THE CATHOLIG RECORD

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

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XLUI.

All Rahandabed was in commotion on the morning after Ned's fight. Every servant in the place knew it, Mrs. D.boran knew it, and the gnesis knew it almost as soon as Carnew himself knew it. Were he not in soon a state of grief and per-plexity, he must have wondered a little how her fight became known cospeedily; bet as it was he thought of nothing only plexity, he must have wondered a little how her flight became known sospeedily; but, as it was, he thought of nothing only that she had pone, and gone to Dyke, that she had not taken with her one of his gifts, that the evidence of her guilt was most conclusive, but that in spite of it all he passionately loved her. For some time, it did not occur to him how it did not occur to him how she had gone, and whether to New York

she had gone, and whether to New York, or to the little home in the monntaine, for he had not heard Dyke's letter which told of his return from New York. At length, however, he found himself won-dering about it, and becoming anxious for her safety on such a journey at such an hour. He sent for Macgilivrav, as being the most likely to have deirow. Not to the the most likely to have driven Ned to the station, and Macgilivray told him all that the most fixed to have driven base of the station, and Margillyray told him all that he knew. He had driven Mrs Carnew to take the late train up the river, and he had purchased her ticket for Tivoli. Car-new asked no other question, but dis-missed him. The honesis Scotchman was missed him. The honest Scotchman was convinced then of the trath of the im-pression he had received the night be-fore; the young wife had indeed "taken hersel' awa' frae her husband's heart and her husband's hame," but, as before, he her husband's hame," but, as before, he prodently kept his own counsel, though he was yexed and indignant and puzzled a find that his fellow help knew so much They even asserted to his face that he had been in waiting with the carriage for Mrs. Carnew the night before, and that he was like the rest of his long-headed, canny race, in keeping the affair to him-self, but it didn't do him much good, for they had found out anyway. To all of

which he replied in his dry manner: "Then it's frae the auld hornie you go your information, and mebbe the same and deli wouldn't mind tellin you where Mrs. Carnew's gang." Knowing their ignorance upon that point, he gave that shot with supreme satisfaction to him-

But one of the help retorted :

Wait till Mrs. Doloran sends for you as she'll be sure to do, when she finds ou as she'il be ears to do, when ehe finds out yon drove Mrs. Carnew away last night. Yon'll not carry such a bold face with her, even though you are not in her special emp'oy just now." But the Scottenman answered with the same dry gravity he had used before: "Dinna greit! me lady has tackled me before, and Donald has noo been wantin' in his ain way o' answerin' her." The servant's prediction was verified.

The servant's prediction was verified. The moment that Mrs. Doloran heard from her own maid, who was of the kind all sorts of gossip to her mistress to retail all sorts of gossip to not thin that Macgillyray was implicated in th flight, he was summoned to her presence ; it was her way to get all the information she could from menials, before taking any other step.

The coachman was as wary, innocent, and non-committal as he had been on a former occasion, when she had en desvored to extract information about Alan; and in a perfect burst of fury, she threatened to have him summarily discharged

Vera weel, me leddy; when Mr. Carnew bids me I il gang, and have noo to say but to thank him; bat till then I'll noo greit.

She fairly drove him from the room, in her vulgar fury actually hurling after him a sliken-covered foot-stool. It missed him, owing to his own dexterity, but it shattered two of the stained-glass panes in a window that lighted the passage leading to her apartment

leading to her apartment Then she sent for her nephow; an im-perative summons, to which he returned a respectful reply, but one declining to see her. Such an answer did not diminish

" My dear Mrs. Doloran, men have been disputed, to be donbted, and it only re-mains for us to bear our sorrows with what fortitude we may." hung on the very strongest circumstantial evidence, and after their death their in-As a fellow feeling is said to make us wonderous kind, so the fact that both were soffering made E ig ar singularly tender; he was drawn to the young man, as if he were bound by some tie of blood, and he forgot all the feelings which had

and he forgot all the feelings which

widence, and after indicean host in nocence has been proven." "Well, you had better undertake to prove her innocence," her voice fairly hissing from anger and scorn. "My dear Mrs. Doloran," he had as-

