## MILES WALLINGFORD

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

CHAPTER XI

Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give culargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love." Love's Labor's Lost.

I will not attempt to analyze the feelings which now impelled me to quit America. I had discovered, or thought I had discovered, certain qualities in Andrew Drewett which rendered him, in some measure at least, worthy of Luey; and I experienced how paintui it is to concede such an advantage to a rival. Still, I must be just enough to add, that in my cooler moments, when I came to consider that Lucy could never be mine, I was rejoiced to find such proofs of a generous disposition in her future hus-I will not attempt to analyze the feel onsider that Lucy could never be mine, I was rejoiced to find such proofs of a generous disposition in her future hus-band. On the other hand, I could not divest myself of the idea that perfect confidence in his own position could alone enable him to be so liberal in his opinions of myself. The reader will understand how extravagant was this supposition when he remembers that I had never given Lucy herself, or the world, any sufficient reason to suppose that I was a suitor for the dear girl's

I never saw Marble so industrious as he proved to be when he received my hurried orders for sailing that afterthe same evening, got the crew on board, and the Dawn into the stream, before sunset, and passed half the night in sending off small stores. As for the ship, she had been cleared the day the hatches were battened down. According to every rule of mercantile their. ing to every rule of mercantile thrift, I hours, when these orders were given; hours, when these orders were given; but a lingering reluctance to go farther from the grave of Grace, the wish to have one more interview with Lucy, and a disposition to indulge my mate in his commendable zeal to amuse his newfound relatives, kept me in port beyond

my day.
All these delays, however, were over, and I was now in a feverish hurry to be off. Neb came up to the City Hotel as I was breakfasting, and reported that the ship was riding at single anchor, with a short range, and that the fore-topsail was loose. I sent him to the post-effice for letters, and ordered my bill. All my trunks had gone aboard before the ship hauled off, and - the distances in carpet-bag. The bill was paid, three or four letters were taken in my hand, and I walked toward the Battery, followed

by the faithful black, who had again abandoned home, Chloe, and Clawbonny, to follow my fortunes.

I delayed opening the letters until I reached the Battery. Despatching Neb to the boat, with orders to wait, I took a turn among the trees — still re-luctant to quit the native soil — while I broke the seals. Two of the letters bore the postmarks of the office nearest Claw-bonny, the third was from Albany; and the fourth was a packet of some si from Washington, franked by the Se of State, and bearing the seal of Surprised at such a circumstance.

The official letter proved to be an enrhe omotal letter proved to be an en-velope containing—with a civil request to myself to deliver the enclosures—des-patches addressed to the Consulat Ham-burg, for which port my ship had been advertised for some time. Of course I could only determine to comply; and that communication was disposed of. that communication was disposed of.
One of the Clawbonny letters was in
Mr. Hardinge's hand, and I found it to contain some excellent and parental advice. He spoke of my sister, but it was calmly, and with the humble hope that became his sacred office. I was not sorry to find that he advised me not to visit Clawbonny before I sailed. Lucy, he Clawbonny before I sailed. Lucy, he said, was well, and a gentle sadness was gradually taking the place of the livelier grief she had endured immediately after the loss of her friend. "You were not aware, Miles, how keenly she suffered," my good old guardian continued, "for she struggled hard to seem calm in your presence; but from me my dear child had no secrets on this subject. whatever she may see fit to have on any conditions to a resolution to answer it, and to send that answer back by the pilot. I had no owner to feel any solicitude in the movements of the ship; had no longer a sister to care for myself, and to whom else could my last words on quitting the land be so appropriately addressed, as to this constant and true-hearted friend? That much, at least, I whatever she may see fit to have on an-other. Hours has she psssed, weeping on my becom, and I much doubt if the image of Grace has been absent from her waking thoughts a single minute, at any

with all that and affection you have a line to let me know the fact copy his epistle in full, namely:

"Dear Miles,—Here I am, and sorry am I to see, by the papers, there you are still. Recollect, my dear boy, that sugar will melt. It is time you were off; this is said for your own sake, and not for mine, as you well know I am amply secured. Still, the markets may fall, and he who is first in them can wait for a rise, while he who is last must take what offers.

