# (4) (u) und <br> CATHOLIC CHRONICLE 

vOL. XVII.
CLaRa Leslite.
tale of ofr own times.
chapter xxv.-Contunued. Clara's mind was too much exiausted for singie efiort; ste werely leaed her bead for-
mard, and s.lentig suffered the ganozzing sersa.
tions of those moments. She was consciously nothing death, judgment, beaven, hell, all seem-
ed dilike to her wearied mind. At times an al. ed elilse to her wearied mid. At times an al.
most reckless feeling possessed her ; all she could fasciated ber with tst very agony. Listen she Time passed oo unperceireds and again Father Raymond's gentie touch aroused ber. She look
ed up. They bad all teft the church, and he wa ed up. They bat all lett the churct, and he wa
stading alone beside her, in the paie ltght oo the sanctuary lamp. She guessed he had come shudder agana went through her frame. Sle rose and followed him, bowever, immediately without
a word. Twa or three people were in the saristy. She approached the table ; theie lay the paper. ot was short, merelp renouncing the
ercros of the sect' (Father Rapmond read over that wor eld had said right, by her own private Judg
ment she was unchurching the Church of Eng land') in mhich she bad been born and brough Roman Church as the guide and arbitrar in natters of faith. She took the pen; ;er hand each letter, as if signong her ovnd deatb-warrant sam the subdued but deep and heartfelt joy tha bearned on the faturres of each of the tassembed
gronp, she felt as if the were imitatage the fallen angels of darkness in rejoicing orer her tall. word, and leaned against the wall for sop roort.as her godmother; and when the second came ormard, Clara saw it whe not in thess of the Oratory whose glance she had net the moment of her baptism, and anothe And now ie came formard, and in bis own gentle
tone greeted her exactip in the same may as he sea to do in former days.
'You sald we should meet again,' sa:d he in the bosom of our mighty Mother; and wil

A thousand thoughts russed into Clara's mund and the color returned to ber nay my rest be like bis
Amen, saia he, shih more gentif. bad given him, as he was woot to old days to do. Clara felt comforted, mond able to auswer, with more appearance of composure, the kind words all sides.

Was beginaning to be lighted for the midnght of fice, aud Clara, absorbed in the thought of what for quiet, and again stole ino the chapel with had knelt at before her rec scarcely realize her nelv position; her mind was
still daris and bewildered. She foliowed not the beautifully chanted office; even the well. known long loyed, and thriling Lotes of the 'Ades fideifs' could only awaken a passing thought,
momentary gusb of delight. Her book lay un noticed, after a very short time, before ber ; and rapt in that one though: that ere long Jesus
Christ would really, and without a doubt, come face burred in leer. open hands, almost uncon scious of anytbing around her. She did aot see the gorgeous procession that mard the ringing of the bells, or the joyous notes of the beautafully mo-
dulated Te Deum, though Alan's rocce seemed to rise in that majestic strann of Catholic thanksgiving above al! the rest in its glad sweetaess
she saw not the clouds of tacense that filled the she saw not the clouds
air, nor the beautiful priests ; there was no joy to her hough but of some mighty forest before the coming of the whirlwind. Al last the hour of miunight roiled the midnight Mass commenced. Clara ba studied that wonderful serrice many and many to follow it. She merely looked up for a mo ment, and then was again absorbed so ber own
thoughts. The tempter's busy triumphant temp
tations had nodeed ceased, and she felt that the most solemn moment of her life was at hand; ; bet
still the dull welght of doubt hung over her the Soe of God was really coming to dwell weth her bink she bad left the place in
be had allotted to her? impaliently fretted at a meagre system, and sought for berself what
He dil not intend her to possess ; and then how Ho du not iotend her to possess; and then how
could He love to abide with her? She heard the Gloria in excelsss' intoned, the Creed chanted owed the rich strain! S Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Domious Deus Sabaoth ; pleni suat ceeli et terra
majestatis gloria tua.' Stul it was all pagean nd outside show; it spoke not to her beart. Suddenly that moment of silence was broken Clara telt that every head was in the dust, and
roused for a moment, she quickly raised her epes The pure white form that bad ouce, and onc aly, met ber eyes, was beld aloft by the bend g priest-the veiled glory of the Lorj of Hos doration. 'To bim that overconeelh I will give e bitden manna, and will give him a white which no man snoweth but he that receiveth it seemed wisispered to Clara's beart ; and that mo ment of unspeaikable delight (given as a foretast
of what God was about to shower upon her) hen she had once before gazed on the hidde
resence of the Lord of Glory, rushed on be memory. She could not bead ber head; sb
could but gaze tull It disappeared from ter ege while the beautiful words ot one of those

