M. B. C.

## THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; leave Degg to his doom. If there's justice in England, he'll soon be in limbo."

## THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER IX.

EXDALE MANOR.

EXDALE MANOR.

I informed my reader in a previous chapter that my family had no claim whatever to figure in a romance, and that my sister Mary, in particular, had not the least pretension to be considered a heroine. Neither was her husband, Charles Oswald, anything of a hero; but he was an excellent fellow, and their marriage was a happy one. Mary supplied the plain good sense which served as ballast to her husband, animal spirits. The family consisted of three children, of whom the "little Mary," that Grant had spoken of, was the eldest. Alexia, her young sister, was somewhat of that type which among boys we term a "sad pickle;" and Johnny, the son and heir, was yet in his cradle. The only other figure in the home group was Oswald's unmarried sister, Florence, of whom I could predicate no more on a first introduction than could predicate no more on a first introduction than that she had fine, classical features, stamped, how-ever, with that joyous intellectualism which mars all beauty on the face of woman. Mistake me not, dear reader, for an intellectual countenance is a magnificent object, and the index of a truly mag-nificent gift; but both the gift and the countenance need something else to soften their sharp edges, and that something seemed wanting in Florence

Exdale itself was a modest country-house, very Exdale itself was a modest country-house, very different in style and dimensions from Oakham; but it had a charm which Oakham did not possess, it was filled to the brim with a genial, domestic atmosphere. Dear old Mary was regularly in her glory, as mistress of a house, and head of a family. She had the true genius of that particular calling; she understood her husband's ways and wants, and also contrived to sumply them; she made the and also contrived to supply them; she made the most of a moderate income, and prevented his doing foolish things, without ever dreaming that he was managed; she took in girls from the village school, and trained them to be good servants; but no one was ever plagued with their awkward ways whilst they were in course of training. The house looked as if somebody was always putting it to rights, and yet there was no fuss about it, and Mary herself was never seen in a bustle. She was not a heroine, certainly, but I will maintain against all comers that she was the queen of wives and mathems.

others. After the deserted suites of state apartments, and long, silent galleries of Oakham, the sound of family talk and children's prattle was a pleasant change, though the scene, by comparison, was a homely one, for what they called the "the Park," at Exdale, was little better than a paddock, and instead of elegant fallow deer there were to be seen in it only half a dozen cows and an old pony. The latter was already in possession of Master Edward, his claims being stoutly contested by Alexia, and as passively acknowledged and submitted to by little Mary.

"It's a miniature picture of human life," I observed, as Oswald and I stood at the window and surveyed the group, "Mary representing the old school, and Alexia standing up for the rights of

school, and Alexia standing up for the rights of man—or rather of woman."
"In the present instance, Mary will be the winning horse," said Oswald; "I never yet knew a woman who gained the day by a war of independ-

ence."
"I don't know about that, Charley," said Florence,
who had meanwhile joined us at the window; "I
think I have heard of one Judith."
"Under correction," I venture to remark, "Judith

"Under correction, I venture to remark, "Junius won the day less by resistance than by address."
"Just so," said Oswald; "if she had not known the art of making herself agreeable, she would never have brought home the head of Holofernes. And, see, it's just as I said it would be: Edward ha

And, see, it's just as I said it would be: Edward has vacated his seat in favor of Mary, and Alexia is left to go on foot. Capital lesson for you, Florry."

"Altame sort of conquest," she replied, carelessly; "she lets him lead the pony, as though she did not know how to hold the bridle. Alexia would have been half round the park by this time.

I planced at the speaker, and it seemed to me on

I glanced at the speaker, and it seemed to me as though this little dialogue had given me the key to her character, one that disdained to lean on the strength of another, and would far rather suffe

summoned to dinner, the only other We were summoned to dinner, the only other addition to our party being Wilfrid Knowles, who liked to be called "Father Wilfrid," and wore a Roman collar. Between him and Florence there seemed to exist a mutual interest based on conscious antagonism; he, stiff in his sense of sacer-dotal superiority, she, equally self-possessed in her audacious spirit of revolt.

"So Degg had done for himself at last," said

Oswald, when preliminaries had heen gone through, and everybody was feeling comfortable; "it would prolong my life if I thought I should live to see that fellow gets his deserts."
"Who is Degg, and what has he done to do for

eif?" I inquired.
was telling you of him the other day: the editor of the Western Censor, and the greatest good-for-naught in Exshire. His Philippics, as he calls them, abusive as they are, have hitherto been so

cleverly contrived as to escape legal chastisement; but in his last production entitled 'The Australian Duke,' he has passed the boundary line, and Leven, at least, has him fairly in his power, for he is bound What makes him so exceedingly savage with

the duke?" I inquired.
"Oh, said Oswald, "he wanted to be returned
member for Braddord at the last election, and
Leven was supposed to have used his influence to

save the borough from that disgrace "Besides, which," added Knowles, "the Duke of Leven is a Christian, and Mr. Degg had an angry

aversion to everything that savors of the faith."
"Really," said Florence, "I think you are all rather hard on poor Degg; he writes extravagantly, as men of genius often do, and his sense of wrong and injustice is just like a fiery passion; but he cares for the working classes, and can't always control himself when he pleads their cause."

