LASCINE.

BY AN OXFORD MAN.

CHAPTER VI.

OXFORD—CHRIST CHURCH.

Oxford, mighty old city, glorious Shrine of St. Frideswide, one of Old England's many crowns, how dear art thou to many a heart! There the life-friendships are formed; and, through life, the remembrances of thine alumni cling to thee. Flourish on, dear old city! flourish ever, Mother of Youth! Flourish on, thou seat of learning, and send out still, as thou hast done, many a strong brain and heart, fully fitted to grapple with life's hard lessons!

How many happy remembrances crowd over me as I write thy name! "The High," "the old rooms in Christ Church," "the loving, youthful faces of my youth, of my young life's friendship." And still from those embers of the fast-burning fire of the past rise high and noble aspirations, lofty and holy thoughts. Standing on the mountain-summit of life, we gaze down into its valleys—how distant they appear!—and we wonder how we have gained the summit; the broad valleys, the deep ravines, the rushing chasms, the streams—how we have passed all this—how stand we where we are! I know not; but I love to dream and think it is through St. Fridewide's protection, and the education given within the cathedral limits of the bright old city of Oxford.

The morning sun was gleaming over the "quods" of Christ Church, and lighting up the widows of the cathedral. The clear, deep light of autumn in England. A bracing wind was blowing, just enough to give a man of good appetite. It was such a morning when one feels one's spirits rising to the happy medium and beyond. It was the chapel-hour in Christ Church, and a surplice-day. So most of the students were at the cathedral morning prayer. The "scouts" were hurrying to and fro in the rooms, busing getting the breakfasts from the buttery, and the aged bedmakers were, as usual, in a state of fearful excitement lest Mr. So-and-so should swear because his rooms weren't done, and the rooks were flying merrily as ever in the grounds—those "old ancient" of Christ Church whom one looks on complacently for tradition's, or rather old acquaintance' sake.

But let us hasten to the rooms of the Honorable Ernest Trevyllian. We needn't knock, for he is away in chapel. His rooms are on the first floor. Well, he can afford it; he father is a peer, and rich as Croesus. Can we judge of the man by the room, I wonder? Let us leave the blazing fire, and sit down in this embrasure, and, vulgarly speaking, "take stock." The rich, heavy carpet under our feet attracts us as our feet sink into the moss like fabric. A dark, crimson groundwork, with a wreath of white lilies seemingly cast here and there. Heavy crimson-velvet curtains shade our embrasure and the windows, while, underneath, the costly lace curtains, yet unremoved, peep out. Under the windows are flower-stands, with fresh exotics. The chairs, table, and piano-case, are of the same Gothic as the room, and padded with rich velvet, to match the carpet. On the mantel stands a triptych of dark walnut-wood. Let us open it. What do we expect to see—a figure of some beautiful girl, his betrothed, perhaps? Oh, no. There stands the Crucifixion in all its grandeur, and, at the foot of the cross, clasping it in agony, the gloriously-beautiful upturned face of the Magdalen; and the Mother of Christ, her blue mantle sweeping the rocky ground, is weeping bitterly. St. John, too, stands there, sharing in that general sorrow. But we must not stay. Yet, as we close the triptych, engraven on the rocky Calvary, something catches our eye: "E. T. Remember here. E. L. *Oremus pro invicem.*" On the corners of the mantel rest massive candelabra; while, above, an oil-painting of Dore's "Christian Martyrs." On the opposite side of the room stands a bracket, with a figure of the Holy Mother in Parian marble, a bookcase, crowded with the newest publications, and the open piano, with its music-stand well-filled. One thing strikes us, though—a lectern of oak, which, for its ancient Gothic faithfulness, might have stood by the bedside of the Venerable Bede as, in weak and dying accents, he made his translation of the Gospel of St. John. And the breakfast table, adorned with fresh exotics, and rich with all the luxuries in season, is set for four. But he is long in coming. Let us enter the bedroom. A pale-blue Brussels carpet, with some fantastic pattern, white satinet paper, and light curtains round the windows, a crucifix over the bed, a small altar in a recess, the toilet-table, with its many excellences, and all the paraphernalia Pool turns out in the shape of a fashionable wardrobe lying scattered on the chairs; pictures of a gentle, high-bred lady on the wall, evidently the mother of the owner, and a fierce, handsome haughty man, perhaps the father. The costly jeweled timepiece on the mantel informs us that the hour advances swiftly. Let us hasten to the embrasure, taking to ourselves the invisible boots of the hero of the children's book. Well we did so! Steps sound in the quod. We can hear a voice through the door.

