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A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER V. A DEED OF BLOOD.

Shortly after daybreak Father Montmoulin returned home, wearied out by his long journey in the discharge of his rainisterial daties. He had spent the night by the side of the sick man, awaiting him to return to consciousness which would graphle him to hear his which would enable him to hear his confession and give him the Viaticum: Extreme Unction he had administered immediately upon his arrival. midnight was past, a slight improve-ment had taken place in the condition of the patient—whose case appeared hopeless—and he regained his senses so hopeless—and he regamed in far as to answer yes or no by signs to the questions the priest put to him, and the questions the priest put to him, and the to strike his breast with the hand that was not paralysed, when the act of con-trition was recited. Thereupon he re-ceived absolution, and the Blessed Sacrament was administered to him.

This done, the priest wished to set nmediately upon his homeward journey which raged far but the storm, which raged far more valley below, rendered it impossible for him to leave the shelter of the cottage. "It would be certain death for you, your Reverence," the good people told him; "even one of us would not venture by night in all this storm and rain down the precipitous paths to Ste. Victoire." Towards 4 'clock the tempest seemed to abate, so the priest, who was anxious to be back in time for Mass at the usual hour of 6, started on his way, accompanied by a sturdy peasant to act as his guide, and helped him down the more danger-ous declivities. No accident occurred, only when they were about half way, a heavy shower of half-frozen rain soaked

him to the skin.

On reaching home, his first act was to carry the oils and pyx to the sac-risty, which could be entered from the risty, which could be entered from the cloisters, by passing the foot of the winding staircase we have mentioned; he then rang the Angelus, and began to put the things ready for Mass, for to put the things ready for Mass, for he naturally thought the sacristant to be absent. He then opened the church, to admit a few old women who came to hear Mass. Before he could get up-stairs to change his things, for he was wet through, he was asked for in the wet through, he was asked for in the confessional, and kept there at least confessional, and kept there at least ten minutes listening to the scruples of a very tender conscience, and only got free by telling his penitent that he did in fact a shivering

At had come over him.

When he entered his own rooms, he found his mother had been up for some time. He briefly related his own adven-tures, and heard from her, to his great relief, that nothing had happened to alarm her during the night; only once she had been startled out of her sleep, and thought she heard someone try ing the handle of the door, but per haps it was only the noise of the wind. The priest then hastily changed his went down to the sacristy

to vest for Mass.

Directly after Mass, old Susan had, as was her custom, repaired to the kitchen, to get breakfast ready whilst the priest made his thanksgiving. She was not in the best of tempers. The visit of her Master's relatives from Aix the day before was anything but agre able to her, for she thought it might lead to her dismissal. Besides, almost coffee that she had roasted and ground was used up; the cups were not washed, the sugar-basin was half-empty. washed, the sugar bank was furthermore the large knife that she used to cut the bread and butter was nowhere to be found! "They have set the place upside down," she grumbled to herself, "that does not suit me at all. All my life I have been used keep things in order, and rather than be interfered with I would give notice

As Father Montmoulin, having con cluded his thanksgiving, came along the corridor, he could not help overhearing part of this soliloquy, for old Susan was in the habit of thinking aloud especially when anything has put her So he good-naturedly turned into the kitchen, to see if the storm could the kitchen, to see if the storm could be allayed by a few soft words. He succeeded so far, that the old woman began to cry, saying she knew she did not give satisfaction, and could do nothing to please his Reverence; but he would see whether he was better served if she were sent about her business.

Nonsense, Susan, who talks of send ing you away? Surely I may have my old mother to live with me if I like? We shall want your services all the same, for you will have to help her to keep house. There is something to dry your tears," and he slipped a couple of shil-lings into her hand. "Now do let us have coffee, as soon as you have brought it in, go as fast as you can to the shop and ask Mr. Renard if he can drive my mother to Aix to day, and what time he will be Then go to Mrs. Blanchard and say: my compliments and I would be glad if she could make it convenient

to call in this morning."

Susan wiped her eye with the corner of her apron, and courtsied in acknow-ledge of the gratuity. "If I only knew what has become of my big knife!" she

sighed. "Julia must have mislaid it. You will find it before long, "answered the good priest as he went on to his own

After breakfast, during which mother and son talked freely of the pleasant prospect before them, painting in rosy tints the happy days they would spend together, Susan came back to say that the man would be pleased to drive Mrs. Montmoulin to Aix, but he must start to-day not later than 8; and Mrs. Blanchard would pay her respects to his Reverence between 10 and 11

There is not a moment to be lost,' said Father Montmoulin, taking a banknote out of one of the side drawers of you. You must not refuse to take them.

