

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

LASCINE.

BY AN OXFORD MAN. CHAPTER XIII.

In the spacious mansion of the Comte de Blois, in the Avenue de l'Impératrice brilliant lights were glimmering. For the many windows, and in the terrace garden, the echoes of joyous festivity broke the still hours of night. The gay world of the city of pleasure, Paris, and turned out en masse to the last grand ball of the season given by the Comtesse de Blois.

Eighteen months had elapsed since they were in Belgium, and now Edward Lascine was a frequent visitor at the house. Mrs. Lascine had been staying with another countess some time, and all her old beauty came back under the influence of Edward's presence, so that she held her shrine, at which society bowed low.

Amélie and Edward were great friends; a brother-and-sister friendship had sprung up between them; they both loved everything Catholic dearly, and were seen in company together with the Countess at most great functions. But that love on Amélie's part had strengthened and deepened into something stronger; she had fallen in love irrevocably with her graceful companion.

Her mother saw it, the world saw it; but Edward Lascine had pledged himself to another Love; his soul was wrapped up in the Church, and daily he gravened over the rash promise given to his mother. He only saw in the fair girl something purer than most of the society he came across, and he studied that she should remain different from the artificial crowd around her.

As the traveler peeping up through the blue gentian peeping up through the snow-breasts in the heights of Alpine passes—a child of summer, where Winter holds his icy diadem—or as the antiquary at times discovers some rare bit of carving or tracery nesting amid the wreck of debris which encircles the old ivy-clad, loop-holed tower, so Edward Lascine saw in the desert of the world, where all was fickle, heartless, artificial, and self-loving.

It was only this that made him treat her slightly different from the other ladies of his acquaintance; as to forsaking his vocation for one moment, the idea never entered his head. The whole household knew that in eighteen months he would enter a Seminary again. He had been candid with them; they accepted him on his footing, and he was content.

Mrs. Lascine had said: "Let it be so; his foolish ideas will soon melt away before your daughter's beauty." A week before the ball, Edward strolled in with the Marquis de Marlo. The ladies were discussing their dresses, as they had just arrived from Woerthe's.

For Amélie there was a costly sheeny-green silk, almost white, with a rich cream tint, Honiton lace overskirt, looped up with aigrettes of emeralds, newly reset for the ball.

"Are you going to wear that, little sister?" said Edward. "He called her 'little sister' now."

"Yes, Edward; maman chose it, and dear Mrs. Lascine."

"Don't expect me to speak to you with that robe on. It may be costly. It is not what I would wish my little sister to wear, though. And jewels—O Amélie!"

"What shall I wear, then, Edward?"

"I will, indeed!"

"Something white, pure white—muslin, if you wish—and lace. I will send you the flowers for your hair—no jewels."

So the conversation dropped, and the countess saw only too pleased that Edward should suggest something.

A lovely Brussels-lace overskirt, with a soft, fleecy underskirt of some white material, which fell in soft waves over the long train.

Very beautiful she looked, as she stood waiting for the flowers Edward had promised. Her maid came in with a box upon a silver tray. Breathlessly she opened it. A bouquet of passion-flowers, of the largest and most beautiful kind, and worked in with them, so that each flower should stand out, were odorous white violets. For the head a simple cluster of the same.

Mrs. Lascine came in to inspect the toilet.

"How beautiful you are to-night, Amélie!"

"Yes, indeed," said the Countess de Blois. "Your son has more taste than we have. She will surely be the belle of the room to-night."

A huzz of admiration rose around the three beautiful women with their costly toilets. At Amélie's feet were the youth of Paris, each seeking some dance, to hold her handkerchief, her fan, her bouquet.

Edward Lascine stood by his mother and John had come in late.

"Amélie is very beautiful to-night, mother."

"Yes, indeed; and you have not spoken to her?"

"No, maman, not yet. I have to bid her good-by to-night. To-morrow Trev and myself start for Florence and Rome early; so I must get some rest."

"And you disappoint Queen Isabella?"

"I have already made my excuses to her majesty, and she has decorated me—she was so pleased to have me go."

The gratified mother gazed at the decoration.

"She will be here anon, then we shall know."

