THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE:

THE NEW UTOPIA.

CHAPTER III.

Grant was accordingly admisted into our unpretending family circle, and he seemed to like it. It did not take long to make him at home, and I fancied that his manner grew less abrupt, and his philosophic utterances less harsh and conscientious, as his heart expanded in the kindly atmosphere around him.

Mr. Edwards kept his engagement, and our dinner passed pleasantly enough. I could see by my mother's looks and manner that she approved of my new acquaintance; nor did this surprise me, for he exhibited a marked respect in his manner towards her, not unmingled with a kind of tenderness.

"How often I have pictured such a scene as this!" he said to me, as we emerged from the dining-room window on to the lawn, still bright with an everlasting sunlight, and studded with its beds of scarlet geraniums. "After the intolerable affectation of those pineries and graperies, this little belt of shrubbery and reasonable flower-garden is a positive refershment."

of shrubbery and reasonable flower-garden is a positive refreshment."

"Mary will feel flattered," I replied, as we approached my sister, who was loitering among the flower beds. "Mr. Grant was extolling the superiority of our garden over that of the Earl of Bradford." Mary gave an incredulous smile, but Grant vehemently protested that he was in earnest.

"My mother will be in raptures at the news," said Mary, "in her heart she considers her fuschias and petunias quite equal to Mr. Jones's orchids, only she don't dare to say so; but with so judicious a critic as Mr. Grant to back her, I fear for her humility."

"What I mean is this," said Grant; "this acre "What I mean is this," said Grant; "this acre and a half of pleasure ground and the paddock beyond it, a man can take in and make his own; I daresay Miss Aubrey has raked every border, and my friend Jack has ere this climbed every tree within its boundaries. Well, that makes you at home with them all; but imagine climbing any of Mr. Jone's Brazilian evergreens, or pruning one of his vince!"

Mr. Jone's Brazilian evergreens, or pruning one of his vines!"

"I don't suppose the Earl of Bradford would desire to accomplish either of those feats," said Mary; "he is content to see the grapes sent up for his London dinner-parties, and for the rest to enjoy the reputation of having the finest collection of tropical plants in England."

"Yes," said the vicar, who at that moment joined us, "it must be owned he turns his coal-pits to some account. Wonderful how these Bradford collieries are paying just now," he continued, addressing my father; "and the strikes in the north keep up the price of iron."

"Whereabouts are these said collieries?" said Grant; "not surely in this neighborhood?"

"Oh, yes," said Mary; "you are not to suppose that our county is all made up of pineries and graperies; we produce a frightful amount of coal and iron not twelve miles from Oakham."

"And a strange contrast it is," said the vicar, "to get in here at the Oakham station, and find yourself in half an hour at Bradford."

Grant looking inquiringly.
"Parhaus you have no coal districts in Australia"

Grant looking inquiringly.

"Perhaps you have no coal districts in Australia," said Mary; "if so, such a place as Bradford would be a novelty to you. Well, really, I wouldn't mind the ash-pits, if it were not for the women and children."

This truly feminine epitome of the social state of Bradford did not greatly enlighten our visitor, and I hastened to aid his intelligence. "Bradford is a place," I said, "where men work three days in the week, and get drunk the other four; where the wages are paid on Saturday evening in the publichouses, and spent before the men go to work again on Wednesday evening; and where husbands usually kick their wives to death, and daughters as well as sons work in the coal-pits.

"Too true," said my father; "there were five kicking cases, only last sessions, and all connected with drunkenness." This truly feminine epitome of the social state

with drunkenness."

"And you tell me this new Government of ours is

"And you tell me this new Government of ours is going to support the public-houses?" said Grant. "Bound to do it, it's the licensed victuallers' interest that returned them."

"Pd see the licensed victuallers at Old Nick first,"

"Then, my dear sir, you'd never get a majority."
"And this is the way you get your legislators,"
he cried, with vehemence, "a fine promise for the

legislation."

"I take it, my dear sir," chimed the vicar, with that distinct, harmonious pronunciation which marked him for an Oxonian, "I take it that legislation can never practically touch this question. Increase of education, a spread of general intelligence among our laborers and artisan classes will, in time, no doubt, effect a change; but we cannot make men moral by Act of Parliament."

"I fancy," I remarked, "that one can help them to be immoral and our legislation on this question."

to be immoral, and our legislation on this question undoubtedly tends that way."

"A curious fact was stated in the debates the er night," said my father. "that in five dioc

in Ireland the public-houses regularly closed on Sundays by the voluntary determination of the

Sundays by the voluntary determination of the people."

"This is the influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood," said Mr. Edwards; "a totally different state of things from anything among ourselves."

Grant rubbed his hands in a sort of ecstasy.

