VOL. XXIV.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPT. 5, 1873.

NC.

FOREIGN BOOKS.

Sacred and Legendary Art. By Mrs. Jameson. Barou Hubaer. Translated from the Ori-

Father Gerard's Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot Edited with his Life. By Rev. John

Allies. First and second series. 2 vols., cleth..... Petri Privilegium: Three Pastoral Letters to

the Clergy of the Diocese. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. 1 vol., ward, Archbishop of Westminster. 1 vol.,

cloth.

The Priest on the Mission. A Course of Lectures on Missionary and Parochial Duties. By Canou Oakeley, M.A...... 1 50

Any of the above sent free by mail on receipt of

D. & J. SADLIER & CO. Montreal.

THE

LIMERICK VETERAN;

THE FOSTER SISTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FLORENCE O'NEILL."

(From the Baltimore Catholic Mirror.)

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VIII.-THE STORY OF A PENITENT. Several weeks have passed since the night on which the Sour 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.

Suspense and deferred hope had pressed heavily on the heart of the invalid. She had heard and had wept over the account of the retreat from Derby, of the cruelties of the military ruffian, General Hawley, of the battle of Falkirk; also, that, excepting a few flesh wounds of little import, the Marshal and Maurice were both well, but that, as the Prince intended at once to attack the English army, it was impossible to return to St. Germains.

The journey was long, the weather unusually bleak and inclement, and unwilling to drag them from the strife in which they were engaged, and resting on the fond delusion that the anticipated battle at Culloden would reinstate on the throne the grandson of the king and queen she had so dearly loved, Lady Florence kept her sorrow to herself, concealed the gravity of her malady, hoped she should be spared to see them again, and fought bravely with her illness.

"Read the letter to me, Sister, and tell me if my Isabel is coming soon," said Lady Florence, placing a letter which had just reached her in the hand of the nun.

"Another disappointment," she had faltered forth when the Sister had perused the few lines the note contained.

Yes, she had looked anxiously for the coming of Isabel, but the hard and pitiless weather still prevailed; it was now March, and as

intensely cold as in mid-winter. "I am better," thus ran the letter, "and long to see you once again, to talk with you about happy days yet to come, but I am forbidden to travel yet lest my illness should return. At the most, however, a few, a very few weeks, and once again, my more than mother, I shall behold you. Providence has indeed interposed wonderfully in my regard. I tears. have now nothing left to wish but the safe and

speedy return of Maurice and the Marshal, and your own recovery to health." the hilside, a heavy fall of snow had that morn- | from pain." ing fallen and was already crisp on the ground,

the hoar-frost had gathered on the bare branches of the creeping plants that garlanded the windows, and the leaden hue of the sky betokened that ere long there would be another snow

To Lady Florence, the Sœur Madeleine had long been all in all; to see her move across the or lay her throbbing head on her bosom, comforted her exceedingly.

And the Sister, long accustomed to sickness | me to a delicious sense of rest and quiet."

and death, knew full well that the end was not

Without the chateau, all around was cheerof danger, had anointed the sick lady with the pectation. 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 prepare for something very interesting, I as many hours unconscious; she heard those free from violent passions, never went astray. a cheerful blaze, the Sister sat her down to sure you. You are going to tell me the hisread or talk, according as her patient wished.

A strong feeling of affection had drawn the hearts of these two together. Since last I told you of the Sister of Charity, it had increased | vidual, whose heart had been the abiding place or make a sign, but the whole of her life lay | mourned for the presence of one who loved me, with every remaining day, so that the Lady 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 to seek a convent home. She would merely say, with a soft smile, and mayhap a touch of sadness in her voice the while, "It was my vocation, Madam."

"True, Sister, but there is oftentimes some cause that arises on a sudden which manifests this vocation, and shows God's chosen ones it is His will they should be wholly His."

When she said these words, a bright spot glowed on the Sister's pale cheek, but she made no reply. The Lady Florence said no more just then. She saw there was a deep-seated repugnance in the Sister to speak in any way, however trifling, of her early life.

But when sleep rested on her own eyelids, and the Sœur Madeleine was alone with self, then, the better spirit within her. doomed to do mortal combat with that fierce one which strove, ever and anon, to obtain the mastery over her, visited her with self-reproach.

