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TWO

BY MRS. INNES BROWN

Author of " Three Daughters of the United Kingdom

guilty one.

During the last few moments the

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was a very pleasant and cheerful party—in spite of their grave disappointment at not being able to see dear Sister Marguerite-which met that evening around the comfortable fire in one of the private rooms of the hotel.

Marie, Countess de Woodville, was looking very young and pretty as, clad in her travelling dress of light fawn cloth, she sat shading her rosy face from the heat of the fire by the aid of an elaborate fan, while she questioned with intense interest her brother-in-law, Father de Woodville, and learned Marie, Countess de Woodville, Father de Woodville, and learned from him of the gallant conduct of the poor little invalid. Her hushand was seated beside her, husband was seated husband was seated beside her, resting one arm on the back of her low easy-chair: his eyes also were fixed intently upon his brother; whilst Madge sat upright upon the boldly through the flames to his rescue whilst Madge sat upright upon the couch at the opposite side of the fireplace, only resting her weary head upon her hand. She was feeling very tired and unwell; the journey had been too much for her. Yet she would not give in; but was watching and listaning with all her silence of the listeners had become so strained as to be almost painful Madge pressed her husband's hand and whispered : "Was I not right, watching and listening with all her heart and soul; and though she had, so far, spoken but little, her pulse was throbbing with exciteville, in an excited voice. ment. Her husband had drawn his chair close beside her, and held one of her hands in his. He knew that she was suffering, and frequently cast a look of anxiety towards her, for he knew also her powers of endurance, and that she would never complain. Sometimes Father de Woodville sat in the centre of the group; sometimes he rose to emphasise what he was saying, and stood with his back to the fire, in front of them.

"You say she is very much burnt and injured, Father?" said the little Countess, almost impatiently. "But how did it all happen? Where was she? Did some hospital catch Do tell us all about it.

But you must allow me breathing time, and bear in mind I have already told you to be prepared for a surprise

He briefly related to them the arguerite the care of Harold Manfred.

Harold Manfred !'' repeated Earl, frowning ominously. Why, that was the man who came with our cousin Lonsdale on a visit to the Court last autumn, and then left so suddenly. They traced him to Paris and then lost sight of him. I have since believed him to be the same sneak and scoundrel who vas half-brother to poor old Leadbitter. You remember him sure-

You are right. He was one and the same man, and our little sister tended and nursed him with

the greatest care." "I never could endure the man !" muttered De Woodville, striking the back of his wife's chair. "Hush, dear !" she said quietly.

"Do continue, Father."

Well, by some means-through his delirious ravings, I fancy-Sister Marguerite discovered a very great deal of this man's history—much of which was not at all to his credit.

De Woodville gave a grunt of

What next ? What did or said our "Recollect," continued Father de Woodville, "that so far Manfred had not confessed himself to be the guilty one. Suddenly on that awful night—but forty-eight hours ago-the little cottage which sheltered

the patients was set on fire by the retreating Communists. The Sisters of Charity were dispersed very early to their duties that

never seen her. "I tell you that, unknowingly, you have all seen and conversed with her. Why, it took Manfred but a few hours to discover her identity and whereabouts. That morning, and on her arrival at the cottage Sister Marguerite found it cottage Sister Marguerite found it and several of the large buildings around enveloped in flames. Friendly hands had rescued the old woman; but Manfred, a foreigner and helpless, had been forgetten, and was left to parish but a few hours to discover her identity and whereabouts. That discovery alone was the cause of his very abrupt and sudden departure from your own roof." Filerred to as her vacation, which that flared up and spoken her mind on the subject, but that was

Marie shook her head, completely never her way. forgotten, and was left to perish. mystified, and the men looked on ermine, that O'Hagan had so careermine, that O Hagan had so care-fully spread upon his wife's shoul-ders, fell from its resting-place, displaying her graceful figure, as bending forward she covered her face with her hands, and exclaimed, helf newfully, helf shameforedly right the wrong, to save them from further sufferings; should all be lost for want of one last effort? Could she leave her patient to perish thus?—and he so unfit to meet his God! No! So she rushed Delta ing Torward she covered her face with her hands, and exclaimed, half playfully, half shamefacedly: "Hush, Father, hush! I have it! But to think that we should not

have suspected it long ago. She was so reticent, though, that I for one never sought to discover her two fifteen.