"Exactly what I always say," he exclaimed, "personal influence will effect what your favorite law will never bring about. Now, if the Irish bishops and parish clergy can close the public-houses in Ireland on Sunday by their personal influence, why don't your Lord Bradfords and your Bishops of Exborough, and your excellent Vicars at Oakham (no offence. Mr. Edwards) come down on the Bradford pot-houses, and put a stop to all these villainies?"

Why, indeed," said Mary, gravely, "I have often asked myself that question."

"My dear Miss Aubrey," protested the vicar,
"the cases are totally different."

"The cases are totally different."

"Really, Grant," I exclaimed, "Your plan is an original one. Conceive our good bishop evangelizing the publicans, and bringing in the secular arm to aid him, in the person of Lord Bradford!"

"But why not?" persisted Grant.

"First and foremost," I replied, "because the publicans are staunch supporters of the Church and

licans are staunch supporters of the Church and

State, and you couldn't expect their lordships to to extirpate their natural allies,"

Mr. Edwards cleared his throat. "Isn't that rather a strong expression, my dear Mr. John? I suppose the licensed victuallers are none the worse for upholding our venerable constitution?"

"And how do they uphold up?" I said; "I haven't yet forgotten the Bradford banners."

Mr. Edwards cleared his throat. "Isn't that

And now do they uphold up?" I said; "I haven't yet forgotten the Bradford banners."

Mr. Edwards cleared his threat again, and was hesitating for a reply, when Grant demanded an explanation. "Oh," I said, "it was at the last general election. The Radicals had got up the cry for 'Unsectarian Schools,' whilst the other party went in for 'Sound Scriptural Education.' So what did they do but get banners inscribed in big gold letters, 'Beer and the Bible; our National Drink and our National Religion.'"

By this time, Mr. Edwards had recovered his presence of mind. "Very improper, of course, and extremely bad taste, to say the least," he said; but you will remember the whole thing was disowned by the Conservative Committee."

"Oh, I know that," I replied; "but notwithstanding their repudiation of the banners, they would find it difficult after that to lead a crusade against the beer-shops."

Whilet thus talking we had sayutored to a grat

the beer-shops."

Whilst thus talking, we had sauntered to a spot commanding an extensive view over the surro

ing country. In the distance rose the granite peaks of Leven Moor, divided from us by a tract of undulating and highly-cultivated land, along which white puffs of smoke from time to time revealed the presence of the Exborough and Bradford Rail-

way.

"That is a famous view," I observed; "it gives just what one always wants, both sides of a question"

"What question?" asked Mary.
"Well, everything; there's the moor, which
makes you long for a free life in the wilderness,
safe out of reach of beer and Bradford; and there's the express train to pull you back to con

the express train to pull you back to common sense and duty."
"Duty!" said Grant; "it's a wonderful word. Have you ever thought, Miss Aubrey, what an odd time we should have of it, if every one took to doing their duty?"

"Why odd?" said Mary. "I wish with all my heart we did it."
"Well, but follow it up, and see what would come of it" said Grant.

"Well, but follow it up, and see what would come of it," said Grant.

Mary, who had no great capacity for "following things up," looked a little perplexed, so I came to her rescue. "What would come of it?" I asked.

"A universal social revolution," was the reply.

"I hope not," said poor Mary; "I've a horror of the very word."

"I hope not," said poor Mary; "I've a horror of the very word."

Grant smiled, but persisted that it would be so.
"Just consider: there would be no crimes, and therefore no police; no wars, and therefore no standing armies; nothing to punish, and so no prisons; very little poverty, so probably no work-houses."

houses."
"I beg to differ from you in that view," said Mr.
Edwards; "poverty would exist if we were all saints

"I don't say no poverty," said Grant, " but much "I don't say no poverty," said Grant, "but much less of it, and quite of another kind. It would not be squalid, or degrading, or abject poverty if the rich did their duty."

"And what is doing our duty?" said Mary, "because hadn't we better do it instead of talking about it?"

"Exactly what I was going to say," I exclaimed; "for any practical result of our argument we pound

"Exactly what I was going to say, I exclaimed, "for any practical result of our argument, we must have a precise definition of duty."

Mr. Edwards looked as if he was naturally expected to furnish this definition. "I presume," he said, "that each man's conscience must prescribe

"Fidelity to conscience," said my father; "yes, that's a safe rule, and it has a good English ring

about it."
Still Grant kept silent.
"With all deference, my dear father," I said, "I don't think it fully meets the requirement. Mr. Grant will smile if I go back to my old ground; but we want a fixed law to direct our conscience."
"It is conscience which supplies the law," said Edwards.

Edwards.

"What if my conscience prompts me to shoot the Prime Minister?" I inquired.

"That would be a false conscience, of course," he replied, "which no man would be justified in following."

wing."
"But there's the difficulty; there must be some "But there's the difficulty; there must be some-thing or somebody to tell me that it is false, and, if so, it is that something or somebody that gives me the rule of duty."