"Florry, don't talk nonsence," said her brother;
"Degg cares for the working-classes just in the
same way as I care for the ducks and chickens in
my poultry-yard, which I care for extremely, with

w to my ultimate advantage. "And what particular advantage do you think poor Degg will get from taking part with the weak

against the strong?" said Florence.
"In the first place," "said Oswald, "he enjoys the sweets of notoriety, and the pleasant sensation of putting down the betters; and if Hapirock should ever again undertake the tinkering of our glorious constitution, I suspect Mr. Degg calculates on floating into parliament on the tide of universal suffrage."

Well, so be it," said Florence, "worse men than

he have before now sat in parliament."

"But, my dear Florence" said Mary, in a tone of remonstrance, "if he really is a infidel?"

"I don't see what right any one has to say so; and, after all, as the word is commonly used, it's a relative term, and means simply people who don't believe exactly as much as we do ourselves. I daresay Mr. Aubrey would consider our best Oxford divines as hopeless infidels.

The blow was intended for Wilfrid, but he re mained unscathed by it. "If Mr. Aubrey were to express such an opinion it would not be far from the truth," he observed. "The Oxford of the pres-

ent day is, unhappily, more than half infidel."
"Well, then, Mr. Knowles, on your own sbowing, oor Mr. Degg no more deserves to be sent to Coventry on that account than the most distinguished men of your own Alma Mater, so you are bound to

"She can hold her own pretty well, can't she?" said Oswald. "Take some champagne, Florry, and

"So you are going to Glenleven?" said Knowles, addressing me, by way of changing the subject: "I

addressing me, by way of changing the subject; suppose its's your first visit?" "Yes," I replied, "ever since I've been in England, I've been so continually hearing of Glenleven, that I'm glad at last to satisfy my curiosity."

"It's a wonderful place, certainly, he observed; I spent a week there last Lent, and enjoyed it

"Really, Mr. Knowles? Wasn't it rather a schismatical piece of enjoyment?" inquired Florence, "at least according to our Anglican notions."
"No, indeed, Miss Oswald," said Knowles, who seemed to have an unfailing command of temper if, for one, deeply deplore our unhappy separa-

ons."

Florence seemed to be considering how best to aim her weapon in retort, when I stepped in to rescue him from further badgering. "If you know Glenleven," I said, "you are probably acquainted with Leven's friend, the young German painter." "Mr. Werner, you mean—Brother Norbert, as he is now called? yes, I know him very well." "Of course we all know Mr. Werner," said Mary; "he was only an autotour seciotor you know it.

"he was only an amateur painter, you know; in reality he was rather an important personage." "How a man with his genius could go and bury it on the moors!" said Florence; "It was an awful

sacrifice."
"What a girl you are, with your everlasting genius," said Oswald; "I believe women think every

man with a black beard is a genius."

"I never thought you one, Charley," said his incorrigible sister; "so I suppose you being fair

accounts for it."

"Indeed, I hope he is not," said Mary; "geniuses seem to me to be always doing or saying something they'd better have left alone."

"One of Mary's home thrusts," said Oswald;
"One of Mary's home thrusts," said Oswald;
"how d'ye like it, Florry?"
"There's a good deal of truth in the remark,"
said Wilfrid; "a genius is an erratic thing at best
—much like a comet, as brilliant and as substantial.
For practical ends, a stable-lantern is infinitely
more to the purpose."

more to the purpose."

"I suppose both comets and geniuses have their uses in our system," I observed, "though everybody isn't sharp-sighted enough to discover it."

Florence gave me a quick glance of inspection, as though she might possibly some day or other find it worth her while to speak to me. "The worst of it is," said Oswald, "that so many

of your geniuses are just nothing but sky-rockets after all, and go out whilst you are staring at them."
"Well," said Florence, "sky-rockets are beautiful,

It struck me that she said this as it were to test me, and see what stuff I was made of. "To answer satisfactorily," I replied, "I fear I must be a bore, and ask you what you mean by beauty?"

"Well, what do you mean by it?"

"Suppose I were to call it the splendor of good-

"Ah! that will do famously," she replied; "if

"An: that will do lamously, she replied; "Il goodness is beauty, then beauty is goodness; so we conclude in favor of the sky-rockets."