bands together. "Shall I, Father ?" my Louie, when I told you she had sacrificed herself? Ah, I knew it!" he laughed. "If "Certainly," he laughed. "If you can. You were always quick in your surmises: doubtless you "Was she in time? Did she save the man?" asked De Wood-

are right this time." "Well, I mean," she stammered, "my protegee-Mrs. MacDermot, of "He was lodged in an inner chamber, and had managed to creep out of bed, poor creature, and had your Western Lodge!" "No! surely not!" cried Marie, dragged his body across the floor, with a little cry of horror, as she rose to her feet and hid her face on her husband's arm. "Oh, Regie, only to find the door locked against him. It was thus she discovered him, half-dazed with fear, and her husband's arm. "Oh, Regie think of it. I have paid her wash-

well-nigh suffocated with smoke ing bills every week just as though she was an ordinary laundress. Quick as thought she rolled him in a sodden blanket, and dragged him he grew strong; he made her pause; he confessed to her his name, his guilt, and bade her flee and save herself." How dull and horrid she must think "Never mind, little one," said De Woodville coaxingly; though he was amused at his wife's order How dull and horrid she must think

was amused at his wife's embar-rassment. "You have always been There was a stifled sob from Marie's quarter; but her husband, rassment. very kind to her, and she did not his hands clasping tightly the back of a chair, said sternly: "Go on! Did she flee, and did he perish?" "She left her cottage a day or

Did she flee, and did he perish?" "She made him promise that, should God give her strength to save him, he would confess to the world—as he had done to her—his save him, he would confess to the world—as he had done to her—his own guilt and the innocence of his brother. Then," continued her younger brother, and his voice trembled—" she acted as a brave

trembled—" she acted as a brave heart alone could do. She stuck to heart alone could do. She stuck to her burden, and dragged him as far as the open door, through which the flames were already shooting fiercely, and kneeling, she watched her chance. At last, detecting the sound of a friendly voice outside, with her last remain-ing strength she urged her helpless

decided not to communicate with ing strength she urged her helpless burden forward to safety. At the same moment the ceiling of the her until we were *sure* of her hus-band's release. These things burden forward to safety. At the same moment the ceiling of the inner room fell in, and she sank down exhausted and half suffo-cated." "Brave, true heart—she is a De Woodville!" cried the Earl. "She fell at her post. What more could

s a De turing all manner of joys for the "She Leadbitters, the Earl growing quite excited, and vowing that he would take the case up himself. He

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

nmediately after their luncheon, leaving the washing of the dishes to be done when they returned. Glasses, knives, forks, plates, cups,

sacred to company. She found that there was some cake in the bread Last year when Margaret reached much amused. Suddenly the hand-some cloak, with its soft lining of an old friend was spending the bread for dinner and breakfast; summer with her aunt, who not only did not need more compan-ionship, but found it inconvenient to make room for a second visitor. croquettes from the delicatessen around the corner, but neither vegetables nor beef for the stew she found both appetizing and cheap. Margaret examined everything before she slowly went up-stairs,

to make room for a second visitor. So, after a day or two, Margaret made some excuse for going home, her aunt accepted it without pro-test, and shortly after noon on the third day of her visit Margaret was on her way back, in an interurban car, scheduled to reach the city at two fiteen. with a strange, tight feeling in her Within three quarters of a mile

"Yes, tell us," said both hus-"Yes, tell us," said both huspinned back curtains in her father's; but, going to her own room took off her hat, brushed it as carefully as the track. It chanced that the accident happened just outside the main entrance of Barnum & Bailey's usual, and put it away in its own box on the shelf of her closet ; then, before she knew it was going to main entrance of Banum & Bancy's eircus, which had advertised a performance at half past two o'clock that afternoon, and another at eight o'clock in the evening; and from the car window Margaret happen, she was lying across her bed, sobbing uncontrollably. She understood now why her father and Janet had always insisted that she must never omit her yearly visit to examined the big tent, read a num-West Jefferson. They were more comfortable and happier without her; she knew it; she knew it! After a time Margaret's parber of extravagantly worded posters and watched animated venders of popcorn, peanuts, lemonade, pop, balloons, and ice cream cones, and balloons, and tee cream cones, and an ever-growing crowd of adults and children who waited their turn about the ticket office and at the turnstiles before the entrance. She turnstiles before the entrance. She was wondering how grown people could be interested in anything so childish as a circus when the whitehaired man, who shared her seat, at last, she came to a conclusion, and made a resolution that was little short of heroic. spoke to her in an eager, thin, old

ice. See those boys !" he said. They are carrying pails of water To do so had been the work of what "They are carrying pails of water for the elephants—working like Turks—but they'll get to see the circus! Did it more than once myself, when I was their age;" and he chuckled at the recollection.

