October 26, 1881

using uppleasantness?" says Mrs. Trehine, entering the room where both are. aine, entering the room where both are. . My dear mother, it is nothing," says Bran . My dear mother, it is nothing," says Bran all J. elaborately. "I happened, unfortunately, all Flora I thought I saw a suspicion of less o tail Flora I thought I saw a suspicion of less o tail Flora I thought I saw a suspicion of less though I'm sure I don't know when aruanti though I'm sure I don't know why. I ean; income green eyes myself. But that is ght I, I give you my honor." 118'8

والمستحدة المواجعة الموفاة فمواه مميتهم ومعاربون والمراجع

ll lgive you my nonor. "You are always teasing me,', declares "You all dissolved in tears, " and my eyes flore, store they are quite blue. Ken-re not green; they are quite blue. Ken-re haid yesterday they were very like Gret-1im VAV heth said she has lovely eyes. As for your chen's and she has lovely eyes. As for your in)ly

much overagine wouden reg. It is plainly her-diary. Indeed to prove this to you, my dear gliary. I could repeat an expression formerly flors, I could repeat an expression formerly words he speak. Then art marked to prove this to you, my dear flors, I could repeat an expression formerly that are so fond and so eager, and so full perfect, (if slightly quixotic) sentiment: wridently runs in who and any, the third tory house to film the lovely words he speaks of much overdone wooden leg. It is plainly her-that are so fond and so eager, and so full of wiors, i could separate our progenitors, but bich of late years has been adopted by the abich of the years the cool adopted by the decidedly vulgar. You may have heard it is just possible. Shall I repeat it to

"No, thank you," angrily; "I don't care ryour repetitions."

r your repetitions." " But my dear child, that is wrong of you. but my deal the traditions of one's orethere as sacred, and not treat them lightly or the ignominy. I am surprised at your want or proper feeling; but as I think it arises ion ignorance and the mere callousness of nom ignorated and the inclusion and shall give you atteme youth, I pardon it, and shall give you the expression I speak of." "I shan't listen to it."

"I such a such as a second sec when one man meets another he makes use five silly do? but in bygone ages when one four ancestors came in contact with his felw-man he said, D'ye see any green in my w-man he was invariably answered in the sudden and mournful agitation. firmative. This is an indisputable proof that the green tinge was considered a charm ave it very slightly as yet; let us hope age will help to develop it."

"I don't believe you know anything about e darker ages," says Flore, contemptuous-

"I have read more than you give me credit "" replies he, with dignity. "That was the age in which the sun was always behind a fond; and people walked about in sheets, with candles in their hands, looking for honat men. The fashion, I believe, was led by a ertain Jane Shore of happy memory. At tist time, too, candles were in such request (as was only natural) that Alfred the Great nede clocks of them, and could tell you the war to an inch."

I wonder how you can talk such arrant masense!" says Flore, with a disdainful curl ther pretty lip. "Have you forgotten papa swaiting for you? He says he wants to mak to you-no doubt about another unpaid ailor's bill."

"That is the unkindest cut of all "-rising ugligently. "It makes me shiver in my nots. Now that you mention it, I think I id see a baleful light in our father's face then the post came in."

"I shouldn't wonder. Poor maa!"

"And Tet,"-cheerfully-" I think you are mistaken. Hope tells me a flattering tale; rethops the governor is sending for me to preent to me a little gift-a delicate offering in the shape of a cheque for iffy pounds. If I get it. Flora, you shall have at least half of it. Now. will you not thank me for such a noble promise?

-I will-when I get it," replies she, with scorafal emphasis.

"That will be in a moment or two. The instant my nogers close upon the desired bit of paper, I shall fly to you on the wings of bye. You will stay here till my return with

"Not likely! I shouldn't fancy remaining tere forever." returns she witheringly.

