

had not been the bond of our union; and if there is such peace now, it is through the utter ruin of everything we had built on, and the all-embracing mercy of Him whom in the pride of our youth we had forgotten."

The old priest was deeply moved. He laid his hands on my head and blessed the sacrifice I was making. "I will do as you say," he answered; "and I feel you are right. But I do not think you ought to be there."

"Yes!" I said, "we will be there together, and ask pardon together for the harm we have done. Do not fear for me. I shall have strength."

Shrouded in my solemn widow's dress, and shrouded from sight by my mother and Flora, I went through the solemnities of that funeral day. The lines of the *Dies Irae*,

"Recordare Jern pie,
Quod sum causa tua viw,"

seemed to bring before me with intense vividness the reality of all that had happened. There on the sea-shore Our Lord had waited; the obedient waves at His command had washed the wanderer to His very feet; the horn lantern, like the lamp of the sanctuary, had shone out through the tempest and guided his dying efforts; and the priest who was to act as His minister was the one who had offered his first Mass for the conversion of his father.

The sermon followed. The public reparation that I had asked for was delicately but firmly made. There was a thrill of emotion through the church, and I learned afterward that many thought Father Lindsay stern, even cruel, for speaking as he did at such a time; but when he said, "I speak in the name of the dead and at the desire of the living," all censure ceased. I knew I was loving my husband even to the end; and though I felt as if I had been on the ground, and a stampede of wild horses had passed over me, yet at the heart's core I was at peace. When he was laid in the grave, however, and everything that love could do was done, I was carried to my bed utterly exhausted, and lay there a whole day in a sort of stupor.

VII.

Time went on, and after the effects of such a hard trial had passed I was really much happier, and felt much nearer my husband than during the long years of widowed wifehood. All conflict of interests, all fear, all longing, all perplexity, were over now forever. Father Christopher and I were always laboring for the speedy rest of his beloved soul; and I had an abiding sense of its being well with him, that enabled me to go cheerfully through the duties of my daily life.

About six months after the events above related, I received a packet of letters from Mount Carlyon. I opened De Verac's with trembling eagerness. He had always been most brotherly, and had often written to me about small services I could render to Edward, and little personal wants could supply. I knew he would understand what the things were that I most longed to hear. His letter expressed the deepest regret for the loss of his colleague, and sympathy for me who, as he expressed it, had suffered final bereavement in the moment which was to have brought reunion. He continued:

"For the last year Carlyon had been evidently depressed. He had worked incessantly, and had shared all hardships with his men to a degree which told on his health. In November he completed the building of the 'Margaret Hospital,' so called in honor of you; and I found him on the day of the opening decorating your portrait with a wreath of laurel. It is the anniversary of our wedding-day," he said; "and this is my gift. But when shall I be able to present it?"

"Carlyon," I exclaimed, "you are letting your life slip by, and sacrificing yourself and her too! It is not just; it is not right. Why do you not bring your wife out at once?"

"Because it would be hauling down my colors before I have won the victory; and from the beginning I resolved never to do that. I have not yet succeeded in welding the colony into a moral unity. Just the half-dozen picked men we brought out with us comprehend our principles and the advantages of fraternity and co-operation; but look at the young generation! In spite of the good education we give them, they are growing up as selfish as young pigs; and the women are the worst of all. If Catholicism were represented in the leader's own household by a woman of the strength and sweetness and religious fervor of my Margaret, half of them would become Catholics, the other half would violently abuse them, and demand their own religious rights; and there would be an end of all that union which is strength. But I do sometimes wonder," he concluded, mournfully, "whether what I shall really achieve will be worth all that I have sacrificed."

I argued and pleaded in vain; the moment of confidence had passed, and he silenced me with his favorite proverb, uttered in the most determined tone: "All things come round to him who knows to wait."

About five months after that conversation, as I was returning to the settlement late at night, I heard a great row going on in our large timber-shanty, situated at the extreme limit of our territory. I crept along the palings to a little 'lean-to,' where I could hear without being seen. There, standing on a barrel, surrounded by an excited

audience, was Josiah Gudgoon, an Anabaptist preacher, possessed of a certain rugged, vivid eloquence, haranguing at least half the inhabitants of Mount Carlyon on the soul-destroying tyranny which refused them a conventicle in which they could worship God after their own conscience, and sowing broadcast seeds of rebellion and fanatical hate, which threatened the destruction of all our prosperity. And there were our fellows, who owed everything to our efforts and sacrifices, giving lively tokens of assent and applause.

