LIZZIE MAITLAND.

EDITED BY

O. A. BROWNSON.

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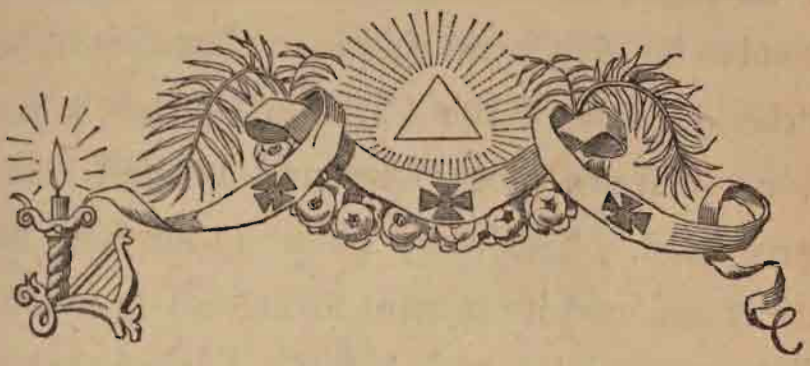


PREFACE.

In coming before the public with this little volume, the Authoress does so with many misgivings as to the success of her enterprise. A little more than two years ago, she saw in Mr. Brownson's Review, what she interpreted as something like the expression of a desire, on the part of its learned editor, to see some Catholic stories from authors, who, born in this country, understand better, because they have themselves felt them, the wants of the people, than those who have never themselves experienced them.

Without any serious intention of attempting to supply this demand; but partly for pastime, partly

for an experiment, she commenced a little story intended to give some simple explanation of a few of the dogmas of the Catholic Church, and only those which are most frequently assailed and misrepresented. The story grew under her hands, until it assumed its present form, and in much fear and trembling she sends it forth, hoping that some honest soul, seeking the truth, may find something to assist in clearing away doubt and embarrassment.

She knows well that the same thing has often been done before, in a much more able and finished style; but it sometimes happens that the simple language of a child, or an unlettered person, will give a clearer idea of a plain fact, than the most elaborate explanation of a learned man. There is hardly an old woman in the land, who could not make a child comprehend the meaning of net-work for instance, while Dr. Johnson, with all his erudition, failed to do any thing but involve the idea in such obscurity, that it would require the skill of a magician to make any child understand what it is, from his definition.

While the Authoress deprecates the critics, and appeals to the charity of good Catholics, she will be amply repaid if, from the whole mass, a single ray of truth shall find its way to the depths of *one* earnest heart.

INTRODUCTION.

When the author had proceeded about half way in her story, she read me what she had written. I was so well pleased with it, that I urged her to continue and complete it, promising her, that, with her permission, I would stand its godfather before the public. It probably is no advantage to her that I keep my promise, and add my name as editor instead of hers as author.

I have not abused my office of editor. The book is published as it came to me in manuscript, with the exception of two or three slight verbal corrections, and the addition of a single note to a passage in which the author had given an opinion which she has the right to hold, and which many excellent Catholics do hold, as if it were Catholic doctrine, and a very different opinion on the same subject were not also permitted to be held. I do not like tampering with authors. I wish every one who has a genuine word to say, should say it in his own way.

I have myself read *Lizzie Maitland* with interest and pleasure. I do not pretend that it is the greatest and most attractive story of the kind ever written, or that it is so artistically perfect that an ill-natured critic can find nothing in it to carp at. It is evident to the reader that the

be out of the world as out of the fashion. The novel is at present the reigning fashion, and Catholics as well as others must conform to it, if they wish to catch the popular mind, and influence the popular heart.

We need, even more than is commonly thought, a popular Catholic literature,—a literature which is adapted to the wants of those who will not read grave didactic works, who are too light, too gay, too frivolous, to read purely spiritual or devotional works. We have a rich and living literature amply sufficient for those who take life seriously, understand its true worth and aim; but these, after all, are not the majority in any community, nor those for whom we should feel the greatest solicitude. The devout, the members of pious Confraternities, Living Rosaries, St. Vincent de Paul societies, and the like, are well provided for, and are in little danger; but our solicitude should be chiefly awakened for those who have the faith indeed, and do not dream of abandoning their Church, but who have no special vocation to pious practices or a devout life. The gayety of youth, the play of animal spirits, or the vanities of the world sway them, and render every thing serious and didactic distasteful to them. These are those who need looking after. "They that are whole need not the physician, but they that are sick."

These, I apprehend, constitute the majority of our youth of both sexes, and I suppose always will. We may regret it, but we can hardly prevent it. We cannot make them saints, but we may perhaps prevent the majority of them from being utterly lost. Unhappily, they are at present precisely those among us least cared for, and least benefited by our didactic and pious books. We want a popular literature for them, not too grave or didactic in

tone, light, graceful, attractive, which will catch their attention, please their imaginations, interest their affections, and give them now and then a thought which will linger in their memory, and come up as food for meditation in those moments of pause in their vanity and of serious reflection, which come to all.

Especially do we want books which, in a pleasing and unostentatious manner, will make the young familiar with their religion in those points on which they are most likely to misapprehend it, or to find it assailed. A story like the one which follows, will refresh the memory of many of our well instructed Catholic youth, and throw new associations around the faith and worship to which they are more or less indifferent. The more we have of such stories, well adapted to all tastes and tempers, the better.

