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MILES WALLINGFORD

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER CHAPTER VIII

There have been sweet singing volces in your walks that now are still ; there are seats left vold, in your earthly

Which none again may fill."

Which none again may fill." Mrs. Hemans I never saw the body of my sister, after I handed it, resembling a sleeping infant, to the arms of Lucy. There is a sort of manis in some, a morbid curlosity to gase on the features of the dead; but with me, it has ever been the re-verse. I had been taken to the family none to contemplate and weep over the ange when it became me to be passive. I was now at a time of life when I might be permitted to judge for myself; and as soon as I began to think at all on the showever, I resolved that the last look of love, the sweet countenance, sinking in death it is true, but still animate and be permitted to judge for some hours, however, I resolved that the last look of love, the sweet countenance, sinking in pheart, should be the abiding impression of my sister's form. I have cherished it was now, and often have I rejoiced that I did not permit any subsequents insgines of a corpse to supplant it. As plays the sweet was no some out of my how has no imperitment eyses to drive when has no inperitment eyses to drive any had no imperitment eyses to drive any had no imperitment eyses to drive any had no imperitment eyses to drive any had no inperitment eyses to drive any had no inperitmen

out reserve. I heard their outcries long after every other sound from the house

was lost on my ear. I held my way along the road, with no other view but to escape from the scene I had just quitted, and entered the very little wood which might be said to have been the last object of the external world that had attracted my sister's enterting Hear converting mended world that had attracted my sizer's attention. Here everything reminded me of the past; of the days of childhood and youth; of the manner in which the four Clawbonny children had lived to-getker, and roamed these very thickets in confidence and love. I sat in that in confidence and love. I sat in that wood an hour; a strange uncarthly hour it seemed to me i I saw Grace's angel countenance imprinted on the leaves, heard her low, but gay laugh, as she was wont to let it be heard in the hours of happiness, and the tones of her gentle volce sounded in my ears almost as familiarly as in life. Rupert and Lucy were there, too. I saw them, heard them, and tried to enter into their inno-cent merriment, as I had done of old; but fearful glimpees of the sad truth would interpose in time to break the charm.

would interpose in time to break the charm. When I left that little wood, it was to seek a larger cover, and fields farther removed from the house. It was dark before I thought of returning ; all that time was passed in a species of mystical hallucination, in which the mind was lost in scenes foreign to those actually present. I saw Grace's sweet image everywhere; I heard her voice at every turn. Now she was the infant I was permitted to drag in her little wagon, the earliest of all my impressions of that beloved sister; then she was following me as I trundled my hoop; next came her little lessons in morals, and warnings against doing wrong, or some grave, but gentle reproof for errors actually com-mitted; after which I saw her in the pride of young womanhood, lovely and mitted; after which I saw her in the pride of iyoung womanhood, lovely and fitted to be loved, the snarer of my con-fidence, and one capable of entering into all my plans of life. How often that day did the murmuring of a brook, or the humming of a bee, become blended in my imagination with the song, the laugh, the call, or the prayers of that beloved sister whose spirit had ascended to heaven, and who was no more to mingle ore to mingle

out in the fields and woods in quest of ma, and he happened to be the very in-dividual by whom I was discovered. The aw-struck, solean manner in which the reckless Valean approached, were all other proofs wanting, would have proclaimed the weight of the blow of this fellow were always red, but it was easy to see that even he had been shedding tears. He knew he was no favorite; seldom came near me, unless it were to excuse some of his neglects or faults, and lived under a sort of ban for his constantly recurring misdeeds. Neverthelees, a common cause of grief now gave him confidence, and Neb him-self could hardly have approached me with a manner of more easy, but respect-tu familiarity. " Al Masser Mile i Masser Mile !" Valcan exclaimed, certain that we felt alite on this topic, if on no other; " poor young missus ! when we ebber get 'noder like she ?" " My sister is in heaven, Vulcan, where I hope all at Clawbonny, blacks as well as whites, will endeavor to meet hope all at Clawbonny, blacks as well as whites, will endeavor to meet in the mercy of God." " You t'ink dat posserbul, Masser Mile ?" demanded the old man, fixing his dull eyes on me, with an earnest in-tentness that proved he had not entirely lost all sensibility to his moral condi-tion. " All things are possible with God, out in the fields and w

st that

tion. "All things are possible with God, Vulcan. Keeping Him and His com-mandments constantly in mind, you may

