THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

TIZOURUSUD. UNDT

August 1, 1883,

And he bore it all with the magnanimous patience of a great Newfoundland dog petting and bearing with the freaks of a captious child. But he grew sober and silent, and lost

was dated at Bangkok. He had been acress Cambodis, from the Menam to the Mekong, as far as the country of the savage Stiens. "And here, in this wild place, my dear Edith," he wrote, "I gave up, and was baptized. I had thought, his smiles day by day. ! Sometimes Clara's mood charged, and there would be little filts of sunshine, momentary while talking with Monsignor Miche, vicar. gleams of kindness and patience; but her victim learned that he could not depend on the continuance of such friendliness."

One day she had treated him so much worse than usual that, "instead of staying to bear her raillery, he left the room, and went out into the garden where the children were playing. Clara seated herself in the window presently, and watched him, saw him set little Bob o'. Lincoln, as they called the baby, on his shoulder, so that the child could reach the branch of a tree, saw him gently restrain and persuade Philip from throwing stones at the birds, and talk to Oarl and Philip, when they came to blows about something, till they kissed each other. And through it all she read in his face the indication of a heart sad and ill at ease.

A yellow-bird flew over the garden, and dropped a pretty feather down. "Onl that is what Aunt Clara likes," cried Philip, sun. ning to pick it up. "She puts 'em in her books for marks."

He carried it to the sailor, who fastened it carefully in his button-hole, posy-wise. Even the children had perceived that what Aunt Olara liked was a matter of interest to their new friend.

A servant came out to call the children in to their early supper; and Captain Cary, catching sight of Clars in the window, went to her with the little feather in his hand. "Philip says you make book-marks of these," he said, and offered it to her.

There was no sign of coldness or resent. ment, neither was there any of subservience. It was the patience and affection of a tender and generous heart, and the self-respect of one who is not humbled by the pettishness of another.

Clara dropped her eyes as she took the little offering. "Yes," she said gently: and see the passage I am going to mark with t."

The book she held was Landor's Imaginary Conversations, open at the dialogue between Eschines and Phooion.

The sailor bent his head and read : "Your generosity is more pathetic than pily or than pain;" and, looking up quickly into her face, to see what she meant, saw her eyes humid. His face brightened a little, but he said nothing. He was like a traveller smong the Alps, who knows that a breath may bring the avalanche upon him.

After a few weeks of this bide-and-seek. Hester was moved to expostulate with her sister, whose conduct had astonished her. For, however gay and reckless Olara might be in talk, exaggerating on one side when she saw people lean too much to the other, and often saying what she did not mean, taking for granted that she was too well known to have her josts taken for earnest—in spite of this liveliness and effervescence of spirits, she had never been guilty of the slightest frivolity in her intercourse with gentlemen. Mrs. Yorke had taught her daughters, or had cherished in them the pure feminine instinct, to trest with careful reserve any man who should show a marked preference for them, unless that preference was fully reciprocated. Hester, therefore, felt herself called on to admonish. "I must say, Clara, I think you do wrong," she said. "Any one can see that the captain sets his life by you, and you treat him cinellà."

"Do you wish me to marry him?" Clara asked in a cold voice.

"Why, no !" exclaimed her sister. " You two are not at all suited to each other. But I would have you treat him kindly."

" If I treat him kindly he will think I like him," Clara said quickly.

"Oh! I don't mean very kindly, but with calm friendliness," answered her preceptress. " Caim friendliness i" repeated the culprit

A POETICAL EPISTLE. IO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

MAY, 1883.

(From United Ireland) Heroic statesman, leader in the van Of progress and enlightenment of man, Pride of the people. champion of right, And foremost workhipper of freedom's light, Deliverer who made King Bomba qual. And opo'd the portals of the Hourbon jail; Thee, i address and ask to look around. Behold what wonders in this land are found, Startling results of three years' Liberal rule By statsmen reared in Liberty's bright chool. How was it, orator, three years ago, When wide Midlothian heard thy forrent flow ? Ireland, with joy, the gladdening message (From United Ireland)

Now will his original the second by the seco yore, And forced to answer all the questions they

By insolence, or malico moved, may say; Not are they sare that what is taken down May not be then "improved" to sait the Crown?

