# Che 

CATHOLIO
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## ROSE LEBLANC;

tge trioupla of semgertut

For several days runang it rained ta torieats, The roua tad he excursion to Betiaram haid onsequence to be put off. At last the sua lorth igaln in aill tes southern glory, and on
fine Sudday morning, at breat oi day, Rose was eated on Fanchette, Heurl's baudsome Spa mule, herself dressed in her best clotaes, and Sohing as pretty, bougb somewhat paler an oakeo stuck in bis tand, waiked by iez side, casionally, having hold of her bridle, if the
was a brook or a dificult bit of road to cross. - O dear, bom beautiful those raountains are d those great tall fir-trees, that looz as. Heara shrugged his siouldors. He fac bat roust be one of Avdre's mine sentences. They farm where we stopped just now to look
tine coms. Thats what I like to see, a lot of at the coms. That what mast produce erer so numeis butt and cheese ; bice
Aod sucia a oumber of trees in the oichara 1 conated as many as thirty-lwo pear tees and
engheen pium-treses, said R.cse, çuita zeady give up ber admi: ountain passe

हuppose you were countiog them just zo pour bndle hanging ou Fanchette's nect;', an
swered Eenr: 'No monder the old gril stum bied.
No, I mas tbinking of somethug quite dif fereat,' ejaculatec Pose, in a sentumenai man 'Thaking! dreaming you mean. That's a! bie!" "Doe't pull the bridle so bard, fou will bur Fanchette. Gently, Heari, gently It is rery well to say gently; but where man ss fooled to the top of bis oedi.... mase you angry?
"Oh, nothing; nothing. I and not angry;
No, there is oal Was on!p talking nonsense,
one thing I can't get orer.'

