VOL. XVII.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1866.

No. 6.

CLARA LESLIE.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

CHAPTER X .- Continued.

An expression of deep awe, mingled with surprise passed over Mr. Leslie's features. 'Indeed!' said be, in a tone of calm wonder unmixed with fear; then raised his eyes to Heaven. 'I have loved my Saviour,' he continued;
'I have served Him!' He then closed his eyes,
and seemed communing with God. Clara gazed into his face with unutterable affection and awe; presently he turned round to her, and said sadly, Alan, poor Alan!'

'He has been written to; he will be here, dear, dear papa,' said she in an almost heartbroken tone.

He looked up at her: 'and you, my dear Clara,' said he tenderly.

Do not think of me, said she, bending over him, the tears now streaming gently and silently down her cheeks, 'God will take care of me.'

'He is the father of the fatherless,' said Mr.

'His will be done!' replied Mr. Leslie. He again closed his eyes, and seemed absorbed in thought, till weakness brought on again the kind of assoupissement into which he had fallen since the pain had left him. Clara sat by his head ting his lips with arrowroot and brandy, or wiping away the cold perspiration that gathered on his forehead. Towards evening he seemed to rouse himself from the stupor in which he had fallen, and asked for Alan. Clara happened to be alone with him at the moment, and again assured him that he was momentarily expected, though her heart misgave ber that none of the letters had reached their destination, and this was the reason of Alan's delay. She then proposed the administration of Holy Communior in his room.-He instantly seemed to wake up, and acquiesced with eagerness. Clara went in search of Mr. Wingfield, and Mildred and Douglas took ber place while she went to make the necessary preparations. They were soon made, and Clara almost washed her father's little pocket Communion-Service with her tears as she brought it out, and spread the white linen cloth for the ceremony. Mrs. Wallis was called. Douglas and Mildred knelt near the bed, and Clara, retiring to one corner, buried her face in her hands and prepared to follow the prayers. Distinctly was Mr. Leslie's voice heard in the General Confession, which was murmured by every one else almost in a whisper interspersed with sobs; the sin-soiled soul. only calm voice was the sad one of Mr. Wing-

and folded her in them. 'Farewell, my dear child,' said he; 'God bless you, and keep you. Douglas must now be were me. May God pour upon you His richest blessings!

field. At the end of the Service Clara stole

again to her father's side, and he put out his arms

He let her go, and she sank on her knees by his bed, while he bade farewell in the same touch- she turned away.

ing way to Mildred and Douglas.
We must pass over quickly the last hours of that closing scene. Towards night there was a finally fled. The doctor came; be could do rest now. nothing more, and expressed his conviction that another hour or two would release the sufferer. Mr. Leslie had continued in the same death like Clara yielded to the ineflunce of her words, and stupor, and, roused by the doctor's visit, seemed said amid her tears,to wish to say something. Clara bent over him, and comprehended that he asked what the doctor

Almost astonished at her own calmness, she said softly, 'There is no hope!'

' For this world,' added Mr. Wingheld's gentle

Again that look of awe passed over Mr. Leslie's face; again he raised his eyes with the same eyes assumed a brightness they had never wore in life, and his smile a marvellous sweetness.-From time to time he would look round and motion away with a kind of proud superiority something near him, murmuring the broken words,-

something they could not understand, and gave the sooner to receive his morning kiss, as he went and the unconscious playing with the bed-clothes, awe came over her. She hesitated but a mocould not be persuaded to leave the room. In their subdued voices in conversation below. A

lips, she received his last token of affection. 'He recognized me then!' she exclaimed, bursting into tears.

· Mr. Wingfield would have removed her, but she composed herself, and again took her place wearing an expression of calm and repose which way off sat a beautiful child, playing with some miss; and she tried to pull the old chair close

that all was over. Mr. Wingfield instantly sob after sob escaped from his bosom. bound up the fallen jaw, and gently said, ' He is thankfulness, saw her inanimate form carried beloved one from 'the miseries of this sinful they fondly deemed.

Even to a Catholic there was no hope in such without emotion, only every now and then wet- a death! Mr. Leslie had been born and nurhad believed the errors there taught (without a shadow of doubt ever having crossed his mind), and acted faithfully up to every thing he knew. His life had been pure and blameless from earliest childhood; when truth came with conviction to his mind, he had not put by that conviction because it clashed with his early prejudices, even of purgation was over, to the sight of that God of beauty and boliness Whom he had longed after so earnestly and so sincerely on earth?-Oh, who could deny hope to such a death? Mr. Leslie unconsciously was numbered among the children of Christ's Catholic Church-partiof the soul, though not the body of the Church; his locked in one long, long embrace. good faith and blameless life in the midst of error and prejudice gave him a place within her spimerits—her glorious heritage—which were puragain to-night.' chased by the priceless sufferings of a God-Man, 'To-night, A and alone can open the gate of Heaven to the

The mournful preparations were all over, and the beautiful corpse laid out on the bed with yet the warmth of life in it before Clara recovered was the usual one, - 'Where am I?' and when your guardian; you must obey him as if it being in her own room, in her own bed, the next own Clara?" was with the balf-consciousness of what had bappened- Papa ?

She had scarcely uttered those words when

Our dear father is at last at rest,' said Mildred, gently but solemnly. 'O Clara, let us thank God. Think what he has exchanged for that slight amelioration, but the next morning all hope poor worn body, that couch of suffering! All is

> Mildred's gentle eyes were overflowing with tears as she spoke; and even the heart-sick

Oh, it is selfish, selfish; one cannot grieve for him, Mildred; it is selfish sorrow;' and little by little they subsided into a low sad moaning, and Mildred watched by her till she had fallen into a troubled sleep, and then softly left the room.

Scarcely an hour had elapsed ere she awoke with a start-this time with a feeling as if nothing could ever make her sleep again. The scene fixed expression, and this time the words he mur- she had gone through haunted her like some fearmured were unintelligible. From that time con- ful dream; and every breath of wind that sighed sciousness seemed, in a great measure, gone; his outside—the very waving of the lamp that stood in her room-seemed to her excited imagination like the breath of the disembodied spirit still hovering near its mortal tenement. She could not he still, and, throwing on her dressing-gown, she left her coom, and stood at her father's door .--Away; I have nothing to do with thee! then How many times had she heard that door open, turn and close his eyes, or attempt in vain to say and bounded from her own room at the sound, it up in despair. And then there was the labored down to his study to dress! She almost hesibreathing, the uneasy movements, the cold fingers, tated to enter, all was now so still; and a strange that all betokened approaching death. At last ment, and then stole into the room. No one was the death-agony came on; but the terrified Clara there; and Clara thought she could distinguish the intervals she thought she saw a gleam of con- solitary lamp was burning in the room; the cursciousness, and approaching her face to his cold tains were slightly agitated by the wind, which was stealing in through a crevice left purposely open; the bed had been newly covered with clean sheets, and on it lay the corpse, the thin when we saw her last, and with an air of sweet

to watch the last spark of life ebbing fast away. death alone can give. Clara stood long there, bricks on the floor, and screaming with delight as to the bedside. 'I wish I could get it for you, The evening sun streamed through the windows every feeling swallowed up in awe—for a corpse his companion (a young girl in a deep black miss, she added, as Clara quickly prevented her, of the bedroom, and lighted up the room with a was a new sight for her-almost expecting the dress, and a curious little muslin cap, with a deep soft brilliancy ere the sad scene was over. Can eyes to open, the pale lips to articulate a sound. border, on her head) half lay beside him building give every body trouble. one imagine the double agony of Clara as she But no! that beautiful form was at rest for ever; them up into an airy castle. hoped against hope for Alan's arrival during those and so still, so placid looked it in that dim light, | 'Ah, Dougal must not throw them down,' she last few hours? The eyes of the dying man that Clara felt she would willingly have laid down exclaimed, as with one flourish of his tiny hand were now fixed and half open; his chest heaved in its place, and bade adieu to the world, of which he laid her architecture in the dust. 'See, poor with a labored breathing; his lifeless arms lay by she had now just begun to taste the bitterness.—
his side. Clara's hands shook with nervous agitation; Douglas supported her in his arms, her she shrunk aside, unwilling to be seen by or speak peep behind it, suddenly put it away with a playtearless eyes riveted on her father's form, while to any one. The door opened; a slight dark ful noise that sent him screaming with laughter the long breathing came slower and slower. At sigure glided in, and sunk on his knees with clasp- to his mother's lap, only to return for some more last the solemn instant came; the last long sigh, ed hands by the bed; and Clara's heart sank play. And now the nurse, with the baby in her and the naked, trembling spirit stood before its with anguish as she recognized Alan, and thought long white frock, came in, and Clara (our read-Judge. A thrill, that ran through Clara's frame, of the double weight of grief that sight must ers will have recognized their old friend) jumped and the awful unknown sensation which the first now give him. Fearful of intruding on the first up to high it before it was given over to its mosight of death makes on every mind, told her burst of his sorrow, she stood motionless, while ther.

Omy father!' he exclaimed, lifting his eyes gone.' There was a long sigh, and Clara lay with an expression of mingled awe and resignafainting in her brother's arms. She had borne tion, 'hadst thou been still on earth, I should up till that moment, and her friends, almost in have been at this moment perhaps wringing thy aged heart with grief; but now, in thy place of bed and thanked God for having delivered the truth that Christ's seamless garb is one; and if robe. messages from this world of sorrow are still world,' and place him at once 'in happiness,' as borne to cheer thine exile from the face of God, thou wilt rejoice that God has vouchsafed to give and affection. to thy child grace to see clearly the path which leads to His presence; and thou wilt still bless tured in the bosom of schism, and in good faith thy child !-still bless thy child ! he repeated, his head sinking on his spread hands.

He then began repeating that beautiful old Catholic bymn, Dies iræ, dies illa.

Clara knew it well; they had often repeated it together in its original language. She came forward, and softly knelt unperceived by his side; and when, at the conclusion, he began repeating though presented by those who were younger and the Litanies of the Saints, almost unconsciously less experienced than himself. Was not his a her low tones gently responded, 'Ora pro eo.'—sin of ignorance,—one which the fire of purgatory—Alan's voice faltered; but, quickly recovering might cleanse, and admitted him, after his time Sancta Virgo virginum, ora pro nobis. Requiem æternam dona ei, Domine ; et lux perpetua luceat ei. Agaus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.'

When they arose, they gazed in each other's face for one moment, and then were silently

'Farewell, Clara, best and dearest,' said he at last, in an almost inaudible tone. 'I did not ritual pale on earth, and a part in those infinite think I should see you at all; for I am away Mildred, how is it possible for you not to like offering to come at another time. She colored 'To-night, Alan!

almost by accident; and now I am back from behind the fire. whence I came. God has spared me what I most dreaded—giving him pain; and now-he subdued tone, what could you find to object to? from her unconsciousness. Her first question looked up, and a brightness gathered over his

> 'Love you, Alan!' she replied. 'Why should! I not love you as much as ever? Go, Alau; do will ever make me love you one lota less than I have ever done.' She turned to the corpse .-So help me God, I never will! she added, with else were you accustomed to them. a touching solemflity.

Alan's tears flowed. He stooped and kissed his father's pale forehead, leaving the trickling legacy, like pearls, to gent his brow, and led Clara from the room. They wandered into the sanctum. All was much as they had been accustomed to see it; and they both looked round with a feeling of utter desolation; but neither

Approaching steps were heard.

Alan took from his neck the crucifix he wore. 'Clara,' said be, 'you know how I prize this; will you wear it for my sake?"

She pressed it to her lips. 'For yours and its own,' said she faintly. Earth is now a void to me. But it is all well just as it should be. God means me to love none but Him. Farewell, dearest Alan; with you the last tie is broken.'

He could not speak, but kissed her again and again, as if he too were tearing away the last bond that bound him to earth.

A few minutes after, he had left his home for

CHAPTER KI .- TENDIMUS IN LATIUM. 'To thee we yearn, O Rome, O Rome! As exiles to their home,-

Wilt thou not, then, be reconciled ?' Months and years passed rapidly away. It Months and years passed rapidly array, was a cold raw morning about the beginning of March. Breakfast had been over some time in Saying, Well, Mrs. Clark, and how are you to day? bright fire was burning in the dining-room, where some of the family were assembled. On a chair somewhere between the fireplace and the table sat the mistress of the house, a little older than since you went away, and I thought the morning I was here? said Clara. white hands joined on the breast, the features matronly dignity in her manner; while a little day is so long when I do not see you. Sit down it me now.

'Ah, the little Christian! my sweet Madeline!' said she, cradling it in her arms, and walking up and down the room, as if she could not take her eyes off its soft sweet features and bright blue eyes. 'Mildred, I do love this baby of you so last night, miss, when I was lying so. She is such an innocent little thing! She from the apartment, while they knelt around the purification, thine eyes are opened to the great is so pure! She has never soiled her baptismal

And Clara kissed it again, looking down upon it with a pensive expression of mingled sadness

Mildred smiled and held out her arms, while Clara seated herself on the floor at her feet, and the baby took its morning meal. She did not sit there long, however. She was watching the a spear! Whatever part of our bodies are in clock on the mantel-piece, and now rose, tied on pain, we can think how much greater were His her coarse straw bonnet, and wrapped herself in sufferings in that very part. her large gray shawl.

'Are you going out again, Clara,' asked Mildred, 'this cold morning?-with that cough, too!' 'Oh, I must go,' replied Clara. 'I hurried ing a kind of running commentary on it. She home after church for fear of being too late for then knelt down, and began repeating the Litany breakfast, and poor old Mrs. Clark will be waiting for me. I have not seen her to-day. Besides, I want to take this piece of meat to old Hawkins and his family. My cough is not very

'How is Mrs. Clark?' asked Mildred. 'Is she better?

bad, and I am well wrapped up.'

'Not much,' replied Clara, 'if at all. Every attack we expect to be her last, and she suffers address and way of speaking. Clara blushed so patiently, poor old thing! She is always deeply at being caught, and was running away in wanting me to read her some of the prayers out a great hurry, with a very low curtsey, when he of the 'Paradise of the Christian Soul.' O came up to her, hoped he was not disturbing her,

'I tooked into that book once,' said Mildre 'Back to London,' he replied. 'The news | and, dear Clara, I was so shocked I told the my time is nothing. I am always at liberty; of his illness only reached me a few hours ago, person to whom it belonged she had better put it it is your convenience we must think of Mr.

O Mildred! said Clara, coloring, but in a

There is a familiarity and grossness, to my in short, I was quite shocked.'

'I know not what you mean,' said Clara, with come her. a sigh; 'you mean the prayers to the Five what you will; and God be with you. No one Wounds. O Mildred, did you but know how beautiful they are when you use them. My poor Mrs. Clark finds relief in all her sufferings in Would he have loved you less, Alan? Never! those prayers. You would never use anything

> Mildred was silent, and Clara, taking up her basket, after a moments reflection, left the room,

'Don't wait luncheon for me, Mildred. If 1 am late, I will go and eat my lunch with Catherme Temple.'

And now we shall follow her as she trips down the Terrace, crosses the New Road, and dives into one of the long streets that run parallel with Regent's Street Tottenham Court Road,-her black-crape veil drawn over her face, and looking neither to the right hand nor to the left as she quickly pursues her way. A casual observer might take her for a maid-servant; but who could mistake, on a closer inspection, the ladylike little feet, though they were hid up in thick water-proof shoes, or the light tread, and the little delicate hand that tightly held the handle of her coarse basket, though it was rather red with the cold? On she passed, unnoticed and unnoticing, and suddenly turned up a dark court, rung twice at the top bell of a dirty door, and on its being opened by a little girl she made her way up three flights of steps, each dirtier and more a little print of Saint Francis d'Assisi out of her rickety than the last, into a back attic, where lay, on a clean but poor bed, an old woman. A table, two chairs the worse of wear, a little candiestick, and a few cups and saucers, were all the furniture of the room. She put down her basket, Frances.'

You see I am come.'

'Oh, miss, I am so glad to see you,' said the old woman. 'I have been counting the hours was so cold you would not come, and then the

but I am a poor useless old body, only fit to

'Not quite that,' returned Clara gaily; 'you give me pleasure by letting me come to see you, and now you are to eat this nice jelly I have brought you, and I will rub your poor legs, which must want it sadly.'

She began her work of charity, in spite of the old woman's exclamation and resistance.

'Oh, miss, this is not work for you to do. I cannot let you do these things for me.'

'Well, then,' said Clara, looking up from the foot of the bed,-where she was already kneeling with her bonnet thrown off and her sleeves tucked up,—with a sweet smile, 'I will not do it for you. You know, whatever we do for the poor in His Name, our Blessed Lord will take as done to Him in that last day.'

'Yes, miss,' said the old woman; 'very true. as you read to me the other day. I was thinking awake, and longing for you to read me some of your beautiful prayers; and then I took out one of the books you lent me, and I read them to myself, and they seemed to soothe me.'

' His sufferings do, indeed, make all ours appear very, very small, said Clara, the tears glistening in her dark eyes. Think how He was scourged, crowned with thorns, Ilis Hands and His Feet pierced with nails, His side opened with

She finished her task, and then, taking down an old Bible, began reading the Second Lesson for the day, stopping at every verse, and makof the Name of Jesus, the color gradually gathering in her cheek, especially when she lingered upon the sweet words, 'Jesus, Spouse of virgins, heve mercy on us!' She had scarcely risen when there was a tap at the door, and a young clergyman entered. There was a sweet, subdued expression in his pale features and gentle manners, an almost hesitating humility and lowliness in his

still more, saying,
Ob. no, I had just finished; and, besides, Morris.

She curtseyed again and left the room, hurried down stairs, and was soon threading her way to another court, where another dirty door invited pale and haggard features- the light on my mind, in its way of speaking to our Blessed her entrance. Here she gave two knocks, Mildred's soothing voice had assured her of her path is clear indeed. Can you love me still, my Lord,' replied Mildred. 'I could not bear it; and up sallied a middle-aged woman from the kitchen, with curtsey and a smiling face, to wel-

' Miss Dalton is down stairs, miss,' said she, as they groped their way down the dark steps.

Miss Dalton arose as they entered, and greeted Clara with a warm embrace, which was as warmly returned. Dear Elizabeth, I am so glad to meet you !

and ' Dearest Clara, what an unexpected pleasure!' they exclaimed at the same moment. They approached the bedside Miss Dalton had

just left together; and Clara mede many loving inquiries after the health of the poor sufferer who lay there. She was an interesting-looking young girl.

evidently in a state of great suffering; though she smiled sweetly on Clara's sympathising face, and feebly pressed the hand she held out to her.

f I am so sorry to see you suffer so,' said she, as she bent over her. 'Why should you be sorry?' she replied .--

You should rather be glad, because it is the Lord's will.'

Clara's eyes filled with tears.

'Yes,' she replied ; 'the Saints have thought suffering His most precious gift, and learnt to love it so, that they could not live without it.'

'It is a precious gift,' said the poor sufferer with difficulty.

'I have brought you a little picture, which I think will please you, Fanny,' said Clara, taking pocket; 'it is Francis, who burned so with the love of our Lord that he was vouchsafed the honor of being marked with His Five Precious. Wounds. You know you have the name of

The young girl opened her suffering eyes upon the picture with evident pleasure, and faintly articulated.

'Thank you, Miss Leslie.'

Do you remember the story about St. Francis d'Assisi I, was beginning to tell you last time

'Yes, you were interrupted,' said Fanny; 'tell

'He, loo, loved the will of God,' replied