Ring jo5ounl5, 50 Boiema
And wave, ob, wave, ye censers bright
'Tia Jesus cometo, Marys Sone
And God of God, mod Light of Light

 and then the choir took up the stran, and chan di forth the glorious welcome of the Jewish chil-
dren--' Benedictus qui penit in nomine Domine Hosana in excelssts
She was again absorbed; but the mystical oment was at last come, and Clara Leslie wa irst time that dear Lord, Whom she had so lon sought and loved, so long ' felt after' and no
ound, was to take possession of His own, and $t$ abide in that beart, cleansed and purifed irom
every stan for His approach, for ever. Cathe ane gently touched her, and she gaw ber ris eady standing, with his face to wards ber, on the
atrar-steps, and seperal had alreadr left thei altar-steps, and several bad aiready left their
seats. She bastily followed, and as hastly knelt
br Catherine's side ; ber heart futtered, and her dads trembled as she clasped thera before her ad bent down orer the altar-rails. The feeling and nearer came the officiating priest ; oace wice, thrice, did the low roice tall upon her ea uan in vitam eternam. Amen.' It was Cathe
ine's turn. She felt the slight movement that accompanied the reception of her Lord; but the raised her head. Once more she caught a almpse reature's hand,' -the pure, round, white Form raised above ber in the sign of blessing,-and in
another instant it was resticg on ber own lips.All was accomplished. A dash of light seeme pasc lustantaneously through her soul; He comps ! He comes, the Lord of
Boran oa Hia Throne triumpbanly
We see Thee and we Enoow Thee Lord
We see Thee and we how Thee, Lord Our beartara leap pap our trembling bock
Growa fainter siill; we can in nore. Silcoca! and let us weep sud dio
Of every love whils we adore
Great Sucrement of love divinel
Hugb Mass bad been long over; Low Mas ot a night when sleep could easily ore tine altar. She was so perfectly stull, that
Satheripe Temple, though fearing for the effect atbine Temple, though fearing for the effect her ; and, absorbed in the sweet recollections
that crowded upon her miad of that very night the pear before, would have been very loth to he indeed realised that the tempter "could no land the presence of the Mord or Hosts. Os our, she saw and beard nothing but the preserce 'Him Whom ler soul loved of wall no ents; those are things to be experienced, not described. Prostrate in adoralion before Him on seemed to bear Him whisper to ber heart,
0 thou of lutle faith, wherefors didst thou

IONTREAL, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1866 lowly down be
her and beld be
had found Him ad found Him ; captive, as by a she beld Him, and she would at iet Him go;' she possessed Hum, not spirithe goal w
 ase long panful dream, the present the only
that unspealathirawn, and even in that moment亚的 of guardian angel veiling his radian ace before the glory of Him who dwelt withi
er, and to see the tears of angelic joy that $h$ lamb restored to the one Fold
The sweet and well known tones of Alan' ot of the altar of the Blessed Virgin in bis sa erdotal garments, and the first word she heard
metter were these: deduxezunt et adduxerunt in montem sanctum ' 'at et in tabernacula tua !'
and altare Dei; ad Deum, qu sufficat jurentutem meam;' replied the voice o ine kneeling novice who was serving at hass by
urs side. How many tumes bad Clara repeated thos Hours,' with Alan! She turned to follow the
Mass ; and it would be dificult to describe the feelings with waich she realized thus, for the iirs
time, the trenendous oüice of a Calholic priest
Her tioughts wanderd back to the days of be growth and ripened with their ripening and opening minds, the agony of that breal-up of their earthy happiness, that long and ter:ible separa-
tion, and now their reunion! But how changed -one consecrated in reality, the other at least
in will and desire, entirely to God, and Him ai one! She looked at the pale sweet teatures of of his attitude at the 'Confiteor,' gradually
brighteniog iato a loak of subdued joy and heavenly awe, as the service advanced, and in his turn be held up the Lord, Who had just
obeped his creature's invocation for her adoraion; and then she beard the deeply bumble,
Domine, non sum digats, and perceived wat be too was eating the breasi of angels, - o orane de-
lectementein ta ge habentem!' Her eges filled lectementen ta ye habentem? Her eses filled
with tears ; and as Mass after Mass quickly quickly succeeded one another, she felt that was indeed a great act that was golng on; words
were only the nedium by which2 bat act mus necessarily be performed. She did not follon
the service, she was too much excited; too ab
sorbed to the one thougbt that her Lord was ap pearing and disappearing before her, to attemp
it. At last Catherine feit that it was ne cessary to take her away. She saw that she was no
tired at that moment ; but the excitement once over, she knew the reaction that would follow The carriage was waitug, and Clara land he
tired head on Catherine's bosom with an orerliow Grateful emotion.
Catherine pressed her genily and londly again
ad agan to her bosom. - And you are noiv qu