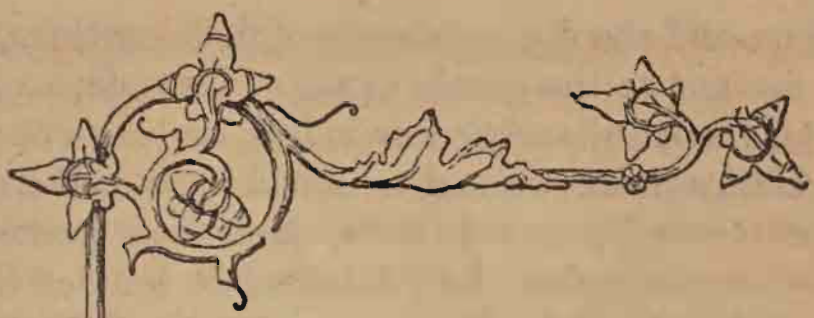
These little works, half secular in their character, intended to furnish innocent amusement rather than instruction, falling into the hands of non-Catholics, often become the occasion of awakening thoughts and reflections which, with the grace of God, result in conversion to the true faith. In this view of the case I am disposed to encourage the production of lighter Catholic works, and to give them a cordial welcome, whenever they contain nothing positively hurtful. No matter if they are not always original, no matter how great their variety, or various their degrees of merit, each will have something good for some mind, and perhaps be the occasion of preventing the fall of some one, or of restoring a soul to God.

The little work I here introduce to the public stands in no need of this defence of Catholic literature. It carries its own defence and recommendation with it. It is the

author's first attempt, and gives promise of greater and better things hereafter; but, though not free from defects incident to inexperience, it is sound and healthy in tone, and contains scenes, passages, and descriptions, which our most practised writers would be happy to have written.

With these introductory remarks, I leave the work to make its own friends, and to find its own place in our popular Catholic literature, which needs all the contributions that are made to it.

THE EDITOR.



LIZZIE MAITLAND.

CHAPTER I.

"LIZZIE! Lizzie! where are you? Come in, and take your book!" was the rather impatient command of Mrs. Maitland to her little daughter, as she sat on the door-step one beautiful morning, feeding some pet chickens. The child was enjoying the fragrance of the balmy breeze, that lifted the sunny locks from her fair brow, as it floated through the lovely valley where her father's house was situated; her eyes were wandering over the green meadows, and following the stream of water that glittered in the sunshine; her young heart was full of something, she did not understand what it was, that made it throb with such delicious sen-

sations, and she did not dream of defining them, as she listened to the gentle ripple of its waters.

Oh! what a lovely scene it was, and no wonder the child's heart yearned to bound away and sport under those dear old trees, bent and gnarled, stretching out their broad branches, and casting those deep bewitching shadows on the bosom of the stream, that seemed inviting one to dive down to find what there could be so fascinating in the bottom of that cool, delicious-looking pool. Poor Lizzie found it impossible to resist the temptation, whenever she could steal away unperceived, to pull off her shoes and stockings and wade in the shallow parts, and although she felt guilty and conscience-smitten afterwards, when she looked at her wet and draggled dress, and tried to feel very sorry when they told her how naughty it was, and that she would never be a lady—nothing—as her old nurse said, but a Tomboy—how she wondered what that could be like, whether it had horns—how it could look—and the poor child could not help thinking it was a very hard thing to be born to be a lady, and secretly thought it much better to be poor, so that she could be allowed the freedom that the children of her father's tenants enjoyed. Their mothers did not make them come into the house such pleasant days, and wear shoes and stockings, and sit on a chair to pore over a book, and that book so dreaded—she could not think of

it without a secret shivering—it was a little primer containing the multiplication table.

"Dear me, what shall I do with that child!" said good, busy, bustling Mrs. Maitland. "She will never be any thing but a coarse, romping girl."—Ah! little Lizzie! how were you misunderstood—you, you coarse! with all the magic of nature stirring your young soul, purifying and preparing it for the battle of life.—"Her cousin Fanny, who is no older, can sew and read, and she behaves herself like a little lady, and has no taste or desire whatever for such romping plays. I really do believe she thinks herself persecuted, because she has to wear nice clothes like a gentleman's daughter; for I heard her saying to a little duck the other day—'You are a happy little thing! you don't have to wear shoes and stockings, and a nice dress, but can go and wade and swim in the pretty brook whenever you like; nobody says to you—"Naughty duck, you have spoiled your nice new dress." Ah! how happy you are, to have such nice soft green feathers, and no shoes to pinch your toes.'—And I verily do believe, she would rather sit perched upon the crooked limb of that old tree, overhanging the stream, than in the finest parlor ever was seen—I cannot understand that child."

"My dear Mary," said Mr. Maitland, who stood within the house, "there is nothing so very strange in that, and as the stream is not deep in

any part of it, there can be no danger; and, my dear wife, are you not something too strict, with our poor little Lizzie? She is scarcely seven years old, and you seem to expect from her all the steadiness and maturity of twelve; have a little patience, she is an affectionate child, and if you don't check them too rudely, her own warm affections and good sense will bring all right in the end."

Lizzie's ears were wide open, and she heard it all—and she understood this much, and it lifted a great load from her heart, that her father did not think her such a very naughty girl as she had frequently persuaded herself to believe, and to confess that she was; although the poor child had never very clearly perceived how, or why, it could be so naughty to love to run about the fields, and gather the wild flowers: scrambling up the banks after the hare-bells that grew high among the rocks, was worse—that she could comprehend, for she was in danger of falling, and she did frequently tear her dress, and she was too apt to forget whether it was her old, or new pair of shoes, that she had on; the matter of the dress and the shoes, was clearer to her comprehension.

