THEIR STORY RUNNETH THUS.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Two little children played among the flowers,

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Y 6, 1897.

with her usual he morning did

eyes
That seemed to listen just as if they held
The gift of hearing with the power of sight.
Six Summers slept upon her low white brow,
And dreamed amid the roses of her cheeks.
Her voice was sweetly low; and when she spoke Her words were music ; and her laughter rang

So like an altar-bell that, had you heard Its silvery sound a-ringing, you would think Of kneeling down and worshipping the pure. They played among the roses—it was May—And "hide and seek," and "seek and hide," all

They played together till the sun went down. Earth held no happier hearts than theirs that

day: And tired at last she plucked a crimson rose And gave to him, her playmate, cousin-kin; And he went thro' the garden till he found And he went into the gladed-set here,
The whitest rose of all the roses there,
And placed it in her long, brown, waving hair,
"I give you red—and you—you give me white:
What is the meaning?" said she, while a smile,
As radiant as the light of angel's wings,
Smoot bright agross her face; the while her eves As radiant as the light of angers wings, Swept bright across her face; the while her eyes Seemed infinite purities half asleep In sweetest pearls—and he did make reply, "Sweet Ethel! white dies first—you know, the

snow, (And it is not as white as thy pure face) Melts soon away—but roses red as mine
Will bloom when all the snow hath passed away.'

She sighed a little sigh, then laughed again, And hand in hand they walked the winding Of that fair garden till they reached her home A good-bye and a kiss—and he was gone.

She leaned her head upon her mother's breast, And ere she fell asleep, sighing, called, "Does white die first? my mother! and does

Live longer?" and her mother wondered much At such strange speech. She fell asleep With murmurs on her lips of red and white. Those children loved as only children can, With nothing in their love save their whole

selves, When in their cradles they had been betroth'd. They knew it in a manner vague and dim— Unconscious yet of what betrothal meant. The boy-she called him Merlin-a love

name—
(And he—he called her always Ullainee, No matter why)—the boy was full of moods. Upon his soul and face the dark and bright Were strangely intermingled. Hours would

pass Rippling with his bright prattle—and then, Would come and go; and never hear a word Fall from his lips, and never see a smile Upon his face. He was so like a cloud With ever-changeful hues, as she was like A golden sunbeam shining on its face.

Ten years passed on. They parted and they met Not often in each year, yet as they grew In years, a consciousness unto them came Of human love.

But it was sweet and pure There was no passion in it. Reverence Like Guardian-Angel watched o'er Innocence. One night in mid of May their faces met As pure as all the stars that gazed on them They met to part from themselves and the

Their hearts just touched to separate and bleed, Their eyes were linked in look, while saddest Fell down like rain upon the cheeks of each: They were to meet no more.

Their hands were clasped To tear the clasp in twain; and all the stars Looked proudly down on them, while shadows

or seemed to kneel, around them with the awe Evoked from any heart by sacrifice.

And in the heart of that last, parting hour Eternity was beating. And he said, We part to go to Calvary and to God— This is our garden of Gethsemane; And here we bow our heads and breathe His

prayer Whose heart was bleeding, while the angels heard: Not my will, Father! but Thine own be done.

Raptures meet agonies in such heart-hours: Gladness doth often fling her bright, warm arms Around the cold, white neck of Grief—and thus The while they parted—sorrow swept their

hearts
Like a great, dark stormy sea—but sudden
A joy, like sunshine—did it come from God?
Flung over every wave that swept o'er them
A morethan golden glory.

Merlin said : Merin said:

"Our loves must soar aloft to spheres divine,
The human satisfies nor you nor me,
(No human love shall ever satisfy—
Or ever did—the hearts that lean on it);
You sigh for something higher as do I,
So let our spirits be appropriate for the same state. So let our spirits be espoused in God, And let our wedlock be as soul to soul; And prayer shall be the golden marriage ring, And God will bless us both."

She sweetly said:
"Your words are echoes of my own soul's thoughts;
Let God's own heart be our own holy home,

And let us live as only angels live; And let us love as our own angels love. 'Tis hard to part—but it is better so, God's will is ours, and—Merlin! let us go."

And then she sobbed as if her heart would break— Perhaps it did—an awful minute passed Perhaps it did—an awful minute passed, Long as an age and briefer than a flash Of lightning in the skies. No word was said; Only a look which never was forgot, Between them fell the shadows of the night.