"Not very often, I think. At least talking must be wrong for it. No do not say any more, but let me read to you. And, Kenneth"-laying a soft kind little hand on his comes me." -" you must not think it is pity brings me to

see you; it is-that I like to come." Kenneth makes no reply. He does not even press the kind little hand. He turns his head resolutely away and stares out of the window at the tall bare trees that in the far distance

fling their naked arms wildly to and fro. "You are tond of Herrick," says Gretchen, after one swift comprehensive glance at his averted face, and, opening a volume, she be-

"What is that poem 'To Anthea '?" asks he, cats [say," remarks Brandy, affably. "It presently, without looking round; and she ras [say," remarks Brandy, like that very reads to him the lovely words he speaks of widen leg. It is plainly here that are so ford and an are so ford and are so ford and an are so ford and are so ford and an are so ford and an are so ford and an are so ford and are so ford an are so ford an are so ford an are so ford an are so ford are so ford an are so ford are

"Thou art my life, my love, my heart, The very eyes of me. And hast command of every part, To live and die for thee."

reads Gretchen, with increased pathos, because it is a poem that specially delights her. ""To live and die for thee," repeats Dug-

dale, in a low voice, when she has finished. Something in his tone compels her to look up. He is very pale, and his eyes, dwelling upon hers with sad intensity, are filled with tears. "What is it, Ken ?" asked Gretchen, kneeling upon the footstool beside his couch and re-

garding him anxiously. " Nothing."

"But surely there is something; some thought troubles you ?" "No."

"You cannot deceive me,"-seriously. "I am your friend, yet you will not trust f me.'

"There is nothing 1 cau say to you-nothing I dare say-my dear, my darling ! Can I speak of love to you-I?" returns he, with

Gretchen's hand trembles slightly. She does not blusb, but a little pallor grows upon that the given and or and darker ages. You her, and a faint smile comes and curves the corners of her lips. For a long time she has believed herself dear to him, and now to hear the thought made a certainty is inexpressibly

sweet to her. "I am very glad you love me," she says, simply, without hesitation, letting shy but

luminous eyes meet for an instant. " Gretchen!" "Yes. Very glad. Why do you look at

me so strangely? Is it not true, then, that you do love me?"

"I never said so."

"No,"-laughing-" your lips didn't, but your eyes did. And-you would not have called me your darling, had I not been dear to vou."

"How could I have so spoken?" exclaims he, with bitter self reproach. "To betray myself after the careful suppression of months! Gretchen, forget-forgive what I have said."

"But why should I forget, Ken? and what is there to forgive? Is it not beyond all question the truth? And why should I not rejoice at it, when-I too love you ?"

"What folly-what madness has possessed you ?" exclaims he. "Gretchen, I forbid you to speak to me like this. Let me never hear you say such words again. It is a mockery an insult to such as 1 am.'

"You mistake me-" begins Gretchen. growing very pale. "Hush; I will listen to no more. You

have said too much already. It"-with vehemence that hardly conceals his pain-"I ever led you to believe I loved you, I lied. I do not love you. Go, leave me. What have I to do with love?"

Frightened, stunned by the passion he shows, Gretchen rises and goes slowly towards the door. She is bitterly wounded by his words, while understanding perfectly his motive for using them. She has her hand upon the handle when his voice arrests her. It is full of deep contrition.

" Gretchen," ho says, entreatingly. " Well ?" coldly, without turning round. "I have offended you, I have behaved

have broken down a barrier between us I am ness of her face as though it were a sunbeau powerless to raise again. When I see you the upon the departing edge of a cloud. She fall desire to let you know all you are to me over-

"Let it overcome you,"-demurely.

"You should be the last to give such advice as that. No, it cannot be and every hour only renders me more miserable. I must " If you are miserable, by all means go.

"You know what I mean "--- reproachfully "To leave this house is to leave all hope But 1 will not remain here any longer."

"Why don't you say something about duty ?" says Gretchen, bitterly. "It is a cold word, that would come in well there."

"You are ungenerous," replies he, in a pained tone.

Gretchon disdains replying, but, going over to the window, plays a faint vague little time apon the pane with her two fingers. After a can we fight against fate? It is too powerful short interval he goes on again, though with | for us. You remember "-caressingly-"all increased want of heart and some hesitation; we said the other day? Dear Ken, give me Perhaps when I am at Laxton you will come to see me sometimes with your mother? That room where firstI saw you never seemed quite empty afterward. I could close my eyes and again see you stand in the window, framed in by the roses and the straggling ivy -could almost believe 1 heard your voice.'

"What a vivid imagination. No doubt the idea will console you for the loss of the real."

