TRUE HEROISM

ers write of battles fought, body, ghastly fields, honour greets the man tha

wins,
And death the man that yields,
But I write of him who fights
And yanguishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary
Against himself and wins.

Who is a hero staunch and brave
Who lights an unseen for.
And puts at last beneath life feet
His passion over in manhood's migi
Undaunted, undismayed—
The bravest man that drew a sword
In foray, or in raid.

It calls for somothing more than l Or nuscle to o'ercome. An enemy who matched not With banner, plumo, and drum-A foe foreor lurking nigh. With allont, stealthy tread; Forever near your board by day, At night beside your bed.

At high costuly you bed.
At high control that brave heart
Though rich or poor he be,
Who struggies with his better part—
Who conquers and is free.
He may not wear a sero's crown,
Or fill a hero's five a hero's free
But truth will place his name among
The bravest of the brave.

# Mechtilde Harlath

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER I.

Loid Hailath was past fifty and neither good-looking nor agreable when he wood and won his first wife, the Grafin blechtide Eversberg, before the end of her first season, and the world predicted trouble—with a certain meianchely pleasure—when the eighteen-year-old belle and her cantankerous elderly bridegroom should set up house there.

year-old belle and her cantankerous siderly inidegroum should set up house of settler.

The only one of all Lerd Harlat's acquaintances who was in the least hopeful about the result of the strange match was the lady's stephroiter and His Lordship's almost unique friend, sir William Durrant, who, innowing the unpopular nobleman better than any-body site, had discovered that there did exist a gentle corner in his heart, which the loveliness and sweet nature of the German girl, the daughter of Sir William's deceased stepmother, appeared to have toucked. Yet the barone's discornment seemed at fault when, immediately after the wedding, Lord Harlath curried off his bride to Kilmore Castle, his Irish seat, a place beautiful in itself, but situated "at the back of god-speed," and there, without any podety save her husband's and that of Mrs. Taibot, the housekeeper (who, however, was of gentle birth and 'distantly related to the family) Lady Harlath passed the only year of her married life, and there sie died the day her first child came into the world. After the funeral Lord Herlath servor daughter in Mrs. Taibot's charge, under whose devoted care she grew up and flourisited, being a rosy child of seven when his Lordship took for his second wife Lady Jacobina MacPherson, and Mrs. Taibot's charge, but it chanced—or rather by pened by God's will—that little Mecatilde fell sick of scarlatina on the eve of her desprise from Kilmore, leaving his mereby, But it chanced—or rather by pened by God's will—that little Mecatilde fell sick of scarlatina on the eve of her desprise from Kilmore, and when quito recovered appeared to have been for potten in her father's anxiety in the hope of an heir, and afterwards in his fellight upon its birth, though the title was one which could descend in the troubel line.

delight upon its birth, though the title was one which could decend in the furnale line.

This poor baby was also left mother-less at an carly age, for the second Lady Harlath died of consumption before it was two years old, and her widower, having arranged that its maternal grandparents should bring the boy up, set off on his travels through Eastern Asia, a long and vearinsone account of which he wrote on his roturn, and was taken up with this tock that he had no leisure to remember how old his daughter was getting or to think about her far all, "until "Sir William Durrant remonstrated with him for neglocting the girl's education, and insisted upon the eggagement of a governess for her, undertaking himself to find one, and the baronet was certainly fortunate in the choice of a person who was not only accomplished, but experienced in the things of young issues of high position.

What Miss Swanton thought of her

ton. What Miss Swanton thought of her sw place and pupil may be gathered from the following extract taken from so of her letters to her aster (governess to the daughters of Princess L.

one of her letters to her sister (governess to the daughters of Princess L. von D. 9——):—
"The castle is pletureaque and situated at the base of a heather-covered bill facing the sea. Mrs. Taibot, the lady in charge of the establishment, is collivated person, but, like every-hody else here, of the Romith faith, not excepting even the little girl, though all sea other members of the Harlath family belong to the Church of England. I show on the conclude that the fast Lady Harlath was a Catholic.
"Mechilde is very backward for fourteen, but possesses a good deal of seneral information and some knowledge of music acquired from Mrs. Taibot. She is very tail and presty, harland being so exquisitely small one branches how it can bear the weight of the two immense platts of goldenfrown hair, which reach to her kneed. Dave never before seen such hair, are very as are also peculiar—of a private doolour, with black pupils. She quiet, uncommunicative and childish; her acclose being influenced by a sapie plety—which is cellfying—not the stating the difference in her faith that said the faith.

having a theory that a ferced change of religion always caused spiritual misory and generally ended in a despair which blighted all spiritual belief.

which blighted all apiritual bellef.