and he chuckled at the reconlection. Margaret had no desire to talk to him, or to any stranger, but not wishing to be rude, she answered, in her rather stiff way: "Boys, yes, of course, boys—and little girls, too,—want to see it. But how grown neonle can waste time girls, too,—want to see it. But though she was. how grown people can waste time though she was. Margaret got up and slipped into and money on a circus is more than a simple white dress which she had I can understand.

The old man looked smilingly into day Mass, and having carefully pinned her sleeves and enveloped her face, and shook his head. "We're only big children all our lives; you'll understand that some day," he said gently. "I've had more than my share of sorrow and worry, but I could enjoy a circus today almost as keenly as I ever

Margaret was convinced that he and Janet liked best. would find himself bored if he went what time it was—the clock in the kitchen having been allowed to run to a circus, and gently, but firmly, told him so; and then, to end the conversation, she turned again to she do?" "Father, Father!" said Marie, her eyes suffused with tears. "How was she saved, our dear one? Who rescued her?" "The owner of the friendly voice, I'll warrant it!" exclaimed OUIS a circus, and genty, but may, take the case up himself. He to a circus, and genty, but may, to a different down-when her father opened door and saw her there. "Why, Margaret!" he exclaimed, in amaze-ment. She caught the almost tagan. The voice belonged to a kind generous-hearted man, one Dr.

For answer the good man broke into merry laughter. "Oh, you dense little stupids!" he said. "Now this is the amusing part of it all. Why, you have seen her-may, spøken to her-almost every week." "1.?" cried Marie, drawing her-self up to an erect sitting posture. "Surely you are joking! I have never seen her." Margaret went to the dining room and to the kitchen. Evidently her father and Janet had dressed Margaret's cheeks, and he under-stood them far better than she knew. She did not say a word, but kissed him on the forehead, and

> After all, her father loved her. SISTER TERESA OF LISIEUX

ost comforted-to bed.

There is no more ideal beauty than the physiognomy of a holy Carmelite who passed rapidly, a few years ago, like the vis-ion of an Angel or an appar-ition of the Blessed Virgin, through this valley of tears. The The short space of twenty-four sum-mers saw this sweet flower bud, and blossom, and fill her surroundings with the purity of her breath. Then, because she was a plant fit for the gardens of Paradise alone, the Divine Gardener transplanted her there to charm His eye forever. throat, and with something very beavy where her quiet heart should have been. She hardly glanced at the disorder of Janet's room, or the

Thanks be given You eternally, good Saviour Jesus, for having sent to an unworthy world this blessed soul, who by herself is a proof that the Church is divine which You founded, and that You, its founder, are in consequence divine as well. Thanks be Yours always for the beauty of the chaste generation which You choose, with every successive century, to be Your holy spouses by a vow of inviolable and sublime fidelity They were more Thanks for the glory given by Your choice to our poor humanity, fallen so low in the corruption of this

age ! The beauty of Sister Teresa's soul is literally sublime. a mingling in this Angel of limpid simplicity and noblesse such account for all superiority in true human art. A dream of idealhuman art. A disaft of heat loving hearts was realized in her life, the dream of a second child-hood, ripened, if the thing were possible, by the light of reason. She wanted to make them happy possible, by the light of reason. Sister Teresa always remained a little child. The innocence of her soul was spotless; her white bap-tismal robe was intact. The purity of her affections was absolute they were kept entirely for her Spouse from the very dawn of reason in her mind. Her love for her family was deep and warm. The ways of her piety were very child-like. And still, the child was so well gifted intellectually that there are pages in her little "story" which a practised writer would not

lisown. Her experience was so disown. Her experience was so thorough, her prudence so sure, that she was Mistress of Novices at an age when a man would not yet be admitted to Holy Priesthood. never worn before except for Sunherself in a gingham apron, she went to the kitchen and washed the In spite of her simplicity, the virtues she practised have stood the test of the strictest tribunal luncheon dishes. After they had been put away she began to prepare for dinner such fancy and unwholesome dishes as her father on earth, which, so far, has deemed them fit to be pronounced heroic.

