THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

AN IRISH PEASANT'S HOME.

I What a pity it should ever be made desolate

2

Cors is an island home. • orrs is an island home, Fann'd by the breeze; Ours is a highland home Up. 'mong the trees; • urs is an humble cot, High on the bill; • orrs is a fertile lot Down by the rill!

Perch'd like an eagle's nest, High in the air, On the rude mountain breast Freedom is there; Love in a sister's grace, Shines round the spot, Love in a mother's face-Beams thro' our cot!

Love in a brother's eye, Leve in a brother's eye, Bright as a star. Twinkling at eve on high-Twinkling afar; Love in a father's gaze-Beaming with light-Leve in each bappy phase Makes our home bright!

Selver the streamlets are, Verdant the vale, Furple the cliffs afar, Bintarity pale; Bine is the sky above, Hright is the sun, Thus do our joys and love Mingle and run!

Loud is the torrents' roar, Down from the rock ; Loud on the ocean shore Billows may shock; Loud is the tempest blast, Over the sky-Galm. when its rage is past, Calmness on high!

Soft is the summer breeze, Soft is the similar breez, Sweetly it sloge, And thro' the rocks and trees Pencefully rings, Ring out tue morning bell Calling to Mass; Echoes o'er hill and dell, Onward they pass!

Sweet is the mid-day chime. Sweet is the mid-day chine. Angelus notes, Sweeter at oven time, Mea-ured it floats; Monrnful the bell of death, Loud in its toll, Sounds with the dying breath "Pray for a soul!"

Brightly the summer sun, Golden his ray, B'er his grand course begun Heralds the day ; Red to the glowing West Bhines he at eve, Grimson his conch of rest, Deep in the waye!

Ours is an island home. Happy and fair: Inrs is a highland home Nune can compare; Gorgeous the scene may be, Humble the lot, Yet we are lond and free, Pance in our cot ! Peace in our cot !

JOSEPH K. FORAN. Green Park, Aylmer.

One Night's Mystery.

By May Agnes Fleming.

PART II.

GHAPTER VII.-CONTINUED.

"Oh, Dick, hush !' she cries out shrinking away; 'lon't, don't say another word. Oh, how stupid and blind I must have been! How sorry I am for this!'

'Sydney, are you going to send me away? Is there no hope for me? I know I am not worthy -----

'Worthy! Hush! hush!' she interrupts; it gives me pain to hear you. You are ost worthy, and I like you, but-not in that ₩**8У**.¹

'There is no hope for me, then?' Dick says, hoarsely.

you.' Why can you not? The description tallies exactly-tall, fair golden hair, blue eyes, a complexion of pearl, a slender, graceful figure; that is you, is it not?'

Star.'"

It is extremely kind of you to say so. Pray do not expect me to answer a question of that delicate nature.' (Oh, nonsense! And the man is in love

for the heroine of his new story, 'Fair as a

Star.'" Very complimentary to me—so compli-

with you-that is as much as the consuming passion he cherishes for himself will allow him. It is patent to the duliest observer.' 'I must be a very dull observer then, for it is by no means natent to me. Mr. Ernest Vandervelde Van Cuyler-that is his distinguished name in full is it not?---has certainly stooped from those heights of highand-mighty-dom whereon genius dwells, to honor me with his notice on several festive occasions. Overpowering as the honor is, I have survived it, as you see, and though it should be repeated to-morrow night, still hope to do so.

'Sydney,' says Katie, with real solemnity, answer me this: If Ernest Van Cuylerrich, aristocratic, talented, famous, handsome -asks you to marry him, will you say no ?" 'Katie,' responds Sydney, taking an easier position in her easy-chair, 'when Mr. Ernest Van Cuyler asks me, I will-answer Ernest

Van Cuyler. Now please spare my blushes.' 1 believe, after all, she is engaged to the baronet,' ruminates Kate Macgregor; 'she has refused Dick, and doesn't seem to care whether Lewis Nolan goes or stava. And unless she is engaged to Sir Harry, she never

