

VOL. XVII.

CLARA LESLIE.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

CHAPTER VI.-Continued.

appendages to a wedding; and she was equally again over her work. Mr. Wingfield observed follow his master, instead of staying to hear all any other human being, shall induce me to barter astonished and delighted when Mr. Wingfield her without looking towards her; she greatly in-the confessions in the village.' came near the table to offer his assistance, where | telested him for reasons that she little knew .a busy young party were burning their fingers He was more aware that either she or Alan had with white wax, directing silver-edged envelopes, | the slightest conception, of the unsettled state of tying up enamelled cards with silver cord, as the latter's mind; and he saw that on the event they mercilessly pulled the large wedding-cake of his becoming a Catholic there was no one near to pieces, to send to numberless friends. Clara Clara to arrest the onward course of her mind, maliciously watched his meffectual attempts to do and that she would inevitably follow, unless stopup a small portion of case, and listened with ped by finding in the Anglican Church what her eager looks and half-aby manners to his quiet | mind was silently but surely opening upon. merriment. Another employment, more suited Clara, on her side, seemed to have found some to him, was soon announced ; and here Alan and one who fully comprehended her. She had often he vied with each other in cutting up cake and heard Mildred speak in raptures of the happy carrying dianers for the school-children, who had days she had spent with him and Mrs. Wingfield assembled on the lawn. Many and many a time at his parish, and described with delight the modie Clara stop and forget everything, as she over- dei of a parsonage they possessed. She had he had no common sense ; he looked just like it, heard the playful remarks addressed to them ;- heard her tell of the schools, and Mr. Wingand he won her heart completely by his winning field's beautiful study, and his pretty new church; milk-and-water face. Depend upon it, there is doubt of the perfect purity of his motives to them Clara's eyes fell on the floor beneath her manners to a favorite little girl, whom she brought and how she scarcely thought Mirs. Wingfield some hidden motive in this step." to him to be noticed. At last, evening came on ; appreciated her busband ; and how he was very | every one dispersed ; and the Rectory returned kind to her, but somehow she could not think to be roused out of a reverie by the mention of images floated before his mind. There was and on it her quick eye instantly discovered to its usual quiet. Candles were hit, and the they were like husband and wife-they were De Grey's name, quickly put his head through nothing connected; all seemed a bewildered the words, 'Dona eis requiem, Domine.' The every one dispersed ; and the Rectory returned kind to her, but somehow she could not think small party gathered round the table. It only more like brother and sister, she did not know the window, and sent gently,consisted of the Lesties and Mr. Wingfield .- | why-she should not like to reel towards Doug Mrs. Selwyn, even, bad gone home, tired out, to las as Mrs. Wingfield did towards ber husband, repose herself. Mr. Leshe asked for music; and Sc., Sc.; and Clara had longed to see and Alas, sitting dows, modulated from one key to know nim, and was agreeably surprised when, on the other, and interweaving harmonies, till at last the Vigil of St. James, the stranger-clergyman slight smile and a polite bow, pulled up the glass be began playing a soft and melancholy air .-- | had suddenly turned out to be Mildred's beau-Clara put down her work, and, going to the plano, | ideal of an English churchman. begun singing. It was a hymn for Benediction ; the words were simply these: 'O Jesu mi, Film Maria ; O Jesu mi !' then it swelled into a louder strain- Filio, Redemptor mundi, Deus miserere nobis,"-and again it died away in the sweet words, ' Filize Maria, O Jesu mi !' Clara's style of singing was not brilliant; these sacred read her very soul? And now, when ne had bid airs suited the sweet long-drawa notes of her high soprano voice. Alan had exactly the same room, to hide from every one the thoughts that style, and he perfectly knew how to accompany | perfectly bewildered her. her. Mr. Wingheld sat motionless, his hand covering his eyes, and his foot keeping time to the music ; and when Clara came back, and reseated herself near him, be mereiy looked up, but made no observation. His silence was eloquent, and Clara felt, without even looking at him, how very much he was pleased. She soon met a look of interest she had never yet obtained; but, somehow, she always felt awed in his presence,-and now abe busily pursued her work, scarcely daring to look up. Mr. Wingfield, bowever, soon addressed her with a question about ner intended journey to Oxford, and began telling her what things were most worth seeing there.

municate shall be certified to the curate the day before celebration.'