"My dear Mrs. Doloran," he had as-sumed what to anybody else would have been a most comical attitude, and mock expression of penitence and humility, "we shall allow the dear young lady to be quite guily; we shall not raise the ghost of an event to prove har innocence." He was actually on one knee, with Mrs. Doloran's hand to his lips, ascene stealth-ily witnessed by the butler, who had re-treated to his pantry when the two enify windesset of an arry when the two en-tered the room, and afterward detailed by him to his fellow-help with an actual him to his fellow-help with an actual personation of Ordotte's attitude, that it the whole servants' hall into convullanghter. Irs Doloran was appeased, and

his beautiful daughter so boldly exerted her own headstrong will. And when she had gone from Weewald Place with her brainless husband, he had shut himself up to give full vent to his dreadful re-flections. Could he, after all, have been Bat Mrs she forgave the suppliant, and arm in arm they continued the tour of the table, placing the roses, and leaving Ned's place

Early in the day, Alan was ready for his journey to Weewald Place, and Mac-gilivray drove him to the station, feeling certain that his certain that his master was going after

ranaway wife. Mr. Elgar was at home, and he re sponded in person to Mr. Carnew's card. But what a change had taken place in him! Alan started when he saw him and extended his hand almost as if h were in some uncertainty about the man s identity. His hair had entirely gray; not a black streak was to be seen in it, and his beard and monstache Heavy furrows were equally bleached Heavy furrow indented his face, and his eyes had th deep, hollow look of one accustomed to long and painfol vigils. For a moment it seemed as if he were

from disclosing all the feelings of his heart; he felt that nowhere could he meet straggling with himself in order to be cordial, and he evidently succeeded, for after that moment's indecision he shock Carnew's hand warmly, and wanted to with so sympathetic, so pitying a listener and he told everything: his doubts, his fears, his suspicions, before his marriage; his amazement, his agony, his horror since; and through it like a refrain ran

Carnews hand warmiy, and wanted to conduct him at once to one of the guest-chambers. But Alan kindly declined. "My errand," he said, "is too import-ant and too unhappy to allow of my tak-ing any rest until I have started it. I have come"—a sudden flush rushing to his face— "to ask you some questions chart my wife: to ask you to tell me bout my wife; to ask you to rankly what you know of her c her character

while under your What was her conduct oof, if the charges here brought aga -he drew out of his pocket her "-he drew out of his pocket Mac-kay's letters, "seem likely to you to be

And he put the packet into Edgar

hand. "Come to the library," said Edgar, "we shall be more comfortable there," and he led the way.

and he led the way. Carnew, in a fever of doubt, fear, and expectation, watched Edgar's face while hat gentleman slowly read every one of he letters. He did not speak when he had finished, only put the packet aside and looked across at the haggard, anxiou

face of his visitor. ""Speak," implored Carnew, "what we got do these letters carry to you?" Elgar answered deliberately, as if he

testing his words : "Let me teating his words: "Let me tell you first what I know of ner pertaining to this unfortunate Mac-kay." And then he recounted in the kay e dauberate manner how he had received his first intimation of Ned's secret acquaintance with the gardener's son, by one day, during her stay in Weewald Place, meeting a servait carrying to he a rare exotic, the gift of this same Mar kay. How he had interrogated hi kay. daughter Edna upon the subject, and what that young lady had told him; and lastly—most damaging statement of all— what Edna had told him of their secret visit to the body of the suicide when it lay on the grounds of Rahandabed; how Ned had gone to Edna and requested her to accompany her.

seemed turned to ice Carnew's heart scemed turned to ice, though his head and his eyes were burn-The very blood in his veins seemed ing. have frozen; he found himself wonoherent way as if a power of motion had gone from him; but power of motion had goine from hint; but the summit of his agony was reached; with a low, bitter cry, he threw his head forward until it rested upon the table, and then he was motionless. Edgar rose and went to him. He put his hand softly, tenderly upon his shoul-der, and he said with tones that trembled form constant.

both cases, the proofs are too plain to be tion in that shape does not overtake you. Good-by." He was gone before Elgar could an