But there is an aspect which always particularly interests us. She had gone to the parlor to see Sister Teresa is a triumph of Our Lord's. She is a conquest of His Heart. She loved Him in the spirit of devotion to His Sacred Heart, to the "Why, His Blessed and most pure Humanity, to His Sacrament of goodness. Without any fear of exaggerating, we may call her a Eucharistic soul, ment. She caught the almost frightened glance which he and Janet exchanged, and it cut into one of the purest flowers and the

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Then it appears she has known Arne poor Leadbitter's wife rather, intimately for the last two years.

interrupted sible ?" Is it pos Marie, whilst Madge merely raised her eyebrows significantly, and pressed her hand tighter to her aching brow. "Yes, it is a fact; and what will

aching brow. "Yes, it is a fact ; and what will appear to you more mysterious still, is that Lady Leadbliter, in the sorrows to this little Sister of Charity two years ago. Now you will see how, as she listened to the ravings of her sick patient, she much of his true character and much of his sufferings and the everything. The lawyer is now on his way to England, to interview bus mind—if for no better purpose—he history of his miserable life ; not however, as of himself, but as of a third person. But sha knew well enough that it was his was no hole the difference of the construction or mane of De Woodville— was mane of De Woodville— was no hole the there was no hope that the construction. The lawyer is now on his tory he was relating, and construct of his mind with such hame, that he could not rest for but as of a third person. But sha knew well enough that it was his hame, that he could not rest for but as of a third person. But sha knew well enough that it was his hame, that he could not rest for but as of a third person. But sha knew well enough that it was his hame, that he could not rest for but as of a third person. But sha knew well enough that it was his hame, that he could not rest for but as of a third person. But sha knew well enough that it mas hind but such hame, that he could not rest for but as of a third person. But sha knew well enough that it was his hame, that he could not rest for but as of a third person. But sha knew well enough that it was his hame, that he could not rest for but as of a third person. But sha knew well enough that is mind with such has da thord pe

O'Hagan. "The voice belonged to a kind and generous-hearted man, one Dr. Arno. At the peril of his life he went forward and drew her forth; but as he did, some stones from above fell, and must have crushed her side. To this good man we all
"Arno. At the peril of his life he is thall scold her well for not above fell, and must have crushed her side. To this good man we all
"Arno. At the peril of his life he is the truth about Mrs. but as he did, some stones from above fell, and must have crushed her side. To this good man we all
"Arno. At the peril of his life he is the truth about Mrs. but as he did, some stones from above fell, and must have crushed her side. To this good man we all
"Arno. At the peril of his life he is the truth about Mrs. But the noise about the circus is the noise about the cis the noise is the noise about the cir

owe a debt of lifelong gratitude: not only did he save her from cer-tain death, but he has devoted all his time and energies to aid her "Thank God!" said Marie ferv-"Thank God!" said Marie fervcar would move for another quarter of an hour, so once more she watched the people who were flocking toward the entrance from every direction.

past two o'clock.

dition of the ordinarily neat house. Janet ran up-stairs to take off her good dress, but Mr. Hardesty buried himself in his paper, appear-ing to be unconscious of the un-wonted splendor of his attire, and he was absorbed in it, or at least he was absorbed in it, or at least behind it, until the dinner gong

thought, for anything else. Although neither Mr. Hardesty nor Janet was naturally neat, or aw any necessity for being so for And all this is owing-much most incredible stores in most incredible stores in most incredible stores in some strang to be condemned. "What did he, the village strang that, did he, the vill

the Blessed Sacrament. Still, are we guilty of any departure from the clear teaching of St. Thomas ?

Every soul, in fact, who loves Our Lord Jesus Christ with a per-sonal and intimate love is necessarily and a priori, a Eucharistic soul. For she cannot but seek the wellbeloved of her heart at every instant of the day, whatever be her No one mentioned the circus, however, and instant of the day, whatever be her occupations, where He has hidden the attractions of His Body and Blood, His soul and His Divinity. And in_reality, contact with the Divine Spouse of chaste souls, the vision, actual throughout the day, of His Holy Humanity, and of His blessed features made up the inner life of this winning little child. He Who is the Bread of Angels, and the apparently Margaret did not see either their best clothes or the con-Who is the Bread of Angels, and the

Wine that produces virgins, worked in her humble soul the beauty that ravishes all who have caught a To Margaret the meal was an glimpse of it. To hear her speal

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