew
in her eagerness to hear.

"To take the child away from us altocather for it will come to that in the

"To take the child away from us autogether, for it will come to that in the end. It's fear that 'Ned' after all may be his own that is urging him to this step; else why should he decide now to give her equal advantages with the other child? You told me, Aunt Meg, how bitter he was in his determination not to have the children together; yet here is his letter againg that the other little girl his letter saying that the other little gir. will be with us in a fortnight, and that both are to go to that school in Pennsyl-

wania.

Meg's face was mopped again; the intensity of thought that the subject required brought the perspiration from

every pore.
"But isn't it wonderful." she said, "how he trusts you, Dyke; to think of his telling you to take the children to that place, wherever it is; there must be some at about you that took wi' him."

But Dyke was inequalible to the com-But Dyke was insensible to the com-pliment; he was thinking with a sorrow ful heart of this sudden and unexpected interference of Mr. Edgar just as he had begun to be happy in the thought that Ned would remain with him and Meg

for at least a long time to come.
"I had such plans for her," he said at "I had such plans for ner," he said at length; "I meant to have given her all my knowledge, and then to send her somewhere for accomplishments, but now now he will do it all, and in a little while she will be far removed from us."

"He's the best right to her, he's her fether," mut in Mer.

father," put in Meg.
"Yes; but he doubts it," answered the young man almost fiercely, "and he'll always doubt it, and perhaps let his doubts cloud her life in one way or another. But we gave her the love without stint or hindrance, and we would always give it. Well, lad, don't thee take it so hard.'

In moments of deep feeling, Meg re-sumed the dialect of her childhood which she had lost somewhat in her long residence among the gentry. "It be ant so hard after all; thee'll take the child to school, and thee'll go to see her, and Mr. Edgar'll let her spend her holi-

days wi' us."

But though the youth did not again complain, he took small comfort from hi

aunt's words. Meg had many housewifely preparations to make for the little stranger, and many replies to give to Ned's questions concerning her, when she was informed that a little girl of her own age and he own name was coming from England to visit her; both Meg and Dyke, knowing

visit her; both Mag and Dyke, knowing her passionate attachment to them, were afraid to tell her at first that she was to go away to school with the little girl. So Ned had the brightest anticipations of the visit, and counted the days, and went frequently to her beloved trees, and repeated to them all the news.

"Meg says she's a nice little girl, just as old as I am, and it's so funny, with just my name, only they don't call her Ned. Meg says when we were babies that she took care of us, and that we both lived in an awful big, grand house; bigger and grander than the one down in Barrytown that I told you all about; and this little girl's papa is that Mr. Edgar that I told you about also, and he's sending her to see me; but he is not coming with her himself, he's sending her out. ing her to see me; but he is not coming with her himself, he's sending her cu with people that's coming—people that he knows; and when she comes, I'll bring her out here, and show her to all of you dear maples, and pines, and cedars.

VII. Edna arrived on her mountain visit. It was the afternoon of a lovely October

of those before her overwhelmed her for a moment. Then, not daring to pick any, she flung herself on her knees beside one of the beds, and took long inhalations of the fragrance.

"You dear things," she said, "how God must love you when He makes you so pretty!" It was her first and usual thought: pretty things were God's favorand the inmates of the farm-yard seemed to betray some curiosity as a covered, two-seated wagon drawn by a sleeking, well-fed team drew up in front of them, and the driver descended to assist the occu-

fed team drew up in front of them, and the driver descended to assist the occupants to alight. At the same time Dyke, and Meg, and Ned appeared from the house, and in a little while the three travellers were made heartily welcome. As age has the preference, we shall say a word first of the worthy couple to whose care the little English girl was intrusted. They were a well-to-do, honest, and not unintelligent man and wife who had been born and reared on Mr. Edgar's English estate; their only child, a son, had emigrated to America some years before, and having married and settled in Albany, had frequently written for his parents to join him. That fact became known to Mr. Edgar, and as his restlessiness was urging him to an immediate course of travel in the East, he availed himself of the opportunity to advise the couple to gratify their son's wish in order at the same time to bring the little girl to Meg; and as a handsome sum of money accommand his counsel, their consent

at the same time to bring the little girl to Meg; and as a handsome sum of money accompanied his counsel, their consent was soon won.

To Meg their arrival was like that of her own relations, for she knew them well, and only regretted that she could not induce them to stay with her a month. They insisted upon leaving the very next morning.