O Catherine,' replied Clara, 'this is indeed the reality; I am no longer an outcast; the ex-
communcation is withdrawn; I bave sought, and I too bave found.'
'And 'your mighty Mother' is what you ex. pected her to ber, Clara dearest, even this is but tenderiy.of all that God has in siore for you. This day
year only, your joy will be full, and you will know what the rest of a Callolic is.' ' I have had
'I can believe it,' replied Clara, 'I but my first draugbt of the cup of jop, my first
glimpse of the beauty of Cbrist's I Imaculate Spouse! Oh, the krog's daughter is madeed al

Bride or Him that is for ever,
Low we bow before thy abrice,
Bending knees, that never, never
Bant altar save at thine
Hering hearts, that neter will falte
Oforing gearts, that ne'rer will falle
In thy darkest tour ot woe ,
That will perigh ere thine altar
diffring hands, , bat would fulfil
All thooe hearts bare power to will
All thoae hearti bave power to will
Dread we death? in such a atrife
Deacth mere but the door to life il
The clang of the bells ruaging for the eleven oronge. Sue started up, threm open ara dow-shutters and curtains, - which Catherme had carefully closed to exclude all the light, when she bad left her in bed a few hours before,-scarcely realising where she was, or what had happened.
long dream; and the Idea that she was really Catbelic, and was never more to obey the sum-
mons of those Anglican bells-that what she had core to night belore was bot a rich treat never whole rest of her life, of dally occurrence and duty,-rushed unon her mind, and gare her such
abundant alacrity to ber movements, that a iew minutes sufficed ber to dress; and then, having poured forth in a few ardent words the gratefu emotions of her soul, with a light step and
sparbling eje she sought the breakfast par
: us. Who bas appeared upon earth? The shanted in her low, sweet voice, as she came silently beher nect without being and flung ber arms roun

The Saviour is born, and choir
praise the Lord. Alleluia! allelua!! ' responded in the same sweet tones, a person whose presence
she had not remarked; and she turued from one so very dear to receive the mornugg greeting of
' Allelvia, ndeend,' she repined, as he looked 10 her face, and sald teaderly: 'I see 1 need not
ask if all' is well. God has given you rest, my
'Anu now we may as well have breakrast,' sadd Catherine, as she assumed her post at the
bead of the table; ; $\Gamma$ am sure, Father Audan, you, at any rate, must be in want ot it.'
'Clara looked quickly up, and Father Aidan met lier eager look with a smile. 'AmI to call
bope you
I always lored St. Aidan, you know, Alian, ne wo to derote himself to the conversion of England; burt it will seem strange to call you Fatber.'
'But I shall
' Tell me Alan' sal Clana udd ${ }^{\circ}$ possessed a Passionst Father to take the name days of old romance, and Eaights and heroes, no
saints. When $I$ was first patroduced to bim Ithought that 1 never heard such a romantic 'There are tro saints in the Calendar of the
ame of Rapinond,' replied Falber Aidan. 'S Raymond de Pennafort, and St. Raymond' Nonantus; but it is to the latter saint that Father very well koovn saint; but when once you know his bistory, I am sure
first to admire him, Clara.'