"To morrow, to morrow; yes, it shall be done ere another sun shall set, the rising of which she may never behold. It is the fire yet smouldering within my heart, ready to be fanned into a flame, which seals my lips. Have I trod thus far the rugged path, and yet do my sluggish feet falter at the last step? Have I extended my hand with loving haste to touch the thorny crown, and yet hesitate to take it finally within my grasp, lest one thern of those which pierced my Saviour's brow should, for a brief period, lacerate my sinful heart? Shall I leave this place with half my work, by far session of rank, wealth, and position; her am- a quiet and retired life. But her decision had the greater half, undone, for this hesitation bition was equal to her pride; and to gain been made on the night whereon she had stood

A restless movement on the part of the invalid disturbed the Sister's musings. She rose | naught the most intimate and dearest ties; she her renewed health and strength she regarded and moistened her feverish lips with a cooling was prepared to sacrifice and destroy, if they as the compact ratified between herself and 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.

Cold and cheerless, a white waste of country as far as the eye could reach. Looming warning to others; her passions were under the garb of a Sister of Charity, and darkly in the distance stands the Palace, on bridled, unrestrained by reason or guided by Ah. Sister. Sister, it is of Margaret you the summit of the hill which skirted the fields, till it terminated in the valley beneath.

The usually impassible and beautiful face wears a sad smile as she gazes out into the desolate night, and as she lets the curtain fall into its place she says to herself:

"It is well for me, my God, that Thou hast led me here, or I had lacked the strength to fit to stop this woman's career of wickedness by keen my hand at the plough without looking back again."

The Sour Madeleine was well used to hours of watching. Her life was a hard one, as all know who are acquainted with the duties, and who is not, of a Sister of Charity?

Physically, she was not unfitted for the work to which she had devoted herself in a spirit of penance. Thus, when the grey dawn of the bleak, March morning streamed into the room, it found her little couch unpressed, and herself seated by the fire, calmly reading the life of the holy man who founded the admirable institute to which she belonged.

The earlier portion of the night had been spent in rigid commune with self, in long and earnest prayer and penitential tears. The morning found her composed and cheerful, her beautiful countenance radiant with a joy like unto that of Magdalen of old, when she knelt | ble-minded soul! she heeded not the insult, at the Master's feet and bathed them with her but watched and waited till she met her in the

"And how do you find yourself this morning, dearest Madam," said the Sister, on the awaking of the invalid. "Your night's rest And the wind swept in hollow gusts down has been almost unbroken, and you seem free

"Better, yes, better, my dear Sister Madeleine. I feel altogether refreshed."

"I rejoice to hear it. You shall have your chocolate, and then when your morning devotions are over, as we shall spend an hour or two quietly together without interruption, I will"-

"Ah, I know what you are going to say. room, to listen to the low and gentle tones of You will read to me. How much I thank you her voice as she read to her, to clasp her hand, for cheering my long hours of sickness. You read so well; your voice so low and soft, that, like the gentle breeze of a summer day, it lulls still rebelled at its association with this hum-

"No, I am not going to read to you this morning. I will tell you a story instead."

less and desolate; within, warmth and comfort; the story be about?" said the aged lady, much was brought, as it were, to the very gates of Now I have told you all. I wish to be again the doctor had paid his visit, the priest, in case in the tone of a child when full of eager ex- death, and was carefully nursed and tended by in your eyes only the Sour Madeleine."

"It shall be the story of a l'enitent."

tory of some great personage, I expect?"

"Oh, no. It shall be the history of a person far from great; only of an obscure indi-Magdalen of old, was drawn by love and repentance to the feet of the Crucified."

"Ah, I see; you have a devotion to that saint yourself, for you are Swar Madeleine. Well, here is Annette with my chocolate, then I will say my morning prayers, and afterwards I will listen to the story.'

Whilst Lady Florence sipped her chocolate. then the lady performed her morning devotions. after which her cager-

" Now, Sister, I am quite ready, if you are ready also," brought the latter to her side.

during the long and silent hours of her watch | been reduced. last night. So she drew a chair to the bedside, and placed it so that her pale, lovely face was not at all in the shade; the inmost workings of her mind were about to be laid bare. and why hide the countenance lest its expression should betray the emotion of her heart. when her own lips were about to make all manifest to her auditor?

"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 her will.

appear as if they were seat upon earth as a love, she seeks to make reparation for the past religion; consequently, the knew no medium either in love or hatred; she loved, indeed, with all the ardor of her fiery, impetuous nature, and she hated fiercely; her pride was indomitable, and was the master passion that | tears fell in torrents down her face. ruled her entire life.