Such was the good-hearted, simple couple Such was the good-hearted, simple couple in whose trusty charge the little lady was placed, and now we shall give her a due share of attention. Of course, she did not remember Meg, and she hardly returned that good soul's hearty caress, which coldness the latter attributed to natural shyness. Nor was it to be expected that she should remember Ned, or that the latter should remember her, and when Meg in the exnberance of her own loving heart she stood perfectly still, while Ned im-pulsively obeyed the request and kissed

the little stranger warmly.

"Let me look at you," said Meg, when they were all in the house, and the plainly but expensively dressed little girl had removed her bonnet and tippet.

She was the same height and build as Ned, with the same color hair, and dark expressive eyes; but the expression of her face differed; it lacked the sunny candor face differed; it lacked the sunny candor which fascinated one in Ned's counten-ance, and while the formation of her features gave promise of much greater beauty than her little cousin ever would possess, just now the latter had the advantage. Meg looked earnestly for some resem-blance to Mr. Edgar or his brother; there blance to Mr. Edgaror his brother; there was the same family likeness that her own little charge had, but nothing more. The couple had a letter from Mr. Edgar for Dyke, and Dyke opened it to find a more complete detail of instructions than the former missive had contained.

The arrangements for entering the little ones at school had been completed so that Dyke would have no trouble further than the journey with them; and then the let-ter went on to state that Mr. Edgar preter went on to state that Mr. Edgar pre-ferred the children to be kept in ignor-ance of their relationship, and that he had sent his own little daughter, as he styled Edna—to Meg's secret wrath—to make this mountain visit first instead of make this mountain visit first instead of placing her directly at school, in order that the children might become acquainted with each other, and so feel less the loneliness of entering an entirely strange home. A fortnight he thought would make them sufficiently acquainted, and their school-life could begin about the first of November. The same supply of clothes which came with his own daughter, would be found in an accompanying trunk for Meg's little charge.

Ned was impatient to show her young visitor all the things in which she was herself so interested, but the dainty little herself so interested, but the dainty fittle English miss betrayed a provoking want of curiosity; indeed, she seemed to be holding in constant scorn all her surroundings, and when coaxed out to see the milking, gathered her dress about her, and put her hand to her nose.

"I don't like it," and I'm afraid of "I don't like it," and I'm afraid of them ugly things," pointing to the great, stupid-looking cows, and recoiling from Ned who would have pulled her forward. And the next morning, when Ned in delighted and eager haste conducted her companion to the wood, and found that she positively refused to go father, he. she positively refused to go farther, be-cause of her fears to enter such a dark ooking place, she was ready to cry from

"I told the trees you were coming, told the trees you were coning, she said, the tears welling in her eyes, "and I'll have shown you where the equirrels have their nuts stored for the winter, and the berries that come out for the little bird's winter food, and ever so

"Told the trees I was coming," said the English Edna, who had lost everything but that first astonishing sentence. "Do your trees here speak?"

"No; not like you and me," said Ned

your trees here speak?"
"No; not like you and me," said Ned impatiently, "but I understand them, and every time the leaves move I think I hear them saying something."
The little English girl burst into a leavel.

laugh.

"You're so awful funny," she said in answer to her companion's look of indignant surprise. "I suppose it is because you don't know much, living here with that queer old woman, and that funny-

looking man." Ned's temper was aflame in an instant Ned's temper was analied in Instante — such daring aspersions cast on her best beloved friends, and especially Dyke who was her hero, were too much for her childish human nature, and without pausing an instant she flew at her cousin, tearing her hair, and scratching and bitting her with all her strength.

her hair, and scratching and biting her with all her strength.

The attack was so sudden and unexpected that Edna was completely off her guard, and maddened by the pain, as well as blinded by efforts directed at one and the same time toward her hair, eyes, and cheeks, she could only scream lustily, and endeavor to parry the strokes by thrusting out her arms. The two fell at last, and once down Ned's rage seemed to have spent itself; she rose, leaving her companion still prostrate and screaming, and darting into the wood, was soon hidden from sight.

The little English girl picked herself up, and truly she was in sorry plight. Her dishevelled hair hung partly over her face, and was fullof the dirt and tiny bits of brushwood on which she had fallen, while one of her cheeks bore swollen and bloody marks of the little virago's teeth. Her dress was torn and dirty, and her den from sight.

The little English girl picked herself up,

whole person was suggestive of a most Screaming all the way, she returned to

the house.

