

to another, and to whosoever reads and is restless, drifting about in the changing faiths of to-day, I would say: Seek and falter not; be not discouraged or deterred by false affirmations or sneers, but search on undaunted. Prove for yourself, and, God willing, and in His own good time, you may find rest and peace as I have, where alone it is to be found, in the one true Church of God.

O holy mother church, to thee at last have I come. Gladly do I give my self up, unworthy though I am, to thee, and henceforth in thee alone do I believe, live and have my being. With St. Augustine of old I would cry: "Too late, alas! have I known thee, O ancient and ever new! Too late have I loved thee."—*Ida Louise Roberts in Boston Republic.*

### THE OATH OF VENGEANCE.

A TALK OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. BY EDMUND BURKE.

(Concluded).

"If ever you meet that fellow again plunge that to the hilt into his foul heart," she quoted from her brother's words. "Yes," she continued, "it must be. I will kill him."

Yes, she was conquered. She fell on her knees and clasping her hands together cried aloud.

"O God, give me strength to bear all this!"

She rose up. A hideous grin had settled on her usually placid visage. She placed her hand over her heart; it beat wildly, she held the dagger aloft.

"Hold!" cried a stern, commanding voice, and turning around she confronted an officer.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "I was concealed here for a few moments, and I think your conduct is very strange. I wish you would explain."

She bent her head and hesitated.

"You were going to murder that poor fellow," he said, seeing her reluctance to speak, "one of the bravest men in the French army."

"Brave!" she cried, and then explained in warm tones the cause of her intended act.

"You are mistaken," he said when she had finished. "Lieutenant Vernier is incapable of such baseness."

"Who?"

"Lieutenant Vernier."

"Lieutenant Vernier?—Vernier?"

"Lieutenant Henry Vernier."

He laid unwonted stress on the name and seemed sorely perplexed at the eccentric behavior of the young girl.

She looked again on the couch on which the soldier lay, then she hurled the dagger from her and fell helpless to the floor. With the officer's assistance she soon recovered consciousness. She opened her eyes, looking quite dazed.

"Oh, yes," she said, putting her hand to her forehead, "I know all."

She advanced to the bedside and imprinted an endearing kiss on the forehead of her brother. She told the officer of the relationship existing between the sufferer and herself.

"What if I had killed him?" she exclaimed with a shudder.

She nursed her brother back to health with a loving, sisterly care. He did not recognize her yet, but when explanations ensued both were overjoyed at the unexpected meeting.

"I had not the least notion that you lived," she said, as they walked out one day.

"But for the Abbe Bayeaux I would have died I suppose," he said.

"However, my wound was not so serious as I thought at first. But you never asked me about father?"

"Whose father?"

"Your father," he answered, smiling, "he's alive and well."

"What?" she cried. She had refrained from introducing her father's name, as she knew it would pain her, and thought likewise it would be hurtful to her brother.

"You see I spoke the truth when you asked me some time ago. I saved him, or at least I was the means of saving him. The Abbe Bayeaux helped me to make my escape from prison, and I prevailed upon M— to go there personally and have my father liberated. He was successful."

"Thank God! she said, "I am so happy, the sorrowful monotony of the last seven years is now happily interrupted."

"That fellow who wounded me received the death he anticipated for your father like many more in his position. However you stuck to your promise nobly, notwithstanding it might have fared badly for me, only the timely intervention of Providence saved me. Never take an oath of vengeance again."

"I don't expect I'll have occasion to."

"Well we must be off for Paris immediately."

### "FORGET—FORGIVE."

G. M., IN "CATHOLIC MIRROR."

THERE was consternation at Pounceby's—by which are meant the offices of an eminent firm of solicitors practicing under that designation in the city of London. As a matter of fact there were a Smith and a Thompson in the firm; but, according to the very oldest of those who could speak authoritatively on the subject, it had always been known simply as Pounceby's, which name appeared in solitary dignity on the large brass-plate that adorned the entrance to the substantial old world edifice which was their place of business. The firm was of the highest reputation, and junior members of the bar—brisk, keen, well-whiskered gentlemen of forty or so—considered it "a day to be marked with a white stone" when they received a brief bearing the name and address: "Pounceby, New Jewry, E.C., Plaintiffs (or Defendants) Solicitors."