"Sad sophistry, Miss Oswald," said Wilfrid Knowles, as he rose to open the door for the ladies. But he soon followed them, leaving Oswald and nyself tete-a-tete.

Poor Oswald yawned as if relieved from a mental

tension more or less irksome "I suppose we must not grudge women the use of their tongues," he said, "though they talked sad nonsense with them. I always hold that what claws are to the lion, and a beak to the eagle, that her tongue is to a woman." "I should think old Mary's tongue was a peace-able member." I realied

"I should think old Mary's tongue was a peaceable member," I replied
"Pretty well, though she can come out now and
then with a plain truth or two, as she did just now
on the matter of genius. I wish she could put some
of her common sense into poor Florry."
"Your sister has a touch of the erratic gift herself, I should suspect," I said, "and, if so, you must
make allowances."

make allowances."

"Oh, yes, and more than a touch; she is always at work on some new bother. What ever can set women on such scents I don't understand; and it's bad altogether, you know, and unhinges her."

"People have a way now-a-days," I said, "of looking unhinged and unharper; it's the feeking."

ing unhinged and unhappy; it's the fashion."
"No," said Oswald, "I don't call Florry happy; she's always wanting a career of some sort, and can't settle down to humdrum. Mary is the only person she really minds, and Mary gets Wilfrid Knowles here to meet her, because she hopes he'll do Florry good; but I think it's a mistake; he only rouses her love of contradiction."

To riory good; but I think it's a mistake; he only rouses her love of contradiction."

We talked about other things for a while, and then adjourned to the drawing-room, where he found Wilfrid and Mary deep in the discussion of parochial affairs, and Florence at the further end of the room, playing a game of fox-and-goose with Edward, while the two little girls looked on, Alexia acting as solf-located was contracted. acting as self-elected umpire. I ventured to approach, and was greeted with the information

Everybody is busy at Christmas. The approach are

approach, and was greeted with the information that "Aunt Florence was losing all her geese!"

"I wish I thought so," said Florence, with a sigh.
Then, as the last white pig was snapped up by the inexorable fox, she resigned the board to the children was the said of the control of the contr dren, and graciously condescended to allow me to sit beside her. "I have not yet thanked you," she said, "for taking the part of poor genius. I really thought 'Father Wilfrid' (as they call him) would have condemned us for life to the use of stable-

"Possibly," I said, "if one had to find one's way on a dark night, they might have a trifling adva tage over sky-rockets."
"Yes, but one isn't always groaping one's way in

"Yes, but one isn't always groaping one's way in the dark."
"Well, really, when you come back to civilized society after ten years' absence, it's not much unlike what you find people doing."

"Why, everyone seems on the look-out for first principles which one would have thought they had learned centuries ago from their grandmothers." principles where ago from their grandmoments.

"I think I understand what you mean," said
Florence, musingly; "but it must be so when
people begin to think for themselves; everyone
people begin to think for themselves; everyone

No, but my complaint is, that these independent thinkers pick everything to pieces, and less

it so."
"That is to say," said Florence, "they analyze and how els can they hope to get at truth?"
"Those who analyze," I said, "should know how to reconstruct, otherwise they are in the position of people who take their watches to pieces, and cannot put them together again. They would have done better to have trusted a watchmaker."

Your simile has the vice of all similes," she reed; "it seems to say something, and it says plied; "it seems to say something, and it say nothing. I can trust my watch with another

regulate, but not my independent convictions."
"But, my dear Miss Oswald, how many persons now-a-days possess such a commodity? All the people I know take their convictions second-hand, from the Times newspaper, or the Saturday Review, or may be from the Western Censor. I really hardly snow one man who thinks for himself, unless it

"Yes the duke is original, certainly," she replied; "I don't agree with him, of course; but he is thoroughly in earnest, and I respect him im-

"And Father Wilfrid, is not he also somewhat of

She looked disdainfully in the direction where he She looked disdainfully in the direction where he sat: "In his own opinion, no doubt, but not in mine. I like the real thing, Mr. Aubrey, whatever be its kind. Charley's champagne was splendid; but if he were to give us 'gooseberry' with a champagne ticket, I should call him an impostor." With that she walked to the open window, where Wilfrid

presently joined her, and soon we heard them engaged afresh in a wordy war.

"That's the way she treats the impostor," said Oswald, who had caught her last words as he approached. "A most wonderful thing is woman!"
This philosophic remark closed my study of character for that evening, but when I retired to my room I could not help going over it all again, as a lawyer studies the points of his brief. "She talks at random," I said to myself, and half of it is chaff. She thinks amazingly well of her own powers, and has read a prodigious quantity of rubbish. She would have no objection to be thought an infidel, because it would be jaunty and defiant. If ever she becomes one, it will be the result of over-preaching; if she is ever saved from becoming one, it will not be by the ministry of Father Wilfrid."