"Above all, Miles, do not take is worked to alter your will. now arranged between they should be am your be called an "office." addressed to Captain Miles Wallingford, ship Dawn, New York." Now a shipmaster is no more entitled, in strict usage, to be called a "captain," than he is to be called an "esquire." Your manof-war officer is the only true captain; a "master" being nothing but a "master." Then, no American is entitled to be called an "esquire," which is the correlative of "knight," and is a title properly prohibited by the constitution, though most people imagine that a magistrate is an "esquire." ex officio. He is an "esquire" as a member of Congress is an "honorable," by assumption, and not of right; and I wish the country had sufficient self-respect to be consistent sufficient self-respect to be consistent with itself. What should we think of Mark Anthony, Esquire? or of 'Squire Lucius Junius Brutus? or His Excellency Julius Cosar, Esquire?" Nevertheless, "esquire" is an appellation that is now universally given to a gentletheless, "esquire" is an appellation that is now universally given to a gentleman, who in truth, is the only man in this country that has any right to it at all, and he only by courtesy. Lucy had felt this distinction, and I was grateful for the delicacy and tact with which she had dropped the "captain" and put in ten minutes the anchor was clear of the bottom; in ten more, it was catted at such an instant, one feels the ties

the "esquire." To me it seemed to say that she recognized me as one of her own class, let Rupert and his light associates think of me as they might. Lucy never departed a hair's breadth from the strictly proper, in all matters of this sort, something having been obtained from education, but far more from the inscrutable glits of nature.

As for the letter itself, it is too long to copy; yet I scarce know how to describe it. Full of heart it was, of course, for the dear girl was all heart; and it was replete with her truth and nature. The only thing in it that did not give me entire satisfaction, was a

nature. The only thing in it that did not give me entire satisfaction, was a request not to come again to Clawbonny until my return from Europe. "Time," she added, "will lessen the paip of such a visit; and, by that time, you will begin to regard our beloved Grace as I already regard her, a spotless spirit waiting for our union with it in the mansions of bliss. It is not easy, Miles, to know how to treat such a loss as this of ours. God may bless it to our lasting good, and, in this light, it is useful to bear it ever in mind; while a too great submission to sorrow may only serve to render us unhappy. Still, I think, no one who knew Grace, as we knew her, one who knew Grace, as we knew her, can ever recall her image without feeling himself drawn nearer to the dread Being who created her, and who has called her to Himself so early. We, alone, thoroughly understood the bethoroughly understood the be-creature! My dear, excellent could not, did not know all the rare vir-tues of her heart. These could be

that.
"My father has spoken to me of Grace's wish, that he and I should accept some memorials of the affection she bore us. These were unnecessary, but are far too sacred to be declined. I but are lar too sacred to be declined. I sincerely wish that their value in gold had been less, for the hair I possess (some of which is reserved for you) is far more precious to me than any diamonds or stones could possibly become. As, however, something must be purchased or procured, I have to request that my memorial may be the pearls you gave Grace, on your return from the Pacific. Of course I do not mean the valuable necklace you have reserved for one who will one day be still dearer to you than any of us, but the dozen or two of pearls that you bestowed on your sister, in my at Clawbonny. They are valuable in themselves to answer all the purposes of Grace's be-quest, and I know they were very much prized by her, as your gift, dear Miles. I am certain you will not believe they will be the less valuable in my eyes on that account. As I know where they are, I shall go to Clawbonny and take possession of them at once and you need give yourself no further senergy. need give yourself no further concern on account of the memorial that was to be presented to me. I acknowledge its ption, unless you object to my pro-

