
CATHOLIC CHRONICLE．

| VOL．XXIV． |
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tHE FOSTER SISTERS．
by the aution of＂ploreycr o＇nelle．＇

PART SECoND．
gitapter vili．－tile story of a penitent Several meeks haro passed sinee the night
on which the Scur Madeleine became a resit dent at the chateau，and the bopes which Lady
Hlorence had entertained of a speedy reunion Florence had entertained of a speedy reunion
with those she loved had one after another drifted away
Suspense and deferred hope had pressed
beavily on the leart of the invalid．She had heard and had rept oper the account of the re heard and had rept ofer the account of the re－
treat from Derby，of the crueltics of the mili－ tary raffian，General Hawley，of the battle of Falkirk；also，that，excepting a few flesh
mounds of little import，the Marshal and Mau－ Wounds of little import，the Marshal and Mau－
rice were both well，but that，as the Prince in－ ras impossible to return to St．Germains． The journey was long，the weather unusually beak and inclement，and unwilling to drag them from the strife in which they were en－ gaged，and resting on the fond delusion that
the anticipated battle at Culloden would rein－ ate on the throne the grandson of the king
queen she had so dearly lored，Lady Flor－ ence kept her borrar to herself，concealed the
gravity of her maiady，hoped she ．should be gravity of her maiady，hoped she should bel
ppared to see them again，and fought bravely ith her illocss．
＂Read the le
＂Read the letter to me，Sister，and tell me nce，placing a letter which had just reached ＂in the hand of the nun．
＂Another disappointment，＂she had faltered forth when the Sis
Yes，she had looked anxiously for the com ing of Isabel，but the hard and pitiless wea her still prevailed；it was now March，and a
latensely cold as in mid－winter．
＂I am better，＂thus ran the letter，＂and
long to see you once again，to talk with you biden to travel yet lest my illness amo for turn．At the most，however，a forv，a very her，I shall behold you．Provideace has in－ have now nothing left to wish but the safe and your oma recovery to health．＂ And the wind swept in hollow，gusts down
the hilside，a heary fall of snow had that morn－ gig fallen and was already crisp on the ground， of the creening pad gathercd on the bare branches of the creeping plants that garlanded the win－ hat ere long there would be another snow
To Lady Florence，the Sœur Madeleine had room，to listen to the to see her move across the her voice sisten to the low and gentle tones of lay her throbbing head on ber boum And the Sister，long


#### Abstract

and dea Without the chateau，all around was cheer


 less and desolute；within，warmth and comforthe doctor had paid his risit，the priest in cat of dunger，had anointed tho sick hady with the holy oils，and drawing the curtains over the windows in order to shut out the dreary aspect cheerful blaze thes lier down to read or talk，according as her patient wished．
A strong fecling of affection had drawn the carts of these two together．Since last I told with every remain Florence could not bear her out of her sight．
Very often had she pressed her to talk about her youth，of the cause that had led her
seek a convent home．She would merely sia with a soft smile，and mayhap a toueh of sad－ tion，Madam
＂True，Sister，but there is oftentimes some this rocation，and shows God＇s chosen ones
is His will thay should be wholly His．＂
Trhen she said these words，a bright spot no reply．The Lady Florence said no more just then．She saw there was a deep－seated repugnance in the Sister to speak
But when sleep rested on her orn eyelids， then，the better spirit within her，doomed to do mortal combat with that fierce one which sovere，ever and anon，to obtain the mastery
over her，risited her with self－reproach． ＂To－morrow，to－morrown；yes，it shall be done ere another sun shall set，the rising
which she may never behold．It is the fire yet smouldering within my heart，ready to b
fanned into a flame，which seals my lips．Have I trod thus far the rugged path，and I extended my hand with loring step？ I extended my hand with loving haste to touch
the thorny crown，and set hesitate to take it which pierced my Saviour＇s brow should，for bricf period，lacerate my sinful heart？Shall
leave this place with half my mork，by far Ieave this place with half my work，by far
the greater half，undone，for this hesitation shows me self is not yet conquered？Ah！no
it shall be doae before to morrow＇s sun kas
A restless movement on the part of the in． valid disturbed the Sister＇s musings．She rose bing brom，replenished the fire with fresh logrs， and，adrancing to the window，raised the cur Cold and cheerless，a white wene mithout． try as far as the eye could reach．Looming
darkly in the distance stands the Palace，on darkly in the distance stands the Palace，on the summit of the hill which skirted therminated in the valley beneath
The usually impassible and beautiful face rears a sad smile as she gazes out inte the de solate night，and as she lets the curtain fall int it placell for me，my God，that Thou has
＂It led me hero，or $I$ had lacked the strengit keep my hand at the plough without lookin