"Bless me soul!" exclaimed Meg when she saw her, and Dyke, brought by the screams from the barn, had his fears sed for Ned.

aroused for Ned.
"Where is Ned?" he asked, in his anxiety for her, losing concern for the child before him. But Edna was in too violent a paroxysi of grief to answer, and it was not until Meg had soothed her that they could get any coherent statement from her. Then the blame was all upon Ned; the artful child not telling a word of her own pro-

"Dyke, who knew every shade in Ned's vocation. disposition, asked:
"Didn't you say something to her that

"Didn't you say something to her that
made her fly at you like that? Just
think what you said to her."

"I didn't say anything; only I wouldn't
go into the woods with her because it
was so awful dark," and the sobs continued.

"Where is she now?" asked Dyke.
"She's in the wood." snoken from the

"She's in the wood," spoken from the depths of Meg's bosom.

Dyke hurried to the wood, while Meg

Dyke hurried to the wood, while Meg thought within herself, "Lawks me! if this is the way they're getting acquainted, what'll it be by-and-by?"

Dyke sought the wood; he knew Ned's haunts, for he had often been there with her, and interpreted for her her fondly imagined language of the trees. Now he found her curled up at the foot of one, and sobbing as if her heart would break. Her grief came from a twofold source, a keen sense of Dyke's displeasure—her fits of temper so pained him—and remorse for her savage treatment of the little stranger.

stranger.
"I've been so wicked," she had sobbed out to the trees, as she had thrown her-self down, "and now God won't love me, and you won't love me either." Dyke took her up in his strong, young

"Tell me, Ned," he said with that grave air which he assumed whenever her temper broke out and which went to her little heart, "tell me about it." She put her arms around his neck, and rested her tear-stained cheek against his,

while she answered:

while she answered:
"Please forgive me, Pyke; I've been
awful wicked. I just went at her and
scratched her and bit her, but I'm awful scratched her and bit her, but I m awid sorry, and I'll beg her pardon too, if you'll only forgive me this time, Dyke."

"But tell me about it," he persisted gravely. "What caused you to do it; did

gravely. "What caused y she say anything to you?" Ned was silent; she had been taught by both Meg and Dyke, but particularly Dyke, to tell the truth strictly, and now did she do so, her answer must reflect upon Edna, and also hurt Dyke's feelings. With all her anger against the little visitor, in her natural generosity of heart,

e could not bear to say anything tha would reflect upon her.

But Dyke persisted, and at length he won the whole story, with an addition

"Don't mind it, Dyke; she'll like you

by and-by, and maybe she's real nice too after all. Don't you think so?"

But Dyke reserved his opinion, and instead, talked in his gentle, yet grave and impressive way of the dreadful future the child might be storing for herself in yielding to those passionate hursts of targets. child might be storing for hersell hyledining to those passionate bursts of temper.
And she listened while the tears streamed
down her cheeks, and looked so pretty
and so pitiful that the lad could not refrain longer from comforting her.
She walked with him to the house very
schedie, but the moment that she cancht

soberly; but the moment that she caught sight of Edna, whose tears had long since been dried, and who was amusing herself watching Meg's culinary operations, she darted to her, threw her arms around her

of heart. TO BE CONTINUED.

AN IRISH HOTEL KEEPER.

Fought With a Guest Because the Latter Insisted on Paying More Than the Regular Charges.

Writing from Dabiin to the Inter Mountain Catholic, Rev. Thomas H. Malone, editor of that journal, says:

The visitor to Ireland will find a marked difference in the treatment he receives at the hands of shopeepers and hotel managers from tha to which he is accustomed in France, for instance or among the keen Scotch. In Ireland there is a fixed price, the same for the visitor as for the native, and from this there is no deviation and from this there is no determined and interesting account of a "disagreement" which occured recently at Ballymacnois.

When the "disagreement," so called, had reached its most interesting phase two members of the Royal Irish constabulary showed themselves from behind the turf stack, at the opposite side of the street, and with

them the parish priest. "What's this at, all at all?" his reverence cried, looking around with eyes and pursed out lips, as if he had never seen a fight in all his life. "Is it your, Tim, Finnigan, that has been liftin' your hand against a fellow-crayture, Oh, Timothy, it's ashamed of you I am; and the gentleman a stranger, too. "Maybe it was myself that was a

bit hasty, your reverence," interposed Timmy's late opponent, per ceiving that a more serious issue than he had looked for was imminent. 'Maybe Mister Finnigan isn't so much to blame.