I scarce knew what to think of this. I would gladly have bestowed on Lucy pearls of equal value to those I had given Grace, but she refused to receive given Grace, but she refused to receive them, and now she asked for these very pearls, which intrinsically, were not half the value of the sum I had informed Mr. Hardinge, Grace had requested me to expend in purchasing a memorial. This avidity to possess these pearls—for so it struck me—was difficult to account for, Grace having owned divers other presuments that were more costly, and ornaments that were more costly, and which she had much oftener worn. I confess I had thought of attempting to persuade Lucy to receive my own neck-lace as the memorial of Grace, but a little reflection satisfied me of the hope-lessness of success, and nothing had been said on the subject. Of course I acquiesced in the wish of the dear girl to possess the pearls, but at the same time I determined to make the addition-

al purchase, more thoroughly to carry out the wishes of my sister. On the whole the letter of Lucy gave me a great and soothing pleasure

counsel, Richard Harrison, Esquire, is a
man of great respectability, and a perfectly safe repository of such a secret.
I leave many of my papers in his hands,
and he has now been my counsel ever
since I had need of one, and tread so
hard on Hamilton's heels that the last sometimes feels his toes. This is as counsel, however, and not as an advo-

"Adieu, my dear boy; we are both Wallingfords, and the nearest of kin to each other, of the name. Clawbonny will be safe with either of us, and either of us will be safe with Clawbonny. Your affectionate cousin,

"JOHN WALLINGFORD."

I confess that all this anxiety about Clawbonny began to give me some un-casiness, and that I often wished I had been less ambitious, or less hasty would be the better word, and had been con-tent to go to sea again, in my simple

and fished, and the Dawn was beating down the bay, on a young flood, with a light breeze at southwest. The pilot being in charge, I had nothing to do but go below and write my letters. I answered everybody, even to the Secretary of State, who, at that time, was no less a man than James Madison. To him, however, I had nothing to say, but to acknowledge the receiptof thedespatches and to promise to deliver them. My letter to Mr. Hardinge, was, I hope, such as a son might have written to a revered parent. In it, I begged he would allow me to add to his library, by a purchase of theological works of value, a purchase of theological works of value and which, in that day, could only be and which, in that day, could only be procured in Europe. This was to be his memorial of my sister. I also begged of his friendship an eccasional look at Clawbonny, though I did not venture to speak of the mortgage, of which I now felt a sort of conviction he would not

approve.

The letter to John Wallingford was as pithy as his own to me. I told him my will was made on a conviction of its perfect propriety, and I assured him it would not be altered in a hurry; I told him the sugars were safe, and let him understand that they were already on their way to Hamburg, whence I hoped, ere long to send him a good account of their sale.

To Lucy, I was by no means so laconic. On the subject of the pearls of Grace, I begged her to do just as she pleased; adding a request, however, that she would select such others of my sister's ornaments, as might be most pithy as his own to me. I told him my

that she would select such others of my sister's ornaments, as might be most agreeable to herself. On this point I was a little earnest, since the pearls were not worth the sum Grace had mentioned to me; and I felt persuaded Lucy would not wish to me remain her debtor. There was a pair of bracelets, introductables. in particular, that Grace had highly prized, and which were very pratty in themselves. My father had purchased the stones—rubies of some beauty—in one of his voyages, for my mother, who one of his voyages, for my mother, who had fancied them too showy for her to wear. I had caused them to be set for Grace, and they would make a very suitable ornament for Lucy; and were to be so much the more prized, from the circumstance that Grace had once worn them. It is true, they contained a little, though very little, of my hair; for on this Grace had insisted; but this hair way rather a blooming and sinks. hair was rather a blemish, and might easily be removed. I said as much in my letter.

my letter.
On the subject of my sister's death,
I found it impossible to write much.
The little Idid say, however, was in full
accordance of her own feelings, I felt
persuaded, and I had no difficulty in believing she would sympathize in all I did express, and in much that I had not words to express.

