

Be of Good Cheer. Rise up out of the shadows, my heart, and come with me...

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XIX. THE LAST INTERVIEW.

Killany came up-stairs, after the consultation was over, to announce the result to Nano. As she was quite prepared for it, there was no display of emotion...

Olivia, her brother, and her lover seemed high as the heavens compared to her. Killany alone preserved his proper dimensions, and she had reached his level...

"I cannot resist," she said afterwards to Olivia, "the temptation to show likes and dislikes after your blunt fashion. I am utterly untrained and have not the patience to do these things with society's tact and discretion..."

"It is not so much a trouble as it is a stain on our name. You know what absurd prejudice, the world has on this point. In a measure they are behind the savages, cultured citizens. If they can say, 'Her father is in an asylum, crazy as a loon,' they are satisfied..."

McDonnell was standing there with his fiery eyes glaring upon them, but his face was calm in expression, his manner was no longer nervous and hurried, and altogether he looked more like the cool-headed business man of old than he had done since his illness...

"I do respect her so much," he answered calmly, "that I shall not go till I have made known to her what a wretched thing it is she loves and regards in you; I beg of you to be calm, Miss Fullerton, and to fear nothing from me..."

"You are not yourself, father," said the lady, still calm and unmoved. "You have told my friends this same story many times in a few days, and it has not injured yourself. You wish to appear reasonable and your mad words carry only a surer conviction to the minds of those who know you..."

"I will forget," said Olivia quickly. "But that he should turn on you of all others!" "It is the worst feature of his madness, and through all his sickness I was his most devoted and tireless attendant..."

"And myself at the same time," said Olivia, rising to go. "Good-bye, dear, and God give you strength to bear his sufferings. All I know is, if you knew him as you should, this hour would not seem so dark..."

"If it would please you I could almost believe in your beautiful superstitions. But I know that you want conviction of their truth as well as of their beauty, which in all honesty I cannot give..."

Three days later the arrangements, legal and otherwise, for McDonnell's removal to the asylum were completed, and Nano and Killany were appointed administrators and guardians of the estate...

"Sentiments of this kind," said the fearless girl, "sound very meanly in my ears, Nano." "What sentiments do not when uttered by one of our school?" "It is your misfortune, and quite often your fault, that you choose for admiration some of the very worst kind..."

thought of the intervening days of horror would have been too much for him had he allowed his mind to dwell on them, but he resolutely turned away when they presented themselves...

As he had requested, Nano came to the library a few moments before his departure. Her great self-command was never more severely tried than on this day. Her face still wore its old pallor, but her eyes and features were expressive of no emotion, and she took a seat before him as if the circumstances were the most ordinary of her life...

"I know scarcely why I have called you, but I am sure that I have a purpose of expression that staggered her, 'and hardly know what I am to say to you, except it is to say farewell. I can imagine that you have thought long and carefully on the deed which is to be consummated to-day..."

"You have done well. You are as successful as I was, and you see the end of all as I do. You triumph for to-day, and to-morrow your hour will come. But did you have thought of these things, no doubt, and I but waste breath in pointing out to you the future consequences of your crime..."

"You need not go," said she in a low voice. "It is in your power to remain. Say that this idea of restitution was only a fancy, consent to such conditions as I may impose, and you have freedom, and home, and daughter left to you still..."

"It is a terrible place," she continued, "hopelessly attempting to work on his fears—a place of hideous sights and sounds, where the old and entangled, and often the strong, though never so sane, are sure to lose their wits in time..."

"Rather it is yourself. The law has been my champion against your madness. Do you think that I will save you from remorse? Not if every judge and physician in the land ratified your conduct..."

"Not wish! If it must be at the cost of a soul, no. It is horrible to think of the life I shall lead there—I, a poor old man, weighed in with age and disease—but it is not the greatest of misfortunes..."