Tho Scour Madeleine was well used to hour
watehing．Her life was a hard one，as all now．Who are aequainted with the duties，and Pho is not，of a sister of Charity Physically，she was not unfitted for the wor to Which she had deroted herself in a 9 pirit of bleak，March morning streamed into the room it found her little couch unpressed，and herse seated by the fire，calmly reading the life of the holy man who founded the admirable inst The widh she belouged．
The earlier portion of the night had been parnest prayer and penitential tears．The
morniog found her composed and cheerful，her beautiful countenance radiant with a joy lik anto that of Magdalen of old，when she knel at the
tears．
＂And how do you find yourself this morn ing，dearest Madam，said＂the Sister，on the has been almost unbroken，and you secm free from pain．＇
＂Better

I feel altogether ry dear Sister Made－ I feel altogether refreshed． rejoice to hear it．You skall have you chocolate，and then when your morning devo
tions are over，as we shall spend an hour o two quictly together without interruption，
＂Ab，I know what you are going to any You will read to me．How much I thank you for cheoring my long hours of sickness．Yo
read so well ；your voice so low and soft，that， like the gentle breeze of a summer day，it
me to a delicious sense of rest and quiet．＂
＂So，I am not going to read to you
morning．I will tell you a story instead．
＂I the ＂ 1 thank you，dear Sister．And what shatl
he story be about？＂gaid the aged ludy，much in the tone of a child when full of cager
＂it shall
＂It shall be the story of a l＇enitent：＂ prepare for something，very intercsting，I is
＂In coursc of time she rias visited by sict ness long and gricyous．Ah！it is the ord
through which many have been purified．
wis brought，as it were，to the very rates death，and was carefully nur
his patient，faithful moman．
On one uit many huars unconscious；she heard these hours she must cease to live．
in a very fed

So reduced was she，her state so like unto of death，that she could not lift a fing mapped out before her；not a guilter word，or
honght：or action，escaped her remembrance． rembling，as it were，on the briuk of eternity， and seeming al ready about to appear before the heart that if time might yet be given her to make atonement for the errors of a still young
wut misspent life，bhe rould dedicate the rest of ber days to God in the serrice of the poor and
suffering． ofused into her exhauted frame ；from that moment she steadily recorvered，to the aston． who bad bebeld the state to which she bad

ras still pale，emaciared，fett：－


 Ghole heart io God．are angen，＂said the Marshal St．John to ＂She had leared in bre thenisun mo mireh for Culloden Moor．＂I acree with

