

Beautiful Home. What can you tell me—makes a home beautiful? Is it rich carvings, antique design, composite columns, Gothic, Corinthian, Ionic or white marble, granite, or pine?

Then what will you tell me—makes a home beautiful? When artists all have finished and gone, when paintings and sculpture, silver and furniture are in their place, and flowers in the lawn?

Then what do you ask me—answered the laborer? My wife and dear children are all that I need. For love, and for love only, can make a home beautiful. With them I am rich and happy indeed.

TRUE TO TRUST. OR THE STORY OF A PORTRAIT.

CHAPTER XX. Continued. The guard at Ludgate, perhaps thinking them too formidable to be resisted with safety, let them pass; and now they proceeded towards St. Paul's-cross, Lord Essex shouting, "For the queen, my mistress!"

But the streets were as deserted as when the Earl had passed along them at early morn. The voice of Essex resounded through them, but no friendly voice reached the cry. The Earl of Bedford and Lord Cromwell, with about two hundred others, indeed joined the party; but not one of the citizens came to swell their ranks, and without their support success seemed doubtful. Essex was evidently deeply mortified to see that the popularity on which he had so much counted in the city had failed to bring to his aid even a handful of fresh adherents. Still they continued to advance towards St. Paul's but on reaching it they found, to their dismay, that there was no meeting.

Consternation was visible in every countenance; those who were nearest their leader looked at him as if to inquire what was to be done. "Let us proceed to the residence of Smith, he is my friend, and may be able to aid us," said Essex sadly. Smith was one of the sheriffs, and to his house the Earl and his party were directed. Their course they gained admittance, but the sheriff had prudently withdrawn, and his servant feigned to be ignorant as to his movements.

"Have all my plans failed, then?" exclaimed Essex, throwing himself exhausted into a chair. His friends pressed round him, seeking to rouse his hopes; but before he could resolve what to do he felt the need of quiet reflection, and for that purpose retired to one of the apartments. Many of his followers, seeing the hopelessness of the undertaking, returned to their homes; Sir Cuthbert was determined to remain to the last.

During those occurrences Adeline passed her time in a state of painful uncertainty. About two in the afternoon she heard that Lord Burghley and others had entered the city by different quarters and proclaimed Essex a traitor, offering a large reward for his arrest, still she was unwilling to believe that the plot had completely failed; hope lingered in her heart.

The hours seemed interminable, but evening came at last, and at dusk she saw the party returning, who had left the house in the morning. But there was no figure among them that resembled Cuthbert; she thought, or rather hoped, that it was owing to the gathering darkness that she could not discern him. The men entered, and one of them proceeded up stairs to acquaint his mistress with what had happened.

After relating the events already described, he added that the diminished followers of Lord Essex had returned by water to that unfortunate nobleman's house, where, after a slight resistance, the chiefs of the insurrection had yielded themselves prisoners.

"And my lord Cuthbert where is he?" inquired Adeline, who had listened with painful interest to the account. "My lady, he too was made prisoner; I was close to him, and he bid me tell you to destroy all papers concerning this affair, as the house might be searched."

Lady Adeline passed a sleepless night. She anxiously desired to do whatever might contribute to the safety of her husband, whose position she was well aware was a precarious one; but she found herself powerless. To whom ought she apply? Whom could she interest in the cause? These questions recurred every instant to her mind; she long sought in vain a solution to them.

At length she thought of two persons who might have it in their power to assist her. One was an intimate friend of Sir Cuthbert; to him she wrote an urgent note, and asking him what had happened, and asking his help and advice. The other was that same cousin through whose husband's influence the estates and title of Sir Reginald had been bestowed on his brother. Since that period a great coldness had taken place between the two families. Political differences estranged the gentlemen, and jealousy, on the part of Lady Somers, sowed division between the cousins; but at that moment Adeline thought of nothing except how to save her husband, and as Lady Somers belonged to the court party, and possessed considerable influence in the Council, she resolved to go in person and solicit his wife's assistance.

port. Feeling, nevertheless, uncertain as to the result of this visit, and not wishing that the friends of Sir Cuthbert should be aware that she sought for him protection from the court party, she determined not to acquaint her household with her intentions, and so go on foot, accompanied only by a waiting-woman on whom she could rely.

