
restless agitation. Even when she weit to bed It maso only to weep, and then to rise agans aud
pen a letter which she was gong io lease on her table for Mildred the next day, along with her picture of the ' Ecce Homo,' in hopes she would
seep in for love of her. The morning broke, and found her stlll res lessly putting to rigbts the fewv things that she
had still left to do. She could not descend to had still left to do. She could not descend to
breakfost, and sent word she had not slept, an
wished to try what lying in bed would do for bad headache. She lyoew Mildred would be out the whole..morning, and Douglas too, and th
hoped to escape meetting them again. It was n
unusual for her not to come down to breakfast no suspicion was excited, and towards one o'clock
 her, and she looked up for the last time on the
reak her heart ; and hurrying mo looked not behyd her, but, scarcely knowing what she did,
in a few moments found herself in Harley Street. Catherine was gone out, the footman said, some door to take Miss Leslic on immediately ghe a
and neather beard or sam, till the sudden stop of the carriage told ber that she bad arrived in Kıng
Willam Street. If you had asked ber how sbe could not have told you. She only that she wa the tabernacle, and she was kneeling before it.By degrees the soothrog infuegce of the place stull felt, she could begin to wonder where Ca
therine was, and to see that the short day wa beginnirg to draw to
square room, and on one side there was an altar close to which she was kneeling. The half-iigh
fell upon it, and the sweet features of the ' $M \mathrm{Mo}$ ther of mercy' seemed lookiag down in love and tenderness upon her new-found cluld
gazed and gazed again. Oi, how that face! and in trusting, child-like simplicity she plared berself under ber motheriy protection
and felt a small drop of that confidence and love of the Motaer of God, in which Catholics fin rest
heart.
Soi
Some one touched ber shoulder at this mo
ment. She started up. Father Rasmond stood
by her, and she heard his low voice whisper ber to follow bim. He paused for her to pass as they reached the door of the guest-room, and
Clara mechanically obeyed. She saw that som one else was mithin, standing at the ot frightened, she turned for Father Raymond,-
for she clung to bum as the ooly being she knew and seemed as if she shruak from a stranger hb timid child. Father Rapmond gare ber The forward a tew steps Clara at the same instant raised her eeges. Ond moment she gazed in doubt; but the smile of jo
and love were unmistakable. He came formar and put out bis anmsstabable. He carme forwards her : and the next
moment Clara, weepigg with all the confice moment Clara, weeping with all the conflicting elf into them.
Alan! dearest Alan! Thank God jou ar Sbe felt him kiss ber forehead, and heard the

## 'God bless my precions sister 'And you know all, Alan?

beard.
A new feeling of his sacred office came over
her. She involuntarily drew back with a feeling
almost as if she had unwittngly touched a hol
thing, and hending, kissed the hand she now hel
in hers. It was the work of a moment, the esim
Alan perfectly understood ber. His eyes fille
with tears, and turning to Father Raynoond, the fore the Passionist Fatber, who had stood by a gratitude that overwhelmed him towards th
friend who had so unwearily watched over bim, and led him into the way of truth, and now re stored bim the saster for whose converston his
every prager bad been offered during the long Affected even to tears, Father Ryymond gently raised him, pressed bim to his beart, and that moment repaid bim a bundred-fold for the
labours of years. Clara's eyes. were fixed upon Alan as be turn ed towards her again. He had grown thinser
His features were more manly, more marked and the sseetness of his manner was tuged, eve separable from a Catholic priest ; but be wa
till Alan, her own brother, -the counsellor an still Alan, her own brother,
friend of ber childhood's days.
And so they bave all abandoned you? sal he, hall sadly, half.tenderly,-‘ Douglas, Mildred store it to you a bundied-fold and you will bles
this day of sacricice as the happiest of your lite my dearest sister.'