The good old widow gave them me, it is part of a legacy she had lately, I have the same sum for myself. Yes, you must really take it—it will do to pay off directed by the Sisters of Charity Ste. I for me," he said to himself. "Ah,

the rest of the debt you contracted on the rest of the debt you contracted on my behalf. I do not know how Mrs. Blanchard became acquainted with our straightened circumstances; she appears to have a special gift for dis-cerning any case of need, and assisting it to the best of her ability. She offered me the money so very kindly that I felt I could not refuse to accept it without hurting her feelings.

Dear old lady! May God reward

ejaculated Mrs. Montmoulin. We must pray for her. And nov "We must pray for her. And now farewell for the present, mother; in a very short time I hope I shall see you here again, not to go away any more. I should like to go down to the village with you, but you know I cannot leave the house just now. Thank God, Mrs. Blanchard will be here this morning, and I shall get rid of this incubus that weighs on me, and which since yesterday forenoon has caused me real day forenoon has caused me real anxiety. Good-bye. Pray for me." And he kissed his mother affection-

ately.

"I pray for you every day, do you do the same for me; now give me your blessing before I go," rejoined the old woman, kneeling down devoatly at her son's feet. Then she looked at him with a smile though tears stood in her with a smile though tears stood in her eyes, and turning, followed old Susan to the gate. In her hand she carried a bag containing some articles of her son's wardrobe which required repairing, for with housewifely instinct, she had looked over his things that morning whilst awaiting his return. As she crossed the courtyard she looked up and nodded again to her son, who watching her departure

How different the next meeting of those two was to be to what they imagined! And yet a sort of sad foreboding lay heavy on the young man's heart. "I feel strangely depressed," heart. "I feel strangely depressed,"
he said to himself. "I believe I have
got a chill, I had better lie down a
little, as soon as Mrs. Blanchard has
got clear off with the money."

When Susan returned, he asked her

to make him a cup of tea, telling her when she had done that, he would ot want her any more until the next not want her any more until the next morning. He would go to bed and try and sleep off the effects of the chill he had taken. As it was his habit to do this when he felt unwell, the old servant offered no remonstrance. She only sked if she was not to bring him any dinner, and on his replying that he had no appetite, and could if he wanted anything, boil a couple of eggs for him

anything, boil a couple of eggs for him self, she took her departure, saying, "Just as your Reverence pleases." Father Montmoulin, left in solitude, first recited his Breviary. When this was done, he wrote out a list of theological books from a catalogue, intending to order them that same day. "That comes to nearly fourteen pounds," he said with a sigh, as he counted up the price of the different volumes. "I should never have ventured to umes. "I should never have ventured to umes. "I should never have ventured to expend so large an amount on my library, if that excellent lady had not given me the money on the expressed condition that I should spend it on myself and not give it away to the poor. Well, I shall have enough left to furnish the rooms for my good mother. Dear how my head does ache! I will sit back in the poor that I will sit back in the programment of the programment o my head do the easy chair, and put a wet cloth

Father Montmoulin had only jus settled himself in his armchair when the clock struck 10, and a few minutes ater a knock was heard at the door ' he cried, " Mrs Blanchard "Come in," he cried, "Mrs Blanchard to be sure, as punctual as clock work. I must apologise, Madam." he said as she entered, "for troubling you to come round this morning; I have been out Come in, all night, and I seem to have got rather

"So I see, and I am very sorry for it," answered his visitor, a lady already advanced in years, short in statue, but apparently active and robust. pleasant, rosy face was framed as it were in an old fashioned cap of quilted lace, with two carefully arranged curls of snow-white hair on each side. Her blue snow-write nair on each side. Her blue eyes were full of concern as she looked at the priest, and her countenance assumed a look of motherly kindness. Setting down the basket which invariably accompanied has on her right Setting down the basket which invariably accompanied her on her visits to the sick and needy, she took the chair he placed for her on the other side of the table at which he usually sat