Early the following morning a large might have been seen gliding rapidly up the Thames. The sunlight flashed on the oars at each stroke of the vigorous rowers; the smooth waters rippled round the keel, and a broad wake marked the passage of the boat, in which were two females simply attired. One of these appeared sorrowful and anxious; the other, who was evidently the maid, seemed little interested in whatever errand it might be that had brought her and her mistress out at so unusually early an hour.

The party had proceeded about half a mile up the river when they reached a landing-place where the men pushed in the boat and all went on shore. The lady looked around her as though uncertain which way to turn; on which the old attendant who had steered them up the current said, in an earnest but respectful tone, "My lady, I pray you allow me and all others of your servants to accompany you. The streets are not safe; even armed men are oftentimes attacked in broad daylight. You, my lady, have never been alone on foot though them, and know not the danger."

"I have my maid," replied Lady Adeline; "and we are so simply dressed that we shall pass unobserved." The old man shook his head doubtfully; but, seeing that his mistress was determined, he insisted no longer. As he rowed away with his companions, he remarked, "I marvel much what my lady's motives are, if she has any, for perchance it is only a fancy."

"Adeline and her companion, leaving the river-side, entered the cloister of the former walking so rapidly a pace that her maid found it difficult to keep by her side. "What do you lack, madam?" cried the apprentice, as she passed their shops. One offered books and shoes, another praised the excellence of his master's groceries, a third called attention to their watches, clocks, and mirrors. The noise confused Lady Adeline, and the quickness with which she had walked had fatigued her so she stopped near a clothier's shop. At that moment a party of horsemen were seen advancing down the narrow street; one of the horses were restive, and his rider had lost all control over him. The lady and her attendant grew alarmed, and, seeing that the horse was about to turn, when the low door which guarded the entrance to the clothier's shop opened and a young girl politely prayed them to come within and wait until the horses had passed, of which offer they were happy to avail themselves. Adeline did not remark the look of surprise expressed in the maid's countenance when first she saw the face of her whom she had invited in.

Dame Cicely was in the parlor at the end of the shop, a dark little den from which she looked out into the street. She saw a view of the goods and of those who passed in or out. In this place she begged Lady Adeline to enter, and seeing that she was very tired, asked her to remain and rest herself a while, to which she willingly agreed.

"Who were those horsemen?" she inquired; more for the sake of saying something than for any real desire to know. "Some of the queen's officers parading the city, methinks, to see that all is quiet after yesterday's disturbance," replied the dame.

The mention of yesterday brought sad recollections to Lady Adeline; and the good woman, noticing that she changed color, turned to another subject of conversation. "I fear I am interrupting you in your occupations," observed the visitor, after a few minutes' talk on different topics. "I shall go now."

But Dame Cicely prayed her to remain until she felt quite rested, adding that Catherine would stay with her, while she herself would stay to the kitchen, where her presence at that moment was required.

The young girl, who since the entrance of Lady Adeline had been at the other end of the room, now approached the party; and the lady, who had before scarcely observed her, looked at her attentively. "What a happy face!" she thought. "Are you never dull in this old shop?" she inquired.

"No, madam; I am all too busy," replied Catherine, smiling. "The days pass quickly with us." "Ah, you have no sorrows," rejoined the other. "Time goes slowly for those who have."

"I have had sorrows," replied the girl; and for a moment her bright eyes became serious. "I have watched by the death-bed of those that were dearest to me; but she added, with the happy look of one who felt the truth of what she said,—"we have ways have recourse; and the thought that it is His will that we should suffer brings consolation."

