THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"You have made a long stay this time. I hope you will come again, sir." . "Not so long as on some former occasions." "Perhaps not, sir. But so many things

for we are in shadow and invisible," said I. "Let us try," said Alicia. At which Bell laughed; but falling in with the conceit, held her breath like her sister, and looked and listened. Presently a sound, faint, and hardly de-fined at first, broke through the noise of the rushing waters, and when presently it became more distinct, Bell whispered, "Don't you hear a voice?" By now it was unmistakeable. It sounded clear, and was coming nearer, talking volubly. Then it ceased, and we strained our ears in vain. We were still waiting in a state of ten-sion, looking in the direction we thought the voice came from, when suddenly my blood ran cold, and Alicia and Bell clung to me on either side, as there glided slowly out of the gloom on to the shining sward two figures—one a young man's, slender, straight, and tall; the other a "Ach, yes. Poor Mrs. Ennis! And "Ach, yes. Poor Mrs. Ennis! And then there was your wedding, and my own engagement." "Ach, sir," said Conn, triumphantly, with a bit of a langh, too, "didn't laways "Ah, sir," said Conn, triumphantly, with a bit of a laugh, too," didn't l always say how it would be? and you wouldn't believe me. Why the pair of you were cut out for each other. But a year! Is jit wait a whole year? Troth, I never heard of such a waste of time." "It is very kind of yon, Conn. to be so concerned for me. I should have thought the events of to-day would have pat everything else out of your mind; they have out of mine. Don't you feel queer at all?" slowly out of the gloom on to the shining sward two figures—one a young man's, slender, straight, and tall; the other a graceful woman's, cloaked and hooded. She was tall, too, but her head only reached as high as the man's shoulder. Their eyes seemed bent upon the ground in front of them, and they moved forward match ruli they reached the adds of the mutely until they reached the edge of the narrow gorge which divided us from them. Then the man spoke—it was the voice we heard, and his tones rang out like a queer at all?" "I can hardly believe it yet, sir, that's the truth," he answered. "I hardly know where I am, and I'm not sure, when

"This is the boundary." "As far as this!" answered his com-panion. "I have never been here be-fore." And then after an interval, "Look all's said and done, whether I have a right to be glad. The more I think of it, the more it seems to me that Mr. Chalmers' yonder at the moon upon the sea! Conn! it is all a dream ; it cannot be true!"

proposal is nothing better than a gift." "What! If you pay him back the price of the inn?" it is all a dream; it cannot be true!" "Very well," answered the man's chiming voice; "wait till he tells you himself. But I tell you again: 'tis as true as to morrow. And when you find I'm right, say once more that you'll con-sent to what I've set my heart on, Jane, and that you won't be too prond to let your husband have a hand in the mak-ing of your fortune." She laid her cheek against his arm. "Faithful boy! What would be all the world to me without you ?" price of the inn?" "But if he didn't give me the inn first to make the profit out of, how could I ever pay him back what it cost?" "Well yes, that is true enough, no doubt; and to that extent you will always doubt; and to that extent you will always be under an obligation to your brother-in-law. But what would become of the whole system of commerce if some such arrangement as that by which I hope you are going to benefit were not the rule," and I proceeded to explain in a rough way that nearly all enterprise had for one of its conditions borrowed money

world to me without you ?" "And spite of all the luck that's come, you would not wish untied the knot that binds us two together whilst we live ?

or merch and zo; and that the vivifying touch, which made these things product-ive, was the labor and the energy of man. ' Conn! "Conn!" "Don't be vexed now, Jane. You never gave me cause for it—but—well, open confession's good for the soul—and I may as well tell you that when I heard the news, a dread came over me that it would hardly be in flesh and blood for you not to wish thet you had married instead not to wish that you had married instead some man better born, knowing more, more fitting for you every way—" "Hugh, Conn! What do you take me

"Hush, Conn ! What do you take me for ? I wonder at you !" "Forgive me, then, my darling. I know I'm a fool," exclaimed Conn, de-lighted and reassured. "As soon as I've said a thing, I wish I hadn't spoke. So forgive and forget, and kiss me, honey." His arm was round her as he bent his head to meat her nothernad ling. "You head to meet her upturned lips. "You are trembling with cold," he said, al-armed, as he wrapped the cloak closer about her, and drew on the hood again. "Let us go home, Jane, in a hurry," and he made as if to move on. But she de and