CHAPTER II.

Thus in one of the uttermost parts of the earth did Lord Horhath's daughter remain until she had completed ber intetcenth year, when the sudden death of her brother from diphtheria made her once more helices to the family name and estates and brought her forward in her father's thoughts, causing him to send for her to come to him at Harlath Park.

lilm to send for her to come to him at literiath Park.

Though Mrs. Talbot had alwayz expected a spapration from her adopted child, she felt a pang of its approach an untercably, and dreaded not for herself, but for Mechilde, Lord Harlath's wrath on learning that his offapring "adored faise gods." She tried to prepare the girl of the efforts which would be made to induce her to give up her fatth, avoiding, however, any illusion to the old gentiernan's unamisable character. When the day of parting arrived the poor lady was almost desperate with girl and apprehension, both of which feelings she nevertheless concealed to some extent from Mechilde, who, though in tears at having to hid Mrs. Talbot farewell, believed, with the hopelessness of youth, that her would allow her to return often to Kilmore. The father who had always been the hero and teed of her day dreams! How ohe longed to be hold his face, to feel his embrace, to sympathize with him in his sorrow on the loss of her brother, whom, alas, she had never seen! Such sweet hopes and desires filled the child-soul during the journey, as they had often done before at Killmore.

It was late on the second evening since their departure, when Mechilde, her governess and her maid reached Harlath Park, and the girl, naturally expecting to be shown at once into her father's presence, was disappointed when he merely sent a message that dinner would be served in half on hour. Wond-ing at this straige reception, she began to change her dress, and when her toilet was finished went down stairs alone

The drawing-room was still empty, and going over to the fire she lean the marble pilita of the mantelpiece, and fell into a reverie, heromy who had come in, he stood mother who had come in, he stood mother who had come in, he stood mother and of the perfect proportions of her tail form; her face was turned disturb her, for in a moment she moved and lifted her wistful eyes which solven and she saw that he was young and broad in the shoulders, with the holders is a distribution o

ejaculated:
"Well, well, I never expected to see such a fine girl! Very like your nother, certainly, but a much better heigat. Dear me, how time does fly. Eh, James ? But you don't notice that yet, eh?"

The word.

height. Dear me, how time does uselly, James? But you don't notice that yet, eh?"

The young man made no answer; he was watching the flush of the girl's brow, called up by this terrible sudden distillusion.

Probably all were relieved when dinner was announced, though it did not turn out a very genial enterLainment, Mechtilde being too overcome by her recent emotion to join in the conversation, and the guest, observing how she would fain be left in peace, engaged Lord Harlath in an argument upon soms question connected with China, to afford the author of 'Travels in Enziern Asia" the occupation of airing his views on the subject.

CHAPTER III.

## CHAPTER III.

CHAPTER III.

Next morning at breakfast Lord
Hariath, anxious possibly to make
amends for the coolness of his weicome to Mechilide, began to enquire
into her tastes, and, discovering she
was a horsewomen, ordered a quiet
mare to be saddled for her, and then
naw her and their guest off for a
ride.

wish olour, with black pupils. She saw her and their guest of for a full time the second of the substitution of the second of th

had found her parent so opposed to her ideal, she shrunk from the very thought of this private interview.

To keep her fath secret she, of course, knew to be shrittl and probably even for one day more impossible, since it happened to be Friday, and her abattinence from mant would certainly be moticed.

On returning from the idle she went tremblingly into lunch, but was relieved to thid it was a ment which leard Hulath never partook of, and if James Durrant remarked that she ate only bread and butter his curboly was not axided by the fact.

As the afternoon went by Mechtilde's trouble increased. She waited to go down to dimer until the last moment, passing into the dining-room with a beating heart Her returned of soup and entree escaped remark, but when it came to a helping of sirioh. Lord Harlath's attention was attracted, and he asked if she were ill.

Mechtilde answered in a voice so caim that it astonleshed all present; but no one more than herself.

"No, father, but I am a Catholic and cannot eat meat to-day,"

Lud Harlath dropped his knife and fork, rose to his fect, and slowly repeated, almost too incredulous to be thoroughly anary yet:

"A Catholic! Is it possible that I understood you to say you were a Catholic?" Then as the recollection generated his mind that Mechtilde had certainly passed her life entirely among "Papists," his rage gathered like thunderclouds before a storm.