"Sir," said the priest, "you're aa-magnanimous opponent, whatever your name may be 'My name's O Dwyer, and it's from

the County Roscommon that I come, sir, and I do a bit in the pig jobbing," said the man. "It's an honorable business, Mr.

"You must know, your Reverence, that when I said one and six-pence for O Dwyer's tea last night, and his

and a bite of breakfast this morning."
"Holy fly, a bite—he says a bite,
and it was four eggs that I had for my
tea and six for my breakfast, with a couple of pounds of ham, and he said eighteen pence for that !'

"And plenty, too," said Timmy, outly. "But, says he, 'two stoutly. soluty. Dut, says ne, 'two shillings is the least that I'll pay you,' says he; 'and that won't more nor pay for the bacon and eggs,' says he. 'One and six is my charge," says I. It's insulting of me y'are,' says It's well able I am to pay you the two shillings,' says he. And so one word led to another till he goes and calls me a robber for charging too littlerobbing of herself and children, he calls it, with a bowld face. Sure, that was more'n fiesh and blood could stand Father Conn."

A murmur of sympathy and acquiescence went around the circle, but his

Reverence checked it.
"Whist, ye rapscallions!" he said, and they were whist. Then turning to the inn-keeper, he shook his head with an affectation of sadness that was really artistic. "How durst you preshume to dictate to the gentleman what he should pay, Timothy Finnigan? he required. "It's a good mind I have this day to make ye take half a crown from him for your impiden

"Ah, your Raverence wouldn't be that hard on a boy," protested Mr.

Finnigan.
And then Mr. O'Dwyer with increased magnanimity, tried to explain that his vindictiveness did not run to half a crown. He would be quite satisfied if his Reverence could induce Mr. Finnigan to take the two shillings instead of eighteen pence that he wished to charge. After some delicate negotiations on this basis the good priest scored a diplomatic triumph, and the status quo ante bellum was resumed. I need not observe that fights for

similar reasons do not occur in other parts of Europe.

A PRIEST'S STORY.

This story was related by the late Father Smulders, C. SS. R., whilst in New Orleans, of a colored man who came to a watch maker and gave him two hands of a clock, saying : yer to fix up dese han's. Dey jes' doan keep no mo' kerec time for mo' den six "Where is the clock?" answered

the watchmaker. "Oat at de house on de creek.

"But I must have the clock. "Didn't I tell yer dar's nuffin de matter wid de clock, 'ceptin de han's? and I done brought 'em to you. You jes' want de clock so you kin tinker wid it and charge me a big price. Gimme back dem han's

So saying he went off to find some

reasonable watchmaker. Foolish as he was, his action was very like that of those who try to reg-ulate their conduct without being made right on the inside. They go wrong, but refuse to believe that the trouble is with their conscience. They are sure it is not the clock, but the hands that are out of order. They know no more of the need of a change meck and burst out with:

"I'm so sorry I hurt you; I know I
was awful wicked, but please forgive me,
and I'll try to love you very much."

The humble and penitent speech was
received with an indifference that gave
in the sacrament of penance, which but little indication of much generosity will set their works right, so that they may keep time with the great clock of the universe, and no longer attempt to set themselves according to the correct

time of the world. And their reason for not putting hemselves into the mercy of the Sacrec Heart of Jesus and under the protection of His Immaculate Mother is very similar to the reason the colcred man gave. They are afraid the price will be too great. They say, "we or wish to avoid this or that bad habit." But the great clockmaker says: cannot regulate the hands unless I

AN OLD IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

P. G. Smyth in October Donahoe's.

have the clock."

Under the new pressure the old race of classical pedagogues dwindled and vanished. A few, a very few of the fine old scholars still linger, rare as the red deer of Erin. One of the last of the species was discovered five or six years ago by Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., in the person of Tom Daffy poor, old, emaciated, of Lochaun-nyalla (the little lake of the cliff), near Croagh Patrick. The old man, resting on a rock on the bleak mountain side, looked about ninety at the least.