"Rest a moment longer. This great calm over all things is so beautifal !" Conn looked up into the sky. "There 'll be no rain to-night," said he. " 'Twil to be no rain to night," said he. "Twill be like this all through. And then the moon" go down into the sea just behind there where the hill slopes up out of the waves, and the sky" grow white behind are and analyze works with behind us, and standing here ye'd be able to see the end of the bay and the Atlantic stretching away, away, for ever. 'Twill

be a grand morning !" " I'm glad we came this way," said the ook keeper, looking round once more, and then following her husband's lead as he began to pick his way down, holding her hand. "But you said it was shorter, and I don't believe

and I don't believe it is " "It is then," said the receding voice of Conn; "and besides, how did we know going along the dark road that there mightn't be some one listening to what

at the water's edge at the foot of the quiet hills! Why did the tinkling chapel bell sounding, not from the church turret ris-ing picturesquely above the trees, but from the rasged barn away out of sight in the poor village, why did it ring out! Other feet might hurry along the hedged roads, or down the sloping paths of the hillsides, to the opening of the Station ; other eyes might feast upon the freshness of the vear, or watch the new develop-ment of the old inn's history ; but I, un-happily ! was to turn my back on every-thing that had been my life for many months past, and for a time to have neither eyes, nor heart for anything. No. As I look back there is no more pleasure in my recollections—not in the

No. As I look back there is no more pleasure in my recollections—not in the bustle which preceded my setting out, not in my parting with Alucia, not, oh no ! not in the desolation of the drive to Lis-heen. At Lisheen I had to wait a few minutes whils they put fresh horees to and I ran down to the strand to look my last towards Glencoonge. Faint and colorless as were their outlines, I could recognize the shapes of some of the well-beloved bills. The sight of them was fall of so sharp a sadness that I was almost glad when the coach started again, carry-ing me away from them for good and all. Late in the day I reached Dunmage, where there is a terminus; and there I took train. At Newtown Junction, where there is a railway hotel, there was a wait of two hours at midnight. I was too rest-ive to sleep, too eager now to be in Liver-pool to miss a single train and for term

ive to sleep, too eager now to be in Liver pool to miss a single train, and for two pool to miss a single train, and for two long hours I paced that dreary platform. In time I got to Dublin, and, on the eve-ning of thesecond day after leaving Glen-coonoge, was steaming up the Mersey.

October, 1880.—Quick ! let me make a final record. This is the last day I can write. To-night this history must be locked away, to be re-opened—when ? June, July, August, September — all through this time I have worked so hard, and with and workelight. and with such regularity, that my fathe who received me at first with sternnes gradually relaxed. Never in our lives have we got on so well as latterly. Be-fore, we seemed to have no tastes in com-mon, and never to have anything to say. but now we talk shop and it is wonderful how interesting our conversations are. I never had any idea before, how fluent

my father can be when he likes, or that

my father can be when he likes, or that be was a man of, so much information. Certainly he has had a wonderful variety of experience, and his knowledge of human nature is such as no one would have expected. I was think-ing this one evening as we sat over our wine when, looking up, I found his eyes fixed on me, and he re-marked that he thought that Glen-what did I call it? eh? ab, yes! Glenconorge -he wasn't so sure out that it was a healthgving place after all. I showed him not long afterwards a photograph of Alicia I had lately received. I believe he was taken with her appearance; becance was taken with her appearance; because some days later he called for a sight of some days hater he cancel for a sign of her again, and then pronounced her to be "a nice little missy"—which is a good deal, coming from a stolid man like my faither. By and by, he added (greatly to my surprise) that it was a pity we were living the store of the store of the store of the store living the store of the store of the store of the store of the store living the store of the store o

situated as we were, living, that is, in a house without a mit tress to it, because it would be awkward to ask Alicia on a visit; but that perhaps it might be man-aged through Clementina, and he would have a talk with her about it. Now my sister Clementina has done nothing since my return home but pick holes in my matrimonial designs. Clementina's one idea is money. She herself has made what everybody calls a splendid match

and my father gave her a good portion at her marriage; and she is constantly ask-ing how much money Alicia is likely to have. I think that Ciementina is the most uninteresting person I know. What Hudeon can have seen in her to marry puzzles me. It can't have been her money, for he has plenty of his own. And

then she turns up her nose at anything Irish! I hate going to her house, it is all heavy mahogany; everything matches; the fittings and the hangings and the