Crown? And dost thou know that, even while I write, Another victim mounts the so-ffold's height, Another ruined by that patriot fire Thou wouldst, in any other land, admire? Yes, mounts it, thanks to that disastrous day When *Cladstone* took the right of speech away, And left the secret murderer to lurk Where Charles Parnell was not allowed to work.

Work. (Bright page of history, inscribed by fame, With Forster's, Carey's, and with Marwood'

name!) h deeds as these in Turkey would have Such

wrung From thee the loudest thunders of ihy longue, But here, instead of standing forth to stay The path of wrong, thou openest the way; For never, while the sea rolls in between, Will Irich truths by British eyes be seen. Whi first truth by British eyes be seen. So has it been of yore; Cromwell, they say, In England exercised a noble sway, But here his zeal for liberty and good Was quinched in rivulets of Celtic blood, And thou, who once wast thought to have some claim

Claim Claim To admiration and an honored name. Though praised in eviry language save the Erse. Tho Ireland thou hast been a fatal curse. Thy very greatness, like the upas' height. Upon this is'e has cast a deadiler blight. Decide at once, there is no middle way; Half hearted measures never won the day; Either concede the rights that now are claimed, The right of natives in the land they fill. The right to rule themselves by self-made laws, The rights which all enlightened statesmen own.

own, And thou deniest to Irishmen alone.

And thou deplest to frishmen alone. (Africa, Canada, and Australay, And even Manz-land o'er themselves bear sway.) Do this, or else distimulate no more, And all prefence of friendliness give o'er; Despatch an army, those who ran away To fight again, irom the Majuba fray; 1 et them sweep Ireland like a raging flocd, Their banker, crimson, and their watchword, "Bleod;" In Dublin streate rect a guillotine.

"Blood;" In Dublin streets crect a guillotine, Parnell's, the foremost head to roll, be seen (For if imprisoned without tria', then, Without a trial, why not murder men?) Treat the whoje island as the Turks did Greece, And "make a deset here and call it peace." Do this, and we thy purposes shall know, In homest butchery men's blood will flow; But now fell Famine points her skinny hand, And lean-eyed Hunger drives them from the land,

Disease, Nouralgia, Fennale Weak-nesses and Irregularities, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility. And lean-69'ed Hunger unves mount of land, By subtle means they now are done to death, In serpent colls they slowly lose their breath, Violent, open means are not approved. But, none the less, they victims are removed. O, answer, Gladstone, is it faise or true? Dost thou or dost thou not direct the crow? It matters not. Thy place is still the same, In the sad annels of this luckless land, Through many centuries one name thall stand, Of all who the attempted here to rule. By its searching and cleansing qualities it purges out the foul corruptions which contaminate the blood and cause derange-The greatest knave or else the greatest fool. HIREBNIOR.

EDITH YORKE.

CHAPTER XXIX, - (CONTINUED). EVERYBODY S CHAPTER.

Edith drew writing materials toward her, and began to make out a bill.

MISS EDITH YOEKS, To Charles Yorke and family, Dr. To seven years' hoard and tuition, "Instruction in her religion "Kindness to Father Rasle "Never being anything but kind to ber \$7,000 1,400 20,000,000 10,000,000

. 10,000,000 " Sundries " Joining her ones in Ca-tholic prayer ••. ber Sundries 100,000,000,000,000,000,000

\$100,000,000,050,008,400

"I think that is correct," she said, showing the bill to her uncle. " I am mathematical in my tastes, you know. . I do not like the dollars, though, the association is so vulgar. We will put it in some classical gold coin. It shall be rose nobles."