And then there was the *good* cousin Fanny, perpetually held up as a model; it is a wonder that the little heart was not filled with jealousy and envy. All this indiscriminate praise might have sown the seeds of rancor and hate, to rankle there, long

years after, costing many tears and efforts to uproot them,—but it did not, thanks to the gentle voice, and holy teachings of nature, whispered in the perfumes of the wild flowers, the singing of the birds, and the murmur of the distant waterfall.

Lizzie loved her cousin Fanny; but she did not so heartily enjoy her society as she did the less proper behaved children of her father's gardener, whose big son made her a water-wheel at the little dam in the stream, and who, with his sisters, helped her to drive the ducks into the artificial pond, made by their united efforts.

Lizzie admired, but could not imitate her beautiful sampler, and the *very* small stitches in her patchwork bedquilt—all neatly sewed and finished, ready for the last grand scene, the quilting party, when elderly and grave matrons were to assemble, to complete it—and sound the praises of the nice industrious child, who had made a whole quilt all by herself. Fanny had already many times repeated to her, "that Aunt Mary had invited the ladies to come, and that she was to have a seat at the frame, and to wear her new silver thimble."—Poor Lizzie listened, and sighed, and expressed over again her admiration, but her ineffectual attempts to imitate it plunged her in despair; her thimble never would stay on her finger, it was always too large or too small,—the patches never would come even; one, by some mysterious pro-

cess or other, would never fail to be longer than its fellow, and the stitches would either be piled up in a heap, in some desperate attempt to obey the injunction she received, to make them small and close together, or else, they would run rambling over the patch, like a *rail* fence, as her mother used to declare.

Poor mother! you did not, in the midst of the bustle and busy usefulness of your daily life-cares, understand the young dreamer at your side, nor the pangs that rent that unenvying little heart at your reproofs; you knew none of the many, many resolves "to be good like cousin Fanny, and not to vex mamma again."

But with the temptation of the beautiful green fields, and that bewitching stream of water for ever before her, she had many downfalls and humiliations, and often forgot these resolutions.—"Oh, if my papa only lived in a city as cousin Fanny's papa used to, perhaps I should find it easier to be good then—I should not be half as happy, I know." The poor child sighed, for she remembered well the only time she had ever visited New York—she was about four years old—she felt half suffocated by the close crowded streets, and, oppressed by the smoke and gloom, had cried to be taken home from such a gloomy place, until she fell into disgrace with her grand young relations, who conceived a great dislike for "the country-bred little thing."

She looked up at the high walls, and asked her mother who made them, and then at the sky above, and asked, who made that; and when told God made the sky and the beautiful trees, and that He dwelt in heaven, she thought He made much prettier things than man, and wondered which heaven was most like, the city, or the country where her dear papa was, until she fell asleep, with her tiny hands full of dandelions, which she had gathered on the only patch of green she could find, in the yard where the house linen was dried—and a curious jumble in her little head, of stars, blue sky, brick houses, chimney tops—and dreamed she was stolen away from her dear papa, and dragged off to be a chimney sweep, and awakened in a great fright, just as she felt she was going to be suffocated, in a chimney too narrow for even her very slender figure.

But after this long digression we must return to our little dreamer.

As she rose to obey her mother's call, she turned with a yearning heart once more to that beautiful landscape, drinking in the whole, with one fond, earnest gaze; and in long, long years after, that lovely picture still was imprinted on her heart; even the perfume of the morning breeze seemed yet to linger there.

Often had she wished she were a little lamb, that she might stay out in the lovely sunshine, or

lie down on the soft grass, in the tempting shade of that tall tree.

As she turned her back on the fair scene, there settled on her heart such a gloom! Could it have been a foreshadowing of the coming events of after life—the griefs, disappointments, of a whole lifetime crowded into a momentary shadow?

Little did her mother dream what a bias would be given to all her future life, by her efforts to crowd into her tender mind, then so peculiarly unfitted to receive it, that luckless multiplication table.

Lizzie obeyed her mother's call, but felt herself oppressed, a kind of victim seated in a great armchair before a window, where she could still hear the murmur of the brook, see the lambs, and hear them bleat; how could she help watching that busy bee, humming about, its little thighs laden with the spoils of the sweetest flowers?—how could she realize that twice two make four, and twice three make six, and twice four make eight? Ah! no—to her they were only a frightful long column of odious figures—and the little hymn she had just learned came into her head to complete her distraction, and who can wonder that

> "Gathering honey *all* the day
> From every opening flower,"

seemed an infinitely more fascinating occupation

than the one to which she was doomed; and then she could not help thinking how nice it must be to have wings to rest when you are tired, and oh! how nice to fly! She wished she had wings—her book was forgotten, and with her elbows resting on the window sill, and her eyes fixed on the delicious blue sky, she thought how lovely heaven must be, and to wonder, if she had wings, she could fly thither.

"Lizzie! Lizzie! what are you doing? Is that the way to learn your multiplication table? Your cousin Fanny knows it all!" sounded in her ears, and brought her back to a sense of her humiliation. There she was, a great girl seven years old, couldn't sew decently, could read only tolerably (she could write better than Fanny, there was a little consolation in that), but then came the mortifying reflection that Fanny was so much more of a lady, could sew so nicely, and nurse said, *she* was *no* "tomboy," always folded her things neatly, and laid them away in the drawer—did not chew off the ends of *her* gloves, a very unpardonable offence in nurse's eyes, and didn't "bite her finger nails,"—and now, to crown the measure of her excellence, she knew the multiplication table! She hadn't wasted all her time gazing out of the window! With all these recollections rushing into her mind, came the tears into her eyes, blinding them so that all the figures were tumbling over

each other in so hopeless a way, that they fell at last into such inextricable confusion, that I doubt if even to her dying day her mathematical genius ever recovered from the shock it received that memorable morning.