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ewer a word, but he had put a barbed arrow into that proud, quivering heart, that no effort could draw out. On to Rahandabed was Dyke's next proceeding; on, to force Carnew into the belief that he himself held of Ned's innoence; on, to wring from those who accus her the justice they would not give. and he forgot all the heelings which had been engenered by Carnew's former re-fogal of Edna's hand. He was almost impeled to repose full confidence in him; to tell what the horrid doubt had been of which he spoke; and to lay bare the thoughts that Edna's rebellions marriage had awakened in his mind; how the His mpatience could scarcely brook any de-ay, and allowing himself time for neither rest nor refreshment, he reached C-late that same night. There he had to stop, for he could scarcely present him had awakened in his mind; how the very obstinacy and even temper she had elf in Rahandabed at such an hour; so he supped and lodged in the hotel, and early the next morning continued his shown upon that occasion had recalled to her father, with a pang of horror and disearly

Carnew had not breakfasted when Dyke may, the disposition of his hated brother; never had the character of the latter been was announced, and the servant who brought up his name told it to another so reproduced, possibly because never had his beantiful daughter so boldly exerted who managed to convey Mrs. Doloran's maid, who gave the infor-mation to Mrs. Doloran, and that lady driven by her curiosity into unwonted nardihood, actually went to her nephew suite of apartments, and ensconced her-self in his parlor, in order that she might see the stranger as he came out of Car-new's study: her information being to the effect that Mr. Carnew would receive

Mr. Datton in his private library. As Carnew had been surprised at the change in Mr. Edgar, so was Datton sur-prised and even shocked at the change in Carnew. Scarcely more then be change in Carnew. Scarcely more than two m before he had seen the young man in the fail bright flash of a handsome, vigorous manhood; now he beheld him, worn and haggard, as if weeks of illness had passed him. The change softened Dyke's He felt that it was grief for Ned over heart. which had caused it, and he broached his errand kindly and even tenderly. But Carnew was not disposed to be soft-ened; he had suffered so much; he was so sore from the accamulated proofs of his wife's guilt, and, more than all, he was so weak from the struggle that he had waged with himself all the preceding which suil, and, more than all, he was so weak from the struggle that he had waged with himself all the preceding night to cast her entirely out of his heart, and in which he fancted he had succeed-ed, that he was not inclined to receive Dubic more foundly solid. For the r his the confession that under all circumstan-ces he passionately loved Ned. "But everything is over now," he said with a bitter sadness; "I shall settle an Dyke in any friendly spirit. Further, hi Inreasonable jealousy made him regard his visitor as one who would even per-jure himself in the interest of Nad. With such feelings he was not stirred to pity, The rose then, and by a sort of tacit con-the rose then, and by a sort of tacit consent, though he remained over night, and though both gentlemen sat together until long past midnight, neither Ned nor Edna

as he saw the premature age and suffer-ing in D/ke's appearance, and with cold-est couriesy he motioned him to a ceat. and seating himself opposite, listened politely, but that was all. Dyke told hisstory with simple brevity:

what he knew of the character of the two Ednas when they were children, and his suspicions. Not a muscle of Carnew's face moved,

"This is absurd on your part, Mr. Dut-ton, and preposterious as well, that you

ld, in the face of the clearestevi against Mrs. Carnew, attempt to fasten the charges upon Mrs. Brekbellew. In the first place, if the latter had the clever ness for such a course of deceit, there would not be wanting times and circum-stances, during such a protracted period,

stances, during such a protracted period, of betraying herself in some manner. Your supposition is most illogical." He warmed a little as be continued : "There is hardly a link wanting in the evidence against Mrs. Carnew; her very visit, ostensibly to Aibany, made at the very time this child was born, is a most similiar t digramstance."

ignificant circumstance." It was Dyke's turn to fire up, and he "Mrs. Carnew's visit was made to Al-

bany at the time of which you speak." "Was it?" spoken coldly, for here was an opportunity for Dyke to assert what

an opportunity for Dyke to assert what was untrue, in order to serve Ned; and the same cold voice continued : 'Can you prove it ? Were you there

he stopped suddenly, remembering his little means of proof; Meg remembered

gone, when Alan came from the study He started when he into her presence. He started when he saw her, and then he colored with resent

saw her, and then he control where and mentat her intrusion. "What is the meaning of this unan-nounced visit?" he asked sternly. "N'w, Alan, none of your tragics," by which she meant that her nephew was which she meant that her nephew was

not to show any indignation. to snow any inegration of the way ng to know the meaning of the way i're acting. You haven't let me know you're acting. You haven't let me know a word about Ned---'' "Why should 1?" he interrupted; "you "Why should 1?" he interrupted; "you