Edwards found himself in a difficulty, and was

not unwilling to shift it on to the shoulders of another. "It was Mr. Grant who first started this another. "It was Mr. Grant who first started this elaborate discussion," he said, politely; "perhaps he will give us his solution of the question?" "Yes, pray do," said Mary, "or we shall get no tea this evening." Itseems simple Grant looked a little confused. "It seems simple grants he said without raising his away from a

Grant looked a little confused. "It seems simple enough," he said, without raising his eyes from a rosebud which he was deliberately picking to pieces; "I suppose there's the Gospel."

"Quite so," ejaculated Mr. Edwards, much relieved; "of course, there's the Gospel."

"But, dear me! don't we follow the Gospel?" said Mary.

"I'm not so sure that we do," replied Grant; "at least a good deal of it. How about the Sermon on the Mount, for example? I can't at this moment call to mind any instance among my own acquaintance of people offering their left cheek when they've been struck on the right, or giving their cloak to these who have taken away their coat."

"Literal interpretations—" began the vicar.

"Which if everybody followed there would be very little work for us lawyers."

"Which if everybody followed there would be very little work for us lawyers."
"Precisely what I started with saying," cried Grant; "that if everyone simply did his duty, or, if you like it better, if everyone followed the letter of the Gospel, the result would be a universal social revolution. If every owner of a demesne like this, for instance, did his duty according to this view, I take it we should not have quite so many Bradfords."

Yiew, I take it we should not have quite so many Bradfords."

My father laid his hand on his shoulder. "My dear young friend," he said, "you are young, and have many very generous feelings, I am sure; but when you have lived a little longer in this world of ours, you will find what a difference there is between the theoretical and the practical."

It was nice of my father to say this, and sounded kind and sensible; but, as we went in to tea, I felt that Grant had not had his answer.

"You will see our parish church to-morrow, Mr. Grant," said my dear mother, who presided at the tea-table; "it is one of the sights of Oakham."

"Ah, hem! yes," said Grant; "Mr. Edwards has been so kind; but to-morrow I expect I shall go to Bradford."

"To-morrow! to Bradford;" I exclaimed, setting

"To-morrow! to Bradford;" I exclaimed, setting

"To-morrow! to Bradford;" I exclaimed, setting down my untasted teacup on its saucer.

"Yes, I suppose there's a ten o'clock train, isn't there?" he asked composedly.

"Our morning service is at half-past ten," said Mary, in a low tone, whilst Mr. Edwards contented himself with a significant silence.

"Has my description of Bradford proved so attractive that you cannot defer your visit till Monday?"

tive that you cannot defer your visit till Monday? inquired. Poor Grant looked somewhat badgered, but he was incapable of an evasion. "Being Sunday," he said, with something of an effort, "one must hear mass, and I believe Bradford is the nearest Catholic church."

There was a moment of dead silence; Mary There was a moment of dead shence; Mary looked grave, my mother frightened, and it was my father at last who came to the rescue. "All right, Mr. Grant; yes, there's a Catholic chapel there; you see we didn't know, weren't aware—hem!—I suppose there are a good many Catholics in Australia?"

couldn't help it. I told you you did not know whom you were inviting."
"Pshaw! my dear sir," cried my father; "on these matters every one suits himself, and Mr. Edwards will not mind showing you his church on

Edwards with the limits and an engagement," said the vicar, in "I consider it an engagement," said the vicar, in his most Oxonian tone; "and I trust Mr. Grant will not suppose that our difference of sentiment on immaterial points is any obstacle to our agreement immaterial points is any obstacle to our agreement.

n essentials."
"I am no controversialist," said Grant, "and I should really like to see your church-for many

reasons."

This was a happy way of escaping from a difficulty; and the vicar taking his leave, his departure was followed by another interval of silence. I saw that Grant was concealing a full heart under an that Grant was concealing a full heart under an that Grant was concealing a full heart under an example. that Grant was concealing a full heart under an exterior of composure, and presently those earnest eyes were raised, and turned upon us. "I feel Mr. Aubrey," he said, addressing my father, "as if I ought not to be sitting here, enjoying your kind hospitality, without telling you a word of myself or my history. Not that there is anything worth telling," he continued, smiling, as he noticed a certain look of anxiety on my dear mother's countenance, "for really I am not a returned convict. But in admitting a stranger to your family circle, you show me a confidence of which I feel I am unworthy."

"Nothing wrong, my boy, is there?" said my father; he had taken a great liking to Grant, and as he spoke his voice betrayed it.

"No, my dear sir; but at Oakham this morning you challenged me to tell you something more about myself, and if you still wish it, I will do so."

"Shall we go?" said my mother, rising.

myself, and if you still wish it, I will do so.

"Shall we go?" said my mother, rising.

