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and death, knew full well that the end was not far off. Without the chateau, all around was cheerless and desolate; within, warmth and comfort; the doctor had paid his visit, the priest, in case of danger, had anointed the sick lady with the holy oils, and drawing the curtains over the windows in order to shut out the dreary aspect of the weather, and stirring the wood fire into a cheerful blaze, the Sister sat her down to read or talk, according as her patient wished.

"No, I am not going to read to you this morning. I will tell you a story instead." "I thank you, dear Sister. And what shall the story be about?" said the aged lady, much in the tone of a child when full of eager expectation.

"In course of time she was visited by sickness long and grievous. Ah! it is the ordeal through which many have been purified. She was brought, as it were, to the very gates of death, and was carefully nursed and tended by this patient, faithful woman.

not conquered self till I had made known to you who I was, and removed the veil which had screened me from you all these long years. Now I have told you all. I wish to be again in your eyes only the Sœur Madeleine."

THE LIMERICK VETERAN; OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS. BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE O'NEILL."

PART SECOND. CHAPTER VIII.—THE STORY OF A PENITENT.

Several weeks have passed since the night on which the Sœur Madeleine became a resident at the chateau, and the hopes which Lady Florence had entertained of a speedy reunion with those she loved had one after another drifted away.

A restless movement on the part of the invalid disturbed the Sister's musings. She rose and moistened her feverish lips with a cooling draught, shook up her pillow, kissed the throbbing brow, replenished the fire with fresh logs, and, advancing to the window, raised the curtain to look out on the dreary scene without.

"I am about to tell you, dear Madam," began she, "a tale of pride and passion, of baffled hope, of jealousy and hatred. I shall try and be very brief. She of whom I am about to speak was cherished and loved by those around her; she was very beautiful in form and feature, and vain, too, of her charms; and as she merged from youth to womanhood, she conceived the idea that all with whom she came in contact must bow down and give way before her; that her face alone must win her the possession of rank, wealth, and position; her ambition was equal to her pride; and to gain these perishable advantages, she trod beneath her feet every obstacle that presented itself, and guided by the evil spirit by which she was possessed, she scrupled at nothing; she set at naught the most intimate and dearest ties; she was prepared to sacrifice and destroy, if they militated against what she considered her own well-being, everything that offered opposition to her will.

"She had learned to love the woman who had sought her so earnestly, and felt no small pain at breaking out the truth that henceforth in another land she must live and die. Not of the Catholic faith, this simple-minded woman could not see why she for whom she had prayed and wept, and who at last had learned abundantly to return her love, should not rest content where she then was, leading as she did a quiet and retired life. But her decision had been made on the night when she had stood on the verge of eternity. She was now not her own, but her Maker's happy in the thought that He, in His boundless mercy, had suffered her to live and make atonement for the past; her renewed health and strength she regarded as the compact ratified between herself and God. She had caused, by the wilfulness of her pride, even the death of one who would have loved her, and with a heart wounded through and through by repentance, and softened by love, she seeks to make reparation for the past under the garb of a Sister of Charity, and—

"I consider the coming strife by far the most critical in which your Highness has yet been engaged," said the Marshal St. John to Charles Edward the day previous to their march for Culloden Moor. "I agree with Lord George Murray, and advise a night march, take the English soldiers unawares, and attack their camp in the dead of night."