BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

LVIII.-CONTINUED.

"It was my wish that Mrs. Carnew should not be told for a little of her rela tionship to me." Alan having mastered his indignant

Alan having a feelings, replied:
"Yes; so I was apprised by Ordotte immediately on my arrival here."
"And would you mind, would you object," speaking like one about to prefer some pitiful petition, "if I asked you to some pitiful petition, "it I asked you to some pitiful petition," it I asked you to some pitiful petition, "it I asked you to some pitiful petition," it is not some pitiful petition, "it I asked you to some pitiful petition," it is not some pitiful petition, "it I asked you to some pitiful petition," it is not some pitiful petition in the property of the petition in the

some pitiful petition, "if I asked you to let her ignorance continue?" In his touching earnestness, he leaned forward and placed his trembling hand on Carnew's arm.

"If this test of which Ordotte speaks were to be applied to her, it might fail as it did—"he hesitated because he would not mention Mrs. Brekbellew's trief farmer application and then

would not mention Mrs. Brekbellew's name—"on its former application, and then I should be in the same dreadful doubt, for Ordotte is not sure that the essence is the same that my brother used. But—"he leaned forward a little more, and placed his other trembling hand on his listener's knee, "make your home with me, Alan, you and your wife, and give me an opportunity of atoning to her for my conduct of the past."

His whole blighted soul seemed to be in his eyes as he raised them to Carnew's

yes as he raised them to Carnew face, and he waited for the answer with the appearance of one expecting a life and

death decision.

Alan was a little startled at the proposition, not that so far as concerned a residence in quiet and elegant Weewald Place, he would not have been better Place, he would not have been better satisfied than in noisy and somewhat vulgar Rahandabed, but he was astonished that Mr. Edgar should manifest such a desire, and especially immediately after he had disciaimed against telling ly after he had discission. Like his wife, Ned of her relationship. Like his wife, however, he could not help being touched however, that that come to the poor and also, like her, he wis to give him some comfort. He answered

kindly:
"I must consult Mrs. Carnew before reply to your request, and if she should consent, it must not be as the recipient of any of your bounty. As in Rahandabed, her husband's means shall and must pro-"As you will," responded the cracked

voice, "only consent to what I ask; and go now, and see Mrs. Carnew, so that my Buspense may be ended."

He leaned back in his chair, and closed his eyes to wait while Alan should be ab-

Ned was awakened from the slumbe she had courted, to hear the errand upon which her husband had returned to her

Her wide eyes were alight with pleasure "To live here! O Alan! I should be to live here: O Alan I I should be delighted; and now that poor Mr. Edgar is so changed, and so lonely, it will be one of our sweetest tasks to keep him company, and to cheer him as much as we might. Besides," throwing her arms in coaxing entreaty round her husband's in coaxing entreaty round her husband an neck, "life here will be so much more pleasant than in Rahandabed; it will be quiet, and gentle, and genial, and there it would be—"she stopped suddenly, re-membering that her remark would pos-sibly reflect painfully upon his aunt, but he selectily took up the sentence.

he playfully took up the sentence.

"And there it would be noisy, and vul-

she blushed, and tried to hide her face burying it on his shoulder, but he atly forced her head up, and compelled gently forced her head up, and competed her to meet his eyes, all blushing as she

"I know it all, Ned," he said, an accent of deep earnestness underlying the outward playful seeming of his voice, "and my feelings have warred against it as much as your own; but I intended it this time to be of short duration for both

of us. In a couple of months at most we should have embarked for Europe."
"I would rather remain here," she replied; "and if you will only consent to do so, Alan, I shall be very happy. You see, it will avert that which I have been most dreading, a return to Rahandabed.
I cannot meet Mrs. Doloran—I cannot meet any of those people."
"But you must return with me for a

short time, that amends may be made for that horrible calumny; that very people in Rahandabed may know ossly you have been wronged, ow grossly you have gred with some impatience. She pleaded all the more. "Don't ask me to do so, Alan. Surely,

whatever amends may be required can be made without my presence," and, at length, she won her way. He left her to take her answer to Ed-

gar, who received it with a sigh of relief, and such expressions of grateful satisfac-tion as made even Alan glad that he had

granted the request.