"Why chould 1?" he interrupted; "you settled her fate by declaring that she should never enter Rahandaoed again." "And you have really sent her off—you dear, good, sensible boy." "No, I did not send her off She went herself," becoming petulant. "I know she went herself; but you have each her word that she is never to come back; that you will never receive come back; that you will never receive her again as your wife?" He bent his most stern and piercing

"H w much of my conversation in that room," pointing to his library, "have you

She pretended to be indignant. "Not a word. Do you suppose I came here to listen to your private conference? I came here to know what you mean by I came here to know what you mean by shuting yourse if away from everybody since Ned's flight, and where you went the day before yesterday, when you took that journey, and who that man is, calling upon you so early this morning? You are just in-volving the whole house in mystery, and treating ma your annt shamefully." treating me, your aunt, shamefully

"Then I must continue to treat you, my aunt, shamefully, for I shall satisfy your curiosity no farther than to say, that I did not send word to my wife that I would not receive her again. As I have not yet breakfasted, you will please ex-cuse me."

cuse me He left the room. His aunt was furious with disappointment. She had not gained an tota of the information for which she had come, but she consoled the guests that which by reporting to the guesis that word had been sent to Ned never to re-turn to Rahandabed; her husband would under no circumstances ever receive her again.

A couple of hours later, she was thrown into further dismay by the announce ment from Ordotte that he was going abroad ; he would leave Rahandabed that abroad; he would leave ranandabed that very evening, in order to secure an early passage to Eugland. Her surprise and her regret were so genuine, that she forgot to indulge in the hysterics with which she manifer results. to indulge in the hysterics with which she usually received unpleasant an-nouncements. Instead, she held up her hands, and continued to gaze at the speaker in a sort of speechless horror. Ordotte laughed a little at the spectacle she presented; then he composed his face, took her uplifted hands with his wn, and led her gently to a seat, where he bent over her and said very softly: "My going away has to do with a secret with a mystery, in which even you, m dear Mrs Doloran, may find yourselfso what involved. Bat you must not revea this to a soul; you must not even tell that I have gone any where but to England for a few weeks; whereas, I am really goin to India after I leave England. But shall not be absent more than a few Next winter will see me onths.

again, and with such a sensation as shall make Rahandabed famous for generaons. The lady's dismay had vanished; de

"Can it be possible, Mascar?" she said. How novel, how beautiful! But why How novel, Alan and myself accompany may not ou? In the present state of his feelings, his jurney would be the very thing for you The tawny face affected to be distorted

ith horror. *• My dear Mrs. Doloran, were any with Ha to accompany me, it would prevent for-ever the unravelling of the mystery. Do you not remember what I told you of hose strange people in India who can eave their bodies in one place, and stalk orth in a visible spirit to a great distance? mean to visit one of those; hav lived as long in the country as I did, I made the acquaintance of some of these people, and to good purpose, for the acaintanceship will serve me vastly now. But, were I to go accompanied, they would refuse to cast any spell for me, and my journey would be in vain." "Bat we need not accompany you just there," persisted the lady; "we could even remain in England until your re-

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beside her, and began to discuss the probable length of his journey. TO BE CONTINUED.

PRAVER OF THE HEART

Interior Communion With God-Ador. ation in Spirit and Truth.

The apostles once said to Jesus Christ: "Lord, teach us to pray." There is no single Christian who is not in the same need as the Apostles, and who ought not, with like humility, to say to our Blessed Saviour, "Lord, teach us to pray." Would that we teach us to pray." Would that we were convinced of our ignorance on this great subject, and the need we have of such a master as Jesus Christ! It is not enough to say that Jesus has taught us through His Apostles, and that we know the prayer they learnt from Him. The words, indeed, of that prayer we know, but without His grace we cannot understand their meaning, and can neither ask nor obtain what it expresses.