in her senses would reject Van Cuyler.' For Ernest Vandervelde Van Cuyler was a great man in very many ways. The oldest of all Knickerbocker families was his, and it Mr. V. V. C. had a fault, it was that he was rather too fond of shinning up his genealogical tree.' The family homestead was as ancient as the first Dutch settlement of Manhattan, and that is blue blood surely in New York. He was rich-held, indeed, the purse of a Fortunatus. He was clever-his novel of 4 Hard hit,' two years before, had hit the public fancy; the press called it an American 'Pellham,' and predicted great things for this rising genius, and the rest of the press chopped it in vinegar, and the more they chopped the better the book sold. In addition to all these virtues, he was most unnecessarily good-looking—a tall, blonde, melancholy Hamlet, with cold, colorless eyes, and the general air of an exiled prince. A trifle self-conscious maybe, no end conceited, and looking out of those cold blue eyes of his upon all the delicate loveliness of New York belle-dom perfectly unmoved. They sharpened their toy bows and arrows, did those fair daughters of Gotham, and took aim often and well; but this gold-plumaged bird of paradise flew too high for their shooting. And it was Sydnoy Owenson who in her secret heart thought him a prig and a bore, at whose sbrine Prince Charming seemed at last inclined to bow.

It was carnival time; next week Lent would begin, and the last ball of the season was to be a very grand one. Miss Owensor in white lace-an imported dress fit for a lady-in-waiting, and pearls and creamy white roses, looked like a vision, and so Mr. Van Cuyler seemed to think. In a dignified and uplifted way he paid court to her all night. He was harder hit than even sharp sighted Katie suspected, and more then once-still uplifted-made an effort to obtain a private audience. But Sydney's intuitions were correct here, and she skilfully evaded it. Perhaps she thought one declaration in a week enough! Dick's dreary face made her miserable whenever she looked at it. Not that it would give her the same pain to refuse Mr. Van Cuyler, but refusing was tiresome and profitless work to one not brought up to the business. So, although the 'talented young author' did his best, made his attentions so

as if I accepted. But I cannot accept. I do not love you. I never can. Regretting that I should give you pain, ive days.' mentary that I am sorry I cannot agree with | that I should give you pain,

"I am, very sincerely your friend " SYDNEY OWENSON."

'P. S .- My decision is irrevocable. I trust you will not heedlessly pain us both by at-tempting to change it. S. O.'

CHAPTER VIII.

TWILIGHT IN LUCY'S ROOM.

AND now Miss Owenson is rid of all her lovers, Dick departs for the fighting ground of the South, and Ernest Van Cuyler disappears all at once, and is in Paris before he has been properly missed. He is a young man not used to the word No; and wounded pride, and hurt self-love, and mortified vanity, have perhaps as much to do with his chagrined flight as the tender passion. In the mysterious way these things get wind, it is whispered about in awe-struck undertones that Miss Owenson has rejected him, the parti of the season.

'Is she insane, I wonder ?' Mrs. Macgregor asks rather bitterly, 'to refuse Van Cuyler. For whom is she waiting-a prince of the roval blood ?'

For Aunt Helen is fiercely angry and disappointed, not that she has rejected Van Cuyler, but that she has rejected Dick.

More than even Katie suspects her mother bas counted on this match. To keep the Owenson shekels in the family, to pay her debts, to provide herself with a home for life free of cost and worry-that has been her dream.

The dream is at an end. Sydney has refused him, and the way out of her difficulties seemed as far off as ever. Her daughter is lisappointing her even more bitterly than her son; the winter campaign is ended, and Mr. Vanderdonck has left town, his own lord and master still. In a few months another season of expense and wateringplaces will begin.

Katherine was five-and-twenty last birthday, and is not growing younger with every passing year. She was one of the innumerable 'Martha's' of the world, 'troubled and anxious about many things,' and daily that austere Roman nose grew more and more austere, the cold blue eyes harder and more haggard, the crow's feet ploughed in deeper ridges, and her manner to her cousin's daughter as frigid as her great respect for that young lady's fortune would allow.

Sunday in the Macgregor mansion was at all times rather a dreary day-the Sunday following Dick's departure more than usually dreary. In the first place it rained, not a hearty down-pour, but a miserable, ceaseless chilling February drizzle, that blotted out heaven above and earth beneath, in a wet blanket of fog aud mist. Miss Owenson, who was somewhat of a devotee in the eyes of the family, arose early and went to church. Katie slept until noon, and came down, yawning and slipshod, to luncheon. It was a dismal meal; Aunt Helen's face looked cold, and gray, and hard as stone.

'Poor Dick! I wonder if they are fighting down there in this rain,' says Katie. What a desolate day Sunday is, and only last week they told us in the sermon, that heaven would be one perpetual Sabbath ! Sunday's rain is wetter, Sunday's cold colder, Sunday's heat hotter, and Sunday's blues bluer, than any other of the week.'