For three long hours she was sobbing and pining over that primer—*alone*—for Fanny had finished her task, and was gone, mistress of her own time for the rest of the day. Her sorrows were relieved by the entrance of her father; his coming was the end of that day's trial; her mother consented, at his desire, to allow the protracted lesson to be deferred until the next day, and as Lizzie threw herself sobbing into her father's arms, she poured out the flood of her sorrows and humiliations; told him "that she had been an idle little girl, displeased her mamma, that she couldn't sew, wasn't nice, didn't behave like a lady, and—and—she was very unhappy indeed."

"But my little daughter does not wish to be naughty?"

"Oh! no indeed."

"And she loves her father and mother, and little cousin Fanny."

"Oh! yes! Yes indeed!" sobbing more violently than ever.

"And papa loves his little daughter very dearly—and we will go and take a walk, and see if we shall not feel better."

At the end of an hour Lizzie had seen the sheep get their salt, and was just about to take a ride with her papa on old Charlie's back, when Mr. Maitland was called away to receive some visitors who had just arrived.

Seeing the disappointed expression of her face, he told Thomas, a faithful, trustworthy man, and many years in his service, to take care of Lizzie, and lead the horse to give her the long promised ride.

"Oh! Thomas," said she, "how nice it is to be out in the pleasant sunshine; how I wish I was a little bird, and I would fly up to heaven as they do; it is much prettier up there, where the sunshine comes from, and where all the bright stars are shining. Wouldn't *you* like to be a bird, Thomas, and go to heaven?"

"I would like to be innocent, Miss Lizzie, like a little bird, but they cannot go to heaven; so I would rather be a man, and try to love God, and go there when I die, to dwell with Jesus Christ, and his blessed Mother, and all the holy angels and the saints who have gone there before us."

Lizzie listened, and after a thoughtful silence she looked up. "Cannot we go to heaven, Thomas, unless we die first?" said she, her face assuming a very grave expression. "I should not like to be shut up in the dark ground, and never to see the sunshine, nor hear the birds sing," and continued

she, ready to cry, "never to see my dear, dear papa and mamma again."

"But, Miss Lizzie, you would see your papa and mamma again if you all loved the blessed Lord, and were all good Catholics (which may the Lord grant some day)," added he, in a low voice half to himself.

"I don't know what you mean by Catholics," said she, looking up with a puzzled expression.

"I mean, all who love the Lord Jesus Christ, and belong to the Church that he established, whereby mankind were to obtain salvation; and of which Jesus Christ is the perpetual and invisible head, and which he designed should continue to the end of the world," said Thomas, solemnly, involuntarily using the words he had heard his priest uttering the Sunday previous, in his instructions, and forgetful that his little hearer could hardly be expected to comprehend.

"I mean," said he, recollecting himself, and commencing in the words of the catechism, "all the faithful under one head, and that head is our Lord Jesus Christ, who died on the Cross for us;" and reverently bowing, he made on his breast the sign, as he spoke.

"Why do you do that, Thomas?" said Lizzie, looking curiously in his face.

"To put us in mind of the Blessed Trinity, and that the second Person became man, and died on the cross."

"Did he die for me, too?" said she, at length.

"He did, Miss Lizzie, for you and all mankind, and may the Blessed Virgin and your guardian angel pray for you, that it may not have been in vain."

"Who is my guardian angel? Is he always near me? Does he take care of me?" said she, looking pleased and joyful.

"In the beginning God created a great many pure spirits, without bodies, making them happy with himself in heaven; we call them angels, Miss Lizzie, and Almighty God appoints a particular one to watch over each one of us."

"Oh, how happy I am to know that; now I shall never be afraid again, when I go to bed in the dark; how I wish I could see him. But, Thomas, are you sure of this? how do you know it?" said she, beginning to be troubled.

"Because the Church teaches me so, Miss Lizzie, and all good Catholics believe what the Church teaches; because, before Jesus Christ died, he promised to be with his Church all days, and he cannot deceive. My dear Miss Lizzie, if your kind papa, who loves you so dearly, should tell you any thing, you would believe him, and if he were on his death-bed, and should give you a command, or should promise you any thing, you would surely believe him; then a great deal more surely can you believe what Jesus Christ, who is God himself,

shall tell you. Don't yon think that Jesus Christ, who loved his children so well as to die for them, would be very sorry to go away, and leave them, without giving them any guide, or any thing to teach them how they could come to him in heaven? They were poor and ignorant, they could not read, and there were no books then, as there are now, not even the Bible, it was not all written. You don't believe, Miss Lizzie, he could be so cruel as to leave them without any body, or any thing to teach them—they would forget what he had taught them, and how could others learn the way of salvation? No, he would not forsake them for whom he was willing to die such a shameful and cruel death; so he left his Apostles, with power to teach to every body what they had seen and heard from him—and to make people willing to listen and to believe them, he gave them power to work miracles."

"A miracle, Thomas, what is that?"

"To do something above the power of a mere man, or any creature—such as to raise the dead, to heal the blind and sick—such things as our Lord himself did when he was in the world; and suddenly, when the Holy Ghost came down, they all could speak in all the tongues of every nation.