Looking In Mr. Yorke's face as he smiled on her, she exclaimed, "Uncle, you have a look of my father, now !"

"And you have a look of my brother," returned. "Your eyes are changeful, like his, and your hair has a sunny hue. When you coax, too, your ways are like his. Robert was very winning."

She put her arm in his, and looked reproachfully across the table to her aunt. "And yet," she said, "you are not willing that I should give Melicent a few pocket bandkerchiefs to be married with " Mrs. Yorke laughed. " You shall give her as many handkerchiets as you please," she said,

But what, meantime, of Dick Bowan ? Mrs. Yorke had called at once to see him on her arrival, but he had already gone to make a retreat, and they did not see him atterward.

The first part of that retreat was to him heavenly; but, when it came to making definite plans for the future, then he found himself in cruel doubt.

" Oh ! if I could have had a Catholic training in early life!" he said to Father John. " It seems to me now that heaven has been within my reach, and has slipped away, without my knowing it. I do not wish to be presuming. I do not try to think of it; the thought haunts me."

i a Tell me freely all that is in your mind," the priest said. "I am here to help you." Dick Bowan's head drooped, and he spoke rapidly, as if airaid to speak: "It seems to me, father, that if I had been brought up a strict Catholic-any sort of Catholic-I should have been-" He lifted his izes, looked at Father John with eyes that could not bear suspense, and added, "I should have been a priest!"

Then, since he found neither astonfehment nor displeasure in that face, his distress broke forth. "And now, O God1 it is too late!" he said, and wrung his hauda.

"You think that you had a vocation my son ?" the priest asked calmly.

"I believe it !" he azswered. "What has my whole life been but a searching and striving after some great and glorious happiness, something different from the common happiness of earth, some one delight which was to be mine here, and still more mine in the world to come ? It was al! ways my way to have but one wish, and to expect from its fulfilment what nothing on earth can give. I believe, sir, that when a man has that way of concentrating all his hopes and desires on one object, that object should be God. Otherwise, there is nothing but ruin for him. Such an end was once possible to me, and now it

is lost !' "Father John laid his hand on the young My son," he said, "it is not lost!"

that. 'If it is nothing but my own pride,' he said, ' I have no more trouble. "And he has no more trouble, my child," the priest concluded. "He is the happlest man I AVET FAW 1"

> OHAPTEB XXX. BDITH'S YES.

In the opinion of their old friends in Boston the Yorke family had lost something during their sojourn in the wilderness. It was not that they were less charming, less well-bred, but they were not so orthodox in religion. Mrs. Yorke, it is true, resumed her regular attendance at Dr. Stewart's church, but her husband seldom accom. panled her now, and, it was ascertained, ab.

"I would not have him go for my sake, when he does not wish to go for his own," she remarked tranquilly.

have been horrified at such a defection, and would have called in the doctors of the church to exhort the backslider. She was evidently growing lax in her religious prin-

Melicent slways accompanied her mother and had the true down drawn, regulation countenance ; but Olara was seldom seen in their pew, and boldly answered when questioned on the subject, that she sometimes went to the Ostholic churches to hear the nausic. "I go wherever I can hear Wilcox play the organ," she said. I never the listening to him. Others play difficult music with dexterity, and you admire their skill; but he plays the same, and you forget that there is any skill in it. Such bewitching grace! Such laughter running up and down the keys! Such picturesque improvisations ! He played last Sunday something that called up to me a scene in Seaton -that pit of meadow on East street, Edith. There was some sort of musical groundwork, soft and monotonous, meandering melody with the vos humana. When the bell rang at the Sanctus, he caught the sound and ran straight up into the stars, as though some waiting angel had flown audibly up to heaven to announce the time of the conscoration. It is delightful to hear him. In his graver music and his choruses I do not so much distinguish him from others; but he is the only organist I know who give an idea of the play of the little saints and cherubim in heaven, their dancing, their singing, their swift flights to the earth and

the worship of birds and flowers." Not a word about doctrines, about the ini-

the idolatry of the Mass l bic music with any more rapid motion than was hoped, however, that when Dr. Stewart

would recall her to a sense of duty. The doctor did try, carefully, though, warned by his wife, and by some sharp, though iaoit, rebuffs from Mr. Yorks and ter that Carl had entered the church and, Edith. He spoke one day philosophically of placing it open in her hand, knelt before her the obnoxious Review, as though there were | while she read it. no question of truth, but merely of cleverness these Catholic authorities.