Italian. 'Hugh Casey, is it ? Well, then, the Lord be thanked, we have an Irish Bishop at last !' "

he was at the Castle a good deal—con-stantly at the Castle. And Alicia's refer-ences to him, while continuing to be very guarded, were growing perceptibly warmer in tone. Seven years! A little time ago I was content with the prospect of living all my life a bachelor; but now —no thank you, I would sconer die young. So that you sea I have been a good deal tortured latterly, in one way or another, and have been losing patience more and more. But, hurnah! It's all right! I have trimphed over opposition, and start for Gienconoge to-morow. No more wait, ing! no more nonsensical delay! Pack clouds away! Open, desk! and take these latter sheets. Lie locked in there, com-pactly all in order, ye written pages! And go thou with them, welcome letter, that host resolved my doubts, and steeled my nerve, and urged me on to victory. Yet, having read thes fifty times already. Yet make me sung my leading-string, and left me frase to leap to my Alicia's arms. Glenconoge Castle.

Glencoonoge Castle, October 18, 18:0.

Dearest Horace-You say you like my nonsense, but don't expect any nonsense in this letter, because there is so much news that I have no time even to say that I am always thinking of you. In the first place, what do you think has happened at the inn? Men are so stupid, you will never guess, so I must tell you The most beautiful little boy in the world

you will never guess, so I must tell you. The most beautiful little boy in the world! Such a dear little fellow! and such lovely eyes! Only a week old, and so intelligent already! Your friend Conn as proud and delighted as possible, and so bashful that it makes us all laugh. He doesn't know which way to look. For the matter of that nobody would take any notice of him, if it were not that he seems somehow to interest the baby, which stares at its father with an astonished expression quite as if it wonders what he wants and where he has sprung from. Indeed, it has reason to wonder, for Conn is always regarding his son with such a prolonged and beatific beam that the unsophistic acad child may well be puzz'ed. It is well it was not born before. Oh ! the inn has been so full all the summer. Lackily there are very few visitors now, and they there are very few visitors now, and they are all leaving, because they say they can't get any attention. Mrs. Brosnan, the nurse, says she believes the cook, the

maids, the waiters, the boatmen, the drivers, and the rervants generally, do nothing all day but lie in ambush for her appearance with the baby, for she can't at any time leave the mother's room with it, that she is not immediately surrounded, and the wonder is that the child can breathe. It is the greatest mercy, Mra. Broanan says, that the little fellow is blessed with the finest pair of lungs she ever met with. What a comfort that is but how can she tell. Horace?

but how can she tell, Horace? The only person who takes the matter coolly is the child's uncle. Do you know I have got to like him ever so much bet-ter. You would hardly know him, he is so much brighter, and very pleasant to talk to. We have seen a good deal of him as you know; but the least thought of earthing near occurred to me. You of nim as you know; but the least indugut of anything never occurred to me. You know how gloomy I always thought him. Bell said she liked it; but I didn't. I thought the more cheerful became, the nicer he was; but Bell apparently ceased to take any interest in him, just in propor-tion as he became more like other neorel All along he has been more like other people. All along he has been telling us how im-portant it was that he should return at once to Australia, that his partner has been sending him imploring letters by every post, and that things were going to wrack and ruin on account of his ab sence ; in fact the wonder was, what wa keeping him at all. Now be prepared for a great surprise. The day before yester day he proposed by letter for Bell, having

come to an understanding with Bell first Papa was forious; said at once he would not hear of it. But Beil declared that sooner than give up Mr. Chalmers, she would elope. At all events it is settled, MARCH 3, 1900.