"You cannot understand, Miss Lizzie, the old French lady who comes to visit your mamma, when she speaks her own language. You will have to

study, and learn it out of books, when you get older; but these Apostles went out, and without any learning, for they were poor, and some of them fishermen, spoke to every body in his own language, so that they could understand; and these Apostles, you have heard there were twelve of them, believed all they taught, and laid down their lives to prove the truth of it; and when they died other men succeeded them, who have the same authority to teach.

"As that authority has never been taken away, and our Lord promised himself always to be with his Church, you see, Miss Lizzie, it never could leave the appointed channel, and that is the reason why it is called the only true church."

Thomas spoke very earnestly, and the child listened with open ears, and although she did not fully comprehend, still she treasured up and remembered much of what she heard.

"Tell me one thing more, Thomas; does Bridget pray to the pretty lady with the child, and to the crucifix that hangs in her room?"

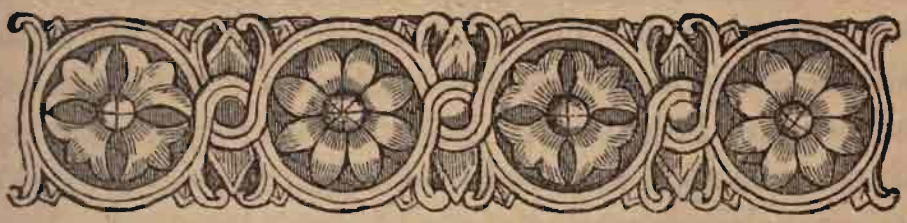
"It would be a great sin, Miss Lizzie, to pray to a picture or to an image; they have no life, and no sense to hear or help us; Bridget honors the crucifix and the pictures only as they *relate* to Christ, and his saints, and are memorials of them—as your papa, Miss Lizzie, loves to look at the picture in the parlor, of your grandmamma, and

honors it because it puts him in mind of one he loved so much; so *we* may honor the saints and angels, because they are God's *especial* friends and servants; and as they are in heaven, before *his* face, we beg of them to pray for us."

"And was that the reason, when the horses ran away with my papa, you said, 'Holy Virgin! preserve him?'"

"Yes," said Thomas. "If the angel Gabriel and St. Elizabeth saluted her as full of grace, and blessed among women, a poor sinner like me ought to beg her prayers."

Here they were interrupted by the appearance of Bridget, who came to take Lizzie away to dinner.



CHAPTER II.

Before introducing the newly arrived guests, we must present our readers to the family of Mr. Maitland, which consisted of his wife's young sister, Agnes Gray, little Fanny, the orphan niece of Mr. Maitland,—the only child of a recently deceased brother,—and two youug men, assistants of Mr. Maitland, who carried on a large iron works in the immediate vicinity of his residence.

He was a man of large means, extensively engaged in business, of a benevolent disposition, sincerely disposed to act uprightly, but so overwhelmed by the multiplicity of cares, as to leave him really very little time for any thing else; and yet he contrived to make himself acquainted with the wants of his tenantry, and the poor in his neighborhood, and to relieve, in a substantial manner, their pressing necessities.

In this he was aided in a very efficient manner by the active and cheerful kindness of his wife. Mrs. Maitland, though not an over-sensitive or

penetrating person, was possessed of good sense; was sincerely attached to her husband, and upon all occasions manifested a profound respect for his wishes and judgment. They were truly a most estimable couple, and beloved by all the poor in the neighborhood, whom their kindness had often relieved.

Mrs. Maitland was herself a devoted Episcopalian; she was truly disposed to be a Christian, and if she believed firmly, without the pain or shadow of a doubt, that her creed was the only true one, she had enough of Christian love in her heart to relieve the wants of those who differed from her; and for those she loved, she prayed that they might be coverted to her belief.

While she and her husband ministered to the wants of all around, many, many a prayer was breathed from fervent Catholic hearts, "that such good people might be brought to the knowledge of the true faith;" and the earnest ejaculations, "May the Lord reward you!" "May the Almighty God give you his blessing!" had a far deeper meaning than reached the understanding of good simple-minded Mrs. Maitland.

But these fervent prayers of the poor, who are the especial friends of our Lord, from amongst whom he chose all his companions through his mournful pilgrimage, were not lost, and her own prayers and alms, like those of Cornelius the Cen-

turion, were also remembered, and brought forth their harvest in due season.

The elder of the young men, Robert Davis, was a quiet, retiring, thoughtful person, every way worthy the confidence and trust reposed in him by Mr. Maitland; and when he manifested a decided fondness for Agnes, his proposals were received by both Mr. and Mrs. Maitland with unhesitating approbation. Agnes, herself, was a charming girl, a stronger nature, and capable of higher and loftier aspirations than her sister; she lent a ready and helping hand to her sister, both in the burden of her household and life-cares, and in the ministrations to the sick and poor of the neighborhood; and when the frightful ship-fever made its dreadful havoc in the cabins around, many a dying mother's eyes *looked* the blessings and prayers her parched lips could not utter, as she glided like an angel of mercy around their dying pillows.

When Kitty O'Brien, the best moulder's wife, was ill of the long childbed fever, she took the half-famished infant away to her own room, and with patient care and tenderness fed the helpless little creature until its poor mother was again able to resume the care of her now thriving child, which would have been lying cold and stiff under the green sod but for Agnes's care and kindness. Could Kitty's affectionate heart ever forget Miss Agnes's goodness? She taught her child's first

lisping accents to breathe forth prayers for the kind lady who had saved her life; and Kitty herself never forgot to entreat the Blessed Virgin to obtain rich blessings, and the grace of conversion for the good young lady who had saved her own and her child's life.

