

and her ruin. The parents had not known anything of what had happened till their child's dream was over, and she had become an abandoned toy.

Sheer had a strong feeling of the disgrace that had come upon them, and blamed his wife for it.

"When I was from home," said he, "most of my time, earning for them, of course I could not mind the children's ways: and when I have tried to check her extravagance and excessive indulgence, she would not let the children attend to me."

"Alas!" interposed Brady, "when there is no religion to restrain or support, we cannot wonder that families are thus sinful and miserable. But whatever faults your wife had, they would not excuse you."

Speaking thus, and persuading Sheer the next morning to return home, Brady accompanied him to his cottage, where Mary had preceded them. They found the unfortunate woman very ill.

"You see you are too weak to stir," said Mary. "Now take this cooling drink, and try and compose yourself to sleep."

"Oh, God bless you; tell her I forgive her, for I know my own foolishness has done it all."

Mary then went down to the kitchen as Brady brought Sheer in; and telling them she was ready to accompany them they set off.

A long walk brought them to the miserable suburb which had been pointed out as the retreat of this poor outcast. Wretched abodes and filthy lanes led to it, where Mary shivered as her eye caught sight of women with faces that had lost all expression of womanliness, and whom demons had seemingly taken possession of.

Mary begged the poor father to remain outside the door, till she prepared his daughter for his coming. She then entered a small low, dark room. It was some minutes before she could discern the different objects within, but the hard breathing of a human being indicated the corner to turn to.

"Oh, would they not come? I'm dying!" "Yes, yes, if you will not excite yourself. Your father waited without till I had time to tell you. Your mother is not able to come today."

Thereupon Mary gently led in the father to his sinful child.

"Oh, father, father, forgive me before I die," she cried out; "you were a good father to me, and what disgrace I have brought on you!"

"Sheer could not speak; his eye darkened, and he hissed out between his teeth, 'Curses on him that has done this. I'll seek him out, and make him pay dearly for it.'"

"Oh, no, no, father, it is all my own fault; no one could have harmed me if I had withstood sin myself. I see it all now, since God has stricken me; I came to this wretched corner to hide myself, and you should never have known of my misery, nor my sister of my bad example, but that the doctor says I have not long to live, and I could not die without your forgiveness."

The broken-down father was now weeping convulsively.

Mary whispered to the dying girl, "Is there not one, above parents on earth, whose forgiveness you should first ask?"

not like us; His mercy and goodness are boundless; let me bring Father Smith to see you and help you to prepare for death."

"Death! yes, death is near, and oh, where shall I go when I leave this world? Oh, father," she said turning to the sobbing man beside her, "it is frightful to think of death when one has not led a Christian life."

"I do promise you. May God forgive me for your sin; I should have guarded you better."

The girl heard the word more, and immediately made a sign against it. "Let me die here," she said; "it is too good for such a sinner. Leave me now with God's servant, but let father wait outside, and come in again and stay with me till the last."

"I will not lose sight of your father, and will fulfill all your wishes," said Mary.

"May God reward you. Tell my sister also to become good and religious; if she does not, she will be left astray as I have been."

Father Smith now returned with the Blessed Sacrament, and they knelt down as he entered the door. Mary began the "Confiteor."

(To be Continued.)

JOTTINGS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

A DINNER AT VERSAILLES WITH THE PRUSSIAN CHANCELLOR.

(From the Pall Mall Gazette.)

A member of the Spanish Embassy in Paris, M. Angel de Miranda, who left the city during the siege, and afterwards dined at Count Bismarck's house at Versailles, has just published a pamphlet in which he makes some very curious revelations of the conversation he had with the Count while they sat together, after dinner, over their wine.

"The house," he says, "is in one of the darkest streets of dark Versailles; it is humble in appearance, and almost bare. The heat in the ante-room was stifling; huge military cloaks and enormous boots littered the floor; and in a corner there were a dozen clerks sorting papers."

"The Count, after closely cross-examining his visitor as to the state in which he left Paris and the manner in which he crossed the Prussian lines, asked him to remain to dinner, adding that he had already dined himself, and begged M. de Miranda to excuse his being absent, as he had some pressing work to do."

"Lose not, then, these precious moments," said Mary, "but implore God's mercy. He is

asked Marshal Prim what contingent Spain would send us. I was much surprised to see him withdraw from the consequences of his policy.

"The Latin race is used up; it has accomplished great things, but its destiny is at an end. The German race is young, vigorous, as full of virtue and initiative as you were formerly."

"These words," says M. de Miranda, "were spoken with an animation which seemed to exclude all idea of mystification or duplicity. The Chancellor spoke as if he were thinking aloud."

"The Count added, alluding to the proposed annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, that it was the will of the King, and this was enough. The French accustomed to be the plaything of political adventurers, cannot understand our respect for the monarchy. In our country there is no sovereign will but that of the King."