"By no means, dear madam," said Grant, laughing. "My story after all is much like that of the needy knife-grinder; but such as it is, you shall hear it."
We settled ourselves down to listen, and Grant

CHAPTER IV.

CHAPTER IV.
GRANT'S STORY.

"My father belonged to what you in England would call a good family; we don't know much of those distinctions in the bush, but he was a gentleman by birth, a University man, and of good connections. He married in his own rank of life, and soon after the time of his marriage, family troubles obliged him to leave London. I don't need to say anything more about these affairs just now, except that they had nothing to do with character. Bayard himself was not more unstained in reputation than my dear father.

He went to India first of all, but could not stand the climate, and removed to Australia. He had his wife's little fortune, about ten thousand pounds, and with it he bought a large tract of land in Queensland, and stocked it with sheep. A very different sort of place from Oakham, Miss Aubrey—grassy hills and valleys, no trees, open downs, and a good broad stream or two, but none of your English woods or gardens. There was only one thing to do, and that was to make wool; and in a year or two he got on, took more land and more sheep, and made more wool—that was his business. When a man has a good many thousand sheep to feed, he wants shepherds; and then there's the killing, and skinning, and packing the wool. So by degrees he got a good many fellows into his employment, for he paid them well, and was a kind master. The men respected him, they knew he could be bold as well as kind. More than once he captured a party of bushrangers, and saved his stock from their depredations; and our rough settlers felt him to be more than a good neighbor or a good master—they gathered round him as a protector.

"I have said that my father was a University man and something of a fine father was a University man and something of a fine father was a University man and something of a fine father was a University man and and something of a fine father was a University man and something of a fine father was a University man and and something of a fine father was a University man and something of a fine fathe protector.
"I have said that my father was a University

or a good master—they gathered round him as a protector.

"I have said that my father was a University man, and something of a fine scholar. He had brought with him a fair stock of books, and as time allowed him, he did his best to carry on my education. At twelve years old, I fancy I had mastered about as much as Latin and Greek as I should have learnt in the same time at Harrow; and, besides that, I had gained a good many morsels of useful knowledge, better acquired in the bush. But my father could only teach me what he knew himself, and of some things he was ignorant. You see, my dear lady," said Grant, addressing my mother, "I shouldn't like to say anything that would give you pain, or seem, as it were, bumptious, and for a fellow like me to be talking about such things would just be nonsense; but still you know, it isn't always piety and that sort of thing that a man gets at the University. My father never got into any awkward scrapes; he became a good hand at the classics, and a famous rower. He spent as much money as became his rank, and a good deal more than suited his father's pocket; but as to religion, I fancy he shared it with Socrates. His standard was honor; to speak the truth, because it was the truth; to be brave, and courteous, and just, and merciful, and to be all that because nothing else was worthy of a gentlemen. Of course I learnt my catechism, my mother taught me that; and she read me stories out of the Bible, in which I delighted: all about Jacob and the patriarchs, and the flocks of sheep; it seemed just like our own life in the bush, and I fancied every bushman was an Edomite.

"Well, one day, as we were sitting down to supper, there came word that old Mike, the shepherd, was dying, and that Biddy, his wife, was at the door, and would not go till she had seen the master. My father got up and went to her. 'Oh, wirra, wirra, that I should see the day!' she said; 'there's Mike dyin', and askin' for the priest, and sorra a priest is there within sixty miles, and him at Ballarat!'

"A pries

at Ballarat!'
"'A priest, Biddy!' said my father; 'what good would he do your husband if he could see him? More to the purpose if he could see a doctor.'
"'What good is it, your honor? Why he'd get the rites of the Church, the cratur, and not be dyin'

like a haythen or a Jew.'

"To make a long story short, Biddy so moved my father's kind heart, that he sent off a man and horse to Ballarat to fetch a priest, and the priest came in time to give poor Mike all he wanted, so that he died like a Christian.

"My father entertained the priest as a matter of course; and when it was all lower Fether Dallaria."

"Why, a barn, or a store, or a place of some sort, where I can say mass to-morrow morning."

"Well, a barn was found, and Father Daly was at work half the night knocking and hammering, till he had got up what did for an altar. He had brought all he wanted with him; poor enough it all was; but next day he said mass, and all the settlers within twenty miles, Catholics and Protestants, were present at it. For it was seldom enough they got a good word from priest or parson, and so, poor fellows, they cared for it when they got it; and get it they did. Just after the Gospel Father Daly turned round and addressed us. It was simple enough, nothing eloquent, nothing of fine preaching; just a few plain words, telling us that what we had got to do in the world was to serve God and save our soul—not to enjoy ourselves There was a moment of dead silence; Mary looked grave, my mother frightened, and it was my father at last who came to the rescue. "All right, Mr. Grant; yes, there's a Catholic chapel there; you see we didn't know, weren't aware—hem!—I suppose there are a good many Catholics in Australia?"