Prayer is wholly a spiritual act, directed to Him who is the Spirit of of spirits, the Spirit who sees all things and who is, as St. Augustine says, more intimately present to our couls than its deepest depths. If we add to what is the essence of prayer certain bodily postures, words, external marks of devotion; all these of themselves mean nothing, and are only pleasing to God inasmuch as they express the sentiments of the soul. It is, properly speaking, the heart that prays ; it is o the voice of the heart that God lends Whoever speaks of an attentive ear. the heart means that which is most spiritual within us. It is indeed noteworthy that in Holy Scripture prayer is always attributed to the heart ; it is moreover, the heart that God teaches, and it is the heart, when instructed how to pray, that afterwards enlightens the understanding.

If this be the case, and we cannot doubt that it is, why do we pray so much with the lips and so little with the heart? If it is the heart that prays, evidently it can sometimes and even habitually pray alone, without words, either ex pressed or mental. This is just what ew people understand and many deny altogether. They must have express and formal acts at least interior, that are distinctly perceived, and of which the soul is conscious; without such acts they recognize no prayer.

They are however mistaken, and God has not yet taught them how the heart It prays in the same way as prays. he mind thinks Now thought is ormed in the mind before it can be lothed in words. We want words to make ourselves understood by others but they are useless for ourselves, and if we were pure spirits we should need no language either for the communication of our thoughts. So it is with the feelings of the heart ; it conceives them, it adopts them, and puts them in practice, without there being any necessity of words, unless it would communicate them to our fellow men, or bear testimony of them to ourselves. God reads the secret of hearts Hepene trates into the very depths of our most intimate feelings, of those too that are not reflected upon, or perceived even by the soul And if these feelings are religious and supernatural, how can do otherwise than see tham, since He Himself inspired them by His grace and helps our will to consent to them ? Hence it is not necessary that we should have recourse purely and simply interior to make ourselves heard by God ; and if we do

FEBRUA A SINGI

The Warwich dismal. On more gloomy Ona and when the and yellow upo

seemed to be en

stifling the bre who fought and and wept inside To day the ! It beat able. narrow, squali erty-stricken loathsome ever itants.

In one of the little more tha lessly backw strummed with little piano heat and restle that entered h time since her and miserable ried just six time nothing harmony of months they h Everything h who was a sin had had cont although the very small, th upon it and b

But now th in her thou that refused seen Ralph day after da weariness gi look that was to his face. what she sca herself : but working too heat was und She sat do

Somehow to clearer and s done before. with scarcel fingers, and an old song ago at home that made h and sob-she cept that the gripped her the song see apply to her Suddenly She sprang her cheeks, ening in h later she wa through the and out into beyond. She stopp a brass pl

cheeks begs tated for a t bell, and t gave such slumbering up in affrig " Ach, " Vat is it :

The repl neatly-dres that a your him, and ti coming hi he gave o should be a Neille c glanced at front of h been so h half afraid such a rept she hesita the story s to tell him When a worded se

bering how boldly, on more than one occasion, the same Mr. Datton had spoken to himself, it was hardly strange that he felt disinclined to accord much favor to However, he descended to the re seption room where Dyke waited, and bowed with his wonted conresy, as he re quested to know the object of the visit. Dyke paused a moment to steady his tones; he even spoke with more than his usual slowness, that his feelings might be

well restrained. well restrained. "I have come in the interest of Mrs. Carnew, to ask you, as her near relative, to assist in proving that she is innocent of charges that have been made against

"Stop!" interrupted Edgar; it will at the time? robably save time to tell you that Mr 'No; I was not there at the time; but arnew has been here. He came, like I can prove that she was there and ---' you, with some hope that I might be able to refute these charges. He told me the le story, and he submitted to me the nothing of the visit; her relatives were on proofs of her guilt which had been given o him. The interests of truth and ustice demanded that I should be frank which had been given y to Australia and he could not ceive their letter. in telling what I happened to know of Mrs. Carnew; what I accidentally learned while she was in this house, what I heard after she had left it." "May I ask what these things were?" Dyke's tones were very slow still. Eigar warmed a little while he an-swered him, while he told what had given the knell to Carnew's hopes. The young man's feelings were gaining the mastery, and they were slipping from fter she had left it.'

flections. Could he, after all, have been mistaken? Was E ina not his own, but poor, despised Ned, who, because of her poor, deepseed Ned, who, because of her very position in his house, might perhaps he pardoned for her secret notice of the gardener's son? All this he was strange-ly impelled to teil, and to tell farther, that again his feelings toward Ned had

that again his feelings toward Ned had been changed by the perusal of Mackay's letters. His daughter could not be guilty of such duplicity; she came of too noble a race; so Ned, since the proofs of her guilt were so great, must be his brother's child. But he did not tell this to Carnew. ome unaccountable repugnance to oper his sores further than he had already done kept him silent. There was nothing to restrain Carnew

were again mentioned. He left early on the following morning, being in feverish haste to confer with his lawyer on the subject of the settlement

after that, but he was not quite decided.