"Thank you!" Mr. Yorke replied. He Yorke asked, sn wished to be friendly, and really liked the all your heart?" doctor when he let theology alone. Besides, he was dining there, and could not be disagreeable.

After dinner, Melicent slipped out of the room a few minutes; and when her father

apostolic of the mission to Cambodia and Laos, that, as soon as I should reach Europe, I would enter the church. Indeed, while I heard this accomplished gentleman tell of the persecution he had suffered when he was a simple missionary in Cochin-Ohina, the imprisonment, the beating with rods which cut the fissh so that the blood followed, the asking for and taking himself the blows intended for a companion too trail to bear more—a story, Edith, which carried my mind back to St. Paul, yet which was told with a boyish galety and simplicity-while I heard this my impulse was to throw myself at his feet, and ask to be baptized by his consecrated hand. But, you know, enthusiasm does not often overcome me; and since he did bot urge me then, the good minute went. When, afterward, he exhorted me, I promised him that I would not long delay. But, when I reached the Stien country, over on that miserable route of swamps, cataracts and forests filled with wild beasts, and found another soldier of Christ living there, in that horrible solitude, sick, suffering, but undismayed, my Teutonic phlegm deserted ma. The chief officens of Father Guilloux's republic are elephants, tigers, buffaloes, wild boars, the rhinoceros; and the most frequent and intimate visitors at his house of bamboos

for Edith. He was in Asis, and his letter

are scorpions, serpents, and centipedes. And yet, all the complaint this heroic man made was that he had but few converts. The savages are so joined to their idole, he said. Edith, tears ran down my face. My whole heart melted. 'Father,' I said, there is a savage convert, if you will take him. I canwith little blossoming chords springing up not stay one hour longer out of the church everywhere, and over it all swam a lovely, which gives birth to such children " so I was baptized. And, my sweet girl, I thought then that, if the time should over come when I should be so happy as to make Edith my wife, I should like to have the same saintly hands join us. I told Father Guilloux of you, and he sends you his blessing. You see I have heard all about Mr.

Bowan. "And now I turn my face homeward, though my route will not be very direct. Since I am here, where I shall probably never come again, I think it best to carry out my programmme. But the intention of it is somewhat different; for I find that a Catholie does not need to travel abroad to find out how men should be taught and governed.

"I am sure that you pray for me constantly; and, believe me, your name has been as constantly uttered by me during the whole length of my wanderings, and is that of the semibreve and minim, should think strung, Edith on Edith, like a dalsy-chain, two-thirds round the world."

It was thus Carl first told Edith his wishes: and Melicent were married, his influence and, from the moment of that reading, she considered herself betrothed to him.

She carried her letter to her sunt, who already knew from her own let-

Mrs. Yorke took the hands that trembled in in handling certain subjects, and, in a care her lap, and gazed into the fair face uplifted to less a propos, offered Mr. Yorke the loan of hers. Edith's cheeks were like crimson roses, certain volumes, which, he privately believed, her beautiful eyes shone through tears, her would triumphantly controvert the contro-verilalist. The doctor had not read any of breaths that told of her quickened heart beats. "There is no mistake this time?" Mrs. Yorke asked, smillog. "You say yes with

"Aunt Amy," Edith exclaimed, "I'm one yes from head to foot, and the gladdest yes that ever was spoken !"