When Ordotte was made acquainted with it he approved most heartily, indorsing everything that Mrs. Carnew had urged, adding that there would be little difficulty in setting Mrs. Doloran's mine right on everything pertaining to Mrs. Carnew, when it was strengthened by the presence of Mr. Carnew and himself "That is, my dear fellow, if you are willing to trust to my mode of execution, this delicate and interesting mission,

"Willing to trust you," said Carnew, grasping Ordotte's hand. "After all that After all that grasping Ordotte's hand. "After at that you have done for us; owing, as I do, my present intense happiness to you—"
"Stop, stop; my dear fellow!" interrupted Ordotte, laughingly. "You forget the intense happiness I have given myself in all this, not the least of which has a standard or the least of which has the property of the property of the property of the standard or the least of which has the property of t been your friendship for which I always

onged, but could never succeed before in And he wrung heartily the hand in his

grasp.
Thus it was arranged that the two gentlemen should repair to Rahandabed, where Alan would make only the briefest possible stay, after which he would re-turn to make his home in Weewald

Before they went, Edgar visited old ; it was a rare thing for him to call upor home, and the latter, though surmising the business upon which the gentleman ad come, felt honored by the condescenhe tried in his simple way to appreciation of it. But Ed. express his appreciation of it. But Edgar stopped him. The soreness of his own heart had strangely levelled all social

I have come about that of which you spoke to me the other evening," he said quietly; almost with the air of one talkusiness foreign to his own thoughts, but that his melancholy appearance denied the seeming suggestion.

"I have commissioned some one who "I have commissioned some one who is going to C—to have your grandchild sent to you; do you understand? It shall be sent to you; a nurse shall be found for it, and she will come with it, and she will live with you, and take care of it; and I shall defray the expense that may be incorred."

may be incurred."
Old Mackay's lip began to tremble from emotion, and he was about to speak, to pour forth his thanks, but Edgar continued:

"I have more to say ; there is an error to be rectified—an error under which you and I and many others have labored."
He stopped short, and looked away from the eager old face before him for a moment, as if to recover from some sudder ment, as it to recover from some sudden emotion, or, it might be, to reflect upon the words he would use; when he turned back, he resumed in the quiet way that had marked his communication from the

beginning:
"The mother of your son's child is not been accused of

"The mother of your son's child is not the young lady who has been accused of being such, but another person."

"Another person," repeated the old gardener in a dazed way.

"Yes; another person," resumed Edgar, speaking as firmly and decisively as his cracked voice would allow him to do. "All the proofs of the innocence of her who was charged with being the mother of your son's child are in my possession, and was charged with being the mother of your son's child are in my possession, and she, with her husband, will henceforth make her home with me. So, from now, Mackay, you will remember not to link her with your grandchild, and you will correct, whenever yon have an opportun-ity of doing so, the wrong innergance. correct, whenever you have an opportun-ity of doing so, the wrong impressi-others. The correct, whenever you have an opportunity of doing so, the wrong impressions of others. That other person, she who is the mother of your son's child, will never trouble you in the possession of it, and I shall provide always for its care. In consideration of that, Mackay, you will never sake any question about the mother not ask any question about the mother

And old Mackay, absorbed more in the thought of getting possession of his grand-child than in any speculation about its mother, gave a quivering assent.

The Reverend Mr. Hayman was sn prised, and even thrown into a little con-sternation on the reception of the cards of two gentlemen who waited to see him in his pretty, cozy parlot, "Alan Carnew" and "Mascar Ordotte." The owner of the former name he well remembered, since his own never-to-be-forgotten to Rahandabed, where he was confronte with such a strange scene; but the latter name was quite unfamiliar. However he repaired immediately to the presence of his visitors, and was introduced by Alan to Ordotte, who, at once, in his own peculiar, original way told the object of