Vulcan. Keeping Him and His com-mardments constantly in mind, you may still hope to see your young misress, and to share in her happiness." Wonnerful !" exclaimed the old man; " dat would be a great conserlation. Ah 1 Masser Mile, how often she come when a little lady to my shop door, and ask to see 'e spark fiy ! Miss Grace hab a great taste for blacksmit'in' and a great knowledge too. I do t'ink, dat next to some oder t'ing, she lub to see iron red-hot, and 'e horse shod !" " You have come to look for me, Vul-can, and I thank you for this care. I shall rearn to the house presently; you need give yourself no further trouble. Remember, old man, that the only hope that remains of either of us ever seeing Miss Grace again, is in liv-ing as Mr. Hardinge so often tells us all we ought to live." " Wonnerful !" repeated old Vulcan, whose mind and feelings were in a happy to see 'e spark fiy ; I shall miss her like a darter." This was a specimen of the feelings prevalled among the negroes, though

a darter." This was a specimen of the feelings prevailed among the negroes, though the impression on most of the others was more lasting than that made on the blacksmith, whom I now dismissed, tak-ing the path myself that led to the house. It was quite dark when I crossed the lawn. A figure was just visible in the shadows of the plazzs, and I was on the point of turning in the direction of a side door, in order to avoid the meeting, when Lucy advanced eagerly to the edge of the steps to receive me. "Oh I Miles— dear Miles, how happy I am to see you again !" the precious girl said, taking my hand with the warmth and frankness of a sister. "My father and myself have been very uneasy about you ; my father, indeed, has walked toward the rectory, thinking you may have gone thither." "I have been with you, and Grace, and your father; my good Lucy, ever since we parted. I am more myself now, however, and you need feel no further oracern on my account. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for that which you have already feit, and will give you no further concern." The manner in which Lucy mow heret

Lucy's face did not corroborate that notion ; but she withdrew to let my de-cision be known. In a few minntes a large, hard-featured, but not ill-looking man approaching fifty, entered my room, walked up to him with tears in his eyes.

which you have already felt, and will i give you no further concern." The manner in which Lucy now burst into tears betrayed the intensity of the feelings that had been pent up in her bosom, and the relief she found in my as-surances. She did not scruple, even, about leening on my shoulder, so long as the parcyysm lasted. As soon as able to command herself, however, she wiped her eyes, again took my hand with con-fiding affection, and looked anxiously toward me as she said, soothingly, "We have met with a great loss, Miles; one that even time cannot repair. Neither of us can ever find another to fill the place that Grace has occupied. Our lives cannot be lived over again ; squeezed my hand warmly, and then seated himself (without ceremony. He was attired like a thriving countryman, was attired like a thriving countryman, though his language, accent, and man-ner denoted one superior to the ordin-ary run of those with whom he was otherwise associated in externals. I had to look at him a second (time ere I could recognize Jack Wallingford, my father's bachelor cousin, the western land-holder.

Our liv in : we cannot return to childhood; feel as children; love as children; live as chilchildren ; love as children ; live as chil-dren ; and grow up together, as it might be, with one heart, with the same views. the same wishes, the same opinion ; I hope it is not presuming on too great a resemblance to the departed angel, if I add, the same principle." "No Lucy ; the past, for us, is gone forever. Olawbonny will never again be the Clawbonny it was." There was s pause, during which I fancied Lucy was struggling to ropress some fresh burst of emotion. "Yet, Miles," she presently resumed, we could not sak to have her recalled from that bliss which we have so much reason to believe she is even now enjoying.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

will, in order to bequest him the place in the event of my dying without heirs, as I now imagined must sconer or lator occur. As Lucy was not likely to be my wife, no one else, I fancied, ever should be. I had passer relations than Jack Wallingford, some of whom were then in the house; cousine-german by both father and mother; but they were not of the direct line; and I knew that Miles the First would have made this disposition of the place, could he have forescen events, and had the law jal-lowed it. Then Grace had wished such an arrangement, and I had a sad happi-ness in executing all the known wishes of my sister. Interest that each man bowed to me reverently, and each woman courtesied, as he or she left the room. As for Ohlos, sobs nearly choked her, the poor girl having refused to quit the body of her mistress except for that short moment. I thought Lucy would have remained with her father and myself for a few minutes, but the necessity of removing this poor heart-stricken creature, who really felt as if the death of her young mistress was a loss of part of her own existence. red to me

