## THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICEE AUGUST: 10 , 186

 neverget over my awe of him.
Ab; you are not his child, Mildred,' exclaim
ed Clara ed. Clara; jou never can love him as 1 do:
and thein otsee to gradual silent change in has
opinons, and to koow and feel that jour influence opinons, and to know and feel that your influence
over him is so great. 0 Mildred, am I not bappy in such a flather?"
and it- is no small joy to think that I may soon too bave a right to call him father?
© Ah, Mildred, I could not bave bo have married Dougias, bad you not loved papa, replied the softened grrl: ' we are already sisters
in beart, anil then we sball really be so. Mil. dred,' said she after a pause, 'is it not a fearful
thing to be so happy as I am?
'O Clara, why? said Mildred affectionately Ougbt you not to thank God every day for gi jog you so many blessings? He gires them to
you; why should you not rejoice in them in
zhankfulness, 'I don't know, Mildred,' said Clara: 'but
then sometimes feel like that tyrant one reads of of upon himself a portion of the sorrows which he was afriaid the gods were about to send him. I sometimes look round upon my lot, and there so bappr, papa is such a dear papa to me. I hare absolutely nothing but roses. Such kind
brothers-such a beautful village re live in sucha nice house-sucha beautiful old churchsucb a friend as you, Muldred, now going to be
made nearer and dearer still; every thiag seems on the singing succeeding, and see now, really, for every tbing in the arrangement of the church is going on just as I could wish it ; and then I bare
such perfect health. $O$ Mildred, sometimes that If ye be without chastisement, then are ge bastards, and not sons;' and I tremble, and think Clara stopped.
Mildred.
Perbaps what, my Lear Clara? said Perbaps - perbaps God is giving me all in
this world, and I could almost pray for sorrow feeling-' Suppose God was to hear my payer and sweep array all my happiness at one blow for shere 15 one
awap, Mildred.'
red. I mean,' proceeded Clara, ' that were God to eff on earth then-all would be brokep up; an then I look at his pale face in terror, and I
scarcely dare to face it. He is not so strong as be used to be.? must not gire way to these trind of dreams.
God is going to try jou in this may, surely Gull give gou the strength you need to bear it 3ut -you bare no reason to fear t1 at present.--
Your dear tatber may lise mary, many years longer, and God grant it may be so for all our
sakes. othe bright stiy above her, and walked on.-
Mildred looked at ber sweet face, and saw the moistened ejes and pensife features gradually gathering, as it were, a glow from the eager
gaze she bent into the clear expanse above her. In a few moments scarcely a shade ot sorrow reof those smiles full of radiant beauty, with which sbe exercised almost a magric influence over those
she loped, she turned and sadd, in her soft sweet - Milldred, do you thant we can imagine what
beaven must be? Clara was in her turn surprised at the unfeatures. Ste passed her arm within Clara's and said, Indeed I do, Clary. Never shall I forget young freend of mine in her last moments, as she right.' I knew her abroad.'
Clara seemed stlll absorbed $s \mathrm{D}$ the train of he own thoughts.
: Light?'sbe repeated, ' yes, light! but the chief element there is lore. I should bave said t was all lore. O Mildred, how can any one doubt that the blessed rotain ther identity, and
whll know each other when ther meet in those egions? Oh, what will it be to see St. John and those whose names we have read of, and dreame
them
this.?
cra bad raised ber voice as she uttered the last rords; they were passing along the shrub-
bery, and, unpercerred, Mr. Leslie had been close by and heard them. He was seated
bench, with a book in bis hand, and, as they tur a sudden corner, they came
said he, as she threw her arms round bis neci with a fond good morning. © My dearest child beware lest, in all this poettc dwelling upon un-
seen tings, you forget Him without whom cheaseen thongs, you forget Him without whom ' hea3 admire your system in a great measure; there much in it which in my poung daps was ne
glected; but it seems as if you were placing saints-and-acigets, and poettc maginations, before
the one reality which is to meet the soul on the verge ot eternity- the sight of God-the sight
of Him who lived and died and suffered for our sins, ${ }^{\text {Thain }}$
mp child:

| I fear is 'that you will ress in all these fitl tivard things, and forget in them the one ab bing thought to a Curistian-the lore of God mself. <br> Mr. Leslie mas righr so far. Clara as get ha the sbell of all the Catholic teachung ; but it s daily deepenıg. God's worls was proceed ; and these outward thiogs were the mean ereby the love of God rias to be ensindled in soul. Mr. Leslie, bimself accustomed t Clara's in spirit with his ilaker, felt the lac uirings were leading ber, step by step, in (G-d' mas, to that full knomiedge of Himself which was erentually to bestow. <br> Clara hid her tace in ber father's bosom in ep thought, Muldred nad seated herself on other side of her, looking earnestly at Mr slie. He said no more, bue kissed the fair e that leaned upon him, and turned with a ale to Miildred, as, with that perfect gentleoly manner which was so pecularly his own, assed after her mother. Half-shyness, halfencibly Clata too seemed to bare forgotten at bad passed, and joined in the conversation h her usual bright smiles and merry tones.esently they were summoued into breakfast by ringing of a bell, wich was flourished by a elderly dame on the door-step in a neat ding ara to come and make the tea. <br> I'm a-coming! - l'm a-coming " she answer ; and off she tripped, caroiliag tive old aur, <br>  <br> Whare the morning dem is swee ; <br> I'm a.coming, I'm a coming, <br> With its pearls upon ws teet.' <br> ping time to the measure, as she looked back a moment at her father and Mildred. Thes looking after her, fo: she bad thrown up arms to imitate the graceful action of the tanet; and she certanly did look rery be |
| :---: |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |
|  |  |

IRISHINTEILIGEFCE,


## 

