CHRONICLE.

· How strange.

LOVE AND MONEY.

A TALE.

Mary wrote a long letter, to which she told all Robert's fears, and sent it off to her former school-mate.

Soon one came in return full of affection, so that Robert at last took courage and wrote himself, and from that time a regular correspondence was kept up between them.

Alice always required anxiously concerning her father; but Robert could give ber little information about him, except that he seemed never to be ill in any way, and was the strictest individual he ever met. She would have told him to speak to her father, and ask him to send for her, but she dreaded to do so. She dreaded even to let him know that she knew Robert .-What caused Alice to imagine that her father was harsh? for she really did think he was a acted so to her; he was merely careless of her. him ? She had compared his treatment of her with that But Mr. Morton had not forgotten his daughter ; enrich her ? to whom should be marry her, when aim was to make money. He pictured to himin gold pieces; how he would watch with pleaenergies; to this end he strove; and to fulfil work of speculation.

After Alice bad been six years at Miss Borem's, her father sent for her, as he thought | movements. she was then old enough to take care of herself. ous to mention. Some of them, the portable to keep her stay there in her remembrance .-Pupils having friends in Cork made her bearer of despatches; and, as she travelled in the coach, she felt that she was a very responsible personsomething less so than the mail guard.

Alice had read novels and romances of all sorts, and by many authors; but from them all she learned that every beauty should be a heroine; and she, knowing well she was handsomefor her companions had often told her she was, not to mention the daily testimony of her mirror, -had got it into her mind that she ought and thing, she thought, 'every one writing stories about you, and plays, and the like. Yes, I must be one.'

What troubled her much was that she believed it impossible for Robert Power, in the position he then held, ever to become a hero or figure in the slightest way in any thrilling episode. She wished he should-wished it ardently, for she liked him much, and had a desire that he should do something or other besides being a clerk in her father's employment. To tell the truth, Robert had never been absent from her memory; be had always kept his place in a far corner of her heart, and, as she neared before her more prominently.

As she stood at her father's door, she tremhled violently, and had scarce power to knock. It was late in the evening, and she almost hoped he had gone to his club. Mrs. Williams came an honest, true-souled fellow, and he could not to the door, and uttered an exclamation of sur-

prise at her growth since she had last seen her. ' My dear Miss Alice,' cried the good woman, is it you? Why, I can scarce believe it possible that there could be such a great change in you. Your papa is above in the drawing room. He expects you, but it is as well for me to run up and tell him you are come.?

Do, said Alice, 'l'il follow when I have

this cloak off.' Mr. Morton came half-way down the stairs to meet his daughter, and, to do him all credit, he tried to work his features into a look of affec-

· Glad to see you, my dear, he said. 'Rather tall for your age-sensible looking, too. I lent care of you. Estimable ladies are they .place; but make yourself quite at home.

office so soon, but that he feared being overcome by his feelings. Alice had grown to be so like her mother, possessing her delicatelycarved features, her look, her manner, that she bad startled her father out of the all-engrossing present and made him go back to the time when his wife lived. In a moment the past was before him-at least, the middle part of his life, and he thought of her whom he had loved. though not confessing it even to himself.

CATHOLIC

Dreariness and loneliness came over Alice as she sat looking into the fire. She felt like one who had entered a prison, and involuntarily she thought of her father as the gacler. But there was the morrow that she looked forward to .-She should go to the Powers' cottage, and see them; but there was no chance of her seeing any one but Mary, as Bob would be at his busi serere and almost cruel man. He never had ness. Could she not go down to the office to

No. Was there any harm in doing so ?of other fathers. She had seen other girls Well, perhaps not; but then her father was visited mouthly by their parents, and then she such a queer man, that it was very likely he could not help almost believing herself forgotten. would not wish she should do anything of the kind. It may be that he was proud enough to not at all; day and night she and her prospects forbid her association with any clerk of his. He were ever before him. How would be most might think it a degradation for his daughter to be even seen speaking to Robert Power. What in a few years, as he intended, she should come could she expect from one who had only spoken back to Cork? It was no easy thing to get a a few commonplace words to her after a separasuitable husband for her; for, above all, he tion of six years. How could be be able to should be a man of great wealth, one whose understand friendship, he who had shut up his heart against all human feeling, and who perself the pride with which he would hard his mitted himself to be guided in all his actions by youth, her former playmate. daughter's fortune. How he would count it out the one all filling thought how he should gain money? Poor Alice reasoned thus. She besure the rising and spreading of the great firm lieved her father to be what every one considwhich should always bear his name. Yes, his ered him - a cold hearted, selfish, gold-proud the Elm arbour, to be sure; how could that name, -- none other. To this end be bent his man .- She made no allowances for his early be omitted. teaching because she knew nothing about it, nor this end he toiled unceasingly at his great head- for that dust which had got in through contact with the world to the nicer and more delicate machinery of his soul, and had interrupted its