Canada ; on the maternal side his an. cestors, back to the days of the signor. es, were French Canadian. aternal grandfather was Italian, and the Italian pronunciation of his name is Brucasi, here Frenchfied to ' Brush-

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Christian Perfection.

If you seek, O Christian soul, to at-

tain to the highest pitch of evangelical

perfection, and unite yourself so close. ly with God as to become one spirit

ith Him, it is requisite, in order to

succeed in a design the most sublime

hat can be expressed or imagined.

that you be first acquainted with the

true nature and perfection of spiritual-

ty. Some, who only judge by appear.

ances, make it consist in penirential works, in hair shirts, chastisements, watching, fasting, and such like cor-

Many, especially women, fancy

themselves consummately virtuous,

when habituated to long vocal prayers,

hearing several Masses, assisting at the whole divine office, spending many

hours in the church, and frequent

Thus different people place perfec-

tion in different practices ; but certain it is they all equally deceive them-

selves. For, as exterior works are no

more than either dispositions for be-

coming truly ploas, or the effects of real piety, it cannot be said that Chris-

tian perfection and true piety consist

Doubtless they are powerful means

for becoming truly perfect and truly pious, and when employed with dis-

cretion are of singular efficacy for

supporting our nature, ever averse to

our common enemy; for obtaining from the Father of Mercies those suc-

cors so necessary for the righteous, especially beginners. They are, be-sides, in persons truly pious, excellent

But the case is far different with

those who ignorantly place their de-votion in exterior works, which fre-

quently are the cause of their perdi-

tion, and of worse consequence than

manifest crimes ; not that they are in

themselves pernicious, but only from a

wrong application. Their attachment to such works is so great that they

utterly neglect to watch the secret

motions of their hearts ; but giving

full scope, leave them exposed to their

own corruption and the wiles of the

seeing them go astray, not only en-

courages them to pursue their way.

but fills their imagination with empty

ideas, they already taste the joys of

Paradise, the delights of Angels ; they

see God face to face !

Then it is that this seducer,

fruits of consummate virtue.

od, and prone to evil ; for repelling good, and prone to evil ; for repelling the attacks and escaping the snares of

poral mortifications.

Communion.

in them.

devil.

eysee. "There is a story of a deaf Irish-Pilgrimages to Paray-Le-Montal. GENERAL INTENTION FOR MARCH 1990. tion two years ago, asked an Italian fruiterer, to tell him the name of the new prelate. 'Brucasi,' replied the

Recommended to our prayers by His Holiness Leo XIII.

of the nineteenth century.

175 (b). 6 . Ma

lowed Jesus.

his voo

it. He h

He loved his fellow-men

ation, and through giving up

lowed Jesus. He loven ats fellow-men and gave his life for them. Although the greatest writer and one of the most famous men of his time, he sought seclusion among the brethren of his order. He longed for

self and appealing to God was led into the became the Thomas Aquinas

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Soon after the Holy Father had issued the Bull announcing the Jubilee we are celebrating this year, he ad dressed to the bishops, clergy and laity of the Church, a letter calling on them to consecrate the world to the Heart of Jesus Christ. He looked to this consecration for a renewal of the spirit of devotion which would help to make the Jubilee successful, not only by turning the eyes of all men to the vicar of Christ, but also, and specially by inspiring all of them to join in the solemn act of homage to Christ, by which he wishes this century to be distinguished from every other. Bat a short time ago, as you well

know," were the opening words of the letter, "We, by letters apostolic, and following the customs and ordinances of Oar predecessors, commanded the celebration in this city at no distant date, of a holy year. And now to-day, in the hope and with the object that this religious celebration be more devoutly performed, we have traced and recommended a striking design, from which, if all shall follow it out with a hearty good-will, we not un-reasonably expect extraordinary and penefits not only for Christen lasting dom but also for the whole human T3C6

The striking design was to conse-rate the world to the Heart of Jesus Christ as a more signal act of devotion. and "in a manner the crowning per fection of all the honors that people have been accustomed to pay to the Sacred Heart." How significant His His Holiness considered this decree i clear from the emphasis he lays on the fact that the decision has been mad after twenty-five years' deliberation.

