

## OL. XVII.

## CLARA LESLIE.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

APTER I.- THE LIGHT OF THE BECTORY.

"There be none of beauty's daughters," With a magic like to thes, . And like music o'er the waters,

Is thy soft voice to me." - Moore.

O Papa !' exclaimed the soft ringing tones of Clara Leslie's musical voice, one evening as she brem down her book with a sudden sigh, and, coming behind his chair, thung her arms round er father's neck, starting him from a doze he ad just fallen into,- 'O papa, dear papa, if I had lived in the reign of James the Second, I bould bave been a Non-juror !?

Mr., Leslie, slowly raised his eyes from above his spectacles, with which he had been attemptng to read a newspaper that still lay listlessly on his knee, looked at the sweet laughing face that was peering over his shoulder with cheeks flushed and eyes sparkling with excitement, and said, in his calm measured tones, " What did you say, my dear ?'

"O papa !" said the merry girl, twining her arms' tighter about his neck, and gliding forward till she had displaced the paper, and taken possession, unresisted, of her favorite seat - his knee, 'you were asieep, and you did not hear what I said.?

. Take care of my speciacles ?' said Mr. Leslie, as, still unresisted, she nestled berself close into his bosom, and, removing the obnoxious articles, laughing replied.

" Take them away, papa."

Well, what do you want, you troublesome child ! I suppose you can repeat what you had to say.'

"I do not know that, said sue archly; 'perhaps you won't like what I said, papa. I had only come to a conclusion over that favorite book of mine;' and she pointed to the discarded volume+

' Well, what is :t ?' said he kindly ; ' something about your favorite Archbishop Laud?

No, no; I have got a few years later. I only said, if I had lived in the reign of James the Second, I should have been a Non-juror,' she replied, starting from her reclining position, and looking into her father's face, who turned down the corners of his lips with a taif comic expreswon of mingled seriousness and fun.

## MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1866.

those long dark lashes from eyes of such depth member. The next was an attempt to get rid of then. You will have no time to come and tell sonable objection. Douglas was in possession of and beauty as might have haunted a poet's dream, an old fashioned book of so-called Evangelical me all you are doing every evening, as you do a good living; he was genilemanly and agreeas she fixed upon him a look of filial love which Family Prayers that Mr. Leslie used, and to now.

All who saw Clara Leslie united in giving her Then followed sundry discussions with his father, the characteristic of 'bright.' Her step was as in which he brought forward doctrines equally light, and her voice as musical, as her own pet new and strange to Clara's ears. This was bird's, that hopped on her finger and ate sugar | again followed up by his leaving in the drawingfrom her lips at the breakfast-table every morn- room some volumes of the 'Tracts for the Times,' ing. Wherever she went she seemed to throw and Clara's curiosity on seeing her father busily a sunbeam around her. There was a gladness in engaged sometimes, with a pre-occupied countethe very echo of her footsteps as she tripped over the lawn; there was a magic in her very touch to chase away sorrow from others, when she twined her arms round the tearful and the afflicted, and whispered to them in her ccaxing old library Sir Walter Scott's beautiful novel of tones of the 'bright and glorious' things that ' Woodstock,' and began revding it aloud in the seemed always filling her mind. Well might Mr. evening to his father and Clara. The year be-Leslie feel proud of the lovely girl as she hung fore, 'Ivanhoe' and 'Quentin Durward' had Leslie feel proud of the lovely girl as she hung around him in all the warmth of her youthful love, as yet unshared by any one but her brother Alan and her friend Mildred Selwyn, to whom she was attached with all the ardor of girlish friendship ; for he felt, as he looked on her faultless features, that God had almost restored to him, in her, the long-lost wife who had bequeathed this precious infant to him. He could not bear to part with her; and Clary, the darling of her father's heart, had been brought up with, her brothers under his own eyes. He saw that her opening mind, alive to everything that poetry leaves. 'The sufferings of the Clergy' and and romance can inspire, wanted the solid basis 'The Siege of Lichfield' were discovered in of a classic education ; so before Clara was eight years old she could decline ' magister,' and conjugate 'amo,' far better than Alan, who was four