"I never knew you unkind before," says Dugdale, looking hurt. "But I know you do not mean it. You will come to see me now

and then, will you not?" "On Easter-Sunday and May-day, All-hal-low-s'en and Christmas morning?" answers Gretchen, with a poor attempt at sarcasm. "Or will that, perhaps be too often ? You can tell me later on. How well you have arranged matters? How pleased you are to go! Can you not imagine some plan, too, for my consolation ?"

" Time will be your cure," returns he, grave-"You will miss me for a day or two, it lv. may be, I shall miss you to my dying hour ?"

"How well you read my heart?" "In this instance at least 1 hope I do,"-

with sudden vehemence. "To know you too were suffering would be more than I could bear.'

"But I shall suffer; you wrong me cruelly, exclaims she, with trembling voice, turning from the window to confront him with a pale little face and large angry mournful eyes. "How can I think of you all alone at Laxton without feeling sorrow that will haunt me? Who will speak to you, or read to you? Who will know (even when you are most silent) how your head aches-or your heart? You can go if you like," says Miss Tremaine, conjuring up a fresh burst of wrath, "but you shan't think I shan't be wretched when you do go."

"The more you talk such mad folly, the more convinced I am that the Towers is no longer a fit place for me." says poor Duguale, making a last brave effort to be firm.

" Very well, then go. But I am sure, under the circumstances, it will not be a correct thing for me to go and see you even with mamma, so do not expect me. A visit from me would only distress you and make you miserable. And indeed, as my very presence seems to annoy you, I shall not come to the library again while you remain in the house. My absence will doubtless prove to you how

far happier you will be without me." Having uttered this sppalling threat with all due solemnity, she sweeps from the room,

and routed with great slaughter. With all Gretchen's gentleness, there is about her a certain amount of firmness that enables her to keep the word uttered so hastily. One, two, three days pass, and she so well magages that, without betraving herself to any member of her family, she neither sees nor holds communication of any sort with Dugdale. On the lourth day, at two o'clock, he succumbs. Flora, going into the library

upon the departing edge of a cloud. She falls upon her knees beside him.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

"Let us end all this," she says, quietly. You have not been more wratched than I have been during all these horrible days.] spoke untruly when I said I should not be here now but for your message. I should. I was coming when Flo brought it. Nothing would have kept me from you another hour. How cold, how heartloss you must think me for having staid away so long! But you will forgive me now ?"

Putting his arm round her neck as she lean towards him, he draws her head down upon his shoulder until her cheek rests against his. "You see, after all, I am the more sensible

of the two," she goes on in a little soft whisper. "We cannot do without each other, can we? You want me, and I want you. How

my own way,"

"If I did, later on you would curse me." "Try me.

" Do you know what it is you want to do? "I know it well."

"You want to marry a confirmed cripple. Out of the neavenly pity of your heart you would devote all your fresh young life to the nursing of an incurable invalid. It is horri-

ble. It is impossible." "I shan't let you call yourself names" she says, softly. "You are not a cripple; and even if you were I should only love you just the same. There is silence between them for some

time, and Kenneth says-"If you should ever repent, if you should

ever regret this most unuatural marriageand I should know it by your eyes, they could not deceive me-it would kill me. Though, perhaps."-with a sigh-"that would not be so sad an ending after all. My death would be the best thing that could happen for youand me."

"How cruel you are !" whispers she, with a faint catching of the breath.

"What will your father say ?" asks he, presently. "I don't know. But I am sure when I tell

him everything he will let me do as I wish." "Shall I speak to him ?"

"No; not until I have spoken to him," says Gretchen, hastily. A fear lest her father in his first surprise should say something to wound the man she loves enables her to overcome the nervous dislike she feels to declare her affection for him.

"As you please," says Dugdale, secretly much relieved. "Though I do not think he will give his consent. You may as well tell him, in case he should not know it, that only half the property is entailed, and that I can leave you the remainder."

" Very well," Then after a pause, "Do you know "-carnestly-" I have a strange feeling -a positively certain feeling-that some day you will be strong and well again ?"

" I hope"-shaking his head skeptically-" you are not marrying me on that chance."

"No; I am marrying you because I love you: for no other reason. Perhaps "-mischievously --- " had you been strong and well should have regarded you with scorn ; yet 1 still hold to my belief. By the bye, you have never yet proposed to rue. Do so now."

" What shall I say ?"

"What a question! Why anything you like. Did you-did you never propose to a leaving her opponent thoroughly dismayed girl before." " Never."