'Your mental thermometer has fallen since last night,' Sydney remarks. 'You were in wild, high spirits starting for Mrs. Holland's soirce musicale.'

4 Natural reaction, my dear. I am like a bottle of champagne, all fiz and sparkle overnight, dead flat next morning. And my last state is worse than my first. After all, I am balf glad the wear and tear of the season is over, and Lent at hand, to give us a chance to recruit. Even perpetual parties become a bore, the theatre monotonous, the opera a dreary delusion. Daily church-going will be liversion, and I don't mind fas

honor your preference does me quite as much wrote ; + and mother is famous for her Shrove forward and stands still. Lewis Nolan starts around, Lucy utters a cry ; Miss Owen-son, pale as ashes, trembling violently, comes forward.

'Poor little Lucy! Yes, I will go.' Syd-ney thought half remorsefully, why should any foolish teelings of my own keep me away since my going gives her pleasure? poor child, who has so few.' Ste,

She sent a brief word of acceptance with the messenger. In the afternoon she went with Katherine to return calls; in the evening she went with her cousin's party to the Academy. It was a more than usually bril-liant night-bows and smiles greeted them on every hand; Miss Owenson was a univer-

thought, with a half smile. 4 It seems I was mistaken. I shall never lack friends while I remain an heiress.

antecedents, is an adept in the polite art of self-repression. He holds himself well in even Synney cynical. She sat rather silent in the midst of her gay circle, lying listlessly hand now. back in her chair, her eyes fixed upon the stage and the singers. Presently Katie leaned forward, and spoke in a half whis-

Look, Sydney, there are the Graham fam That very stylish girl in the striped Sydney glanced across, and saw her large amused expression.

weighted as he is in the race of life.

'I understood Mr. Nolan was going to California to seek his fortune,' observed Katie.

'But if he finds the fortune ready made to his hand at home? Why go to California for

what he can get in New York? 'Why, indeed if he can get it, of which I am not at all sure. He is a friend of the Grahams, and has a passion for music, consequently Mrs. Graham makes him do escort duty for her husband. I do not believe there is anything between Miss Lincoln and -Sypney, they are bowing.' Mrs. Graham, sweeping the house with her

double-barrels, espied the cousins, and bowed. Then she spoke to her escort, and Mr. Nolan, glancing across, bowed in his turn. "What a very lovely face !" said Mrs. Gra-

ham's sister. Your description has not done Miss Owenson justice. Does she not make a picture, Mr. Nolan, as she sits there, with all that golden hair and that scarlet drapery? I never saw a sweeter face.'

About Miss Owenson's beauty there can has spoken little either of love, or rapture, or be no two opinions, is Mr. Nolan's answer. gratitude, as they linger here Long ago-'And as good as she is beautiful,' says enthusiastic Mrs. Graham :-- 'it is a heart of gold. There is a fascination about her that Owenson's side and gazes out at the starry darkness-the strong passions nature has won my heart at sight.' given him slipped their leash, and the memory of that time has dakened his whole after-

'Ah! but Mrs. Graham's heart is so very easily won,' says Nolan. 'And so very often,' says Mrs. Graham's

study since, has become second nature now, sister. 'I never pay any attention to Bella's rhapsodies ; she is always infatuated about has never hoped to win, and keeps those tursomebody; but really Miss Owenson justi- bulent emotions of joy and love well reined

tured the invincible Ernest Van Cuyler.

hood. And all Madison Avenue will bood. And all managed and the best metropolitan society will cry out that one of their has put them to shame. Ohi little princess, think of it in time. It is not yet against society. against society.

'That is a very eloquent outburst, <u>ur.</u> Nolan,' replies Miss Owenson, coolly; but as Notan, reprise into overses, course out as a rule elequent outbursts are thrown away on me. If you have been surprised into telling me you you care for me a little, and want to get out of it, please putit in plain words. If you tell me to kive you up, I will do it; if not, the rest of the world though it cried out to me with one voice is as nothing.'

'My own ! how can I ever prove my grati tude for this ?

By never saying such hateful things more. All New York can neither make nor mar my happiness, but you can with a word. All the wealth of the world, if I possessed it. would not weigh a feather-weight against my -love.'...