" 'What does that matter?' he asked indignantly, as soon as he began to rouse his faculties and shake his stick. 'I was just on my way to smoke a pipe with an older man than myself, away back—nil ego contulerim jocundo sanus amico.' The classic words warmed him like old wine. His head was thrown back, his eyes afire, his voice rolled vigorously from the chest, his oak stick partook the enthusiasm, while he burst into whole pages of Horace, and Virgil, and Ovid. It was not in the least a matter of display. It was simply audible soliloquy. It was the delight of learning for ing's sake, such as one dares not hope to find in a lackadaisical modern university. Prosody transformed him like one of Dr. Faustus' potions. While I was humbly wondering at his Latin quantities he was off into Greek

A collection was subsequently made for the aged scholar. When the local clergyman presented it to him, Magister Duffy remarked: "Pedagogus iste totaliter extinctus est."

1900. Propagation of the Faith.

Recommended to our prayers by H Holiness Leo XIII. American Messenger of the Sacred Hear

" It must be admitted without r serve that there is nothing so exceltional in its beauty, nothing so divin in its power to develop holiness, nothing so sublime in its magnificent pre eminence over all other institutions the Church of Jesus Christ, the parer the procreatrix and the nursir mother of the family of the faithfu outside of which there can be naug that is good, healthful or helpful f the souls of men. Such were the words which I.

XIII. addressed to the Polish pilgri
on the occasion of the jubilee of 188

He was speaking of certain religious

ites that had come down to them from remote antiquity and he added a remote antiquity and he adde "This unity in variety is like royal robe, that delights us by its w derful beauty and grace, and by very diversity makes the immacula spouse of Christ all the fairer a more lovely in the eyes of men." This Queen arrayed in the glory every age and of every race is unde divine compulsion of subjecting all tions to her sway in the unity of fai

no matter how they differ from e other in manners, time or place. She can do naught else than inc santly strive, in spite of every obsta and at any cost, to advance the bou aries of the Kingdom of Jesus Chr This propagation of the faith, of use the word that is now in vog this expansion of the Church by constant addition of new territories her domains is the aim that must ever before her. It is the reason
her existence. To help her to d
and to achieve in our days gre
triumphs than ever before is to be special object of the prayers of 25,000,000 associates of the Les

during the ensuing month. Let us examine first to what ex this work of expansion is being car on at the present time, omitting the moment the consideration of c tries which, righly or wrongly, still regarded as Catholic, and di ing our attention to what are co

the foreign missions. At the beginning of the cen there were no missions at all and reason is not hard to find. In reason is not hard to find. In first place the Society of Jesus had been suppressed. That meant th mediate cessation of missionary e prises extending from Cape Hor the northern countries of Japan, the forcible ejection of 16,000 mer were engaged in the work. were torn from the neophytes in A ica and Asia, flung into prison or tered over the face of the world.

Secondly, the atheistic spirit of eighteenth century had extingt the missionary spirit of the cl The apostolic torch had gone out pletely. It was, besides, the epo the French revolution; the chi were despoiled and all money reso cut off, while the persecution clergy put a stop to ecclesiastical tions. Germany was at this given over to Josephism; Italy Spain were at odds with the Hol with a consequent result of the de tion of religious discipline, and rest of Europe, as we know plunged in schism and heresy.

Nevertheless the Church which "eternal rebeginner," as Pau called her, set to work. The rerestoration in France, brough by Napoleon Bonaparte, gave the missions their richest source plies. The seminaries of the M Etradgeres were repeopled. the Propaganda at Rome, mission full of enthusiasm were sent and thither and the accounts of labors published everywhere press, set the heart or Catholical fire. The desire of martyrdom fire.

kindled and the great work of the ent century begun.

The missions of the nineteen tury are unlike those of former It is easier now to reach the to to be evangelized; the climates as likely to be fatal, political i afford a certain measure of pro but nevertheless the old barbar mains, and there enters also a

ment, viz: the rivalry of Pr The latter difficulty dates on about 1850, but there are alr present about eighty Bible S chiefly English and American their agents everywh have Oceanica, northern and western Madagascar and Asia, working feverish activity and with ap illimitable financial resources

command.

Holy Russia also enters Greek schism, not that it make verts, but it nullifies all the

Catholicism. But neither of these obstacle permanent. For, in the fir higher criticism is destroying antism in Europe and Amer the effect must soon be felt in sions. Secondly, Democrac presently have something t Russian absolutism, and as th Church is a political mac power must inevitably wan near future.
The Jesuit and other mission

the seventeenth century h three million Catholics to th in the Indies. Difficulties a the quarrel about the Mala but in spite of that they we made the country Catholic b destruction of the Society of In Hindustan the entran