On the subject of the necklace, I did find language to communicate a little, though it was done in the part of the letter where a woman is said to give her real thought—the postscript. In answer to what Lucy had said on the subject of what Lucy had said on the subject of my own necklace, I wrote as follows, namely: "You speak of my reserving the more valuable pearls for one, who, at some future day, may become my wite. I confess this was, my own intention. originally, and very pleasant was it to me to fancy that one so dear would wear pearls that had been brought up out of the sea by my own hands. But, dearest Lucy, all these agreeable and delusive anticipations have vanished. Depend on it, I shall never marry. I know that on it, I shall never marry. I know that on it, I shall never marry. I know that declarations of this sort, in young men of three-and-twenty, like those of maidens of nineteen, excite a smile oftener than they produce belief; but I do not say this without reflection, and, I may add, without feeling. marry me, although much my friend, is not accustomed to view me with the eyes that lead to love. We were brought together under circumstances that have probably induced her to regard me more as a brother than as a suitor, and while the golden moments have passed away, her affections have become the property of another. I resemble, in this particular, at least, our regretted Grace, and am not likely to change. to trouble you with my griefs, especially at a moment when I know your affectionate heart is suffering so deeply

from our recent loss."

I will confess that, while writing this, the real state of my heart; and I had a melancholy satisfaction in thinking that the dear girl might, by these means, learn how much I had prized and still did prize her. It was only a week later, while pondering over what I had written, the idea occurred to me that every syllable I had said would apply just as well to Emily Merton as to Lucy Hardinge. Peculiar circumstances had made me intimately acquainted with our young English friend, and these circumstances might well have produced the very results I had mentioned. We all believed Emily's affections it is pour down their throats, took the pillules Napoleons without gagging. If there were exceptions, those the pillules Napoleons without gagging. If there were exceptions, they greatly among travelled men—pilgrims who, by approaching the respective idols, had discovered they were made by human hands!

Impressment at sea, and out of neutral vessels, was revived, as a matter of course, with the renewal of the war, and all American ships felt the expediency of avoiding cruisers that might deprive them of their men. Strange as it may seem, a large and leading class of Americans is large and leading class of Americans is large and leading class of Americans is ustified this claim of the English. we all believed Emily's affections to be engaged to Rupert, who must have succeeded during my absence at sea. A modest and self distrusting nature, like that of Lucy's, would be very spt to turn to any other than her-self in quest of the original of my picture.

picture.

These letters occupied me for hours. That, to Lucy, in particular, was very long, and it was not written wholly without care. When all were done, and without care. When all were done, and sealed, and enveloped to the address of the postmaster, I went on deck. The pilot and Marble had not been idle while I had been below, for I found the ship just weathering the southwest Spit, a position that enabled me to make a fair wind of it past the Hook and out to

that are about to be separated. Still, every seaman is anxious for an offing, and glad was I to see the head of the Dawn pointing in the right direction, with her yards nearly square, and a fore-topmast studding-sail set. The pilot was all activity, and Marble, cool, clear-headed in his duty and instinctively acquainted with everything he tively acquainted with everything be-longing to a vessel was just the man to carry out his views to his heart's con-

The ship went, rising and falling on the swells of the ocean, that now began to make themselves felt, past the light and low point of the Hook, within a few minutes after we had squared away, and, once more, the open ocean lay before us. I could not avoid smiling at Neb, just as we opened the broad waste of waters, and got an unbroken view of the rolling ocean to the southward. The fellow was on the main-toesall yard, having just run out, and lashed the heel of a topgallant studding sail boom, in order to set the sail. Before he lay in to the mast, he raised his Herculean frame, and took a look to windward. His eyes opened, his nostrils dilated, and I fancied he resembled a hound that reented game in the gale, as he sunffed the sea air which came fauning his glistening face, filled with the salts minutes after we had squared away, and, his glistening face, filled with the salts and peculiar flavors of the ocean. I question if Neb thought at all of Chloe

question if Neb thought at all of Chioe for the next hour or two!

As soon as we got over the bar, I gave the pilot my package, and he got into his boat. It was not necessary to shorten sail in order to do this, for the

shorten sail in order to do this, for the vessel's way did not exceed five knots.
"Do you see the sail, herraway in the southeastern board?" said the pilot, as he went over the side, pointing toward. he went over the side, pointing toward a white speck on the ocean; "take care of that fellow, and give him as wide a berth as possible, or he may give you a look at Halifax, or Bermuds."