Lady Adeline made no reply; and after the lapse of a few minutes, during which she seemed absorbed in thought, she rose, and thanking Catherine for her services, with her maid proceeded on their way. They now entered the more fashionable part of the city, and after a short walk they stopped before a large mansion.

"You come at an early hour, fair cousin. It is indeed long since you honored me with a visit." There was in the tone and manner of the speaker, as she addressed the words to Adeline, something haughty and ironical, which made the latter feel uncomfortable, as she replied rather hesitatingly: "I should not have disturbed you at this hour."

the hour had not urgent necessity obliged me to do so. I am in much affliction; surely, my cousin, you will not at such a moment consider the differences which have lately existed between us. Sir Cuthbert—"Oh, I understand; Sir Cuthbert wants a job, or a title, or a grant from the queen, and it is to this I owe the honor of a visit," interrupted the other.

The color rose in Adeline's cheek, and a tear stood in her eye; she felt that neither help nor consolation was to be expected from the unkind speaker; and she would gladly have departed at once without even disclosing the motive of her visit, had not the faint hope of interesting Lady Somers and her husband in Sir Cuthbert's favor remained her; so summoning all her courage she related the part De Coutry had taken in the late rebellion.

Her cousin listened with attention; but Adeline vainly sought from her a look of sympathy, for the handsome but cold features of the listener expressed none. When Sir Cuthbert's wife had finished speaking, and had told of his danger and their own distress, appealing to the kindness and generosity of her friend, and entreating her to obtain for the prisoner the protection of Lord Somers; when, in fine, she had explained all her energy, in behalf of the cause she had so much loved, pronounced in a tone too decided to admit of any doubt as to their meaning. Sir Cuthbert, she said, had nothing to hope from them; and her husband, belonging to the court party, could not favor rebellion. He had joined Lord Essex, let him look for help to his friends. Without returning any answer, Adeline rose and proceeded towards the door; and in a few minutes later she and her maid were on their way home. On reaching the lane of the river the large was waiting, and conducted them rapidly to their dwelling.

As Lady Adeline entered the house a letter was placed in her hands. "Who brought it?" she inquired, eagerly. "The servant of Mr. Elverton," was the reply. "That's good," said the lady, as she hurried upstairs. "No sooner was she alone in her chamber than she hastily opened the letter; as she read the paper dropped from her hand, while a look of deep sorrow passed over her face. With a sigh she seated herself in the deep embrasure of the window.

A note which had so excited her feelings and produced this despair came from the friend of Sir Cuthbert to whom she had written on the previous evening; his words, more polite perhaps than Lady Somers, were no less destructive of hope. He frequently assured her that she should be declared that it would be dangerous for him even to express sympathy for any of those concerned in the late conspiracy. The queen and her ministers were alarmed, he said, and at such a moment they would not be slow to arrest any person suspected of belonging to a party in which the king's safety was endangered. He, consequently, he felt himself obliged, though with deep regret, to beg Lady Adeline not to address herself any more to him, adding that he would, notwithstanding, continue to watch with interest the course of events, in which the dictates of prudence forbade him to interfere.

"No help from that side either!" Such was the sad exclamation in which Lady Adeline vented her feelings; and she turned to her maid, adding that she would, notwithstanding, continue to watch with interest the course of events, in which the dictates of prudence forbade him to interfere.

"The sun had set, but Adeline still remained at the open window. Her eye wandered over the garden, now in its full Summer beauty, and rested on the river, where many a gaily-painted barge glided along; but the cheerful voices and merry laughter which proceeded from the parties who were thus enjoying the cool evening air seemed only sad music to the poor lady. For the soul invests with their own sentiments the sounds and objects which impress it; and so what to one speaks of joy, to another will frequently bring sorrow.

One face constantly appeared before Adeline's thoughts, and, as she recalled the assistance she had received from her friend, she felt that she would have been glad to have seen her again, and to have heard her voice. She thought of the words of Catherine returned again and again to her mind. "Surely," thought she, "that Heavenly Father of whom the young girl spoke with such confidence will not be deaf to the prayers of one who has been so long a sufferer from the effects of the late rebellion."

