

A FAITHFUL SENTINEL

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LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A LAST GLIMPSE OF LINKED LIVES.

"Adoro te devote, latens Deitas. Que sub his figuris vere latitas— Tibi se cor meum totum delicti." —St. Thomas Aquinas.

Hugh was buried, according to his own request, in the Catholic cemetery of Melbourne.

Hugh had made himself generally beloved among his people, and the romantic story of Mabel's faithful love for him soon became known far and wide.

For Katie Mackay sunny days were yet in store. For many weeks after her arrival at Melbourne she suffered from nervous fever.

Steenie was left, by Hugh's generous forethought, in possession of what, to him, was a small fortune.

He had stoken in upon her unobscured, as she sat reading, or rather weeping, with an open book upon her lap.

"Steenie! Steenie! Maister Steenie Logie!" she exclaimed, with sad emphasis.

"Eh, but, Katie! gin I love ye, lassie! what I do if ye garr'd me gang awa' an' leave ye alane!"

"Steenie," said Katie earnestly, withdrawing herself forcibly from the sheltering arms that would have taken her forever into their keeping.

"Whisht ye, Katie, whisht ye! Fu' weel, owre weel, I ken a' ye wad tell me; but gin ye'll love me, Katie, I's willin' to let bygones be—dinna gang for to bring them up to me."

He had sunk on his knees before her, and was looking up at her with his honest sailor face, so full of warm, trusting affection for the girl who had wronged him so cruelly.

So Katie, fairly vanquished, with tenderness, welling up within her heart, bent down her proud little head.

A good, faithful one she proved too, in the end, none the less so because of her previous sad experiences.

Steenie prospered, and became a rich man; and after some years sent for his old mother, with his brothers and sisters, and established them all comfortably.

Father Vaughan, whose residence in Melbourne was, as Hugh once said, only temporary, went for a time to Port Arthur, where he labored among the convicts.

Mabel unwittingly had sown good seed in her little day, and in due time it had taken root very far down, to grow up into a goodly tree.

So it came about that, in a few years' time, another little Mabel walked and danced merrily in the footsteps of her departed great-aunt.

Two scenes more, and my story closes. In a little village in the far Western prairies of America there is a Christian settlement, whose school is under the management of St. Vincent de Paul's Sister of Charity.

It is Christmas evening, in the Convent of the Perpetual Adoration at Vrananiches. The letters which, during the holy season of Advent, have not been delivered.

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who marries Georgie Graeme. Poor Miss Rawlins quite broke her heart, and lived only six months to enjoy the comfortable independence Mabel had, before starting on her voyage, secured to her.

Jeanie Kerr never forgot the salutary lesson of Maggie's awful death. Before leaving Edinburgh, Katie had contrived to obtain a farewell interview with her, in which she had wrung from Jeanie a promise to enter as a penitent the Asylum of the Good Shepherd, near Glasgow.

Jeanie kept her promise. The day after Mabel's departure she went to Glasgow, and acting under the influence of the late terrible impressions she had received, she asked and obtained a shelter under the care of the white-robed sisters of the Good Shepherd.

There, after some years, she died a happy, contented death. A death of suffering it had been, nevertheless, for Jeanie, soon after her entrance into the Asylum, began to show symptoms of spinal disease.

Supported by one of the Mothers, with the glorious sunset of St. Mary Magdalene's evening lighting up the little altar opposite her bed, fortified with all the sacraments of the Church, with the soothing sound of prayer rising around her, Jeanie Kerr, the once lost, degraded outcast from society, restored, through the saving sacrament of penance, to the forfeited dignities of her womanhood, passed away, with a peaceful smile upon her lips, redeemed and pardoned, into the arms of her Saviour.

"I have nothing yet good to relate about Jeanie's mother, the infamous Mrs. Kerr; but she has a daughter in heaven, so that even for Mrs. Kerr, hardened sinner as she is, there remains some hope.

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"Of your charity, pray for the repose of the souls of Mabel Forrester and Hugh Fortescue, who departed this life, the former being lost at sea on the Feast of St. Michael the Archangel; the latter, who died on the Feast of the Angel Guardians, fortified by all the sacraments of Holy Church: on whose souls sweet Jesus have mercy."

For a brief space Mabel's friend has been grieving with grief most natural over Mabel's loss. Unable at first to turn her mind from the horrors of the awful night, which rose before her, a picture too vividly real, Genevieve's heart has been almost breaking with sympathy for the sufferers her darling Mabel must have endured.

Do what she would, Genevieve could not shut out the terrible contrast which for awhile her excited imagination unrolled before her. The gay, sunny-hearted, sunny-faced Mabel, with her perpetual flow of strong, healthy spirits, her glad enjoyment of the smallest pleasures of daily life, her keen sense of the beautiful, her passionate enthusiasm for what was high and holy; and then in contrast to see her as Genevieve's fancy would behold her—alone, dying, terrified in the midst of the broad ocean she had with so fatally true an instinct dreaded when long ago in the long summer evenings at Elvanlee she had sat with Genevieve upon the beach.