## That yoü mere fond oí

litue.:
our, because it must have beea mpomn faul that you left of caring for me. it see it cor
that it is too late; and that thought drives me Why fou see you mere so rery cross.
I know it. I was a fooi, a beast,' crted Heari, strkicg bis forelea
'Oh, I doa'l say that.'
 Do deaity. you sealls? me!l I should cever háre thought so.' 'What, you did not beilieve [ lored you ?' Well, you were always grumbling and scota ${ }^{19}$ 'But I lored you so muct,' he again fants uthered.
And uow that you are grown so kind and 80 ft on, cariog for me, which is very luckr, as am engaged io M. Andre. But it is really ver fungy about people who fall in love; they show it in such different ways. It made gou cross and
disagreeabte ; and Andre says it makes bim like to go by bimself into the field
"And you call that love ?? Herri exclaimed friende, fortune, life for you? and bless God that was allowed to do so?
' Well, I dare say he would,' answered Rose Waf,shade, ['re Ioved thee, dearest Rose, far more than word ra love tuee precions Rose, up to my dging hoar,
Aud loring thee, Fil die, 0 my boloved flower!' Henri bit has lip and muttered sometaing very
 cried out, us he plucked aud then tore in pieces dae spansh panks and will gerailems the road.Give theull to me,' she said, ' and as 1 go along Bill make a nosegay for our Lady's altar a
 pioe rose; anemones also, and as they adranced
into the unosutans the bright blossoms of the red unto the mooutans the bright blossoms of the red
and biue gentum, and large handfuls of thyme and biue gentum, and large handfuls of thyme
He tied up these treasures mith the blades of He tied up these freasures with the blades lap was soon all full of lowers.
At nine o'clock thay stopped at the pretty
caurch of the illage of Choroaze to hear Mas and afterwards breakfasted under the trees of the ittie inn, wliere they had put up the mule. -
Then, as they proceeded toward Betharan, th road grew more and more picturesque and the scenery more imposing. Thes ascended tia bills, from whose bergbts a torrent came foamin and dashing down lite a steed let loose in 'h ectij still, the azure of the sigy unclouded an bryght. Tuwards tweive o'clock they drew near
to the fair valley of Betharam, and the timebonored sanctuary where so many generations hare knelt and so many prayers been offered up
T'ae church, with its beautiful portal and grac? al facade, met their eyes and thes entered th milage of Estelle. It stands at the foot of mountains, some of then mayestically grand an drearily barren, and cthers covered mith Span Th chestnuts and alders.
Sose. and take care of yaur nosegays. Go Guto tie church aud pray, a3 that ts what you hare
come bere for. I must first see to Franchelle and then I will follow you.'
R.ose accordingly hastened to the cbarch, Where a great many pilgrims were koelling be-
tore the altar of our Lady of Sorrows, and pray. log with noore or less feivor. She took her nose gays our of ber ayron and laid there at the feet
of Mary's image. She also tighted tovo tapers fach she had bouglt an and ren on he began to repeat the litang of the Blessed Virgin When she came to the words, "Comforter of the
a ficted, pray for us,' she perceived that some afficted, pray for us,' sthe perceived that some
one was kaeeling by her side and joining in the same prayer. Turang round to see who it was, of the foung stranger whun she had met on the
market-place of Pau, on tbe eventul day of the ballot. Sbe wore the same black gauze bonne add light muska shawl. Her eerg far hair, her
deticate features, the snow whiteness of her thin delicate features, the snow whiteness of har and
transparent thands, gave her a likeness to the angeis dat Perugino loved to pain, or the pietures
of the royal saints of the middle ages. Whet ite litany was eaded she withdrew in silence.-
Her noseless tootsteps were not beard as sine glided away orer the tume-worn parement which so many tears bave watered, and on which so
many pilgrums hare bnett, since the day that a many pilgrims hare bnelt, since the day bat
mother orougtt her dying children to the ruin of what was once a renerated sancluary; and
hike that glorious Canaanaitish wonan in the Gos pel, foume the reward of her great laith.' Rose looked round and suiddenly missed from
ber side the pentle Alare. ' 1 declare I Ehinls it is a rision,' she invardly exclaimed, glancing seeing her again. ' I always thunk of ber when her. Perbaps it is his guardian angel.
These reflections occasioned her soine distrac thons, and not berng used to very lenig prayers, after hartng repeated the few she knew by heart
and added to them a short but fervent peition for Andre's welfare and his speedy return, she
left the church.
A mountan rises on the left siue of the sanc he statous of the cross are erected. $A \mathrm{Ca}_{\mathrm{a}}$ vary with an inumense ervcifix stands in the ceat
tre of the platform of this hill, and the most in tre of the platform of this hill, and the most in
different tra celler can bardly help bendang the snee as he arrives at the font of that solitar
cock. The view from the begght is widd in the rock. The view from the besgit is wind in the distance, and not a trace of human habiaita-
toons or human labor is to be seen in ans direc. thon, save the sigu of men's redemption, nnd the
rude stone well wigh worn out by the fills'cus: rude stone well wigh worn out by the gilligers
kueesat its font. Ruse koell down at the frst clapel' near the foot of the tull. A litle hagher

 risage and ntutwart forta sremed to sel at defi
 weight of sorraw ar his heart ; strengtit ho
give, to lope, and to endure; sirengith to hide his
 agg fron has manly soul at the loot of the cross,
our only hope:- spey unca, as the Csure
ings in her thats ol muyled mourging and esuliation. He wisis. Weplng for the first tume since
his childhool. He bad fought a Geree batle will humself, fud inose burbing tears were'as the
the lightnizg bas scatbed it. The stront ${ }^{2}$ strug-
gies of years found a vent in those rears.
And that fair girl wiose angel face was caunting Rose as a celestal viston, what was she do-
ing on the Way of Sorrows, on the road to Calgary on the Way of Sorroms, on the road to Calligat of a summer sky, and on whose lips borered
$a$ smite bright as the opening damn? She bad a smile bright as the opening dawn? She bud
nearly reached the top of the mountau and was heang aganast a rock, her rosary to ber hand, her sii, bt tall figure gilded br the rays of the gudiug her steps; the Caristian matto, 'Excei-
Atice first, then Henri, and lastily Rose, reacitiie platform where the Calsary stands. The thee pilgricis kne!t together at the foot of the
crucifir. Henra kissed the foot of nur Lord and meat amay. The two girls prayed for
a fem mowents, and when they rose, Alce smiled and saluted Rose. Tbey soon entered juto
' We made acquaintance,' Aline sald, '
maiket-place, midst the noise and the confusion foot of a soitiary cross in a desert.'
1 is rery true,' Rose answered. 'Sothun can be more tolike than Pau and this mountana
But suall we see you agan in Pau, Mautemo