She speaks the last word in a shy whisper, as one not yet used to its sound. For two. and twenty years she has gone on her way, her heart her own, to lay it down humbly the calmness of voice and words, 'and in an here. She is sweetness, and nobleners, and generosity itself, but even yet this difficult truth. That I have learned to love you is at Mr. Nolan is not at rest, for he knows once my loss and my gain but knowing its she speaks of wealth and position with the hopelessness I never meant to pain you by grand disdain of one who has never known the knowledge. Now that by chance you the lack of either.

And now Mamma Nolan puts in her best black Sunday cap, and ca mly announces that the pancakes are ready, and will they please come down to tea, and at this descent. from sublimited sentiment to flap-jacks, all laugh

augh. • Dear me,' says Mrs. Nolan, ' what are you laughing at and what are you all doing in the dark? Lewis, I think you might have lit the lamp. It can't be pleasant for Miss Owenson to sit in darkness like an owl."

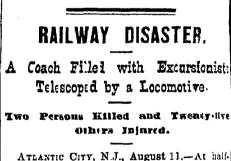
• I don't mind being an owl for a little while, Mrs. Nolan,' res onds Sydney, demurely. Mr. Nolan and I have been discussing society and creeds, and forgot that it was lamplight time.

Well, come down to supper,' says Mamma Nolan, innocently, 'Lewis, be very careful in carrying Lucy on the stairs.' For it is one of Lucy's test days, and she

is to go down stairs. The warning is not needed, no woman could be more tender of touch than is Lewis with his frail MY LIFS HAS FOUND WHAT SOME HAVE FOUND sister.

He carries her down to the cozy parlor, where fire and lamp make warmest light, and where china tea cups glisten, and an old sparkle, and a new moon glimmers like a silver tea-pot, the one relic of affluent days, sparkles, and where there are cakes, and coffee, and chickens, and ruby jellics and snowy bread, cold ham and hot pancakes, all tempting and nice. It is a delightful meal, lying back, her eyes upon them, her hands although Sydney finds to her surprise that she has no appetite, and her effort in the eat. ing way is only an effort to please her hostess. Lewis is rather silenf, but he looks wonderfully happy, even his mother notices, and her artless remarks on the subject make Miss Owenson blush. There is a ring in one of these pancakes, Mrs. Nolan gravely informs her company, whoever gets it is to be married before the year ends; and this blissfal symbol, the propitious Fates will, shall fall Miss Owenson.

(To be Continued.)



'I-I beg your pardon,' she says, in a gasp-ing volce, 'I did not mean to listen. But I caught my name and-----She comes over to Lucy's side ; and takes the two hands, imploringly held out, in hers, and clasps them hard. 'You have heard,' Mr. Nolan asks, quite white with the shock of his surprise. (All. Oh | forgive me. Indeed I did not

upon the carpet pattern.

forgive me, I am sure.

triumphantly at her brother.

IT is half-an hour later.

what does this mean ?'

only asks that.

then, after all ?'

her friend.

Lewis Nolan, in spite of the poverty of his

'My sister has been trying to overthrow

my resolution of going away next month,' he

says, but the deadly pallor of his face belies

uncontrollable moment I have told her the

have heard, if it does pain you, you will still

She stands silent. 'Forgive him!' He

'Have I indeed offended you?' he says

coming nearer. 'Shall we not part friends,'

Part? She cannot bear that. She sinks

lown on her knees, and lays her face against

'Tell him, Lucy,'-clinging to Lucy's

hands-' you know." And Lucy laughs softly at the little com-

dy of errors, and holds her close, and looks

'Miss Owenson!' he cried-'Sydney,

'Oh, stupid Lewis!' Lucy laughs; 'how

blind men are! It means you are not to go to Sacramento-that is all.'

CHAPTER IX.

SO SWEET."

Twilight, pale and gray, has given place

tonight; outside the frost February stars

broken silver ring. Inside, the red glow of the fire still fitfully lights the room, and

lingers on the two figures standing at the

ivy-wreathed window, and on Lucy Nolan

clasped, praying, perhaps, but with a face of

infinite content. For the two persons most

interested, they just stand here and say very

little. They have said very little in the past

half hour, but Sydney knows that the desire

of her heart is here. And Lewis Nolan

knows, that what in his wildest moments of

hope he never dared hope for, what Ernest

Van Cuyler has vainly sought, is his. And

among all the elect of Mammon, whom the

news will probably shock and amaze, not one

will be more honestly surprised than is at

this moment the happy man himself. He

he is thinking of it as he stands by Sydney

life. The power of self-repression, his life-

and he stands beside the beautiful woman he

mean to listen----' ' Forgive you !' he repeats, mastering himself by an effort. 'But you will do me the justice, I am sure, to believe I would not wilsal favorite in society. 'I said yesterday I had no friends,' she fully have pained you by this avowal. She stands silent, but her color is coming and going, her breath quick, her eyes intent