years older; and almost as well as her soberer and more recollected eldest brother Douglas. A slight tincture of mathematics and geometry, in which she delighted, filled up the intervals of her time; and when older she was allowed to follow her own taste in studying music and drawing, and all the other elegant accomplishments of postry and embroidery, in which she delighted and excelled. She had never known a mother's love, and cluag with double affection to her only parent. She shared his walks; when visiting his parishioners, Clary tripped at his side ; along the churchyard on a Sunday, and up the venerable aisles of the parish church, Clary hung on his hand, and prattled as she walked of things that would scarcely have interested another child brought up in less constant association with older persons. And so years flew by, and Clara Leslie up into ' fair and blooming girlbood.' Her brothers left home, and both entered as undergraduates, one after another, in due time, one at Cambridge, and the other at Oxford ; and at the time our story begins Douglas had just obtained a living, and Atan, the younger, was studying fully placed her hands before his mouth ; 'I don't hard for his degree. Alan's vacations were Clara's times of greatest happicess. Young and ardent as herself, he shared her joys, understood her glowing raptures over things which to others spoke of nothing but follies of olden times, mingled in her studies, pored with her over the old romances of chivalry she delighted in exploring. sang her favorite trios with her and his father :and she, to her turn, listened unwearily to his histories of college-life, and tiresome tutors, and rowing expeditions up the Isis, and would be as warm as himself if the honor of his Alma Mater were touched. At last the one thing that seemed to her would make ber happiness on earth was, to be able to go and take her degree with Alan in that beautiful olu monastic city of spires and cloisters, which she longed so much to visit.---Mr. Leslie, himself a graduate of that venerable University, smiled benignly over Alan's happiness, and often said that his life at college had been the happiest part of his lile. He mingled grave warnings with his sympathy; but at times would delight his affectionate children by entering almost as warmiy as themselves into their enthusiastic love for what was still so dear to himself.

would have gladdened the most sorrowing heart. | substitute the Common Prayer Book in its room. nance, in perusing them. All this, Mr. Leslie was glad to perceive, had not made much impression on Clara-a different bait was destined to catch her romantic mind. Alan fished out of the given a spur to Clara's researches into the depths of the Chivalric ages, and it was not without an aim that Alan chose this one out of the numbers that remained to be perused. Clara was caught : her attention was riveted to that portion of the English history as he had expected, and presently her merry voice was to be heard as she mounted the library-steps and hunted out of their dusty holes Clarendon's 'History of the Great Rebeilion,' and pored untired for hours, by Alan's side, over its long paragraphs and worm-eaten Alan's private chamber, and carried off and devoured before the theft was known ; and, very soon, Clara had added the Marquis of Montrose to her list of spotless heroes.

> Eagerly had she hunted out and perused any fragments of her hero's poetry that she could lay ber Laads on, and 'Old Mortality' had been Alan's parting legacy to Clara -- it, too, had its effect. 'Waverly' had followed in its train, and Clara was soon busied in hunting out among the Jacobites for bes ideas of chivalric perfectior .---Insensibly she became acquainted with the peculiar 'religious' tenets of those whom she thus admired; the 'Life of Archbishop Laud' riveted her attention, and she soon found out that her brother Alan, and those whom he so admired in Oxford, were contending for the self-same principles in religion. Again was the library hunted, and now a different style of book caught her fancy. She dived into Hooker's ' Ecclesiastical Polity ;' Butler's 'Analogy' was stolen off her father's table, but quickly replaced again, for it did not contain what she wished ; and one morning she was discovered seated on the top of the library-ladder, with the very books which, since Alan's departure, had been banished to the top shelf from off the drawing room table, in ber hands, deep in their study. Mr. Leslie looked grave; but Clara's coaxing manner was irresistble, and with the 'Tracts for the Times' closely hugged to her bosom Clara escaped to her own room, where they duly formed her morning's reading for many a long winter's day, while her father was busy in his study. Once awakened, Clara's thirst for information was unquenchable. Oace again she sought the library, and this time Milner and Mosheim were dragged from their retreats, and Mr. Leslie made no remark ; for he thought these would serve to counter-balance any bad effects Clara's other sivle of reading might produce. Whether they had this effect on her mind, we will leave her to tell herself .---The winter had thus passed away, spring had returned, and Alan's Long Vacation was again on the point of commencing. On the evening in question she had thrown herself, quite tired out with her preparations for her brother's return, into a chair to read the new book her kind father had just procured for her, and had been occupied deeply in this way till she had roused herself and her father by the manœuvres we have attempted to describe. And there she sat, reclining on his shoulder, and began her account of her day's work. Every minutiæ was told, even to the favorite rose-bush she had stupped to ornament his room, and the little cross which she archly told her father she had put on his writingtable, to frighten away evil spirits. Mr. Leslie looked at his darling Clary, and listened to her incessant pratile [it was his sweetest recreation] and could scarcely look grave even when she gave way to some lokes on the old housekeeper who had brought her up, and sometimes still thought Miss Clary was a child of five years old, which Clara had no idea of allowing her to do.