Their faces went away into the dark. And never met again; and yet their souls Were twined together in the heart of Christ.

And Ethel went from earthland long ago, But Merlin stays still hanging on his cross. He would not move a nail that nails him there, He would not pluck a thorn that crowns him

there, there, the blessed cross He hung himself upon the blessed cross With Ethel—she has gone to wear the crown That wreath the brows of virgins who have kept Their bodies with their souls from earthly

And years and years, and weary years passed

Into the past; one Autumn afternoon, When flowers were in their agony of death,

And winds sang " De Profundis" over them, And white sang "De Froundis" over them, And skies were sad with shadows, he did walk Where in a resting-place as calm as sweet, The dead were lying down; the Autumn sun Was half way down the west—the hour was Their mothers were of kin, tho' far apart;
The children's ages were the very same
Even to an hour; and Ethel was her name,
A fair, sweet girl, with great, brown, wond'ring

three, The holiest hour of all the twenty-four, For Jesus leaned His head on it, and died. He walked alone amid the virgins' graves, Where virgins slept—a convent stood near by, And from the solitary cells of nuns Unto the cells of death the way was short.

Low, simple stones and white watched o'er each grave, While in the hollows 'tween them sweet flowers

grew, Entwining grave with grave. He read the

Engraven on the stones, and "Rest in peace" Was written 'neath them all, and o'er each name A cross was graven on the lowly stone. passed each grave with reverential awe, if he passed an altar, where the Host Had left a memory of its sacrifice.

And o'er the buried virgin's virgin dust

He walked as prayerfully as tho' he trod The holy floor of fair Loretto's shrine. He passed from grave to grave, and read the names Of those whose own pure lips had changed the

names By which this world had known them into names
Of sacrifice known only to their God;
Veiling their faces they had veiled their names.
The very ones who played with them as girls,
Had they passed there, would know no more

than he
Or any stranger where their playmates slept.
And then he wondered all about their lives,
their hearts,
Their thoughts, their feelings, and their dreams,
Their joys and sorrows, and their smiles and

tears. He wondered at the stories that were hid Ferever down within those simple graves.

In a lone corner of that resting-place In a lone corner of that resting-place Uprose alow white slab that marked a grave, Apart from all the others—long, sad grass Drooped o'er the little mound, and mantied it With veil of purest green—around the slab The whitest of white roses 'twined their arms, Roses cold as the snows and pure as songs Of angels—and the pale leaflets and thorns Hid den the year, pame of her who slent. Hid e'en the very name of her who slept Beneath. He walked on to the grave, but when He reached its side a spell fell on his heart So suddenly—he knew not why—and tears Went up into his eyes and trickled down Upon the grass—he was strangely moved as if he met a long-gone face he loved. As it ne met a long-gone face he loved.

I believe he prayed. He lifted then the leaves
That hid the name—but as he did, the thorns
Did pierce his hands, and lo! amazed he read The very word—the very, very name
He gave the girl in golden days before—
"ULLAINEE."

He sat beside that lonely grave for long. He took its grasses in his trembling hand, He toyed with them and wet them with his tears,

He read the name again and still again. He thought a thousand thoughts, and then he thought It all might be a dream—then rubbed his eyes And read the name again to be more sure; Then wondered and then wept—then asked

himself: "What means it all? Can this be Ethel's

grave?
I dreamed her soul had fled.
Was she the white dove that I saw in dream Fly o'er the sleeping sea so long ago

The convent bell Rang sweet upon the breeze, and answered him His question. And he rose and went his way Unto the convent gate; long shadows marked One hour before the sunset, and the birds Were singing Vespers in the convent trees. As silent as a star-gleam came a nun In answer to his summons at the gate; Her face was like the picture of a saint, Her face was like the picture of a saint, Or like an angel's smile—her downcast eyes Were like a half-closed tabernacle, where God's presence glowed—her lips were pale and

By ceaseless prayer; and when she sweetly spoke And bade him enter, 'twas in such a tone As only voices own which day and night

Sing hymns to God. She locked the massive gate He followed her along a flower-fringed walk That, gently rising, led up to the home Of virgin-hearts. The very flowers that bloomed Within the place, in beds of sacred shapes— (For they had fashioned them with holy care, Into all holy forms—a chalice, a cross, And sacred hearts—and many saintly names, That when their eyes would fall upon the flow-

Their souls might feast upon some mystic sign—)
Were fairer far within the convent walls,
And purer in their fragrance and their bloom
Than all their sisters in the outer world.