"Strange circumstances, Mr. Hayman," have made us think that even ou, careful and accurate as your ecclesia tical profession enjoins you to be, may have been mistaken in the identity of the lady whom, a few months ago, you were summoned to C— to recognize as the person you had privately married to a Richard Mackay some time before. As you recall all the circumstances now, the mere glimpse of her face which you obtained, as she forgetfully lifted her veil, the pressibly not aver-bright light by the possibly not over-bright light by which you saw her features, might you not have been mistaken in supposing her to be the lady whom you saw in C—, especially if she resembled closely in figure and height, and even somewhat in countenance, another lady of her own age? Take time to reflect, dear, reverend sir, and then answer us as you would do if at the last moment of your life you were asked to give an account of this.

The reverend gentleman was exceed-ingly conscientious, and being thus gravely adjured, he did call to mind, as closely as he could remember, every cir cumstance of that private marriage, and he did come to the conclusion that he could, very possibly, and very probably, too, have been mistaken in his recognition of the lady in C——, especially if there were another lady who closely resembled her.

And he thus expressed himself at the

close of his reflections.
"Then, dear, reverend sir," exclaimed Then, dear, reverend sir," exclaimed Ordotte, jumping up, and seizing the reverend's hand, "we congratulate you on your discovery, and you may congratulate us upon ours. We have discovered that the lady whom you met in C——, Mrs. Carnew, it entirely innocent, having been the victim of some one who reaembled har. victim of some one who resembled her, and who arifully used her name. But, 'all's well that ends well,' and she and her husband here are having a second honeymoon," upon which Mr. Hayman bowed, and shook Alan's hand in congratulation.

When they had left the little parson-

age, and were once more on their inter-rupted journey to Rahandabed, Carnew said, a little impatiently, to his compan-

"What was the need of that visit, Mas ear? In Heaven's name did you suppose wanted any more proof of my wife's in-

"No, Alan, no; I would not wrong you by such a thought. I did it for our mu-tual satisfaction, and to disabuse the minister of his error. Every one who has believed that horrible calumny ought

be told the truth. You are right, Mascar; and how shall I thank you for your forethought about it all," answered Alan, his impatience quite

"As I have told you before, my dear fellow, I am so well rewarded that I do not need your thanks, And now"—with a quiet humorous chuckle—"just bend your mind to the task of devising some means for me to escape the scolding of your aunt for not having written a line to

her since the letter that announced my departure from Europe."
"You do not need my help," replied Carnew, laughing; "you are such a favorite in Rahandabed that my aunt will easily forgive you. Hint to her that you have acquired a new stock of Indian stories, and she will hasten to be recon-

"By George! I have it," burst out "By George! I have it," burst out Ordotte with assumed rapture. "When we arrive in Rahandabed, you go im-mediately to your own apartments as if nothing had happened, and allow me to

manage everything."
"Agreed," said Alan, laughing heartily,
for he could imagine the extravagant pro-

ceedings of his aunt. ceedings of his aunt.

All Rahandabed had been in a state of flurry since the arrival of the letter of which Ordotte had spoken, and when more then sufficient time had elapsed for the traveller not only to have reached New York, but to have been safely housed in Mrs. Doloran's hospitable mansion, her anger and disappointment knew no

bounds. She raved at everybody, and even sought her nephew to compel him to share her violent discontent. But he to share her violent discontent. But he had taken his departure, no one knew where, and, as usual, Macgilivray, who could have told at least that he had driven him to the station to take a down train, amusingly evaded giving any information; he could do so with the greater impunity as he knew that Mrs. Doloran was powerless to disturb his place with his master. And when her violence an was powerless to disturb his place with his master. And when her violence reached such a pitch that no pastime was free from the disagreeable ebullition of her temper, both guests and servants ardently wished for the advent of some one who could restore peace to the house. Every day, at the arrival of every train from New York, by her order a carriage was in waiting for Ordotte, and Jim Slade, who had been promoted to Macgilivray's

was in waiting for Ordotte, and Jim Slade, who had been promoted to Macgilivray's place on the departure of the latter to Carnew's especial service, devoatly prayed each time that he would not be disap-