Having thus placed the celebration of the Holy Year under the auspices of the Sacred Heart, it is not surprising that he should bless the project of r newing, during this year of Jubile pilgrimages to Rome, the pilgrimage which have been made from time t time to Paray le-Monial, the cradie of devotion to the Heart of Jesus.

It is now two hundred and thirt years since an humble Sister of th Visitation, cloistered in her monaster at Paray, gave to the world th message about the love of Christ f men, which has given such an in pulse to Catholic faith and piety every corner of the earth. Margar Mary Alacoque, now venerated as o of the Blessed Servants of God. was simple nun, cut off from the gre often misunderstood and r garded as an enthusiast by her s periors, rarely favored with the cou sels of an experienced director, a still charged with a mission whi seemed not only beyond her powe but even utterly inconsistent with h

Christ did not love all men, because

had not died to save them all ; a

secondly, by depriving them of very source of Christian life by p

suading them to abstain from Sacraments of Penance and of

Holy Eucharist. Hidden away in

cloister, unacquainted with the

or women who were resisting heresy of Jansenism, she could have known its evils nor deviced

remedy without some extraordin

light from Heaven, and even w

Spiritual life does not consist in the Margaret Mary lived in an a several practices before enumerated. when the charity of men had gro cold, when the pride which had led if considered only in the outward appearance. It properly consists in knowing the infinite greatness and revolt had already culmina in the blasphemous conceit of Calv goodness of God. joined to a true sense ism and had begun to infect Cath of our own wretchedness and proclivthat traitorous were attempting to rob the people their faith, first by depriving them a sure ground of hope, teaching t

"It must be a stimulating thought," I concluded "(when a man is going to reap the fruit of his labor), to reflect that while he is working, he is putting in motion that germinating power, without which all the loans or gifts or help in the world would be unproductive. What does your wife think of her brother's plan?" "What time have I had to tell her yet? Put neal! telk of it as we as home?" CALVERT'S But we'll talk of it as we go home." The three were standing at the gate opening into the Castle grounds, awaiting he, and here we all eaid good-night; the book-keeper and the girls kissed, the latter 6d., 1/-, and 1/6 Pots. shook hands with Conn, surprised and abashed; and I said good-night and good-bye to the new owners of "The Harp," and thanked them for old hospitality, and promised to return in the happy days coming. Then we three passed the gate and harried along the broad walk gleam-ing in the moonlight; and Conn and his We guarantee that these Weguarantee that these Plasters will relieve pain quicker than any other. Put up only in 25c, tin boxes and \$1.00 yard tolls. The latter wife turned back the way we had all come, down the grovy road darkened by the meeting of branches high overhead. "Is it not beautiful to-night!" fervently exclaims Alicia, looking up into the illumined sky and at the clumps of solemn allows you to cut the Plaster any size. trees, "and what a pity it is to have to go hom

"We needn't go home yet," said Bell; "let us walk about, or let us go and look at the waterfall with the moon shining on it. Can you imagine a suggestion more pal-

atable to a pair of lovers? But so uncon-scious a girl is Bell, and so unsophisticat ed, that it never occurred to her that there re times when two are company and three re none. Still, we made for the water fall, striking across the grass in a direc tion away from the Castle that presently led us down a gradual declivity until we reached the level ground bordering the bay, and raised only a little higher than

will be acorns then

said Alicia, appealing to me. "Of course they do."

or skip away into the blackness."

In 1858 Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER

It must be a stimulating thought,"

KNOWLES

CHAPTER XXVII.-CONTINUED.

"So you go to-morrow, sir," said Conn



other medicine stands the record of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discov

ery as a remedy for diseases of the blood, stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. The claim is made that the nutrition. The claim is made that the "Discovery" will cure ninety-eight per-sons in every hundred who are suffering from the diseases for which it is pre-scribed. That claim is based upon the actual record that it has cured ninety-eight per cent. of those who have store who have used it, and the number of these reaches to the hundreds of thou-sands. Will it cure you? Try it. It is



sands. Will it cure you? Try it. It is a wonderful medicine and has worked wonderful cures. Let no dealer sell you a medicine said

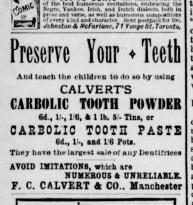
to be "just as good." Just as good medicines don't cure.