'Evil communications,' etc. Five months of Katherine Macgregor's society was making

per:

ily. opera-cloak and with the scarlet camelias is Mrs. Graham's sister. And—positively, yes —Lewis Nolan is with them. I thought he had left this wicked world altogether of late." friend, Mrs. Graham, as usual, in loudly swearing colors, and by her side an extremely graceful and rather fragile-looking girl, in an opera wrap of distinguished hues. Leaning across Mrs. Graham's chair was Lewis Nolan, his eyes upon the prima donna of the night evidently absorbed in the music. The young lady leaned back in her chair, and addressed him with a coquettish smile. He bent his tall head to catch her remark with an

'What!' exclaimed a gentleman of Mis Macgregor's party, 'is Nolan going in for Nellie Lincoln? I never thought of it before, but the whole thing would arrange itself beautifully. She is Graham's sister-in-law her family have both money and influence With his talents all he wants is a push upward, and if he does not get the push, even his talent will find it up hill work, heavily

Nonc. I am sorry-sorrier than sorry but yon must never speak to me of this again.' There is blank silence for a little. Dick

stands and stares at a picture on the walla simpering young person, in a short red petticpat and white boddice, about to wade, barefooted, across a very little brook. And months after, in misty moonlight nights, lying beside his bivouac fire, smoking his short, black pipe, and looking up at the shining, Virginia stars, Captain Macgregor sees the simpering young person in the short petticoat, with a curious sensation that she is the cause of the sharp hot pain that goes with the memory.

'Dick,' Sydney falters at last, looking up, with tears in her eyes, and touching wistfully his arm-'dear Dick, you are not angry ?

'Angry,' he answers in an odd, hushed sort of voice. 'No, God bless you, Sydney ?'

He goes abruptly, drawing a deep breath and presently the street-door bangs after him; and Sister Katie, on the watch-tower, knows that he has gone out to cool off, and has put his fate to the touch, to win or lose it all-and has probably lost. For Dick's success his sharp-sighted sister has had no hope from the first.

Miss Owenson's sympathies have ever been quick, but just at present she is more than ordinarily capable of sympathy for Dick. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind? The surprise of this evening has been a most distressing one. The mystery of Captain Dick's gloom is solved, but Sydney would have greatly preferred it had ever remained a mystery.

"To-morrow night is the night,' says Miss Macgregor, sauntering in--- 'a big night with fate for me; for it's my intention to bring things to a focus with Mr. Vanderdonck. The old gentleman has been rather backsliding lately-rather inclined to shift his allegiance to the Widow Chester. I hate widows.'

'Yes, they are dangerous; we never needed Mr. Weller to tell us that,' laughs Sydney. But pray remember Mr. Vanderdonck was fidelity itself until you set him the example by paying attentions to Mr. Van Cuyler.

And Mr. Van Cuyler ignores me for you. Mr. Vanderdonck goes over to the enemy, and Lewis Nolan goes to foreign parts.

"Was there ever a maid in all this world So crossed in love as I?"

sings Katherine, lugubriously, and with piercing look at Sydney.

But Sydney's face baffles her; it lies back, pale and rather spiritless against her blue cushioned chair.

'What is that you are reading? Oh! the Phenix Monthly and Van Cuyler's new novel. How do you like it ?'

'As well as most novels. They are all alike-with a difference,' Sydney responds rather listlessly. 'They all sing the same song of woman's peerless beauty, man's deathless devotion, or vice versa, with a proper symphony of jealousy, heroism, total depravity. or superbuman self-abnegation.'

'But they set the song to different tunes,' says Katherine; "and Van Cuyler's is like himself, stately and slow. Do you know what I believe?'

'Your beliefs are so man, y my dear Katie

pronounced that he who ran might read, Miss Owenson, with the calm generalship which comes naturally to women, outmanneuvred every move. Not once could Mr. an Cuyler find himself alone with her.

But next day at luncheon there lay beside her plate a letter, in almost illegible chirography.