In the correction of this last conclusion, I was next day confirmed, and it happened thus: Exdale

In the correction of this last conclusion, I was next day confirmed, and it happened thus: Exdale was in the parish of Oakham, but possessed a church of its own, served by one of the Oakham curates, and just now the thoughts of Mr. Knowles were busily engaged with plans for its restoration. The architect, Mr. Buttermilk, was to meet him at Exdale, and had brought with him drawings and elevations in great store, the inspection of which furnished the drawing-room party with an agreeable morning's occupation. ble morning's occupation.

able morning's occupation.

Screened by my newspaper, much edifying talk over sedilia and holy water stoups fell upon my ear; and I was wondering a little about the exact utility of the last-named article in a Protestant church, when Florence joined in the conversation and at once hit the blot. "The sedilia are to sit in, I presume," he said, "and will save the expense of chairs; but what will you do with the holy water stours?"

chairs; but what will you do with the holy water stoups?"

"It is our wish," said Buttermilk, with professional unction, "to reconstruct this beautiful little edifice, as it existed in the fourteenth century, and to do that completely none even of these minor accessories should be omitted."

"But will there be holy water in them?" inquired Florence, in the tone of one innocently desirous of information.

ormation.
"Probably not," said Knowles, "but they wil

"Probably not," said Knowies, "but they winbear their witnesses."

"Oh, I see," said Florence, gravely; "holy water stoups and no holy water; let us proceed."

The next drawing was produced; it represented an elaborately-carved tomb or sepulchre, to be erected on the north wall of the chancel.

"How beautiful!" said Mary; "but isn't it an odd place for a monument!"

"How beautiful!" said Mary; "but isn't it an odd place for a monument!"
"It is not a monument, my dear Mrs. Oswald," said Knowles, "but a sepulchre such as was required for the touching and significant ceremony anciently practiced on Easter morning," and he proceeded to read from a glossary of Gothic art the description of an elaborate rite, "now wholly lescription of an elaborate rite, "now

obsolete."

"I was thinking it must be so," said Florence, who had listened attentively: "I have often gone to the services in Holy Week when I've been abroad: the music is so beautiful; but I never saw anything at all like what you have described."

"No," said Knowles (who, I suppose, overlooked me behind my newspaper)." It is one among many

"No," said Knowles (who, I suppose, overlooked me behind my newspaper,) "it is one among many examples of the way in which the modern Roman Church has departed from the ancient practice." "And which, no doubt, the modern English Church has preserved with jealous veneration," and his township.

"If she has not preserved it, she will very probably revive it," said Knowles. "If we continue at our present pace, the English branch of the Church Catholic will ere long have the most magnificent ritual in Western Christendom."

"I don't doubt it," said Florence, "and I tell

you what it will then remind me of; a grand dis-play of gold and silver dishes with nothing to eat play of gold and silver dishes with nothing to ear upon the table."
"Would you like the display any the better,' said Knowles, "if the dishes were full of viands?"
"Perhaps not," said Florence, "except in this that the banquet would then be a reality; whereas

in the present case, it is a cruel sham."
"Do not mistake me, Miss Oswald," said Knowles with great earnestness. "I respect your love of what is real and honest; I do indeed; were we aiming at the revival of external ceremonies only, it would be as you say, a cruel sham; but cere-monial is not an emply shell; in time it will bring

back the realities."

"Never!" said Florence, with a vehement emphasis, which made Mr. Buttermilk look up through his spectacles in some alarm; "never! your realities are long ago dead and buried."

"Are they?" I said as I caught her eye over my powersence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## THE ANGEL'S GIFT.

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

Everybody is busy at Christmas. The angels are very busy too. They say the angels bring down a new joy from Heaven for every joy that is given

Carletta knew nothing about Heaven or angels Carletta knew hothing about freaves of angels. She was a bright impulsive girl, never still, never quiet, having everything that her father's love could give her, everything that money could buy, but always conscious of a nameless want. It was as if life was a feast, all rich and glittering, but with a silence and a void that guests and voices could not fill, because some dearest friend was absent.

"I have a new dress for to night," she said gaily to her father in her blithe, quick, voice. "It look so lovely—all thin white and a silver skirt—the white looped up, you know."

"My dear, I don't understand such things."

"Then I'll run and put it on, and show it to you."
"She flitted away out of the library and his

down again in three minutes—a vision of white-ness and brightness.

"My dear," said her father, without noticing the dress, "you would never make a philosopher. You think of a thing and do it. How do you take these sudden resolves?