"At last, out of His great mercy. God saw an awful calamity, of which her own base pride vailed, though mingled with remorse; therefore, she shrank away and dwelt alone; she leine are, and yet are not, the same? I could towards her; she would no: brook their presence, feeling it a silent reproach to herself."

Here the Sister for a moment paused for the Lady Florence had started as the Sister spoken as you have done but now. had uttered the last words: but she made no comment; therefore she continued:

"But one who was an angel of goodness would not allow her to rest in the solitude she had chosen; she sought her out, came uibidden to her home, careless of her haughty, insolent demeanor, striving to work on the barren few words more, and then for ever the past soil of that proud woman's heart.

"At first she was rudely repulsed; the servants were ordered to deny her. Poor, lumroad near her dwelling.

"'I pray you let me see you. Do not leny my request,' said she, following the quickened steps of this erring sister.

"'Nay, have I not told you I will see no one? I will not have my solitude disturbed, and with haughty gesture she motioned her

"Day after day, however, she repeated her visit, till after a time she was expected, borne with, endured, rather than welcomed, as one bears quietly with something disagreeable made me feel that I might with perfect safety which we cannot lay aside.

"At last, this woman, in God's own good time, came to be a sort of necessity to her erring sister; she grew in fact to like her some-

"In course of time she was visited by sick- not conquered self till I had made known to "I thank you, dear Sister. And what shall through which many have been purified. She had screened me from you all these long years. this patient, faithful woman.

> "On one night, when her disorder was at its around her bed declare that in a very few How good is God to send you to me, my love! hours she must cease to live.

thought, or action, escaped her remembrance.

"In that awful moment, with the soul trembling, as it were, on the brink of eternity, and seeming already about to appear before the judgment-seat of God, she made a vow in her heart that if time might yet be given her to now I feel." make atonement for the errors of a still young but misspent life, she would dedicate the rest of the Sister partook of her own simple breakfast; her days to God in the service of the poor and

"Suddenly, as by a miracle, a new life was infused into her exhausted frame; from that moment she steadily recovered, to the aston- just that need not repentence. She had put self quite away, you know; that ishment of her medical attendant, and of all was the compact she had made with her God who had beheld the state to which she had have envied a happiness too great for earth.

"After many weeks, she rose from her couch the shadow indeed of her former self for size was still pale, emaciated, feeble.

"But I spoke rightly when I said a new life had been given to this woman. It was so in many ways. The pleasures she had lived the admiration she had courted she in linger sighed for. She only awaited the perfect recovery of her health to give herself with her whole heart to God.

"She had learned to love the woman who had sought her so earnestly, and felt to small to speak was caressed and loved by those around pain at breaking out the truth that henceforth, march, take the English soldiers unawares, and her; she was very beautiful in form and fea- in another land she must live and die. Not of ture, and vain, too, of her charms; and as she the Catholic faith, this simple minded woman merged from youth to womanhood, she con- could not see why she for whom she had ceived the idea that all with whom she came in prayed and wept, as i who at last had learned contact must bow down and give way before abundantly to return her love, could not rest her; that her face alone must win her the post content where she than was, leading as she did possessed, she scrupled at nothing; she set at ther to live and make atonement for the past: militated against what she considered her own God. She had caused, by the wilfulness of her "She was one of those unhappy ones who and through by repentance, and softened by

"Ah. Sister. Sister, it is of Margaret you are telling me. Nay, nay, can my suspicions be correct? Ah, my God, am I so happy?"

Escircling Lady Florence with her arms, the Sister tenderly embraced her, whilst her

Then the lady put her gently aside, gazed fixedly upon her face, and said:

"Ah, yes, it is the same countenance but altered too because of the lapse of ten long was the cause. For some time it still pre- years. And why should I hesitate to say the truth because Margaret and the Sour Madeignorance so long as to who you were. My own lips, my Margaret, should never have revived the painful past, nor should you have

must be a scaled book between us.

"She of whom I have been telling you was her adieu. I traveled straight to France, and at once sought and obtained admission into a convent of Sisters of Charity, resolving at some future time to make myself known to you, for reasons which must be obvious to you. However, my intentions have been frustrated, and I need not hesitate to say to you, to whom all the past is known, that I could not have entered the chateau had he who was the object of my misplaced confidence been here. Morcover, I arrival, till the illness of poor Isabel and the fell dead by his side. remain.