'Are you certain it is for me ?' says Sydney, eyeing it dubiously, and trying to decipher her own name. 'If it were a doctor's dun, or a lawyer's bill, the writing could not be worse.'

'Or an author's autograph,' says Katie, maliciously. 'Hand it here. To be sure -' Miss Sydney Owenson,' anybody might read it-after studying it ten minutes. Monogram in scarlet and gold, 'E V. C.' all quips and quirls-pale gray wax, with a coat arms, and a motto in one of the dead languages.

'Irish maybe,' suggests Dick. It is his last day home, and no one smiles at the ghostly attempt.

Sydney put it quietly in her pocket. In stinctively she felt what it contained, felt that it was a letter nut to be read here. Luncheon ended, she went up stairs and opened Mr. Van Cuyler's elegant epistle : CLARENDON HOTEL, Feb. 6th, 18-

MY DEAR MISS OWENSON"

That much Sydney could make out without much difficulty, but the rest-Fortunately it was pot long; authors as a rule, whatever their sins, are seldom guilty of long letters. This was three small pages, no more. Conscientiously Sydney set herself to the task, half-an-hour to each page, and by dint of skipping a word here, guessing a word there, reached the end at last. It his writing In spite of her riches how poor she was after was bad, his English was good; in the most courtly and grandoise manner Mr. Van Cuyler told the tale of his love and asked Miss Owenson to become his wife.

Sydney sighed a little as she laid it down. After all, to win the affections of such men as Sir Harry Leonard and Ernest Van Cuyler was an honor. Why was it she could feel no answering affection for either? Why was it that erratic heart of hers, untouched all these years, had gone at last, unasked, to a man whom the world would have called beneath her?---a man far lesss handsome, and no more talented than Van Cuyler, with neither name nor fortune to offer her? Why did she care for him? Why did his face haunt her so persistently, his voice sound ceaselessly in her ear, his most careless words linger in her memory? Why did she not forget him? What was there in him or about him, beyond other men, that he and he alone should have power to disturb her peace?

"Curious love bestill--Is human love the growth of human will ?"

Surely not, for Sydney Owenson had never willed to fall in love with Lewis Nolan. That very night Mr. Van Cuyler received his answer; next morning he departed from New York; a week later, and on a Havre steamer he was half-way across the Atlantic. Perhaps the author of "Hard Hit" and "Fair as a Star " was right-there can be no more effectual remedy for love-sickness than sea- | and make up her mind to life as she found sickness. It was a short answer, too, to send

a man on so long a journey : (DEAR MR. VAN CUYLER: Your letter has Lucy Nolan.

"I believe that Van Cuyler has taken you | touched me deeply; believe me I feel all the | "To-morrow is Shrove Tuesday,' Lucy

ung on rock fish and oysters. Apropos of the opera will you go to hear 'Il Puritani ' in the Academy to-morrow night ?

'Yes-no-I don't know, I will be better able to tell you when to-morrow night comes." Sydney answers wearily.

The weather, the change in Mrs. Macgregor, or something, is producing its effect on Miss Owenson's splendid vitality and spirits. To-day she looks pale and fagged, listless and dreary, and the moment luncheon ends goes back to her own room.

'It's my opinion, madre moi,' says Kutie, taking up a novel and glancing carelessly at her parent, 'that if that Spartan severity of manner of yours doesn't thaw out, Sydney Owenson will take wings one of these days and fly back to her English friends. You see she is not used to that sort of thing : she has lived in an atmosphere of petting all her life, and doesn't understand it. Miss Owenson was one of those weak characterless creatures who never scold and make everybody about them miserable for their good, and Syd ney naturally doesn't take to it now. merely throw out the suggestion. mamma: you will continue to act of course as your superior wisdom may suggest.'

Then, novel in hand, placidly ignoring her mother's irritated reply, Katherine saunters away to read until dinner.

Katherine was right; Sydney was half meditating a flight across the ocean. Low spirits rarely, almost never, attacked her ; her nature was thoroughly strong, sunny, and inclined to 'serve the Lord with a cheerful heart;' but she was miserably out of sorts to-day. How unkind of Aunt Helen to visit all, fatherless, motherless, homeless-alone. She closed her eyes, and leaned her head in a tired way against the back of her chair. If she could only have said ' Come' to Sir Harry Leonard, and sailed away with him to the dear, romantic old Cornish house, where cold looks and icy speeches would never have em- | control nor power left. There are some face is radiant. bittered her life. And yet how could she go back now?