really let as if the death of her yoing mistress was a loss of part of her own existence. I have already dwelt on the circum-stances attending the death of Grace longer than I intended, and shall now cease to harass my own feelings, or to distress those of my readers, by unnec-essarily enlarging on more of the de-tails. The next three or four days pro-duced the jusual caim ; and though it was literally years ere Lucy and myself ceased altogether to weep for her loss we both obtained the self-command that was necessary for the discharge of our ordinary duties. Grace, it will be re-membered, died of a Sunday, about the usual hour, for dinner. Agreesbly, to the custom of the country, in which there is naually a little too much of an indecent haste in disposing of the dead, owing in some degree to climate, however, the funeral would have taken place on Wed-laying twenty-four hours longer than might have been granted in most cases; but Mr. Hardinge, who gave all the dir-ections, had named Thursday noon as the hour for the interment. We had few relatives to expect ; most of those who would have been likely to stend, had circumstances admitted of it, living in distant places that rendered it in-convenient, and indeed scarcely pos-sible. I passed most of the intervening time in my study, reading and indulging in of my sister, The funeral did not occur until the day after the arrival of John Walling-ford, who accidentally heard of the death that had occurred in the family, and came uninvited to attend the oband came uninvited to attend the ob-sequies, as have been mentioned. I passed most of the evening in the com-pany of this relative, with whom I be-came so much pleased as to request he would walk with me next day as second nearest of kin. This arrangement, as I had reason to know in the end, gave grave offence to several who stood one degree nearer in blood to the deceased, though not of her name. Thus are we constituted 1-we will quarrel over a grave even, a moment that should lay open eternity to our view, with all its immense consequences and accompani-ments, in order to vindicate feelings and passions that can only interest us, as it might be, for a day. Fortunately I knew nothing of the offence that was taken at the time, nor did I see any of my kinsmen but John Wallingford that evening ; his presence in my room evening; his presence in my room being owing altogether to a certain self-possession and an aplomb that caused him to do very much as he pleased in

such mat ers. I rose on the following morning at a

sible. I passed most of the intervening time in my study, reading and indulging in such contemplations as naturally sug-gest themselves to the mourner. Lucy, dear girl, had written to me two or three short notes, jasking my wishes on various points, among other things when I wished to pay a last visit to the body. My answer to this question late hour, and with a heaviness at the heart that was natural to the occasion. heart hist was natural to the occasion. It was a lovely summer's day, but all in and around Clawbonny wore the air of a Sunday. The procession was to form at 10 o'clock, and as I cast my eyes from the window, I could see the negroes moving about on the lawns, and in the lanes, attired in their best, but wearing no holiday faces. It seemed to me to be a species of unnatural Sabbath, possess-ing all its solemnity, its holy stillness, its breathing calm, but wanting in that solacing spirit of peace which is so apt to be imparted to the day of rest in the country, most particularly at that season of the year. Several of the neighbors who did not belong to Claw-bonny were beginning to appear ; and I when I wished to pay a last visit to the body. My answer to this question brought her to my room with some little surprise of manner; for she had been so much with Grace, living and dead, as to think it strange one who had loved her so well while living should not de-sire to take a final look at the beautiful remains. I explained my feelings on this head, and Lucy seemed struck with them. "I am not sure you will not have de-cided wisely, Miles," she said, "the ploture being one too precious to de-stroy. You will be gratified in knowing however, that Grace resembles an angel quite as much in death as she did in life; all who have seen her being struck with the air of peaceful tran-quility her features now present." "Blees you, blees you, Lucy, this is all-sufficient. I did wish for some such assurance, and am now content."

bonny were beginning to appear ; and I felt the necessity of dressing in order to be in readiness for what was to follow. I had eaten alone in my little study or library from the time my sister died or library from the time my sister died, and had seen no one since my return to the house, the servants excepted, besides my guardian. Lucy, and John Walling-ford. The last had taken a light supper with me the previous night, but he was then breakfasting with the rest of the guests in the family eating-room, Mr. Hardinge doing the honors of the house. all-sumclent. I did wish for some such assurance, and am now content." "Several of your family are now in the house, Miles, in readiness to attend the funeral. A stranger has just ar-rived who seems to have some such desire, too, though his face is unknown to all at the place; he has asked to see you with an earnestness that my father carce knows how to refuse."