Claaa here gave an eager penetrating glance Clara was soon busying herself with the usual into Mr. Wingfield's face, and then bent down

And there she sat, deeply buried in her own thoughts, certain ideas floating in her mind, and little by little taking a shape so real and consistent, that they brought the color to her cheeks .---Will not many a young Anglicaz comprehend how Clara almost feit as if Mr. Wingfield could her his quiet good night, she flew to her own

CHAPTER VIL-A VISIT TO OXFORD.

"Still the calm shade o'er sacred Oxford throws The holy mentie of a dread repose, Nursing whate'er of good doth yst remain." Williams.

The 11th of October was fixed for Alan's departure; and Clara, all life and hope, prepared to accompany him during the few days that intervened. Letters had been brought to Alan the morning before, which he had turced pale on reading, and gone from the room instantly for a long walk, from which he had returned much as usual ; but Clara s attention had been distracted by a long letter from Mildred, written from Winchester, announcing that for certain they would be in Oxford on the evening of the 11th to meet them, and she had not observed the change in Alan's douatenance. The morning came. Clara embraced her father for the last time, and, full of spirits, stepped station. Alan followed ; and Clara felt for the first time her heart sink ; as she gazed out of the window at her father's tall figure looking sadly was at Oxford, posting off, after our own college after her, and kissed her hand as they were do ?' she asked. whiried out of sight. It was a momentary feeling. She could scarcely account for it herself ; "), think Magdaleo is almost the best,' replied | and soon she had forgotten everything in the new Mr. Wingfield ; 'at least I mink it was so in my scene around her. Towns, villages, trees, whirled by in rapid succession ; and Clara, at last tired of looking out of the window, turned to observe her companions. She and Alaa were alone in doing ! Do not-do not be rash. You will try the one partition of the railway-carriage ; and in 'I think I must not hazard any opinion on this the other was seated a gentlemanly-looking man of the guard was heard ; slower and slower nuffed the train ; at last they came to a standstill. The young man put his head out of the window, and presently the door on his side opened, and another jumped in and took his place beside him .--There were welcomes and congratulations, and Clara, greatly amused, soon concluded them to her cheek, and she looked quite terrified ; 'we be young men going up for the next term to Oxford-a supposition in which she was not mis- and we can do no good. Remember,' he coataken ; and as the glass window of communica- | tinued still more tenderly, ' dearest Clara, I have | be sure to be in time.' tron was let down, she could overhear most of not said that my mind is made up." their conversation. 'Have you heard the great news, Meiville ?' said the last arrived. "I suppose you mean the grand perversion ?" article about it in this paper. I suppose there almost find it in my heart to follow him blindty | tentively watching one corner on the right-hand can be no doubt about it now ?" "Not a shadow,' replied the first speaker. He will be a great loss, I am afraid."

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 31, 1866.

sires that the names of such as are about to com- writing against what he has now embraced?" ville. Any of your friends, Walker?

' I declare I should like to hear some of those | help me God !' contessions myself,' replied Melville, with a sneer.

' By the way, did you know that poor fellow, De Grey ?' asked Walker suddenly.

'O you mean the convert of two months ago,' replied Melville; 'the long, lanky fellow who : 'And there is no force of affection on the used always to be walking about with that silly other side, Clara ? he replied, in a voice of deep boy Leslie, of ----. What has become of emotion. him ?'

'They say he is gone to enter some dreadful Order in London, a degree worse than the Trap- and, as she glanced timidly at his speaking counpists,' replied Walker ; ' and his bosom friend, Leslie, is on the point of imitating his example. expression of a we that was stealing over it, that

with his constant walks to Littlemore and his almost reproached herself for even allowing a round, saluted the altar, and swept by. From

there may be those near whom you might not like to overhear your conversation.'

There was a dead silence; and Alan; with a and turned to Clars, who, with chesks glowing with excitement and eyes filled with tears, could scarcely command words wherewith to speak her feelings.