There had always been about Genevieve's love for her friend Mabel something particularly tender and protecting. She never could bear to see Mabel suffer; and in days gone by had continually sought to guard and shield her even from every little annoyance.

It was, therefore, only natural that the details of Mabel's death should be distressing in the extreme to Genevieve, and for awhile she had yielded to her grief, and had astonished her sisters in Religion—who were accustomed to her uniform serenity, which it had often been laughingly asserted nothing could have the power to disturb—by the violent outbreak of anguish with which she had received the terrible news.

Softly opening the chapel door, Genevieve enters, closing it again behind her. Hushed and darkened is the silent choir; the red lamp sheds its radiance over the altar, where, high enthroned, in the midst of lights and flowers, a God is dwelling whose name is Love. In that holy place no sound breaks the solemn stillness. There the passions die away into nothingness; there God's will is worshipped by countless thousands of adoring angels, and made lovely through the sweetness of His presence to the human hearts of His chosen children upon earth; there the everlasting arms are held forth to shelter and support; there, too, the eye that never sleeps looks down with love eternal, wooing to itself the hearts of the children of men; there all doubts are answered, all troubles weighed in their right balance; there the Sacred Heart of a human God, a heart both Human and Divine, is beating ever through the long hours of day and night—beating with yearning tenderness for the mourning and the heavy-laden who come to Him for rest.

There is peace, there is joy—there, indeed, is heaven begun on earth, where all earth's sorrows dream themselves into slumber, soothed by the lullaby of God's love.

Genevieve Vaughan, Sœur Marie du Saint Sacrement, kneels down before the altar, and there falls upon her wounded spirit God's own delicious peace. Kneel on, thou chosen child of the most Adorable Sacrament, and with thee let me close the last scene of my story. Happiest of all thou, who hast chosen for thy portion to dwell in the shadow of the sanctuary, and to know no other love on earth than the love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

In our poor outer world hearts are daily torn with loving. There is no earthly love but has its bitter pangs. Not to everyone is it given, as to thee, to begin on earth the life of heaven. To be able to love—only to love once and for ever that which shall form thy own beatitude in eternity, is a great gift, a wondrous gift. Thou who hast it, be thankful—see that thou hold it fast, and let us once more call thee blessed—happy beyond all who are blessed and happy on earth.

To dwell beneath the shadow of the Altar, to hope with, to suffer with, and to adore the Glorious One before Whom the bright-winged seraphs and the hosts of cherubim veil their faces in speechless adoration—O God, is there on earth a bliss to compare with this?

I believe not, and would fain end with trusting, loving Mabel's last words, quoted from the hymn of St. Thomas Aquinas—words which soothed her in sorrow, wooed her in joy, and comforted her in the hour of death, when the *vita venturi seculi* was opening out before her, and was close at hand, too, for the

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

life so closely linked with hers, the shaded life of her beloved Hugh. "O Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio, Oro fiat illud quod tam sitis— Ut te revelata carnis facie Visu sim beatus tue Glorie." THE END.

SILENT PREACHERS. The following anecdote from the pen of an English journalist is worth repeating: Some years ago I had to spend some time in London. I happened to fall in with a civil engineer, a young man of good family, who had been employed on the Suez Canal. As I was a mathematician I soon became quite intimate with him. One Sunday he expressed a desire to accompany me to High Mass at a neighboring church. I thought that although, as a Protestant, he could not sympathize with our devotions, he was nevertheless gentlemanly enough to behave respectfully. We were not long in the church, however, before I noticed that my friend was inspecting the congregation rather curiously and turning round in his place in order to get a good view of their faces. I said nothing about it after Mass. The following Sunday he came again and behaved in the same manner. On the third Sunday we had the following conversation: "Wilson," said I, "it strikes me that you enter a Catholic church much in the frame of mind in which you would enter a theatre."

"You are much mistaken," he answered, blushing; "for a long time I have held your church in the greatest veneration."

"Yes, but to judge by the way you gaze about, the place has no sacredness in your eyes. It were better, I should think, for a Protestant to pray in his own church than to go to the Catholic Church and hold an inspection of the congregation."

"I confess," said he, "that I showed an unbecoming curiosity, I forgot myself, but I am sure if you will listen to an explanation of my behaviour you will acquit me of irreverence."

"Well, let me hear your explanation, Wilson; I am not disposed to judge you harshly."

"I was observing the expression on the faces of those present, in order to judge if they really believed in what was taking place at the altar."

"But what particular interest had you in applying this test to the sincerity of these poor people?"

"Simply this," he replied, with true Saxon candor: "I should like as much as possible to study your religion by direct observation before studying it in books."

"Are you thinking of becoming a Catholic?" I asked with astonishment.