Just then the group around Amélie opened, and she beckoned to Edward with her fan. He passed to her side, and saluted her coldly.

"Mr. Lascine, will you take me to your *maman*? I wish to speak with her a moment."

"Yes, indeed, if you wish it."

The tiny gloved hand trembled on his arm.

"Thank you for this beautiful bouquet."

"And can my sister be worldly, and forget she has the typical flowers of

Christ's passion resting in her hand, while she receives so many compliments?"

"I knew your meaning in sending them. I shall not dance more than is absolutely necessary. I will keep the spirit of recollection you told me of as much as possible. Does my dress please you?"

"I never flatter, little sister. What can I bring you from Rome? Trev and myself start to-morrow."

"Only one thing I ask—the blessing of Christ's Vicar."

"That you will obtain. Now I must leave you with my mother. Good-by, little sister.—God-by, *maman*." He raised his mother's gloved hand to his lips, and then placed it in the arm of Amélie, and was gone.

The color had faded from her face, the enthusiastic expression also; and her lips were colorless.

"Amélie, remember how many eyes are on you," Mrs. Lascine said. "Silly child, he has only gone for a little while."

A proud flush returned to her cheeks as she imagined another knew her secret.

She was brilliant through the evening, but Mrs. Lascine saw beneath the surface, although her mother's eyes could not.

The Count sat in his library, the following day, in a recess, reading. The door opened, and in came his daughter. Her face was flushed with crying. She sat down on a low chair, and put her head on her hand, and was motionless a long while. The Count was just going to her, when a low rail burst from her:

"O Eddy, Eddy! je l'aime, le l'aime, si c'était possible—mais—non—non—non! Léglise est votre épouse, et pour moi—je serais—seulement—votre—petite sœur."

The lace curtains waved softly in the gentle breeze, the rich exotics lent their sweet perfume to the suite of apartments occupied by the pale, suffering girl, who was dying to all appearances; languid and spiritless, her beauty gained in spirituality what it lost in richness. Very lovely was she in her pale-blue wrapper, with the rich flowers of Italy's her hand. They were in Florence, trying what that atmosphere would do toward the restoration of their daughter. Amélie de Blois, for it was she, had been ill since the night of her great success in Paris—hardly ever had a success been so thorough as hers.

To all the offers of marriage that had come since then, she had turned to the Count with these words: "O papa, do not ask!"

And he did not, for that scene in the library was before him; day and night he heard that low wail of sorrow.

"Change may save her—change only," the physicians had said. When that had failed—"Some secret malady which is not fully developed yet. Italy may save her."

To Italy they came. She was no better; and the world spoke of the beautiful girl in low tones. She was dying—sinking slowly from that lovely land to a land unbound by sky, bound in only by the immensity of God.

All the gifts and pleasures that wealth and rank could give were lying at her feet unheeded. Mrs. Lascine tended her as though she were already her daughter, and her mother would turn to Mrs. Lascine and ask, with tears trembling in her beautiful eyes, "Will she die? will she die?"

And each day as the mail came in with some scented Parisian letters—in each one that question would be asked, until the Countess's heart sank within her, and she gazed at the pale, uncomplaining girl with a tender yearning—knowing who, by one word, could give her a new existence.

CHAPTER XIV.

LONDON—FLORENCE—ROME. Id the brilliantly-lighted reading-room of the "Oxford and Cambridge University Club," the Honorable Ernest Trevyilian was patiently waiting the arrival of Edward Lascine.

Impatiently he took out his handsome watch, and glanced at it. "Six-thirty; what can I detain him?"

"Can it be Mr. Trevyilian?" a solemn voice croaked out at his elbow. Trevyilian looked hastily up.

It was the so-called "Father Enson," of the Established Church of England, holding a living in the city of Oxford. Ernest Trevyilian bowed to him.

"Mr. Enson, believe?"

"He, he, he! yes, it's me. It's a long time since we've met."

"I have been traveling with Mr. Lascine, whom I dare say you may remember."