"For," as he expressed it to his fellowservants, "sure she sends for me, and badgers me as if I had the divilish little foreigner in one of me pockets; and only that I learned to dodge when I was a boy, wouldn't have a whole skuil on me to

Macgilivray met the trains also, not knowing when his master would return but feeling that he ought to be on hand Thus both gentlemen found conveyances for them when they did at length arrive in C— and while, when they reached Rahandabed, Alan went quickly and quietly to his own apartments, Ordotte was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Doloran. But that lady considered hereaff integrally aggrigated, and for once she Doloran. But that lady considered her-self intensely aggrieved, and for once she was going to show even Mascar Ordotte her offended dignity.

She received him in her most pompous state, her tall, erect figure held with a ramrod-like stiffness, and the expression

of her face, surmounted by its gro head-dress, combining the utmost sever ity and anger. But Ordotte was not dis-mayed. He had rehearsed his part to himself, and he lacked neither the desire

nor the skill to play it.

With an exact imitation of the lower classes of the East, he acknowledged her august presence; then he waved his hand in a mysterious and pathetic way to the on a mysterious and patnetic way to the company about her, after which he dropped on one knee before her, raising his hands and clasping them in supplication, and at last he stood up, folded his arms, shock his head in a way and a last he shook his head in a very sad manner, and then let it drop forward upon his breast in an attitude of unutterable dejection. As he had shrewdly apposed, Mrs. Doloran's curiosity was so excited that anger and dignity were forgotten; fairly rushed to him, seized one of his folded arms with both of her heavily

What is it, Mascar? What has happened?

In obedience to the rest of his role, he slowly unfolded his arms, and lifted the forefinger of his right hand to his lips, where he pressed it very firmly; then he pointed to an inner apartment, and motioned that she should accompany him there. She took his arm at once saying in her loud, impetuous manner:

"You have something to tell me, my dear Mascar—some secret." And bowing distantly to her surprised and amused companions, she repaired with him to the room to which he had motioned.

room to which he had motioned.

"Now tell me," she said, hardly waiting to be well within the room. But Ordette provokingly delayed his communication. Not content with pretending to assure himself that the door was quite closed, he went about, knocking on the walls and peering into the corners until valls and peering into the corners, unti wans and peering in the midst of her intense curiosity and impatience, began to wonder if he had not become a little He desisted at length, and apinsane. He desisted at length, and ap-proaching her, said in a very solemn

"I am now about to reveal to you the sequel of all my Indian stories. I he solved a great mystery, and I shall I have

you a wonderful tale."

She was so impressed by his manner, his voice, and his words, that she was powerless even to make a reply; she could only stand and stare at him as if she had partly lost her own reason. He pulled ner down into a chair, and seating himself beside her, lowered his voice to a self beside her, lowered his voice to a most mysterious whisper. When he finished his long story, to which she had listened with the same dumb amazement that had characterized her at its beginning, her comprehension of it all was as mysterious as had been the manner of the register of the tale. Somehow, she had reciter of the tale. Somehow, she had caught the story in this wise, that Ned Edgar, Mrs. Carnew, was a very wonder-ful being; so wonderful, that the wise, fortune-felling people of India had cast her horoscope, and discovered that she her horoscope, and discovered that she had been dreadfully wronged, and they had put Ordotte, who was one of their had put Ordotte, who was one of their finding out how favorites, in the way of she was wronged, and they had com-manded him to see that full reparation was made to her, threatening, that upon whoever refused to make this reparation hey would work their charms, so that the most dreadful punishment should en-sue, that Ordotte, owing to their help, had discovered it was Mrs. Brekbellew who was guilty of everything of which Mrs. Carnew had been accused. These were the facts that Mrs. Doloran the most dreadful punishment should en-

had gained, and she was so imbued with fear of the awful people in India, that she became instantly amenable to Ordotte's directions. Indeed, she begged him to her what she should do, promising the most abject and implicit obedience.