CHAPTER XXXI.

sented himself with her permission. The time had been when Mrs. Yorke would

ciples.

back again, and all their exquisite loves, and) pranks, and delights-their very worship like)

quities of Rome, the superstition of Papiets,

What wonder if these good people, who considered it blasphemy to associate cheru-Miss Clara Yorke in a dangerous way? It

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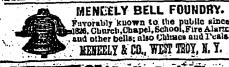
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More than \$72,000 was found lately in the room of a man in Paris who had for 25 years lived miserly, and who died in a charity hotpital.

The late Dake of Mailborough gave a large

dinner party almost on the evo of his death.

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"Some form of Hops !"

CHAPTER 1.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physlotane :

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and allments peculiar to Women "---

" And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically (Buohu.'"

Atk the same physicians

" What is the most reliable and surest ours for all liver diseases or dyapepeia; constipa. tion, indigestion, bilionsness, malarial fover, agu, etc.," and they will tell you:

"Mandrake | or Dandellop !" Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable And compounded into Hop Bitter, such a

[Continued next week]

Dick attered not a word, but gazed steadily into the priest's face.

"I believe that you have a divine vocatiop.'

"You believe that I had / " Dick cried out sharply.

"I balleve that you have!" the priest replied. Dick drew a deep breatb, and his pale face

blushed all over with a sudden delight; but said nothing. "When a man first thinks of choosing

God," the priest said, "he may mistake. But when God chooses a man and tears away from him every other tie, and sets him in a place where he can see nothing surrounding him but a great solitude filled with God, then there is no mistake. I believe that God

chooses you." "God chooses me!' repeated Dick Bowan, blenching a little, like one dazzied by a great light. "God chooses me !" he said sgain, and stood up as if his swelling heart had litted him. "Then I choose him!" He put his hands over his lifted face and tears of joy dropped down. Father John deeply affected spoke to him, but he did not hear. He was repeating the words of the marriage service: For better or for worse, in sickness and in health, till death do us'-unite !'

The pricet spoke alterward to Edith on the anbject. Dick had requested him to tell ber and his mother whatever they wished to know.

"Never was there a soul more ardent and single," Father John said. " His only difficulty arose from a tender regard for the honor of God, and a great reverence for the sacred office. He fanoied that it would be an insult to both for a man to seek to enter. the priesthood of whom people could say that he did so because he was disappointed in love, and that he gave to God the remnant of

a heart which a woman had rejected." "Dick rejected me," Edith interposed hast-

ily. "I told him," the priest resumed, "that if God had called him, he had no right to think of any coarse and uncharitable remarks which might be made. I reminded him that his life long devotion to you had been a life without faith, and that, after one year in the church, he had given you up willingly. His idea of the true priest was this: one for whose sacred vocation his pious parents had prayed and hoped from the hour of his birth, who hed lived from his childhood cloistered retirement and sanctity, who d never oberished worldly hopes who 1n had desires, bus, walking apart had thus approached the altar that had never ceased to shine before him from the hour of his baptism. I owned to him that such a vocation is beautiful, and is often seen by bidneys and prinary organs; such as Bright's men and angels; but told him that there are others whom the Aimighty leads differently. He hides from such souls that he has sealed them also from the beginning, he allows' them to drug in the mire of earth, to feel its temptetions, to share in its weaknesses. Wo cannot penetrate the designs of God, but we may well believe that his motive is to humble that soul, and to teach it through its own. failings a greater pity and tenderness for the weak and the erring. I warned him that this fear of his might be a temptation of the devil, who saw that his pride was not broken, and who persuaded him that he was fealous for the honor of God, when in reality he

went home, she said sweetly, "By the way, papa, I put up those books the doctor spoke

" Let them lie !" replied Mr. Yorke, with a doubtful.

owa daughter.