By this time Grant had recovered from his embarrassment, and the simple dignity of the man made itself felt in his answer: "I am afraid I have startled you all by my announcement; but I really couldn't help it. I told you you did not know whom you were inviting."

"Pshaw! my dear sir," cried my father; "on these matters over seen and silence; that what we had got to do in the world was to serve God, and save our soul—not to enjoy ourselves or make a lot of money, but to keep out of sin, and estry ded, Miss Aubrey, and spoken in a strong Irish brogue, very different from your friend Mr. Edward's gentiel voice, that sounds for all the world like a flute-stop of an organ; and I'm half afraid to tell you that Father Daly was a short, thisk-set man, with a face for all the world like a potato. But that what we had got to do in the world was to serve God and save our soul—not to enjoy ourselves or make a lot of money, but to keep out of sin, and serve God, and get to heaven—very plain doctrine, indeed, Miss Aubrey, and spoken in a strong Irish brogue, very different from your friend Mr. Edward's genteel voice, that sounds for all the world like a flute-stop of an organ; and I'm half afraid to tell you that Father Daly was a short, the potation of the man matter and the size of the man make a lot of money, but to den or serve God and save our soul—not to enjoy ourselves or make a lot of money, but to den or serve God and save our soul—not to enjoy ourselves or make a lot of money, but to den or serve God and save our soul—not to enjoy ourselves or make a lot of money, but to den or serve God and save our soul—not to enjoy ourselves or make a lot of money, but to den or serve God and save our soul—not to enjoy ourselves or make a lo

like a baby.

"After mass was over he went to him; I don't

"After mass was over he went to him; I don't know how it all came about, but Father Daly stayed two days longer, and they had some longish talks together; and a week or two later my father went down to Brisbane, and when he came back he told us he was a Catholic.

"We soon saw the change, though it did not come all at once. As brave and true, and just as ever, but the pride was gone—and after a bit he got a priest, a Spanish Benedictine, to come and settle at Glenleven, as our place was called. He took charge of my education, and rode about looking up the settlers, and every morning when he was with us, I served his mass. Well, I've seen some of your fine churches, and they get up all that sort of thing now in tremendous style, but St. Peter's itself would never be to me what that little wooden barn was, which we called our chapel. The mass, the daily mass in the wilderness there, with a dozen or so of rough shepherds and cattle drivers only, kneeling there in the early morning, all so still, so humble—I tell you it was the cave of Bethlehem!

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FATAL MARRIAGE.

Father Cuthbert has witnessed some terrible eaths Concerning one of them he relates this

Katie King was a bright young woman when I knew her some five-and twenty years ago. She was not what you would call a pious maiden, nor a giddy girl, but she was always willful and self seeking. She often pained me very much by the way she would criticise things that she heard presched

way she would criticise things that she heard preached.

One of her great peculiarities was that she seemed always to delight in holding views about things which were daugerous. One was about mixed marriages.

"It is all nonsense," she would say, "to preach against them, and to try and persuade us not to marry out of the Church. What are we to do? Ridiculous! I'm sure if I had a good offer from a Protestant young man, and if I liked him, I'd get married to him. Oh, I could easily get a dispensation—so-and so got one, and why not I? And then, Father Cuthbert, you are so strong on that subject. It's one of your bobbies! I'm sure other priests don't talk as you do."

Yet, there was a great deal that was good in Katie; she never neglected her mass or communions; she had received a good Catholic education, she had been brought up in a convent school, where she had been made a Caild of Mary, and she had good Catholic parents; and yet there it was—she had strange notions about certain things—and though the faith was there, it was not that lively faith that one would have wished to have seen in a young woman of her education and her position in life.

It all ended as I was afraid it would. In spite of my many exhortations and warnings, she got herself engaged to a Protestant. There was some

of my many exhortations and warnings, she got herself engaged to a Protestant. There was some difficulty, I remember, in getting the dispensation; the gentleman, Mr. Starling, at first refused to sign the conditions that he was not to interfere with her religion, and that all children should be heared to use Catholing.

brought up as Catholics.
"The wife," he said, "should do what her husband

you think me—and you'll excuse me saying it, I don't want to be rude, but I may as well say what I think—you will see what nonsense all this fuss about mixed marriages is, at least as far as I am

Such mixed marriages is, at least as far as I am concerned."
Such self-reliance, I thought, was very terrible, and I warned her in a kind way not to be so confident of her own atrength, but to rely rather upon the sacraments. Soon after the marriage I lost sight of Mr. and Mrs. Starling. They went to live elsewhere, and could not trace their where-

Things come about very strangely sometimes.