On the afternoon of the day of Carnew's eparture from Weewald Place, Dike

rrived there, and he sent up his card to fr. Edgar. That gentleman looked very such displeased upon receiving it, having

et fresh in his mind the story of Carnew

in which the latter had even confessed his jealousy of Mr. Dutton, and remem-

Mr. Edgar.

or his wife: he thought of going abr

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her anger, and with her face blazing, and even so swollen that her very temples seemed to project, she descended to find Ordotte. He was just entering the breakfast-room with his hands full of roses; i was his self appointed morning task, while the roses were in bloom, to put bouque of them beside each lady's plate; bu everybody saw that Mrs. Carnew always received the largest and the handson flowers.

With a pleasant good morning to Mrs. Doloran, Doloran, he was going to Ned's plate, selecting the roses as he went. The lady's anger gave way to scorn.

Yon can save yourself the troub Mascar: I suppose you have not heard but Mrs Carnew, overwhelmed by the disgrace of having berguilt found out, has fled from Rahandabed. She went away, ecretly, last night." Ordotte had not heard of the flight, and

he was, perhaps, the only person in the whole place who had not, owing no doubt to his little intercourse with the servants there was a something about his tawny face and strange manner that both awed and repelled them. Now, as he listened to Mrs. Deloran, he dropped the flowers in his surprise, and ejaculated: "What?" in such an astonished man-

ner, that one would think he had received internal shock. Yes, she's gone, the brazen jade," re-

eumed Mrs. Doloran. "She knew she couldn't face it out, and so she thought she had better go."

has she gone?" asked "Bat where has she gone?" a Ordotte; "and what does Alan say?

The lady chrugged her shoulders. "That fool, Macgilivray, drove her in the carriage from here last night, but he as close as an oyster about it; and as r Alan, like the fool that he is, he's shut up in his room, and won't see anybody I am sure we're well rid of her; Rahanda hed would have been disgraced while she continued here. Faught how I detest

Poor creature! Is there no loop-hole her?" said Ordotte almost involun

"Poor creature!" repeated Mrs. Doloran, anger and contempt struggling in her tones. "Do you wish to insult me, Mascari

Not for allthe rajahs in the Panjaub, madam," replied the gentleman with as-sumed penitence, and bowing profoundly, "but I was only thinking, had the proofs of her guilt been so very clear, so entirely

Mascar Ordotte!" shrieked the lady "have you taken leave of your senses Do you want any more conclusive proofs than those letters from Mackay that you read, than what I told you of how Mr. Hayman acted, and what he said; than all the woman Bunmer tells?'

from emotion : 'Mr. Carnew, you are not alone in

suffering," Alan raised his head and perhaps seldom did two more agonized faces gaze at each other.

Elgar resumed:

Eigar resumed: "In me you behold a man who has carried a hidden agony for years. A horrid doubt was engendered for me by a near relative—a doubt that cankered all my pleasures; a doubt that, if it slumered for a little, only awoke to gnaw and cornent me with new vigor. And so it continued until a very few years ago. Then I did conquer it, and I was happy. n the love of my beautifal child alone l ived, and I fancied she reciprocated my flection. I imagined her devotion to b ch that she could make no choice of

usband unless first assured that he would meet my approval—I who would have sacrificed my life to give her happi ness; and vet, Carnew, how am I re warded? How does she repay my love my devotion? By giving her hand one who should have been almost

neath her contempt—to one with whose mbecility I was disgusted." stopped, as if overcome by his

motions. "And yet she was married with your consent?' broke from Carnew, interested despite his own emotions, in this strange recital from a man like Edgar.