She made no allowance for his want of true At news of her intended departure all the girls Chris ion training. She was not aware that all felt very sorry, and presented her with ever so he bad heard of God's law was the Bible task, ing. many little articles, such as books, work boxes, conned with no good will and learned with disbrooches, pencil cases, besides others too numer- gust. She was young, and was possessor of a happy, innocent, cheerful mind. She did no ones, she accepted, though she needed nothing understand what it is to grow old amongst cunning, pelf-seeking, unscrupulous men of the world. She had had ten years of fond watching, anxious tending from a good mother, a mother fair and lovely in body and mind. She forgot that Henry Morton had been reared by paid officials, that his dawning reeson had met with compulsory lessons,-that he had been forced by his coarse company to hide the flowers of love and truthfulness and gentleness, bursting up and striving to blossom in his heart, - that he had been compelled to appear morose when he was in reality sad, repulsive when anxious to be alone, scornful would be one. 'A herome! What a great when treated with contempt. Ab, it was beyond her any acquaintaace with these things .--She thought every one ought to be happy because she was so. She believed her father could not love her; and be still cold in manner to her, for such was not her pature. She did not see that he only wore a mask, which he had put on from a notion that the world required it, and that it was impossible for him to put it off even in her presence. Alice had made a mistake like many others. The very first night of her arrival in Cork she was left alone with no kind father enjoying her society, listening to her talk, asking her questions about the time spent at school, about her companions, and already had she set the city in which he resided, his image stood out it down as a self-apparent fact that no one loved her. Stay, no one, that was too sweeping an assertion; ber father cared nothing about her, but Robert Power did. She was sure of that. quite sure; there was no doubt of it. He was

deceive. But ae was not a hero, could never be one; at all events he appeared to have no chance of being one. A great pity she had an over-weening affection for the heroic; she hoped to figure in some intensely interesting drama, and from a good while ago she had believed her life was to be interwoven with his. But could she not love Robert Power deeply without? and here she blushed at the first permitted thought of future marriage with Robert. Then again she went on, could she not love him as a brother, trust to him as a sure guide in all things, and as a real friend? But something like a rebellious answer came from her beart, something that may be reduced into these words- There is no use trying knew that the Miss Borems would take excel- to fight against it; do not attempt anything of the kind. You love Robert Power not as a Walk up. I suppose you almost torget the sister; no, you love him, for you hope he will be man being; not even for me. your husband some day. You do not forget the In the room, Alice, sat down; and was pre- last day you saw him at Miss Borem's, under the love you. pared for some conversation with her father; but elm tree, nor the conversation then? Whathe left her, saying he would send up Mrs. Wil- ever situation in life Robert Power may be some way.

Lio become gentle, as people say? Gentle! I time there; and so on paying mothing exceptable may be some way.

liams, who would he was sure, be very kind, placed in, you will continue to love him, and it is time he saw me after an say soft words like others. I do not want to do tumane and charitable person before the world and make ber comfortable.

the table summoned them.

Mr. Williams came in and inquired what she would have in the way of refreshment before she went to her bed-room; but Alice said she needed nothing but a little rest, being somewhat fatigued When she came to breakfast the following morn. ing, her father was at the table, but he merely nolded in answer to ber salutation, and continued to read the paper till the hour for going down to

Alice was wishing him away, for she had a hope that she might see Robert from the window, as he would be coming into business. She had not seen him for four years, and she felt an irresistable currosity to see the change in him for that time. But Robert had been in besore she was left alone and at liberty to watch for him; so she had only to hope that chance would be favorable to her upon some other morning. She made inquiries of Mrs. Williams as to the shortest way to the Sundays-Well-road, as she had almost forgetten it, intending to visit Robert's sister, Mary Power. She had to fulfil some of her school-mates' commissions, which would take up all the day till dinner-time; so that she had little fear of feeling lonely. After dressing, she went out, and was very much surprised at the appearance of the city folk, at the large shops and wide streets, and she found herself in very unlashionable attire. On she went to the Powers' cottage, and, atter some searching, she found it, and was soon sitting again with the friend of her

Little did she heed the hours as they passed, for she was again with Mary Power, talking with her of old times and places, of the Borems, of

'You do not forget the last day that we all sat there together, Alice, do you'll asked Mary. 'Oh, dear, no. Why should I?'