"I am glad of that," exclaims she, with a quick, and lovely smile. "Now go on ; make even the silliest speech, and I shall find an excuse for it." "I hardly know how to begin," says he, sadly. "Well, then. Gretchon, will you con-

sent to marry me, and turn your whole life ?" "When I spoke of silly speeches I never anticipated anything so foolish as that," says | tice and gratitude, the Catholic Oburch is fore-Gretchen. "Certainly you have out heroded

REBUILDING OF ST.² THERESE

Father James Lonergan \$1,000 James Lonergan, N.P..... Father George Cortell, St. Andrews

CATHOLIC NEWS.

Prince Bismarck and the Emperor William have offered Pope Leo XIII an asylum at Cologne.

Bishop Wigger, the new Catholic Bishop of Newark, New Jersey, was consecrated in that city Wednesday in the presence of a large covgregation.

at the Chapel of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Halifax, N. S. The coremony was participated in by Very Rev. Monseignor Howe, Canon Carmody, Rev. Mossers. E. T. Murphy, Kearns, Biggs, Ellis, Danaher and Cummane. Father Curtin prade his studies in Morpheth College with distinction and is the Maynooth College with distinction, and is the third priest added to the clergy of the archdiocese since His Grace returned from Europe.

Rome, Oct. 17 .- The Pope in his address to the Italian pilgrims at St. Peter's yesterday stated the deplorable state of affairs placed before him the alternative of enduring continual captivity, made harder daily, or the choice of going into exile. He, therefore, asked the Catholics to watch and pray for the in his palace. He was outraged in his personal dignity in a thousand ways. The profound impression. He closed his address with his arms raised to Heaven, as though imploring help.

The neighborhood of Roscrea was last Sunday week the scene of a very interesting ceremony. A little more than two years ago the Trappist monks, who have been settled for nearly half a century at Mount Melleray, in the County of Waterford, sent a colony to the northern part of the county of Tipperary, near Roscrea, settling them on a small estate which was presented to them by Mr. Arthur Moore, M. P. One of their first cares was to build a church, which was brought to completion in the short space of 20 months. The site is admirable, commanding a most picturesque prospect. Following the usual tradition of the Trappist churches in France, the building is externally plain and substantial. It is cruciform, with nave aisles, transepts, apse, and eight side chapels. The total length is 225 feet, the width across have and alsies about 60 feet, the height from the floor of the apse to the roof is 75 feet. The internal details are not conspicuous for ornament. The chiselled sandstone used in the building came from the Roscrea quarries. The stained glass windows behind the high altar have been supplied by Messrs. Early, of Dublin, and are beautiful in design and admirably finished. The ceremony of dedication was performed by the Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, Condjutor Bishop of Killeloe, the Right Rev. Abbot of Mount St. Bernard, in England, and the Right Rev. Abbot of Mount Mellenay, in Waterford county, were also present. The sermon was preached by the Very Rev. T. Egan, President of the Diocesan College, Ennis .- Irish Lapor. At Yorktown, to-day, at the opening of the celebration of the centenary of the surrender of the British General, Cornwallis, the Archhishop of Baltimore will sing a Requiem

Mass for the repose of the souls of the herole Catholics who perished on that field, and in the long war which it ended. The Bishop of Richmond will deliver an address explaining the reasons of gratitude o the Supreme Ruler of human events which should animate the Christian American heart to-day. Rightly, by every tradition of jusmost to-day in Yorktown, as she was this at that hour, finds nim strangely dejected, Herod. And on an occasion of the kind to ad- day one hundred years ago. That day, and

THE MONOPOLY OF THE ONTARIA SCHOOL SYSTEM.

There never was a greater monopoly in this Province than its present existing Public and 50 00 and yet they have no voice whatever in the Educational Government of the country. Truly by the generosity of our Protestant friends and our own apathy, we are made the hewers of wood and drawers of water in Educational matters. Between the north polar circle of the Honorable the Minister of Education and the tropic of a High School Trustee, the Catholic in this Province dare not launch his timid bark. And why? Simply because Catholics allow such a state of things. There is no room for a Catholic in the Educational Rev. John Curtin was ordained priest on Wednesday last by His Grace the Archbishop is ample room for Catholic money in the treasury of Ontario to maintain a system of Separate School Inspection, administered by men who care as much for the welfare and progress of Separate Schools as they do for the growth and development of the man in the moon. Why the Catholics of this Provinco have tamely submitted so long to such a furcical system of Separate School Inspection, we cannot comprehend. We can easily

