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LORD DACRE OF GILSLAND; OR, The Rising in the North: AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF THE DAYS OF ELIZABETH.

By E. M. Stewart. CHAPTER II. "Silence, and darkness! solemn sister twins From ancient night who nurse the tender thought, To reason, and on reason build resolve; That column of true majesty in man, Assist me!"

It was with feelings of the utmost alarm that John Harding, being awakened by repeated knockings, hurried on a few clothes, and hastened himself to open the door of his habitation. "Alas! alas!" said the old man, as he descended the stairs, "God forgive the rebellion of my heart, which cannot chuse but murmur at His will, in so far as it has fixed my lot in such a troublesome age! Who was that?" he cried, as he laid his hand on the ponderous bolt.

search of the perpetrator of the daring outrage; well she remembered that the preceding week her cousin and herself had been present at the public show, given by Sir Philip Wynyard, but it appeared not to her that they had there excited any extraordinary attention. Thus she lay till she had fairly wept herself to sleep, and might have reposed perhaps an hour, when she was awakened by her name repeatedly pronounced, and beheld her father standing at her bedside in much agitation. "Rise, Gertrude! rise my child, I entreat you!" he exclaimed, "and come with me!"

symmetry of her form, while the sleeve of lawn and lace, wrought with needlework, which appeared below the satin, showed that the heiress of the rich citizen could indulge in the taste for fine linen as freely as the daughter of an Earl. The stranger still stood gazing on the lovely form at the upper end of the apartment: he had been conversant with the Courts of Europe, and had seen beauty in its high and low degrees, polished by art, and wild in the charms of untutored nature; yet it seemed that, with one exception, he had never met with grace or loveliness till now. He forgot, in his surprise and admiration, those forms of chivalrous politeness with which he was so well acquainted.

its strength, and whatever did not relate to it became trivial in comparison. "Fair Gertrude," said Lord Dacre, and his deep voice softened to a tone alike thrilling and impressive, "if thy gentle soul is so touched by the woes of the royal sufferer, would it not seem a pleasant task to relieve them?" "Noble Lord," replied Gertrude, "fortune has decreed me to a very lowly state; much have I sorrowed for the injured Queen, and never lamented my mean condition but when thinking of her wrongs; for, alas! I felt I was too far removed in rank to alleviate them, Alas! my Lord, the nobly born pay bitter penalties for all their high estate—the first in place seems often the first in woe; they are hard distinctions which shut out the heart's most tender sympathies; the queen whom I have mourned for may scorn my pity, but show the way in which the humble Gertrude may assist her, and all she has of energy or life shall be yielded to the glorious purpose. Your sex, my Lord, have sterner frames to suffer; but oh, they cannot have more will or patience to endure than ours. I have read," continued Gertrude, "how a lowly village girl of France retrieved the waning fortunes of her country; might such a blessed work be mine, how joyfully would I yield up life when it was accomplished, even as she yielded it. It is bitter to behold injustice triumph, to see this fair world laid at the feet of the wicked; but how sublime is the power and eternity of truth—how noble the task to aid in her success!"

and a door flew open at the top of a narrow flight of stairs; down these he led Lord Dacre, the aperture closing behind them, while Gertrude having called up the servants to answer the noisy summons at the door, drew a chair near the sick couch, and sat shivering between her hopes for her cousin, and her fears for the bold design of Lord Dacre. CHAPTER III. "Oh, night and shades! How are ye joined with hell in triple knot Against the unarmed weakness of our virgin, Alone and helpless." COMUS. The unfortunate Lucy Fenton had sunk into a swoon as she was conveyed from the house of her father. On regaining her senses, she found herself extended on a couch and in total darkness, but the low dashing of water and a current of air blowing freshly on her face convinced her that she was being borne rapidly along the river. A dismal moaning near her filled her heart with horror, and she involuntarily uttered a responsive sigh. Presently a man appeared with a lamp, and she then perceived that she was in what seemed to be the cabin of a fishing boat, or some vessel of no superior pretensions. As the man approached the couch on which she lay she again closed her eyes, thinking that while supposed to be asleep or insensible an opportunity for observation likely to avail her in her present desperate situation might occur. "The person who had entered paused at her side, and held the light over her face, the deadly paleness of which sufficiently confirmed the idea of her prolonged swoon, while her hand which he took, had assumed the coldness as well as the color of marble.