LASCINE.

BY AN OXFORD MAN. CHAPTER IV.

QUID EST ERGO PULCHRUM? ET EST PULCHRITUDO?

abam pulchra inferiora et ibam in pre "Amabam pulchra micis meis: Num amamus aliquid nisi pulchrum! Quid est ergo pulchrum! et quid est ergo pulchrum! et quid est sulchritano? Quid est quod nos allicit et conciliar rebus quas amamus! Nisi enim esset in eis decus ut species, nullo modo nos ad se moverent. Esta consideratio scaturivit in animo moe existme correde mee, et seripsi libros " (S. Augus tini, Episcop. Confess., 1lb, iv., 29)

The rain and the wind were no pleasant companians to Francis Carley as he walked over the hills to Brill to meet Edward Lascine at the station. was a good fellow in himself, but oceans cunning mixed into his composition. He had a pleasant, witty way with him, and this floated him over much, and caused students to like his

"Well, I hope this fellow will be decent, after this deucedly unpleasant walk. What a fuss monsignore made about him, sending the cart with James his luggage, and saying we back! No fear, monsignore. might ride back! shall see who wins. He shall walk back with me, and, although I don't see back with me, and attnough I don't see him by this light, by his conversation I shall know exactly what he is like. Don't I envy his dormitory neither, ha, ha, ha! I'll do what I can for him, ha is a light of the light. however, if he is nice; if he isn't, shall soon wash my hands of him.'

This was the mental soliloquy of Francis Carley during his walk, broken by the dog cart coming over the hill for the luggage.

"Yis, Muster Carley."
"Take Mr. Lascine's luggage and get home immediately, and send the luggage up to his room. I shall walk

Yis, sur." "James, here's half a crown for

you." Thank'ee, sur. I'll do what he

sez."
"All right James. Good-night."

"Hain't gort much toime, sur."
"All right, James. Good-night."
"Good-noight, sur."
Once more alone, Mr. Carley walked quicker, contemplating still on the new-comer. "At all events, I shall have something to do in arranging his ward robe. I must see the tailor about his cassock and he must wear the Roman biretta, so that the fellows see converts biretta, so that the fellows see converces know how to have things comme il faut. Is he rich, though? Ah, that I haven't heard! How the rain cuts over this hill! Well, he ought to like a fellow for tumbling out on such a night. How interested Paul Wright is in him—good old fellow, going to chapel and praying for him! I wish I could be like Paul always the same calm holiness about his manner. He must really love our Lord, or he wouldn't be like that.—By there's the train in the distance Well, I must run. I've only got about three hundred yards to go."
"Hur hain't hin, Muster Carley,"

said James

"All right, James; here I am, you

"Wet through, sur?"

"Wet through, sur?"
"No, James, not quite."
The train steamed into the miserablyt station, and three passengers
lighted. One aged lady. "This isn't
"" "aid Frank. A middle aged way." him," said Frank. A middle-aged man, with whiskers. "Should have to shave with whiskers. "Should have to sha that bird; hope that isn't him." slight figure, in an Ulster, and hat. "All right," said Frank. gh hat. ". That's him."

'You for the college, sir?" said the porter. Yes. Is any one here for my lug-

gage?"
" Man, sir." "Send him here, please, as I cannot hold all these small packages and wraps, and look after my luggage."

Frank Carley now under the gaslamp. Edward saw his Roman collar and ecclesiastical coat, and caught a glimpse of his face. cold thrill passed through his body but he pressed the iron crucifix to him, and said, "I will like him for God's

"Mr. Lascine, \(\text{\text{t}}\) believe," said Frank. Are you Mr. Carley, one of Father

Ring's converts? Yes. I am.

"Well, then, we can shake hands, as our new life begins from the same origin."
"May I hold those things for you?

"Oh, yes, if you will kindly do so; and I will look after the luggage."

In a few moments the train had gone n, the luggage was placed in the cart and Edward Lascine and Frank Carley were on their way to the college. How long have you been received,

Mr. Lascine?"
"Only a month; and to me it seem only one long day of joy. But please drop that odious 'Mr.' to my name, and

"I hope you will apply the same re mark to mine," said Carley." call me 'Lascine.