understand how Catholics are excluded from the Educational Department; how that lieutenants to the Honorable Adam Crooks cannot chance to be Catholics-nay more that even one member of the Central Committee could not happen to be a Catholic; but that Protestant High School Inspectors, in whose ayes Separate Schools find no favor, should liberty and independence of the Pope. He be permitted to enter our Separate Schools concluded by saying he was no longer secure and report them from time to time seems indeed incredible. Now, we ask the Catholic teachers engaged in the Separate Schools gravity and earnestness of the Pope made a of Ontario in question : Dors the inspection administered in their respective schools by Protestant High School Inspectors promote the interests of these Schools? The answer will be without doubt in the negative. But mark you, the High School Inspectors are not supposed to inspect Separate Schools : their duty is wholly bound up in the word report. That is, they make a pedestriau tour around the Separate School building ; interview the teachers concerning their salaries, cortificates and number of classes; examine the Daily Register; fire a few High School questions at a class of little boys or girls of seven, eight, or nine years of age; and

then bow themselves out. That is the end. No; we forget; they report at the Department. Yes they report; but through what process of churning these reports go ere they appear in the annual Report of the Minister of Education we do not know; but this we do know, that the Annual Report of the Minister of Education, so far as it relates to the Separate Schools of Ontario, is a delusion and a snare, calculated to mislead the public, calculated to injure Separate Schools, calculated to show up the liberality of Protestants in School matters, where no such liberality exists. But we may be accused of making rash statements. Well, let us see. According to the report of the Minister of Education for 1877, the number of Separate Schools in the Province was 185. In the Annual Report for 1878 the number of Separate Schools is put down as 187, showing, the report goes on to say, a decrease o nine. Now, there is not only a false discropancy here, but the reports of the number of Separate Schools for those two years are false on their very face. True, some attempt was made, we believe, at the time of the issuing of the Annual Report of 1878 to rectify or explain away the bungled mistake ; but the impression left upon the public by the press commenting on the report was that Separate Schools were on the decline, and that they were losing favor even in the eyes of their Catholic supporters. Again the report for 1878 goes on to say, "that of 780 teachers of the Reman Catholic Church 456 are om-

ployed in the Public Schools of On-tario." Now, we claim this is entirely misleading, too, for a purpose. It is a wall known fact th there in Ontario, especially in rural districts, a very large number of schools, nominally designated Public Schools, but virtually Separate Schools, nim ost wholly supported by Catholic rate-payers, with a Catholic Board of Trustees. In these Schools Catholic teachers find. employment, and in the Annual Report such Schools are denominated Public Schools; and thus the liberality of Protestant School Boards, in engaging so many Catholic teachers in such Public Schools as these, is sprend abroad. Now we challenge the Minister of Education or his subalterns in office to point out to us a single prominent position held by a Catholic as Headmaster in either the High or Public Schools of this Province. It is painful for us to throw out this challenge; but we have a duty to perform, and we intend to write after this form till we have fally exposed that monopoly, the School System of Ontorio .- Cutholic Shield.

Meantime. Grotchen, having read Kitty's ast happy letter of the morning to her mother and every member of the family, runs down o Kenneth-who is still a visitor at the lowers-to give him sundry extracts from it. To leave the Towers before Christmas, Alrs. Tremaine had said to Dugdale, would be simple madness, as of course he would have to come back again, for that festive occasion. And going backwards and forwards was 'such a worry." So Kenneth had stayed on. saying, with a laugh, the time would surely come when they would want to turn him out, and he should refuse to go. "Possession was nine points of the law," etc.

"I have had another letter from? Kitty," mys Gretchen, entering the library, with large eyes full of gladness and a bright smile.

" One always knows that by your face," returns he. "I can tell the day the foreign post arrives before you speak of it. Kitty is very fortunate ; her life seems rich in love. Well and does her letter please you? Does she still feast with the gods? So long marned, and as yet no flaw, no 'little pitted speck ?' It sounds like a fairy tale."