As for myself, I found my own little table prepared with its coffee and light meal, as I had ordered before retiring. It had two cups, however, and a second plate had been laid in addition to my own. I pointed to this arrangement, and demanded of the old white-headed house servant, who was in waiting, what it meant. *carce knows how to refuse." "Let him come here, then, Lucy. I can only suppose it to be some of the many persons Grace has served; her short life was all activity in that par-tion on " ticular."; Lucy's face did not corroborate that what it meant.

"Miss Lucy, sah ; she say she mean to breakfast wid Masser Mile, dis nornin', sah.

mornin', sah. Even the accents of this negro were solemn and sad as he made this familiar explanation, like those of a man who was conscious of having reached an hour and an occasion that called for peculiar awe. I bade him let Miss Lucy know that I was in the study. "Ah, Masser Mile," added the old man, with tears in his eyes, as he left the room, "Miss Lucy 'e only young missus now, sah!"

missus now, sah !"

missus now, sah !" In a few minutes Lucy joined me. She was in deep black, of course, and that may have added to the appearance of paleness, but no one could be deceived in the manner in which the dear girl land-holder. "I see by your look, cousin Miles, that you only half remember me," my visitor remarked; "I deeply regret that I am obliged to renew our acquain-that I am obliged to renew our acquain-I and I am obliged to renew our acquain-I an obliged to renew our acquain-I an obliged to re visitor remarked; "I deeply regret that I am obliged to renew our acquain-tance on so melancholy an occasion."
"There are so few of us left, Mr. Waltingford, ithat this kindness will be doubly appreciated," I answered. "If I did not give orders to have you apprised of the loss we have all sustained, it is because your residence is so far from Clawbonny as to render it improbable or control to the strend the solemn ceremony that remains to be performed. I did intend to write to you, when a duty."
"I thank you, cousin. The blood and dong the transformed and weight bave done between an affection-a sidered you; and you may be pleased to the solemn to sea, as of the direct line, a Wallingford, are very near and deat the misch as yoperry in my will the last time I went to sea, as of the direct line, a Wallingford, is a grouper yin my will the last time I went to sea, as of the direct line, a Wallingford, is a grouper yin my will the last time I went to sea, as of the direct line, a Walling-to for being the proper owner of Claw-n bonny. In that particular she preferred heard of the angel," answered John Wallingford, is a favorite of mama Wallingford, so to your claims to her own."
" Ay, this agrees with all I ever heard of the angel," answered John Wallingford, is a seened to call my mother, it an disposed to like him, and shall eves, a circumstance that gave one ad favorable opinion of his heart. "Ot course you refused, and left the property in my will the heart from his every in any alleft her proper with any there for the angel," answered John Wallingford, the angel, " answered John Wallingford, the to work the weith a stere right with the heart of the ord the solem in the world, Lucy, that we first feel the world. Lucy, that we first feel the the world. Lucy, that we first feel the

 We know the last and offlees were to be performed, and had braced carselves to be determed of the selected of the selec

I answered, though a sensation at the throat nearly choked me; " Rupert is ere ?" "He is, Miles ; I implore you to re-

member what would be the wishes of her who is now a saint in heaven-what her entreaties, her tears would implore of you, had not God placed a barrier weed us."

between us." "I understand you, Lucy," was the husky reply; "I do remember all you wish, though that recollection is un-necessary. I would rather not see him; but never can I forget that he is your bather !!"

but never can I forget that he is your brother !" "You will see as little of him as pos-sible, Miles—biess you, bless you, for this forbearance !" I felt Luoy's hasty but warm kiss on my forehead as she quitted the room. It seemed to me a seal of a compact be-tween us that was for too sacred ever to allow me to dream of violating it. I pass over the details of the funeral procession. This last was ordered as is usual in the country, the friends follow-ing the body in vehicles or on horseback, according to circumstances. John Wallingford went with me agreeably to my own arrangement, and the rest took their places in the order of consanguin-ity and age. I did not see Rupert in the procession at all, though I saw little besides the hearse that bore the body of my only sister. When we reached the churchyard, the blacks of my family pressed forward to bear the codin into the building. Mr. Hardinge met us there, and then commenced those beatti-ful and solemn rites which seldom fail to touch the hardest heart. The rector of St. Michael's had the great excellence of reading all the offices of the church as if he felt them; and, on this coccasion.