- We are birds of passage, Mdlle. Rose. Yo see Ilearnt and hare remembered your name ;-
and co-morrow, alas! the odious railmay trai will carry me a way trom your beautiful Pjren
${ }^{\circ} \mathrm{Ob}$, kow sorry I should be to think that should uerer see you again! But you are very
lucky, Mademoiselle; to be allowed to trarel. I Bould like so much to see a large town; ha Bordeaux, for instance,
Alob, don't. wist any such thang exchamed
Alice. For those who are born and bave lived alice. 'For those who are born and bave lived
anidst the halls and rocks, a city is a prison. It is like sbuttung up a bird in a cage.'
'Do you really think so? Pose asked some hat secredulously.
Ot, jes; are not these great trees whic Crfume,' ani Alice stooped to gather a handfu of the Hagrant mounam thyme, 'a thousand 'Well 'Well, you may be rigtt,' Mademoisolle.
Your home is in the coucler.' Jules Bertiand our home is in the councry. Jules Bertand told us that you his

And who may Jules Bertrand be
'He is the nephew of Madaure Bertrand, the milliver io the High street; the fouth wio
showed you the way that day to the Coorent of the Ursulines.'
'True ; I rem
True ; I remember ham rery well. He would not tase lise tanetey wlich oir granulather otere:
bina. Do you think youn could prevail upon him We have just had them blessed at the altar the Blessed Firgin.
ing the rosary which Allice was boldiag out.
'And gou, Mdille. Kose, might I venture the pilgrimage wa have made to-day to our de - Ab,' sald Rose, coloring with pleasure roy pro your name, I would alwass mention A Alve, said the young stranger, as she smited
a walked avay: 'I am not quite sure yet that she is not an anitr eyea long trose, to the village. 'In any cate, I am glad she gave me a medal. I am
sure it will bring me a blessing, and she placed in her bosong after kisssing it several tumes.
An bour later she was dinng with her cousia
at a little table belore the mn, under the shade of the acacia-trees, mhen a caleche wert by. lag away. 'Can you tell me the name of those
traifellers, sir?' she said to the waiter who bad just set down the soup.
' dun't know anything about them,' he answered in a contemptuous manner; ' 'they put up the botels of Betharam.'
$\qquad$ the next table, toots his pipe of his mouth, and
said in a consequental maner, it is the Barou said in a consequentual manner, 'It is the Baron
de Vidal and his granddaughter, Mdile. de Mor-
'The Baron de Vidal 8 ' exclained Rose wilb deep browa study.
'Coune, it is tume to be off,' said Henri, and be went to the stable to saddle the mule.