After all the world is not a very big place, and ye continually knock up against old acquaintances, and get a glimpse of old faces, sometimes in the olity crowd, sometimes in the qulet of the country. It was staying with an old college companion in the pretty little village of Stafford Springs, in the state of Connecticut. One Sunday afternoon a bright but delicate child of fourteen was introduced to me as Katie Starling. I made inquiries, and found it was the eldest child of the young woman to whom I had given the crucifix. The child was living with her aunt, a good practical Catholic, who had no children of her own, and had adopted the little girl in question. The child's mother had been induced to part with her, as she was very delicate, and would surely have died had she remained in the close atmosphere of the big given buck into the old part of New York was very delicate, and would surely have died and had atably gone buck into the old part of New York was very delicate, and would surely have died and she remained in the close atmosphere of the big give his consent, and I was desired to come married. I also received the painful information that she was entirely neglecting her religious that the more be opposed the bench had been baptised or not. The husband that become very bigoted, and forbidden the wife atter. She could not tell me whether the other that had been baptised or not. The husband had become very bigoted, and forbidden the wife atter. She could not tell me whether the other that had been baptised or not. The husband had become very bigoted, and forbidden the wife to go to church in the beginning, but seeing that the more he opposed her the more she went, he resorted to oth "My father entertained the priest as a matter of course; and, when it was all over, Father Daly said he would like to ride the country round, and see if there were any others who might chance to want him. Well, it was wonderful the number he found who were, and would be, or ought to have been, Catholics; for three days, as poor Biddy said, 'he was baptizin' and marryin' and buryin' people for the bare life,' and at the ene of the third day he came to my father. 'Mr. Grant,' he said, 'I've a great favor to ask of you, which I'm sure, for these poor fellows' sake, you won't refuse.'

"Anything in reason,' said my father; 'what is it you wish for?"
"Why, a barn, or a store, or a place of some sort, where I can say mass to-morrow morning.'
"Why, a barn, or a store, or a place of some sort, where I can say mass to-morrow morning.'

I lost no time in seeking out the lost sheep. Unfortunately the husband answered the door himself. I did not get beyond the threshold. He politely asked me what I wanted, and who sent me. I told him I had heard that Mrs. C. was there, and thought I would come and see her, as she was a Catholic.

"She used to be," he replied.
"Have you any children?" I asked, "Yes," he answered sharply.
"I have not seen them at school," I ventured

remark.
"I should think not, if you mean the Romish

"I should think not, if you mean the Romish school. Thank God, they're not Catholics!"
"But," I said, "surely, my good man, you've not forgotten the promise that you made me in writing some fifteen years ago!"
"No, indeed; not I."
"Well, but didn't you promise that the children should be brought up Catholics?"
"But I never intended that promise to bind me."

"Then you deceived your wife?"

"No, I did not; she knew what my real mind was; I only signed the paper to please you."

"Then you deceived me?"

"Well, I suppose you Romish priests would have done the same to me had you got the chance. Good day. When my wife or myself want you we'll call for you;" and he shut the door in my face.

Iv.

I tried several times to see the wife, but it was no use. I sent her messages by the neighbors, but I could never get her to come and see me. I One day I met her in the street. Directly she saw me she crossed the road and avoided me.

At length, after about a year's time, I met her face to face. It was a strange meeting. She was in a neighbor's room and there was no escape for her. I beckoned her aside and spoke quietly with her.

anything the matter with you—can I do anything to help you?"

I think my manner must have surprised her. She broke down completely. She explained why she had avoided me. She dared not come—she dared not practice her religion; her husband had been so unkind to her when she did. Now he was everything that could be wished. She had begun it all for peace sake. He was a good, kind man, and she had a most comfortable home; all his relations were Protestants, and she expected much from them. For the sake of the children she acted thus, she said.

"And their poor souls—and your poor soul?"

"Oh, I go nowhere. I hope it will be all right, God is good. I can't do anything now. Perhaps later on I may be able to see to their religion."

It was in vain that I pleaded. I spoke earnestly, and yet could get no promise. She hoped it would be all right. She was far from happy sometimes, but, she repeated, she still honed that

It was in vain that I pleaded. I spoke earnestly, and yet could get no promise. She hoped it would be all right. She was far from happy sometimes, but, she repeated, she still hoped that it would be all right. In these dispositions I left

Another year and more went by. I received a visit from the aunt and the little girl Katie, now sixteen years of age. They told me that Mrs. Stalling had been stricken down, with what they thought was fever, and that they had been suddenly sent for. They had just arrived, and asked me would I go directly I was sent for, if they could induce the patient to send for me. "I had better go at once," I said.
"We have not seen her, but called on you first; so we must wait longer; we will send directly we have seen her. Could you remain in?" I promised to do so.

to do so,

I was not kept waiting long. A note arrived

"Come at once," Again I was met on the stairs
by the husband. I will not venture to describe
the scene that followed. He distinctly forbade
me to go into the sick room, and threatened to
throw me into the street if I dared to move a
step upstairs. In fact, he took me by the shoulders and put me outside the door, saying: "If I
want you I will send for you." What was to be
done?