 Bearing in mind the unequal strugele in
Which lie was atout to engne，the disparity in piat of numbers－tor thic tropps in comumand latter had a flect moving whng the coast leden with pro－
wi－ions and other necessary articles，the Prince rly listened to the proposial，and it was de居解 But，als：during the whole of that day，
ne small loaf of the coaryegt description was all that could be doled out to the unfortunate Highlanders．its ingredients（for the remains
of one of these loves，or burnoc bite fumily）noenta the by the care of a Jaco husks of oats and a coarse kind of dust such as As night drew on，the allost fimished men not unfrequently straggled out of the ranks expostalations of their officers was，that they might shoot thera if they pleased for the would snoner die than starre any longer．Many of those who remained，overcome by lhunger and their fitigue，declared they were unable to trees，fell sound asleep． the English army，when the roll of drums burst upon the cars of their astonished com－
manders，and they lastened to retreat until they could reassemble their scattered forces． Culloden Moor，and were joined by Macdonild of Keppoch，and the Frasers．Charles Ed ward himsolf，completely overcome by his night＇s march，had laid down to rest after par takiog of a slight refreshment of bread and shiskey，when Maurice aroused him with the
starting information that the English cavalry were within two miles of them． Immediately all was confusion．The sound of the cannon gathered togethor the still sleep－
ing Highlanders，the drums were beat，and the pipes began to play the gatherings of their res pective and bers and ehe majority of both And now the buttle began by the artillers of the two armies pointing their fire at each other． That of the Prince availed but little，whilst the fire of the English army carried desolation Charles himself narrowly cscaping；he was be spatered with mud thrown up by the balls his horse was wounded，and one of his attendants fell dead by his side．
This 27 th of April， 1746 ，was a sadly un－ propitious morning even in point of weather，
for a strong northeast wind，accompanied by a blinding shower of sleet and snow，blew the taincers，and led on by the brave Lord Mur－ ray，sword in hand，the Camerons and Stewarts
of Appin，rendered furious by the galling fire，
not conquered self till I hal made known to
sou who I was，and remored the veil which you who I was，and removed the veil which
had screened me from you all these long years Now I have told you alll．I wish to be again
in your eges only the scour Madeleine，＂ s：As one who was lost and is found ＂As one who was lost and is found，more pre
cious aud dear to mo in your new life， child，than the Iosbel who，by her rery uatury free from violent passions，never went astray，
IIow food is God to send you to me，my lore ？ added Lady Florence，gaziug fondy on the up turned，beautiful fuce，now glowing with a
supreme happiness not born of earth．＂ 1 wept for you，prayed for you，trieved for you archerished ones．Ah，my child，my Mar－ name－－no happiness ean surness that which

Hadelve we laady lHorence and the Sowr the joy of the former，nor the holy and calm repose which reigned in the heart of the Sister．
We are told that angrls rejoice over the return
envied a happiness too creat for carth ctr et vans beplogrial
xas no lack of bravery ther
pare of blood or brenth＇
to tos our foes wo dard，

保
hen her betray the emotion of her heart
manifest to ber auditor？
＂I am about to tell you，dear Madam，＂be－ gan she，＂a tale of pride and passion．of bar
led hope，of jealousy and hatred．I shail try and be very brief．She of whom I am about her；she was rery beautiful in form and fes－ ture，and raiu，too，of he：charms；and as she
merged from youth to wounanood，she con． merged from south to womanhood，she con
ceived the idea that all with mhom she came in contact must bow domn and give way before
her ；that her face alone nusi win her the poz－ bition was cqual to her pride；and to gain
these perishable adrantages．she trod beneat her feet every obstacle tiat presented itself： naught the monot intimate and dearest ties；she
was prepared to sacritice and destroy，if they militated against what she considered her orra
well－beiag，everything tha：offered oppositica ＂She was one of those unlappy ones 5 mapear as if they were sett upon earth as
bridied，unrestrained her passions nere un－ religion；consequently，the：knew no mediun with all the ardor of her tery，impetuous na－ ture，and she hated fiercely；her pride was in－ domed learer entire lit
stop this wor His grat mercy，God saw on anful calamity，of whici her own base pride railed，though mingled wi：h ramorse ；there－ ore，she shrank away ant dwelt alone；she towards her ；she would no：brook thoir pre－ ence，feeling it a silent reproact to herself．
Here the Sister for a moment paused for the Lady Florence had started as tho Sister had uttered the last words：but eld
＂But one who was an angel of goodness Fould not allow her to rest in the solitude she had closen；she sought her out，came nabid en to her home，careless of her haughe barren ＂il of that proud woman＇s ieart． ants were ordered to deny her．Poor，lum ble－minded soul！she beedded not the insuit， roat watched and waited
＇I pray you let me see you．Do not peny steps of this erring sister．
ne？I will not not told you I will see no and with haughty gesture she motione her
＂Day after day，howerer，she repeated her Fith，endared，rather than melcomed，as one bears quietly with something disagreable ＂At last，this woman
＂At last，this woman，in God＇s own good
time，came to be a sort of necessity o her
cring sister ；she grew in fact to like her bome
orring sister；she grew in fact to like her some－
what thongh the proud，unregenerate heart still rebelled at its association with this hum－
ble，simple soul．But the end was not