"Pray do not take the cloth off your ad." she entreated. "I have al head," she entreated. "I have al ready heard that you had to go to the hamlet on Montalto for a sick call. To think of such an expedition as that on such a road and in such weather! It really would have been wiser not to really would have been wiser not to say Mass this morning, but to have gone straight to bed. You must not mind my saying it, but indeed you do too much, you overtax your strength; remember you owe it to us, to your lock, to take some care of yourself!" "I will be very obedient, and drink a cup of tea and go to bed, as soon as our little business is settled," the priest

answered with a smile.
"Our business is not pressing, joined the old lady, "that can be left for some other time. At present you need rest, and ought not to do any-

thing to try your bead. It is precisely that I may have my mind at rest that I beg you will take the money with you this morning," the priest replied. "We shall have done all in five minutes' time, and to tell the truth, I feel the responsibility of havtruth, I feel the responsibility of nav-ing so large a sum in my keeping. I am alone almost all day long in this lonely building, and at any moment I may be called away to the sick."

may be called away to the sick.

"If that is so, if it will be any relief to you, I will take the money lief to you, But willingly. But away with me most willingly. away with me and the pray, Father, do not trouble yourself to count it all over to me; I am quite certain that it is right to a penny."
Whilst she was speaking, Father

Whilst she was speaking, Father Montmoulin had fetched the handkerchief containing the money and opened it on the table. Without heedng the good lady's protestations, counted it all over to her, and finally asked her to sign the receipt he had prepared. It ran thus: Received this prepared. It ran thus: Received this day of Father Montmoulin on account of the collecting committee of St.

Victoire, 20th February, 1888 (signed) Marie Blanchard.

In a bold decided hand the old lady attached her signature to the receipt and handed the pen back to the clergy

man. "You are an excellent man business," she said with a smile, "or would think you had been brought up

would think you had been in a merchants office. "So I was," he rejoined, "My father was in business." Besides you know, I must have everything in black and white to lay before the Comblack and white to lay before the Committee at its next meeting, or I shall be condemned to refund the whole sum, and what would become of me then? I should have to go all round the world on a begging expedition before I could raise so large an amount as this. But joking apart how do you propose to take the money to your house?"

"Nothing is simpler. If you will lend me the handkerchief in which it is wrapped, I will lay it in the bottom of

wrapped, I will lay it in the bottom of my basket, the lid of which has con-cealed various things before now. No one will suspect that instead of articles of clothing or comestibles it contains £480. Now I will say good-bye my dear Father. Say an Ave for your poor, useless old friend, who often trembles at the thought of the account she will have to render, we know not how soon." "You have not much to fear. Re

member our Lord's words: 'Come, ye blessed of My father! For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; I was naked and you covered Me. As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, ye did it to Me.' This Lord's words: 'Come, ye least brethren, ye did it to Me.' This is what our Lord will say, when good Mrs. Blanchard knocks at the gate of heaven with her basket on her arm, which is worth a great deal more than

The pastor spoke so earnestly that his words brought the tears to his visitor's eyes. "Thank you, Father," she said, "what you say is a great encouragement to me. It is a delightful lesson that Christian charity teaches us, to view the brethren of Christ in the poor, nay, Christ Himself! Would that I could do far more for our Lord in the person of His poor, in return for all He did and suffered for my salva May I ask your blessing,

She knelt down; then rising she tool leave of the priest. "Farewell, Father.
No, I cannot let you come further than
the door; I can find my way out perfectly well. You must not come down feetly well. You must not come down on my account. Say an Ave for me in-

Father Montmoulin did not persist in accompanying her. As soon as she had gone he prepared to undress and lie down to rest. He felt a vague, unaccountable disquietude; an interior voice seemed continually saying: pray for her, pray for her. He thought he would put his coat on again, and go down after her, but then again he said to himself he man a little forerish, and to himself he was a little feverish, and over-tired. Still he could not go to sleep, though he said his beads as a

We must now return to the sacristan we must now return to the sacristan, who had been waiting all the morning in the lumber-room in a state of suppressed excitement. He heard the Angelus rung, and he heard the priest many the abunch directly after. go into the church directly after. Should he make the venture now; the old lady was probably up, and the bed-room door would be open. No, it seemed too risky, the priest might come up-stairs at any moment. Besides, he did not know for certain where the money was concealed, he might have to search some time for it. Now when once Mass had begun, he would be safe, once Mass had begun, he would be said, he could slip up then, for the old lady would probably go down to Mass, and even if the old rotten doors were looked it would not matter much, a good kick and the hinges would give way. He waited therefore, until the Holy Sacrifice was being offered; but as he was in the act of issuing from his place of con-cealment, he peeped through a chink in the door, and who should he see but old the door, and way to the kitchen! Now Susan on her way to the kitchen! Now he might have two old women to deal with, and if one ran off and gave the with, and if one ran off and gave the alarm he was lost. Yet, taking off his alarm he arent up as far as the enalarm ne was lost. Let, taking off his boots, he crept up as far as the en-trance of the tribune; there he saw Mrs. Montmoulin; he would have to pass by her, and this he did not dare to do. "If she calls out, all in the church will hear," he said to himself, and withdraw once more to his lurking. and withdrew once more to his lurking

