

FATHER DE LISLE.

By Miss Taylor

(A Tale of fact in fiction's garb).

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Yes, Mary," he said, in a choking voice, "I know it is selfish to have wished her to linger one day more on earth; but Oh! you cannot ever know how I have longed for her these many years past; how it seems as if, could I only have told her all that is in my heart, I could have borne it; and then, the bitterness of all is to know I have had a hand in her death."

"Walter!"
"Well, Mary, Isabel deems it so."
"Oh, Walter, you should not say such words!"

"How can I otherwise interpret her manner? She shrinks from the very sight of me. Besides, it is true, Mary; the agitation of seeing me, the shock of my arrival, and the harassing interview with Lord Beauville, hastened, if not caused, her death. I made Rachel acknowledge it, and I would rather know the truth. Oh! how bitterly do I now repent my rash disobedience to Father Mordaunt."

"Isabel," answered Mary, "is beside herself with grief, and does not know what she does. She shrinks from every one; it is her nature not to require sympathy; and surely we are always taught not to mourn over sorrows which we have not willfully caused, but submit to God's holy will, even when He makes us the instruments of working it out in a way we would not have chosen; and the words ever on your sweet mother's lips were 'Fiat voluntas Tua.'"

Walter hid his face in his hands and made no reply.

"Walter, you must come and see us in Essex; if the Earl would only let you have your home with us for awhile, how delightful that would be. Oh, you would like Thoresby Hall—it is such a dear place, and has seen merry days, though now they are clouded over for awhile."

Walter roused himself to answer, "Is it as old as Castle de Lisle?"
"Oh, no; that is, not the present hall; it was rebuilt by my grandfather, Sir Hugh Thoresby. Do you remember him, Walter, for he saw you as a child? He died not more than six years since."

"No," said Walter, "I do not recollect him; and how many of you are there now, Mary? You see I have forgotten my relations while at Rheims."

"Not much chance of remembering them there," said Mary, cheerfully; well, at Thoresby you would find my father and mother, my brother Henry, and Blanche, my only sister; and she," said Mary, lowering her voice, as if she feared the rustling leaves overhead would hear the secret, "Blanche is going to be a nun."

"Indeed!" answered her cousin, "and when?"

"In another year, at furthest, I think. We must be very cautious about it, as my father does not care to bring any fresh trouble upon us owing to this step; so we must wait till Blanche can find a safe escort, who will conduct her to Paris, where she will go for a visit to my aunt, the Marquise d'Orville, and from thence she can seek a convent."

"Has she fixed on any one?"

"Yes, the one just founded. You have heard of it, Walter, doubtless; it is so glorious—the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament. We are all glad Blanche feels called to this institute, for surely for an Englishwoman there can be no more suitable work than to make reparation for the insults our unhappy country is daily offering."

"Yes, indeed," said Walter; "introducing the queen's prayer-book instead of the holy sacrifice, and hunting the faithful priests who offer it into prison and to death."

"Hush," said Mary, suddenly, "there is some one coming."

In a few moments they were joined by Lord Beauville.

"Might I crave a few minutes' conversation with Mistress Thoresby?" said he, in his softest tone.

Walter departed, and Mary, with no little trepidation, found herself

alone with the formidable Earl; but the interview did not prove an alarming one. Without committing himself in so many words, Lord Beauville gave Mary to understand that if she chose to arrange the baroness's funeral by night, and hide a priest in the house to perform the ceremony, he would engage that himself and his train should affect ignorance of the whole transaction, while their presence insured the latter against any molestation from the civil authorities. When the Earl left her, Mary sought Isabel, but could not rouse her to the slightest effort, or to express any wish on the subject. Walter and herself made all the arrangements; and two days afterwards Rose Ford, under charge of one of her father's yeomen, came to the castle, and in the same disguise in which he had quitted it, Father Gerard re-entered the home of the De Lisles.