"Halifax or Bermuda! I have nothing to do with either, and shall not go there. Why should I fear that

count of your men. That is his majesty's ship Leander; she has been off here, now, more than a week. The inward bound craft say she is acting heading northeast after she had boarded new troubles on the coast and it is well for all outward bound ships to be on the lookout."
" His majesty's ship " was a singular

expression for an American to use, toward any sovereign, twenty years after the independence of the country was acknowledged. But it was common then, nor has ceased entirely even among the newspapers of the present hour; so much harder is it to substitute a new language than to produce a revolution. Notwithstanding this proof of bad taste in the pilot, I did not disregard his cau-tion. There had been certain unpleasant rumors up in town for more than a month, that the two great belligerents would be apt to push each other into the old excesses, England and France at that day having such a monopoly of the ocean as to render them somewhat inde-pendent of mest of the old-fashioned notions of the rights of neutrals. As for America, she was cursed with the cant of economy—an evil that is apt to produce as many bad consequences as the opposite vice, extravagance. The money paid as interest on the sums ex-pended in the war of 1812, might have maintained a navy that would have caused both belligerents to respect her rights, and thereby saved the principal entirely, to say nothing of all the other immense losses dependent on an inter-rupted trade; but demagogues were at work with their raven throats, and it is can draw very just distinctions on the subject of remote interests, when preaent expenditure is the question immediately before them. It is true, I remember a modern French logician, who laid down the dogma that the tendency of demographs being to expect if democracies being to excesses, if you give a people the power, they would tax themselves to death; but, however true the may be seed that answer back by the pilot. I had no awner to feel any solicitude in the movements of the ship; had no longer a sister to care for myself, and to whom else could my last words on quitting the land be so appropriately addressed, as to this constant and true-hearted friend? That much, at least, I could presume to call Lacy, and even to that I clung as the shipwrecked mariner clings to the last plank that floats.

The fourth letter to my astonishment bore the signature of Juhn Wallingford, and the date of Albany. He had got this far on his way home, and written me a line to let me know the fact I by the First Consul, and some by Billy
Pitt. As for the commercial towns,
taken in connection with the upper
classes, these were little more than so
many reflections of English feeling, ex-I fancied I was making a sort of half declaration to Lucy; one that might, at tleast, give her some faint insight into the real state of my heart; and I had a to pour down their throats, took the swanow an that the English Cories chose to pour down their throats, took the pillules Napoleons without gagging. If there were exceptions, they were very few, and principally among travelled men—pilgrims who, by approaching the respective idols, had discovered they were made by human hands!

> seem, a large and leading class of Americans justified this claim of the English, as it was practiced on board their own country's vessels! What will not men defend when blinded and excited by faction? As this practice was to put the mariner on the defensive, and to assume that every man was an Englishassume that every man was an Englishman who could not prove, out on the ocean, a thousand miles from land perhaps, that he was an American, it followed that English navy officers exercised a jurisdiction over foreigners and under a foreign flag, that would not be tolerated in the Lord High Chancellor himself, in one of the streets of London; that of throwing the burden of proving himself innocent, on the accused party! that of throwing the burden of proving himself innocent, on the accused party! There was an abundance of other principles that were just as obvious, and just as unanswerable as this, which were violated by the daily practices of impressment, but they all produced no effect on the members of Congress and public writers that sustained the right of the English, who as blindly espoused

one side of the main question as their ments or logic on the human mind, I am opponents espoused the other. Men more and more convinced that conversating under the guidance of factions sions are not brought about by those

are not compos mentis.

I think I may say, without boasting I think I may say, without boasting anreasonably of my own good sense, that I have kept myself altogether aloof from the vortex of parties, from boyhood to the present hour. My father had been a federalist, but a federalist a good deal cooled off, from having seen foreign countries, and no attempts had ever been made to make me believe that black was white in the interest of either faction. I knew that impressment from faction. I knew that impressment from foreign vessels, out of the waters of Great Britain at least, could be defended on no other ground but that of power; and as for colonial produce, and all the subtleties that were dependent on its transportation, I fancied that a neutral transportation, I fancied that a neutral had a perfect right to purchase of one belligerent, and sell to another, provid-ed he found it his interest so to do, and he violated no positive—not paper— blockade, or did not convey articles

that are called contraband of war.
With these views, then, it is not su prising that I easily came into the pilot's opinion, and determined to give the Leander a sufficient berth, as sailors express it.