"O'Alan !' said she at last, ' are these Oxford men ?"

Alan smiled.

'I think I know one of them; he is very bitter against any thing like Catholicity. He is only a specimen of a certain class.' He signed. Poor De Grey ?'--- he could not go on.

Clara was silent some time; theo said hurriedly,

"Alan, did you hear the first part of their conversation ?'

. No,' he replied earnestly ; what brought on this foolish talk?'

Something they said about Mr. Newman,' said she, anxiously eyeing bim. 'Have you heard it, Alan? Can it be true?'

tation before Holy Communion, and when she de- how short time ago was it since Newman was as far as it is in the power of man, I have endea- addressing him in the most earnest, respectful vored, and will still endeavor, not to allow any manner) till be was at his side. Two or three 'I suppose a great many will follow,' said Mel- personal feeling, any human affection, to has me in the decision I am about to make. I know 'None,' replied he. 'I heartily wish the cu- that the safety of my immortal soul is at stake; rate of our parish would take into his head to and neither Mr. Newman, nor Mr. De Grey, nor

> Clara suddenly became perfectly still; the burst of sorrow was checked in its course.

> ' Forgive me, Alan,' said she faintly ; 'but I so fear the force of affection.'

Clara was deeply struck by this simple appeal. She had looked at only one side of the question ; tenance, and saw by the closed eyelids, and the "What a fool !' exclaimed Melville. 'I thought he was absorbed in asking counsel and aid from Him Who could alone guide and direct him, she cross her mind. She sank back in the carriage, | feet.

He was going on, when Alan, who had seemed | and fell into a deep reverie. A thousand broken | There was a gray stone let into the stone floor chaos. She could only brood over the sorrow names above were well known ones; and Clara 'I think you had better not talk so toud; for that sat deep in der soul, scarcely defining what that sorrow was.

The shrill whistle of the driver seemed to awake both brother and sister. Alan roused Fridgwin, where the stairs are worn with the himself; and with a doubly tender manner, which seemed to ask pardon for anything barsh he had said, and to betray a full consciousness of having spoken excitedly, he busied himself with arrange-

ments for getting out, saying,---'We must change carriages here, Clara.'

' Didcot ! Didcot !' shouted the guard, passing rapidly along the train. ' Any passengers for Oxford ?

+ Here,' said Alan, putting his head out of the window ; and in a moment the door was unlocked, and they were standing on the platform with their luggage around them. The transit was quickly made; one train whip-

ped off, the other approached; people hurried in, and Clara soon tound herself, in another carriage, | and they quickly turned up Oriel Line. putting off full-speed to Oxford.

'We shall soon be there now, Clara,' said Alan, with a smile and a tone that evidently meant to cheet her up. 'Look, do you see the spire of St. Mary's in the distance ? - and now

other figures, in the same red hocds, were proceeding out of the different doors round the Quadrangie, and all making their way towards the same point, the gate that leads to the Cathedral.

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They both reached it together; the young bachelor fell back, and the surplices and red hoods bowed to each other, and disappeared together beneath the archway. 'Oh, who is that, Alan?' said Clara.

" A great friend of yours,' said Alan playfully. I'm shocked, Clara, at your want of penetration. I thought you would have smelt him out at the other end of Oxford.'

Clara stood watching with such eager interest the figure crossing the Quadrangle, that she was not aware the bell had ceased to ring. They crossed the Quadrangle, lingered in the nave while the service was going on, and stood aside again while the procession of canons, headed by their verger and his silver stick, turned severally

stood absorbed in thought, while the voluntary poured forth its last rich notes. They lingered on round the Cathedral, and at the shrine of St. knees of Catholic worshippers,-aow replaced, alas, by whom ?

The shades of evening came on; the vergeress rattled her keys, and in no pleasant tone desired them to evacuate the Church. Clara gave one more look of disgust at the old bishop seated in Protestant grandeur at the door of the Latin Chapel, one more look of sad interest up the choir towards the altar, dropped a kind of furtive curtsey, and left the building with her brother. Alan led her again through the gate into Tom Quad ; they passed into Peckwater ; young men were standing about in groups before the door of the library, and Canterbury was still open .---Alan seemed to wish to avoid being recognised,

"Oh. what is that beautiful spire, Alan ?' exclaimed Clara.