Agnes, in her kind offices, at the bedside of the sick and the dying, had not been insensible to all she had seen of the beauty and holiness of the Catholic faith; its power to cheer the bed of death, and rob it of all that is appalling to the human heart,—the faith, stronger than death, that could elevate the soul far above the cruel sufferings of the body, make it forgetful of all the squalid miseries surrounding its dying bed, turn with outstretched arms and a countenance beaming with heavenly light towards the holy Viaticum, and then, with murmured thanksgiving and praise, await in calmness no earthly interest had power to disturb, the final summons of the dread messenger.

Agnes had already pondered deeply in her heart on these things, and there was just dawning on her soul a light to guide her through all eternity; but she had no one of whom to seek counsel, and she yet groped in the mists and darkness of error.

She had met the parish priest, a very worthy, pious man, several times in these scenes, but did not feel at liberty to confide to him her doubts, or seek instruction from him.

Henry Sumner, the younger of the two young men, was many years the junior of Robert Davis, not much more than a boy. He was frank and affectionate, but without the stability of purpose to enable him to attain a very high degree of excellence in any pursuit. Mr. Maitland saw his faults, while he overrated his good qualities. Henry was the son of an early and much esteemed friend, now a widower, and residing in the South, who had taken a fatherly interest in Mr. Maitland. While Mr. Maitland was as blind as possible to his faults, he hoped every thing from time, and more experience of life.

The newly arrived guests were the Rev. Mr. Gilford, the long expected minister, and his wife. As the parish was very poor, Mr. Maitland's good heart had prompted him to offer them a home in his house, until such time as the congregation might be able to afford a salary sufficient to enable them to keep house in comfort. Their coming had been expected for a long time with considerable interest by the Maitlands. They had no family, but were accompanied by Miss Emily Harris, a young lady recommended by the Rev. Mr. Gilford as a person competent to take the charge of the education of Lizzie and Fanny.

Mr. Gilford was a good-looking man, somewhere about forty; the first general impression was agreeable, his voice was low and musical, his smile

sweet and bland, and had a quiet persuasiveness about it which, with a manner polite and watchful in little things, rendered his attentions flattering to most ladies. In fact, to every body but his wife, he was marked in his civilities. To any but a close observer his coldness and indifference to her, almost amounting to neglect, was not at first apparent.

Mrs. Gilford was a well-disposed woman, still bearing the traces of former beauty; she appeared to be older than her husband, or else the ravages of sorrow or time had made themselves more visible on her face and form, than on the smooth, unruffled countenance of Mr. Gilford. He was tall and erect, a pleasant speaker, and with all those little gracious ways, he soon acquired a very considerable influence among the people wherever he might be.

Mrs. Gilford was slightly deaf, and much addicted to the use of snuff, which latter habit annoyed her husband beyond measure; the good woman made several ineffectual efforts to overcome it, but he made it the pretext for many slights and cutting innuendoes uttered in a low tone, which, not fully reaching her ears, caused poor Mrs. Gilford's cheeks often to glow; for, fancying them more severe than they really were, she suffered much annoyance.

The company were all seated when Lizzie en-

tered, with her little smiling face shining out beneath the glossy ringlets, arranged with elaborate care, and adjusted to a nicety by nurse's careful hand.

As the reverend gentleman concluded a very long grace, the attention of every body was directed to Lizzie, saying in a low but very distinct voice, "In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, Amen!" making at the same time a very conspicuous sign of the cross, and a very audible "Amen."

"Why, Lizzie," said Mr. Maitland, with a half amused smile, "why do you make the sign of the cross?"

"To put us in mind of the Blessed Trinity, and that the second Person became man, and died for us on the cross," said she, with a studied sort of manner, as if it were something she had been repeating often to herself, that she might not forget it.

"And who told you that, my little daughter? Where did you learn it?"

"I saw Bridget make the sign of the cross, and Thomas too, and I asked him what he did that for, and he told me that Jesus Christ died for *me too*, and so I thought I might make it in token of my redemption," said the child innocently, again repeating the words of Thomas.

"Lizzie, you must not go to Thomas and

Bridget for instruction," said Mrs. Maitland, looking somewhat confused, "and you must not talk so much at the table."

Mr. Maitland made no remark, in fact he did not know what to say; he did not feel justified in reproving the child, or forbidding her to repeat an act for which she had given so distinct and satisfactory a reason. He sat silent and thoughtful for some moments; it had never occurred to him in such a light before, and he could not forbear asking the question in his own mind, what reasonable excuse can Protestants give for the repugnance they constantly evince for this "*sign of their redemption*," as Lizzie had so justly called it.

An awkward pause of some moments ensued, broken at last by Mr. Gilford making some remarks on the bad effects of the example of Catholic servants on the children and families of their employers, and mentioned several instances that had come under his observation, where children had received so early and so strong a bias in favor of Romanism, that it had with difficulty been eradicated from their minds, and in several cases not at all; they had actually given their families the shame and sorrow of seeing them turn away from the faith of their fathers, to embrace "*the lies and corruption of Rome.*"

"Who can think with patience of people religiously brought up, and with their Bibles in their

hands, turning to a religion full of idolatry and image worship, and," continued he, with a contemptuous sneer, "praying to dead men and women, calling a woman the *Mother of God*, and trusting to such a *back-door influence* at the court of heaven. And then the priests are such a set of canting hypocrites, teaching them to lie, cheat, and steal from the Protestants; that it is no crime to break faith with one opposed to his creed, and that it can easily be forgiven, if they only *pay the priest well for it in confession.*"