'If mamma had not sold Owenson Place I might return there, find some nice old lady to keep house for me, and have a home, a real home, a home of my own at last. Or if I could find Cyrilla Hendrick-dear old Cy | sweet? -we might start off to Italy and be free and happy in the gypsy, rambling way poor mamma and I lived so long.'

The rain beat and pattered against the glass all day and Sydney sat homesick and lonesome. She had felt from the first that this house could never be home, her relatives never friends. She was convinced of it now. To be in Lucy Nolan's little white chamber. with Lucy's gentle face to make her patient, Lucy's tender voice to soothe her sorrows, would have been comfort; but Sunday was his day home, and on Sunday she never went.

Sunday ended, and Monday morning's sunshine and bustle dissipated the vapors. After all, what was she that life should not bring its dark days? She must take the bittor with the sweet, like the rest of the world,

Monday morning brought a note from

'So it is said,' Nolan answers. Cuyler's taste is excellent.'

'I wonder if there is anything in that, Sydney?' Katie remarks as they go home; 'I wonder if Lewis Notan is really epris of Nellie Lincoln? As Major Lloyd said a little while ago, it is just the start in life he wants.

He could not do better.' . 'Let us hope that it is so, then,' Sydney glances shyly up in her tall lover's face. responds, serenely. 'Whatever good fortune befall him, I am quite sure it is deserved.'

Katie looks at her earnestly; she is shrewd, but she is baffled , 'No,' she thinks, 'she does not care. She never could look like that if she did.'

An influx of callers next day detained Sydney in the drawing-room until quite late. It was half-past four before she could make ber escape and change her dress to visit Lucy. She was feverishly eager to go-perhaps there she would hear whether there

were any truth in this new rumor or 10. She rode to her destination, but it was nearly six before she reached the house. Lucy would be waiting, would think she did not mean to come, and she burried in opening

the house door without knocking. She looked into the parlor-no one there. She turned and ran lightly up to Lucy's room. In the doorway she paused, struck by the picture before her. Coming darkness shadowed the little chamber, the fire in the grate all. had burned low and cast fitful gleams over

was Lucy's brother. Neither saw her from chained her to the spot.

'Sydney Owenson,' he was saying in an intense tone of concentrated fe-ling. 'Yes, Lucy, you have guessed the truth. It is because I dare not see her that I avoid her, because I have no trust in my own strength temptations a man can face, defy, and tram-

ple under foot-there are others from which flight is the only salvation. This is one.' 'I have suspected this,' Lucy said. ' Who could see her and not love her, so lovely, and so lovable, so true and tender, and

'And so far above us. She does not suspect my presumptuous folly?'

'I think not. I am sure not. But, Lewis is it such presumptuous folly? I know she is very wealthy, and of a very proud family; but is more wealth, then, such an insuperable barrier? Why not tell her at least before sence.' you go? It is only fair she should have a He l voice in the matter, since you go on her account. She is so gentle, so good, she would not look upon it as presumptuous folly even put things before you very plainly-ob, very tf she refused you-

· Even if she refused me,' Lewis repeats world is so limited, Lucy, but even you can hardly doubt that. She is surrounded by suitors of a beauty and fortune equal to her own, and Van Cuyler, surrounded by a glamor of fame, at their head. Nothing succeeds like success. Van Cuyler will win her, and I-will carry the crowning madness of my life with me to Sacramento, and in new scenes and hard work live it down.'

The snell is broken. Sydney makes a sten

is eyes have told her all she asks to know. past six this evening, the second section of Sydney,' he says, and the name comes as an excursion train which left Atlantic City at 'Mr. Van his eyes have told her all she asks to know.

naturally to his lips as though they had six o'clock, ran into the first section, telescop spoken it for years, 'Mrs. Macgregor will ing the rear car, and killing two persons an never consent. dow frame, her eyes fixed on that broken,

little yellow moon, smiles dreamily, and, Will she not? Very likely. But it doesn't matter, does it? A second cousin is

-well, a second consin: I am not sure that her consent or approbation signifies.' He smiles at the easy air and tone of utter

indifference. 'But I am afraid it does, my little princess. You are making a very shocking mesalliance, run on the siding to allow the passage of the stooping very low in stooping to me. Do you not know that.'

'I did not before. You should know best, however. I bow to your superior wisdom, Mr. Nolan.