Was his project to be defeated after all? Must he spend his life in this remote corner of Provence with nothing but the miserable pittance of a sacristic and proven do that And he could not even do that now, for after all his boasting about the now, for after all his boasting about the legacy he could not remain in the place. And only yesterday evening he thought he was going to live in clover, if he could but get off to America with that

could but get on to America with that sum of money, the amount of which his imagination greatly overrated.

The Mass was over, and Father Mont-moulin had gone to his rooms. Not very long after, Loser was Susan leave the nouse accompanied by an old lady. "Now my worthy pastor is all alone," he said to himself. "Most men in my he said to himself. "Most men in my position would make short work with him. But what a coward I am getting! consider there is nothing more after death, and I and my fellow-men are but mere animals, and yet I have not the pluck to act on my convictions, for all the arguments of modern science. When I was in the army, I shot a couple of poor devils from behind, that was little short of murder. Yet I cannot knock down this defenceless priest, who in his way has done me a good turn some

The man tried to talk himself into a bolder mood, and at last, when he had drained his brandy flask, he resolved to go up to the kitchen and watch his opportunity. Then, just as 10 o'clock struck, he heard foot-steps, and saw Mrs. Blanchard entering by the cloisters. "She has come to fetch the money!" he exclaimed. "It is now or

With the eagerness of a beast of prey he snatched up the knife, and ran up the winding stairs, reaching the corri-dor just as the old lady disappeared

now they are coming to business "-he neard the banknotes rustle, and recognized the chink of the gold pieces.—
"Only £480 after all! Still, it is worth a litte trouble; the old goose wants his blessing! let her have it; now is my time."

Quickly stepping back into a dark corner close to the head of the stairs, he made ready to strike his victim. But Mrs. Blanchard went in the oppo-But Mrs. Blanchard well in where site direction, to the tribune, where she paused to say a prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. "So much the better." muttered Loser. "It makes Blessed Sacrament. "Sebetter." muttered Loser.

slessed Sacrament.

better," muttered Loser. "It makes in matters easier. Now she will go down the winding stairs to the cloisters, and I can get a blow at her securely."

Slinking along upon tip toe, he followed the unsuspecting old lady to the tribune, which, formerly the nuns' choir, was shut off from the body of the church by a high wooden screen. Before this screen he saw her devoutly kneeling. "One might almost snatch away her basket and make off," the man reflected. "That would be no good though, for I could not get away with the booty till night, and if I let her go, there would be a hue and cry and I should be arrested. No, I must her go, there would be a hue and cry and I should be arrested. No, I must play the man, and silence her."

After a few minutes Mrs. Blanchard

crossed herself and rose from her knees. On reaching the winding stairs, a means of exit wherewith she was quite familian she laid her hand on the rope which served in lieu of a banister cautionsly to descend the dark steps. Suddenly she stopped. "Is there any one behind me," she asked anxiously, one behind me," she asked anxiously, for she had heard Loser following at er heels.
"I suppose I was mistaken, I wish I

had gone the other way, I feel so fright-God is al ened, I do not know why. God is ways present," she added aloud. A few steps more brought her to the narlanding at the entrance of the imber room,

Then all at once a hand clutched her roat from behind; at the same in stant Loser thrust open the door, which ajar, flung his victim in and stabbed her With a stifled cry the old ady sank to the ground. Her death as almost instantaneous, but for some ime the murderer did not relax his old and stand upright on his feet.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER THE CRIME.

Now that the terrible deed was done oser's rage subsided, and the fictitious courage imparted by his potations totally deserted him. He trembled om head to foot, and averted his face not daring to look at the corpse which lay stretched at his feet, and which he hastily concealed by throwing the pall over it. Then he snatched up the basket and was about to fly with the price of blood when he checked himself. Whither could he fly? To be seen with it in broad daylight would be madness, and everyone in Ste. toire he would be recognized. recognized. must keep out of every one's sight until nightfall, he must not leave the convent until he could do so under over of the darkness. safer hiding place than the one he was in, but how could he stay there with the corpse? All his fine theories about not fearing the dead, not believe-ing in the immortality of the soul or in a future life, afforded him little support at this crisis.