"Good-morning, old man: you must be hungry?"

"Yes, Maurice, I am."

"By Jove! where is Trevyllian?"

"Oh, he won't be long; he stopped to the special Celebration of Dr. Pusey."

"Well, let's go in, at all events."

"Bravo! one of Burnands."

Reader, I present you Lord Cecil de Grey, and the Hon. Maurice Ashley. Cecil de Grey, a tall, handsome young fellow of nineteen, broad shouldered, with dark hair and eyes, and an expressive face. As he throws his white surplice on one side, one sees the breadth of his shoulders and the graceful form. Maurice Ashley is tall, but his face is not so handsome as De Grey's—the nose is too large and the mouth too sensual—but the figure is good and the toilet irreproachable.

"I say, De Grey, I always feel like a church rather churchified, in Ernest Trevyllian's room."

"Probably, Ashley, he has changed since you knew him, and altered his rooms, too."

"Yes; but who told you?"

"Some Oriel men. I breakfasted there yesterday—a champagner at Vincent's."

"Well, as you know, I may as well tell you some more. Ernest Trevyllian was awfully fast. Well, I sigh over the alteration. Then, I could tell you of a pretty villa residence not far from Oxford, and a fairy who dwelt there. By Jove! what trouble he expended on that house, d——n it, he did! Blue-satin walls—such couches—such costly arrangements! Then his horses! What horses he kept! Every man envied him. This went on four terms then he changed. Villa demolished—room altered—man changed, d——n it, changed fearfully. But I like him for the old reveler he was."

De Grey started. "What changed him, Ashley?"

"You been here, d——n it, yes, two terms, and ask what changed him? Why, Edward Lascine to be sure. Poor Lascine, what a devilish fascinating fellow he was!"

"Yes, Trevyllian and he were immense chums," said De Grey, musingly; "no wonder Lasine changed him. No one could associate with Lascine and not model one's self on him. *Me viola*, one example."

"You, you outrageous old vagabond! you are not worthy to utter his name."

"Well, if I'm not. You are right, Trev. is his model. This room is the fac-simile of Lascine's."

"Excepting the bedroom."

"I was never in Lascine's bedroom, but men have told me of its asceticism."

"One would not judge so by the window-garden outside."

"Oh, no; those creepers were to hide what passed within. Father Enson has hinted of strange doings—strange penances we should not understand."

"Well, old boy, men may say what they will of Ed. Lascine; devil as I glory in being, I admire him, and I admire Trev. for following his example; but I hope Trev. will never be a Catholic—I mean a real Roman."

De Grey smiled. "I fear he means following Lascine. This is the first time he has given a breakfast since Ed went away. By Jove! how miserable it looks with the old fellow's vacant place there."

"Yes, it does; but don't talk about it, though. It makes me feel miserable that our set has lost such a jolly fellow."

"So it does me. Enson is the only one sharp on him—he preached about it last Sunday evening. Trev. was there, and knew whom he meant, and vows he'll never go near the church again."

"What has become of Lascine?"

"I don't know, but he is sure to be a Roman Catholic priest."

"God help poor Mrs. Lascine! It will kill her. Last Christmas we had a real jolly time there, and she dotes on him."

The door slowly opened, and Mason appeared with Trevyllian's letters.

"What time breakfast, Mason?"

"In ten minutes, sir, is the time ordered."

"Thanks. Letters for me, Mason?"

"No, sir."

The scout left the room, and De Grey, turning to Ashley, asked if he really knew of Lascine's doings since he had left the university.

"Yes, my dear old soul, I do; he has been staying at St. Augustine's Monastery in town."

"Then it is a miracle if he does not become a priest. Father Ring, who was in the army, I have often heard the guv. speak of, and he says that his eloquence and goodness are irresistible. Now if he makes that eloquence bear on Ed—well, it will be a miracle, indeed, and we will have to bid good-by forever to the dearest old fellow that ever breathed."