"There is pity for you, father," she said in tones so sweet, and tearful, and loving that he turned towards her quickly. "You are pitiless with yourself!" "She seemed stirred, and there was a nameless something in her glance that inspired him with a mad hope..."

late trying emotion in his countenance. He stepped into the carriage with scarcely a glance around him, and so was led away to his drearful prison, while she, with mad tossings and ravings, flung herself on the floor, crying: "What have I done! what have I done!"

She lay there moaning as strong natures moan when once they have hopelessly burst their bounds, leaving a grief-stricken girl to stand amazed at the open door, then to close it with a pale countenance, and to go away abhorring that house on which seemed to have fallen the curse of God.

SICK CALLS.

The Death Struggle.

When the time of the death struggle has come to hand, then holy aspirations should be made so that the ears of the dying soul may hear only the sweet names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph. The death-bed of the Christian should be like that of St. Joseph. He was assisted by Jesus and Mary...

THE PRIEST IS FASTING and must wait for them. The hour is named. The priest makes himself ready for the celebration of Mass at the hour appointed, but he must wait oftentimes even more than an hour before the funeral cortege is in the church...

WHEN AT MASS remember what you are doing. Keep your mind fixed on the prayers of the Church for the deceased, and unite your whole self with them, so that you may do this last act of charity for your friend with the greatest merit possible...

BEECHER'S THEOLOGY.

The subject of Mr. Beecher's sermon yesterday was the government of cities. It was a novel one, perfectly characteristic of the man. Mr. Beecher has a way of mixing up his theology, salvation, and politics in such a manner as not always to be agreeable to devout Christians...

COMFORTS AND CONSOLATIONS that our holy religion gives to the dying. Don't let self-interest prevent you from giving all the aid you can to help the dying to die well. There may be Protestants in the room. What matter if there be? Teach them how consoling a thing it is to die in our holy faith...

PREPARATION FOR THE BURIAL of the body. It is customary to wash the bodies after death. You should not turn this work over to some unfortunate, who from caring little of their own soul and body, have lost all respect for the soul and bodies of others...

And quarter President Washington if he did not declare war against England. Vice President Adams writes that he had to invoke the aid of the navy to protect his life and property from the infuriated rabble. One of the reasons of the removal of the capital from Philadelphia was that neither the State nor city authorities could protect the officials of the United States Government from the mob...

Some may say: "But it is not customary to bury people in this manner now." More is the pity, for it denotes a decadence of faith. With Catholics there should be no change, but the change which the increase of fervor in the attention to Christian duties brings with it. They should have no concern for the manner in which those not of our faith clothe the dead. A Catholic wishes to look like a child of the Church, while living, don't make his dead body look like the body of an infidel. Let the shroud of the dead that encloses the child of the Church be blessed, and bear on it evidence of the faith in which the soul died. Let a rosary be twined around the hands of the corpse, which should be united on the breast, or placed in them a crucifix. These may be buried with the body or preserved by the family. Do not place in the hand of the Catholic a flower. It is the dead body of a Catholic. Let it be known as such. When you lay it out, place at its head, on a table, a crucifix with a lighted blessed candle on each side of this crucifix. Put also some holy water in a bowl or glass and place in it a twig of pine or something of this kind, and set these on the same table or at the foot of the corpse, so that friends may sprinkle holy water on the corpse when they visit the death-room. Make your arrangements with the priest for the burial, and by all means have the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass OFFERED UP FOR THE SOUL. Have the body brought to the Church, and Mass said for it, then bury it from the Church. This is the practice of the Catholic Church. Follow the practice of your spiritual mother in burying your dead. The house of death should indicate that the person who has departed this life belonged to the Catholic Church. Care should be exercised in this matter, and no heed paid to the sayings of foolish friends, who describe the funeral preparations of worldlylings. When you make arrangements with the priest let the hour at which the body is to be in the church be clearly understood. Now remember that the priest must wait for the arrival of the funeral before he begins Holy Mass. Some seem to forget that...