long fringes fell over her dark eyes, and she seemed as if she would go to sleep on her father's shoulder. He gently roused her, kissed her, and blessed her. Long after Clara was asleep, the fond father was still kneeling and invoking on her head the blessings of Him who had given the treasure to his arms, and alone could 'For then,' as Clara archly said, ' Mildred will watch and guard it from harm.

CHAPTER H-AN EARLY WALK. "A foot more light, a step more true, Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew ; E'en the slight harebell raised her head Elastic from her airy tread." Walter Scott.

It was very early, nevertheless, the next morning when Clara Leslie woke. She passed on tiptoe down the staircase, not to awake her father, and, putting on her rustic bonnet, went out at the back door of the house; then winding through the shrubbery, with her spaniel by her side, took her way to the village. A little gate led into the churchyard, and through this she must pass to reach her destination. It was one of Clara's favorite haunts. The old gray walls of the venerable structure which had been once dedicated by our Catholic ancestors to the Rome-loving Saint Wilfrid, and still bears his name amid a simple peasantry, spoke to her of happy days that had flown peacefully by, ever since she could remember, beneath its shadow. It was linked with all her childish recollections; and there, too, reposed the mother she had been taught to look upon as a being too bright for earth, who had been taken away, in all her routh and beauty, to a happier inheritance. But Clara did not pause, as usual, to inger among the tombstones, but quickly pursued her way along the path which was worn in the grass that thickly covered the long mounds. Another small gate opened to her touch, and she entered a shady lane overhung with elder trees. Many a rustic curtsey greeted her as she tripped through the village ; but she had not tune to stop-her errand lay beyond .---Over a style she sprang, and was soon fearlessly crossing field after field which separated her from the house where her friend Mildred Selwyn lived. It soon came in sight, with its modest lawn, and its gate that led up between well-kept

No. 1.

able; the young people's religious opinions com-'Oh, yes, I shall; but I am so tired;' and the cided. Parents on both sides smiled, and the young people were made happy in the thought that in a year the marriage might take place .---And so matters stood when Clara came to fetch her friend to take one last walk, and have one last talk, on the morning we have mentioned, while they waited for the young men's arrival; not care for me ; it will be nothing but Douglas, Douglas, and poor I will be forgotten.'

And what are we to talk about to day, Clary ?' said her friend, as they pursued their way over the same fields Clara had just crossed, back to the Rectory.

' To-morrow is the Vigil of St. James,' replied Clara significantly.

"And what do you think about fasting, Clara ?" said her friend.

'I think what Dr. Pusey does,' replied Clara, in that article of his in the British Magazine. I think it is a letter to a friend. Do not you know it ?'

Mildred was silent. She had a little more experience than the ardent Clara, and longed to caution her on the danger of allowing herself to give full rein to all the imaginings of a young and opening mind, learning for the first time the thought of the ascetic life, and without any guidance. But she was very modest ; and after a pause she merely said very gently, ' Every one cannot bear what is there declined as fasting.'

Clara looked half astonished. 'Do not you think it all depends upon custom, Mildred ?'

' You would not say so, if you had seen people bring on illnesses by fasting, as I have, Clara," replied Mildred. 'You know, in the Roman Church, people are not obliged to fast till they are of age.'

"Well, thank goodness, I do not belong to the Roman Church,' said Clara hastily; and then, as if she had let out some dearly loved secret, she blushed up to the eyes, and ran forward to open the gate they were just approaching. Mildred saw she could say no more, and changed the subject.