"Yes, Mr. Trevyilian, I remember him. How could I forget," said the reverend gentleman, sighing deeply, "one of my former penitents—the one who gave me my beautiful Easter chasuble? I wore linen ones until that came to accustom the people, you know, Mr. Trevyilian. Now you would be surprised at the advances we have made—daily Mass, sir, daily Mass—the colors kept in altar-cloth and chasuble—and so many penitents—confessionals erected in our church."

"Indeed, we have not been to Oxford lately."

"And, Mr. Trevyilian, how progresses your soul?"

"You are neither my confessor nor director, sir, and must excuse my answering that question."

"You are not, I hope, sir, about to follow the mistaken policy of Mr. Lascine—to leave the Church of your baptism for the corrupted Church of Rome? Would we were one, I say, but we cannot be so, so long as we see the pernicious errors intermixed with the faith once delivered to the saints."

"We may end this discussion, Mr. Enson, by my telling you I believe no longer in the sacramental system of the Church of England."

The reverend gentleman was silent for a minute, then, holding out his hand to Trevyilian, said: "Be assured I will say Mass for you to-morrow."

As he turned his back, Trevyilian

smiled good-humoredly. "And be assured I shall assist at Mass to-morrow," he said, softly, to himself, as he again glanced at his watch. He exclaimed: "Seven o'clock! what can I detain him?"

"Trev! It was indeed a pale face that met his gaze, but it was the face of Edward Lascine. "Have you dined, Trev?"

"No, not yet; that confounded old Enson came and talked to me until I felt like kicking him."

"Tush! he is charitable."

"Only for your sake, old man."

"Come to Brook's—let's dine there. It's quieter, and I have something to tell you."

"All right; my 'hansom' is waiting below; but we mustn't disappoint Cecil de Grey."

"Lascine, what is the matter?" asked Trevyilian, as they bowed by St. James into Pall Mall.

"Wait a moment, Trev—sorrow enough—wait until after your dinner."

"Poor Eddy, must it always be in your life that 'tears are akin to laughter'?"

"No, Trev; I am always glad when I have you near me. Your clear head gets me out of many a scrape."

The dinner was over, and still they sat in the dining-room at Brook's. The light from the lustres gleamed and glittered in the cut-glass and over the silver plate.

"Garon, une bouteille de Pouilly et d'autre vin."

"Et, garon, deux demi-tasses et deux petits verres de cognac.—And now, Ed, for the details, after fortifying ourselves against fainting."

Edward Lascine said nothing, but, taking from the pocket of his dress-coat two crumpled envelopes, passed them over the glittering plate to his companion.

"From Florence, eh?" He opened one. It was from the Comte Eugène de Blois, giving that scene in the library in Paris, with the graphic description of a Frenchman. The doctors' latest opinions. "Would Edward join them immediately, and bring his friend, the Honorable Ernest Trevyilian?"

The second letter, from Mrs. Lascine, pleading with all a fond mother's skill, to the heart of her son for the beautiful girl who was dying. "Only Edward's presence could save her," she ended; "only you, my son, can give life back to this beautiful girl who loves you dearer than her own life. You only can give joy to your mother's heart. The count and countess will gladly receive you as their son-in-law. Come to receive your mother's blessing."

"Poor Trevvy, you look pale, too! I saw my confessor at Farm Street—that's what made me late coming to you at the club. We must start to-morrow early."

"Les chevaux s'ont-ils arrivés, garcon?"

"Qui, monsieur; je les avais commandés pour huit heures et demi. Tout est prêt; vous n'avez qu'à monter en voiture."

"We must make short work of Lady de Grey's grand 'A Home,' said Lascine; "we must start at daybreak," and no other word passed until the elegant "brougham" dashed up to the stately mansion of the De Greys."

And at daybreak they were on their way to Florence.

The hot sun was gleaming over Florence. The rich vegetation, the brilliant flowers, and stately trees in the garden of one of its beautiful suburban villas, seemed to have been attended to with more than ordinary care, and as the soft breeze swept along, and carried its rich burden of perfume through the almost closed lattices of the French windows, an insensible feeling stole over one of laziness, and a desire to throw oneself into one of the many comfortable lounges in the morning-room, and inhale the pure, cool air, and "do as the Italians do" in those soft, sunny days—dream over the beautiful on earth, in air, and sky. Two soft voices were heard in the long corridor of the house—those of the Comtesse de Blois and her daughter.