"The wife," he said, "should bids her; and as to the religion of our children, that is my affair, not her's."

In the end he signed the paper. I tried all I could to prevent the marriage, for I felt no good would come of it. But Katie had made up her mind, and nothing would move her. I gave her that little crucifix before she was married, and exhorted her to stand firm to the faith in spite of everything.

"Ob." she replied, "I am not such a bad girl as "Ob." she replied, "I am not such a bad girl as "Ob." she replied, "I am not such a bad girl as "Ob." she replied, "I am not such a bad girl as "Ob." she replied, "I am not such a bad girl as "Ob." she replied, "I am not such a bad girl as "Ob." she replied, "I am not such a bad girl as "Ob." she replied, "I am not such a bad girl as "Ob." she replied, "I am not such a bad girl as "Ob." she replied, and to the present it was impossible to see the patient. Her husband was at home and would not admit a priest. The sick woman, his eldest child, and the standard priest. The sick woman, his eldest child, and the standard priest. priest. The sick woman, his eldest child, and she herself had begged that I might be admitted, but he was still inexorable—neither prayers nor tears had power to move him.

If she wanted religious consolation, she might send for the minister, but no priest should enter his house.

It sale wanted religious consolation, she might send for the minister, but no priest should enter his house.

I made a suggestion to the messenger. It was to this effect: When the doctor comes, explain matters to him, get him to speak to the husband, and put before him the absolute necessity of quieting the woman's mind. In a case of fever this is so vitally necessary. Perhaps the thought of being an obstacle to the patient's recovery may move the husband. She promised me that she would do as I suggested.

Directly she left, I put on my hat, ran round to the doctor, whom I knew personally, as a good, kind hearted man, and explained matters to him. He was indignant at the man's conduct, and promised me to do his best. He said he would lose no time in calling.

From what he afterwards told me, he must have spoken most emphatically to the husband. He

got the woman to tell him what she wanted, and then, explaining to her husband that to deny her this might be the cause of her death, he at length gave his consent, and I was desired to come as soon as possible.

VII.

I must have missed the messenger on the way. I bad just started to the infirmary on an urgent sick call, when the bearer of the note from the Protestant husband arrived at the presbytery. After some time I returned. The case had been an urgent one, and I also found a couple of others who required my ministrations, and there was a dying baby to baptize, and altogether I had been kept an unusually long time. Directly I returned home and got the note I went without delay. What I have to relate now is very sad. I went at once to the bedside of the sick woman. She was unconscious and rambling in her delirium. "I want the priest—bring me the priest!" she kept on repeating. "Oh, why doesn't be come? —will no one go for Father Cuthbert? Tell him I am so sorry—oh, so sorry!"—and she broke into

terribly demonstrative grief.

I tried to calm her, explained who I was, what I was, all to no purpose. I tried to make her say a little prayer; all seemed to fall in vain upon an ear deaf to reason. Yes, reason had gone! It was the delirium of a fever—she knew no one. Once she opened her eyes and looked at me; then, shuddering, she exclaimed: "No, no, no, go away—I don't want you, I want the priest, I want Father Cuthbert,"

I remained some time, but could not find the

Father Cuthbert."

I remained some time, but could not find the faintest glimpse of reason. The doctor came while I was there. It was, he said, a sudden and terrible change, and he did not think the patient could last long.

I did what I could. The absolution was given, as it is in such cases; the poor dying woman was anointed, the last blessing imparted—all with the hope, that strong Catholic hope, that the mercy of a good God might find a way to impart forgiveness to the departing soul. The husband stood stupefied; he said not a word—he did not even suggest that I should go after I had done what I could. I determined to remain. The end was was coming quickly—perhaps there might be a gleam of reason, just an act, just enough to suffice, I repeated the names so dear to the Catholic heart. The sister and Catholic child prayed. The sister and Catholic child prayed.

At last the final struggle came. I raised my hand in absolution. "Oh, my poor soul! Oh, my poor, poor children!" sobbed the delirious woman, "Children, children! lost! lost!" Her head sank on the pillow. Her soul had gone before her Maker and her Judge!

VIII.

Katie Starling is a firm practical Catholic, but her brothers and sisters are lost to the faith. Her father has married again—this time to a non Catholic—and gone to live elsewhere in the great modern Babylon. Katie returned to me the little crucifix which you see, and which she had found stowed away with a couple of prayer books, a Child of Mary's medal and a rosary in the bottom of her mother's box. I at once recognized it as the one I had given to the poor wilful woman before her fatal marriage.—Catholic Sentinel.

At length, after about a year's time, I met her ace to face. It was a strange meeting. She was no escape for an neighbor's room and there was no escape for ler. I beckoned her aside and spoke quietly rith her.