of St. Michael's had the great excellence of reading all the offices of the church as if he felt them; and, on this occasion, the deepest feelings of the heart seemed to be thrown into his accents. I wondered how he could get on; but Mr. Hardinge felt himself a servant of the altar, standing in his Master's house and ready to submit to his will. Under such circumstances, it was not a trifle that ready to submit to his will. Under such circumstances, it was not a triffe that could unman him. The spirit of the divine communicated itself to me. I did not shed a tear during the whole of the ceremony, but felt myself sustained by the thoughts and holy hopes that cere-mony was adapted to inspire. I believe Lucy, who sat in a far corner of the church, was sustained in a similar manner; for I heard her low sweet voice mingling in the responses. Lip service! Let those who would substitute their own orude impulses for the sublime rites of our liturgy, making ill-digested forms own or de implises for the sublime rites of our liturgy, making ill-digested forms the supplanter of a ritual carefully and

PROTESTANTISM IN IRELAND TS PRESENT POSITION-LECTURE

BY REV. JOHN GWYNN, S. J.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

OONTINUED FROM LAFT WEEK For many a long year English and Protestant meant the same thing as do frish and Oatholic in London even to day. As every English sentinel oballenged every hadow, thinking it to be a soldier of The O'Neill, and as his latter comrades saw in every bush one of Sarsfield's troopers, or a rebel of '98, or in more recent times a Fenian, so emulated in the spiritual world the seal of the Cromwellian trooper and the Williamite soldier. He scrutinised every word and doctrine, and with lanterns examined with furniture to detect any shedow of a Cross, or trace of Holy Water, or ray of blessed candle, or any token of poish practices, thinking the soldier in vain kept out the rebel Irish if he did not seal up the windows and close ug the chinks of his church doors ug the chinks of his church doors ug the chinks of his church doors and the furniture to do the substant the a stens of life in the rush and tinctions and split hairs as they do in the locture room or University hall. So as a body the Irish Protestant Church feit rather than knew that Pro-testantism and England's power were they rose and fell together. In our time, and, indeed, for the past I have been saying—the Protestant

In our time, and, indeed, for the past hundred years, one phrase expressed all I have been saying—the Protestant Ascendancy. I quoted the title of a pamphlet pub-lished over a century ago by the Pro-testant Bishop of Cloyne. In the pre-face the Bishop states that 'the busi-ness of this little Tract is to prove that the Protestant Church is so constitution

ness of this little Tract is to prove that the Protestant Church is so essentially incorporated with the State that the subversion of one must necessarily over-throw the other." Further on he says: —"In this Kingdom of Ireland many peculiar circumstances render the support of the Established Church more essentially interesting to the landed gentlemen, the Protestant Government, and the British Empire." Again he says:—"I need not tell the Protestant preprietor of land that the security of his title depends very much, if not entirely, on the Protestant As-cendancy, or that the preservation of that Ascendancy depends entirely on an indissoluble connection between the sister kingdoms. But let him consult his own reason how these great points are to be secured. Is it by increasing the influence of Popery ? The idea is providing to common-same "

the influence of Popery ? The idea is revolting to common-sense." But to understanding the Protestant Ascendancy it is not necessary to go back to musty pamphlet of a hundred

years ago. We can see it in that page of our

We can see it in that page of our bistory which lies open before us and which we ourselves are writing. There are Catholics to-day who go down on theirs knees, I veritably believe, every morning and thank Providence that they are allowed to look on the same sun, and breathe the same sir, and move in the cooled close as Pertentents. Now is this breathe the same air, and move in the social circle as Protestants. Nor is this confined to one class. Speak in any public assembly to-day in Ireland, desoribe any national movement, mem-tion any of its leaders, and state he was a Protestant, and it will be greeted with thunders of applause. But mention that every one of Sarsfield's troopers were Catholics, that Sarsfield himself wes drummed out of the British army were Catholics, that Sarafield himself was drummed out of the British army because he would not become a Pro-testant, that 99 per cent. of the rank and falle who carried pikes in '98, and were Fenians in '48 and '66 were Catholics, and your remark will be received in dead silence. The cicatrices made by the chains of a slave wear off are slowly.