'The singing will get on beautifully when Alan returns, Clara : will it not ?'

'Oh, yes ; we do miss his tenor in church so very much. By the way, Mildred, do you not shubheries to the neat house, with its glass-doors think we could coax papa into having the Glorias down to the ground, and the bow-windows almost | sung now ? You know he would not hear of the Psalms last year ; but if we can get the it will be a step towards it.'

" A pretty Jacobite my wild Clary would make indeed! The Non-jurors would be proud of their partisan."

. Don't laugh at me, papa,' said the laughing girl evidently wincing, as the color poured into her-cheeks in an instant, even tinging her forehead and neck with a summer glow, as she playlike to be laughed at."

'I know you don't, Clare,' said he ; ' but you must get over that weakness."

But, papa dear, persisted she, 'would not you have been a Non-jurce, had you lived in those days?

I could not have wished Popery to come back into England,' replied Mr. Leslie, ' and this would inevitably have been the case had that bigot James remained on the throne.'

Oh, never mind the Popery question, dear papa;" replind Clara ; 'but do you think they could give up the oaths of allegiance they had sworn to one king, and take them to another,-a usurper ?

· I think some circumstances might absolve them from their oaths,' replied Mr. Leslie ;' they could not obey the king when their conscience forbade them.?

· But, papa dear,' again persisted Clara eagerly, "the powers that be are ordained of God." and we are told ' to be subject to them.' Now, St. Paul commanded this passive obedience when such a man as Nero reigned, just as if it had been so ordered by God that no loophole of escape might be found for any one, for surely none could be as bad as Nero.'

'Ob, that tongue of yours, Clara,' said Mr. Leslie, shaking his bead ; ' why, you would make Clary ?' when, alter one of these conversations, a capital lawyer. I never saw such a hand at she actually said, with a long sigh, 'Ab, papa, arguing.'

Clara laughed, and threw her arms round her father's neck sgam, imprinting half a dozen kisses on his pale cheeks and head, now almost baid, save where a few silver locks waved like the crown of glory age had in printed there, saying, 'I love the Non-jurors, papa ; I love the Non-Love, did you not wish me to love them.

er's picture of youth and age at that moment.---

Will my readers wonder that Clary's exclamation was received with a laugh, and a gentle,-What ! would you like to leave your old papa, why are not women allowed to graduate it Oxford? It is the only reason why I should like to be a man.'

But a change had come over Alan Leslie ;--and Mr. Leshe, imbued almost from boyhood with an earnest love of God, and fear of any jurors ; they were a noble, self denying set. I | thing approaching towards form or external rites can't belo loving them ; you should not have without a real internal spirit which is to be found given me Bishop Ken's practice of Divine among some very few of the old Evangelicals of the past generation, who have not inherited the It was a beautiful contrast, the dark profusion bitterness of this, watched with paternal enxiety of that raven bair mingling with the snowy-locks the progress of this change. The first symptom of ber falbers. They might have sat for a paint- had been a rebuke administered to Clara for Clara looked up and sighed, then went on in a using the word 'Catholic' when accidentally deprecating tone. Both were faultless in their way .... His noble speaking of those whom he surnamed ' Roman' features, high forehead, and tall figure, yet un: Catholics, and an assertion that by so doing she bent by sge, supporting the fragile, simost infan- cut berself off from the Holy Catholic Church, checked her unnecessarily, and playfully answer- morning Mrs. Selwyn was in due form asked to Mildred, laughing ? ' how can lyou take such he

'And Alan will be here to-morrow, papa !' she exclaimed at lasi; 'it will be so very nice--so very nice !' and her ringing tones sounded like. the joyous carol of some warbling bird.

We know not what a day may bring forth, Clara, said Mr. Leslie, in his gentle tones; and

Mr. Leslie seemed almost to feel as if he had Selwyn must share bis name and home; and one Oh, what as funny girl you are, Clary, said

covered with the profusion of red, white, and yellow roses, and jessamine that clustered around them. Clara quickened her pace as she approached, for her friend was standing on the doorstep waiting for her, with her bonnet on, and uer gloves in her hand.

'I thought I should surprise you in bed,' said the merry girl, throwing her arms around her neck, with a loving good morning; 'I am quite disappointed.'