The Leander was a fifty, on two decks,

a very silly sort of a craft, though she had manfully played her part at the Nile, and on one or two other rather celebrated occasions, and was a good vessel of the build. Still I felt certain vessel of the build. Still I felt certain the Dawn could get away from her under tolerably favorable circumstances. The Leander afterwards became notorious, on the American coast, in consequence of a man kilied in a coaster by one of her shot, within twenty miles of the spot where I now saw her, an event that had its share in awakening the feeling that. its share in awakening the feeling that produced the war of 1812—a war of which produced the war of 1812—a war of which the effects are just beginning to be made manifest in the policy of the republic; a fact, by the way, that is little understood at home or abroad. The Leander was a fast ship of her kind, but the Dawn was a fast ship of any kind, and i had great faith in her. It is true, the little had the advantage of the wind. the fifty had the advantage of the wind, but she was a long way off, well to the southward, and might have something in sight that could not be seen even from our topgallant yards, whither Ned was

sent to take a look at the horizon. Our plan was soon laid. The south side of Long Island trending a little to the north of east. I ordered the shin to the wind at south south-west, gave me an opportunity to carry all our stud-ding-sails. The soundings were as regular as the ascent on the roof of a shed, tant. In this manner we ran down the coast, with about six knots' way on the ship, as soon as we got from under the

Jersey shore. In less than an hour, or when w about four leagues from Sandy Hook light, the Englishman wore short round, and made sail to cut us off. By this time he was just forward of our weatherbeam, a position that did not enable him to carry studding-sails on both sides, for had he kept off enough for this he would have fallen into our wake, while, by edging away to close with us, his aftersails becalmed the forward, and this at the moment when everything of ours pulled like a team of well-broken cart-horses. Notwithstanding all this we had a nervous afternoon's and night's work of it. These old fittes are great travellers off the wind; and more than once I fancied the Leander was going to lay across my bows, as she did athwart those of the Frenchman at the Nile. The Dawn, however, was not idle, and as the wind stood all that day, throughout the night, and was fresher, though more to the southward than it had hitherto been, next morning, I had the satisfaction of seeing Montauk a little on my lee-bow, at sunrise, while my pursuer was still

out of gunshot on my weather beam.

Marble and I now held a consultation
on the subject of the best mode of proceeding. I was half disposed to let the Leander come up, and send a boat on board us. What had we to fear? We on, should be choose to try the game, and that will cure him of his taste for chasing a Yankee."

"Will you engage, Moses, to carry the ship over the shoals, if I will do as you desire, and go inside?' "I'll carry her into any port east of Block Island, Captain Wallingford. Though New York born, as it now turns out, I'm 'down-east' edicated, and have got a 'coasting pilot' of my own in my head."

This settled the matter, and I came to the resolution to stand on. TO BE CONTINUED

## HOW I CAME HOME

By Lady Herbert

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK The result of my visit to Rome was that I resolved to halt no longer between two opinions, but to try by every means in my power to arrive at the truth. I felt, in fact, that I could no longer set it aside—that to do so would be resistit aside—that to do so would be resisting grace, and imperilling my very salvation. When I returned to England I found several of my most intimate friends in the same state of mind as myseif, and we agreed that all we could do was to go on studying the question, and above all to pray earnestly for light and guidance. One practice we followed, which I would earnestly recommend to all honest seekers after truth and the Divine will, namely, the daily repetition of the prayer to the Holy Ghost, "Deus, qui corda fidelium," etc., and of the Veni Sancte Spiritus. I have known many people helped into have known many people helped into the Church by this means. After all, it was not a question for A. or B. It con-cerned the individual soul of each one and could not be decided for us. Also, whatever may be the effect of argu-