The cleatrices made by the chains of a slave wear off very slowly. That, then, to my mind is one of the main causes of the very Protestant character of the Protestant Church in Ireland. It has come down to our days well preserved, kept pure and staunch not by any innate nowar but by a kind

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PREMUARY 5 1912 such men as Newman, Manning, Keble, Pusey, Allica, and others. Very soon the object of the various Church parties was not so much to make their views square with the Thirty-nine Articles and the various formularies of the Reformation, but rather to make these latter square with their doctrines. Now, there was nothing of all this in the Irish Protestantism. There was no school of the theological thought, for the simple reason that there was no school, there was no theology, and, worst of all, there was no theology. School there was no general stmosphere of theological thinking. Before you can get an electric spark the air must be charged with electricity. Irish Protestantism rested satisfied with the answer to the question—What are the doctrines and formularies of the first Reformers? all the while that English Protestantism was uneasily question—Why do I believe in them ? Irish Protestantism was in the position, and is so still, of a man who has learnt question—Why do I believe in them? Irish Protestantism was in the position, and is so still, of a man who has learnt an auction bill by heart. English Protestantism wants to know why there

rotestantism wants to know why there was an suction at all. The complete absence of theological thought, and, indeed, of any religious intellectual stir in the Irish Protestant (hurch is made evident to be better Church, is made evident to us by the consideration of the four branches or consideration of the four branches or sections into which the sister English Church, as Irish Protestants love to call it, but which the English sister does not at all relish—poor relations you know !—is divided—the Ritualist Party the High Church, the Low Church, and the Broad Church.

LOW CHURCH-THE TYPE OF IRISH PROTESTANTISM

Now, the Low Church contains the

Now, the Low Church contains the "petite bourgeoisie." As a body it is uneducated. Its relig-ion is the good old British Constitu-tion and the Bible, which the members accept as facts, behind which, as they put it, "there aint no getting."* The bluff Yorkshire squire belongs to it who sits in his pew on Sunday because his father did so before him, and wonders when the parson will finish. This type of Protestantism, this relig-ious mind known as Low Church, is pre-cisely the type to which I rish Protest-antism belongs. This intellectual plebeianism is so keenly felt that young fellows coming up to the University of Oxford and C-mbridge have been known to declare themselves Ritualists and

to declarse themselves Ritualists and Roman Catholics to pass off as intel-lectuals, though their good people down the country were as Low Church as could be.

ABSENCE OF THEOLOGICAL TRAINING OF IRISH PROTESTANT CLERGY

IBISH PROTESTANT CLEBGY This low religious intellectual level of Irish Protestantism and its result, its intense Protestant character, is due, as I have said, to historical causes and to the totally inadequate theological train-ing of the Irish Protestant clergy. It is no wonder (that the question of the inadequacy of the Trinity Divinity School is coming home to the Protestant authorities.

authorities.

At the last Dablin Synod a res olution At the last Dubin Synod a resolution was proposed and adopted that a com-mittee be appointed to inquire into the extent and character of the instruction imparted to students in the Divinity School.

The Protestant note is apparent even in this endeavour to remedy what is the cause of its Protestantism. It appears the character of the instruction is objected to because the one text-book on the Prayer Book is written by a Rev. Mr.Frere, a Superior of a Community of Monks at Mirfield, who uses Mass vest-Works at ar lights, prays to the Blessed Virgin, and altogether is a very untrust-worthy misguided person. The Dean of St Patrick absolved him,

pronouncing him a strong anti-Papist and a loyal member of the Church of England. I wonder would he regard

---•• The question of where the Bible was got-that is, the formation of the Canon-or how that which is called the Bible is known to be the Word of God whilst sorely trying the English Protestant Church is utterly ignored by the firsh Protestant Church They do not seem to be aware of the existence of the difficulty. The philosophy of "where ignorance rotestant Church, rotestant Church, the existence of the difficulty. The philosophy of "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" seems to be fully grasped by them. When giving some years ago, a series of lectures entitled "Why I am a Catholic" a Protestant correspondent asked me did I not think that (a Tim ii 16)—"all Scriptures inspired of God is profitable"— proved the inspiration of the Bible. It is questions like that which reveals the before-the-flood intellect ual standing of Irish Protestantism.

heaven, and who was no more to mingle in my concerns or those of life 1 At one time I had determined to pass the night abroad, and commune with the stars, each of which I fancied, in turn,