There was but little to tell of the family contrast to his rich Eastern cargo. for a while. Mr. Yorke employed a part of his time in attending to Carl's and Edith's pecuniary affeirs, everything being entrusted to his management. Patrick was his assist. | could live in the house with six boys. ant occasionally, and was also Edith's coachman ; for the only carriage they kept belonged to Edith.

Betsey was Mrs. Yorke's special depend. ence. She was a sort of housekeeper, as well as nurse. When the lady was ill no one else could lift, and serve, and watch as Betsey Betsey could scout her vapors very reiresh. ingly, when the others increased them, perhaps by indulgence. On all her little jourof amusement, her faithful affection and sturdy good sense a staff to lean on.

Boston, but had secured them places with the family who had taken her house. " I do not approve of children being separated from them. I know no situation more cruel than that where a child is ashamed of its parents' state of affectionate gratitude toward their employers, and rapture with their church.

In Seaton, Catholics were still in an almost not Father Rasle-who came once in two house. He was not molested.

there, and among other gifts, had his coming back makes the affair more double sent to Mrs. Patten a small library, and twisted than ever." chiefly of controversial books. So Boadlosa through a pair of round-eyed, horn-bowed nor word of title-page in those volumes. She manner. meant to show everybody that she was searchexert themselves to the utmost, and bring all | tion . their learning and eloquence to bear, if they of Onristian endurance and charity.

passed away, an i another winter came. In Hester thought, that winter, Edith had news of an event for It was true, th thought but of his own. He was happy at of them about Christmas time, came a note altogether tyrannized over bir outrageously. I farm-houses were threatened, and large quan-

CLABAS CHAPTER

The second summer after their return to of to you, if you like to take them now. They Boston, Clara went down to spend in Seaton little married kittens put on Hester, seat lie on the hall table." Edith Forke, Captain Cary, came sailing up glance and an emphasis which were not even | Searon River. The captain had made a prosperous voyage to India, and, having nothing He might permit Dr. Stewart to exhort else to do just now, had come down to Maine him, but he would not be schooled by his for a load of barrel staves and boxes. To his mind, the fresh pine and ash made a pleasing.

> Hester and her husband immediately made him at home with them. Their house was not so full but there was room for him, if he

> "You can, perhaps, bear it better, since they are sure to be very fond of you," Mrs. Hester said. For the boys had clustered about the sailor before he had been ten minutes with them.

Mrs. Cleaveland was wont to say that the masculine element in hers and her mother's could ; and when she was in low spirits immediate descendants would be rather overpowering were its members not the salt of the earth.

"Poor little mamma was quite alarmed," neys Betsey accompanied Mrs. Yorke. Her she said. "She protested that, if Melicent's quaint, country ways were a constant sou:ce husband or mine called her mother, she would leave the country. Bo they are carefol how they address her. Now, I am made Mrs. Yorke had, at the last moment, con. of sterner stuff, and nothing cise makes me ciuled not to bring the young Patiens to so proud as to have all these boys call me mother."

Hester's boys presented rather an imposing array. There were Major Cleveland's eldest their parents,"she had said, "and being placed Oharles and Henry, college students of in such different circumstances that their twenty and twenty two years of age, healthy, childleh associations seem discordant to honest lads, not very clever, but full of en. ergy and good sense. They were favorites at college, where the renaissance of muscle poverty and ignorance. Besides, I think it had destroyed the old empire of hollow my duty to rescue these poor Catholic girls." chests and pale cheeks, and established as So Mary and Anne had been brought to the watchword mens sana in corpore sano. Boston, and were now living in a blissfal Next to these was Eugene, now a slender youth of fifteen, cleverer than his brothers. but somewhat effeminate in character.

Then came Hester's three boys, Phillip, Babylonish captivity. Their church had been | Carl and Bobert. The last, an infant a year burned a few weeks after the Yorkes left old, had been named by Edith for her father, town; but toward spring they had a priest- | and he was consequently her dearest pet.