"I rushed home, feeling some satisfaction in the thought that this outbreak would dispel once and forever Carlyon's Utopian theories about the basis on which all men could work in union. I burst into his room, exclaiming, 'You won't have to haul down your flag, Carlyon! It has been done for you already with a vengeance.' And I proceeded to give him a full account of all I had heard and seen. He turned perfectly white, sat in dumb silence several minutes, then said, in a voice which sounded hollow and broken: 'I have attempted the impossible. We will all meet to-morrow and consider the next best step to be taken.'

"The result of that conference was our determination that if we must have some religious influence at Mount Carlyon, it neither could nor should be anything but the Catholic faith. Carlyon spoke in his usual frank, straightforward way of the immense sacrifice he had made for the good of the colony, and his wish now to go immediately to Scotland and fetch his wife, and make the necessary arrangements for a Catholic chapel. We were unanimous in our adhesion to his views and wishes; and the special object of the visit to the Old World, which had ended so disastrously, was to bring all this about.

"These were your husband's last wishes; and, though I do not attempt to conceal from you that we are asking you to take up a very difficult position, in the midst of what greatly resembles a wasp's nest, if you are still what I remember you in Paris, no fear of pain or peril will hinder you from fulfilling them by coming out to Mount Carlyon. If, as the account of his death seems to indicate, Carlyon's son and natural heir is a Catholic priest, the solution of our religious difficulties lies in a nutshell."

"This explains the words he let fall when he was wandering," said Father Christopher, after reading the letter. "I caught distinctly 'go back and build a church,' and then something about 'those scoundrels.' Mother, we must fulfil his intention as soon as possible. This will be the final making of all things right."

The other letters were from Edward's colleagues, on business matters. They were most anxious to carry out his will, which left to me all moneys not actually sunk in the works of the colony. But the whole property was so inextricably mixed up with the affairs of the colony that it was imperative that my son and I should come over and settle some difficulties which could not be solved by letter. I was assured of a most hearty welcome from those who owed their prosperity to Mr. Carlyon's efforts and sacrifices. The men declared that they were in a peck of trouble, resulting from having staved off the religious question too long; and that they would willingly lend their aid in establishing the only religion which, if it did not claim their faith, commanded their respect.

In two months from that time we sailed for Mount Carlyon, taking with us all the requisites for immediately opening a small chapel. The old brilliant dream of youth was taken up in middle age. Tolerance at best, and open hostility at worst, were to be our portion; and possibly, after much humiliation and suffering, we shall see but little fruit in my lifetime. But of the final success neither my son nor I have the faintest shadow of a doubt, for our hope is founded on the victory of the Cross; the utter unworldliness of my saintly son will set its seal upon his father's work, which without it would evidently come to naught.

"Fulget crucis mysterium!"

ADDENDUM, BY A. M. M.P.

This MS., written at the request of her family, was entrusted to me by my aunt, Margaret Carlyon, with the strict injunction that it was not to be published till after her decease and that of her son. It is now six months since we received the tidings of her death, in what one may almost call the odor of sanctity.

The difficulties in the way of establishing the Catholic faith at Mount Carlyon have been overcome in a marvellous manner. When she and my cousin, Father Christopher, first went out, they were assailed with the bitterest hostility by those who were determined to make the place "too hot to hold them." Father Christopher's first act was to take the letter of recommendation from his Bishop in Edinburgh to the Bishop in whose jurisdiction Mount Carlyon lies, and place himself utterly at his disposal. The moment the old missionary Bishop looked on the face of the young priest he seemed to recognize in him the instrument sent by Providence for planting the banner of the Cross on this hitherto impregnable fortress of unbelief. "Go, my son," he said at last, after keeping him with him several hours; "and as the first Mass of your priesthood, we may humbly believe, secured the salvation of your father's soul, may the first Mass you offer at Mount Carlyon turn aside the judgments of God and convert them into blessings on your father's work!"

My Aunt Margaret immediately took possession of the hospital