He went into a wide and humble room--The floor was painted, and upon the walls, In humble frames, most holy paintings hung; Jesus and Mary and many an olden saint Were there. And she, the veil-clad Sister,

spoke; "I'll call the Mother," and she bowed and went.

He waited in the wide and humble room, The only room in that unworldly place
This world could enter, and the pictures looked
Upon his face and down into his soul, And strangely stirred him. On the mantle stood A crucifix, the figured Christ of which Did seem to suffer; and he rose to look More nearly on it; but he shrank in awe When he beheld a something in its face Like his own face. But more amazed he grew, when, at the foot Of that strange crucifix he read the name—"ULLAINEE."

A whirl of thought swept o'er his startled

soul—
When to the door he heard a footstep come,
And then a voice—the Mother of the nuns
Had entered—and in calmest tone began: Had entered—and in calmest tone began:

"Forgive, kind sir, my stay; our Matin song
Had not yet ended when you came; our rule
Forbids our leaving choir; this my excuse."
She bent her head—the rustle of her veil
Was like the trembling of an angel's wing,
Her voice's tone as sweet. She turned to him
And seemed to ask him with her still, calm look
What brought him there, and waited his reply.

"I am a stranger, Sister, hither come,"
He said, "upon an errand still more strange; "I am a stranger, Sister, hither come,"
He said, "upon an errand still more strange;
But thou wilt pardon me and bid me go
If what I crave you cannot rightly grant,
I would not dare intrude, nor claim your tin Save that a friendship, deep as death, and

strong As life, has brought me to this holy place.' As the, has brought me to this nois place. He paused. She looked at him an instant, bent Her lustrous eyes upon the floor, but gave Him no reply, save that her very look Encouraged him to speak, and he went on: He told her Ethel's story from the first, He told her of the day amid the flowers, When they were only six sweet summers old;

He told her of the night when all the flowers, A listining, heard the words of sacrifice—
He told her all; then said: "I saw a stone
In yonder graveyard where your sisters sleep,
And writ on it, all hid by roses white, I saw a name I never ought forget.

She wore a startled look, but soon repressed She wore a startled look, but soon represent
The wonder that had come into her face.
"Whose name?" she calmly spoke. But when
he said
"ULLAINEE,"

She forward bent her face and pierced his own With look intensest; and he thought he heard The trembling of her veil, as if the brow It mantled, throbbed with many thrilling

thoughts.
But quickly rose she, and in hurried tone
Spoke thus: "'Tis hour of sunset, 'tis our rule
To close the gates to all till to-morrow's morn.
Return to-morrow, then, if so God wills,

He gave many thanks, passed out From that unworldly place into the world. Straight to the lonely graveyard went his steps, Swift to the "White-Rose-Grave," his heart: he

Upon its grass and prayed that God might will The mystery's solution; then he took.

Where it was drooping on the slab, a rose,
The whiteness of whose leaves was like the foam Of summer waves upon a summer sea.

Then thro' the night he went And reached his room, where, weary of his thoughts Sleep came, and coming found the dew of tears Undried within his eyes, and flung her veil Around him. Then he dreamt a strange, weird

dream. A rock, dark waves, white roses and a grave, And cloistered flowers, and cloistered nuns, and

tears
That shone like jewels on a diadem,
And two great angels with such shining wings;
All these and more were in most curious way
Blended in one dream or many dreams. Then
He woke wearier in his mind. Then stept
Accie and had enother dream Again and had another dream. His dream ran thus (He told me all of it many years ago,

His aream ran thus
(He told me all of it many years ago,
But I forgot the most. I remember this):
Adove, whiter than whiteness' very self,
Fluttered thro' his sleep in vision or dream,
Bearing in its flight a spotless rose. It
Flew away across great, long distances,
Thro' forests where the trees were all in dream,
And over wastes where silences held reign,
And down pure valleys, till it reached a shore
By which blushed a sea in the ev'ning sun;
The dove rested there awhile, rose again
And flew across the sea into the sun.
And then from near or far (he could not say)
Came sound as faint as echo's own echo— Came sound as faint as echo's own echo-A low sweet hymn it seemed—and now And then he heard, or else he thought he heard, As if it were the hymn's refrain, the words, "White dies first." "White dies first."