"Don't let's speak about it—it makes me feel bad. If you promise not to do so, I'll tell you a miracle-tale I heard in Ireland. Devilish witty, those Irish. Well, this we'll call theological definition of a priest. He had been preaching on miracles one Sunday, and was asked by one of the congregation going home for a more lucid definition of miracles. 'Is it a miracle you want to understand?' asked the priest. 'Yes, yer riv'rence.' 'Then walk on in front of me, and I'll think how I can explain it.' The man walked on, and the priest came behind him, and gave him a d——d great kick. 'Why do ye do that?' roared the parishioners. Did you feel it?' said the priest. 'To be sure I did,' replied the poor devil. 'Well, then, remember this: it would have been a miracle if you had not.'"

The two fellows, shrieking with laughter, and holding their sides, were disturbed by the entrance of Honorable Ernest Trevyllian and the Marquis of Marle.

"What a row you fellows are making! Tell us the joke. And you have been playing some joke on old Stumbles, my bed-maker. She cannot find her keys anywhere."

"O Trev," said Ashley, "we only did her a favor. Fearing some one would steal the keys, we put them in that ungodly big pitcher of milk. Poor old devil, she'll hunt for them all day."

"You are as incorrigible as ever," said Trevyllian, as he puts his head outside the door, and shouted, "Stumbles look in your milk!"

"Now for a joke," cried Marle.

While the story is repeated, we scrutinize our men.

Ernest Trevyllian, nearly six feet high, a clear, beautiful complexion, real Grecian features, but with dark-gray eyes and black eyebrows and hair. As he threw off his surplice, and hung it with Marle's at the back of the door, the exquisite contour of his figure, and his good taste in dressing, make themselves remarked — the lavender-cloth trousers, falling gracefully over his small feet, and the pilot-coat of stylish black serge, contrasting with the clear complexion. The only jewelry he wore was one snake-ring, in which glittered a diamond of great value. Marle was not so tall, but with a real Saxon face. The light flaxen hair parted down the centre of his head. The complexion was very fair, almost womanish, but the manly, determined expression, and the great muscles swelling out on his arms, proclaimed him a boat-racing man, and a man whom Oxford since has gloried in.

"Has Mason been in?"

"Oh, yes, Trev., and we asked what time breakfast, and he said ten minutes."

"Will you fellows let me read my letters?"

"Yes, if you won't be beastly long."

"Well, I won't. By Jove!"—and Trevyllian started—"a letter from Edward Lascine."

Silence fell over the room, broken by Marle:

"Remember, Trev. we are eager for news of him."

But Trevyllian did not hear—he had gone into his bedroom, and the door was closen. Let us glance over his shoulder and read.

St. Osmund's College, St. Cecelia.

"My very dear Trev. All is over; my lot has fallen in pleasant places. I have chosen to enter the priesthood. I left St. Austin's Monastery as soon as possible to settle straight down to hard work in a Catholic college. Deep, hard penance must atone for the past, and place me in the lowly posture of the Magdalene. She was wandering, and soiled with the deepest stains. But, gaze now, dear Trev. That stainless white flower, that trophy of His mercy, rests on His dear bosom in a blaze of heavenly light. Surely we, too, may hope. It has pained me much leaving Oxford and the dear old fellows; of course, things are different here. No news from home. I am forbidden to write and go there; even 'the mother' may not write to me. That I am doing right, I am sure; for the Divine Master has said, 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is worthy of me.' You know my opinion on all subjects. With you, now, continuing your hard reading and prayer, we shall soon again be kneeling at the same altar.

"Think of me often as kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament praying for you.

Ever your friend,
"E. LASCINE."

The next letter was from Mrs. Lascine—very short:

Treven Manor, Nov. 18th.

"Dear Mr. Trevyllian:—As you were Edward's greatest friend, you may hear from him now and again. Let me hear how he is, without his knowledge. Mr. Lascine considers it best no one from home should communicate with him. We shall be pleased to welcome you for a few days at Christmas. With kindest regards to Lord and Lady Frances.

Believe me,
"Very sincerely yours,
MAUDE LASCINE."

"Haughty and proud as ever, but wounded to the quick. Poor dear old Ed, I wish I had the strength to do as he has done! In spite of every thing, I know he is right." Sharply Ernest Trevyllian bit his lip, not caring to acknowledge, even to himself, what he felt. A pained expression rested over the eyes; the forehead wrinkled slightly in thought; but he tossed the other letters on one side, and opened the door leading into the sitting-room. "I hope you fellows will excuse me; it was awfully rude of me leaving the room, but I couldn't help reading my letters just then."