'Ah! it is no laughing matter. Mrs. Macgregor's house is your home ; she can make it very unpleasant for you, Sydney'

Sydney knows that; Mrs. Macgregor has made it excessively unpleasant for her already.

'And you have no other home. Do you know, my princess, that rich as you are, you are not as well off as other girls after

'I am to-night,' she answers, so softly, everything. Lucy sat in her accustomed and with a glance that thrills his inmost place, and leaning over the back of her chair heart.

'If I only had a home.' he says. drawing a their position, both were absorbed, and it was | tense breath ; 'a home, no matter how inferior her own name, uttered by Lewis Nolan, that to what you have been used, to offer you. I would take you from them at once. But I have not; I can offer you nothing.'

'Except yourself. Oh ! Lewis, I ask nothing in all the world beside.¹

They clasped hands, and again there is silence; one of those long, delicious blanks that I shun her presence. If I met her that are better than words. But the cloud oftener than I do, I would have neither self- still lingers on the young man's brow : her

'I suppose you know, Sydney, that you will be set down as the prey of a fortunehunter. And very naturally, too, when a pauper aspires to a princess what other motives can actuate the pauper than mercenary ones ?'

'Lewis,' says Sydney, and the way in which she utters her lover's name for the first time is a caress in itself, 'don't be disagreeable, please. What does it matter to you or to me what all the world says? You are the only one who will have the impertinence to repeat such a thing in my pre-

He laughs, then sighs.

'I am not so sure of that. Mrs. Macgregor will consider it her duty and her privilege to plainly indeed. She will tell you-what is true-that I am beneath you in every way. with a laugh. 'Your knowledge of the That while you were born to the purple, I was born a newsboy: that while you walked in silk attire, and siller had to spare, I swept offices and ran errands; that while you reigned 'queen, lily, and rose in one,' in a fashionable boarding-school, I was cducated by the bounty of her brother; that while you are an heiress, and of the salt of the earth, I am an out-at-elbows Bohemian, fighting my way inch by inch, obscure, unknown to fame, with a mother and sister who sew for a liveli-

injuring about twenty-five others. The pa Sydney, leaning lightly against the win-low frame. her even fixed on that broken, 5.30 express from Camden at midnight, give the following account of the disaster :- The excursion train consisted of twenty-six cars sixteen in the first and ten in the second sec tion. The train was filled with St. Ann's Catholic excursionis's from Kensington Philadelphia. The first section left this city at six o'clock, and the second followed soon after. When the first section reached Mary' Landing the engineer slowed and started t 5.30 express from Camden. All the cars had passed the switch except two, when the second section came thundering on behind The engineer of the latter se tion whistled down brakes as he approached the switch but when the brakes were applied they failed to work, owing to their being wet, and the rear locomotive crashed into the last car of the first section, telescoping it and causing a fearful wreck. As the locomotive forced it way into the car, the cylinder heads were forced open, and dense clouds of steam poured through the cars, scalding nearly every passenger in it. In an instant there was a scene of fearful excitement. The sound of hissing

steam and the shricks of the terrified passengers were blended and carried through the cars, striking terror to the hearts of all. The crowded cars were speedily emptied, and every effort made to aid the wounded. The express train arrived just as the accident oc-

curred, and the passengers from it also hurried to render assistance. The work of removing the injured was immediately begun and medical aid summoned. The wounde were taken to neighbouring houses. The

best cars of the express train were switched off and fitted up as hospitals, and attached to the excursion train. In these were placed the least injured, and the train went on to Philadelphia. Physicians from Camden, who came down on the wrecking train that was telegraphed for, forbid the removal of a number of the injured, who still remain at May's Landing.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the TRUE WITNESS.

DEAR SIR,-You will oblige me by inserting the following returns of our Society's semi-annual election :

Father Matthew's Total Abstinence As sociation of Almonte: Revd. Father Coffey Revd. Director; John O'Rielly, President; M. McAuliffee, 1st Vice-President; P. J Doherty, 2nd Vice-President ; M. Nolan, Se cretary ; J. Stafford, Assistant-Secretary ; I Daly, Treasurer. Committee of Management-Messrs. D. Malone, D. Maher, P. Delaney, Dowdall, R. O'Sullivan, J. E. Bouchil, E Letang, I. Letang, A. Maddon.

Yours truly, JOHN O'RIBLLY.

Almonte, August 9th, 1880.

"No, Algernon, dear, I say that the boy shall not be brought up on the bottle. Look at its grandpa's nose."