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Catherine's words, and her own urgent need of consolation and help, Adeline threw herself on her knees, and she prayed. What words she uttered she scarcely knew, but that they were heartfelt it is certain. The gloom was fast gathering; the voices from the river had ceased; all was hushed in silence; but still she knelt motionless by the open casement, the fresh night breeze playing gently with her golden hair, on which that day less time and art had been bestowed.

Why, suffering is a wonderful purifier of the human heart, and often possessed greater power to detach it from earthly objects than the most eloquent sermons. The gay and thoughtless Adeline now experienced its influence.

MR. A. M. SULLIVAN ON THE Emigrant Ship or the Workhouse. Despite the dreadful weather prevailing on 5 Sunday evening, a very large audience of the Irish people gathered at the Catholic church at Battersea Park. The Chairman was the parish priest, the Rev. Father Conolly, and several other priests were also present. In a few felicitous sentences the Chairman stated the object of the meeting was to hear the distinguished Irish, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, and to make a collection on behalf of the poor people in the distressed districts of Ireland.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, on rising, was greeted with much cheering. The learned gentleman said that was the first meeting in connection with the existing distress in any part of Ireland that he had attended. He objected to appealing to the English people, not but that they were a generous people, and had before behaved nobly and generously, but because the time was past for such appeals. He would submit to the Irish people at home and abroad, whether on the soil of the old country or exiles in England or America, had resolved that no longer should the name of their country be associated with mendicancy and starvation, but that they would themselves put their hand to the plough, and through meetings such as that he was addressing do what was necessary for the poor ones at home. Believing that they were not only able, but willing to do it, Mr. Sullivan confessed that he was pained and outraged when he found that anyone could have submitted Ireland and the Irish to the indignity of soliciting the charity of the Lord Mayor of London.

His answer (said Mr. Sullivan) was only the answer that might have been expected of him as the head of the London City companies, but not an answer that properly reflects the generosity and the kindness that I know to prevail among the people of this country (hear). However, the time has come when the people of this country can be made to prevail between the shopkeepers of England and their brethren from Ireland (cheers). There are other reasons why we should not appeal to the English people as a whole. It is painfully impressive to me at the present moment, because passion and prejudice, ill-feeling and hatred, are being excited against Ireland by a portion of the press of this country—mainly the press of London—in connection with some abominable and detestable crimes that have taken place in the west. I am now being made to light and to flame that some of us can remember as alight at the time known as the Papal aggression. It is not the press of London we have to thank for it that Irish homes were better than God Almighty's own realm. They have done their best since that time. What we have to thank for the failure of their malevolent attempts is the spread of knowledge, the generous feeling among the people of this country and the better spirit of our own difficulty, which has made its way.

MAINLY AMONG THE WORKING-CLASSES of Englishmen. The distress in Ireland is sore and severe, but local—confined to two or three counties, mainly Donegal—and it should be a disgrace for the name of Irish if, so long as the name of Ireland is mentioned, we allow those poor people to perish on the hillsides or in the glens of our country. Though I was born in a far distant part of Ireland, I am concerned most for Donegal. For twenty-five or thirty years I have been associated with the efforts of the priests and people of that noble county. I have seen them in many of their sorrows and their trials. Never in my life have I seen a people more typical of the primitive virtues, more warm-hearted, kindly and hospitable than the people of the hillsides of Donegal. I have heard of the congested districts, where the howl of the wolf is heard at the door and I find the authorities are offering to save the people from the grave, what demoralization is not a general want of food and distress, we allow those poor people to perish on the hillsides or in the glens of our country. Though I was born in a far distant part of Ireland, I am concerned most for Donegal. For twenty-five or thirty years I have been associated with the efforts of the priests and people of that noble county. I have seen them in many of their sorrows and their trials. Never in my life have I seen a people more typical of the primitive virtues, more warm-hearted, kindly and hospitable than the people of the hillsides of Donegal. 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