"And now my troubles begin all over months, and said Mass for them in a private again," solilcoulzed Clara as she prepared to meet the sailor. "Captain Cary's sudden Edith had not forgotten her friends flight seemed to cut the Gordian knot; but

She went to meet him, however, with an was now investigating the Oatholio religion. | air of pleasant ease which betrayed no sign of She examined it severely and critically, complicated emotions, and asked of his adventures, and told all that had chanced to spectacles, missing not a centence, nor date, them during his absence, in the most friendly

Nor was the sallor less diguified, though ing the subject in an exhaustive manner, and the blush that overspread his face when she that the doctors of the Ohurch would have to first appeared showed a momentary agita-

But this highly proper and decorous dewished to convince her. But, underneath meanor did not last long." Before many days this vain pretence, her heart yearned to enter Mrs. Cleaveland perceived that her boys were that fold where her lost little one had found not the chief struction which Captain Carry reinge, and where she had seen such examples found in her house. It was plain that he was devoted, heart and soul, to Olara; and it And so, with no event in the family save was plain also that Olara was fully aware of on the hill top west of the village, they could Mellcent's marriage, the winter and summer | that devotion, and made her sport of it, so

It was true, the young woman did take s which she had been looking and longing very high hand with her colossal admirer. ever eince Carl went away. His letters had Sho snubbed him, ordered him about, made sll been addressed to his mothor, but in one him dance attendance, fetch and carry, and,

with emphasis. "Oh! the airs that there I lecture you. Fold your hands, and attend to me. Now, allow me to remind you of two or three little facts. Firstly, 1 am two years older than you. Secondly, I am not a staid married woman with six boyr, and I won't try to act as if I were. Thirdly, you don't know as much about this business as you think you do. Fourthly, women who have a great facility for being shocked on all occasions are, according to my observation, very likely to be shocking women. Fifthly, if you wish well to Captain Cary, you should wish to have him cease to care about me; and the surest way to attain that end is to treat him just as I am treating him. No man can long desire a vix en for a wife. Sixthly "-and sixthly, Clara

began to ory. Hester, who never could bear to be blamed. had been herseli on the point of crying, but, seeing her sister's tears, concluded not to.

"Why, what is the matter, Clara?" she asked in distress.

"The matter is that I am tired of being criticised," answered her sister, wiping her eyes. "I am tired of having people tell me what I mean, instead of asking what I mean. I am tired of having people whom I know to be not so good as I am, set themselves up to be better."

"I never meant to set myself up to be better than you, Clara," Hester began pilifally. "1 --- "

" Bless me ! Are you here still ?" exclaimed Miss Yorke, with a laugh. "I'd forgotten you. I was not talking to you at all, you little goose I The truth is, Hester, I am getting as nervous as a witch. You mustn's bother me."

Olara did seem to be nervous, and unlike herself.

Haviog failed in her attempt to admonish her sister, Mrs. Oleaveland took occasion soon after to comfort the sallor.

"You must not mind if Clars seems a little hard sometimes," she said with gentle kindness. "She does not mean to hurt your feelings. It is only her way. I know she thinks very highly of you."

" Oh | I understand her pretty well," he roplied gravely. "Clara has a good heart, and she never gives me a blow but she is sorry for it afterward. I don't blame her. I suppose she sees that I rather took a liking to her"-he blushed up-"and that's the way sho makes me keep my distance. I under stand Olara. She suits me."

He said this with a cortain stateliness. Not even Clara's sister might blame her to blm.

" Bather took a liking," was Captain Cary's way of expressing the fact that he had surrendered the whole of his honest, generous heart.

There were fires in the woods about Seaton that summer, and, August being very dry, they increased so as to be troublesome. From Major Cleaveland's house; which stood see smoke enciroling nearly all the horizon by day; and by night flames were visible in every direction but the south, where the sea The a'r was rank with smoke, cindets lay. came on the wind when it rose, and vegets.

tion turned sooty. Orops ware spoiling,