Crouching in the farthest corner of

the apartment, Loser set the basket pown before him. The knife, with its crimson stain, was still in his hand. He wiped the blade on a corner of the handkerchief in which the money was wrapped, and threw it into the basket with a shudder. Then he unknotted the handkerchief, thinking the sight of the money would comfort him, but it did not have the effect of allaying his

trickling slowly, slowly, in his direction. Why should it take that direct tion. Why should it take that direction? Every moment it came nearer, and every moment the man's agony of fear increased. Presently it reached a crack in the boards, a few inches from his feet, and began to drop through or to the stone vaulting of the chamber beneath. The stillness was so perfect, that he could distinctly hear each drop fall, he could count them one by one and the sound of each one seemed to burn itself into his brain.

"I wish I had not done it," he groaned. "And as for another life, it is by no means proved so certainly to be a mere superstitious belief, as in these days some are pleased to assert fanced I had done away with all belief in it, but I must own that in my neart of hearts I have always known it to be true. And if we are to receive the reward of our deeds—"

the reward of our deeds—
The thought of this, with the body
of his unoffending victim before him,
was more than the murderer could bear. the bitterly repented of his crime, through fear of punishment, and the horror and apprehension he felt nearly drove him wild. At length, as the long weary hours of that terrible day drew to an end, and twilight closed in he resolved to unburden his conscience of its intolerable load by means of con fession, and to do so at once. The ser mon of the preceding day decided him to accuse himself to Father Montmoulin himself. " He will not, he cannot betray me," he reflected, "he dare not do so though his own life were at stake, he said so with his own lips, and I believe him too, he is no deceiver." It was more than twenty years since

Loser had approached the Sacrament of Penance. In preparation for a good confession after so long a time, humble prayer to Almighty God is indispensable in the first place, to obtain help to make a proper examination of consci-ence, and to awaken true contrition, based on supernatural motives, besides a firm purpose of making reparation wherever this might be possible. Loser did not pray, nor did he attempt a re trospect of the past; the one fatal act committed that day engrossed his mind, and in its hideous magnitude, over-shadowed and obliterated from the memory every other sin. If only he

could wipe off this one black deed, he could wipe off this one black deed, he thought, all else would be of little moment. Nor was there anything supernatural about his contrition; it was fear, nothing but a frenzy of fear, that drove him to the presence of the priest.

priest.
As soon as it was dark, he acted on his resolution. Taking up his boots and the basket containing the money, and he left the room, unable to resist, as he crossed the threshold, casting one more glance at the pall with its awful secret glance at the pall with its awull secret. As he did so, a flickering ray of light from the church fell upon it; Loser almost shrieked, for he fancied he saw it move. Hurriedly shutting the door behind him, he mounted the stairs with all speed; every where out of the darkness he seemed to see the eves of his all speed; every where out of the dark-ness he seemed to see the eyes of his unhappy victim gazing at him with the expression of terror they wore when he first attacked her. A cold sweat stood in drops upon his forehead, when at last he knocked at the priest's door.

Father Montmoulin had spent the whole afternoon in bed, as he felt far from well. Towards evening however he got up, in order to say his Breviary. He was perhaps ill enough to be dis-pensed from the obligation, but he would not miss Vespers and Compline. He was sitting close to his reading lamp, in the act of reciting the ninetieth psalm, which speaks so beautifully of confidence in God and the protection. of His holy Angels in danger and dis-tress, when a knock came at the door. He thought it was old Susan, come to see how he was; and without raising his eyes from the book he answered: "Come in," adding: "In a moment, Susan, I have just finished."

What was his astonishment, when on closing his Breviary and looking up, he beheld Loser standing before him! He could scarcely believe his eyes, and lifted the green shade off the lamp to ee the man more distinctly. " Can it be you, Loser?" he inquired, immediately adding, as he remarked the ashy paleness of the man's countenance, as he stood trembling in the circle of light thrown by the lamp, wiping the lamp in the circle of light thrown by the lamp. Wiping the lamp is the lamp in the lamp. he inquired, immeperspiration from his brow: "For Heaven's sake, what is the matter? Has any misfortune happened to you?