"You have often asked me to speak to you of my early life. Alas I from the very thought what though the proud, unregenerate heart determination which I made when I again enble, simple soul. But the end was not as yet. my lips remained sealed as to the past. I had and heedless of the smoke and hail which swept

ness long and grievous. Ah! it is the ordeal you who I was, and removed the veil which

" As one who was lost and is found, more precious and dear to me in your new life, my "The story of a Penitent! Well, I shall crisis, she lay to all outward appearance for child, than the Isabel who, by her very nature added Lady Florence, gazing fondly on the up-"So reduced was she, her state so like unto turned, beautiful face, now glowing with a that of death, that she could not lift a finger supreme happiness not born of earth. "I of many evil passions, but who at last, like mapped out before her; not a guilty word, or dearest, unconscious who was by my side. I wept for you, prayed for you, grieved for you, and God has sent you to me-you, even one of his cherished ones. Ah, my child, my Margaret-once more let me call you by the old name-no happiness can surpass that which

> Leave we Lady Florence and the Sour Madeleine, for words of mine cannot express the joy of the former, nor the holy and calm repose which reigned in the heart of the Sister. We are told that angels rejoice over the return of the sinner more than over the ninety-nine

> Verily, the angels themselves might almost

CHAPTER IX. - THE VETERAN MARSHAL -EANS PEUR ET SANS REPROCHE.

There was no lack of bravery there. No spare of blood or breath, Far me to two our foes we dar'd, For freedom or for death.

[Jacobite Song. 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 much for Culloden Moor. "I agree with Lord George Murray, and advise a night attack their camp in the dead of night."

Bearing in mind the unequal struggle in which he was about to engage, the disparity in point of numbers-for the troops in command of the Duke of Cumberland nearly doubled the soldiers of the Prince-also, that the latter had a fleet moving along the coast laden with provisions and other necessary articles, the Prince shows me self is not yet conquered? Ah! no; these perishable advantages, she trod beneath on the verge of eternity. She was now not her eagerly listened to the proposal, and it was destricted between the feet every obstacle that presented itself: own, but her Maker's happy in the thought cided that they should be on the march so as and guided by the evil spirit by which she was that He, in His boundless mercy, had suffered to reach the enemy's camp by two in the morn.

But, alas! during the whole of that day, one small loaf of the coarsest description was all that could be doled out to the unfortunate well-being, everything that offered opposition pride, even the death of one who would have Highlanders. Its ingredients (for the remains loved her, and with a heart wounded through of one of these loaves, or bunnocks, have been handed down to posterity by the care of a Jacobite family) seem to have been formed of the husks of oats and a coarse kind of dust such as is found on the floors of a mill.

As night drew on, the almost famished men not unfrequently straggled out of the ranks in search of food, and their only reply to the expostulations of their officers was, that they might shoot them if they pleased, for they would sooner die than starve any longer. Many of those who remained, overcome by hunger and their fatigue, declared they were unable to proceed, and throwing themselves beneath the trees, fell sound asleep.

Thus, they were still some four miles from the English army, when the roll of drums would not see those whose hearts yet turned reproach you, too, that you have kept me in burst upon the cars of their astonished commanders, and they hastened to retreat until they could reassemble their scattered forces.

At a still early hour they were again on "Dearest Lady Florence, never call me Margaret again; let me ever be to you the Sœur
Madeleine; the name of Margaret alone brings
back sad memories; and now," added the Sister, kneeling by the badeide and the sister, kneeling by the badeide and the sis-Culleden Moor, and were joined by Macdonald ter, kneeling by the bedside, and taking the whiskey, when Maurice aroused him with the lady's hand within her own, "I would say a startling information that the English cavalry were within two miles of them.

Immediately all was confusion. The sound of the cannon gathered together the still sleepmy gentle aunt, Janet Graham. When I bade ing Highlanders, the drums were beat, and the pipes began to play the gatherings of their respective clans, but, alas! the majority of both officers and men were scattered in all directions.

And now the battle began by the artillery 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 and horror into the ranks of the insurgents, Charles himself narrowly escaping; he was bespattered with mud thrown up by the balls, his felt that I must leave you soon after my first horse was wounded, and one of his attendants

This 27th of April, 1746, was a sadly unpropitious morning even in point of weather. for a strong northeast wind, accompanied by a blinding shower of sleet and snow, blew the smoke of the artillery in the faces of the mounof doing so I shrank with horror; and yet the taincers, and led on by the brave Lord Murray, swerd in hand, the Camerons and Stewarts tered the chateau was not carried out whilst of Appin, rendered furious by the galling fire,