At midnight a little group gathered in the crypt beneath the beautiful chapel of the castle, now disused and desolate. It was deemed safer that the mourners should only by Rose and Rachel, in addition to the solemn office of the dead, so full of mingled awe and consolation; then the holy sacrifice was offered up; and at length they laid the corpse of Alice de Lisle by the side of the husband she had mourned so well for many long years. Walter's grief was passionate; and though for long he struggled for control, the barrier broke down at last, and he wept unrestrainedly. Mary, Rose and Rachel mingled their tears with his, and even Father Gerard was overcome at times. Isabel alone remained unmoved; she shed no tear, uttered no sigh, not even when forever on earth was hidden from her eyes the form she loved so fondly. When the rites were concluded, all the little party of mourners, except Rose, were anxious to seek consolation from Father Gerard, as it was necessary he should depart at an early hour in the morning. Isabel was the last to come to him, and she did it almost unwillingly, and with such a look of stony endurance written on her face, that he would gladly have seen it exchanged for passionate grief.

"Do not, my dear child," said the priest, "exercise so violent a control over your feelings; give way to a natural grief. God does not forbid us to mourn; rather, He saith, Blessed are the mourners, if with our sorrow we but adore His holy will; and He whose submission never man equalled, had with it strong crying and tears. I would fain see you weep, Isabel."

"I cannot, father," was the answer; the words seemed to choke her, and she buried her face in her hands.

Father Gerard spoke of the baroness, of her patient life and holy death, of the perfect submission of her saintly soul to the loving and eternal will of God. "I firmly believe," said he, "she is with the saints in glory."

Still Isabel was not moved; Father Gerard's face grew very sorrowful.

"Isabel," said he, almost immediately, "we must part; and it is unlikely we shall ever meet on earth. I am an old man, and it cannot be much longer that I can serve my Master in this world. Men seek my life; God grant, in His great mercy, that I may be suffered to lay it down for His sake. My child, over whom I have watched for so many years, listen to me for the last time; I have warned you before, Isabel, of that deadly enemy who tracks your path and lays snares for you. Beside your saintly mother's bed of sickness there was not much room for his temptations; but the case is different now; you are going into scenes of fearful temptation. Firm must be your hold on the anchor of the cross if you would not fall. Isabel, beware of pride."

she begged me to read her the story of her name-saint. I turned to Dec. 13 in Father Sebastian Bowen's *Miniature Lives of the Saints* and read his account of St. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr.

"But that says nothing about her eyes," remarked the child; "what I want to know is why she carries her eyes in a dish?"

"Because I believe she is the Patroness of Eyesight," said I, looking amongst the Special Intentions in my Treasury of Prayer. "Yes, here it is, 'Prayer to St. Lucy, Patroness of Eyesight': 'Virgin St. Lucy, prophetess of peace, who didst foresee the peace of the Church to be obtained by thy prayers; undefiled spouse of the Immaculate Lamb, look down upon us in blindness of sin. To thee I come to ask for light that I may see the way to remedy all my failings. I confess that I have many times deserved to be deprived of the power of sight, for the bad use I have made of it. But by thy efficacious protection grant, I beseech thee, strength to my bodily eyesight, and grant me a clearer and more stable light of grace in all my intentions and actions. Amen.'"

Lucy listened attentively and seemed very delighted.

"One might put it into simpler words if you would like to say it as one of your own prayers," suggested I; but she scorned the idea. She would pray it just like that, she said, and repeated it after me half a dozen times.

Then we closed the book and began to look at other things.

"But I should like to know why she is the Patroness of Eyesight, and why she carries her eyes in a dish?" persisted Lucy.

So I promised that next time I went to London I would look up the subject at a Catholic library.

But even from Father Butler's *'Lives of the Saints'* I could obtain no very definite information. He only says:

"St. Lucy is often painted with the balls of her eyes laid in a dish; perhaps her eyes were defaced or plucked out, though her present acts make no mention of any such circumstance."

I wrote this down for Lucy and gave it to her the next time she came to tea, wondering whether she would be satisfied.

"If that is all that anybody knows of course I shall have to be satisfied," she replied in her quaintly practical way, and I imagined that the subject had been laid to rest.

"Please tell me all about novenas and the Thirty Days' Prayer," was her next request, from which I gathered that her mind had strayed off into other channels. But it was not so at all; she was only collecting material and taking time to form her own deductions.