"I don't know," laughed the restless girl, standing before him with her pretty head posed this way and that, with the inability to keep quite

"You should have been a boy, Carla; you are just like a boy now—so slight and straight." "But you haven't said one word about my pretty

Christmas Eve gown. "It is very charming, my daughter. If there were many such daughters and many such gowns the Fourmonthly Review would never have John Browden's name in it."

"I should never get an article finished. How can an old fellow like me think out the tremend ous problems of existence, when his daughter wants his opinion on this flimsy white stuff?"

Carletta laughed.
"Then I'll disappear this moment. Exit heroine

in white to slow music!" In one instant, with a fantastic step that was at once a solemn gliding motion and a ludicrous swing and hop, the wild Carletta figured as the

typical stage heroine in white, and glided and danced herself out of the room.

A man's angry voice jarred on her as she danced out into the hall. The big, important, consequential butler was turning a ragg'd boy away from the door into the clusters. door into the slush and rain

"Be off, you little beggar. I'll kick you off if I catch you there again." "How can you, Thomas, Oh! you musn't speak to that poor little child like that. Carletta's pretty forehead was ruffled with rage; and she stamped her foot. "I hate to hear poor people abused like that—it's so unkind!"

With a dach she flew in her new ball dress past the butler down the wet steps—out into the muddy garden.

"My poor little boy, even if you didn't get any thing, we shall not be unkind to you—where do you live—and are you hungry?"

The regged boy stared at her, and dropped a word of vulgar admiration, without knowing he spoke:

epoke :
"My eye! Blowed if she ain't fine!"

"My eye! Blowed if she ain't fine!"

"Are you hungry? Talk! Answer me!" Car
letta could not bear to wait a moment for sny.
thing. "Tell me, do you come from the village
down there, and did you really want something?"

'Mother lives corner house—nigh the pump.
We hadn't a bit, and she didn't send me, but I
thought I'd ask, 'cos I know they haven't nothing
all day."

'Oh you must be hungry to look so thin! Bean

"Oh, you must be hungry to look so thin! Poolittle child."

He was a very small boy, but older than one would think from his height; he was stunted and pinched, wet and ragged.

"I'm not hungry, lady, but others is; I'm only empty."

empty."
The ghost of a sorrowful smile came over the The ghost of a sorrowful smile came over the face of the girl in white. "Not hungry—only empty! How's that!"

"The bein' hungry goes off, miss—ah, it's just as if your front's sticking to your back."

"Poor little fellow! Come along—" trotting

"Poor little fellow! Come along— little him in by the shoulder.

He was fed and warmed by the kitchen fire, and Carletta slipped off her draggled finery, and kicked it away with her impatient feet; and, being human and 2 woman, she then cried:

"I don't care! I'll wear my cream-color and ed.
That afternoon, she went with a basket to the That afternoon, she went with a basket to the cottage, 'nigh the pump," and the joung widow who lived there—or rather who starved there—blessed and thanked her with tears. Two flaxen headed children—mere babies, younger than the boy—were prattling to each other in a back room about hanging up their "tockins to night." They equabbled a good deal over the argument about the "tockins." Perhaps they were fretful with the hungar.

the "tockins." Perhaps they were fretful with the hunger.

Well, the rainy Christmas Eve wore on. John Browden finished his article for the next number of the Fourmonthly Review—a paper on the wisdom of helping others in this present existence, not because we are all children of one Father on our way home, but because, in John Browden's opinion, the only religion was devotion to Humanity, and the Fourmonthly Review was a leader of infidel thought that tried to deprive mankind of the hope of existence beyond this suffering world.

the hope of existence beyond this suffering world

As if any cant of Humanity worship, or any natural kindness, could make up for the ruin of man's kindness, could make up for the ruin of man's consciousness of immortality and his faith in God! Evening came, and at eleven that night the recklessly lively girl was to put on her creamcolor and red, and drive with her father to a dance in town But while he was still droning after dinner at the finishing of that heavy-headed article, she felt with a sudden sense of sadness, that even dances, presents, hosts of friends, and heaps of love could not fill up her heart. Yes there was love could not fill up her heart. Yes, there was a want in her life, an unspeakable weariness that only the excitement of the passing hour could help her to outlive. She might forget the weariness in the denote to sieth her the terms of the denote to sieth her the denote the denote to sieth her the denote the d

ness in the dance to night, but it would come back to morrow.

"Oh, I know what I'll do," she thought, springing up from her luxurious corner of the drawing room, where she had been watching her father writing at the little table, under the white glow of the shaded lamp. "I know what I'll do! You won't mind my running away for half-an hour,

father, will you ?" "No, child! Now I wonder am I extracting too much from Schopenhauer?"