"Certainly. Have you been long at

the college 'Oh, yes; nearly a year."

"You like it I suppose?"
"Well, I hardly know. Most of the fellows are rather rough, and are of poor parentage. Some dozen or so are nice, and the lay students are nice; but then, one never hardly sees them.

"I am glad the fellows are of poor parentage. Our Lord's disciples were poor, and yet they founded the mighty Church of which we are children.

Carley was silent. Carley was silent.

"Father Ring sent some kind messages to you, which I may as well give now." And Edward went on to say all that Father Ring had told him. Carley suddenly asked, "Are you on

the funds Edward's tone was very constrained "What are the funds? I as he said:

as ne said: "What was as ne said: "What was sure I don't know."
"Glad you don't. But, allow me to inform you, I am not on the funds." In the first place, Carley, I don' know what the funds are; and, in the second place, I care as little." Well, then, Lascine, does any Bishop pay your pension?"

Had this question been asked Edward ascine eight weeks ago, he would have knocked the questioner down. Now he

simply said:
"If you mean, do I pay myself for being at the college, I do. But let us change the subject."
In his heart of hearts Carley shouted, Hurrah! then I shall make him have cassock like mine, and a silk

biretta. 'Isn't this an awful hill?" "Yes, it is rather. But, Carley you are getting wet; come under my

nbrella "Thanks, I will, for sociability's sake but not because I fear the wet."
"Tell me, Carley, what is Monsig

"Oh, a jolly little man—spectaclesnged coat—given to feeding—very holy—good voice—sings well—hear him sing High Mass on President's days—

last notes dying swan fool to it."
"My dear Carley, please do not take superiors off before me. I like a joke amazingly, but I believe superiors to

be set ever us by God." "Very likely I am wrong; but I am so used to chaffing I hardly know when do chaff.'

'What is the prefect like?" "Oh, very nice—Father Clare—no re-lation to Father Clare, Jesuit, at Farm Street—handsome—good—universally liked—regular brick—most fellows in

school like him. Father Ring thinks a good deal of him.

Sure to—same disposition—happy -cheerful - holy-can't help being friends.

Conversation like this carried them on to the college. By this time they were in the grounds, and soon at the grand entrance in the centre of the building "Light in chapel, you see-

Light in chaper, you see contests in night—every one obliged go to confession to-night—good rule—every one goes to holyCommunion to-morrow—here's the door—can't see new home tohere's the door—can't see new home tonight—to-morrow morning—plenty of
time—so you will say one year hence."
"Don't know, Carley; not much
given to change myself; and I came
here to work, not to humbug."
"I try to work a good deal, but often
I feel so lazy I can't."
"Why don't you green one idea?

"Why don't you grasp one idea? Look beyond the narrow limits of earth to the scenes of that eternal world to ich you are going, and ever aim to which will promote your best interests ten trousand years hence, all the honors and riches of earth shall have vanished away."
"Mayhap, Lascine; but I am too

"Laziness ought never to be named

in connection with one who aspires to the Christ-like office you aspire to." As Lascine said this, they entered

the central door, passed through the entrance-hall into the large corridor weeping the whole length of the central building. At the far end stood the altar of the Blessed Virgin, with the everlasting light gleaming brightly.
A tradition of S. Osmund's.
Carley hastened on through the dimly-

lighted stone corridor, telling Lascing to follow, up a staircase to the next gallery, where some seventy young me were walking backward and forward,

waiting to go to confession.

A quiet look at Lascine was all, as
Carley hastened him on through another orridor, then to a broad gallery, and, passing along, opened the door of an elegantly-furnished room, bedroom, and sitting room all in one. A pale-green paper on the walls, a few good pictures divers saints, a large cruciflx over the bed, and in a recess a statue of the Virgin Mother, with a lamp burning, and costly exotics in vases by the side two easy-chairs, with some light caneside chairs, a bookcase well stored with books, costly mantel ornaments, simply arranged, but the tout ensemble light

and elegant.
"Welcome to St. Osmund's, Mr. Edward Lascine! I am right glad my room first shelters you. Have a rest in that chair. Stay, let me assist you ith that coat.'