His advice, so earnestly solicited, en-bined first, a gentle and kindly interview with her nephew, then an assembly of everybody in Rahandabed, even to the servants, when Ordotte would tell the story of Mrs. Carnew's innocence, and proclaim the guilty party, and thirdly a most contrite and affectionate letter to Mrs. Carnew, all of which directions Mrs. Doloran so faithfully observed that the same days saw the fulfilment of the three. Thus Rahandabed was again the scene

of exciting gossip in reference to Mrs. Carnew, and Macgilivray in his delight lost so much of his Scotch gravity that he became an object of amusing wonder to his fellow-help. And he became also somewhat of an object of envy when Mrs. Doloran, in obedience to Ordotte, having discovered what disposition had made of Mrs. Brekbellew's deserted offspring, sent for Macgilivray to receive both from Ordotte and Mrs Doloran a substantial reward for his kindness, and to be further commissioned to find if pos-sible, among his kin in the village a woman who would be willing to go with the child to Barrytown, and take perman-ent charge of it there. It is almost need-less to say that Macgilivray succeeded in

executing his commission, and word having been sent to that effect to Mr. Edgar, that gentleman sent his own carriage to meet the woman upon her arrival at the station, and she and her charge were driven to the small and plain, but comfortable home of poor old Mackay. We draw the veil upon the emotion with which he received his grandchild. He forgot everything, but that he saw the eyes of his unfortunate son in the eyes of eyes of his unfortunate son in the eyes of his little one, and that it was Dick's own expression which played about the mouth of the laughing babe.

LX.

Mrs. Doloran had never been so amiable, surprising even those who knew to what to attribute its cause; whether it was Ordotte during his absence had acquired new powers of interest, or that her friendship for him had been increased by their separation. their separation, even that gentleman with all his fully credited penetration of character was unable to tell. But, never theless, it delighted him to bask in it all himself, and to know at the same time that it was adding to the general happiness of the house. First, however, when the lady's manner to him assumed a greater sweetness than it had ever evince before, and an intimacy strongly suggest

"Will you object, my dear fellow, if my attentions to your aunt should become ery tender? If, in fact, should she rethem, I should ask her to beome Mrs. Ordotte?"

Alan could not forbear laughing at the

sion of the tawny face; it was so unusually serious, and even perplexed, and he asked, as soon as he recovered his

voice:
"Are you in earnest, Mascar?"
"Never more so; you see Mrs. Doloran's friendship for me quite touches me, it is so disinterested, and she yields even "Well, Mascar, if you really can esteem my poor, foolish aunt sufficiently to make

her your wife, and she is willing to re-nounce her widowhood, I do not know of a reater service you could render to us all. Your very presence here, marvellously subdues her temper, and she willingly yields a deference to you which she would

yields a deterence to you which she would do to no one else."
"Then you are willing to accept me for an uncle, if I can win Mrs. Doloran to bestow her hand upon me."
"With all my heart, my dear fellow. I wish even that it could take place very speedily, for then I could renounce all anxiety about my aunt, and not feel as if I was predicting expecting every time I were neglecting something every time that I leave Rahandabed,"

"I don't know," replied Ordotte dubi-ously shaking his head, "perhaps if I were to attempt to precipitate matters, I might spoil everything. But when shall you return to Weewald Place?"

"I would go immediately this very day, for everything that I wished to attend to here is settled now, but that I feel I must remain to receive young Brekbellew and Mr. McArthur, of whom I told you. I in vited them here, and this morning I re-caived a note, saying they would arrive before the end of the week. Ned writes that she is intensely happy, having just the life of quiet which she always enjoys, and that though she does not see much of Mr. Edgar, she still contrives oppor-tunities of ministering to him a little, which add to her own delight; also, while she is longing to have me with her again, still, as she hears from me frequently and knows that I am well, she is quite willing to resign my return to my own conveni-ence. So, in that case, I suppose I ought to remain, but every day that I am away

from her seems like a year."
His patience was not put to the test he anticipated, for the close of the week brought not his two friends, but a letter of apology and regret; young Brekbellew had been importatively summoned to imperatively summoned London by his uncle, and the tone of the summons convinced both himself and his friend, McArthur, that it would be most unwise to disregard it. He would sail for England the very day on which he wrote, and McArthur would accompany him; but, on their return both would fulfil their promise with pleasure.