more and more convinced that conver-sions are not brought about by those sions are not brought about by those means. I have seen people entirely convinced intellectually and yet remain outside the Church. "The wind bloweth where it listeth," and it is the gentle wind of God's Spirit which moves a soul to follow its inspirations. That is what people mean when they say, "they believe not with the intellect but with the heart." and that "they have with the heart," and that "they have an instinct of what is true or false be fore they realize the matter as a fact." They do not mean that the Catholic Faith does not approve itself to their intellect or their reasoning powers, but that there is a Spirit stronger than theirs—even the Holy Spirit of God, which touches them to the quick, so that they can find no answer but in the words of Samuel: "Speak, Lord for Thy servant heareth." With me (as with so many others at this very moment) all human considerations

were perpetually urging me the other way. I had been left sole guardian of my children by my husband's will; but I had already received notice that if I took this step my husband's family would either remove them from me, or, at least, make them wards in Chancery. of the justice of such a course this is not the place to speak. Enough that it is the law of Eagland that children can thus be forcibly estranged from their mother and natural protector, in spite of the will of the father, if that mother, by following the dictates of her conscience embraces a different faith. I had promised my husband on his de the bed that I would never leave his childreh; nor entrust them to the guardianship of others. And I found myself therefore in a great strait, not knowing exactly what the powers of the Court of Chancery might be; and dread ing, as all mothers would, that my children would either be taken from me (in which case my promise would be broken) or that they would be exposed to influences which above all others I most dreaded, while I should be power-less to interfere and that from proven l-ss to interfere; and that from my own act. In this great moral difficulty, too. I had no one to advise or help me. I felt strongly also how useless it would be to seek counsel from either side. My Anglican friends would, of course, say one thing, and my Catholic ones the other.

But there were other circumstances

which increased my difficulties. With the Catholic yearnings of my whole life, I had induced my husband to begin, and I had induced my husband to begin, and had myself completed, the restoration of all the churches on the property. We had taken away all the pews, put in large altars, restored the patron saint in each church; and, as crucifixes were not possible, had put a representation of the Crucifixion, not in small medallions but in large and separate figures, in all the easternd windows, we could in all the east-end windows we could flud unfilled with stained glass; so that the people might, at any rate, have their thoughts led up to that great Mystery of our Redemption. Moreover, since my husband's death, I had restored and fitted up, in the most Cath-olic manner possible, the chapel in the house, which formed part of the church of the old Benedictine Monastery which formerly stood on this site. Here I had persuaded the chaplain to use the Com-plane service on Sunday evenings; and other prayers on Fridays, taken from Catholic manuals. I was organist, and I had carefully selected none but Catholic hymns; while the Bishop had given us leave to have holy communion on all saints' days and festivals, on which occasions the chapel was already beautifully and the communion of the communion of the communion of the chapel was already beautifully as the cha fully decorated with flowers and lights. All this if I became a Catholic, I must But there was one thing which

touched me even more nearly. My husband had built a beautiful church in the village at the cost of £30,000. He and I had completed its adorament by bringing the rarest marbles and mosaic from Italy; beautiful lamps from Venice, and carving and painted glass from Germany. Here too he was buried; and my greatest consolation, since his death duction to the Franciscan Fathers at had been to pray in this church and in Caire, who gave me a list of all their but also wound him to the very heart? but also wound him to the very heart?
Besides all these reasons, human pride
came in. How was I to give up the
osition I held in the whole neighbourhood, where I was looked upon as the
promoter of every good work, and consequently admired by good people of
every class? How exchange this for
scorn and obloquy, and the contempt
and distrust of all those whose good
opinion I most valued? opinion I most valued?