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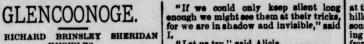


the use of your 'Golden Medic: Pleasant Pellets' in connecto cines I have taken as happy to state that I co from the start and have account of my stomach. er than I have for ten yes Dr. Pierce's Peilets cure biliousness

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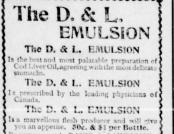




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the level of its waters. Here the thick

The book-keeper responded to this, but her tones were less clear than Conn's, and even his rejoinder had now become inarticulate to our ears. Still we did not the level of its waters. Here the thick over growth above our heads shut out the moonlight except in those places where its rays pierced through apertures, and threw a trellis-work of light upon our path. Not that the want of light much mattered. inarticulate to our ears. Still we did not move until even the sound of their happy voices had quite died off in the distance. Then we crept stealthily from our dark corner, startled hy every rustle that we made, and looking back at every step to make sure that the vision had not reap-peared to witness, spectre-like, our guilty escape. A few minutes later we had sur-Not that the want of light much mattered. I knew the way by heart, and so I think did Alicia: we had paced the walk to-gether many a time in those early spring days when the branches were bare, and our loves were budding. By and by we came to the opening in the land by which the mountain stream makes its way into the lake, and we stood a moment on the brink to watch its moonlit waters mingle slikily with the tranonil deen. Then we sescape. A few minutes later we had sur-mounted the remaining obstacles, and having completed our ascent were walksilkily with the tranquil deep. Then we turned inland and began to ascend its course. I led the way upwards, clamber-ing over mercer deeper forling for foring soberly across the grass towards the Castle. I for one feeling rather uneasy in mind

We ought not to have been there," I ing over mossy stones, feeling for foot-bolds, leading Alicia, who in her turn drew her sister after her: and thus we mounted until we came in view of the said at last. "What could we do?" exclaimed Ali-

cia. "At first we were too much fright-ened tospeak, and afterwards we couldn't put them to the pain of knowing we had waterfall. The moon shone full on it foaming as it fell from ledge to ledge, rushing busily with many a twist and turn, shimmering now without a sound

in some wide basin, and again with a downward leap frothing madly in narrowed ch annels between rocky walls and boulders strewn midway in its course

put them to the pain of knowing we had seen and heard everything !" "I wouldn't have missed it for the world," said Bell. "That they are very happy there can be no doubt," said I, " and I believe they will always be so. She is a noble crea-ture, is she not? And what an honest poor fellow that is! Did you near? he'd as it hurried onwards towards the calm sea-lake. High shrubbery overshadowed us as we faced the fail, but the paie moon-light which filled the sky and made a pathway along the surface of the inland sooner his wife should love him and hold him in esteem, than have all the money in the world. These Irish peasants have an unworldly spirit of that kind in their blood. It has made them for conscience? sake forego material prosperity through all their history. I don't think Com's head will be turned by good fortune." " But it is rather sad," I resumed, when neither Alicia nor Bell took up or pursued my argument. " it is very sad to think of that unfortunate Mr. Chalmers. oner his wife should love him and hold sea and threw into relief the jagged moun-tain tops, fell unhindered on the other side of the narrow gorge where jost opposite, and quite close, lay a stretch of level sward emerging from a gloom of forest trace hohind

forest trees behind. Said Alicia, "Wouldn't it be nice to Said Alicia, "wouldn't it be have dance upon that bit of grass beyond." "Trip, trip, apon the green, and yet no footing seen?" I asked. think of that unfortunate Mr. Chalmers He has behaved most generously; and yet there he is out of it all, as one may say, footing seen "" I asked. "Oh yes, Horace, that is what I should like of all things," answered Alicia; "but midsummer is the time for that—there sitting there at the inn, alone by himse and hardly a sharer in the happiness he has cause

"Acorns?" asked Bell. "Elves live in acorn-cups, don't they ?" "It is his own fault," said Alicia, omptly. "I am sure he is very dull. "It is not own then," is very dull. Why, when he came in to us to-night, he had not a word to say for himself. No doubt he has gone through a good deal ; still, it is a pity when people cannot be a little cheerfal. I have no symyathy with him at all?" "Of course they do." "And in fox gloves and under ferns, and in the hollows of great trees; and this is just about the hour when they come out, and if they hear a footfall they hide on the dark sides of the blades of grass, or shin arguing the blades of grass, him at all."