When, with Peter's assistance, her plans had been thoroughly matured, he and she arrived unexpectedly at my door one afternoon and said they had a great favor to ask me. Might they go up into my bedroom. They had resolved to say the prayer to St. Lucy every afternoon for thirty days for "Little Boss-Eye's" sight to be restored.

My entreaties to Mrs. Maloney had completely failed to weigh against her ailing health and her husband's determination, so I gladly left the matter now in the children's hands, wondering whether their faith and perseverance would prove equal to the strain.

They were indefatigable. Wet or dry, every day for a month, directly school was over, the little pair trudged to my cottage to offer up their petition to the Patroness of Eyesight.

I loved to watch them kneeling before the picture; Peter with dirty hands and muddy boots, and his loud voice filled with earnest intensity; Lucy with head thrown back, and hair swept off her face, that the saint might see how very bad her "Boss-Eye" really was.

So the thirty days were kept, and at the end of them I fondly hoped for a miracle, or the softening of Maloney's heart; but no change appeared, and the summer term drew to a close, and the holidays arrived, and I was forced to pack up and go away, leaving everything in precisely the same condition as it was before Lucy and Peter began their long, long prayer.

I must confess that I felt rather disheartened about it all, but the

rather too exclusively upon the subject of substantial meals. The eyesight of his little daughter seemed to be to him a matter of altogether minor consideration.

So I was forced to wait for the mother's recovery to press my scheme, and in the meantime I set myself to become acquainted with the child. She was very ready to be friends on her return to school, and walked home hand in hand with me to tea when lessons were done.

My cottage interested her. She carefully inspected everything, from the silver ornaments on my dressing table to the soft-water tub in the backyard, but it was a colored picture of St. Lucy over a little altar in my bedroom that engaged her most particular attention.

She had not hitherto known that there was a St. Lucy, she said, and children's faith and hope were longer lived.

"Please, miss, will you give us the picture, and we are going to pray for another month," said Lucy just before I went away.

"If you will promise to take good care of it," said I, unfastening it from the wall, and Lucy proceeded to fold it up into a square one-sixteenth part of its original size, and placed it in the bosom of her dress.

"The creases will not matter at all," she assured me confidently.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked I.

"We are going to take it to the church every day and say a prayer that Peter has made up instead of the one you taught us. We think perhaps St. Lucy didn't understand what it was we really wanted."

"So what will you say to her now?"

The child knelt down and put her hands together:

"Dear St. Lucy, Patroness of the Eyesight, we are very sorry that we don't know anything about your eyes, but if they were taken out by wicked men we hope it didn't hurt you very much. It does hurt me very much not being able to see properly, so please ask God to make my eyes quite well, and not to let anybody call me 'Boss-Eye' any more. For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Throughout the holidays they persevered with this confiding prayer, and one day a Catholic doctor, who had turned into the church on his way home to pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, overheard them and waited for them in the porch to ask for an explanation. And it turned out that he already knew something of Lucy's father, and he willingly promised to do what he could to help her. And directly he had taken the matter in hand all the obstacles seemed to disappear. Maloney succumbed at once to his persuasions; Mrs. Maloney got strong enough to take the child up to the hospital, and the operation was successfully performed.

A more competent "Article 60" having been procured for the infants, it was some time before I found an opportunity of revisiting the school; but when, at length, towards the late autumn, I was able to do so, Lucy came running to meet me, her happy face upraised, her hair neatly parted and tied with a ribbon at her neck, and as her eyes met mine she cried, "Look! look! I'm not 'Little Boss-Eye' any more."—Violet Bullock-Webster, in *The English Messenger*.

A STRAIT JOKE.

Some jokes are ever renewing their youth. Thirty years ago or more, "Punch" printed this one.

Clubman—So, Harry, you're back from your travels. Did you see the Dardanelles?

Harry—O, yes; they're jolly fellows. I met them in Vienna. The venerable chestnut, which was no doubt hoary when "Punch" trotted it out in all the bravery of an engraving, reappears now under this form in one of our exchanges.

Mrs. Newrich has been describing her visit to Turkey.

Friend—Then, of course, you saw the Dardanelles?

Mrs. Newrich—Why, no, we didn't. They called, but we were out.

What is the difference between a tenant and the son of a widow? The tenant has to pay rents; the son of a widow has not two parents.