Edward Lascine sank into his chair. Francis Carley took stock of him. His conclusions were evidently good. Let me now introduce Edward Lascine to my readers.

As he emerges from the great-coat, one sees an elegant figure, clad in the neglige elegance of Pool's establishment when it does the best good cutters can do. Rather above the middle height, broad across the shoulders, but with the figure almost of a woman; the trousers, nearly black, falling over the small feet, the double-breasted riding-coat showing off to perfection his figure; the face pale, e features at first seeming to one irre gular, until you studied the profile well. then you were struck with the expression and the bread, high forehead; th hair, almost black, contrasted strangely with the bright-blue eyes and the long, light lashes falling over them, the clear, delicate complexion showing off the contrast between the eyes and the hair, contrast between the eyes and the nair, and making you recognize it against your will; the lips firm and good, no heavy, sensual expression resting over them, and, when he laughed, the regular white teeth shone out, and made his face really handsome. The nose was the only thing one could cavil about. Some said it was a shade too large others said it was just enough out of the aquiline to give expression to the The small hands, almost hidden in the large white cuffs, were evidently inherited from Maude Treven, now

Mrs. Lascine.
Francis Carley was struck with his appearance as he sat, with his knees crossed, gazing into the fire—no ornament visible, not even a watch chain or ring; but, looking at him, one would have said "He is a gentleman born and bred.

He laughed a low, musical laugh at something Carley said, and gave back some witty reply, which spoke of a gay, some witty reply, which spoke of a gay, joyous temper; and yet that temper was but the sparkle and foam at the surface; below it one felt there were depths of earnest tenderness, which demonstrated the truth of the old epigram, that "tears are akin to laughter."

ter." Will you wash first, Lascine?"

to put on your cassock and that swell

Carley blushed. This didn't look like the silk biretta and cloth cassock; how-ever, he replied, "All serene, sans

Lascine took up a book, and com-menced reading, until Carley informed him it was time to wash.

"Is my traveling-bag here, Carley?" I will fetch it in a minute.

pardon. Carley left the room. Edward Las cine sank on his knees, his face buried in his hands, with the iron crucifix

pressed to his lips.

When Carley entered with the bag,
Lascine had quite finished his toilet.

Clean boots and clean cuffs were soon added, and the beautiful hair brushed back from the high forehead. Carley

felt proud of him as he said:
"We had best go to the rector."

"With pleasure."
At last they came to the rector A knock. "Come in!" called out

quiet voice.

In a moment hey were in the presence of Monsignore Witton.

A high, stately apartment, simply furnishing upon a

nished, with windows opening upon a balcony. Two candles burning only. No fire, cold as it was; for Monsignore Witton was a man who believed in selfdenial. "Pardon, monsignore, I have brought

Mr. Lascine.
Monsignore Witton came forward into the light, and one saw a pale, e ciated face, a little emaciated clad in a serge cassock, with a black-serge rope tied round his waist, and a small skullcap on his head.

small skullcap on his head.

Intensely kind was the little man's way as he welcomed Edward Lascine. His heart seemed touched by what he knew of Mr. Lascine.

"God grant you may be happy among ns!" he said: "and, if you hing to complain of, come to me. He made them take a chair each, and onversed about ten minutes. Then he said: "I am sorry I cannot give you more time to-night, but people are waitsaid: ing for me in the confessional. Mr. Carley must make you comfortable, and hope to see you to-morrow after the

I thank you, monsignore." "God bless you!" and the tears welled up in the eyes of monsignore as he turned to go to the confessional. Frank Carley breathed freer when he

got outside.
"Now," said he, "for the perfect,
Father Clare."