At one time I had determined to pass the night sbroad, and commune with the stars, each of which I fancied, in turn, as they began slowly to show themselves in the vault above, might be the hiding-place of the departed spirit. If I thought so much and so intensely of Grace, I thought also of Lucy. Nor was good Mr. Hardinge entirely forgotten. I feit for their uneasiness, and saw it was my duty to return. Neb and two or three others of the blacks had been looking for me in all directions but that in which I was ; and I feit a melancholy pleasure as I occasionally saw these simple-minded creatures meet and con-verse. Their gestures, their earnest-ness, their tears, for I could see that they were often weeping, indicated allke that they were speaking of their "young mistress"; how they spoke, I wanted no other communications to understand. Ours had ever been a family of love. My father, manly, affectionate and atrongly attached to my mother, was ad-mirably suited to sustain that dominion of the heart which the last had estab-lished from her earliest days at Claw-bonny. This power of the feelings had insensibly extended itself to the slaves, who seldom failed to manifest how keen-ly alive they all were to the interests and happiness of their owners. Among the negroes, there was but one who was considered as fallen below his proper level, or who was regarded as an outcast. This was an old fellow who bore the name of Vulcan, and who worked as a blacksmith on the skirts of the farm, having been named by my grandfather with the express intention of placing him at the anvil. This fellow's trade caused him to pass most of his youth in an adjacent village, or hamlet, where unfortunately he had acquired habits that unsuited him to live as those around him were accustomed to live. He be-came in a measure alienated from us, drinking, and otherwise living a life that brought great scandal on his sable connections who were gathered more closely around the homestead. Never-

that brought great scandal on his sable connections who were gathered more closely around the homestead. Never-theless, a death, or a return home, or any important event in the family, was sure to bring even Vulcan back to his allegiance; and for a month afterwards, he would be a reformed man. On this occasion he was one of those who were

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some fresh burst of emotion. "Yet, Miles," she presently resumed, we could notsask to have her recalled from that bliss which we have so much reason to believe she is even now enjoying. In a short time Grace will be to you and me a lovely and grateful image of good-ness, and virtue, and affection; and we shall have a saddened, perhaps, but a deep-felt pleasure in remembering how much we enjoyed of her affection, and how closely she was united to us both in bite." "I thank you, cousin. The blood and name of Wallingford are very near and dear to me, and Clawbonny has always seemed a sort of home." "The dear creature who now lies diedend under its roof, cousin John, so con-sidered you; and you may be pleased to know that she wished me to leave this property in my will the last time I went to bonny. In that particular she preferred bonny. In that particulars the preferred

how closely she was united to us both in life." "That will be indeed a link between us two, Lucy, that I trust may withstand all the changes and withering selfish-ness of the world !" "Thope it may, Miles," Lucy answered in a low voice, and, as I fancied at the moment, with an embarrassment that I did not fail to attribute to the conscious-ness she felt of Andrew Drewet's claims on all such intimate association of feel-ing. "We, who have known each other from children, can scarcely want causes for continuing to esteem and to regard each other with affection." Lucy now appeared to think she might

for continuing to esteem and to regard each other with affection." Lucy now appeared to think she might leave me to myself, and she led the way into the house. I did not see her again until Mr. Hardinge caused the whole household to be assembled at evening prayers. The meeting of the family that night was solemn and mournful. For myself, I fancied that the spirit of Grace was hovering around us; more than once did I fancy that I heard her sweet voice mingling in the petitions, or leading the service, as was her prac-tice on those occasions when our good guardian could not attend. I observed all the negroes looking at me with solic-itude, like those who recognized my right to feel the blow the deepest. It

"A threat she would have found diffi-cult to execute, as I certainly would have refused to receive it. We are half savages, no doubt, out west of the bridge; but our lands are beginning to tell in the markets, and we count al-ready some rich men among us."

expes, a circumstance that gave one a avorable opinion of his heart. "Ot bourse you refused, and left the prop-rity to herself, who had a better right " I did, sir ; though she threatened to ransfer it to you, the moment it be-same hers." " A threat she would have found diffi-necessity of counting blood and kin, and of looking around us for support." " A lone you are not, Miles, and never can be while I and my dear father live. " A threat she would have found diffi-net to receute, as I certainly would have refused to receive it. We are laif savages, no doubt, out west of the pridge ; but our lands are beginning to eall in the markets, and we count al-ready some rich men among us." This was said with a self-satisfied nanner, that my cousin was a little too pit to assume when property became he subject of conversation. I had occasion several times that day, even, o remark that he attached a high value o mouey ; though, at the same time, it trock me that most of his notions were ust and honorable. He quite worked lis way in my favor, however, by the sepect he manifested for Clawbonny, and yet as delightful as love, seldom leaves us just or reasonable. Lucy and I then talked of the sp-rement the factor of the sp-rement of the spector of the sp This was said with a self-satisfied manner, that my cousin was a little too apt to assume when property became the subject of conversation. I had occasion several times that day, even, to remark that he attached a high value is to money ; though, at the same time, it struck me that most of his notions were just and honorable. He quite worked his way in my favor, however, by the respect he manifested for Clawbonny, and all that belonged to it. So deep was this veneration, that I began to think of the necessity of making a new