It is one of poor Kenneth's bad days, when all the world seems less than nothing to him and faith in any good appears impossible. He has turned his eyes from her grieved ones, and Wh an impatient gesture pushes back the hair from his forehead, which throbs intoler-

"Entry is quite happy-quite, if that is what you mean," says Gretchen, gravely. "Why should you question it? Why should you sneer at happiness? Surely there is such a thing and you believe in it ?"

"You accredit me with too much fine feeling," replies he, with a short laugh. " Don't thow me over altogether if I confess that I do not. Why should I?"

"You cannot mean what you say. Kitty's case alone contradicts you. She, I know, will be always happy-always."

"I'm sure I hope she may," says Kenneth, in an abominable tone. He shrugs his shoulders and gnaws viciously at the end of his fair mustache.

"I wish you would not speak in that tone; I quite hate it. It almost sounds as if you wished evil to my dear Kitty," says Gretchen, With some severity. '" It is all in very bad taste. When people love they must be hap-PY; and you know as well as I do that Jack and Kitty perfectly adore each other."

"I know I am a very ill-tempered fellow. and, what is worse, an ungrateful one, to speak lo you as I do,"'says Kenneth, in a voice 'dif' fcult to translate. " "Why do you waste your time here, Gretchen? I am not worth it. Go to the others, and get what good you can out of your lite."

"Your head must be aching very badly today," says Gretchen, gently, ignoring the speech altogether, i.

"It irritates me that you should stay here bring yourself to death with a most uninteresting invalid," goes ou Kenneth, with fretful Pertinacity. "I know I am a miserable Wretch, only half alive, and good for nothing -and surely into the bargain: and that it is the extreme pity you feel for me that alone makes you bear with me as you do."

"I am airaid your head is very, very bad today, my dear Kenneth," says, Gretchen, with deep sympathy "It has often been worse"—half angrily.

until I have asked your pardon."

closes the door, and again returning to his trusted with a little twisted note to be given side, stands gazing down at him reproach- to Gretchen immediately. fully, with clasped hands.

"I wonder how you can wish me to stay, when you do not love me," she says, tremulousiv.

" Perhaps"-with a sigh and a quick frown _" I wish you to go because I do love you." "But how unreasonable that is! I think were I in your place I should be thankful if I found some one to care for me ; that is, if 1 cared for the ' some one.'"

" I do care for you; it is useless my denying it now." Taking her hand, he holds it closely. "I love you madly, foolishly, because hopelessly. Day by day and every hour of the day, lying here upon my couch, I think of you only and torture myself conjuring up scenes that can never be realized. This time last year I should have thought myself more than blessed in the knowledge that your heast was given to me a free gift. Now--life ours might have proved | But it is too

late." He pauses, but Gretchen makes no reply. Her hand lies positively in his. Her long, dark lashes effectually conceal the expression in her eyes.

"Sometimes I picture to myself we two on board my good old schooner cruizing in the Miss Tremaine, on account of the vigorous sunny Mediterranean, finding each happy day happier than the last. Then we are in Italy, and I can see your beloved face grow grave and solemn over the past glories of mighty Rome; or dimpling with laughter in merry Paris; or calm with sweet thought in our she holds out to him. English home. And then suddenly I awake, "Treat you how?" demands she, with a English home. And then suddenly I awake. my fond dreams vanish, and again I know myself to be-what I am. Oh, to be strong and well once more !" he cries, throwing his arms with a passionate movement above his head. "Gretchen, is there in all this world saw you I think you gave me to understand a sadder though than 'It might have my presence was, if anything distasteful to been ?? "

girl, carnestly. "Can you not find some slight | course I should not be here now but for your comfort in that thought?"

"No., 'That way madness lies.' It is too dangerously sweet a thought. I dare not let tural to refuse so slight a request." myself find happiness in it. Dearest, what I said so roughly some time since I meant, looking at him. What thas, passed between us to-day must never be repeated-never. You must promise me this, or I shall be compelled at once sent for you, but I confess I wanted to see to leave this house, where I have been so you again. May I congratulate you on your to leave this house, where I have been so matter, Gretchen; you should give the promise I require willingly, because I cannot forbid you to speak in your own home, and-I cannot run away from you,"-with a smile more sorrowful than bitterest weeping.

Gretchen touched by it, burst into tears. "Have I grieved you my own, my own? asked Kennoth, pressing her hand gently to his lips. "You see, Gretcoen, there is sadness is every thought of me."

"Yes, but gladness too-my chief gladness," says Gretchen with a sob.