No allusion was made to Lascine. The pained expression on Ernest Trevyllian's face was gone, or rather hidden under his kind manners. Every one seemed to have made a effort, and the usual mirth and jollity prevailed. Mason was there bringing in the entrees, and the sparkling ale was frothing over the silver tankard, refilled as it passed from mouth to mouth. Ashley's wit was at the keenest. De Grey was sarcastic and amusing as ever. Marle's thoughts were running in the same groove as Trevyllian's and each tried to hide it from the other.

"Who votes for pulling down to Iffy?"

"I vote we all go," said Marle.

"Wait until you dip your beaks in my last batch of champagne."

"Willingly—readily—decidedly."

"Echo of echoes," 'decidedly,'" chimed in Ashley.

"What would old Enson say to us now if he looked in?"

"I guess he would be like the guardian angel in the story of 'The Irish Priest,'" said Ashley. "The priest told his parishioner that 'every time he went to a public-house his guardian angel stood weeping outside the door.' 'Bedad,' said Pat, 'if he had a sixpence, he would soon slip in behind me!' So would Enson."

Chorus: "Shame! shame! shame!"

"You fellows, I want all to come to a Wine at my rooms at eight."

"Marle, dear old fellow, excuse me; I am fearfully engaged to-night. Really I can't come," said Trevyllian.

"He is going to be like Thomas a Kempis," said De Grey, "pretending some one is waiting for him in his cell" (pointing to the bedroom).

"Oh, fie! for shame! Shocking!" laughed Ashley and Lord Cecil de Grey, "to imply such a thing!"

Marle, almost choking, replied: "I vote that the Honourable Maurice Ashley be considered a beast, and when he imbibes champagne, be excluded from our company."

Ernest Trevyllian looked very grave.

"I only wish I had any likeness to Thomas a Kempis. I shall endeavor, like him, to make 'Silence my friend, Labor my companion, and Prayer my auxiliary.'"

"You will be a Roman yet, Trev. Although I do make fun of your piety, it's only to keep you from that."

"I shall do what God wills, Maurice."

Even Maurice the noisy quietened after this.

"Where are you fellows going to stay this Christmas?" asked Marle.

"I go to Lord Todmorden's," said De Grey.

"I to my paternal purgatory," said Ashley.

"And you, Trev?" asked Marle.

"I spend my Christmas with the Lascines at Treven Manor."

"Will Ed. be there?"

"No," was the short reply.

"Do you know," said De Grey, "old Lascine will not let him touch a thing in his rooms, even his clothes? He has written to Eason, telling him he would rather have followed Ed. to the grave than see him a Catholic, and that he has cut off his allowance to fifty pounds a year. Imagine Ed. the elegant on on fifty pounds! Poor devil! Why, it wouldn't pay a fellow's cigar-bill."

"Ed has many friends, and won't want," said Trevyllian; "besides, he has no need now to lead such a swell life; so he hasn't need of so much allowance."

"That's true; but, anyway, Ed. Lascine would be content in sackcloth and ashes."

"And the Honorable Maurice Ashley would be content in a champagne-bin or a stable."

"You may take your oath of it, gentlemen."

Thus the conversation rushed on, boisterous and sober by degrees; but we must leave it here; so, gentle reader, imagine you see our friends on the bosom of the broad Isis, pulling steadily along, but with two sad hearts, covered with joyous faces—those of the Honourable Ernest Trevyllian and the Marquis of Marle.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS HOME.

The same day that Edward Lascine started for St. Osmund's, almost at the same hour, we are entering Treven Manor. The rain beats against the massive panes of glass, and the wind howls round the corners of the old house. The grounds look dreary enough in their garments of wet, and the leaves, twirling in dismal circles, are falling funerally from the trees. The facade of Treven Manor is grand; in the rear are the out-houses and stables; but from the grand entrance, between a pretty clump of trees, one catches a glimpse of the Church of St. Winefride, at Holynton.

The lights are burning dimly in the hall, and, in the rooms above, the spacious apartments in which she had dwelt as Maude Treven, Mrs. Lascine was dressing for the stately dinner at seven o'clock. Her maid had arranged the heavy folds of her black-velvet robe gracefully around her, and the Honiton-lace overskirt fell in soft waves over the figure. The still fair throat and neck were bare, and also the arms. The hair was arranged *a la Grecque*.

"What a beautiful woman!" one would claim, involuntarily — more beautiful to-night, for her face was shaded by sorrow.