I dwell upon these temptations (for

such they were ) because I see them re-produced more or less in almost every case of conversion; and I know that hundreds are kept back at this moment by similar considerations. To me, the by similar considerations. To me, the suffering was peculiarly great, because all my life long I had leant so much on human sympathy and human approbation. I had been the spoilt child of my father, the spoilt sister of my only brother, the spoilt wife of one of the best and noblest of men. Since his death the same affectionate love and appreciation had surrounded me, both for his sake and my own. And all this I felt I must relinquish if I became a Catholic, and go out, emphatically alone Catholic, and go out, emphatically alone in the cold! My whole nature shrank from it to such a degree that I recollect saying to a friend who was talking on the subject of the difference between the two Churches: 'Don't enquire, don't try and see if you would not be as utter-ly miserable as I am!" For all these Anglican services had now become utterly distasteful to me. I felt their

Dainty hands can only be kept in condition by CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM; twenty-five cents. Keeps complexion soft and clear. Sold and recommended by every good druggist.

unreality: that they were a sham; the imitation of the truth and not the truth itself. But above all, my communions in the Anglican Church had munions in the Anglican Church had become a perfect misery to me. Ever since I had perfectly entered into the spirit of the Mass and understood the sublime mystery of the Holy Sacrifice, this cold imitation of it, without the Presence and without the Substance, became to me the most beautiful. came to me the most horrible mockery and sacrilege. Dr. Manning had advised me to leave off communion: but to do so, would have been at once proclaiming my intention of leaving the Anglican Church. I was not in the position of an unknown person, who could do what she pleased without remark. I was the head of a great house, "as a city set on a hili." I had laboured hard to establish weekly and early communion in the parish and succeeded; and of course I had always gone to these communions myself, both tion and to set an example. Now they were, as I said before, a positive torture to me, from which, however, in the

country, there was no escape.

In London I was happier. It had always been my custom to go to daily service early and alone; and so it excited service early and alone; and so it excited no remark when I went out as usual; only instead of going to the Anglican service, I used to make a great detour and creep into a Catholic Church, where alone I found what I sought. There are several "houses of refuge," as I used to call them, in London, where people in my position could go as to a private my position could go, as to a private house, and find a window or a gallery looking into a chapel, where without being yourself seep, you can have the in-expressible comfort of hearing Mass. At Harley House and Kensington Square also, the perpetual Exposition and daily Benedictions were an untold blessing. These I used regularly to frequent and also churches in outlying parts of London where there was no fear of my being recognized. That of St. Mary of the Angels, at Bayswater, was my great favourite, as being more Roman than any other in London, both in its decorations and in the arrangement of its side chapels. As I never dared take my own carriage to such places, I used to have all sorts of adventures in going to and fro; and from being unused to walking alone in London or going in cabs, I was very often much frightened. I recollect one night having been insulted on my way back, and not returning till midnight, scared very possils to death and night, scared very nearly to death and having run nearly the Another time I came up from the country by a night train, and sat outside the church door on the steps in pouring rain and in pitch darkness for two hours till the doors were opened, so that I might not lose a Mass on All Soul's day for my husband.

I do not think I was ever attracted to

the Catholic Church by the gorgeous-ness or beauty of its services. I always prefer a Low to a High Mass; it is to me more devotional, and the singing during the solemn parts of the service disturbs and bothers me: and I do not care for music enough to make that a snare to me. But the adoration of the Blossed Scarce with the state of the s Blessed Sacrament; the little light telling of the perpetual Presence in the tabernacle; the inexpressible relief of taternacie; the inexpressible relief of confession; and the intimate union with and nearness to the Sacred Humanity of Our Divine Lord which breathes in every form of Catholic worship, these had from the first the strongest possible had from the first the strongest possible hold upon me. People were always talking to me about the "Church of my baptism." What Church is that but the baptism." What Church is that but the Church of our baptismal creed—the One Holy Catholic Church? Our baptism hinds us to this, not to the Church of England, except so far as the Church of England is one with the Church of England is one with the Church Catholic; and if you feel convinced that the Anglican Church is at variance with the Catholic Church throughout the world, your very baptism, as it appears to me hinds your terms to be a second to heave it. pears to me, binds you to leave it.

Towards the close of that year the health of my children again required a warmer climate, and we went to the Nile. I had obtained letters of introduction to the Franciscan Fathers at,

From Itching Piles

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Mr. John P. Marshall, 14 Barnes road, St. John's, Nfid., writes:—"For upwards

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I was obliged to lay up, unable to attend to business.
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