Canadian Pacific TIME TABLE

	Lv.	Ar.
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via all rail, daily	14 00	12 30
Montreal, Toronto, New York and east, via lake and rail, Mon., Thurs., Saturday	14 00	
Tuesday, Friday, Sunday		12 30
Rat Portage and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	8 00	18 30
Lac du Bonnet and intermediate points, Wed. only	7 00	19 30
Portage la Prairie, Gladstone, Neepawa, Minnedosa, Shoal Lake, Yorkton and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Rapid City and Rapid City Junction, daily ex. Sunday	7 30	20 40
Pettapiece, Minniota and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Moosomin, Virden, Regina, Moose Jaw and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	7 30	20 40
Morden, Deloraine and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	8 20	13 15
Glenboro, Souris and intermediate points, daily except Sunday	13 35	12 10
Pipestone, Reston, Arcola, and intermediate points, Mon., Wed., Friday	7 30	
Tues., Thurs., Saturday		20 40
Napiinka and intermediate points, Tues., Thurs., Sat.	8 20	
Mon., Wed., Friday		13 15
Brandon Local, daily except Sunday	16 30	12 20
Portage la Prairie, Brandon, Calgary, Lethbridge, Macleod, Prince Albert, Edmonton and all points on coast and in East and West Kootenay, daily	18 05	8 50
Stonewall branch, daily except Sunday	17 00	9 30
Winnipeg Beach, daily except Sunday	16 15	9 45
St. Paul Express, Greta, St. Paul, Chicago daily	13 55	13 35
Emerson branch, daily except Sunday	15 15	19 20

F. P. BRADY,
Asst. Gen. Supt., Winnipeg
C. E. MCPHERSON,
Gen. Pass. Agt., Winnipeg

Canadian Northern TIME TABLE

Leave Winnipeg	STATIONS	Arrive Winnipeg
EAST		
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Boniface, Ste. Anne, Steinbach, Bedford, Sprague, Warroad, Beaudette, Rainy River, Stratton, Emo, Fort Frances.	Daily ex. Sun.
10 25		16 25
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Mine Centre, Glenorchy, Atikokan, Kashabowie, Mattawin, Kakabeka Falls, Stanley Jct., Ft. William, Port Arthur.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 25		16 25
WEST		
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Gladstone, Plumias, Dauphin.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Tues. Thurs. Sat.	Headingley, Eli, Oakville, Portage la Prairie, Beaver, Mayfield, Humerston, Halboro, Glengale, Neepawa, Eden, Burnie, Glen-smith, Dauphin.	Mon. Wed. Fri.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Sifton, Ethelbert, Minnetonka, Swan River.	Wed. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Bowsman, Birch River, Novra, Mafeking, Powell, Westgate, Erwood.	Wed. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Ashville, Gilbert Plains, Grand View.	Tues. Thurs. Sat.
10 45		17 00
Fri. Sat.	Fork River, Gruber, Winnipegosis.	Sat. Tues.
10 45		17 00
Mon. Wed. Fri.	Oak Bluff, Sperling, Homewood, Carman, Leary's and intermediate points.	Wed. Thurs. Sat.
7 00		17 50
Daily ex. Sun.	St. Norbert, St. Agathe, Morris, Myrtle, Roland, Miami, Belmont, Wawanesa, Brandon, Ninette, Minto, Elgin, Hartney and intermediate points.	Daily ex. Sun.
8 05		18 25
SOUTH		
Daily	Twin City Express between Winnipeg, Minneapolis and St. Paul, 14 hrs. 20 min. Via Can. Nor. and Great Nor. Rys. Morris, Emerson, St. Vincent, Hallock, Warren, Crookston, Ada, Glyndon, Barnesville, Fergus Falls, Alexandria, Osake's Sauk Centre, St. Cloud, Clearwater, Monticello, Ossea, Minneapolis and St. Paul.	Daily
17 20		10 10
Daily	Minneapolis and St. Paul Express via Can. Nor. Ry. and Nor. Pac. Ry. Morris, St. Jean, Letellier, Emerson, Pembina, Grafton, Grand Forks, Crookston, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Duluth, Superior.	Daily
13 45		18 30

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