"Won't you come to the dressing-room, madam, to see the effect in the glass?"

"No, Elise."

"But, madam, I must fasten those pearls in your hair, and select the jewelry."

"No jewelry to-night, Elise. Leave me."

Elise wonderingly walked off.

"What can all mistress to-night?" thought she.

Elise was gone; Mrs. Lascine was alone. She shut the door leading into the dressing-room, shutting out every spark of light and comfort. The face, haughty and stern no more, was pressed close to the window-pane. The hot tears coursed rapidly down the cheeks as she strained her eyes to catch a glimpse through the trees of the little Church of St. Winefride. She was grieving because her boy was a Catholic. Now, he could not be ordained to the little church longer, where she had fondly hoped he would minister.

"Oh," she thought, "how many hearts will grieve over my beautiful boy; those aged people who have ever looked up to him as their future clergyman; his uncle, how he will grieve! How can I break it to him and May? And then I am forbidden to write him. I have promised. Eddy, the darling, will think me cold; will think his mother does not care for him. Oh, my boy, my boy, would God I could have died to avert this! And Mr. Lascine vows I shall not see him unless he recants. He never will; he acts from conviction; and Eddy is so firm, and his whole life long has believed this cruel Catholic faith. My darling, delicate boy, away from his luxurious Oxford rooms and Oxford comforts, in some cold cell, away from the world, in a Catholic college! Oh, he will die—he will die—my beautiful boy!"

Quiet, almost as a statue, now she stood. Mothers, you who read this, perhaps can understand her sorrow. You who would scoff, pass on to the next chapter, and laugh not over a proud, weak woman's grief. It is a sacred and a holy thing; and remember your turn is fast coming, and you only can be made "perfect through suffering."

The first dinner-bell rang. Mrs. Lascine passed into her dressing-room, and stood before the glass. The traces of tears were soon wiped away, and the proud woman of the world stood there, one would say, with every gentle feeling crushed. How little we know really of people we meet in daily life! Taking up a white ostrich-plume, she tore the end off and fastened it with a diamond aigrette in the braided coil. She then passed through the door, and knocked at a room-door, on the opposite side of the gallery.

"A gentle voice, said, "Come in, *maman*."

It is May Crowner, lying there, clad in her white dressing-gown with the satin trimmings. She looks still a sweet girl—one of those fair English girls, modest and retiring, whom it does one good to see.

"How are you to night, darling?" said the mother, as she kissed her daughter's brow.

"*Beaucoup mieux, ma chere maman.*"

"And baby?"

The little bundle of antiquity (at least with every appearance, in its swaddling-clothes) was held up, and grandmamma kissed it.

"What is the matter, *maman?* You are sad to-night; you have been crying."

Involuntarily, before Mrs. Lascine knew, she had told.

"Eddy has turned a Roman Catholic" (May's eyes filled with tears). "And, May, you must write him no more; he ceases to be a member of the family."

Icily it was spoken, and the subject passed, but May could read what a silent sorrow was eating her mother's heart away, and she prayed for her.

"Eddy has done this conscientiously."

"Perhaps so, May. How could he do it otherwise? He has done it otherwise? He has done it through conscience of right, or he would never give up home, his friends, his prospects, and his Church, for a sect in which we have no influence."

"He has done it conscientiously, and I admire him. I do not blame him."

"May, this subject agitates you; we must leave it for to-night."

"Promise you will do all you can for him with papa."

"May, am I not his mother?"

The entrance of Mrs. Lascine into the drawing-room was what the world would call a success. Gracefully she swept along, the velvet train making no noisy rustle. Calmly she sank upon a *fauteuil*, and entertained her uncle's guests. Only once was she in an agony perceptible to others.

The Duchess of Mount Pleasant was conversing with her. In the old duchess's tone one read real interest.

"And Mr. Edward, my dear, when does he return from Oxford?"

"We have not heard lately, but it cannot be long."

"I thought mothers always knew?"

"Your Grace does not know how Oxford is altered lately, and young men are so wild generally that we poor mothers are forgotten."

"But your Edward is not wild; in fact, the Countess of Castleton was telling me all the mothers were aiming at him last season for their daughters. And the daughters are crazy for him. How proud a mother should be of such a handsome, fascinating son!"

Mr. Treven and Herbert Crowner, followed by the other gentlemen staying in the house, entered, and luckily Mrs. Lascine was spared a reply.