of our liturgy, making ill-digested forms the supplanter of a ritual carefully and devoutly prepared, listen to one of their own semi-conversational addresses to the Almighty over a grave, and then hearken to these venerable rites, and learn humility. Such men never ap-proach sublimity, or the sacred ohar-acter that should be impressed on a funeral ceremony, except when they borrow a fragment here and there from the very ritual they affect to condemn. In their eagerness to dissent, they have been guilty of the weakness of dissent-ing, so far as forms are concerned, from some of the loftiest, most comprehensive, most consolatory, and most instructive passages of the inspired book! It was a terrible moment when the first clod of the valley fell on my sis-ter's coffin. God sustained me under the shock 1 I neither groaned nor wept. When Mr. Hardinge returned the customary thanks to those who had assembled to assist me "In burying my dead out of my sight," I had even suffi-clent fortitude to bow to the little orowd, and to walk steadily away. It is true that John Wallingford very kindly took my arm to sustain me, but I was not conscious of wanting any support. I heard the sobs of the blacks as they orowded around the grave, which the men among them insisted on filling with their own hands, as if 1" Miss Grace" ould only rest with their administra-tion to her wants ; and I was told not one of them left the spot until the place had resumed all the superance of freshness and verdure which it possess-n ed before the spade had been applied. The same rosee, removed with deare, were restored to their former beds ; and

ed before the spade had been applied. The same roses, removed with care, were restored to their former beds; and it would not have been easy for a stranger to discover that a new-made grave lay by the side of those of the late Captain Miles Wallingford and his much-respected widow. Still it was known to all in that vicinity, and many a pilgrimage was made to the spot within the next fortnight, the young maidens of the adjoining farms in par-ticular coming to visit the grave of ticular coming to visit the grave of Grace Wallingford, the "Lily of Claw-bonny," as she had once been styled. TO BE CONTINUED

Sadness destroys the dispesition, makes it unsociable, discontented, par-alyzes one's affections, obscures one's talents.

well preserved, kept pure and staunch not by any innate power, but by a kind of moral plaster accurate to say plaster of Paris, or, perhaps, it would be more accurate to say plaster of London, or plaster of Dublin. In our days that plaster is being gradually removed, and with inevitable result as we shall see presently.

WHY THERE WAS NO OXFORD MOVEMENT IN IRELAND

IN IRELAND When we ask the question, why was there nothing in the life of Protestant-ism in Ireland to correspond to the Oxford movement in England, the true answer gives another cause of the very definite Protestant character of the Protestant Church here in later days. Briefly the answer is that the circum-tances which gave rise to that move-

stances which gave rise to that move-ment in England had no counterpart in Ireland. Ireland. For the past fifty years there has been in the English Protestant Church a general increasing feeling that it was time, now that the formularies of the Reformers were accepted and estab-lished as true, to ask why they were accepted as true. It was field that it was not a very logical position to accept them as true merely because they were vouched for by an Act of Parliament.

vouched for by an Act of Parliament. This general state of theological tension only required a favourable set of circumstances to formulate itself into a theory. It required an intellectual centre, where there was a stir and movement of thought, and men fitted by their training and natural abilities to face deep and subtle questions. This was supplied by Oxford University, and

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sults. Internal treatment for skin diseases is nearly always disappointing. By apply-ing Dr. Chase's Ointment to the diseased parts relief is obtained almost immedi-ately, and gradually the sores heal up and disappesr. Here are two letters which will interest you :--Mrs. Chas. Gilbert, Haystack, Placeu-tia Bay, Nid., writes :-- 'I was a suffer-er from Salt Rheum for ten years, and had about despaired of ever being cured, so many treatments had failed. Read-ing of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment, I commenced wight boxes. I want to express my gratitude for Dr. Chase's Ointment, and to recommend it to all sufferers.'' Mr. Stanley Merrill, Delaware, Ont., writes :-- "For years I was troubled with my hands cracking, often becoming so sore that I could hardly do any work. I got some of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and happily find that one or two applica-tions of same to the affected parts make them well. I have had no trouble since using the ointment, 600, a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.