'St. Mary the Virgin's,' replied Alan.

Clara's pace involuntarily slackened : she seemed as if she could not take her even

"I think you will admire St. Mary the Virgin's,' said he ; ' its spire is considered one of the most beautiful in the world, I believe."

"And Littlemore ?' said Clara, looking up .--" I wish to see that."

It was evident abe cared out for St. Mary's apart from its rector ; and Mr. Wingheld smiled into the railway trains that came puffing up to in spite of himself.

'Is New-College choir as beautiful as ever?" inquired Mr. Leslie. 'I remember well, when I propers were over, to be in time for the anthem there."

time.'

"Is the music at Littlemore as very good ?" said Clara.

Mr. Wingfield smiled again.

subject before you, Miss Lesue, you are such a deeply occupied in a newspaper. The whistle judge.'

Clara blushed and looked half aanoved. Mr. Leslie began talking to Mr. Wingfield about his parish, which was ted miles distance from London; and Clara lost berself in a reverie on the delights of her approaching visit to O'xford. She magined herself in the chapel at Littlemore, inquiries innumerable; and the train puffed on. catching a glimse of the idol of her imagination ; for she had again persuaded herselt into disheheving even his approaching desertion of what he had so long upheld and loved. A sentence of Mr. Wingfield's aroused ber attention ; it was said in his peculiar diffident way before his elders, which yet showed that what he said was well weighed, and the result of a thorough conviction, which could not easily be removed.

'After Confirmation we have no hold on our people,' said be; ' they do not come to us with their joys and sorrows ; we know nothing of their inner life ; we are to them the gentieman, not the priest.'

" This is true,' said Mr. Leslie musingly, ' in a great measure ; but how is it to be remedied ?

"I see but one remedy,' said Mr. Wingfield; we must borrow from the Roman Church her inestimable system of individual guidance, devoid of its abuses. We must tollow out what our I can't understand how people can be so incon. deeply solemn tones, ' hear me, while I solemnly and did not seen to see the young bachelor ashamed to aslute Newman in the streets now."

"For my part,' said Melville, "I am heartily restraint." glad. I think it is a capital good riddance. It will give the Tractarians a lesson they will not forget, I hope.'

"I can't understand it,' replied the other.

Alan turned pale.

"It 25 true, Clara. I wished to keep it from you as long as possible; for I am afraid it will spoil your pleasure in Oxford."

"Oh, when did it happen, Alan? How was it done ?

the evening of the Sth-that is, three days ago, her two companions, whom she recognised in the Another minute, and Clara was in Mildred's -the Superior of the Order of the Passionists crowd, with a drawing up of her long neck, and arma. She looked full of life and happiness, and arrived at Littlemore; and there Mr. Newman threw himself at his feet and asked him to admit when she liked it. The trunks were tumbled him into the bosom of the Church. The night on to the top of the omnibus; the man, who was spent in the preparation; and vesterday seemed to know Alan well, touched his hat with morning he was received into the communion of the Roman Church.'

"Aad what does Mr. De Grey advise you to

'Nothing; he would not offer advice. He merely tells me that he is happy ; that he has found the one great reality; that he has not been disappointed.

"And he hids you follow him ?' said she, her voice quivering. 'O Alan, think what you are et, and then you will return-you must return. the Anglican Church; he cannot remain in the beil struck four. Church of Rome ; he will come back again."

"Never, Clara,' said Alan energetically ; " be will never return. If he changes now, it will be to become an infidel ; there is but one system untried, and if that be false, then Christianity itself sa lie. Forgive me, Clara,' he added, in a softer manner, for the color had vanished from must not speak on these subjects ; I shock you,

Clara burst into tears.

'Ob, but it is, Alan; I see it too plainly. Those young men said truly,-you will never remain now that Mr. Newman is gone, you loved replied his companion. "Yes; here is a long him too well. 1, who knew nothing of him, could at once; and you, Alan,-do I not know how side, where a young man, in a surplice and you loved him ?' and, regardless of every thing | bachelor's hood, was lingering, suddenly touched around her, she hid her face and sobbed without her arm.