As Mr. Treven hands the Duchess of Mount Pleasant down to dinner, let us examine him. An aged man of seventy, long, white hair falling over the dress-coat; but the calm old face a study, the blue eyes looking out so placidly from the clear and still beautiful complexion. How much Edward Lascine will be like him as he grows older!

A very merry dinner-party this, with that king of an old English gentleman at their head. The graceful banter, the superb dinner, and the sparkling wines, serving but as the externals for the brilliant wit to play around. And the ancient old butler, a thing one does not see now hardly ever, except in some such an old ancestral mansion as Treven Manor. Now I look back and see Mr. Treven, and the stately old butler standing behind the walnut-wood chair, and I sigh over something like the dreamless fabric of the vision. Both now are sleeping the long sleep.

And Mrs. Lascine. She was looking her best, the life of the whole party; flashes of wit, and now and again of withering sarcasm, as some idle compliment jarred on her, broke from her.

Old Mr. Treven looked with pride on his niece as he thought on the blood of the old stock, and saw before him in Mrs. Lascine the likeness of his own mother. A green place rested in the old bachelor's heart, the love of his mother still fresh.

In the drawing-room, after the gentlemen entered, excitement was at the highest. Ella Northenden had silenced the room with her beautiful singing.

Old Mr. Treven crept round to Mrs. Lascine.

"Maud, my darling" (and the old man's voice quavered), "I have seen all in the Times of to-day; it has near broken my old heart. Darling, how you must feel it!"

"Hush, uncle! I cannot bear it yet. His father will not have him home or see him. He has shortened his allowance. Poor Eddy! he is my life, and now I am parted from it. It is a cruel death to me—to live seemingly, and yet to have a dead life!"

"Hush, Maudie, my Maudie! When we are both stronger, we will see what we can do for him, when we can bear it."

And many a long day passed, and Edward Lascine's name was unmentioned, as though he had never been.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE PAGANS OF CONNECTICUT.

A local religious contemporary chronicles with much apparent satisfaction the fact that a certain organization of ladies, of course of its denomination, has collected several thousand dollars for missionary purposes in Porto Rico.

The ladies possibly mean well. They have not acquired the habit of looking at conditions that exist at home. Perhaps they have been induced to believe the people of Porto Rico heathens, chiefly, with a proper number of pagans sandwiched in. We find that many excellent people have queer ideas with regard to Catholic countries.

It would seem, however, that there are a few pagans in the United States. The current number of Public Opinion quotes Rev. Mr. Hutchins on conditions in the small towns of Connecticut. Of the descendants of the Puritans, Rev. Hutchins asserts: "They are ambitionless, improvident, ignorant, sometimes not able to read or write, loose in family relations, (one of the greatest curses, by the way, in the state,) socially corrupt, given to hard-cider drinking and sometimes the opium habit. . . . . One not having seen it can hardly conceive of the filth and vice reigning in some of these places called homes." Again, he observes that the region is "touched as little by church influences as if in the heart of Africa."

If this arraignment be true we submit there is need of spreading religion otherwhere than in Porto Rico. The estimable ladies ought hire missionaries to evangelize Connecticut and leave Porto Rico in peace. The Catholic Church will take care of the people of that island; who will take care of the pagans in the Nutmeg state? It is quite evident they need conversion.—Chicago New World.

Does Your Baby Cry at Night?

If so, it is well to know the great value of Polson's Nerviline, a household remedy for stomach pains, cramps, toothache, sick headache, and the manifold ills peculiar to children. A few drops of Nerviline in sweetened water makes a pleasant drink and never fails to quickly relieve. Nerviline is as good as the doctor in emergencies and costs only 25c. a bottle. Get Nerviline from your druggists to day.

DR. HAMILTON'S MANDRAKE PILLS CURE HEADACHE.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why have these disfigurements on your person, when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure?