THE INFIDEL "CASUISTRY." Lying and Stealing Justifiable. The infidel hula-bulo against the straw man they have erected and dubbed Jesuit casuistry, is neatly retorted upon by an English Catholic in the last issue of the Monitor. He takes a well-known infidel book, Van Buren Denslow's "Modern Thinkers," which has the imprimatur of Col. Ingersoll, and makes these quotations: "It is generally believed to be moral to tell the truth, and immoral to lie. And yet it would be difficult to prove that nature prefers the true to the false. Everywhere she makes the false impression first, and only after years, or thousands of years, do we become able to detect her in her lies. Nature endows almost every animal with the faculty of deceit in order to aid it in escaping from the brute force of its superiors. Why, then, should not man be endowed with the faculty of lying when it is to his interest to appear wise concerning matters of which he is ignorant? Lying is often a refuge for the weak, a stepping stone to power, a ground of reverence towards those who live by getting credit for knowledge we discover that research shows that nature prefers truth to falsehood, more than oxygen to nitrogen, or alkalis to salts. Inasmuch as all moral rules are in the first instance impressed by the strong and the successful upon the weak, it would not be strange if a close analysis and a minute historical research should occur in proving the weak. These theories are doctrines established by the strong for the government of the weak. It is invariably the strong who require the weak to tell the truth, and always to promote some interest of the strong. 'Thou shalt not steal,' is a moral precept invented by the strong—and by them impressed upon the weak—the infantile and the failures in life's struggles, as all criminals. Universal society might be pictured, for the illustration of this feature of the moral code, as consisting of two sets of swine, one of which is in the clover and the other is out. The swine that are in the clover grunt: 'Thou shalt not steal, put up the bars.' The swine that are out of the clover grunt: 'Did you make the clover? Let down the bars.' 'Thou shalt not steal,' is a maxim impressed by the property-holders upon non-property holders. It is not only conceivable, but it is an absolute verity, that a sufficient deprivation of property, and force and delinquency of temptation, would compel every one who wishes to steal if he could get an opportunity. No one would say that if a lion lay gorged with his excessive feast amidst the scattered carcasses of a deer, and a jaguar or a hyena stealthily bore away a haunch thereof, that the act of the hyena was less virtuous than that of the lion. How does the case of two burshmen, however, who have the same incident occur, differ from that of the two quadrupeds? If the under dog in the social fight runs away with the bone, in violation of superior force, the top dog runs after him, bellowing, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and all the other top dogs unite in bellowing, 'This is divine law, and not dog law.' But philosophy sees in this contest of antagonistic forces, a mere play of opposing elements, and would as soon assume as a divine command, 'Thou shalt not break out in boils and sores,' or the weakling or leper, as one of 'Thou shalt not steal,' to the failing 'struggler for subsistence. So the laws forbidding unobtainable were framed by those who, in earlier periods of civilization, could afford to own women, for the protection of their property-rights in them, against the poor who could not."

Jesuits to Reside in Florida. The Orange county, Florida, Reporter announces that Mr. James Wilcox has given twenty-eight acres at Lake Maitland to the Society of Jesus. This land adjoins the church recently built there at the sole expense of Mr. Wilcox. On it one thousand orange trees have been planted, which in a few years will yield a large income. Besides this present, Mr. Wilcox has set apart two hundred and forty acres thereabout, to be disposed of in ten-acre plots to worthy Catholic families who may be unable to purchase elsewhere.

The only relief. DAY KIDNEY PAD CO., Buffalo, N. Y.: I have been a great sufferer from kidney disease, and never got any relief until I used Day's Kidney Pad. By druggists, Manchester, Va. CAPT. F. GUY.

Worse than War. "The throat has destroyed more lives than the sword," by imprudence in eating and intemperance in drinking, but when the health becomes impaired the miserable dyspeptic may find prompt relief in Burdock Blood Bitters. It regulates the bowels, acts upon the liver and kidneys, purifies the blood, and stimulates all the secretions to a healthy action. C. A. Livingston, Plattsburg, Ont., says: "I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism."

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