The sun had passed his noon and Westward sloped; He hurried to the cloister and was told The Mother waited him. He entered in Into the wide and pictured room, and there The Mother sat and gave him welcome twice.

"I prayed last night," she spoke; "to know God's will,
I prayed to Holy Mary and the saints

That they might pray for me, and I might know My conduct in the matter; now kind sir, What would'st thou? Tell thy e rand." He re-

plied:
"It was not idle curiosity
That brought me thither or that prompts my lips
To ask the story of the White Rose Grave,

To seek the story of the White Rose Grave,
To seek the story of the sleeper there
Whose name I knew so long and far away.
Who was she, pray? Dost deem it right to
tell?"

tell?"
There was a pause before the answer came, As if there was a comfort in her heart.
There was a tremor in her voice when she Unclosed two palest lips, and spoke in tone Of whisper more than word:

"She was a child of lofty gift and grace who fills that grave,
And who has filled it long—and yet it seems
To me but one short hour ago we laid

Her body there. Her mem'ry clings around Our hearts, our cloister, fresh, and fair, and sweet. We often look for her in places where

We often took for her in places where Her face was wont to be: among the flowers, In chapel, underneath those trees. Long years Have passed and mouldered her pure face, and

yet
It seems to hover here and haunt us all.
I cannot tell you all. It is enough
To see one ray of light for us to judge
The glory of the sun; it is enough
To catch one glimpse of heaven's blue
For us to know the beauty of the sky.
It is mercured to tell a little part. It is enough to tell a little part
Of her most holy life, that you may know
The hidden grace and splendor of the whole.
"Nay, nay," he interrupted her: "all! all!
Thou'lt tell me all, kind Mother."

She went on She went on
Unheeding his abruptness:
"One sweet day—
A feast of Holy Virgin, in the month
Of May, at early morn, e'er yet the dew
Had passed from off the flowers and grass, e'er

Our nuns had come from holy Mass - there came With summons quick unto our convent gate young girl. Her feet were wet with

dew— Another dew was moist within her eyes— Her large, brown, wond'ring eyes. for me,
And as I went she rushed into my arms
Like weary bird into the leaf-roofed branch

That sheliered it from storm. She sobbed and sobbed
Until I thought her very soul would rush From her frail body, in a sob, to God.

I let her sob her sorrow all away,
My words were waiting for a calm. Her sobs My words were waiting for a calm. Her sobs Sank into sighs—and they too sank and died In faintest breath. I bore her to a seat In this same room—and gently spoke to her, And held her hand in mine—and soothed he With words of sympathy, until she seemed As tranquil as myself.

And then I asked: 'What brought thee hither, child?' and what wilt

thou?'
Mother' she said; 'Wilt let me wear the veil? Mother she said; Wilt let me wear the veil?
Wilt let me serve my God as e'en you serve
Him in this cloistered place? I pray to be—
Unworthy tho' I be—to be His spouse.
Nay, Mother—say not nay—'twill break a heart
Already broken'—and she looked on me
With those brown, wond'ring eyes which pleaded
more.

more,
More strongly and more sadly than her lips
That I might grant her sudden, strange request.
Hast thou a mother? questioned I. 4 had?
She said—'but heaven has her now;—and thou Wilt be my mother-and the orphan girl Will make her life her thanks.'

'Thy father, child?'
'Ere I was cradled he was in his grave.'
'And hast nor sister nor brother?' 'No,' she

'God gave my mother only me;—one year This very day He parted us.' 'Poor child'— I murmured—'Nay—kind Sister'—she replied: 'I have much wealth— they left me ample means-

have true friends who love me and protect. I was a miner until yesterday; But yesterday all guardianship did cease, And I am mistress of myself and all

My worldly means—and, Sister, they are thine
If thou but take myself—nay—don't refuse.'

'Nay—nay — my child?' I said — 'The only

wealth

We wish for is the wealth of soul-of grace, We wish for is the wealth of soul—of grace, Not all your gold could unlock yonder gate, Orbuy a single thread of virgin's veil. Not all the coins in coffers of a king Could bribe an entrance here for any one. God's voice alone can claim a cell—a veil, For any one He sends.