Up another long corridor—to the ght, to the left—and, in a different wing, they came to the door of the pre-Carley knocked. A cheery voice

· Come in! cried. ' They were in the presence of the pre fect. A tall, handsome man, of from five-and-twenty to five-and-thirty, coal-black hair and dark-brown eyes, a clear complexion and firm, thin lips, with the

aquiline profile that a painter would have glorified in. On studying his face, one read immediately in the expression a love for the beautiful. Those words entirely describe the man. The black hair was carelessly thrown back from the fore-

head; the long, black cassock fell over an almost skeleton form.

Edward Lascine looked at him, and felt he loved him; so much of God shone out in his face, that one felt, indeed,

his body was the temple of the Holy He was sitting at a table covered with books.

In a clear, soft voice, he said Good-evening, Mr. Carley. Has the ew student come ? Carefully looking up, his eye rested on the elegant form of Lascine. He seemed almost sarprised. The new student was certainly different from

what he expected.
"Good-evening, Mr. Lascine. I am glad to welcome you to St. Osmund's." to Edward.

Thank you, Father Clare." Their hands met; their eyes met their very souls seemed to have met and from that moment Father Clare and Edward Lascine were firm friends.

"I am afraid you will find us intoler ably dull here after Oxford and the Fathers at St. Augustine's."

"I don't think so, Father Clare. have met with a very kind reception, and then one is never lonely so long as one has the chapel to go to, and plenty of books.

"Each school has its library; so you will have plenty of books.' "Will you please excuse me, Father Clare, as I have to go to my tutor to

explain my absence to-night from schools?" "Yes, Mr. Carley; but you will please return in ten minutes.

Carley left. Father Clare broke the silence Have you been a Catholic long?'

e month only, but a very happy month "Father Ring received you, did he

not?"
"Yes, Father Clare. I have an immensely high opinion of Father Ring.
I had met him some time ago in town, at some mutual friends, but I never spoke of religion to a Catholic priest

until a week before my conversion."

"How strange! You found out Catholicism for yourself, then?"
"Yes; but it is not a great step from High Churchism. Father Ring laughed

and said he had no instruction to give, only to receive me." What made you first think of Cath-

olicism ? St. Austin is lying on your table, Father Clare, he can best answer that for me. If you turn to the 'Confessions' of St. Austin, you will fine in the fourth book and twentieth exactly what made a Catholic. I was always asking myself, 'Quid est ergo pulchrum? et quid est pulchritudo?' I found it placed in God. Then I took up the whole question from the commencement. I studied antiquity, I read all manner of books, to endeavor to find God's Church. tudied hard in the 'long,' instead of traveling, and, after diligent search, l found that which I was in quest of-

in God. Oh, how truly St. Austin spoke when he said, 'Our hearts were made for Thee, O God, and they shall never rest until they rest in Thee!'

Father Clare's eyes were moist with tears, as he said, "God grant you al-ways this joy!" Frank Carley entered at this moment.

and, as he did so, the supper-bell rang.
"Father Clare, shall I take Mr. Lasine to the house-keeper's room for supper to-night?" think, if Mr. Lascine does not

mind, he had best come to the refectory and commence to see and know us "I would rather, Father Clare. Shall he come to our table to

No, Mr. Carley; he had best go to his own. But I must go to marshal the lower schools through the corridor to night? the refectory.—Mr. Lascine, I shall hope to see you to-night after Benediction.—Mr. Carley, you will bring him to me." And Father Clare took up his keys and hurried through the corridor. "To-morrow I should advise you to

"To-morrow I should advise you to ask Monsignore Witton to allow you to come into a higher school—that is, into our play-room. The Poets are simply boys; it's a shame to stick you with them, and I am sure monsignore did not know what you were like, or he wouldn't

have put you there."
"I don't mind, Carley." "Yes, but you will, though. Imagine table without cloth—bare, dirty oak —an old soup-plate, with a lump of butter and an enormous basin of milk and-water. My dear, you will be so disgusted you will never survive; and then, to crown all, you will have a young quarter of a loaf of bread handed

to you."
"Cela se peut-il, Carley, j'ai beaucoup de peine a le croire."
"Donc, mon cher Lascine. Allons voir.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW LIFE. I love the high embowered roof.
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richty dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full voiced choir below. There let the peaing organ flow To the full voiced choir below. In service high and anthems clear, As may, with sweetness, through mine ear, Dissolve me into extastes, And bring all heaven before mine eyes." "IL PENSEROSO" (MILTON).