"Never let me hear again that you are a Catholic "he reared." Eat your dinner this instant! Simons," this to we herefelly uncontrollable. Snatching it to work the meat, his furry grey

among "Papistan," his rorse gathered like thundercious before a strong the the time that work it the butter. "replace Miss Harishis plate."

Then seeing the gift make on attempting the plate of the pl



ing his accessive, and the only consideration which induced Durrant to control his active indignation against his host was the certainty that a quarret with the father would ruin any daughter.

### CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER IV.

Lord Itaviats spent the next morning in a manner highly satisfactory to himself; first by interviewing Miss Swanton and speaking to her in terms which could leave no self-respecting person any atternative rave to dopast from his employment on the apot, and secondly, by composing a most insuiting letter to Mis. Talibot dismissing her from her post. That was, however, no more than she expected As for Mechtilde, she set off after breaknats with her mald to try and find out where was the nearest Catholic church, and to her relief discovered a chapel just on the other side of the park, where Mass was said on Sundays. On her return home she was "itterly grieved to find Miss Swanton preparing for instant departure, and though the high-spirited girl resolved to face her trials bravely, yet she became so ill towards eventuk with a violent head-ache that her appearance at dinner was quite out of the question. Next morning, though still suffering she rose in time to go to church, and bidding her maid, who was not quite ready, follow her, went down into the hall; but her father, suspecting her intention of attending Mana, was prepared to thwart it, and was leaning sgalaist the closed hall door.

She stopped, being taken back, and looked helpleasily at him. But he made no move and left her to speak first, which she presently did, asking him gently to allow her to pass.

"Where are you going?" de hemanded.
"To Mass, father."

"Then to Mass you will not go. At it of the story was the second of the gold of the second of the content of the cont

domin, at hart the girl's high-born pride and was more difficult not to re-sent than anything her facher had you

sent than anything her tasher had yet done.

The day dragged on very warnly, too, for though she happened to have plenty or nee liework to occupy her hands, there was nothing to occupy her thoughts, and she could not summon up courage to send her father a petition for some nooks. Often she wondered if James Durrant was sent in the house and threfore aware of her position, and watcher he had pleaded for her But, as a fact, the young man's visit had ended the day after Mechilde was locked up.

More than a fortnight passed, and want of fresh air was causing the young sire it of group and refuse food, like a captive bird, when one morning an unexpected message came ordering her to be set at liberty.

She lunched alone in the big diningtoom and afterwards wandered out intended alone in the big diningtoom and afterwards wandered out income to be set at liberty.

She lunched alone in the big diningtoom and afterwards wandered out income of freedom it is necessary to have tasted captivity, and Mechild's certainty wondered if the grass had ever been so green, the sunshine so gay or the birds music so sweet as on this Xay afternoon.

By and bye she wat down on a garden bench, and, taking off her had, let the light wind caress her forchead, and felt to thinking, as was her wont, but was soon disturbed by the sound of footsteps on the gravel path, and saw with some surprise James Durrant coming slong, evidently seeking some one.

On catching sight of her he quickened his step, and she went forward to meet him.

After the litst words of greeting, he explained that he had just escaped, adding, as an involuntary expression of indignation arose to his lips:

"You must not blained my father, he must do what he thinks right, just as i must."

Not being able to see the right of shutting up an innocent young girl and allowing her neither fresh air nor companionship, James Durrant answered nothing, but after a short pause he said :—

allowing her neither fresh air nor companionship, James Durrant answerden othing, but after a short pause he said!—

"You are of 'the stuff' of which martyrs are made, and I do not tiltee to think you will be a martyr. Mechtide. There is a way out of all these difficuties, by which you shall have a pledge that the practice of your religion will never be interfered with."

She was too unconscious to attach may significance to the fact that he had called her by her Christian name, but, turning her lovely, eager, child-face towards him, said!—

"Tell me, what must I do to win this piedge."

Taking her hands and looking down into her eyes, he answered by a question, or rather by a petition:—

"Mechtide, will you be my wife?"

She sprang to her feet, wrenching her breath between the words:—

"Oh, no! I may not marry one who is—who is not a Catholic."

"Oh, no! I may not marry one who is—who is not a Catholic."

"I that were ail," he repiled, though startled in his turn by her inanner, "you can get a dispensation from your Church. I am ready to make all the required concessions."

She shook her head.

"But it is never God's wish for a Catholic and Protestant to marry, and God has been so good to me in giving me true faith, I will do nothing except that which pleases Him most." And she began to move away.