Who sent you here,
Who sent you here,
My child? Thyself? Or did some holy one
Direct thy steps? Or else some sudden grief?
Or mayhap, disappointment? Or perhaps,
A sickly weariness of that bright world
Hath cloyed thy spirit? Tell me, which it is.'
'Neither'—she quickly, almost proudly spoke,
'Who sent you, then?'
'A youthful Christ—she gold.

Who, had he lived in those far days of Curist, Would have been His belov'd Disciple, sure, Would have been Hie own gentle John; and Have learned.

Have leaned, on Thursday night, upon His breast

breast
And stood, on Friday eve. beneath His cross
To take His Mother from Him when He died.
He sent me here—he said the word last night
In my own garden,—this the word he said:
Oh! had you heard him whisper: 'Ethel, dear!
Your heart was born with veil of virgin on—
I hear it rustle every time we meet. I hear it rustle every time we meet, In all your words and smiles ;—and when you

weep I hear it rustle more. Go—wear your veil— And outward be what inwardly thou art, And hast been from the first. And, Ethel, list: My heart was born with priestly vestments on, And at Dream-Altars I have oft-times stood, And said such sweet Dream-Masses in my

sleep—
And when I lifted up a white Dream Host,
A silver Dream Bell rang—and angels knelt,
Or seemed to kneel, in worship. Ethel, say,
Thou would'st not take the vestments from my

No more than I would tear the veil from thine. No more than I would tear the veil from thine. My vested and thy veiled heart part to night To climb our Calvary and to meet in God—And this, fair Ethel, is Gethsemane—And He is here, Who, in that other, bled—And they are here who came to comfort Him—His angels and our own; 'and His great prayer, Ethel, is ours to-night—let's say it, then: Father! Thy will be done! Go find your veil And I my vestments,'—He did send me here.'

, She paused - a few stray tears had dropped upon Her closing words and softened them to sighs. I listened, inward moved — but outward calm

and coid,
To the girl's strange story.' Then smiling said:
'I see it is a love-tale after all,
With much of folly and some of fact in it— It is a heart affair, and in such things There's little logic, and there's less of sense.
You brought your heart, dear child, but left
your head

your head
Outside the gates—nay, go and find the head
You lost last night—and then, I am quite sure,
You'll not be anxious to confine your heart
Within this cloistered place.' She seemed to wince Beneath my words one moment; — then replied:

'If e'en a wounded heart did bring me here, Dost thou do, Sister, well to wound it more If merely warmth of feelings urged me here, Dost thou do well to chill them into ice? And were I disappointed in you world, Should that debar me from a purer place? You say it is a love-tale—so it is; The vase was human—but the flower divine, And if I break the vase with my own hands, Will you forbid that I should humbly ask The heart of God to be my lily's vase? Pd trust my lily to no heart on earth Save his who yesternight did send me here To dip it in the very blood of Christ, And plant it here.

'And then she sobbed outright A long, deep sob.'
I gently said to her:
'Nay—child — I spoke to test thee — do not

weep thou art called of God, thou yet shalt come And find e'en here a home. But God is slow In all His works and ways, and slower still When He would deck a bride to grace His

Court.
Go, now, and in one year—if thou dost come Thy yeil and cell shall be prepared for thee-Nay—urge me not—it is our holy rule— A year of trial! I must to choir, and thou Into the world to watch and wait and pray Until the bridegroom comes.'
She rose and went
Without a word.

And twelvemonths after came, True to the very day and hour; and said.

Wilt keep thy promise made one year ago?
Where is my cell—and where my virgin's veil
Wilt try me more? Wilt send me back again. I came once with my wealth and was refused, And now I come as poor as Holy Christ Who had no place to rest His weary head— My wealth is gone; I offered it to him
Who sent me here; he sent me speedy word:
'Give all unto the poor in quiet way And hide the giving—ere you give yourself
To God! 'Wilt take me now for my own sake? I bring my soul—'tis little worth I ween,

And yet it cost sweet Christ a priceless price." 'My child,' I said, 'thrice welcome-enter here ; A few short days of silence and of prayer, And thou shalt be the Holy Bridegroom's