How very much obliged I I am to you, Henri,
How very much obliged 1 am to , You, Henri,
or having brougt me to Betharam,' said Rose,
as once more seat
trom the ina door. 'Nonsense,' answered Henr1. 'Take care o
the loose stones,' and he pristled as be went along, as if to drown lis own thougbts: borm without speazing. The tiga rocisi on way side o: the road sheltered them from the arteraoca stin. The tiakling of the donkey's bells Lept time with the rusting sound bf the torrents,
which in many places were so micreased by the Which in many places were so micreased by the
recent rains that the road was corered with maecent rains that the road was corered with wa
ter. Io the morving, Rose had crossed these see Henry wading through them in ben amused thick boots
sith while she gatbered up her little feet not
her ribboned shoes. But nuw, whether that the emotions of the day bad reacted on be spirts, or that the laling shades of evenng cast
a gloom on the narrow ravines thes were passang furough, she telt anxious and depressed, and precipices
As they were descening the will from Irun to Choroaze, Heari mode a sudden exclamation, and turoed as pale as death. 'For heaven's
sale, jump of this moment? he cried, and fose felt herseif lifted off the saddle, and placed on bauk on the sude of the road. A doeadful lond-
shd was taking plate. The road gave ray completels. The stoues of the causervay and large beaps of earth were falling nito the torrent
muth a borrible noise. The with a borrible viose. The raule disappeared trareilers scood transixised for a few whe two but teeling as if the grouad was giving way under
their feet. In another instant it became erident that this mas really the case. The bani on mpich they were standing began to rock. There
was aut a second to lose. 'Put jour arms round my. neck,' Henri cried, 'say as many
Hal Marys as jou can, and take care not to
lose your bold,:
The laden with his precious burden, like a father who a sport carries his child on bis back,
he sprung forward and scaled the nearly perpendicular side of the seountain amidst rolling Eiones, uprooted trees, and showers of earth
which impeded brs stens and often obscured his sigbt. Tine torrent, checked in its course by the
beazy masses of sock which had fallen into its ed, was roaring in his ears like a widd beast How be made his wa
How be made bis way up that steep acclivity,
wow be brote through the manifold obstacles in bis pati, God oxly brows, or mhat stent and inense prajers rose from bis throbbing beart dur. agy that peribus ascent. At last by a desperate efficrt be rechad a spot where the ground was se-
cure, and quite orcrcome by this exertion he jaid cure, and quite orercome by this exertion he laid
Rose cionn on the turf, and was almost stupified Reose cionn on the curf, and was alanost stapitied
nith terror when he sary that she was as pale as a corpse, and that her face was corered with
btood: tarivg been torn' by the brambles and the branches of the pine irees. He threw himyelf on bis kuees beside ber, repeating taer name in a loud roice, and using erery means he could think of to recall her to her senses, which were
paralgzed by fear. Pose heard him, but bad not paralyzed by fear. hose heard him, but bad
strength to answer, nor even to make a slgn. "Miy God,' cried Henri, while tears fell from
is eges on the soung girl's forehead, 'ms God his eyes on the soung girl's forebead, 'mg God
let her come back to life aganc. I promise not to torment der any more; and to make her bappy
whatever it may cost me. Yes, Lord, $I$ will do whatever is Thy, boly whl, and whaterer she let her die on the mountain withouts help and

Rose here opened her epes hike a child awak ing from sleep, and held out her hand to bim.

$$
\begin{aligned}
& \text { 'I am not going to die,' she murrured. } \\
& \text { 'A Ab, God bas beard me. cried }
\end{aligned}
$$

'Ab, God bas heard me,' cried Henrs, in a
roice that was halt jopful and balf sad. 'He bas taken me at
drawing back now.