THE LAST COMMUNION OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

It was midnight when Marie Antoinette was torn from the embraces of her daughter and the saintly Madame Elizabeth, and conducted to the Conciergerie, there to await judgment and death. A cold, damp dungeon was assigned to her in this dreary prison. The floor, far below the level of the court-yard, was paved with bricks and down the mouldy walls trickled little streams of water which added to the loathsomeness and gloom. A wooden partition, with a window in recesses. One was reserved for the gendarmes, who had charge of the prisoner, in the other was placed the unfortunate Queen. A small window, destitute of either blinds or shutters, looked out upon the court-yard; near it stood a rude bed, which, with a little table and two chairs, completed the furniture of the miserable dungeon. Here it was that this Queen, once so "full of life, and splendor, and joy," passed the sad days of anguish that separated her from the scaffold. But here, too, she tasted the purest celestial joy; here she had moments of delight and calm that were to her a foretaste of Paradise, for in the midst of her desolation the Eucharistic God entered the gloomy portals of her prison, to console by His Divine Presence her anguish-stricken soul.

Thanks to the courage and devotedness of an heroic young girl, Mlle. Fouche, and the benevolence of the gaolers, Richard and Bault, the Abbe Magnin had gained admittance to the prison, and comforted and sustained by his holy counsels the poor broken-hearted Queen. Encouraged by the success of her plans, Mlle. Fouche grew bolder, and one day suggested to to the gaoler Bault that the Abbe should be permitted to celebrate Mass in the dungeon of the august prisoner. But with all his devotedness Bault hesitated, for he was not ignorant of the dangers to which he exposed himself in permitting a refractory priest to have access to the dungeon in which the Queen was confined. Supposing that one of the officers chanced to visit the Queen's cell while the Holy Sacrifice was being offered? Such visits, at untimely hours, were not unusual, and no explanation would avail. A priest in sacerdotal vestments, lighted candles, sacred vessels, could not be readily hidden away! His reason told him that the undertaking was fraught with terrible danger, but his devotion to the tortured and suffering Queen outweighed his prudence, and who will blame him? If human wisdom condemned him, Divine Wisdom absolved him. So eloquently did Mlle. Fouche plead the cause of the Queen, so earnestly did she point out to him the immense happiness this earthly joy would bring her, that the gaoler was vanquished.

But how was he to obtain the necessaries for the Holy Sacrifice without exciting suspicion? "Only procure for me two small candlesticks," said the young girl; "I will take charge of everything else." The following night she returned, accompanied by the Abbe Magnin, carrying with her all that was required, a red chasuble, linen, altar cloths, a small silver chalice, a little missal, a consecrated altar-stone, the size only of the base of the chalice, cruets, and two wax tapers, all of which she carried in a bag hidden under her own garments.

The poor Queen had been forewarned, and awaited their coming with anxious longing. The window had been covered with a mattress, lest the light of the tapers might betray them. In a few moments the preparations were made, the table covered with white linen on which were placed the waxen tapers, and a small crucifix, and then the priest began the Mystic Sacrifice. What tongue can speak adequately of the joy that inundated the sorrowing heart of Marie Antoinette when she saw accomplished in the semi-darkness of her gloomy prison, amid danger and poverty, the august mysteries which for more than a year she had yearned to participate in! Amid the splendors of her throne she had, perhaps, sacrificed somewhat to the love of the world the sentiments of piety which were the result of her Christian education. But now, thrust from that throne into the depths of a prison, and guided by sorrow into the arms of Divine Providence, she had learned to raise her eyes far beyond the fleeting joys of earth, and to beg of Heaven the help and consolation denied her by man. As she knelt upon the damp floor of her dungeon to receive for the last time the God of Love into her crushed and broken heart—the God Who was to be her strength in that terrible hour when she would stand alone to endure trial, humiliation and death—her admirable courage and self-abasement must have touched and astonished the hearts of the faithful few who knelt around her. They beheld a woman whose birth and destiny had promised her a life of happiness, embracing sorrow and abandonment; a Queen proud and high-spirited, accepting humiliation and pain; a mother whose heart was wrung with agony, pardoning the persecutors of her innocent children. As she knelt there peace came to her troubled soul, and the dark prison was illuminated by the Presence of Him Who is the world's true Light, and Who, in the dreary night of woe, brought peace, light and refreshment to the anguish-stricken heart of Marie Antoinette—E. de M., in Annals of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

The lesson of our daily lives should be always to be faithful to conscience in all things, no matter how small and trivial they may be. Then peace and happiness will make their dwelling place within us—a boon which surpasses the possession of every other earthly good.

Civilization is a name that sounds pleasantly to the ear, and many people stop at the name and do not inquire what civilization is spoken of, nor by what means it is produced, nor to what end it tends; hence it is that they accept as pure gold what is nothing more than base metal. (Cardinal Pecci, now Leo XIII.)