Her novice days went on; much sickness fell Upon her. Oft she lay for weary weeks In awful agonies, and no one heard A murmur from her lips. She oft would smile A sunny, playful smile, that she might hide Her sufferings from us all. When she was well, She was the first to meet the hour of prayer— The last to leave it—and they named her well. The last to leave it—and they named The angel of the cloister. Once I heard The Father of our souls say when she passed— Beneath that veil of sacrificial black She wears the white robe of her innocence.'
And we—we believed it. There are Sisters here
Of three score years of service, who would say: Within our memory never moved a veil That hid so saintly and so pure a heart. And we—we felt it, and we loved her so, We treated her as angel and as child. We treated her as anger and as cand.

I never heard her speak about the past,
I never heard her mention e'en a name
Of any in the world. She little spake;
She seemed to have rapt moments — then she

grew Absent-minded, and would come and ask me To walk alone and say her Rosary
Beneath the trees. She had a voice divine,
And when she sang for us, in truth it seemed The very heart of song was breaking on her

The dower of her mind, as of her heart, Was of the richest, and she mastered art Was of the richest, and she mastered art
By instinct more than study. Her weak hands
Moved ceaselessly amid the beautiful.
There is a picture hanging in our choir
She painted. I remember well the morn
She came to me and told me she had dreamt
A dream; then asked me would I let her paint
Her dream. I gave permission. Weeks and
weeks

weeks
Went by, and ev'ry spare hour of the day She kept her cell all busy with her work.
At last 'twas finished, and she brought it forth—
A picture my poor words may not portray.
But you might gaze on it with your own eyes,
And drink its magic and its meanings in;
I'll show it thee, kind sir, before you go.

In every May for two whole days she kept Her cell. We humored her in that, but when The days had passed, and she came forth again, Her face was tender as a lily's leaf,
With God's smile on it—and for days and days
Thereafter, she would scarcely ope her lips
Save when in prayer, and then her every look
Was rapt as if her soul did hold with God
Started Save And who knows? mayban Strange converse. And who knows? mayhap she did.

I half forgot-on yonder mantlepiece You see that wondrous crucifix; one year She spent on it, and begged to put beneath That most mysterious word—' Ullaine.'

At last the cloister's angel disappeared; Her face was missed at choir, her voice was Her words were missed where every day we

met
In recreation's hour: And those who passed
The angel's cell would lightly tread, and breathe
A prayer that death might pass the angel by
And let her longer stay, for she lay ill—
Her frail, pure life was ebbing fast away.
Ab 'many were the origons that rose Ah! many were the orisons that rose From all our hearts that God might spare her

At Benediction and at holy Mass Our hands were lifted, and strong pleadings went To heaven for her; we did love her so-

To heaven for her; we did love her so— Perhaps too much we loved her, and perhaps Our love was far too human. Slow and slow She faded like a flower. And slow and slow Her pale cheeks whitened more. And slow and

Her large, brown, wondering eyes sank deep and dim.

Hope died in all our faces, but on her's
Another and a different hope did shine,
And from her wasted lips sweet prayers arose That made her watchers weep. Fast came the

end. Never such silence o'er the cloister hung— We walked more softly, and whene'er we spoke, We walked more softly, and whene er we spose, Our voices fell to whispers, lest a sound Might jar upon her ear. The Sisters watched In turns beside her couch; to each she gave A gentle word, a smile, a thankful look. At times her mind did wander; no wild words Escaped her lips—she seemed to float away To far-gone days, and live again in seemes where he was were bright and happy. In her Whose hours were bright and happy. In her

sleep She ofttimes spoke low, gentle, holy words About her mother; and sometimes she sang The fragments of sweet, olden songs—and when She woke again, she timidly would ask If she had spoken in her sleep, and what She said, as if, indeed, her heart did fear That sleep might open there some long-closed

She would keep locked. And softly as a cloud, She would keep locked. And so way, as a solar, A golden cloud upon a summer's day,
Floats from the heart of land out o'er the sea—
So her sweet life was passing. One bright eve,
The fourteenth day of August, when the sun
Was wrapping, like a king, a purple cloud
Around him — on descending day's bright
thous.

throne, She sent for me and bade me come in haste. She sent for me' and bade me come in haste.

I went into her cell. There was a light
Upon her face, unearthly; and it shone
Like gleam of star upon a dying rose.