Alan was delighted to be free to return

to Ned and when his aunt parted him, it was with the strictest injunction upon her part to come back with his wife as soon as possible, at least for a brief visit, to which command Alan promised

obedience.

Jim Slade drove him to the station. and Macgilivray sat upon the box beside Jim; for the Scotchman was not only Jim; for the Scotchman was not only going to the station with his master, but was going to accompany him to Weewald where Alan had promised him he Mrs. Carnew's coachman And Donald had a light heart in his bosom, and a very cheerful glow all over his honest Scotch countenance, for he could have served Mrs. Carnew in the love of his heart, and without a penny of

hire.
Mrs Carnew was intensely happy; the Mrs Carnew was intensely inappy, the great, quiet house just suited her, and to know that it must occasionally be in her power to minister even in little ways to the poor, changed, lonely master of the house, was a comfort to her. He seemed determined, however, not to give her much opportunity, for, after the first day of her husband's absence, in which he requested her to avail herself of the music-room as long and as often as she choose to do so, he seemed to keep studi-ously out of her sight, save at meal times Then, however, she was so quietly and enderly attentive to him, that it touched him in spite of himself, and more than once she found his eyes fixed with a mysterious earnestness upon her face. She wondered a little at it, and could she have seen him immediately after such times repair to the chamber that contained his wife's portrait, and there, seating himself before it, view the pictured face with the same mysterious earnestness that, in his gaze at herself had so puzzled her, she

would have wondered a great deal more. He made those studies of the portrait because, somehow, Ned's face, when occasionally at table it was raised with such a commiserating expression to his own strangely resembled the portrait, and he studied the latter to assure himself that

he was not mistaken.

Ned had written to Dike more than once—long, fond, faithful letters, descriptive of everything about herself, and he rejoiced in her happiness.

They cannot have told her yet of the relationship she bears to Mr. Edgar," soliloquized, as her letters spoke of him as Mr. Edgar, and nothing more, "and perhaps it is as well," he continued; "she

is as happy without knowing it."

And his answers to her were all that her affectionate heart could wish them to

When Alan returned to Weewald Place, his efforts succeeded in winning Mr. Edgar somewhat from his seclusion, and Ned had further opportunities of paying him little, kindly attentions. Once, as she met him on her way to put a letter in the mail-bag, she dropped it accidentally, and he, stooping for it, saw the name "Dykard Dutton." He seemed painfully started as he lifted it, and returned it to her hand. her hand.

Dykard Datton," he repeated; "do

you write to him frequently?"
"Yes," she responded with a smile,
"he was the first companion of my childhood, and ever since he has been my

"Yes, yes," he answered somewhat ickly; "I know, I remember all that.

"Yes, yes," he answered somewhat quickly; "I know, I remember all that. And he had an aunt, an old woman, who was kind to you, too. Invite them both here. Say that I desire very earnestly that they should come."

"His aunt, poor old Meg," replied Ned, "is not herself any more; she has softening of the brain, the doctors say. But I shall give your kind invitation to Dyke."

"Softening of the brain," repeated Edgar, as if he werespeaking to himself, and then he put his hand to his forehead, and passed it back and forth for a moment, as if he might be trying to realize that his brain, with its constant weight of harrowbrain, with its constant weight of harrow ing images, might not also be softening. Then he turned away, saying as he did

Invite them here very soon." "But to that invitation which Ned hast ened to tender, Dyke replied very respect fally that it would be most inconver fally that it would be most inconvenion. for him to accept it at present, this being the brisk season of his business, and that for Meg, a change from her own accustomed surroundings would hardly be well for her. He had written the truth strictly, but he did not add that he was glad at being enabled so to write. Ned lad at being enabled so to write. was happy, and work and absence from her were the best things for him.