"How is it the French do not break out?" I am asked the question very often. The best answer to it is conveyed in another question—"What good would it do them if they did?"

The villages, villas, and country houses which are a part of Paris outside the walls have not only given shelter to the Germans, and often stores of wine and food, but have been invaluable places of defence. There is a girdle of barricades round the city, and every wall is loopholed, so that an assailing force once out of artillery cover has really to carry intrenched positions one after the other, each stronger as it opens heavier fire in proportion to the increased strength of the defenders.

"The villages, villas, and country houses which are a part of Paris outside the walls have not only given shelter to the Germans, and often stores of wine and food, but have been invaluable places of defence. There is a girdle of barricades round the city, and every wall is loopholed, so that an assailing force once out of artillery cover has really to carry intrenched positions one after the other, each stronger as it opens heavier fire in proportion to the increased strength of the defenders."

A correspondent with the German Army of the Loire remarks:—It is sad to see, as we enter French villages, whole families, with all the worldly goods they can manage to carry on their backs, fleeing from one to the other, the women in tears, leading little children scarcely able to keep up with them through the deep mud, either going back to villages which they deserted when they became contested points upon the battle field, or trying to avoid the invading hosts, whose appearance is supposed to presage all sorts of violence and disaster.

an old man tottering down the path of his garden with furtive step, and something evidently concealed under his blouse, watching him closely I perceived him draw stealthily from beneath an old sabre, which he carefully buried, and then returned with a light heart and step.

I have written already of some effects on character produced by this war—on individual as well as national character. What think you of a Prince—a Christian gentleman—the administrator of a great charity—an officer of State, who, being asked as to the means of communicating with the wounded officers of the enemy's army who might be in his hospitals, said "I know nothing about them. They give us quite trouble enough as it is."

A Westphalian artilleryman, writing from the neighborhood of Chatillon-sur-Seine, writes:—"Soon after leaving Toul the region becomes very wild and exceedingly dangerous for marching troops. Bands of Franc-Tireurs can here do much mischief without being got at themselves, especially in this season of the year."

There is something appalling in the continuance day after day of this slaughter, and it is earnestly to be hoped that I may not have another battle to chronicle to-morrow. Since the beginning of the war there has been nothing so terrible as this nightly camping among frozen bodies with comparatively nothing to eat, and rising (if people can be said to rise who never go to bed) to new deeds of violence.

The Times correspondent is pleased to be witty after this fashion:—"We started in carriages for the Prussian post, led by M. de Bismarck, Arch-bishop of Saragosa, one of the most active and principal officers of the Ambulance de la Presse."

The reverses to which the French have had to submit are already bearing good fruit. Evidence of the most reliable character is forthcoming, of the religious spirit that is springing up among the men. Of the Pontifical Zouaves it is said that they have all the piety of fervent Christians; and their chaplain writes, these are the most determined soldiers. If France is to be saved, it must be by men animated like these, by a spirit of faith and of love of duty.

made a first class medieval priest, alike great in the pulpit, the confessional (the Archbishop was confessor to the Emperor), and in the field ready to sock. In these degenerate days his best, though inadequate, sphere in time of war is, perhaps the command of our Ambulance, which he leads admirably, and under such a General—conspicuous from the contrast felicitously characteristic between his ecclesiastical dress and his top-boots—we were all proud to go to the Prussian camp, though we did not expect that the Archbishop would have any further opportunity of indulging his unarchiepiscopal propensity for being fired at.

Before we again went forward, the Archbishop ordered the trompette to sound the quatre appels to inform the Prussians that a parlementaire was about to approach them. It was sounded loudly and distinctly, and, through the stillness of the night, ought to have been heard far into the Prussian lines.

There is another man—I regret I don't know his name—whom from Sedan to the field before Paris, I have continually seen on the track of the wounded. He has neither carriage nor horse, but, staff in hand, follows in the wake of battle, and, with the polish of a highly-bred gentleman and the gentleness of a woman, brings consolation to the dying.

If the German batteries were to bombard the city it could only be after having reduced all the forts within easy range, otherwise the batteries firing against the city would be exposed to bombardment in their turn from permanent forts with bomb-proof cover at a comparatively short range.

The nearest approach to Versailles from the French side has been made by a gunboat, which has come close up to the bridge at Sevres. The distance between the shot fire is less than five miles—about 3,600 yards. The distance between the French gunboat and the Royal Quarters at Versailles, has been more than attained over and over again by English guns, and, I believe, lately by French guns from the forts.

The reverses to which the French have had to submit are already bearing good fruit. Evidence of the most reliable character is forthcoming, of the religious spirit that is springing up among the men. Of the Pontifical Zouaves it is said that they have all the piety of fervent Christians; and their chaplain writes, these are the most determined soldiers. If France is to be saved, it must be by men animated like these, by a spirit of faith and of love of duty.