"He telegraphed to say he was coming, *maman*?"

"Yes, my darling; Mr. Lascine and Mr. Trevyilian will be here to-night."

The pale color left her cheeks, and a soft, crimson flush of joy took its place. The eyes shone joyfully as the glad mother supported her into the morning-room, a new life of health clothing once more the beauty of her child.

Mrs. Lascine came in, the long black train sweeping the floor, and in her hands a basket of white violets.

"Where did you get those lovely violets, Mrs. Lascine?"

"I ordered some weeks back from Eddy's room, dear Amélie."

"Do let me see them, dear Mrs. Lascine," and she took the basket, and buried her face in them. "May I have some for my hair to-night, and enough for a tiny bouquet?"

"Yes, dear, if you like; but color becomes you so much more."

"Oh! I would rather have those violets—they are so lovely, and he likes them."

"Take what you wish, dear, and send the rest to my rooms later on."

The sun was sinking in its beautiful couch of crimson cloud-land, touching with soft tints of crimson, gold, and purple, as it only does it Italy, the surrounding scenery, when the carriage of the family drove through the beautiful garden to the front entrance.

The occupants were Edward Lascine, Ernest Trevyilian, and the Comte de Blois.

"Now, straight to your rooms, gentlemen; dinner in twenty minutes. Not one word to a soul—no, not even to the ladies."

Mrs. Lascine was waiting in Edward's room.

"My darling boy!"

"Why, *maman*, you are getting more beautiful than ever." As he said this, he held her at arm's length, and gazed lovingly at her. The soft tulle dress and the red japonica in her hair and at her breast showed him she had followed his taste.

"Now I must run away, my boy; I shall see you alone to-morrow."

What a hearty welcome those two travelers received in the drawing-room. Amélie eyes were fixed on the door until Edward appeared. She did not rise as he entered.

"Little sister, you have been ill?"

"Yes, Mr. Lascine."

"I must congratulate my little sister on her taste in dress," said he, as he glanced at the white violets in her hair, and the simple white muslin with its costly lace. She was very beautiful indeed that evening; the excitement of her wit gave a strange charm to that first evening at Florence. She was running her white fingers over the tulle, and her sweet voice rang out in the quiet Italian night in those words of Dante's:

"No san maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria."

The French windows were open wide, and the soft strains came to Madame la Comtesse de Blois and Ernest Trevyilian as they were walking in the piazza. The night air had drawn out the scent from the lemon-trees, and the whole atmosphere was flooded with its delicious incense.

"I should grudge giving him up to any but madame's daughter; what influence I have, though, I will use in your favor, but to me it seems hopeless that such a thing should ever be."

"Thanks for your candor, Mr. Trevyilian; but we may number you among our allies?"

He bowed in silence.

"So you go to the Vatican this morning, Edward?"

"Yes, *maman*. Trev is to be presented on his reception, and, as I have been before, and am his friend, Monsignore de Merode suggested I should go with him."

Two days before, at Santa Sabina, by one of the good Dominican Fathers Ernest Trevyilian had been received into the bosom of our Holy Mother, the Church. This day he had made his first Communion, and was to be presented at the Vatican at the private audience which had been arranged some days before.

A large suite of apartments had been taken in the Via del Babuino for the Comte de Blois and his party. At the breakfast-table that morning the talk was of Rome.

"In no place in the world is there to be found so much liberty with so much security, my dear mother. Every one here is a member of his own party, as in dear old England. Uncle Trevven, writing to me from Treven Manor, says the same. He says he once heard Pere Laocardaire, the great Dominican preacher, talk of Rome, and he said: 'Passions roused at a distance, when they seek to glide in here, die away like the foam on the sea-shore.'"

"You are going to the Catacombs when you return, to show them to Mrs. Lascine," said Amélie.