" Because she would marry him, Car-

"Because she would marry him, Car-new; because she dared to say that she would dofy my oppos-ition. Brekbellew could support her as luxuriously as I could do, and she did not seem to care for anything more. To save her, and to save myself from the uppleasant cospit that would ensue did inpleasant gossip that would ensue did I refuse my consent and close my doore to her, I yielded; but she married with without my good wishes. You cannot be blind, Carnew, to the change in my appearance. The chords of my heart seem snapped. I am sick of life."

He sank into a chair and covered his

ace with his hands. Both were silent for a long time; then t was Elgar who broke it by rising and saying, as again he crossed to Carnew and placed his hand on the young man's placed shoulder:

"We can sympathize with each other: our griefs are akin; you have an un-worthy wife, I an unworthy child. In

the mastery, and they were slipping from to tight a rein, that they threatened to be all the more violent. His deliberate

manner of speech gave sudden way to a

rapid, impassioned tone: "Has it never occurred to you, Mr. Eigar, that Mrs. Carnew is the victim of Lugar, that Mrs. Carnew is the victim of a very web of calumny; a web delib-erately woven to shield another, and a gnilty party? No doubt, Mr. Carnew has told you how his wife spoke of an oath she was forced to take. That, to a clear judgment, must tell its own story, and ought to bring home to you at least e de ught to bring home to you at least a desire to investigate the case

do not understand you, sir," broke from Edgar, flushed and perspiring from

anger. "Then I shall make my meaning clear. Has it never occurred to you, as it has occurred to me and as it ought to have occurred to Mr. Carnew, that Eona Elgan Mrs. Brekbellew, and your reputed OW daughter, may be the guilty party, the wife, married in secret to Mackay, and the mother of his child?"

Edgar fairly reeled for an instant; then he caught a chair, and steadying himself

y it, responded fiercely : "Never!"

He seemed unable to say more, and Dyke resumed : "Then it is time that you entertain this suspicion; it is time that you reflect—" "Cease!" thundered Elgar; and his manner and tones recalled to Dyke how he had once before, when Dyke was a

he had once before, when Dyke was a mere lad, spoken to him in just such a manner. "How dare you make such an instantion to me, her father! Leave this hones, and never again presume to enter it. Gol! He pointed to the door.

Dyke did not move. "I ahall go, Mr. Edgar, when I have "I shall go, Mr. Edgar, when I have said something more, to which you must listen. You have no absolute facts upon which to base your belief that Mrs. Brek-bellew is actually your daughter, and what, if in the future, in the strange dis-pensations of a retributive Providence, proofs should be forthcoming that she is not your daughter, but that she, who to-day is so vilely calumniated, whose love is outraged, whose heart is broken, is your child, what in such a time will be your feelings? Look to it, that retribu-

even write tog them until he should re-

Carnew smiled grimly at the sudden break in the hotly spoken speech, and he said with an unmistakable decision as he

"It is no use. Mr. Datton; we cannot "It is no use, Mr. Dutch, we cannot banish nor dispute the facts which stamp Mrs. Carnew as being, when I married her, the widow of Mackay, and the mother of his child. As such, she ceases to be my wife. I shall go to New York to-day in order to have settled upon her activity annual sum and then I shall

a sofficient annual sum, and then, I shall

Dyke could not control himself; he also

"Since she ceases to be your wife, she shall also cease to be dependent upon your support. Discarded wife though she , she is not without friends, Mr. may be,

Carnew." The indignant, defiant speech roused and he an-

The indiginal, denant speech roused Alan's hot, jealous blood, and he an-swered with a bitter sarcasm: "No doubt, since she has your home and your heart," with a taunting emand your heart," with a taunting em-phasis on the last word, "to rush to, when she flees from her husband's protection." "Say but another word like that, Mr. Carnew, and I shall forget that you are

her husband." Dyke advanced threateningly, the blood firing his cheeks; but Alan did not move, nor did the expression of his face change.