## Claras look of anxiety returned. She. Jooke

'O Alan,' sald she, 'how I have longed for
this hour and now it is all darkness. Is it wrong, she seel nothang but misery at the thought upon me 'Wrong!' he replied earncstis. 'Only watt
and God will Himself speak 10 your beart; my precious sister, in a Voice that your canoot mis

| take. He will Hinaself tell you that you are His, and that this day He does indeed take you for His own.' <br> Clara hid ber face. <br> 'Thus baptism,' said she with a shudder,_-1 cannot believe that I am not baptized. I cannot bear those ceremonies.' <br> 'Thes will not be used,' rephed Alan sooth ingly ; 'do not think that you alone bave suffered these temptations at this solema hour. Others too, can sympathise with you. The tempter i only trying his last wiles; but he will not stand the presence of the Lord of hosts.' He would bave sand more, but Father Raymond at this leave you with a far better counsellor, he lef her alone with bim and weat nuto the chapel. chapter xav.-I have sought, AND I have found. <br>  What I desied I hold ; <br> The love of Jabus warms my goal, And fils ing apirit whole. <br> 0 beatifio wondroas fie ! <br> 0 barniag strong deaire <br> O aweet refresbing frum above ! |
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|  |  | was repeated, and Catheriae led the tremblas

Clara to the font. She was passive ; she saw
iothing, felt notbing; she knew not that anothe well-known and long-lored face was standing
near, and bolding the white cloab lhat was
wipe of the sacred water of regeneration. Pale as marble, and almost as eold, she knelt as
was bid; raised her bead, from whici scarcely conscious Cataerine bad just remove
the bonnet that concealed her closed eges and sitated features; and when the solemn word
Sonon es baptiza, ego te bapuzo in nomin
Patris, et Fillo, et Spiritus Sancti, fell on ke ear, and she felt the regenerating stream fall on
ber pale brow, a cold shadder ran through be when the tempter was again allowed to do bin
worst ; a tenfold misery and darkness seemed to
her excited and worn-out mind the renunciatio of all her hopes of heaven. She felt chat the hand
that triped ber for ehead trembied ; and as she arned back to ber sea, she caught one glimps
of the look of spmpally that was fixed upo
er. It came from one who was accustomed to read her soul, and it was so earnest, so gentle,
and yet so calm and happr, that it gavs ber
strength at that moment of trial, and with more onsclousness of what she was doing she obege Father Raymond's whisper, and followed bum to
the confessional. In vann, however, did she at toon with which he prepared ber for the solemn
act which was to follow. Her beart felt like a seared leaf. She only kinew that the excom.
muncation was withurawn, the final step taken, Church of Rome. Ob, hor she had longed for interdict under which our island home has lann
blighted these three hundred jears bad seemed bighted these three hundred gears bad seemed
on her scull How s.e bad pined for communion with thooe bright regions of faitb and Catho
licity mbich her soul gearned after! And now
she had it ali ; sbe realised il all; is all passed she had it ali; sse realised it all; it all passed
succession before ber mind's eye; but the inter
dict was changed unto the barrier that the elec
of Gad had placed between themselves and Goult of God had placed between themselves and God's
arch enemy; the Catholic Cuurch of her imagi
nation, into the apostate fiend that in that nation, into the apostate fiend that in the las
days \#ras to deceire even the rery elect. 'Eu carist ! by your own act, by jour own head-long
self-wil!? seemed shouted in her ears, wath peal of laughter,
that toey ba be no more kind words, no more flattery, an
$\qquad$ 'And now, my dear chald, go in peace,' whis
pered Father Raymond's genile, earnest voice and Clara rose from her koees, threm her vel, in impotent malignity 4 Yes, peace, peace, mben hare is no peace. It is done now ; it cannot be lican devotion rose before her mind's eye, and
eemed fading a way in the distance, while ecbo repeated, "Ungone! undone ! uu

## IRISH INTELIIGENCE,



 Naither Protestantigro no Chatholicism is anght in
hem ; nay more, the very nanine of Ohristiannty
ot mentioned ; there is no question of sny rellgion




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 dom in favor of the University. Already Oansda
Oalifornia, and the Uitite States have generously
come furward to agsist jo promotiog the good work.
The Very Rer. Brother: Bernard Jorome Cogle, for




 ministry shonld be driven from power, and be took
the necessary steps to do io bo poposiag the man
to whom thea had given a situation.



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