Robert remembers it, too, and often speaks

'Does he? Is he much changed since then? 'Well, not much; he has grown better look-

'I always thought him handsome: you told me

'Ah! I said so because I could not think

otherwise, loving him so deeply as I did.' "I like him, too; he was so clever, and told

such fine stories." ' He lears that you might not have as great a

regard for him as formerly, owing to his being but a clerk to your lather.? What difference could that make?

Just what I have said hundreds of times to him myself: but still be continues to fear he is

Perhaps you don't forget the promise he forced from you?

Alice laughed loudly, and caught up a book to

had suffused her face. 'Tell me, do you remember it?' Mary went

on to say, not seeming to have noticed Alice's confusion. 'I am sure he does?'

Does he? You're sure he does?"

· Quite confident.' 'It was all a toke.'

didn't take it as such.'

'Did Robert?'

'I couldn't say.'

'You must have some idea as to whether he did or not.'

' Well, I believe he took it all in earnest.' 'But we were so young.'

' Neither of you are so old now.'

'I mean, we did not know our own minds.'

'Ny brother always knew his.' Let us speak of something else.

Wby?

Because it is getting late, and we have so much to talk about before I go.'

' Couldn't you wast until Robert come in.' 'No, for papa would be angry, I suppose, were I to be out at dinner hour; and I have to call on a lady living at Sydner-place, with a note from Amelia Tomson.'

' I am sorry for it, as my brother would be so delighted to see you.

I am surry also; but then I will call again

. Would there be no possibility of your meeting him at your house?

Not the slightest, as I never pass out through

the office, for papa wouldn't wish it.' 'I believe he's a very strict man?' 'Very. I don't think he cares for any hu-

'Oh, you must be mistaken: he couldn't but

mmutes.'

his office, not paying the least attention to her.

spoke or told her any news, only sat down and read letters or his newspaper; but I will tell you something strange. This morning, as I was looking about her room, I saw some papers lying full of dust upon a table. I took them and read with eagerness, for the handwriting was familiar to me; I knew whose it was. Beautifully solemn were the words, -breathing a heavenly spirit,something sad about them; but it was a blessed sadness, and I could not help crying; but I read on. The sheets formed a diary of my mother's life, and I could only look at them partially .-The last piges were the most interesting, and the ending overpowered me with wonder. The last words written by my mother, 'I am a Catholic, thank God. What an unspeakable satisfaction,-what hope has entered my heart; I am a Catholic. Yes, I have been biptized; I bave been washed in the cleansing water of God's faith. I could die; yes, though I know my unworthiness, I could die, and feel no regret, trusting that my father would mercifully look upon me, and also upon the little Alice whom I should leave. May she be blessed with the true light. If I live, she shall; if not ---" Evidently the last words she had written in this

· Not so strange to me, for I have often seen

mamma left alone for the whole length of a day;

and then when papa came upstairs, he never

But to change her religion -that was too bad, wasn't it?' asked Mary. 'The Borems wouldn't say that was right."

'No; but then she was so good, that she

must have been so.'

Upon leaving Mary Power, Alice bastened on to Mrs. Aytmer's, at Sydney Place, and left Amelia Thomson's letter there. Coming home after asking him several questions concerning the like a mother to you. I am not like many, wondered very much at his temerity, and was near being displeased, but when Robert explained that though he should be sorry to lose her friendship, yet that he would never consent to visit her or even have her visit at his cottage without her father's knowing, she had to acknowledge the propriety of his conduct. Some conversation, ending in nothing, took up nearly an hour's time, and Robert had to go away, but not without impressing Alice with the belief that he was a noble-hearted fellow. Though she had not met other young men, still she instinctly knew that very few were as good or possessed such look at it; but could not hide the rich color that manly feelings as he. It requires little penetrative power to see that stamp of godliness with which all are marked, unless they allow it to be been brought forth. worn off by too great contact with the world's vanities. As Alice sat opposite her father at brighter light in her eye than that which shone there in the morning. Appearing unconscious 'It didn't seem to be so then; at least, I of her presence, he watched her movements .-Nothing escaped his stealthy glance; he almost counted the beat of her pulse, always preserving the same impassive countenance. His dinner but in truth to dream. To look into the future, in which of course his own was the principal figure, the all moving lever of the trade of his native city; and then came his daughter, who was to succeed him upon the mercantile stage, supported by some one whom he could not exactly name, though having a fair idea of whom he might select were he, that individual, rich .-Stupid hough Alice felt that night, and often she thought of Mary Power, and the happiness that her face as well as everthing around her bespoke. She feared to open the prano, but at last she did, and taking a piece of music she played, and then in a sweet, clear, soul-touching voice, she sang one of the ballads of Moore. overflowing with a gentle pleasing sadness. She bad forgotten her father's presence completely until she was reminded of it by his rusting from the ro m. The cause of his flight she believed to be a distaste for music, but it was not so. A crowd of recollections had been called forth by her song, and he could not stay for its conclusion.