CHAPTER XU.

Two or three days later Kenneth says to her again---

ntil I have asked your pardon." | some story about a headache (oh, what should it is out of all keeping! If you cannot find the sects two to one. Where was the Metho-Slowly and with seeming reluctance she we do without our headaches?), and is in- anything better to say, I shall refuse you."

" I shall fly with it," says the little compassionate Merchry, and forthwith delivers it to Gretchen, who is sitting in solitary grandeur in the morning-room.

The past few days of enforced separation have been to her, as to Dugdale, interminable, and hald and barren to the last degree. This has almost made up her mind to forego pride, to give in quietly, and, going moskly to the library, demands a renewal of the old friendship. But she would have done it relactantly and with a sorry grace; so that the submis-

sion on his part is doubly dear to her. The note is but a mere scribble, a word or two, asking, nay, entreating her to come to

him if only for a moment. "Thank you, dear," she says, calmly, to the observant Flora; and then, going up-stairs, she adds a few little touches to her toilet, and How happy, how contented we might have brushes her soft hair until it is still softer, been together, you and I! What a perfect and pinches her cheeks until there is a charmbrushes her soft hair until it is still softer, ing color in them, unusual as lovely, after which she runs down again and presents herself before Dugdale with as successful an air of indifference about her as though her heart

is not in reality beating with unpleasant force. Kenneth is looking pale and harassed.

pinching bestowed upon her unfortunate cheeks, is looking distractingly pretty and in excellent form. "Gretchen, how could you treat me so ?"

asks Kenneth, purposely ignoring the hand

charming assumption of innocence.

"For nearly four days you have not come near me-four endless days."

"Doer that distress you? The last time I you. I would not willingly annoy you. 1 ' Such as you are, I love you," replies the | thought it best for you to stay away. Of note, and the fact that, to-morrow being Christmas day, I thought it would be unna-

She tells this little fib blandly, but without

"I can quite believe it,"-bitterly. "Indeed, I feel I ought to apologize for having appearance ? I have seldom seen you look so well or so happy." Then, in, a lower tone, "I have been most unhappy."

"You can hardly expect sympathy from me. You need not be unhappy," replies she slowly.

"Dearest, do not speak to me in that tone;" entreats he, miserably. "Ob, Gretchen, could you only know all I have endured during these past few days, you would be kinder. Such a very few! That is the horror of it. When I think that all my life must be passed thus, without you, it seems too much. Dar-

ling, darling, I cannot live without you." "You shall not," returns she, quickly. all

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"It is no use, Gretchen; I must go. You lips part, a smile follows upon the late cold- | a policeman is instantly put to death.

with unpardonable roughness; yet do not go and, expressing instant sympathy, he told dress me as Gretchen--plain Gretchen ! Oh, "Then, darling, will you consent to make

me happier than I ever again hoped or dream. ed I should be?"

"Now, that is much prettier. Yes, I consent. And "--seriously--" 1 am so glad it is all finely arranged, because I have wanted to tell you for over so long (only I feared it might be rude, you know, as of course I had no right to interfere) that I can't bear the colvery moment, as Flora approaches her, she lars you wear. They are most unbecoming, and I want you to try some other kind." Dugdale gives way to genuine laughter.

Her quaint and instantaneous appropriation of him is inexpressibly dear to him. "I shall send to town for any collars you

may fancy," he says ; " but for your own sake I would ask you not to make me uglier than you can help."

She is standing over him at this time, looking down with fond content upon his beautiful face. She seems so pleased, so glad, so utterly fearless of all the future may have in store, that again the old nameless dread chills him ... the morbid distrust of any possible happiness so far as he is concerned -- and his expression changes. Will she always look at him like this? Will the day never come when the beloved face will be averted to hide

the unavailing regret that may distigure it? "Gretchen are you sure you understand yourself? For both our sakes, make no mistake now. Are you sure you really love me? -that it is not pity is influencing you in this matter ?" asks he, with an anxiety that almost amounts to agony. "I am quite sure," returns she, with tender

so'emnity ; " there is no room for pity in my heart, it is so filled with love-for you." As she speaks, she lays her hand unconsciously and with pathetic grace upon her heart. He is satisfied.