'I have been up some time,' said her friend. I did not sleep much last night.'

"I suppose not,' returned Clara, with an arch smile which brought a blush to Mildred's cheek ; with all your quietness, I believe you are more anxious for to-day to come than even wild I.'

' Come away, you saucy thing,' she replied .----I shall not let you stay here, or you will wake up poor mamma with your merry laughing, and we shall keep Mr. Leslie waiting for breakfast.'

Clara laughed more merrily still, and, with her arm within her friend's, again took the way to the Rectory.

Mildred Selwyn was one of those sweet and centle creatures that seem made for married ife; able to go through a round of domestic duties, enlivening their homes, and exercising a seen and acknowledged influence for good on all around them, knowing nothing of the mental struggles that other natures endure. She was the only child of her widowed mother, who was able, with a moderate fortune, to live in great ease and comfort near the village of Ashton-le-Mary, of which Mr. Leslie was the rector .--Mildred was several years older than Clara; they had known each other as children, but it was only about three years before our story begins that Mrs. Selwyn had settled for good in her country place. The intervening time had been spent either in London or abroad, for the education of her daughter. Naturally enough, when she returned to Ashton-le-Mary, Clara had found a congenial companion in her childish playfellow, and a great intimacy had sprung up between the two girls, which had not been diminished by Douglas and Alan's return home. Mr. Leslie

'Yes,' said Mildred; 'and we might begin practising the Athanasian Creed, and when Mr. Leslie sees how nicely we manage it, perhaps he may even allow that. When do the children meet again !'

'I am going to the school this morning,' replied Clara, 'and I will tell them we will come the day after to-morrow, before church; and that Master Alan will be here to help, and them we will perfect the new chant for St. James's day, and begin anything else we like.'

'And, Clara,' said Mildred, ' bow is it settled about the altar cloth? Are we really to have that ugly dark blue for the new cover ?"

'No, no,' said Clara, full of glee; 'that is given up-that dear papa, he is so kind. After you came that day and reasoned so gravely with him (you know he minds you greatly, Mildred ; you have great influence), he called me to show him all the colours again, and then he agreed that it was a very beautiful idea its being blood red. You know he always gives in at last, and he let me lean over him and watch the letter he was writing to London; and when I saw the word ' crimson' put before the velvet, I clapped my bands and told bim I was quite content; and he said I was a spoiled child, and pretended to be half angry at my calling it the orthodox colour !

'Didn't he say 'orthodox' fiddlestick said Mildred, laughing.

'Exactly,' replied Clara : ' and we shall have such a beautiful sermon on St. James's day. He is writing it now, and he asked me what text he should have for that day, and what do you think I told him ?'

'Your favorite text about ' the brother that walketh disorderly,' perhaps ?' said Mildred archly.

Clara nodded.

"You really don't mean it,' she added. 'Yes,' said Clara, 'but I do; and you will see what a beautiful sermon we shall have." I be have been talking to papa for an hour yesterday about it. You know, I thought St. James was soon saw that there was no common degree of the first Bishop of Jerusalem, and I fished out an el friendship arising between Miss Selwyn and his account of his martyrdom; and then I was so bit 399 elder son, nor was anybody surprised when, at terly disappointed to find out this St. James was the end of the Long Vacation before our story the only brother of St. John; and that there was at begins, Douglas had made up his mind that nothing new to tell the people ; they could find with nothing could do for him but that. Mildred it all in the Bible.

weit up eko supporting-ine tragie, annost miau- cut nersent on nom the axory Catholic, Church, Checked ner audecessatily, and payan as a the solution of the engagement. There was no reading of which she every Sunday professed herself, a' ed, 'I am alraid you will, forget your, old papa, consent to the engagement. There was no reading of the state section and the section of the engagement. There was no reading of the state section of the engagement. There was no reading of the state section of the engagement. There was no reading of the section of the engagement. There was no reading of the section of the engagement. There was no reading of the section of the engagement of the engagement of the engagement. There was no reading of the section of the engagement of the engagement of the engagement of the engagement. There was no reading of the section of the engagement of the engagement of the engagement of the engagement. There was no reading of the section of the engagement of the engageme