"Yes, when I have got over certain difficulties I feel in accepting your form of worship."

"Might I ask you, Wilson, what first awakened your interest in the Catholic religion?"

"It was the modesty of Irish servant-girls. I once spent some time in Ireland, and had occasion when there to enter all manner of public-houses. The maid-servants were all poor—some of them had not a pair of shoes to their feet. They were the most submissive and the most obliging creatures I ever laid eyes on. They jested and listened to jests; but as soon as any of my men—there were some pretty rough fellows among them—dropped a remark that seemed in the least to be an insult to their virtue, they immediately drew themselves up with the dignity of princesses, and repelled the insult with indignation. I said to myself a hundred times over that a religion which inculcates such an esteem for virtue in such poor and unlettered people must have something in it that rises high above superstition. I have seen none who compare in this respect with the poor Irish Catholics."

"A very natural result," I remarked, "of your devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and the habit they have had from childhood of confessing their sins. We regard as a matter of course what you consider heroism in these poor girls."

Shortly after Mr. Wilson (this, by the way, is a fictitious name, his real name I cannot publish) went to Father Anderson, himself a distinguished convert. What took place afterwards I did not learn, as I had to leave London the following week. Few persons, on hearing of this man's conversion, could have been aware of the part which the Irish servant-girls had in it. The Church is never without her silent preachers of the Word, and the command, *Go ye and teach all nations*, has a wider application than we are apt to think. There is no one who is not an apostle, for good or for evil.—From the pilgrim of Our Lady of Martyrs, Nov., 1892.

The number of Catholic churches in Great Britain is now 1735, of which 1500 have been erected during the last fifty years; and yet there are persons who persist in asserting that Catholicity has made no progress in the country during that period. It is not likely that the churches would have been erected if there were not congregations to use them.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extirpator.

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Bad Blood causes blotches, boils, pimples, abscesses, ulcers, scrofula, etc. Burdock Blood Bitters cure bad blood in any form from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

Norway Pine Syrup is the safest and best cure for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, and all throat and lung troubles. Price 25c and 50c.

Written for the CAT... Carn-Cul-ri... Where Iona's front arises and stern... The hallowed Knockin' Carn-Cul-ri-Erin.

On its summit in the sun how'd and broken; He has looked his last on farewell is spoken.

Ne'er again shall see the cloudy mountain quit; Hear its glens reverberate each river.

Listen to the bells of V woodland pealing; On the dewy steeps of dark moon scaling.

Song of clerk or voice glowing bonny Evn; And Carn-Cul-ri-Erin, ever.

Iona, not to thee alone, thine O'er Irish dust in other lands is swelling.

And hearts as tender as thine in each fibre; Mark many a Col-ri-Erin the Tiber.

Ah! surely He chastiseth affection; The sorrows of our pilgrim election.

Then, he the ride short or always yearn; Our steady gaze direct to Erin.

Literally: The back to Hill of Farewell; Little healthy hill.

FATHER MURPHY'S SOUPE. Many years ago we relate the following: Patrick's day lecture of the effect of proselytizing societies, faith of the poor Irish suffering from the visitation.

Well, as the story of those periodical visits of which I have been a part, quite a little band of converts the people from tantism. Unlike the those devoted gentlemen to argument or eloquence for the success. No, they had come to an abundant outpour of what they called the Gospel of Christ.

Unfortunately for their mission they their operations the Father Murphy. His was not Father Murphy prevented the speaker's real name.

In this parish of there were, as there parishes, certain w people who never we practiced any of the And these, or rather of the English missionaries buying over to their

Now this Father M who would stand no all rascally nonsense therefore it wasn't lo fixed upon his plans put a stop to this wor the faith of his poor p

One morning as he the highway, he ov well known Protesta man, of the neighbor Verner, as we shall c

"Good morning, s exceedingly astonish would notice him at a "Fine morning,"

"Yes," answered a fine morning. It re light of the Gospel to appear in this be I am thinking, Mr. I keep on as they are old Church will have "Jemmie," said t all disconcerted nat impudence of the ma you are taking about ing of the conversion of some of my people

"Yes," sir, an "that's what I am t "Now, Jemmie," "you are a man of se fool. You know just what these people are were and what mad that's not what I wa about nor to ask you, ask you is—don't you of your reverend E going in the wrong you think the poor P neighborhood have a money than the poor Protestant money? think that if you and heads together we cectly fair little gam money would be ma belongs, that is, to th of this neighborhood, them, as you are a me?"

Jemmie made no it was clear that h tremendously to wor "You understand priest, at last. "I think I do, sir mie, "I think I do. "Oh, you think y sure you do?" "Yes, I am, "Very well the Murphy, "but mind ask you to turn C Protestant or turni serious a business t All I ask is call u morning and take o people see you com can talk this matter comfortably by our "I'll do that, sir "I'll be with you