Alan's feelings were wrought up to the last pitch; his eye kindled, and his knit brows be-

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we are just passing Littlemore."

When the train stopped at the well-known station, she superintended the gathering together of ' My friend writes me, that at ten o'clock in her luggage, and was ready to return the look of at the Star, and they quickened their pace .--lock of cold hauteur that she could well assume a civil ' Yes, sir ; we'll take care of them, sir ;' and Alan offering his arm to his sister, they walked off towards the tows. The bells of the Cathedral were ringing for evening service. A calm sunset light was shed over the old towers of Christ's Church, and caps and gowns were rapidly making their way up the street. They crossed Folly Bridge, and Clara bent over the side, asking questions about the beautiful little boats that were clustered beneath. They passed along the Mary's to-morrow morning, and you do not street, teeming with life, and were soon beneath the old walls of Christ Church. Young men were Mr. Newman will find out there is nothing like | hurrying in at Tom Gate, as the great deep-toned

> "Do you heat old Tom ?" said Alan smiling. Clara was in enchantment; she seemed to have forgotten for the moment that the light of Oxford was extinguished in her.

"O Alan,' said she, as the double bell of the Cathedral changed to the last toll, ' let us go in, we are just in time."

Alan smiled and acquiesced.

'But,' added be, 'there is still five minutes. and I have a sight to show you, Clara. We shall

They went through the arch ; it was Saturday evening, and a man was distributing surplices as they passed. Clara had never seen anything so extensive as the Old Quadrangle; she looked round her in delight. She had almost forgotten the promised sight, when Alan, who had been at-

' Now look, Clara."

She turned round quickly ; a middle-aged person, in a surplice, and red hood, was coming out of the little doorway. He walked quickly, his trayed the conflicting agony within. of the little doorway. He walked quickly, his 'Clara,' said be, in low and tremulous but eyes on the ground, his spare figure a little bent, church exidently intended us'to do in the exhor- sistent as to"change about in this way. Why, declare that, as far as I know my own heart, and (who, however, instantly joized him, and seemed) and the state of the state

and even when they had reached the High Street Clara gazed from the window as he pointed and were going towards the Star Hotel, she out each well-known object, and gradually ber | turned back once and again to catch a last spirits rose. She asked question after question. glimpse of its beautiful proportions. A lady and gentleman were standing at the door as they approached ; a travelling carriage bail just arrived they were soon seated in the parlour destined for them, settling their plans for the next day .----Clars bad pulled out her ' Christian Year' from her pocket to aid her, as usual, the moment the first meation of the morrow had been made. It was the 21st Sunday after Trinity, and the lines so suited her state of mind, that she was obliged to be wakened by Mildred's over and over again appealing to her, before she was the least alive to what was going on.

'Clara dear,' said she playfully, 'there now, please give me that book ;' and she placed it or her on the table. 'We are talking about Saint listen.'

Clara's eyes filled with tears ; but she made an effort, and repressed the rising emotion the mere mention of that name brought.

'There is Holy Commution every Sunday morning there at 7 o'clock,' proceeded Mildred ; 'you will come, will you not, Clary.'

Clara brightened. 'How very sice,' said she. and then, where are we to go for the Morning Service.'

"Would you like to drive out to Littlemore ?" said Douglas.

'Perhaps it would be better to go there for the Afternoon Service,' said Mildred ; ' we can

then have such a beautiful walk home."

' Have you heard what has happened there ?" said Clara anxiously.

'Yes,' said Milired gently, her face clouding almost as much as Clara's ; 'it will be almost like visiting the grave of a friend.'

Mildred's kind words overcame Clara, and in spite of her efforts the tears suddenly overflowed and made their way down her cheeks.

She dared not look up, or she would have seen Douglas's darkening brow. He rose abruptly and paced the room, his head beat and his hands in his pockets.

'A fine triumph for the Romanists,' said he bitterly; 'any one who did such a thing deserves to be cut by all his acquaintance. I should be Clara glanced pervously towards Alan ; bis eyes S. 1. 1. 1832.4