"Your wife is as pure as the snow when it fails," Dyke continued passionately; "and that even you, whose trust in her should have been great enough to shield her in the face of every accusation, could have no tannt to throw at her, I left my home within two hours after she had

entered it. I have not seen her since, no shall I return to her while she claims its shelter. But, as I hold a brother's right shelter. to her, I can work for her support. I did

it before, and now that she is wronged calumniated, discarded; that you, her husband, refuse to believe her, it will be my duty, more than ever, to provide for

It was impossible not to admire the young man; he seemed so noble, so brave, so true, and even Carnew felt a brief involuntary admiration and respect; but after that, his old feelings returned, and he answered with his former cold

"Mrs. Carnew can do as she choose about using her allowance. It shall be made regardless of her feeling in the matter." He rang for a servant to secort Dyke out, and he waited until the servant came, and Datton with a brief, "good morning," had departed. Mrs. Doloran had an excellent view of

him as he passed out, and she was still surveying the door through which he had

Ordotte shook his head.

"I have a task to do in England which necessitates my going alone. I regret that dear Mrs. Doloran, and nothing but the fact that I am about to upravel a tremendous mystery sustains me in my effort to tear myself from Rahandabed."

Tell me the mystery," demanded the lady

"Do you wish me to kill myself" he answered, assuming a passion that some-what frightened his companion. "I should have to do so if I breathed a word of this awful mystery;" with an awful emphasis on the next to the last word, 'and I have only told it to you, that you would sympathize with my anxiety," changing his manner to one of sorrowfal tenderness, "that you would wish me tenderness, "that you would wish me good speed on my journey, that---"his voice became very tender--"you would cherish my memory during my absence; not that you would harrow my soul by wishing to accompany me when it is im

possible for me to consent." He drew back a little, and looked the picture of dejection.

The lady was touched, as she always as when Ordotte seemed to be affected. as when Ordotte seemed to be affected. "O Mascar! why accase me? I never meant to harrow you-you know I love-I think too much of you-I-" the rest of the sentence was lost in a hysterical sob.

Ordotte came back to her, and dropped

on his knees at her feet. "Cease to weep, my dear Mrs. Doloran; I believe yon, and I know the deptb, the sincerity of your friendship for me"—he always studiously avoided the word affection—" and I know that though my stay abroad should extend to six months, your friendly feelings will not diminish; the hospitable doors of Rahandabed will not be closed to me."

"Never, Mascar, never; I am mistress here, and you shall always be received

here, and you shan a support with open arms." And, as if she would exemplify her words, she opened her own arms and seemed about to fold them round the seemed about to fold them round the kneeling gentleman, but he evaded her endeavor in some sly, skilful way of his own: and then being certain that he had pacified her, and quite reconciled her to his solitary departure, he seated himself

take use of these in our prayers, less for Him than ourselves, that we may keep up our attention in His presence. Our weakness often requires the help of these acts ; but they are not the essence of prayer, and God, when it so pleases Him, raises the soul occa-

sionally above this need. Suppose, then, a soul so united to God that to be at entire to prayer it needs no longer explicit acts in these moments of slience and of peace when it heeds not what is passing within it. It prays, and excellently too, with a simple straightforward prayer that God hears perfectly, although the soul cannot perceive it, being as it were transported out of self by the action of divine grace. The heart is full of thoughts of God, which it is unable to express clearly, and which are so spiritual that they escape its knowledge, but they are not unknown to This prayer so empty of all im-God. ages, and seemingly inactive, is yet active that it is, as far as it can be so in this life, pure adoration in spirit and in truth This is what is called prayer of silence, the prayer of quiet, of simple contemplation, of pure faith, to which God raises by degrees those who have given themselves entirely to Him, and whom He governs by His

grace in a most special manner. If there is one favor more than another which God desires to communicate to us, it is this; but where are the Christians who dispose themselves to receive it by detachment and purity of heart? Where are they who having received the first fruits of it know how to cultivate them by unreserved correspondence to grace ?- Abbe Grou, S. J.

Where Everything is Taxed. From an Exchange.

Even English statesmen now admit that Ireland is overtaxed. Apropos of which Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, once said to Swift : "The air of Ireland is most charming and healthy."

"For God's sake, madam," he answered, "don't say so in Eigland, for if you do they will certainly tax it."

Mary is the stem of that beautiful flower of which the Holy Spirit rests with all His gifts therefore, is who wishes to obtain the Seret Gifts of this Holy Spirit should seek the flower of the Holy Spirit on its stem. We go to Jesu by Mary, and by Jesus we find the grace of the Holy Spiris.—St. Bonaventure.

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