This question only concerned himself and his article, so Carletta went out of the room quietly, with some beautiful thought in her mind—noise-lessly, cently so a spirit.

lessly, gently as a spirit.

In the whitewashed cottage "nigh the pump," the window was shuttered, the fire her money had provided was blazing brightly, and the candle had been put out, the strong flames made such abundant light. One could see the children's bed in the room beyond, and in the kitchen the mother was mending their olothes in the firelight as fast as her thin fingers could work. There were only two flaxen heads on the pillow in that room. The little boy was working with pieces of wood and a glue pot. He was trying to make a their stockings on the nail of the bed, though their stockings on the nail of the bed, though there were no tops to be put in them. It had occurred to poor little Dick that if he took a small square block of wood and drove four short sticks into it, he would have a horse all but the head and tail—which were minor matters that he

could think about afterwards.

Polly and Babs, with their two little flaxen heads on the pillow, were disputing in the next

"You've got two 'tockins up. Babs; 'tisn't "But mine's wee 'tockins," said the other little

thin voice; and a fair fluffy head popped up to take a peep at the footrail of the bed, where one long stocking was hanging—the property of Miss Polly—and beside it two little babyish socks were perched, pinned together, or they would not have stuck on the rail at all.

They had heard from Dick of the good old times before father died, when his socks were always filled on Christmas Eve. His father had told him it was St. Nicholas; and Dick had faithfully reported to his small sisters that some saint as was always after children came down the chimney and filled the stockings—which I am sorry to say was a story, but a story that millions of simple little children have believed in with the same sort of unreal mysterious belief that they give to fairies and nursery tales.

Polly had remembered Dick's tale for months

and here was the result. On the night when the charity of a stranger had filled the cupboard with a few Christmas meals the poor little stockings were hanging up patiently waiting, and there was not the least home department to the them. not the least hope of anything to put in them -except that monster of a quadruped that Dick was constructing on the principle of the famous little boy's essay on the horse—"the horse is an animal

oby's essay on the norse—"the norse is an animal with four legs, one at each corner."

The mother's tears were blinding her.
"Go to sleep children," she called, "if you are naughty and quarrel there will be nothing at all in your stockings. Go to sleep this minute!"
"Good night, mamma!" Polly called, shutting
her eyes obediently.

"Dood-night!" piped Babs like a shrill little

"Mamma—wake us up, if you see the Kismas saint tummin down the chimley."

"Yes, darlings, if I see the Christmas saint, I'll wake you up

wake you up."

And then her tears dropped wet and hot on the fingers; and she had to tell Dick to light the candle again, for she could not see her darning. Oh! it was so hard to think of Caristmas without a toy in the house for the children—so hard to think of those poor little stockings hanging empty all night. They had been put there in sweet childlike hope and in interest. childlike hope, and in ignorance of sorrow and poverty. Ah! how hard it would be to see the poverty. Ah! how hard it would be to see the little children disappointed in the morning, for

disappointed they must be block bit of wood and four matches could be nothing but a failure. Soon she stole on tip toe into the back room. The little ones were asleep. She put two lumps of sugar in Polly's stocking, and one in each of Bab's short socks. It was all she could do: it would be

sugar in Fony's stocking, and one in each of Bab's short socks. It was all she could do: it would be better than nothing.

"Tap! tap! tap!" came a gentle knocking to the door. Who was that at this hour of the night? Dick opened it. There was the young lady from the Manor House—our energetic Carletta—with her bright face looking out from her wrappings of fur; and her maid stood behind her with a basket, "Pardon my disturbing you again at this hour of the night," said the rich girl with her winning smile, as courteous to the poor woman as if she had been a wealthy neighbor. "Perhaps the children would like a few little things out of my old toy cupboard. May I come in and put them in their stockings? It is so late, I am sure the children are in bed, and I heard them talking to day about hanging their stockings up."

hanging their stockings up."

Carletta hushed the mother's gratitude, and

Carletta hushed the mother's gratitude, and went stealing in, till she gazed at the two sleeping faces under the old chintz curtains of the bed.

"On! I hope I shall always have somebody's children to love," she said, in a whisper like a sigh of tenderness, as she looked at the fluffy fair heads and the softly closed eyes.

And then she poured glittering tops into those stockings that were waiting so patiently. Bab's socks were full of sugar plums and silvery cups and saucers only large enough for fairies. A heap of animals from Noah's Ark, a ball of shining colors and a doil's looking glass were all squeezed into Polly's, bulging the cangling leg into a marvel. ous shape. An old doll, that would still be radiant in the sight of the poor child, was put with staring eyes and head on the pillow close to the younger of the sleeping children; and a grey donkey that had been the joy of Carletta's heart one Obristmas long and was now believed or the one Christmas long ago was now balanced on the pillow nodding his head and long ears above

pillow nodding his head and long ears above Polly's curly hair.