Pose however, understood not a word that he Meas saging, and again lost all consciousness.perilons one, and Heari began debating in his mind how they were to get out of it. Rose would hare needed all ner strength and agilly a
any time to make ber way through the brushying her in her present weels slate among the shrubs and brambles where a single false step would lave been fata!. He was, therefore, ob-
liged to conlent h:mself with tying her red baind erchief to a tree; by way of a sigual, and rap
ping round her throat one which ye took from his own neck: for a beavy der was begioning
to fall and poor Rose, though she was now gradually recovering her consciousness, was stiak
ing with cold and extreme exhaution. Hear hoped that by waving his banner he might sucpeople who had gathered round tbe place of the accident, and accordingly after a a fev seconds,
which seemed to buml lise bours, several of the
peasants perceived the signal, and tra of them
by means of a wiodiog path, reached the plat-
form, where Rose was shiverionic against a tree for support. They placed ber on a Inter which they construoted hastily, zad one of the peasauts helped Henti to carry it While the other acled as gode. 'After a long and
very laborions waliz they reganed Hhe road and went into a house, where Henri left Rose mitile he went to look for a carrige at Choreaze $\frac{\text { \% }}{1}$ The find offices of the vooman of the houise soon rerived the girl a little, for she tad onily been orerpowered by fear and agitation, but ghe etill
wept, and lamented the loss of the nule, whicts she said, must assuredly bave pershowd in the Gave.
child,' said the peasant roman, if or yorable, had a nariow escape you two, and if 1 yore jous I slould cossider that I had come off cleap pith poor beast did not take you with ium when le . The Blessed Virgin must bure come to

It must have been because I begged of ber so hard to help me this coornung,' replied 'Eose, thougb.' Blessed Firgin understand all out wishou and our needs; we ask for one thing, and she gives us Best.'
'But Henri was so fond of bis mule
'.
'But Henri was so fond of his mule.'
'It is all rery well to be fond of aniesais ; but we sliould not weep for tiem as if they were Clisistians, sau the good woman, seeiog that
Rose was begnuing to sob agan. 'My boys
who who saw the catastrophe, said it was quate a miracle that the young man was able to clumb straight up the mountann ste with a gird hanging
to his uect; ; he sags it made bim quite giddy to 'My God,' exclaimed Rose, turuing very
pale; 'then we were indeed near death ; it makes one shudder to throk of it "/ She ciosed her eyes, and did not open them again tirl Heariz drive. Harmg taken an affectionate leave of therr kind hostess, they started on their home ward journey. Rose could scarcely bold up be aning beau, so she laid it on ber cousin's siousld er, and ended by faling asleep. Erery now and thance at the mounter os and cast a bevildere pice-trees, and the broken reflections of the moon on the waters of the torrent. Then Hens just as ff he had been husbing a frightened chitid It was a cold night, and a deep stulliness, an traken save by the nolse of the torrent, retgae
throughout tlose vallers which linkeil oac to other, widen by degrees, and end by spreading
out into the phain of Pau. Henri could scarcely ndure the slow pace of the horse and the of Heorad. At last the lights in the ofd wower Hienri If and the turrets of the castle camm in sight, and further off the church steephe of
Surancon.

Here you are at last, cried aunt Babe ming oul on the doorstep with a lautera in ber ' Thank God!' answered HEnrı: ' we bave been rery near losing ber, added be, lowering
his voice as he belped Rose to alight. He thougbt no more of has own danger than of the loss of his 'Holy Virgia!' cried Babet ; 'and where is Fanchette? At the bottom of the Gave, poor beast । We escaped almost by a muracle. Why, fushed you are, just now you were shakiag with 'Her hands are burning;' said Babet ; 'the Yes, Rose was feverish; Rose was ill ; Rose rish had no All argal oag ste nuttered thong who watched beside ber pronounced. ber sleep she called Heari, who was anxiousi watebing at the door of her. room, so as to be ready to go for the doctor if necessary. She
whispered in has ear and beld has: band between ers.
'She takes me for Andre;' he said to bumseif a low voice, and. drawing a a way bis hand he
veat anil leant against the wall on the other sude of the bed:
Towards norning the fever increased and the
doctor was summoned. For several daya Rose as seriously, illackBabet hovered round her. M Dumont went up to her room erery : Gire ninutes
Heari spoke to no one! Worked ver, and towards evenug would go into the church and taeel dopra in a dark coraer. The longer enlivened by the songs and 'menys laugh
of the ditule fruitsellerg the grumblinge of Rabet,

