

sacrament of matrimony requires a wife to love her husband, I would oppose your marriage. I am old now. I have had years of experience of human life, and that kind of experience which only a priest can have, and I tell you that so far from being happy, or enjoying even this world, if raised to far above your rank, you would be perfectly miserable, and you would peril the salvation of your immortal soul.

"Poor foolish child, in a few weeks your husband would weary of you—in all probability, would ill-treat you. He may admire you now for your beauty, but when he came to see you every day and converse with you constantly, your want of education would disgust him, and all the money in this wide world would not make a lady of you. But I believe the truth to be, that you do not care for this gentleman, but that your vanity is flattered; and, Ellie, is it worth your, while to purchase a lifetime of misery by the gratification of a little pride? I do not want you to answer me, but ask yourself, like a good honest girl, is this not true? It is not that you are flattered by what has happened, and that your vanity is roused?"

Poor Ellie's head sank down lower and lower, until she laid it on the table, which shook again and again with her sobs.

The priest waited quietly. He knew that it was very painful to poor human nature to have its faults exposed, and none the less so when they were really seen by the person reprov'd, as he hoped was now the case. A wound had been made; it was still raw and sore, and like a good physician, he waited till the shock was over before he attempted to touch it again.

In a few minutes Ellie looked up: "Oh, sir! what must I do?"

Her tone was gentle, her voice humble, and full of peace, as theirs will be who are faithful and true.

"I think, Ellie, you had better leave the Castle, and, what is more, I would advise you not even to return there again."

"Not to return, sir?"

"Not to return, Ellie. I have my reasons. I do not think it necessary or wise to explain them to you fully, and you must trust me. There are times when a priest must exercise all his

authority to save souls, and this is one of them."

"But my aunt, and the family. Oh, sir! what shall I do?"

"Do God's will, Ellie, and leave the rest to Him. You know the story of St. Joseph, and how an angel told him to fly by night, and how he got up at once, and set out on his journey without asking a single question. Ah! Ellie, child—if we could all be like Saint Joseph."

By this time the few people who attended the early Masses on work-days were coming out of the church: there were but few. To Father Cavanagh this was all the more reason why Mass should be said. Those who do come, he used to say, deserve the privilege; those who remain away need the blessing which the Adorable Sacrifice alone can obtain for them.

It was time now that he should "go to the Altar of God"—to the God who indeed had given joy to his youth, the joy of being all his own, who had given honor to his manhood, and a crown of virtue to his old age.

"But as you are not St. Joseph, Ellie," he continued after a pause, "it will be quite necessary that something definite should be arranged for you. Have you friends anywhere? I think you told me once of another aunt."

Yes, Ellie had another aunt: she lived in the County Wicklow, in a lovely little village near the world-famous Meeting of the Waters. She was sure her aunt would receive her kindly, and she could remain there for the present.

"Good, Ellie; and now, my child, you must go. I will give you the money necessary to pay your expenses. Your aunt in Wicklow, you say, is comfortably circumstanced, so I suppose she can provide you with necessaries for the present; and you must write a few lines now to the housekeeper at the Castle, saying you have left the place, by my advice, for good and important reasons; that I wish her, if possible, not to mention my name in connection with your leaving, as circumstances cannot at present be explained, and might, therefore, be misunderstood. I will take care to send your note to her by a careful messenger, but I must see you off in a car, first."