So, the quiet, short winter days went or in Weewald Place, and whatever little gossip had ensued among the servants relative to Mrs. Carnew, who from hav-ing been deemed so dreadful and guilty, was now, in a sense, the honored mis-tress of them all, had been most secret. for they all remembered the summar way in which Mr. Edgar had treated the last newsmonger. Old Mackay had made it his business to tell them that Mrs. Carnew had been wronged, and that she was not the mother of his grandchild.

In the midst of this quiet life came a letter from Mrs. Doloran, giving informa tion of her intended marriage to Ordotte in a fortnight, and begging Alan and his wife to be present at the ceremony. It was ac companied by another letter from Ordotte, conched in amusing style, and also beg-ging the pleasure of the company of Mr. and Mrs. Carnew. He had induced his affianced to have the ceremony quite an in-formal affair, and to let Rahandabed to some responsible parties while they sho abroad on their wedding tour. had begged to be taken to India, to look with her own eyes upon the scenes of the wonderful stories she had heard, and Orlotte intended to gratify her. That news determined Alan upon leaving Weewald Place for a few days, and Ned could not re-

fuse to accompany him.

But Edgar, when he heard that even Mrs. Carnew was going away for a little seemed to be strangely affected. He took her hand with a touching childishness and holding it fast, he looked into her face for some moments without speaking Then he asked, using his voice with diffi

culty:
"How long shall you be gone?" She turned to her husband, who replied

"Two weeks."
He sighed then, but said no more

CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK. USES OF HOLY WATER

The first point to attract attention is sacred functions of religion and among the faithful. From the grand basilica to the hut of the beggar, holy water i found, and it enters into the imposing ceremoniais of the one as well as into the simple devotions of the other. It is required in almost all the blessings of the Church and in some of the sacra ments, and few sacred rites are complete without it. The room in which we are born is sprinkled with it : in one of its three several forms it is poured on our brow in baptism; it accompanies the last rites of religion over our remains, and the ground in which we are laid to return to dust is consecrated with its hallowed drops. This is an evidence of the importance the Church attaches to it, as well as to the perfect manner in which the faith-

efficacy in conferring blessings and repelling the attack of the enemy of mankind. What, then, is holy water? We need not be told that is water which has been blessed with certain exordisms and prayers and into which salt simi-

ful have imbibed her spirit, and it

must also be regarded as a proof of its

larly blessed has been mingled. The better to understand the history of holy water in the Christian Church be well to inquire into the par which water played in the religious ceremonial of both the Jewish and pagan nations of antiquity. Water being the natural element for the re moval of external defilements, it was to be expected that any system of re ligion, whether true or false, abound ing, as all did in ancient times, in symbolical rites, would adopt water as the symbol of interior purity. Wa do not however, read of water having been is d in the religious ceremonies of the worshippers of the true God be

fore the establishment of the Mosaic Nor need we be surprised at law. this, for up to that time the ceremonial of divine worship had hardly begun to be developed, but consisted almost wholly of prayers and the offering of sacrifices by the patriarch of the tribe or family. But with the establishment of the Jewish dispensation, when the ritual prescriptions were defined with greatest precision, purification by water was made to play an important pirt.

The present rite of blessing water by prayer and an admixture of salt is that is refrequently referred to by Pope Alex- Cicero.

ander I., who governed the Church from the year 109 to 119. But from the words which he uses in his decree it would appear that the rite is more ancient than the time of that Pontiff. He says, "We bless for the use of the people water mingled with salt. Marcellius Calumna attributes the introduction of holy water to the Apostle St. Matthew, whose action was ap-proved by the other Apostles and soon ecame general. Whether we are disposed to accept this evidence as con lusive or not, it is all but certain from other proofs that the use of holy water lates from apostolic times, as St. Paul

among others, maintains. The use of holy water among the faithful at their home is of still greater antiquity, as may be learned from the apostolic constitutions, which contain a formula for the blessing of it that it may have power "to give health, drive away diseases, put the demons

to flight, etc. Let us now turn to the historical and liturgical view of the question. First, there are three or in another sense form kinds of hely water. According to the first devotion there is, first, baptismal water, which is required to be blessed on every Holy Saturday and eve o Pentecost in all churches that have paptismal fonts. This water after the holy oils have been mingled with it is used only in the administration of baptism. In the next place there is water blessed by a Bishop to be used in consecrated churches or reconciling churches that have been desecrated This is called Gregorian water, be cause Pope Gregory IX. made its use obligatory for the purposes specified