Down stairs Carley swiftly passed, and oined the troops of Divines who were now hastening onward into the refectory. As Carley passed Paul Wright, he quietly introduced him to Lascine. Among fitty fellows a great many must naturally be nice. Paul's face were its most fascinating smile to-night. All his hopes of Lascine—what he was like, how he was dressed-every thing was to his satisfaction, but more still his fancy was taken with the calm look of

holiness on his face.
Father Clare came up to Lascine when he arrived in the refectory. m sorry to part you from Carley, but this is your place on the Poets' table."
All eyes were turned on the newcomer, but he calmly met their gaze,

comer, but he calmiy met their gaze, neither blushing nor feeling uncomfort Among the hundred and forty students, silence reigned as Father Clare

asked the benediction.
Solemnly his voice fell: V. Benedicite. R. Deus. nedic Domine nos, et hæc tua dona quæ de tua largitate sumus sumpturi. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen, Kyrie, eleison; Christe, eleison; Kyrie, eleison. Paternoster (etc., sec-

V. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.

R. Sed libera nos a malo.

Mensæ cœlestis participes faciat no Rex æternæ gloriæ. Amen. Edward Lasoine gazed down the table. It was as Carley had said-no eloth, oak table, soup-plate, butter on plate, and, to crown all, the enormous basin of milk-and-water. A half-checked smile stole over his face, but fortunately no one perceived it, and he was too well-bred to show disgust. Dim visions rose before him of the luxurious college rooms, and he imagined Oxonians looking at him then, sitting on that form, with the enormous hunch of bread of his plate. Carley enjoyed it immensely Once he looked round and grinned, but seeing his grinning had no effect, he subsided. After some calculation how to convey the enormous bowl of milk to his mouth, Edward Lascine managed to drink, and to induce a knife, last stages of bluntness, to officiate. He then gazed at the fellows at his The Poets had rather a good school in then, which he was to join. However, he endeavored to read their faces, and came to the conclusion that he had not fallen among such a bad lot after all. The ludicrousness only of the position struck him. It was like leaving Oxford, and retiring to some low form at Eten. Silence was the rule

during supper, except on play-days. At ordinary times, the life of some saint was read by the lector.

After the supper was over, Paul Wright and Frank Carley came up to Jascine, and asked him to stroll into the lower corridor. Pictures covered the walls, and at the far end the lights the waits, and at the lar end the lights were burning on the altar of Mary Most Holy, and the Divines were already walking up and down, saying the rosary, two-and-two. It was a strange sight to see these young fellows, all so earnest. This corridor was given only sight to see these young tenows, an so earnest. This corridor was given only to the Divines, and, to Edward's great delight, the under schools had disappeared, Poets included. Paul and he soon in an animated conversation, and by degrees the other Divines came round and joined in; then a visit to the play-room and library. How droll that word play-room sounds to our ears who have been brought up Protestants, and educated at Eton or Rugby! Yet, in our Catholic colleges, play-rooms exist for young fellows of eighteen to twentyfour. A pleasant rendezvous for a we what with the bagatelle and day, what with the bagatelle and billiard-tables, and the books; then the amusing discussions in the small groups; and to crown all, on those cheerles winter-days, the blazing fire leaping up mirthfully from its large grate, as if it reveled in the innocent amusements of the inhabitants of that dear old room

I search the long galleries of my mind

old time spent in the playroom of St. Osmund's; calm and joyous that time stands out, and, seen in its light, how meagre look the stately club-house amusements of our mighty London, Paris,

and continental towns! Although buried in them now, St. Osmund's rises up as a pale rainbow over the world of fashion, and I act on that light, and many a pitfall it has saved my aching feet from falling into.