A large practice necessitates large offices and a numerous staff of clerks. There were clerks of all grades at Pounceby's, from the responsible gentlemen, some of them full-blown solicitors, in salt-and-pepper coats and waistcoats, checked trousers and gaiters, who managed the chancery, conveyancing, common-law and bankruptcy, drew handsome salaries—more than they could hope to earn if in practice for themselves—and were partial to handsome cabs—when out of the office they always appeared to be in a desperate hurry—down to copying-clerks and pert, sharp-looking lads who "knew the offices," and the temporary absence of the young gentleman, just arrived at the dignity of a small Wellingtonian whisker and gaiters who attended summonses at Judge's Chambers, could address his "ludship" and read lengthy affidavits in a shrill unhesitating voice with a confidence which many a junior counsel might have envied.

Yes, there was consternation at Pounceby's, for although it was three o'clock on the afternoon of a certain Saturday preceding Easter Sunday, according to the report of a messenger in a neat livery who had just left Mr. Pounceby's private room, which he had entered ostensibly for the purpose of poking the fire, that gentleman was still seated at his desk apparently absorbed in the papers that lay before him.

According to the rule of the office closing-time was punctually at two o'clock on Saturdays, but there was an unwritten law in force that no one without express permission should leave until after the principal had departed. Such being the position of affairs on this particular Saturday, and Easter eve, too, of all the days in the year it may readily be imagined with what feelings the clerks, who had duly received their salaries, chafed under an infliction which prevented them from leaving and rushing off, some of them to distant parts of the country to their friends and families.

"He's still a-perusing and considering that habstract of title, which to my certain knowledge he's had in his hand for the last three-quarters of an hour," said the individual who had stirred the fire in Mr. Pounceby's room in reply to the inquiries of a group of clerks who, having already donned their overcoats, were fidgeting restlessly at their desks.

"Is Mr. Pounceby gone yet?" anxiously asked the managers down the speaking-tubes.

A reply in the negative evoked sundry expressions of surprise and impatience from these gentlemen as they resumed their attentions to their finger-nails, or standing on their respective hearth rugs found what consolation they could in the contemplation of their irreproachable boots.

Gradually and slowly the minutes slipped away, yet still the head of the firm remained in his room. It was too bad; matters were growing desperate—something must be done. The Chancery gentleman was certain he would lose the train that was to whirl him into Yorkshire; as it was, he would have no time for that *recherche* lunch which he had promised himself at Spiers & Pond's. His Common-Law *confreere* was in no better plight; for what would that pretty cousin think whom he was to escort into Devonshire, and who even then was waiting for him at Waterloo Station? At last the Bankruptcy gentleman—an individual of infinite resources this—suggested that they should request Mr. Thompkins, the head of the Conveyancing department, as being on terms of considerable intimacy with their principal, to have an interview with him, and so bring to an end this excruciating suspense.

Mr. Pounceby's sanctum was a large, gloomy-looking room on the first floor—its walls lined with japanned deed-boxes, on which appeared in gold letters the names of clients and causes, and bookcases filled with portentous volumes, red-labelled and bound in calf, the interstices between these and the space over the carved oak mantle-piece being adorned with engravings of divers legal dignitaries, and the rich, though faded, Turkey carpet covered with tables of various dimensions crowded with bundles of papers secured with red wax and leaving but scanty room for the heavy mahogany chairs.

(To be continued.)

Love cannot be idle; he who loves God cannot live without giving Him continual marks of affection.—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

Men are generally the carpenters of their own cro—  
*Philip Neri.*