"Will you kiss me?" he asks, presently. And she kisses him shyiv, but with gentle warmth. They both blush a good deal when | 000 besides the Government loan, and my ob this obvious duty has been performed; and the day has been ill-used,-that nothing has been done,-and getting a book, insists on reading to him in a rather desultory fashion at her, hearing her voice perhaps, but deal, I houses and break the land for the suttiers. think, to all the sense and meaning in the

pages read. (To be continued.)

A Wise Deacon.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors vis-

iting us so often." "Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time; kept my family well and saved the doctor bills. Three dollars worth of it kept us well and able to work all the time. I'll warrant it has cost you and the neighbors one to two hundred dollars a piece to keep sick the same time." " Deacon, l'il use your medicine here-

after." In his diary of European travel the Shah o her manner changed. Her eyes brighten, her | Persia says that an Englishman who disobeys

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in the person of her sons, she outnumbered nouncing the rash robels that revolted " the good King George." Even the Presbyterian, Sir Hudibras, owed a divided allegiance, but the Catholics, to a man, whether Irish, French, or American, were on the side of liberty and Washington. To Catholic France, as Washington gladly testified, the victory of Yorktown was mainly due. Had her sons not been there, Cornwallis had never surrendered, and what the result to the displifted Colonials would have been, we do not care to surmise. It is not necessary. France was there, and what its Catholic soldiers did Washington has tostitied, as he over and over again acknowledged what Catholic Ireland had done for him. By every claim, Catholic voices should be first to-day in singing a Requiem and a Te Deum, for the Catholic dead of Yorktown and the Revolution. May they rest in peace; may their memories be in everlasting honor, and may the benefits ensured to humanity and liberty by their hunds, find their strongest defenders and protectors in the successors, descendants and co-religionists of the Catholic soldiers of Yorktown, 1781 .- Catholic Review.

IRISH IMMIGRATION.

Rev. Father Nugent, Catholic priest, of Liverpool, England, who has been prominent in promoting Irish emigration to the States, is here on business connected with Irish emigration to Canada. He had an interview with the llon. J. H. Pope, and also with Messrs. Stephen and McIntyre, of the Syndicate, yesterday. He explains his scheme as follows to a reporter : - " Under clause 26 of the Irish Land Act the Land Commissioners have authority to lead to a corporation, established for the purpose of aiding emigrants, the sum of £200,000, at three per cent. interest, to be spent for that purpose It is proposed to form such a corporation with a capital of £200,. ject in coming here is to see whether the then they laugh, and then Gretchen declares Canadian Government will not let us have land to the same value as the English Government gives us morey. If we can obtain the land for half an hour, while he lies silently gazing at the terms we desire, we propose to build We shall then pay the passage of emigrants to Canade, where they will find the land broken, houses built and everything ready for them to go to work and till the land. We will supply them with seed, implemente, etc., and make provision for their support during how you kept yourself and family well the the first year in Canada. There is no reason why the Canadian Government should not grant, the assistance we ask to enable us to populate the North-West with a good class of settlers. It is proposed that the corporation to be established shall be of a respectable and reliable character, and that its object shall not be so much to make money as to work for. the elevation of the Irish people. If the British Government give £200,000 and the Company raise £200,000 themselves, why should not the Canadian Government give an

Father Nugent visited Manitoba last year. his scheme.-Toronto Globe Correspondence. | have not used it.

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The virtue of most of the patent medicines with which the market is flooded lies in the name, but the virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters lie in the fuct that they cleanse the blood of impurities, and cure dyspepsis, biliousness and indigustion. Price \$1.00; trial bottle 10 cents. 10.2

In the forty-four years during which Queen Victoria has occupied the English throne, she has spent about twelve days in Ireland. These twelve days represent the time occupied by two visits the last of which took place twenty years ago.

Consumption Cared. An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. SHEBAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, 11-cow-G N.Y.

Mrs. Barter of Mount Vernon, Ind., says it is foolish to try with gloves on to shoot a man. Her aim at Mr. Wertz would have been deadly, she thinks, if she had, been bare handed. As it was, the bullet missed him, and it may be five years before she will get another chance, as she is going to prison for that time.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

If so, you can testify to its marvellous powers of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhæs, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, cholic, sickness of the He claims that Archbishop Lynch and Bishop | stomach and bowel complaints of infants or Tache will give their hearty co-operation to adults. Let its merits be known to all who 10-2-

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equal amount in land ?"