"Aint" she a good 'un!" murmured a voice in the doorway; and the pale, pinched face of little Dick was watching.

"The rest are for you," said Carletta, turning round, "Bring me the basket to morrow."

"Mother! mother! she is a real live angel!"

cried the boy, when Carletta was gone, and he was emptying the basket of tops, cakes and puzzles.

The shout of glee woke Polly.

"Wake, Bab, wake up. Look at the stockings."

Babs rubbed her eyes open, and wanted to go to sleep again. to sleep again.
"The Christmas saint's been and filled the stock.

"The Coristmas saint's been and filled the stockings" cried Polly, poking her vigorously.

Babs opened her eyes and sat up. Then came a shrick of joy. "The 'tokins is all full!"

They wanted to play with the toys there and then. But they might only look at them and then they were to go to sleep.

"We must all say a prayer to night for that good Miss Browden," said the mother to little Dick. It had been a great comfort to get Christmas food, but it was something still more touching

mas food, but it was something still more touching to get toys, because the giver cared for the children.

Ah! that was love is wealth.

"Put your hands together before you go to sleep," she said to Babs and Polly, "Say—Dear Holy Child, give something good to somebody Holy Child, give sometimes that filled our stockings."

"Dear Holy Child," said the two little voices—
"Dear Holy Child," said the 'tock-

ings."

And they then fell asleep, just when Carletta Browden was going to dress, to be awake half the night among nusic and gaiety and splendor.

Very oright and full of hite she looked when midnight was striking, and she had whirled round the room, the most graceful of all dancers, in her cream color floating lace, with a knot of crimson roses in her bosom, and a dash of red here and there in her simple cogume. Her partner led there in her simple costume. Her partner her back to the velvet seat by the wall.

"Ab, yes," he said with a light laugh, continuing the conversation that had begun carelessly during the dance, "I ought to know all about that folly."

"Why?" with an arch look, "Is folly a thing you know all about?" you know all about?" "That species of it." He twirled his moustache.

and shrugged his shoulders.
"I was a Catholic once myself, so I know pretty
well what they believe. But I've thrown all that nonsense over long ago."

The smile vanished from Carletta's face. He

had thought to please her by railing lightly at "the folly" of Faith. But she made no answer. Her heart was filled with sudden indignation, and with pity for the forsaken creed. She knew t was the consolation of thousands; why should he speak of it with insult and irreverence?

"I believe you have promised me the next

gentleman was referring to his programme card, and hinting to her that his name was on hers. Carletta rose absently, and took his arm. Her thoughts had rushed far up above the music and the brilliant room, and the moving through of

color and gaiety. She was thinking in her heart, in her impulsive way, "I will inquire—I will find out what is that Faith that he gave up and laughed." And all the rest of the night, Carletta scarcely

And all the rest of the night, Carletta scarcely spoke; she seemed like one in a dream. Was this the answer to the prayer of the cottage children, that the dear Holy Child would give something good to somebody that had played the part of St. Nicholas? It has been said by a great ecclesiastic of France that when anybody rejects a grapa the sift is passed on to spather. However, a grace the gift is passed on to another. However that may be, the lost Faith of the man became the portion of the woman's ardent heart. Carletta found the light; and lo! her life had become full of good things, heaped together and running over. There was no longer an unspeakable want r existence weary, and hurrying her from one ex-citement to another. Life was now a feast all vacant by the absence of a friend; the Friend and

Giver was close before her soul for ever.

A few months after, John Browden said good-

A few months after, John Browden said good-bye to his daughter.

"My, dear," he said, "you are rich and utterly mistaken; but if you desire humanity in your own way I shall not hinder you. Mine would be a hollow philosophy if I forbade you to do your part in this suffering world."

So Carletta Browden became Sister Mary—Let

us not tell her name; for her white he

worn with hard work for the children of the poor, and her face, veiled in the black habit, is still coming like a gleam of light to courts and alleys of New York. Many of the noblest lives are wrought out by the following of those generous impulses that come with a sudden longing out of the seeming chances of every day. It is like a breach of the spirit, that bloweth where He listeth. A girl in white had run out into the rain to a beggar boy\_ white field from the luxurious home to the cottage with a basket of toys. And lo! the children in prayer had asked a gift; and when the augels

Physicians prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla in cases of scrofuls, and in every form of chronic disease, because this medicine is safer to take, and is more highly concentrated, than any other preparation. It can always be depended upon as an effective blood purifier.

were bringing a new joy to earth for every joy that had been given, the Caristmas Angel brought to that impulsive, generous soul the message of the Master—'Follow me!"

disappointed they must be-Dick's bit of wood

Children, raise your happy voices,
"Christmas comes but once a yes
And each little heart rejoices
That the merry time is hero
Once a year!
Christmas comes but once a year! 'Tis a time when mirth and gladness Shoule each child'ish bosom cheer Then away with care and sadness, "Christmas comes but once a year." Once a year! Once a year! Christmas comes but once a year.