The professors coming out from their refection, interested by Monsignore Witton's description of Edward Lascine, came round and sought him out, and were surprised to hear the good opin-

formed of him.
"What a pity," said Robert Weed
(a strong, healthy fellow, the life of all he games), "Edward Lascine is in the

Father Gray smiled. "It will be altered to-morrow, I should think," " Do you use your influence, Father

Gray," said Edmund Ede.
"What a noble fellow Lascine seems!" aid Decan, joining the group.
Imagine a fellow, young like him, giving up two hundred a year to be-come a Catholic. Handsome rooms at Oxford, Carley says and his own home. It appears that his parents will have nothing to do with him since his conver-

"All that is true," replied Father Gray. "I received this morning a note from Father Ring, in which he says he has never known a case in which such harshness has been used. His mother and the whole household are forbldden to write to him, and all his home communications will be burnt without reading. A mere pittance of fifty or sixty pounds has been assigned him, to be paid through a lawyer, quarterly. The Fathers at St. Augustine's would willingly have kept him there, but it seems he has chosen to come here to finish his studies of his

own free will. "I tell you what it is, Father Gray," said Decan, "these converts shame

old Catholics. "Too often, I am afraid. But I wish

you all to do what you can to make Lascine comfortable and happy."

"Father Gray, you don't wish to insult the Divines' room by asking such a question, do you?" said Ede, laughng.
"I can trust the children of St.
Dsmund," replied Father Gray, in the

same bantering tone.

The clock in the church-tower sounded nine. Immediately the bells rang joy-ously for the benediction service and night prayer. The silence-bell rang in the corridor

Edward Lascine was still with Paul Wright.
"I must tell you the meaning of this bell," said Paul. "After that has rung, every one is silent until after meditation and holy Mass, to-morrow. To-night I am going to show you to a place in chapel; you can keep it to-morrow and for the services, until your

place is given out by the prefect. Father Irving, the vice-rector, passed just then, on his way to the church.

'The silence-bell has rung, Mr.

Wright.' Yes, sir. I was explaining its mean-

iug to Mr. Lascine."
The vice-rector started, and extended his hand to Edward.
"Welcome to St. Osmund's, Mr. Lascine! I shall hope to have the pleascine: I shall hope to have the pleasure of seeing you in my rooms to-morrow. Good-night; and, for the future, remember the silence-bell."

As he passed on, Paul said: "You

will like him much. But now we must observe the rules. Good-night, too, although I sit next you during benedic tion. I have to thank you for 'one tion. I have to thank you for 'one more very happy sun strung on my bead Edward smiled, as he shook hands

warmly. "I suppose the silence-bell reminded you of that; but I don't take it as a compliment, because I know the plain the way
Twixt heaven and thee; block it not with
delay. omes, list thy

delay.

But perfect all before thou sleep'st' and say.

There's one more sun strung on my bead of
days.'" "And then," said Paul, smiling his " 'what's good,

most fascinating smile, "what's good score up for joy. That means my coming across you, eh?" across you, en?

As he said this they arrived at the church-door, and, as they glided to their places in the stalls, the calm voice of Father Clare commenced the night

In the dim chapel one could just see Edward Lascine's face was buried in his hands. In the Monastery of St. Augustine. also, in the private chapel, with the massive velvet curtains shutting out

prayers.

all sound, in the dim light glim from the sanctuary lamp, one could just distinguish a motionless form, kneeling in the lowliest devotion, the head rest ing on the hands buried in the heavy monk's hood. It was Father Ring, praying for the welfare of Edward Lascine; imploring, at God's high throne, strength and

final perseverance to bear that cross boldly which he had taken up in all love and confidence. May God hear those prayers which

rise to-night! Was Edward Lascine praying? Did he hear the calm tones of Father Clare's voice? Did he perceive the sacristan lighting the tapers at the High Altar? I know not. Many as were the glances thrown across the chapel to where he was kneeling, his very posture bespeak-ing unutterable devotion; and, from looking at him, one seemed to catch a spirit of devotion equal to his; and, from simply gazing at him, many a head was bowed in lowly supplication for