I sat beside her couch, and took her hand
In mine—a fair, frail hand that scarcely seem'd
Of flesh—so wasted, white and wan it was.
Her great, brown, wond'ring eyes had sunk away
Deep in their sockets—and their light shone dim
As tapers dying on an altar. Soft
As a dream of beauty on me fell, low,
Last words,

"Mother, the tide is ebbing fast;
But e'er it leaves this shore to cross the deep
And seek another, calmer—I would say
A few last words, and, Mother, I would ask
One favor more, which thou wilt not refuse.
Thou were a mother to the orphan girl,
Thou gav'st her heart a home—her love a vase,
Her weariness a rest, her sacrifice a shrine—
And thou did'st love me, Mother, as she loved
Whom I shall meet to morrow, far away—
But no—it is not far—that other heav'n

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Touches this, Mother. I have felt its touch,
And now I feel its clasp upon my soul.
Pm going from this heaven into that,
To-morrow, Mother. Yes, I dreamt it all.
It was the sunset of Our Lady's feast.
My soul passed upwards thro' the golden clouds
To sing the second Vespers of the day
With all the angels. Mother—ore I go—
Thou'lt listen, Mother sweet, to my last words.
Which, like all last words, tell what e'er was first
In life or tenderest in heart. I came
Unto my convent cell and virgin vail,
Sent by a spirit that had touched mine own
As wings of angels touch—to fly apart
Upon their mission—till they meet agrain
In heaven, heart to heart, wing to wing.
The "Angel of the Cloister," you called me,
Unworthy sure of such a beautoous name—
My mission's over—and your angel goes
To-morrow home. This earthly part which stays
You'll lay away within a simple grave—
But Mother, on its slab thou'lt grave this name,
"Ullainee!" (she spelt the letters out)
Nor ask me why—tho' if thou wilt I'll tell;
It is my soul name, given long ago
By one who found it in some Eastern book
Or dreamt it in a dream and gave it me,
Nor ever told the meaning of the name;
And, Mother, should be ever come and read
That name upon my grave, and come to thee
And ask thee tidings of Ullainee,
Thou'lt tell him all—and watch him if he weeps—
Show him the picture in the chapel choir—
And watch him if he weeps—and then
There are three humble scrolls in yonder drawer,
(She pointed to the table in her room)
'Some words of mine and words of his are there.
And keep these simple scrolls until he comes,
And pat them in his hands; and, Mother, watch,
Watch him if he weeps—and then
There are three humble scrolls in yonder drawer,
(She pointed to the table in her room)
'Some words of mine and words of his are t

Continued on eighth page.

NTINUED. MONY. riginally instituted s a neutral contrac rents in the garden stitution was con

in the New Testapleased to honor it , and with His first that the state of in itself, honorable nd has God Himself y, our Lord not only ored matrimony in also elevated it to the he seven sacraments. nas always been ache Catholic Church that Christians, who ceive this great sacdeliberation and approper dispositions

ir wedding, implore them to ect their steps and hem the way wherein Their eternal, as nporal, happiness de easures they adopt in their career, and on ance with the obligay contract, for which atter of great importbe well instructed in ligion prescribes to be before and after con-

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nd principal end of iges is to supply the with good members e kingdom of Heaven aints. As Saint Augus e intention of the faith ng should be to give Church and servants to ove and serve Him in complete the number of aven. The surest way he blessing of Heaven acting parties is to be laws of God and His

be free from all impedi-either annul the mar-er it unlawful. the married pair are eat, but their reward great and glorious in y continue faithfully to he end of their lives view which they ought ard to one another is to their power to

other happy both

other happy both and in the life to come. has been pleased to es with children it is an obligation to give them a tion and to use their bes reserve them in the state tismal sanctity. Saint hat parents whose words e continual lessons of imunhappy children, are fidels and St. John Chrythem murderers of their l be laid at their doors, ood will be demanded at as the Scripture phrase they shall be summoned

ay to give an account of dship. - Catholic Review old you that your starving, that it didn't get enough u might resent it. there are thousands who never get the should in their food re not able to digest at they do get. Fat essity to your baby.

by life and baby A few drops of mulsion for all little ie, two and three age is better than for them. They

nd grow on it. T & BOWNE, Belleville, Ont.