> When he was alone, walking up and down his office, he uttered his thoughts aloud. . Have I

Mr. Morton would not have gone down to his Premature thoughts for our young Alice, but the absence of six years, he was as much engrossed so. Is it for me to idle my time with her? Is place, the loneliness, the dimly-shining lamp upon with something or other, as if I were not in the it not better and wiser that I should make money place, and only remained with me for a few for her, and make her grand by it, than fondle and dandle her? She is no child; she con care for herself; I must fulfil my task.

Alice knew nothing of this struggle in her father's mind; had she known it, perhaps, she might have done more to please him. She might have set her mind to the good work of reforming him. It is very possible that she could have brought him to a true sense of a father's love .-Many difficulties might have lain in the path: she would have met with rebuils, but obstacles are generally made light of by women ; they have a happy way of clearing everything before them, whilst men would be thinking how it could be done.

A few days after this Alice was surprised by a visit from a lady of whom sue had no previous knowledge, but she came in a handsome equipage. Mrs. Ajlmer,' said the servant, as she ushered the stranger into the drawing-room.

' My dear Miss Morton, owing to my not being at home when you were kind enough to call with a letter from my friend, Amelia Thomson, I came now to visit you, and, as I must confess, force an acquaintance with you. I was . so really interested in you, from Amelia's description of your talents and prepossessing qualities, that I broke through all ordinary forms of

Alice was quite abashed before the fushionable woman, and she had scarce presence of mind enough to answer, that she was delighted to see her.'

'Now, Miss Morten, you don't think it wrong of me to intrude upon you?

'Not in the least; in fact, it is no intrusion,

Mrs. Ayliner.' 'l am so grateful to you for saying so. I knew that we would amalgamate very well. I am not the most companionable, person for one of your years, I know that; but at the same she found a visitor waiting for her. Robert had time I may be useful to you in some ways. For heard of her arrival, and seeing no better plan instance. I can bring you into society that would to adopt in order to have the pleasure of a long be suited for you. Amelia says in her letter, chat with her, he went in to Mr. Morton, and that she supposes you will lead a very dull life asked him for an hour's leave, telling him the here with your father, who, I understand, is very cause of his request. Greatly astonished, Mr. much engaged in business, and she suggests that he was so the first night we met, and I believed | Morton gave him permission till four o'clock, I should take charge of you, and, in fact, act way he had come to know his daughter. Alice and lonely. Mr. Aylmer, my late husband, was connected with the Government. He held a post in Dublin Castle, and you must know it wes one of great importance, so that I have a fair yearly income. Ought I not be most thankful for what I have; but I cannot help sometimes thinking of him, and sorrowing at his departure to, I hope, a better land; ay, and now and then I shed a tear over his inemory. I cannot repress it.

> Mrs. Aylmer took her pocket-handkerchief and passed it across her eyes, most artistically. Alice did not know what to do at this affecting juncture; but she was soon relieved from her suspense by Mrs. Aylmer putting her handkerchief back into its original place as dry as it had

'My feelings are very powerful, Miss Morton, very. Some persons can hide theirs; I dinner, be could and did see that there was a can't, it isu't in my nature. I am all candour and openness of mind; they who run may read. Some say such a mode of acting is wrong. I. know it isn't according to the maxims of the world; but then, though of the earth, I am not earthy, that is, I despise all the deceits and illusions of this sublunary sphere. I came that I finished, he sat himself down to read apparently, might make a friend of you: come now with me and have a drive.

Really, Mrs. Aylmer, it is too kind of you to think of my pleasure, and I quite a stranger to YOU.

'Not a stranger, my dear girl. Why, I have the most aident affection for you. I am a per: son of very warm feelings: I must express what. 1 think. Won't you come now?'
'Well, I must leave you for a short time

alone till I dress.' 'Certainly I'll have pastime in those little

drawings. Your own, I suppose?

'No, not mine, but-'Your mamma's? I guess it: 'I've heard' something about her talents. Now, go and

dress.' Alice was soon dressed to go out.

We may as well make fourselves more intimately acquainted with this lady. The widow, not of a very high official at the Castle, but of bis deputy, she had no pension from Government. and was obliged to make up something as good as it by her wits. She had set out with the maxim that appearances are everything; so she seemed rich, and never thought of living in any not trained myself up to look upon everything but the most expensive way. She had a house coldly? Is my whole life, to be changed by a rent free for a couple of years, and then saying of little girl of sixteen? Is she to make me cry she was not satisfied with the accommodation? I don't know that; if he did, he'd show it in and talk nonsense, and lose my manbood? . Am she went to another spending about the same can