"San Callistus. Very well; his Hall is the private apartments of His Holiness our two friends were received, the language spoken was French. The interview was almost at an end, when the Pope laid on the table three crosses. One of gold, with a rich reliquary, which he blessed and gave to Trevyilian; taking a similar one and placing it beside the two others—one being of silver, also with relics, and the other of iron—he said to Edward Lascine:

"My child in Christ, my dear son, we have heard of your endurance in Rome. We would wish to give you some mark of our affection. Choose which crucifix you will, my son, and I will place it on your neck with my own hands, to bind you more strongly to your crucified God."

Without one moment's hesitation, he stepped forward and chose the iron crucifix.

"Why this, my son?"

"I am going to be a Jesuit, my Father—this is why I choose it; otherwise I must give it up in the novitiate."

The tears glittered in the eyes of His Holiness as he gave his benediction to those two children of the Church. His parting words were:

"Our Saviour wore His crown of thorns, Rome's Pontiff wears them in his tiara, and you, the children of the Church, wear yours; but you shall triumph over yours; you have heavy crowns of thorns to bear; and remember, Qui perseveraverit in fine seculi, hic salvus erit. He only who perseveres to the end shall be saved."

So the weeks glided by in Rome. Now that the invalid of the party was so much restored, they spoke of leaving for England, and resting a few quiet weeks at Treven, before the season should commence in Paris.

Once more, then, the immense mansion in the Avenue de l'Impératrice was to be occupied again—occupied by gay life—occupied by the great king who comes alike to prince and peasant—the King of Terrors, Death.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Converted Unto Love.

Our Lord in the tabernacle is the same God who will one day be our Judge. Let us try to fit with contrition and love. His heart is full of mercy and compassion for the penitent sinner. Does He not Himself say? "I desire not the death of the sinner, but that he be converted and live." By a holy and penitent life, especially by frequently coming to impure Jesus for mercy and pardon. His just anger will be converted into love, and He will receive us with the smile and benediction of a loving and merciful Judge.—Eucharistic Gems.

How to Get up an Appetite. Distaste for food often follows grippe, and is associated with a general weakness of the system. To impart a real zest for food, and give power to the stomach to digest and assimilate, no remedy can equal Ferrero's. This is a new and startling discovery. It strikes at the root of disease and by removing the cause, cures quickly and permanently. Ferrero's will quickly enable you to eat and sleep again. All druggists and medicine dealers sell Ferrero's.

AN OLD PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY FOR NEW DISEASE.

The medical profession of our day has traced out the causes and supplied remedies for many common diseases. Amélie eyes were fixed on the door until Edward appeared. She did not rise as he entered.

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TO BE CONTINUED.

VERTIGO—FALL

which repeats an emphasis of an over the false maxims of or pagan education highest importance sciences, the arts, trial advance, and financial progress an external display of hides or overhauled silent poor, the; toll and intelligence which we admire. We have innumerable every branch of diverse and opposing paths and approaches. I have seen and approved as the is condemned a Then arises endless cords which divine camps and leave excessive generation of earthly things. The severity degree of us to nearness to us to see with wise man and e among you? show, by good in the meekness have bitter zeal, close in your heart not lies against not wisdom deem earthly, sensual, envying and covetous, constancy, and wisdom that is is chastised, then to be persevered in. As the severity degree of us to nearness to us to see with wise man and e among you? show, by good in the meekness have bitter zeal, close in your heart not lies against not wisdom deem earthly, sensual, envying and covetous, constancy, and wisdom that is is chastised, then to be persevered in.

From the fall of sensual, devilish, there arises for amassing of

Every age demonstrated of individual growth of James inequity mate incongruous members of his Epistle of the dition," w station in the as a co-her whilst the humble (low) pass away. For the sun and parched thereof fell shape thereof. But the not to alleviate whom they to indulge Apostle still brood destit to now, ye your miser you. Your your game and silver i them shall you, and sh You have st against the of the labo your fields kept back of them ha the Lord o upon earth nourished slaughter. Does not note of days by against his duced in a

PAUL

which we industrial to the idly opposition spreading

of the necessity of good works set forth as a condition of right faith, wished to discard this Epistle of St. James as lacking the character of divine inspiration, the other so-called "Reformers" opposed him; and the Epistle of St. James is to be found in all the present-day Bibles, whether Catholic or Protestant.