The chapel was brilliantly illuminated now; the gas was blazing in the untenanted places of the white choir. The High Altar was bright with its starry tapers, and the rare exotics threw their faint, odorous scent over the chapel. Surely the angels in heaven joyed over such a sight as this! sweet, boyish faces in the lower stalls, clad in their black cassocks, and "No, thanks, I am enjoying the fire just now; besides, you have more to do in the beautiful there, because it bathes and always there rises up that happy their breviaries open, reverently re-

citing the divine office-young souls who had given and devoted their whole lives to the Lord. Beautiful, holy life Surely, indeed, these are those virgi souls who follow the Lamb whithers ever he goeth in the lordly, ancestral halls of heaven.

Father Clare's voice had ceased. The

olemn swell of the magnificent in the rood broke the silence. and low the sweet notes rose in a hymn of triumph, seemingly heard far over some distant hill, speaking of the battle finished, and the return of the warriors to claim their reward. Clearer and nearer it seemed to come, borne or by the glad feet of the conquerors, now echoing and almost dying away in some far ravine, then bursting forth more joyously and louder, until the chapel eemed to ring again with heaven's own nelodies. Then, to a full march triumph, one saw coming slowly through the gloom of the ante-chapel the white choir. Now they wind under the rood, and advance slowly to the foot of the altar, genufiect, and part on each side, while the officiating priests pass on to the altar-steps. When Edward Lascine the altar-steps. When Edward Laseine raised his head, the All-Holy Sacrament was raised on the Altar "O Salutaris' was ringing and the through the chapel, sung with the votion and appreciation with which only a college choir can sing. One could call him handsome now, if one caviled at his appearance before. The calm face aglow with religious fervor, the gas shining over his rich, blue-black hair, and the exquisite complexion com trasting with it, and the eyes turned to the altar with a look of the deepest love gazing on that most fearful myster which draws so many hearts, against will, to the Catholic Church.

Time, place, everything, were forgotten, except that he was kneeling alone there with God. Mark him well, gentle reader, now. Let this image of nim sink into your souls, for you wil see him in other and more exciting cir cumstances; but here only gather the secret of his strength.

A feast of the Virgin Mother to-day and, as the last line of the dies away, the grand tones taris

the Mother's song ("The Magnificat") burst through the chapel. Paul Wright raised his head and listened intently as he heard the liquid tenor tones chording by his side. seemed as if the whole soul of the reathed in the tones, spiritus meus, in Deo Salutari me Father Clare heard those ton gazed at Edward Lascine, who sciously continued gladness as his whole soul drai beauty of the words. What to him n was the loss of home, family, everything? What, indeed? not found a securer home—a mor ful care? Was not God His ful care? Was not God His father, Mary His Mother, the Church His home, the sacraments His sustenance! What wanted He more? One thing will tell it you, final perseverant For it is written by one whose wor "Qui perseveraveritu sque ad fail not.

finem, hic salvus erit.' Father Clare saw it—saw it, trembled

and prayed.

As the benediction was given, many many prayers went up for the new comer. For the circumstances in which he came among them had touched all hearts. I love to linger over that first evening he came among us. It rises up in my mind with all the beauty of a clear, starlight night after the burning

heat of a hot summer's day. Carley was waiting by the church-door as Lascine left.

He whispered, quietly: "I waited to take you to Father Clare's room, and to

say good-night."
And they passed on, without another word, to Father Clare's room, and waited for him.
He came at last, the keys of the

class-rooms and the study-place hands. They heard him walking in his hands. slowly toward them through the corridors: the step seemed tired and slow; but, as he entered, and threw the keys on the table, and saw Edward Lasenie and Carley, the weary expression passed from his face, and he took off his great Roman cloak, and threw it lightly over his chair. As Carley shivered visibly, he said:
"What, Mr. Carley, shivering to-

night?" Yes. I find it cold, Father Clare,

even in my cloak."
"It is well we suffer cold and pain sometimes. The great Master did so from His birth. Thank God we suffer these things! They are the rounds of the ladder by which we climb to heaven." "What did you think of the benedic-tion to-night?" asked Carley of Lasheaven.'