Wine, ashes and salt are mingled with it. Then there is the common holy water, which, as is well known, is usually blest by a priest. This blessing may be performed at any time and in any suitable place. It is directed to be done every Sunday before Mass with the exception of Easter and Pentecost, when the water blessed on the previous eve is used for the asperges. oriental churches there is the custom of solemnly blessing water on the feast of Epiphany in memory of the baptism of Our Lord in the River Jordon, which event is commemorated by the Church on that day.

HELPING THE PRIEST.

Dr. Egan, in one of his chats in the Ave Maria, allows the fellows at the elub to talk on the Catholic paper. We extract this passage :

"I do not understand what you mean when you say a priest who does not encourage a Catholic paper cuts the ground from under his feet!" ex-

claimed the young mechanic. "You don't! Put yourself in the priest's place. Public opinion does not keep people Catholics or Christians does it? Public opinion does not respect a man for its belief; it rewards what it sees of its acts. I know Cubans who go to Mass regularly in Havana. Why? It is a bad form not to do so there; but among the Yankees one may do as he pleases.' That The priest illustrates what I mean. has here only a spiritual hold on the people. Pablic opinion will not strengthen it, fashion is against it; expediency is not, as a rule, with it; all English literature is against the spiritual as presented by him; his press regards does not understand it; the great bustling world does not Holy Father recommends the Catholic press as he does, he shows an insight into conditions of which less inspired

men are ignorant. Cardinal Newman seems to have referred to the same views when he said: 'Shall we sharpen and refine the youthful intellect and then leave it to exercise its new powers upon the most sacred subjects as it will, and with the chance of exercising them wrongly; or shall we proceed to feed it with divine truth, as it gains an appetite for knowledge."

In our cities, where the majority of Catholies go to the early Masses, and hear no sermon, we see no other way in which their Catholic convictions are to be appealed to, except by the Cath olic press.

If fashion and public opinion and literature are forces which tend to loosen the hold of the Church on the average Catholic, any influence which increases the power of religion should be encouraged; and what is better than a Catholic paper ?

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget all the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault finding and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of acts of meanness or worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. erate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to day and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable.-Miriam.

Lenity has almost always wisdom and justice on its side. - Hosea Bal-

lou. What is there that is illustrious that is not also attended by labor ?-

"I really think deciding what ou he grows up," said ting to be a good re we know i good deal of late, "and I have deci-merchant. That that he will become a shoemaker, a though I work ea very plainly I can than our daily

APRIL 20, 1

TOM, THE

Bill Smith, whom boy, his father mine, but he bec is wealthy and p Smith. Yes, To Well, it is how," said the w in his age. How ever become a learns something is a merchant, a

How ignora said the shoemal But how does the wife asked. " How can he buying them ! "Then he m

first," she said. 'Yes, of cou it does not tal New, to-morrow with our Tom. tell him what to soon have pler thought that a that if the boy next morning to start for sch him \$1. with a "I warrant with \$2, if no

Tom trudging with his hand holding the d ever in his li and felt very omething with But it must sell again for He had not hen he me showed him what he was "I am glad boy. pocket that v

as they stood in

and he took knife. "Th that all boys will give all for a good o esterda one I do not have it for know how n worth, but it the best one he gave the When he g around to al the knise for "Oh, ho! cried one of is not wort But I don't

you know v

of very rich

noney for

they can go

to spend.

pocket kni along I'll swap you knife. It book bag, f This seeme bag. It w Tom was none of t that they carrying couraged but prese whispered desk that bag. It I was offe vesterday

and as th

he made

before re

tures ins

the boy v Oue of th very mu leaves sa no mista present oo muel pretty a given m you that yourself boys w tops."

" perhs went a prettily musica laughe that to