"Yes, Father, something has hap-pened to me—or rather to some one else—and I have come—I want to go to confession.

TO BE CONTINUED.

EILY'S ROSARY.

"You will take me home again, won' you, Arthur—home to the spot I love best?" And the pale-faced young wife turned her pleading eyes to her

husband, as he bent tenderly over her. The stalwart, soldierly man felt a pang at his heart, for he knew that his young at his heart, for he should read the anguish in his eyes, turned the anguish in his eyes, turn and left the roon. A smile ment lit up her wan face, and, bending forward she drew aside the curtains of cot, where a lovely little child was

sleeping. "My little Mary," she murmured, "it is for you-for you, my darling, that I want to go home. What would the whole world be to you, if you were robbed of your faith? So, darling, when it will be God's will to call me hence, it is to my own poor mother's I wish to leave you-poor in all care save the rich heritage of Catholic

faith. She stooped to kiss the sleeping babe; then, returning to her couch near the window, she forgot for a time her Indian home, for her thoughts were far away in the dear land of her birth and childhood to fancy she could see the "lowly thatched cottage" nestling amongst Irish hills, where verdant val and again to the outspread pall, beneath which the outline of the lifeles body was plainly discernible. A thin stream of blood from beneath it was trickling slowly slowly slowly stream in the church bell ring at morn, at noon trickling slowly slow leys, purple mountains, and sparkling and eventide. She could see the people hastening to Holy Mass, and hear the murmur of prayer that arose as the mystic Sacrifice proceeded; she could see them again gathered around the Virgin Mother's shrine, while the Ave Marias of the rosary floated up-ward to the throne of Heaven's Queen. ward to the throne of Heaven's Queen. Ah! how happy was her girlhood spent amid such simple, hely scenes; mirthful, innocent, and without a care, until Arthur Standeld came suddenly into her life. An English officer, on pleasure bent, he was captivated by the beauty of the young Irish girl, and resolved to make her his wife. How well she remembered with what reluct ance and how many misgivings her simple hearted mother had consented to her marriage, for, although Arthur her marriage, for, although Arthur Stanfield had promised Eily perfect freedom in the practice of her religion yet the fact remained, he was not of the faith, and to the Irish mother, whose forefathers had bled, suffered and died for the Catholic faith. It was no light matter to see her only child united to matter to see her only child united to one who knew not or valued not the religion she cherished. Arthur had given his word, and had kept it; but Eily knew and felt that there was but one way to secure for her baby g'rl the heritage of faith, and that was to give her into the keeping of her own mother. Should Arthur's relatives claim her, riches and worldly prosperity might be hers; but she could not and would not barter the soul of her little one for

And so it came to pass that ere the And so it came to pass that ere the spring flowers bloomed again Eily looked once more upon the beauteous scenes of her girlhood's days, she heard again the sound of the old church bell, and there, too, in the old cottage home she loved so well, she gradually faded and died.

"Arthur," she said, with almost her latest breath; "see here is my Rosary! It is for baby. Promise me that she will keen it always—that. whatever

will keep it always—that, whatever happens, she will be a child of Our Lady, a child of the Catholic Church." And she placed around the baby's neck a beautiful turquoise Rosary, set in silver, while tenderly he whispered, "I promise."

Then, when she was laid to rest in the quiet little cometery, Arthur Stanfield leaving his little daughter with

Eily's poor broken hearted mother, rejoined his regiment in India.

"Grandmother, what does the letter say? Must I go?" And little Mary Stanfield turned a sad white face to the kind tender one that bent over her, striving to hide the fast falling tears.

"Yes, dearie, you must go! Your father writes that he wants his little girl—"

mother, shapays more than that."

"That you must go where you will be brought up in a manner beftting Captain Stanfield's daughter. Well, dear little one, may be she is right, from the world's point of view; but I know that it is little you'll hear of God and His blessed mother. So, darling, never forget what you have learnt from the good nuns; never forget that your mother with her dying hands placed your Rosary round your neck, and gave you to the keeping of the Immaculate Mother of God."

"No, grannie, I will never forget," "But ther's new wife, grand

ulate Mother of God."