"The music is beautiful; but the church of St. Augustine's Monastery seems warmer to me than the college-chapel. One has all the difference of Roman and Gothic, you see. But I shall like this chapel, after a time, better, I imagine. Gothic is cold this weather. But, as long as one has Our Lord there, the chapel matters

little."
"The Oxford chapels are Gothic, are they not, Mr. Lascine?"
Yes, Father Clare, that is the pre-

vailing architecture."
"I have long wished to go there to visit the old Catholic foundation of

'' You would visit a great many then, Father Clare. But we are not so far behind there, now, in Catholicism. We have Archbishop Laud's statue of Our Lady and the Holy Child over the unitary than the Unitary than the Holy Child over the Unitary than the Unitary than the U versity church-door, and all the E. C. V. men touch their hats as they pass. Then, at the churches of St. The and Cowley St. John, they have good doctrine taught." "Have you seen much of Dr.

for several months. He is a kind, good old man, and I have not any fault to find with him. He led me on to the very threshold of the Catholic Church, and stopped me at the supremacy of Peter."
"Did your other confessor help you

" He was my confessor-extraordinary

Pusey

over that?"
"No; but I was staying in Essex, with some high Puseyites, and I came across Allies's book, 'St. Peter, his

APRIL 18, 1903. Name and his office.' The

.. And Father Enson, yo confessor and director ?',
"He argued, and raved, and finally telegraphed to

Carley, excitedly:) did Father Ring do?"

"The telegram was sepeople; they returned if envelope; then the fawrote to Mr. Enson, sayin he immediately apologize tracted every thing he saplace the matter in the lawyer."

lawyer."
... And what answer can "And what answers But A full apology. But the conversation—I do no about myself." And, as this, a pained expression place. Father Clare saw i ignorant of it. "Let meask you a few n Lascine bit his under l

great effort to appear answered Carley in one v tainly, Mr. Carley." Did you know any Q " Was Paley in your o " No; but I have met " Will you tell me w

clique?"
Lascing's face flushed: ent examination ; but he Carley calmly: 'Yes were mostly Christ's Ch ians, one Oriel man, an so, and a Shimmery ma three Magdalen (Maud you know any one in shall be most glad to t were friends of mine."
" Did you know ' Lo
" Edward Lascine times, and calmly answ

been to my rooms. Father ing Lascine through ar sat silent during this co sat silent during this saw the effort made sustain it, and come to "I am sorry, Mr. C you, but the vice-rect the corridor, and told you more than twenty the time is up now." "Father Irving is s

" Father Irving laughingly returned F "Then I must g Father Clare; good-Father Clare and The silence was Clare commencing a classics. "You have read V

" All?" ' Horace's satires Ars Poetica?' "Yes, Father Clar to learn off, line t

Poetica. Do you remem Quæsitum est carm natura an arte : eg studium prosit, sine ingenium rude, sic opem alterius et cor "I remember it, begins at the four And what is yo " I should say

praise was made by of art; but the ide: n a more refined junction of art with " And do you ! might be written man, independent "Decidedly. I buried there, any bring it to the sur I am glad you

I tell you one

I am immensely ig pronunciation of

subject

would give me seems so odd, after iation. I shall attend the classes Well, we can is only an affair o Father Clare and took down gave to Lascine, And steadily a lesson progress finished, the price Mr. Lascine one thing as a f nore Witton, t

would like to go

that you have b own rooms in c comparatively eally, I think strict. You my parties, with a the bounds, lial upper schoolshilosophers. health dormitory is ve change from must not tampe in your case, I that you go in " Does it 1 from suffering, You have

> Monsignore W " But, then can I? Fathe be necessary. " Monsigne make that ob I will take yo private pupi class and do t " That may intensely goo more expens

without that.

now. Reme degenerated I believe, I l about a few accept my o Father Clar cine ; Edwa could not be