"I-don't-know," said honest Bell, in a ruminating way. "I'm not so sure. I rather like your gloomy men."

CHAPTER XXIX.

BROWN'S BRONCHIALTROCHES "I think better of that which I began thinking well of." Fac-Simile Signature of box.

CONCLUSION. Why did the sun shine so softly over the mountains and the sea next morning when I threw my window open, and drank in the sweet young summer air! Why allow allows be less regular; there were allusions to did "The Harp," shrunk small in the dis-tance, nestle alluringly by the roadside well; who was to guarantee Anicia to the I next seven years? Things don't move so slowly nowadays as when my father was I sound. Seven years, indeed! Why al-ready Alicia's letters were beginning to Wr. Chalmers not so candid or as copions fill as I should have liked. It seemed as if

the fittings and the hangings and the carpets are of the newest, and made, and put up, and laid down, by the best up-holsterers in Liverpool. There are solemn footmen, with loud voices, and great calves, and powdered heads, all over the place. The etiquette and formalities at and they are to be married at once, and they will start for Australia almost imme-mediately. I am so glad, are not you? I am sure you will be, because you always said it was a pity his thoughts so persistently turned upon bygones; and that it was a pity he couldn't somehow or another be drawn into the vortex of the present, and formet his regrate in the hourancy of his lementina's are as strict as at any court -it's dreadfail so dull not a bit of nature anywhere! Where did she get such a taste from? Our father is quite a forget his regrets in the buoyancy of his hopes. Was not that what you said? am sure about "vortex," but for the rest I only know it was one of those saying self made man, his tastes are as plain now as they were when he was a navy working on a railway, and he doesn't set which papa thinks over and admires s much, and which I know are clever be working on a rahway, and he doesn thete so very much store by money either. But Clementina, as she sits fanning her-self, asks, "How much money will Alicia have?" or, "Is she very Irish? Has she a horrid brogue? Perhaps a few hun-dreds! Perhaps nothing at present! Why can't you marry an English girl, Horace, before it is too late? I know of more them one good partie." I don't understand them. here is one most serious consideration Horace, about all this. I am in the posi tion now, of having to be bridesmaid to Bell; whereas I thought Bell was going to be mine! It makes me feel at time

quite vexed, because, you know, I am a year older than Bell, who is now turne eighteen. And then I say to mysel "What does it matter? I am glad be

florace, before it is too late f I know of more than one good partie." Imagir e Alicia on a visit with a woman like that! My sweet girl would soon have pined away with misery; her refinement would have been wounded at every turn by Clementina's vulgarity of feeling: or worse still, she might have become tainted with it, and have thought that, in assim-lating is abe was improving target. cause Bell seems so happy about it, and think he is a good fellow." But really -oh, well, never mind. But it would be nice if Bell and I could be married to gether, wouldn't it? and then Flossie and Fluffie could be bridesmaids to both of us, and the one wedding would do, and it would save so much trouble. Couldn't ilating it, she was improving herself. In the last case I should fall out of love with Alicia; in the former, she would cease to cars for me on account of my belongings -disaster either way! No. In debating this matter with my-self I came to two resolutions. First, that Alicia should not, if I could prevent

by our think ave so much trouble. Couldn't you put it in that way to your father? But I forgot—it doesn't affect him. Do you think if you were to threaten to elope, that that would have any effact? Do write by the next post and tell me what you think. Patsy Hoolahan is keep-ing the mail car helow for this letter and it, go on a visit to Clementina. it, go on a visit to Clementina. Second, that when we marry our aim shall not be to live in style; moreover, I shall be very particular whom we know, and we shall see as little as possible of some people. Therefore I told my father next day that I was so bound up in Alicia, that, if she man in Lingmool L should be ship to ing the mail car below for this letter, an I know, by the way he is cracking whip, that he is afraid of being late. as I am anxious you should have this by the day after to morrow, I mustn't stop to write any "nonsense," as you call it. So good-bye in a great hurry with a thou-sand, thousand loves and fond kisses from were in Liverpool, I should be able to think of nothing else; I should never be away from her side, and business would your own. P. S.-Be sure I hear from you by re-

turn.

