

HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Deck your house from inward out,
Let there be an inmost shrine,
Where to praise with gifts devout
Love both human and divine;

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D.,
Archbishop of Halifax.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

The grand monuments of the Popes
glowed in the unusual light, and lost
in their brilliant transformation that awe-

inspiring feeling which ever hovers
around a tomb. Far up from the door,
nearly four hundred feet distant, the
majestic high altar stood in simple and

imposing grandeur. The church is built
in the shape of a Latin cross, and the
altar stands in the centre of the inter-

Pope. This is done from a balcony over
the main door of the vestibule; beneath,
the gathered faithful fill up the vast
square. When George Marchbank got
out of the church, his artistic soul could

take in and enjoy the imposing spectacle
presented to view. The majestic facade
of the church, its giant pillars and noble
entablatures: its crest of marble statues,

and the graceful dome springing heaven-
ward behind them, formed a magnificent
background. The semicircular colon-

CHAPTER XI.

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW.

Peacefully ran the St. Lawrence this
warm June morning; gayly sang the
birds in the groves along its banks;

bright shone the sun on trembling leaves
and grass-covered knolls, and the dark-
green blades of the rick-growing wheat

ling light of intelligence. Yes; the face
of a noble person is the embodiment of
all natural beauty.

As Eleanor sat partly shaded by a
leafy beech-tree, her expressive features
underwent a variety of change. She
was reading a letter from Morgan, in
which he gave an animated description

of the Easter festivities in Rome. He
spoke of George Marchbank, and ex-
pressed his delight at meeting him so
far away from home. Of his chosen

companion, Lorenzo, he had spoken in
other letters and now enlarged again on
his many noble qualities. In fact,
through the letters of Morgan to Eleanor,

and his conversations with Lorenzo, the
two latter were almost intimately ac-
quainted. Now any one knows that

under such circumstances it was
quite natural for each of these to take
an interest in the other, and to form an
idea of each other. Eleanor half wished

that Lorenzo might bear a resemblance
to the bright-faced, dreamy-eyed boy
whose picture hung between her own
and Morgan's, in Mrs. Barton's quiet

home. She fancied what Denis Barton
would have been, had he lived, and she
wished and thought that Lorenzo was
like him. On the other hand, as Lorenzo

examined the likeness of the golden-
haired child given him by his father, he
amused his lively imagination by dis-
covering traces of resemblance between it

and what he imagined, from Morgan's
conversations, Eleanor must be. Often,
too, he thought of his mother, vainly

endeavouring to recall her features; his
heart went out in a gust of tenderness
towards her as he pictured himself sit-

ting on her knee, and amusing, while he
worried her, with his childish prattle.

After Eleanor had read and re-read
Morgan's letter she came thoughtfully
down the hillside and walked towards
the cottage of Mrs. Barton. On entering

she noticed an excited look on the usu-
ally sad and pensive countenance of her
elderly friend.

"I have just received a long letter from
Morgan, and he sends, as usual, many
kind remembrances to you. If you are
at leisure I will read to you. But has

anything happened, Mrs. Barton? You
do not look quite yourself."

"Nothing to be alarmed about, my
dear child," answered the good woman
in her usual tone of quiet affection. "I

was thinking about you, and many
things just now. I am growing old, and
my heart is sometimes anxious—

anxious to see you here as mistress of this
old home. But I trust in God, and recon-
cile myself to His will, feeling sure that
it will one day come to pass."

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