"No, grannie, I will never forget,"
said Mary, solemnly. And she drew
from her neck the turquoise Rosary,
and pressed it to her childish lips,
"Tell me again about my mother."
And, twining her arms about her And, twining her arms about her And, twining her arms about her grandmother's neck, she listened to the oft repeated story of how the poor the oft repeated story of how the poor the oft repeated story of how the poor the often arms and the story is last thoughts, last young mother's last thoughts, last prayers, had been that her little girl would be true to the faith of her

fathers.
"Don't be afraid, grannie, dear;

will be true."
"I am sure of that, darling. But there will be many trials, many temptations in a Protestant household.
But, fearful of sowing the seeds of distrust in the child's mind, or of

rendering her more unhappy than she was, Mrs. O'Connor said no more.

Poor little Mary! Her heart nearly broke with scrrow when the hour came when she had to part with the tender loving grandmother who had watched over her childhood's years, and cross the seas to her new home in far-away India. What would he be like, that father whom she had never known But when the day came that she was folded in his arms and she looked into his face with her wondrous Irish eyes, her fears vanished, for the face wo tender look, born of old recollections and loving thoughts of Mary's dead mother. And the child herself was mother. And the child herself was so gentle and winning, so simple and beautiful, that Captain Stanfield was delighted with his little Irish maiden, and could see no flaw in her. Not so Mrs. Stanfield. She saw in her a rival to her own two children in their father's affection, and this she would not tolerate any more than she would tolerate the religion that Mary loved in her household. It was absurd, she in her household. It was absurd, she argued, that the child should not be brought up in the religion her father prograt up in the religion her lather professed. And to think that he gave a tacit consent to Mary being a Catholic! And more than that. She had seen him, when he went to bid the child "Good-night," press to his line the througher had a gard

bid the child "Good-night," press to
his lips the turquoise beads, and
heard him say to her, "I promised
that you would always keep then."

"Yes, father, grannie told me. So
I have always worn them."

But Mrs. Stanfield decided to bide
her time. It would be useless to take
harsh measures. She would place
her under a strict governess, who
would soon uproot all her grandmother's old fashioned ideas, and
her religion, too. And now Mary's
She was not forbidher religion, too. And now Mary's crosses began. She was not forbid den to go to Mass, but, whenever her father was absent from home, as he often was absent from nome, as ne often was, difficulties were always placed in her way, and her going, in spite of all, was the signal for an outburst of displeasure. A mere child outburst of displeasure. A mere chief in years, she was completely at the mercy of her stepmother and governess, and with no one to aid her in her struggle, her position grew intolerable. She often thought of her ner struggie, hat promise to her promise to her grandmother, "I will be true," but little she dreamt what powerful influences were at work to make her forget that promise. Her make her forget that promise. Her Rosary was her great comfort. Surely her heavenly Mother would look with pity on her child, and help her in the terrible ordeal! Day after day, night after night, as she pondered on the sweet mysteries, her thoughts flew hack to her light home, and the peacepack to her Irish home, and the peaceful evening hour when grannie and she had knelt together to say their Rosary. Would those days ever come back again! And would that other sweet childish dream she had cherished of one day serving God's poor as a humble Sister of Charity ever be realized? Everything holy, everything dear, seemed now so far away, and as the months flew past and there was no rift in the clouds that had gathered round her, the brave little heart began to despair. Then Mrs. Stanfield, seeing mespair. Then Mrs. Statistically with what pertinacity she clung to her Rosary, determined to deprive her of it. It would be impossible to narrate the cleverly veiled petty persecution to which the poor child was subjected, and which she bore uncomplainingly, until on the filmsy pretext that her prayers and her Rosary distracted her thoughts from educational matters of more importance, Mrs. Stanfield took her beads away from her!
Then the child's heart ached with sorrow, she longed to escape from this home of luxury and bondage, to the lowly loved cottage she had left. She grewthin and wan from constant fretting, for she had ever before her mind her promise to har grandwother. ting, for she had ever before her mind her promise to her grandmother. "I will be true." The cherished Rosary her dying mother had given her! Would she ever see it again! Ah! why were people so crue!? And when her father returned after a lengthy absence and on seeing the change in the sence, and on seeing the change in the child, questioned her as to the cause, Take me home, father, "home to grannie. I cannot stay here." And she poured out her tale

here." And she poured out her tale of sorrow into his sympathetic ear. He could not understand it all, yet his face grew stern as he listened, though he spoke only a few words of comfort. Then he left her and soon returned with the precious Rosary in his hands. He pressed it to his lips, then placed it round her neck saying, "Don't fret, little one, I'll take you home." For