"Answer me one quest'on, Mechtide," he said, getting in front of her.
"Do you dislike me?"

Then, covering up her, face, she began to cry.

"Mechtilde, do you love me?"

weeping.

Very gently he drow her hands away from her eyes, and, stooping, pressed a long kiss—as full of homage as of love—upon her forehead. With a moaning cry she turned and fled—terified not of him, but of her own heart.

cupon her forehead. With a moaning cry she turned and fied-terrified not of him, but of her own heart.

CHAPTER V.

As soon as Lord Harlath had awakened out of the letharry of grief on the death of his heir, a desire came upon him to give the vacant place in his liopes and ambitions to the son of his greatest friend by marrying the young man to his helreas, and he was consequently much gratified one morning (the morning before that on which identifieds imprisonment ended) on receiving a letter from James Durrant, asking permission to pay his address to Nicchilide, and mentioning his desire to return immediately to Harlath for that purpose. Therefore it may be understood how disappolisted the cholerold gentleman would be on learning that his pot scheme was ruined by which is such a farful rage that he appeared to quite lose his reason, and seven descended to personal violence, selsing the gurl brutally by the arm and shaking her. As soon as it was possable to escapt from his clutch she ded to her room, and fell fainting on the floor, where she was presently found by the housemaid and put to bed. After a little she came to, but only to faint again, and then the servants, hecoming nervous, sent for a dector who pronounced the girl's liness to arise from shock to the system.

Next day she was in high fever, and Lord Harlath, at this, to him, unexpected and very disquicting result of

bis unkindress 'if such a term by those enough for his conduct, became to the time of very sulturry remorsable, more than that, the sufferings of his child touched the one soft jeto of his child touched the one soft jeto of his child touched the one soft jeto of his child touched the one would have supposed him capable. He sought out Mire Tabbet and persuaded her (no dillicuit task) to come and nurse his adopted daughter, and the knowledge of this kindness, and many small core of the thindness, and many small core of the sunds sheet in the supposed before the girl regained health. Fermising, towards Mechtide's recovery as the careful tending of her old triend fer many weeks, even months, passed before the girl regained health. Fermising all the autumn and winter a semi-invalid, but the first spring days in no to make her feel herself once more, and then Mrs. Tabbot returned to Kilmore to make it ready for a long visit its hereas was now to pay. An event, however, was destined to take black which changed this plan, and when Mechtilde returned to freiand it was under even happler cira unstances than could have been expected. It happened that one Abril Sunday Mechtilde, on going into chapel for Mass and taking her usual seat, suddenly saw in front of her a figure the image of which had, despite all efforts to banish it, haunted her thoughts for hamy months. She could not at first believe her eyes, taking the apparition for a trick of fancy, but as the figure the image of which, had, despite all efforts to banish it, haunted her thoughts for hamy months. She could not at first believe her eyes, taking the apparition for a trick of fancy, but as the figure the image of which, had, despite all efforts to banish in, haunted her thoughts for hamy months of the church did not variate, matcher explanation—the possibility of its being a "wrailh"—presented itself, making the apparition for a trick of fancy, hut as the figure the interest had a little was a sea passed out of the church."

Nevertheless when Mass began, the c

## CHAPTER VI.

of it stepped Lord Harlath, the last; so in the world whom he expected see, though it certainly flattered him think his old firled had come gill way to Shropshire to condele with i over the iniquity of his eldest son, a spearing undoubtedly the object Lord Rariath's visit, and they so an hour abusing "Papiets" in gene and James Durrant in particular, is going on to discuss the criminal in pendence of the present-day sons idualities.

soing on to discuss the criminal independence of the present-day sons and dausthers.

"The only consolation in your case," and the nobleman in commenting upon a specially voluble, paternal denunciation of Sir William's, "is that it mi," be worse," William's, "is that it mi," be worse," or led the baronet. "Why, it's as bad as it can pussibly be. To think that my eldest son has turned idelator! I only refolce my property is not entailed upon him. How could it be worse, I'd like to know?" "Well, he might, ch, turn Jesuit!" Fut in Lord Harlath.

"What!" roard? Hir William, now horrified almost into a fit. "What do you say? Did—did he suggest he meant to do such a thing?"

"Well, no, not exactly, but he might, I say, if you don't put it out of his power."

"Haan't he defied me to the fullest

I say, if you don't put it out of his power."

"Hasn't he defied me to the fullest extent already? How could I put anyther the same of the