"But I think, my dear sir, you are quite mistaken," said Agnes; "they *do not* pray to either images or pictures, or to men and women, neither do they ever pay the priest for hearing a confession; that is an absurd slander raised against them. They do entreat the prayers of the Blessed Virgin and the saints, and render her honor, but not divine worship; and that even you must admit, on the authority of your own Church, seems sanctioned by the salutation of the angel Gabriel, and of St. Elizabeth, who both greeted her as full of grace, and blessed among women, and the Church from which you claim to have *your authority*, teaches that she is to be honored as the Mother of God."—Gen. xlviii. 16; Matt. xviii. 10; Luke xv. 10; Rom. xv. 30; Isaiah ix. 6; Matt. i. 28; Luke i. 35; Luke i. 40 to 49; 1 Kings vii. 8, 9, 10; Heb. xiii. 18.

"But Catholics themselves will tell you that it

is a sin to believe them to be their redeemers, or in *any way* give to them the honor that belongs to God. They are taught that Christ is the *sole mediator of salvation*, but there are other mediators of *intercession;* they only ask them to do in heaven what they did while they were on earth, and what no good Christian on earth refuses, to help them by their prayers."

"But my dear young lady, how are the good saints to hear and attend to all the prayers that are addressed to them? You ascribe to them the attribute of universal presence."

"Not at all, my dear sir; were I to pray to a saint, it does not follow that I should believe the angel or the saint to be in that place; we know from scripture that there is joy before the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth—Luke xv. 10; why can they not hear our prayers, as well as rejoice over a repentant sinner now—and it seems to my simple understanding like limiting the power of God, to doubt his willingness and power to *reveal to them* the prayers of his children on earth. Jacob asked and obtained the blessing of the angel with whom he had wrestled (Gen. xxxii. 26), and he also invoked *his own* angel to bless Joseph's sons (Gen. xlvii. 16), and in Revelations, where the four and twenty elders in heaven are said to have golden vials full of odors, which are the prayers of the saints (Rev. v. 8); and I have been told that

the Church derived her doctrine on this and on other points, immediately from the Apostles, before any part of the New Testament was written." —See Milner's End of Controversy.

"I am very much surprised," said Mr. Gilford, with one of his most persuasive smiles, "to hear a member of this devoted family defending one of the errors of Rome, and that one of the most absurd; Mary was only the mother of his human, not his divine nature."

"But my dear sir how will you separate them, and still leave him the perfect, adorable God-man, the Redeemer our pitying Father sent into the world, to save us from eternal death?" said Agnes, her whole face glowing with the enthusiasm she felt; and why do our people allow themselves to be guilty of the glaring absurdity of sneering at the Catholics for receiving the traditions of the Church, in proof of the doctrines they hold, when we ourselves can give no better reason for infant baptism, which we all deem essential, and also for the change from the Jewish sabbath or *seventh*, to the *first* day of the week? We, ourselves, receive from the Catholic Church these, and other practices of our religion. Even St. Paul commands us to 'stand fast, and hold the traditions which you have learned, whether they are by *word*, or by epistle.' (2 Thes. ii. 14.) I have often been pained," continued Agnes, "by the inconsistency of our practices; I

am taught by the Protestant Episcopal Church, that she obtains *her authority* to preach and teach directly from the Apostles, who had the power to transmit their authority (that *very* authority claimed by our Church), and yet, I constantly hear the bishops and priests of the Catholic Church reviled and despised, while my Bible teaches me (Luke x, 16) that Jesus Christ, when he gave the authority, said, 'He that despiseth you, despiseth me,' and I daily hear the Catholic Church reviled—'that she has become corrupt,'—'that she is an abomination, and full of lies;' and all this too in the face of the promise of Christ himself, to give the '*Spirit of Truth to guide it.*' It makes my heart sick, and I know not where to turn to find the truth; I am ready to sink with despondency, and only for the faith inspired by the belief, that after he had endured such boundless sufferings for mankind, Jesus Christ would surely keep his word, and perform the comparatively small part of it, by preserving his Church free from such abominable errors, as would destroy the souls for whom He died."

Agnes paused, and coloring violently, seemed scarcely able to repress her tears. Poor girl! it was a sore trial to her. It was the first time that any member of her family had ever heard her express sentiments like these, but she had cherished them long in secret, and her pure mind had recoiled at the thought of the kind of deception she

was allowing herself to practice. She dared not look at Robert, lest the fear of his disapproving eye might cause her to shrink from the performance of a painful duty.

Agnes's purpose was too lofty, her mind and her heart too firm, to turn back, when she felt herself convinced that her duty lay plain before her, even if it had cost her the sacrifice of her heart's dearest treasure. She loved Robert Davis with all the fervor and strength of her deep, true nature; it was no light, girlish fancy: she had loved him since her childhood; it had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her maturer years. She was an orphan, but not poor or dependent; she had felt the necessity of some one to whom she might cling for counsel and tenderness—these she had found in Robert; and now, perhaps—and her heart-strings quivered with the agony of the apprehension—she might be called upon to make this fearful sacrifice. She had never trusted herself fairly to contemplate the picture her imagination could have drawn; she had allowed it to rest, with the merciful veil of futurity concealing it.