away from her side, and business would go to the wall. Therefore, perhaps, with a view to hastening the time of our marriage, it would be better for a little time longer—say, two or three months— to keep my nose to the grindstone. My father warmly applauded my sug-gestion. "I'm very proud to hear you talk like that, my boy," he said. "Stick to that! you'll be glad of it some day. And as for marrying—there's no hurry. I didn't marry myself till I was six-and-thirty, and you won't be so old these correspondent of the Catholic Standard and Times is too good not to be

quoted : " Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi, second thirty, and you won't be so old these seven years. There's plenty of time." So far so good, but-that was all very well; who was to guarantee Alicia for the Archbishop of Montreal, and the first Bishop consecrated in the great cathe-

dral, is only forty-two years of age. He is pale, slender, ascetic, dark-eyed,

ALICIA.

THE END.

AN IRISH BISHOP.

ity to evil; in loving God and hating ourselves; in humbling ourselves not only before Him, but, for His sake, before all men; in renouncing entirely our own will in order to follow His ; and, to crown the work, in doing all this for the sole glory of His holy name, with no other view than to please Him, or no other motive than that He ought to be loved and served by all His creatures.

Such are the dictates of that law of love which the Holy Ghost has engraven on the hearts of the righteous. Thus it is we are to practice that selfdenial so earnestly recommended by our Saviour in the Gospel ; this it is which renders His yoke so sweet, and His burden so light : in fine, herein consists that perfect obedience out divine Master has so much enforced both by word and example.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, Kindly Light, was the expression of the feelings of a great soul in-spired by the Holy Ghost. That soul had been struggling in the dark and gloom for years, humbiy and earnestly seeking for light and truth. It was a sincere appeal to God for help. It was a prayer. It was another Our Father. How many such petitions had gone out from that soul before this one was written, and how many followed it before the light came dimly as through a glass, and before it was led into all truth ! No one out God knows of the strugglings and wrestlings that pre-ceded and followed it till that soul submitted humbly to the guidance of His Church. How many earnest men and

women has it taught to say with moist ened lids and upturned eyes on bended knece: Lead Thou Me on !

Only great souls submit with humil, ty and childlike simplicity, or under The following bit from the Montreal stand what it means to go to Him like little children. The light came and the great Apostle was glorified and sanctified and the Apologia came forth,

and other great works from his pen followed, and his voice was heard, and his self-denying life was felt, and the world has been lifted up and Christianized by them. He walked in His steps, and led

delicately featured, magnetic, with a volce incisive and sweet. He speaks fluently in French, English and Italian, "The Archbishop is a native of He kept the Commandments. He fol-

that light had been vouchsafed her could not have uttered, without a special assistance, the cry w would resound in the uttermost j of the earth and keep ringing and clear until our own day. No who knows the marvels of devotion the Sacred Heart of Jesus as prac in the Church during the past centuries, according to the teaching Biessed Margaret Mary, doubts she received special communica from Christ Himself, as she re with so much sincerity in her le and autobiography. In fact, it sign of little faith, of the slowne heart to belief, so plainly rebuke our Lord, to counsel or practise devotion without making mention the extraordinary graces by whic simple nun of Paray was move propagate it. As we have repeated so ofte these pages, and as the Apost devotion to the Sacred Heart rec

so often in her writings, our Sa manifested Himself to her, appe to her eyes in visible form, and with her, declaring His love for showing His Heart as the syml His love, deploring their ingrat inviting their cooperation in efforts to repair the evils of their specifying the practices which enable them to honor Him, and u her to make known His message the world. Sometimes in the of the monastery, sometimes garden, He appeared to her, oft