



CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XVII. MONTREAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1866. No. 1.

CLARA LESLIE.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

CHAPTER I.—THE LIGHT OF THE RECTORY.

"There be none of beauty's daughters. With a magic like to thee. And like music o'er the waters, Is thy soft voice to me." Moore.

those long dark lashes from eyes of such depth and beauty as might have haunted a poet's dream, as she fixed upon him a look of filial love which would have gladdened the most sorrowing heart.

member. The next was an attempt to get rid of an old-fashioned book of so-called Evangelical Family Prayers that Mr. Leslie used, and to substitute the Common Prayer Book in its room.

then. You will have no time to come and tell me all you are doing every evening, as you do now.

sonable objection. Douglas was in possession of a good living; he was gentlemanly and agreeable; the young people's religious opinions coincided. Parents on both sides smiled, and the young people were made happy in the thought that in a year the marriage might take place.