"You do not look happy, my child," I said. "Is

Written for CATHOLIC RECOR

CATHOLICS OF SCOTL

BY THE REV. ENEAS M'DONELL I

PART II.

JAMES GRANT, J. M'DONALD, GEC ETC, AND THEIR TIME.

The bad feeling which prompt accompanied so much illegal prodid not easily die away. It soon b decrease. But it was some time be was eafe for Bishop Hay to stay con at Edinburgh. So late as 1782, on o of a visit to the family of a rela Glasgow, Dr. Cleland, it was necess him to get away from that city privately, "in a clandestine manner said, in order to avoid disturbance the month of August, the older and priest's residence, the build Blackfriars' Wynd, was restored opened. Everything looked so we a friendly Protestant, Mr. Drumm a friendly Protestant, Mr. Drumm clever lawyer, proposed the purchs large bouse in which there was spa room that could be used as a chape feet long and fourteen high, repre-at the same time to the Bishop t must not have his church any more corners." but in an open part of the

nd near protection.

It will be remembered that wh Relief Bills for England and Irelan passed, a prayer for the king and family was generally adopted by the olics of those countries. The Cathe Scotland, aware that the King a Scotland, aware that the King a Government were favorable to claims, desired unanimously that prayer should be in use among them but had hiterto refrained, lest it shaken as a sign that their relief b still under consideration, and the smothered embers of fanaticism be into new fury. If, however, it were to be pleasing to Premier Lord Nor His Majesty, they would unhesite adopt it without regard to the idtheir enemies.

their enemies.

Bishop Hay, still in London, was Bishop Hsy, still in London, was ing of dividing his labors with a coawhen the sad news reached he the death of Bishop John Macdonale epidemic fever that was raging in dart country caused his death in days' illness. He had caught the ini when attending the death-bed of a ioner, and, worn out as he was by sant labor, he fell an easy prey severe attack. Bishop Hay, in writhe Principal of Valladolid, speaks deceased bishop as "our worthy an valuable friend." He wrote in terms to the Cardinal Prefect of paganda, Costelli: "Our poor mave lost in him a worthy prelate, a ous pastor, a learned and wise prief, a prudent adviser, a faithful and a support to my weakness." and a support to my weakness." same letter, the Bishop present request for a coadjutor to himself. could not say that he was aged a but he was old in constitution and in health. The labors of twenty ye the missions, had impaired his str and he felt utterly inadequate to a the burden of the vicariate alone. the burden of the vicariate alone, good Cardinal at once consented, an it to the bishop to name the par whom his choice had fallen. At the time, leave was given for the electic successor to the deceased bishop Highland district, and a dispengranted to Bishop Hay to consecrat alone without the assistance of any bishop. Bishop Hay lost no tin naming Mr. Geddes, with whose exqualities he was so well acque qualities he was so well acqua by the clergy, Mr. Robert of Dousi alone dissenting, not the thought Mr. Geddes was not qualified the episcopal (flice, but that he continue to be more useful in his p as Principal of the College of Valle which he had bitherto conducted eminent success. Mr. Geddes h

made no opposition to the pointment. The will of his iors was to him the will of H In a letter to Abate Grant he Among the means of rendering easy to me, I hope one that Prov. will make use of, will be that of pring long in life, my good friend, I Hay, so that I may have little to do execute his orders, in the downich, with the divine aid, I do not apply the property of the control of prehend much difficulty." It was arr that Mr. Geddes should remain as year in Spain; but Bishop Hay d that his consecration should take without delay. It was appointed, a ingly, that he should be consecrated, out loss of time, at Madrid. To the King of Spain not only consente also, at the same time, settled of Bishop-elect an annual pension of chargeable on the wealthy See of Co should be a Potrinus, or Patron, the of Hijar accepted this effice in hi name and that of his brother-in-la-Count of Montijo, who was then wiking at the Escurial. It fell to the rinus to defray the expenses conv with the consecration. Bishop Hay of these preparations with the gr satisfaction, and with pious gratitu heaven, claimed as his friends, the fi of his friend, the Bishop elect. great solemnity at Madrid, in church of the nuns of the Vition, where the excellent Mr. Grogether with the Bishops-elect of and of Almeria, was promoted to

bando of Toledo. On this auspi day Bishop Geddes dined with patrinus. The good cuke, knowing he was fond of children, contrived a graceful way of presenting him waluable cross and ring. The dyoung son, when at a game of play the bishop, placed the gift in his His Grace of Hyar also presented. newly-consecrated bishop to His Me the King, and to the princes and cesses The Archbishop inquired ticularly about Bishop Hay, and de to have a copy of his works sent to for his library at Toledo. He also a gitt to Bishop Geddes of a beat topaz ring which he had himself worn. Bishop Geddes was far

Episcopate by Francis Loreuzana,