'Riting, 'Rithmetic must vanish, Reading we can never fear;
But these two first R's we'll banish
Soon as Christmas g'its aprear.
Once a year!
Christmas comes but once a year!

Now, instead of histories, grammars, story books for us are nere, And we'll act charades and dramas, And make merry once a year! Once a year! Once a year! Christmas comes but once a year. Santa Claus has filled each stocking, To our hearts he is so dear
That we should not think it shocking
To have Christmas twice a year!
Twice a year! Twice a year!
To have Christmas twice a year.

Written for CATHOLIC RECORD. CATHOLICS OF SCOTLAN

BY THE REV. MNEAS M'DONELL DAWS

PART II.

GEORGE HAY, JOHN GEDDES, ALEXAND MACDONALD, AND THEIR TIME. The arrangement, by which it w

agreed that Bishop Geddes shot

reside at Edinburgh, was singularly of portune and beneficial. No man cou have been better qualified to second t movement in favor of Catholics that h been in progress ever since the riots 1774. It is a sad fact, but, neverth less true, that people who inflict i jury hate the injured party. Hen the populace of the capital who had greviously wronged Bishop Hay, necessarily had an aversion to him. In consquence it would not have been safe him to appear publicly for a consideable time. Latterly this unfavorable able time. Latterly this unfavoral state of feeling bad, in great measur died out, and the bishop, as has be shown, could discharge, without fear molestation, both episcopal as parochial duties. This was far, however from being an object of popular favo Nor was the bishop calculated to cousuch favor, any more than he cared to so. Notwithstanding his sternness manner, he gained the good will of a in contact in the course of his negotitions. But those men of high education and ability judged not as "society is apt to judge, by mere manners ar forms of speech. "Society," however, a power, and a very great power in eve community. To conciliate this pow was an important object with the friend of those people who were still more less under persecution. To carry o this policy, if policy it may be called, conciliation, a man of the gentle cha acter and urbane manners of Bisho Geddes was eminently suited. It mig be supposed that since the union of the crowns, and still more since the union of the Parliaments of the United Kin British metropolis. But this was for from being the case. Many heads ancient families, together with scions Scotland's nobility, had their abode, the time of which there is question, the Scottish capital. It was of no sligh importance, when the transition from

taking place, to cultivate the acquain ance of such parties. Many of ther though strongly Protestant, follows:

the fashion of the time, could not fail remember that their forefathers we

Catholics, and they held it to be a honor as well as a pleasure to conver

Bishop Geddes, whose dignity, demeand accomplishments entitled him

associate with them. The bishop love his religion and his flock too well

his religion and his flock too well allow such opportunities to pass unin proved; and, thus, although at the co of much valuable time, lessening the prevailing prejudices. It does not appear that either his episcopal dution the cares of his procurators auffered any serious loss or inconvenence. Bishop Hay, who relied more of his theological learning and inexorabilogic, thought, at one time, and represented to his friend Bishot friend Bishot and the procuration of t

logic, thought, at one time, and is represented to his friend Bisho Geddes, that it was a loss of time to attend so much to social amenitie

Nevertheless, there never was suc neglect of either episcopal or financi

duties as to induce him to appoin

another Procurator, or seek a mo attentive and helpful coadjutor. The was not even the slightest breach of the long standing friendship that had su sisted between the two prelates. It is a melancholy fact in connection with the national famine to whice allusion has been made, that sever priests in the North were suffering fro carcity of food, whilst others were con stitutionally delicate and little able the bear the hardships of their position The bishop, in consequence, wrote fro Aberdeen to his coadjutor, asking his to procure at Edinburgh some suppli-and send them to him at h and send them to him at h (Bishop Hay's) expense, and to some e clergy, through a merchant at Abe

An additional proof of the difficultie An additional proof of the difficult of the time is presented by the fact the it was impossible to bring together. Aberdeen a sufficient number of pries for the consecration of the holy oil This rite must, therefore, be performed at Edinburgh, where the difficulty we scarcely less considerable. The bishops the control of the cont made a suggestion by informing his cacjutor how he himself had been a stomed to discharge this necessar hour in the morning, and thus allowe the assistant priests to attend to the congregations at the usual hour; som the function was deferred unt

Bishop Geddes who, for so many year had been the successful principal of s important educational institution, he