Was it not he that was sold for a slave a tures inficted upon bita by ins masters was to fasten his mould with a padlock, to stop the tor-
rent of eloquence wherewith he converted the infidels to the true faith.
'You are right,' replied Father Aidan, while wish hey would do the same to me, or that I
bad St. Francis de Sales' hutton hole, to keep me from talking so much.'
Father Aidan and Catherine exchanged smiles across the tabie, and tue subject dropped, or wha
exchanged for aoother, i.c. the quickest means of getting abroad. Ther did not perceive for a hit versation, but was deeply absorbed in a newspaper that lay on the table. The article that
had attracted ber attention was as follows:'Perversion to Popery: Warning to
Parents.-We have already dedicated several articles to our late numbers to the task of warn-
ing parents, and any one else who las the charge of children, against the insiduous attempts now being made by clergymen professing to be of the
Protestant Cburch of Eagland, who, like wolves in sheep's clothang, have entered unawares into
the fold, and are eating out the vitals of the Church, by leaching doctrines which they have foresworn, and misleading the young, imaginative,
and ignorant into the path of perdition and the of this kind bas just come under our notice, and we basten to add 15 to the daily mereasugg number of palpable warnings as to the mischievousness and depraving influence of the Pusepite sys-
tem, more especially on the fermale mind. We regret to say that the victim of these wiles is the le-Mary, Mr. Charles Leshie, and the sister of As early as five years ago, before the death o
her justly revered her justly revered father, her second brolber,
who has just arrived in England under the absurd title of Father Aidan, had oeen imbued with fection, at the University of Oxford, and managed so completely to pervert the mind of his sister
during the Long Vocation, to Mr. Leslie's un utterable grief, that it brought on the illness that utterabinated bis life. Regardless of common de-
cency, Mr. Alan Leslie did noteven wait ior the
funeral of bis father he made around his death-bed seing the effort fruitless, burried off to London to be received have followed bis example, had not the persuasions and entreaties of her eller brother and sis-rer-tin-law prerailed upon her to go with lhem to
London, and return to a better state of mind. Things would probably have ended thus, and tue of her family had she lave remanned in the bosom the influence of one of these reverend perverters of youth whom the Church of England has been
nursing in her bosom. Uuder the pretence af keeprog ber in the Cburch ol England, be inittated her into all the nysteries of tiat bot-bed of Popery, and contrary to her brother's known and an influence over her mind that the poor deluded grrl actually confessed to bim, and treated his This clemmand as if it came from God Himself. This clergymau, it is sand, has many more of
these fair penitents, whom he holds in equal thraldom; and we do not hesitate to denounce bis name to the public, that other pareats and guardians may take waining. Mr, Wingfield Rector of Lumley, which brings him in a large uncone, wherevilh be attempts to undermane the
Established Churcls. Miss Leslie subsequents took a rom of celluaey, and, neglecting all the ordinary deceucies of life, ingisted upon a liberty per for so young a person. Till the age of control ; but uo sooner had she attained the legtumate age, than, throwing of erery arpearance
of decency, which till then she tad wora, she boluly demanded her property, publicly left her brotber's house, and was received into the Romish Cburch a fer days ago at the Passionist's
Churcil, by the very Mr. de Grey who years ago perrerted ber brother's mind at college, and
gnce has, by clandestine metings since has, by clandestine meetings, succeeded in
overtbrowing all that Mr. Douglas Lestie had since done under Mr. Wing. Ald's sanction, who onls
remana lumself a litle longer in order remains himself a litlle longer in order the more the prelates of the English Cburch. about, while very eres? Is the many-headed monster that tarce hundred years ago, was triumphantly beaten out of these kingdoms to lift agann its head in the uncrushed? Wa would adrise such men as the Bishops of London and Exeter to beware how they tamper much longer with the best feeings
of the Eaghish nation, and destroy for ever the domestic peace and happiness of every family withan these realms. Englishmen! will you al-
low yourselves to be touched in your dearest
yourseives to be toucbed in your dearest families rifled asd violated, and yet respoiler ?'
'Had you not botter finish your breabfast Clara?" said Catherine at last. "What can you
find so very naterestiog in that paper ?" Clara handed the paper without a word of reeply to Fatber Aluad, and then quielly recom
' Poor Mr Wiofield'
eddfying naragraph; ' I pid he, as he finished C Catherine could not ressist laughing, as, in her
'They are a little beforehand in their asser-
tions,' said she ; 'If it were worth while, I should ike to count how many dovrarigat Calsehoods this paragraph contans. Never mind, Clara,
she auded, as she saw that tho latter sat sulently eatiog ber breabfast, and looked rather flinshed of such foolish tittle-tatule. You will forget all this when we reach the dear little island, that
Protestants complaia about as being so intensely
'I I was thinking of Douglas and Mildred,' said Clara, sighing; 'they must be rather sad this brealffast.'
'It
is ou bave escaped so completelf, Mrs Temple. Wby, you and Morris are the ony ones who have
come off without gettung bespatered, - The absurd tutle of Father Aidan,

Clara. 'Ab, Alan, it seems every repeated you were coming home except me. And what
a surprise to find Mr. Morris in London. He ar more deserves the title of ' reverend perverler' than poor Mr. Wliggield. You do not know
how he wanted to carry me off at once thas day jear down to the Oratory, to make my renuncia-
'1ndeed!' sadd Fatt er Aidan, greatly amused 'He met me in the street,' said Clara, ' com:

