ORAPTER XVI.—CONTROLD.

BY THEIR PROITS IT SHALL HOW THEM.

All their oblidish glybty deserted them.

They gathered and talked quickly finsteed of playing they here shylytaway without answering then the Protested their without acked them. Keep out of their way and never answer backs was the charge constantly repeated in the ears of the stille confessors of the faith, and they charge it contessors of the faith, and they chester perfectly. Dear children! may they never lose in later years that faith which they suffered so early in life. Herewith, one who watched and admired their constancy sends them loving greeting

When the first examination for primes took place in Minischool mr. Torke, wearn span and made an address; and when it was to over he and Father Rasle walked away to

gothers obliged to go away to be gone month," the priest said. "I must go to-night." But I do not went to leave my flock to the wolves." There is no help for it. though. The bishop wishes to see me at Brayon; and I must visit the Indians on Old-

attilu L'advise you, sir, to get as quietly as you can, and let no one see you go or know you

are going," Mr. Yorke said. you do not imagine that any person would

"I do not imagine, but I am sure that the Know Nothings would do anything," was the reply. "It is not safe to give them an opportunity for mischief.".

Still the priest looked incredulous. "I cannot see why they should touch me," he said. "I have done nothing to provoke them. They insult us, they tell lies, and I not resent it. Do you know the stories that have been brought to me this week? I find them amusing." He laughed pleasantly. 4800 how they represent the church! A Catholic man, they say, wanted to steal a hundred dollars. Now, to take so much at once would be a mortal sin; but to steal ten cents would be only a venial sin. So my brave Catholio stesis ten cents, and, after a week, ten cents more, and so on, till he has the hundred dollars. By this means, he secures his money, and is guilty only of a shousand venial sins, which he gets forgiveness for by giving the priest flity dollars. That is one of Mr. John Conway's stories. Here is another that was published in the Herald, with my name and the others in full.

You know that Mrs Mary O'Conner's husband lately died in Californis. Well, the Herald away quiet, why, I have. I have no wish or says that the poor widow came to me, weeping and lamenting that she had not even the consolation of seeing her husband's grave; and I told her that, for fifty dollars, I would have him buried here. She had saved thirty dellars, earned by washing, and she brought up Irish Lane, with the usual result. No one it to me. Three days after I told her that came out or answered them, and they could her husband's body had been miraculously brought, and I pointed out the spot where it was buried, down here behind the church. But I warned her that she must not dig there, as it would be a sacrilege, and that, if she aid, the body would disappear. Here's an-ther: Patrick Mulligan confesses some sin to me, and, for a ponance, I tell him to give himself twenty-five blows with the discipline. Patrick goes home, gets ready for his penance, and suddenly remembers that he has no discipline. It is late at night. He puts his head out the window and sees that Mrs. Mahony, next door, has forgotten to take in her clothes-line, and a fine new clothes line it is. Pat blesses the saints. creeps down stairs, steals the clothes line and, going back, cuts it into a beautiful dis cipline. After he has plously beaten himself he burns the cord all up, that he may

"Now, sir," the priest concluded, it is not likely that I am to be attacked for such stories as that. Of course, no sensible person believes them; cr, if people should Joubt | goes on." they can easily find out the truth."

"The truth, my dear sir, is precisely what they do not wish to find out," Mr. Yorke replied. "They want to be exasperated, and, since you will not afford that a pretext, they will welcome any lie, and no questions asked Moreover, you are not to think that such slanders originate with the low only, and influence only the low. I came upon a book the other day written by Catherine, Beecher You have heard of the Beechers, of course i The title was Truth Stranger than Fiction: un Narrative, she calls it, of Recent Trans excisions involving Inquiries in regard to the principles of Honor, Truth, and Jus-Sice which obtain in a distinguished American University. That university is in Connecticut; and the affair was one which created a good deal of stir among the Protestant clergy a few years ago. Miss Beecher seems to prove clearly in her book that certain eminent doctors of divinity and profes gors, with ladies of their families, rained the reputation of a distinguished and innocent woman. But what does bliss Beecher herself do in the preface to this very book wherein she appears as the champion of 'honor, truth and justice, spelt with capital letters? She goes out of her way to speak of the Catholic clergy, and asserts that, since their ministrations are efficacions, no matter what their -characters may be, there is no special necossity, on this account, to limit admissions to this office to these only who are virtuous and devont.' Now, the sentence is artfully worded to evade the charge of slander; but simost mil non-Catholics, interpret it, as the writer wished they should, to mean that, in coll.ining a Catholic priest, it is not considered of any consequence whother be to a man of good character or not. It has been so interpreted by every person whom I have asked to read ris. I give you shother instance: Doctor creMartin took apon himself to send Enith some anti Catholic books, which I returned to him without letting berees there. I glanced into one, and found it divided into paragraphe, each contained a charge against your church filinatiated by an anecdote. I read one para graph, headed A Church without a Holy Chott. Di course; you were charged with not be-95 : disving in anotherstion; and the aneodote was of a man who became a Profesiant after the daying been a Casholic forty years. When about this new teachers told him of the Holy Whost, he exclaimed, Holy Chast! What wise is that? I have been in the Catholic Church 600 a forsy years and I never heard of a Holy Ghosti Now, sir, this, of course, seems to : " wouldiblio; but a Protestant doctor of divin 1) keeps such books, and gives them to peo-

die: I leto read, and repeats such falsehoods in his We remonst. You see what you have to expect! " a Bhall I, then, publish a card deny lok the as truth of these stories?" Father, Bander stked 1 with an expression of face which showed his if it is granking will read it if you do. within with creply. "You must leave all to time. At

present, for you to be accused is to be condemped. Who was it-Monterauleu?-who rave. If you are accused of having stolen the towers of Notre Dame, holt at once?' That is your case. Whatever they may charge you with, consider yourself convicted."

They had by this time resched the priests and outrages as were committed last night. home a little cottage close to the corner of and bring the perpetrators of that to punish the two atreets. Mr. Yorke declining in the party of the two atreets. Mr. Yorke declining in the party of the two atreets. Mr. Yorke declining in the party of the perpetrators of that to punish the two atreets. Mr. Yorke declining in the party of the priest of himself with dignity, on the two punishes of himself with dignity of the tips of his left hand fingers in an argumentative manner, and spoke slowly and himself very well concerning these difficulties. It always palmame, in such periods, done. But when a community becomes income our institutes. As for me I would rather their most spored interests and when they find

he says, to here men express doubt concerning on institutes. As for me I would rather that their most spirited interests and when they find suffer from the license of freedom than they that the laws are not stringent enough to at the license of the second than they that the laws are not stringent enough to at the laws are not stringent enough to at the laws peace; herest better than indifference.

But none of these things, he adds, is to my liking. And may the good God preserve us stred. I deprecate—"

"You are not in your pulpit preaching to the laws are not in your pulpit preaching to

"Ab! I know him," Father Rasie said brightly. "I happened to travel once in his him. ... Catholic Christianity degrades the mm, the minister said. The Catholic cannot hold any communication with God., If he should be cast away on a desert laland, he would be without God. All must come to him through the Church. He has in himself no power to reflect the divine motions. You mistake, says Father John; and I can show you how by a familiar figure. Suppose that every man in the world should insist that his timeplece was correct, and should refuse to regu-late it by any other. Of course, the chrono-meters would all wag their several ways, no

two alike, and there would be a ceaseless wrangling as to what was the time of day, and every man would think that he carried the sun in his pocket. To the dogs with the meridian and the almanac! my watch is right That is Protestantism. Now, the Oatholic has his spiritual dial also; but since he knows that it is a fallible instrument, he keeps it regulated by the great clock of the Church. The consequence is truth and harmony. Every Catholic conscience ticks, alike; and when the meridian gun of the great regulator, is fired, every man says, 'lt's

Mr. Yorke's warning was well timed, for the event proved that; Father Basic would scarcely have been allowed to leave the town without molestation had it been known that he was going. No one knew it, however, but the priest's housekeeper, Mr. Yorke, and the man who drove him over to Brayon that night. "I do not think that any precaution was needed," Father Basic said to his companion, as they drove through the dewy woods by starlight. "But since it was as easy to come

twelve o'clock..; Amen!'."

right to throw my life away." .Mr. Yorke did not know what had happened till Patrick told him the next morning. The crowd had gathered in the strests. it appeared, and taken their neval promenade up Irish Lane, with the usual result. No one not see a face in the windows, even. But it the patience of the Irish was not worn out, that of their persecutors was. Since they could not provoke an attack, they would make one. From Irish Lane they had marched to the priest's house, arming themselves

with stones and brickbats. "There isn't a whole window left in the house, sir, said Patrick; "and there is a stone lying on Father Raele's bed, where it was thrown through the window, that would have killed him if he had been there, as they

thought he was." We trust that certain expressions which Mr. Yorke made use of on hearing this story willnot be remembered against him on the day of final reckoning. They were not plous expressions, nor mild, nor, indeed, very poliched ones; but they were strong. He put on his hat with an emphasis which left a large dent not be known as a thief, goes to used with a in the crown, refused to take any breakfast clear conscience, and sleeps the sleep of the and started for the town.

"What does he mean to do?" wife, wringing her hands. "I must go after him. "Oh! if Carl were here. Girls, it is of no use to oppose me. I must know what

The breakfast was left untouched, and the whole household ga hered about the mother, coaxing and soothing her. Patrick should go down, they said, and keep his master in

"What protection would an Irish Catholic be to him?" cried the lady.

Betsey would go, she declared, standing with arms akimbo and her fierce head raised She would like to see the man that would stand in her way when she was roused!

But, no; Betsey was too puglistic. If Mr. Yorke were to see her, he would be irritated. Some one more conciliating and politic was

Clara cut the matter short by appearing in walking dress. She would go down and see what the trouble was, and sand a messenger home immediately.

Meantime, Mr. Yorke was in no danger whatever. People were, indeed, more goodnatured than usual after the success of the night before. He encountered mocking spiles, but no threats. His first visit was to one of the selectmen. What are you going to do with the rascals who broke Father Basie's windows, last night?" he demanded, without any ceremony of greeting.

The man assumed an air of pompous indifference. "I do not propose to do anything," he said. "If they were brought before me, as a justice, I should try them. But I am not called on to take any step in the matter." "Perhaps you were one of them," Mr.

Yorke said bitterly.
The man's face reddened. "I shall not take any notice of vonr insults," he said. "It is well known that those windows were broken by a few rowdles who cannot be found out. The town is not responsible for them. And even if they were known, the feeling of the community is such that they would not be punished. People are so much excited against the abuses of popery, and the interference of the priest in our publie schools, that they are willing to see every

Catholic driven out of the town. If there was ever a moment in Mr. Yorke's life when he regretted being a gentleman, it would be safe to say that this was that mo-To talk with such a man was folly. But if some murcular Christian had entered the scene opportunely, and applied to the towo Cfreer's back a score or so of such legical corclusions as be was fitted to understand, or had cultyhtened his crantum by propounding to it an argument from an unenswerable dut, Mr. Yerke would, doubtless, "have left the office with a smills of sevene satisfaction, and a conviction that the dramatic proprieties had ben sustained. No such purson appearing, he went away with anything but an amiable.

EXPYESSION. His nigt visit was to the Bev. John Conway. The minister had just finished his ! breakfast, and came into the room with a comfortable. deliberate air, rather exuperating to a men who was not only indignant, but fasting. His unified look showed that he expected an at-

By an off rt, Mr. I rke greeted him courteously, then b gan; "I come, sir," he eaid, "to ask you to raise your voice and

They had by this time recohed the priests, such outrages as were committed last night.

done. But when a community becomes in- bonse was blown up with gunpowder, and consed by encroachments which threaten left a p their most secred interests and when they find Yorke.

blookheeds In Mr. Yorks house forth. "I came here to talk common sense." brightly. "I happened to travel once in his Decold Slimmer howed under the minister's company. We were in a steamboat, and lower cyclids, and such went over his face; some minister entered into controversy with but he had more self-control than his visitor, or he had not that sense of outraged justice and decency which it that i visitors mind, made forbearance a vice, consequently he said nothing for a moment. There was, indeed, no more to be said. Mr. Yorke rose and went to the door, but stopped there., Though appeal was in vain, warning might not be.
"I warn you, sir," he said—"I, a Protestant

that your course is not only dishonest but impolitic. You are working so as to secure the final triumph of those, you hate and to bring about your own ruln. These anti-Oatholic mobs are not Protestant, except that they protest against all religious restraint. They hate Catholicism most, simply because it is the strongest religion. You miristers think, perhaps, that you use them; but you mistake. They use you, and they despise you. They apeak of you fair now, because you stand between them and the law and give them a certain respectability. Indeed, their only power is derived from you. But when they shall have orushed Oatholicism, if they ever do, they will use the same weapons you have placed in their hands sgainst you. Do not hope that by the course you are taking you are going to make Baptist or Congregational, or Methodist church members; you are going to make in-

A sense of too utter carlessness of his mission had restored Mr. Yorke to calmness. He spoke firmly, but without any excitement, and, having ended, left the house, and walked quietly homeward. Olars, coming down East street, and looking anxiously right and left, saw him, and dodged out of sight. With her foot propped on a door step, she made a writing desk of her knee, hastily pencilling a line to her mother. While she wrote, three several families peeped and wondered at her through their blinds. She looked about for an Irish boy-saw one, and sent him with her message

"Run like the wind till you come in sight of the house," she charged him, "but walk slowly up the avenue, or they will think that you bring bad news, and be frightened."

"All right, mamms !' Clara had written. Everybody I meet is as quiet and innocent looking as a cat that has been stealing cream. I saw papa this minute; I am going up to see Hester, and will be back before dinner."

Mrs. Yorke kissed and feasted the boy who brought the news; Melicent searched for old clothes, and sent him home with garments enough to last him a year, and both nearly cried over him, "Poor little persecuted dear!" Betsey bestowed on him a pie, and the two Pattens, having nothing of their own to give, stole each of them a cucumber, which they slyly slipped into his pocket. People who lived with the Yorkes always thought as the Yorkes did. There was never more than one party in their house. Their domestics were partisans, their dependents

Edith went out into the garden, and gathered some flowers for the lad, talking with him Inna day, after meanwhile. It was a calm rain storm. The sky had started to likely to eat of all the fruits in the garclear away, got so far that there was all about itself. A lovely, dreamy softness overhung the scene, and the drops of rain day, when the Creator looked, and saw that did not flash.

The boy gazed at Edith with admiration. Her head was bare, and she were a blue dress. with loose sleever, and a little crisp white rods close around the throat. She stood half-knowledge. on tiptoe, and stretched her arms to reach a branch of red roses. As she caught it, a shower of drops fell over her head and face. "Asperges me !" she whispered,

"Oh i she's real pretty," the boy said after-ward to his mother. "She has dimples in her elbows just like baby."

When the wreath was made, Edith hung it and walked down to the gate with him. Try to be a little saint, and not be angry, no matter what may be said to you," she said. "If you are afraid, say the 'We fly to thy patronage, O holy Mother of God,' and she will take care of you. Good by, dear."

She leaned on the gate, and looked after had gathered, and her expression was not, as quiet; in menner and speech as ever, but it was the quiet of a strong and vivid nature fully awake, but not fully satisfied, perplexed, yet self-controlled. So much had happened to her in the last year ! She had been called away suddenly from childhood, and study, and vague, bright dreams to confront a positive and quite unexpected resulty. Unless she should make a vow never to marry, then she was to merry Dick Rowan, that was her conclusion; and having once made up her mind in that respect, she thought as little about it as possible. Perhaps her only definite thought study had now become impossible. wanted to be in continual motion, to have work and change. A deep and steady excitement burned in her cheeks, her eyes, her lips. Her plety, instead of being tender in danger, that seemed to her desirable. She almost regretted she had home and friends to bind her. If she were still with Mrs. Rowan, in the little house that was under that clay bank, then she would be free. and perhaps they would kill her. She had would break in and kill them all. Her im-

agination hovered ceaselessly over this subiaot. Seeing her uncle coming, she waited for him. " We must make up our minds that we have not seen the worst that they will do, little girl," he said. "There is no law." the smiled involuntarily.

"Wby, are you pleased at that,?" he ex. claimed. and the same with the same and the same dying, for one's faith uncle Uncle Charles," she said,

of I see what you have been reading Crasha w's St. Theresa : Farewell, house, and farewell, home She's for the Moors and martyrdom.

Do I guess and quote trightly, mademoiselle!"
She only smiled in reply But well she knew that she had been reading from a deeper book

toan Crashaw.

A few nights after, the Catholic school left a perfect wreck. "Of course!" said Mr. "The teacher has taken the children into the galleries of the church," Patrick said

"The church will be destroyed then," replied his master. It was not destroyed altogether at once, bowever, but every window in it was broken.

This was done in broad daylight, just after a summer sunset. Mr. Yorke; put himself before the mod, entreating them to forbed, even trying to push back the foremost ones, but

without avail. "Don't listen to him! His plece is a Catholic, they oried. "To the

Two or three gentlemen drove up in their buggles, and sat at a safe distance while the work of destruction went on, and several women lingered on the outskirts of the crowd. In a neighboring street out of sight Edith Yorke stood with Clars, and listened to the sound of breaking glass. For a moment, natural indignation overcame plety in her heart. "Oh! if I were a thousand men on horse-back," she exclaimed. "I'd like to ride them down, and trample them under foot! Then the next moment, "Oh! how wicked: I am !

"You are not wicked!" Clara said angrily. "I won't have you talk such nonsense." Olara was in that state of mind when she

must scold somebody. Of course the authorities took no notice of this affair. The teacher had the glass reset, and continued her school. Mr. Yorke wrote to Father Basie, advising him not to return to Seaton for a while, and a lull succeeded. And now the Yorkes took breath, and felt not outte alone, for Carl was coming home, and Dick Rowau would soon be there, and Captain

CHAPTER XVII. BYEUAT.

Cary was coming down. .

"Most characters are too narrow for much variety," says Walter Savage Landor; and, we add, so much the better for them! for that variety is often a bitter dower to its pos-B68807.

A man of one idea may be called an acute sector of humanity. He is clear-willed, and uncompromising; he walks over people who stand in his path, and will not listen to the opinions of others, except in order to controvert them; and he usually accomplishes something that you can see. The man of two ideas widens his arc a little, and turns out for and listens to people now and then. The man of three or more ideas lives and let live, believes that some good may come out of Nazareth, and not only listens to others, but is sometimes convinced by them; and his path curves somewhat, hinting at an orbit. In him you first perceive that growing humanity aims at the circle; and as, with the crescent moon, we may see the full moon faintly outlined, so this man perceives more than he is. For it is not true, at least not here, what Carlyle says, that "what a man kens, he can.

But there is another kind of man, rarely seen, who rounds the circle. He has eves and sympathies for zenith and nadir, sunset and sunrise, and every starry sign. His thought enters at every door, feeds at every table, and listens to every tongue. Nevertheless, to the few of one idea and the few of two ideas, and the countless throng of those who never had an idea, he is, oftener than not, a fool, or a knave, or a lunatic. He is eccentric, inconsistent; worse than all, unpractical. den. For, though original sin may have nothing let but a pearly fleck of cloud that i touched them with blight on the one just netted the sunshine—then had forgotten | cheek, on the other, to his eyes still lingers that paradisian bloom it caught on the sixth that lay on every leaf and flower shone, but all was good. This perfected nature, theredid not flash. make it a sun, is appreciated and halled by him only from whose one limit to the other stretches the connecting glimmer of prophetic

We do not pretend to say that Carl Yorke had one of these universally sympathizing natures: but he was various enough to be hard to get altuned, especially since his programme had once been interrupted and his harmony temporarily disconcerted.

When a man has looked upon happiness as his first object in life, he finds it hard to give round the child's neck, his arms being full, it the second place, or to leave it quite out of his plans. Moreover, we do not repent till we have transgressed, and it must, therefore, be far more difficult to save the tempted than the slaner. Of actual, helnous transgression, Carl was innocent; but he had slipped around the outer circle, where first you lay the oars saids, and the smooth-backed waves become him. Her cheeks were as red as the roses she your coursers. Then a man fancies himself a god: not Neptune himself seems greater. One formerly, one of suuny calmness. She was as may more easily tear himself out from the central whirl than draw back from that

smooth outer circas. Besider, there was doubt. He who can do many things must needs choose, and, where circumstances are passive, choice may be difficult. Carl inherited his fathers talent, and had more than his father's force. He sketched and painted exquisitely, and, when he drew the portrait of one he loved, the picture breathed. Many alady, disappointed with the stiff presentment of her beauty achieved by other artists, had entreated bim in valu to

become her limner. "Rausome paints my nose, and hair, and was that Dick might have waited awhile bashoulders all right," one said. "I cannot fore speaking, and let her study more; for find fault with a line. But for all the soul She be puts into them, my head might as well be a milliner's block. I suppose it is because that he thinks that a fine body does not need any soul. Such a contrast as I saw in his studio the other day! He had two or three portraits of Mrs. Clare, painted in and tranquil, had grown impassioned. To three portraits of Mrs. Clare, painted in die for the faith, to suffer torments for it, to be different positions, and he displayed them to me, going into ecatacies over her beauty. 'Res, yes,' I answered; but I' was not en-chanted. 'She is one of the few daugerous women, he said, meaning that the power of her loveliners was irresistible; but I could not understand his enthusiasm. Prescarcely been to Mass that year without sently, I espled, in the corner of the room, on thinking how glorious it would be if a mob the floor, half-hidden by other pictures, a face that made me start. I did not think whether or not the leatures were perfect, the hair profuse, the tint exquisite. I saw only a luring, fascinating creature, who with head halfdrooping and lips half-smiling, kezed at me over her shoulder." There was no red and white. The face looked out from shadows getting your moral perspective arranged, you midnight garden at a midshimmer, when must seel uncomfortable; but once started in the moon and start ware in the life, all will arrange itself." It was a sultry olouds, or from the shoulding a suppose that I should fall?" he asked. arras of a lonely chambert in some wicked

to anything else you have here. I thought that Mr. Kansome did not seem to be much delighted by my-praise. I did not paint it' he said. Carl Owen Yorke, did. Of course, I could not say any more. The situation was embarrassing "Would you think that face the same as these?" Pointing to his portraits of Mrs. Clare. I could see no resemblance. They are the same! he said, looking mortified. And then I knew what he meant in saying that she was a dangerous woman.

seying that she was a dangerous woman.
Why did you paint that, Mr. Yorke?" the
lady saked abruptly, furning upon Carl.
"In order not to, be attracted by it," he replied-gravely. "Did it not leave on you the
impression of something snakelike? In
painting that, I broke the spell. Alice Mills
told me to paint it. She said, 'You are fasclusted only by that which you cannot are cinated only by that which you cannot analyze. Catch the trick, and the power is gone. She was right. She is always right.

Nothing is so shallow as an evil fascination. Yet, in spite of every promise of success, Carl turned saide from art. He had found out that the artist, above all, needs happiness. One can study, think and work when the beartstrings are strained to breaking; but he who, with his hand upon the pen, the brush, the chorded string, or the chisel, waits till those subtile influences which he is gifted to perceive shall move him must have every pulse stilled by a perfect con-tent. Pain distorts his work. It untunes his music, blurs his colors, dead-ens his thought, and makes his chisel swerve. Nor is this in purely natural art alone; for the artist whose struggling soul ignores all else to grasp the supernatural gives only a blunted ray through a turbid medium.

The pencil failing, there was diplomacy, and literature, particularly journalism. Something must be done. His idle and simless life had become a torture. Therefore he studied and read, giving much time to languages. "Linguages," he was wont to say, "are as necessary to a man who would always and everywhere have his forces in hand, as a string of keys is to a burglar."

A conversation which Carl held with Edith, just before she left Boston, may have been instrumental in arousing him. The two stood together in one of the lance windows that lighted Hester's library. Hester and her mother were up-stairs, and there was no one else in the room but Eugene Oleaveland and his little brother, Hester's child. The little one was gravely and patiently striving to pick up, with dimpled fingers, a beam of pink light that fell on the floor through a pane of colored glass in the window arch, and Eugene was as gravely explaining to

him why he could not.
"And so," said Carl, after a silence, "Mr. Bowsn is yourideal man."

It was his way of intimating his knowledge of existing circumstances, and he spoke carelessly, watching the children.

"I have no ideal of man,", Edith replied briefly; and, after a moment, added: "A person may be excellent, without being ideal." She thought a moment longer, then said: "Men and stars have to be set at a certain distance before they shine to us. am not sure but Tennyson could make

s fine hero of a poem of Dick. He has heroic qualities. I do not analyze nor criticise my friends, but I perceive this in him; he is capable of proposing to himself an object and following it steadily. Every one is not."

Carl Yorke's countenance changed. And ret he knew well that she had not dreamed of reproaching him.

"What are you studying Spanish for?" Miss Clinton inquired, fretfully, one day. "You might as well learn to dance the minnet."

"When one has so many castles in the country one would like to know the lan-

guage," he said. you must wear a slouched hat and a stiletto, or a ruff and a feather. I have no patience with this mania for tongues. English and French are enough for any sensible person. Italian is boned turkey. What book is that you have brought in?"

" De Maistre, Les Loirees de Saint Peters

Miss Olinton laughed disagreeably, "The prophet of the past,' is it? Who is it says that he has 'une grande vigueur, non de raison, mais ds raisonnement'? Are you studying sophistry or Ultramontaniem? Apropos, there are pretty doings in that absurd little town where your people live. That ungrateful paper which you used to edit has been abusing your father like a pick cocket, on Edith's account, I suppose. You wouldn't tell me but Bird found out; and she says that he doesn't dare stir outdoors."

"It is not true that he is afraid," Carl said; but he is insulted. In Seaton the pen is mightler than the sword, without doubt. I would like to see it tried if the horsewhip might not in this case be mightler than the

" You see, now," the old lady said, "what mischlef all these religions make. The basis of every so-called religion is hatred of every other so called religion. And you are pouring over De Maistre! Pshaw! Bead The Age of Reason. Here it is."

Carl was stlent a moment, struggling with himself. Then he said, " I have gone round the circle and come back to a faith in faith and the eneers or arguments of the athelst have no more effect on me. I have found that mocking is neither noble nor manly, still less womanly; and I look back on my days of scepticism as on the freaks of a presumptuous child, who fancies itself wiser than its parents, when it is only more foolish. I have done with Tom Palne and his brotherhood."

It is always hard to even room to exhort our elders, and especially so when they are onr intimates: and Carl snoke with such an effort that his words seemed to be a passion-

Miss Olinton looked at him a moment in ellent setortenment, then langhed shrilly. ": What is this that hath happened to the son of Then changing suddenly, she Kish 9 , 11 rang her bell. "Bird," she said, when that person appeared. "I want you to read the paper to me. There is a beautiful case of polsoning this evening. Young Mr. Yorke is too blous for secular reading. He has turned preacher, Bird. You and he one sing those who do not demand their thoughtfulpealms together."

"Alice, I accept one dogma of your church," Oarl said afterward to his friend. "I must believe in purgatory, for I am in it."

"I am rejuloed to hear it," she re plied, exet looked at him , sadly tine would so gledly have epared him any pain. "Purgatory is the high road to heaven. Ot course, while you are

to one a third under the said, area of a lonely chamber in some wicked. "If our say that you will fail, in one special control is a lone of a lone of the property of the said, area of a lone of the property of the said, area of a lone of the property of the said of said "L' ours say that you will fall, in out sense, ber that I have a word to say, about it. I such a face. 'It is wonderful!' I exclaimed. place to the fruit. Each great success, being your influence to put a stop to shall fight hard before you are made a martyr 'Why do you hide it? It is by far superior unique of its kind, comes in its own way. magic to me.

You cannot count surely but success mu aid, not without impatience. She looked up vividly. "You have all eternity, Carl!" He made no reply. "Let me quote a favorite of yours," ah

said

That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit,
This ligh man, air,ling at a million,
Misses a unit.
That, has the world here—should he need the

That has the worldhere—should he need the left the world mind him!.

This, throws himself on God, and unper gering, shall find him.'"

Luddenstand you," he said with a slight shrug. "But, do I look an apostle?"

"You might be," she answered. "You could influence a class which the preacher cannot reach. Religion has been too much confined to asostion or to those who under estimate the power of the beautiful. What we want most how any Christians who can outshine sinners in grace, inscination, and learning. In these reckiess days, people will not receive a check from those whom they know would gradly impose an utter prohibition; but one of their own might put a limit. We want scholars who will acknowledge that there is a point beyond which speculation should not go and reason cannot. We want accomplished leaders in society who are not ashamed to prostrate themselver before God;

and we want gentlemen to encourage modesty in women. You see there is a large field. "I am glad," Carl exclaimed, "to hear Oatholic own that's rich and cultivated person cando some good in the chu on besides giving money. From all the sermons I have heard with you the impression I have received is that clean linen and a knowledge of the alphabet are obstacles to grace. Never onde have I heard talent or culture spoken of except with approbation,"

"Oh! you exaggerate!" she said. "It is true, the poor need constant comfort and the rich constant warning; and it is equally true that the greatest ignorance, combined with charity, must be more pleasing to God than the finest intellect and learning without onarity."

There is precisely the point," Carl said eagerly. " And my experience and belief are that the finer the mind and the culture, the greater the charity, and vice versa. ' Tout com. prendre c'est; tout aimer.' I like Bir Thomas Browne's thought : 'Those highly magnify him whose judicious inquiry into his works returns him the homage a learned admiration."

She made no reply. They had been ou walking, and they now reached Miss Mill' door. "Are you ill?" Carl asked, noticing that she looked unusually pale. "I am rather tired," she answered faintly

Good by !" When he turned away, she stood looking at him through the side light, and, when he was no longer visible, she went up stairs to her chamber. She was very tired, and very itl. Her impulse was to lie down, but she hesitated, then refrained. "All is ready," she said, looking about her. "I do not think

that there is anything to do." She put up a small trunkiul of clothing with feverish haste, rang her bell, and ordered a carriage. "Drive to the Hospital of the Sisters of Charity, in South Boston," she said to the driver. And, sinking back, knew no more till she had reached her destination,

"I think I have come here to die," she said to the sister who received her. "And have a few wishes. Send back word immediately where I am. I did not tell them, for I could not bear any struggle. My worldly affairs are all in order, and I have no last words to say to any one. Let no person come near me but the sister and the priest, and do not mention any person's name to me, nor tell me who comes to in-"Pshaw!" exclaimed the old lady. "Don't quire. I know they will all be kind; but all waste your time. No language with a gut. tural in it is fit for a well bred person to speak. Besides, to speak Spanish properly, my own heart starved, and these last hours were a clarated by the starved of the speak of must be given to God alone. No earthly

being has any claim on them." Perhaps in all her life she had never before spoken so bitterly, but her words were true. She had given to the poor, and worked for them, and their gratitude had been but the 'lively sense of favors to come.' She had been solicitous for friends, had mourned over their sorrows, and sympathized with them always, and their selfishness had grown upon her unselfishness. So sweet had been the sympathy and love she lavished upon them, they had never stopped to inquire if she were impoverishing herself. or if she also might not wish sometimes to

receive as well as to give. But the thought of how keen would be the revenge of this utter withdrawal at the lime when they must have been startled into thinking of her in some other way than as pensioners, never entered her mind. Besides that momentary and almost unconscious complaint, she had but one thought: God alone had loved her, and she must be alone with him. She could no longer do anything for any person; and since no one belonged to her more than to any other, nor so much as to any other, nor so much as to others no one had any claim to intrude now.

The sisters were faithful to their charge. Of the many who came with tardy devotion, she heard nothing; of Miss Clinton, sitting in her carriage at the door, with two men waiting to carry her up-stairs in a coair as soon as she should have permission the attendants did not speak to her; of Carl Yorke haunting the place and sitting hour after hour in the parlor, waiting for news, she never knew.

One day, when Carl had sat there long, with only one prospect of news before him the priest came down, and entered the room. Oari litted his face from his hands and looked st him, but could not speak. "Let us think of heaven!" said the priest.

Ot some actively religious persons, we might think that they parody the paradox, and say : Give us the luxuries of plety, and we will dispense with the necessities; tut this woman had been other. No great work could be pointed to that she had done or attempted; her lite had flowed like an unseen brook, that bidded itself, is only guessed at by the winding line of verdore which betrays its presence. Bhe was one of those piteously tender and generous souls whom everybody makes use of, and nobody truly thanks. Seldom, indeed, do we find one to just and truly kind as to think for ness. It is the clamorous and the pushing who possess the sand.

of To be continued.

A man's wile should always be the same especially to her husband, but if she is west and nervous and uses Carter's Iron Pill she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person," at least so they all say, and their husbands say so too.

Mis. Laugtry will appear in St. John, N.B. coulthe eiblianous sava anologe . Prox dor sol darron, Mich. Sep. 25, 1885.

do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like W. L. CARTER-