"You allow yourself to become too much excited, Miss Gray," said the reverend gentleman, with another of his blandest smiles, and a patronizing air. "With your nervous and impulsive temperament, my dear young friend, I would by all means advise you to keep yourself out of the in-

fluence of these Romanists, for they will certainly mislead your easily excited fancy; and more especially against their priests would I warn you to guard yourself. Your young, pure heart can form no idea of their corruption. I have been recently reading the confessions of a converted priest, in which he says, that, however sincere a young man may be when he commences his ministry, that before the age of thirty he either becomes a very great hypocrite, or else he renounces the corrupt system entirely, which I believe to be wholly the truth, and the unavoidable result of a more intimate acquaintance with Catholic practices." And having delivered himself of this Christian and charitable sentiment, he finished his wine, and the dinner was ended in silence.

"Agnes, will you walk with me to the village, this afternoon?"

Agnes started, as Robert's voice sounded in her ears; she trembled violently; but when she raised her head, and read in those clear, manly, truthful eyes, fixed with such earnest tenderness upon her, "fear not, my beloved, your own pure heart shall follow its dictates unfettered by any restraint from me," there seemed a mountain load taken from her heart. There was no need for words; each understood the other, and her glance, more eloquent than words, expressed the happiness she felt.

Agnes passed from the room to seek her bonnet; when she returned Robert was awaiting her on the piazza; he drew her arm within his, and tenderly pressing the little hand that rested there, murmured softly, "My own Agnes."

Agnes felt deeply the delicacy and kindness of his motive. She was reassured, and returning the pressure, with tearful eyes, and glowing cheeks, she opened her whole heart, and told him all her fears and anxieties, all that she had dreaded from his disapproval of the course she had almost fully resolved to take.

Robert listened in silence for some time; at length he said: "Agnes, this subject is new to me, yet, while I acknowledge its importance, I am not prepared to follow you, my beloved! I must have time for reflection, I must examine for myself, and while I would not for the world interfere with your belief, in a matter that so nearly concerns your welfare, for myself I must have conviction."

Agnes pressed his hand, and replied, that she herself was still in the darkness of ignorance, that she had received no instruction. She then told him how earnestly she had desired to make the acquaintance of the parish priest, and proposed that they should seek him together, to which Robert assented.

As they passed the cottage of Kitty O'Brien, she stood in the door dressed in her best, with her

child, an infant only a few weeks old, in her arms. With a countenance beaming with happiness, she presented it to Agnes, and told her they were just going to the humble little church, and assigning for the reason, that an old neighbor of hers had come some twenty miles on foot, bringing her child in her arms a great part of the way, to receive baptism. Father Bailey had promised to meet them this afternoon, as the poor mother could not be absent long from her young family; she had left them only in the charge of her oldest girl, not more than twelve years of age.

"If you would not take it as an offence, Miss Agnes, shure it's proud we'd be to have ye and Mr. Davis come wid us to the church beyant."

It was just the opportunity Agnes had long desired, but fearing it might be disagreeable to Robert, she was about to decline Kitty's modest invitation, when he answered that he would like to accompany her, if she had any desire to witness the ceremony, so they proceeded with Kitty to the humble little church.

It was a very small, unpretending frame building, standing in the midst of a natural grove; the Catholics were too poor, and few in numbers, to be able to decorate it very elaborately—some candlesticks of very plain workmanship, and a few flowers adorned the altar. A small silver lamp suspended before it, was burning; the priest in his white robe

was already kneeling there, and as Agnes entered, she felt impressed by a solemnity she had never before experienced in the most costly and elegant churches of her own faith.

Father Bailey was an earnest, hard-working, devoted priest; the frosts of time were beginning to sprinkle his locks, but his erect figure, and the sparkle of his clear, dark eye, told that the vigor of his frame was undiminished; the mild and resigned expression of the well formed mouth rendered his countenance remarkably sweet and winning, and it did not mislead; he was truly the benevolent, sensible man, and the charitable Christian, that his face indicated. Agnes might have sought long without finding a more discreet guide and counsellor.

The baptismal service is full of significance; and when the elder child, who was nearly four years old, (a thing very uncommon among Catholics for a child to be deprived of baptism for that length of time, and only in this instance occurring, on account of the distance that the poor mother resided from the priest, and the difficulty of leaving her young family alone,) was presented, the little creature turned her sweet earnest face towards the priest, folded her hands across her breast, bowed her head, while her eyes seemed to gleam with a spiritual light, as if the holy rite had already im-

parted to the young soul, the graces promised by the Church.

Nobody could behold with indifference a sight so truly touching. Upon Robert the impression was very vivid, and he remarked to Agnes afterwards, that it appeared to him at that moment, that there must be good foundation for the belief of Catholics, that the care of each human soul is committed to the keeping of a guardian angel; it seemed as if only a heavenly inspiration could have guided so young a child to conduct itself in a manner so remarkable.

After the service was ended, Agnes lingered with Kitty at the church door. As Father Bailey came out, he bowed politely to Agnes and Robert, and was passing on, but Kitty stopped him, and introduced them.

Father Bailey knew her, but had never been formally presented. He had not been long in charge of this parish, but having seen her at the sick beds of some of his parishioners in the neighborhood, had learned her name from the blessings and good wishes of those she had relieved.

He politely invited them to enter his house, which was close at hand; they accepted his invitation, and, after some general conversation, Agnes frankly told him of her desire to have some of the dogmas of the Catholic Church more fully explained. Father Bailey expressed the pleasure he felt, and

his entire readiness to satisfy her doubts to the best of his ability. Agnes blushed and hesitated, and finally said, that although she had so long and earnestly desired this interview, now, that the opportunity was at hand, she found great embarrassment in knowing how to begin.

She said she had long felt attracted, in an unaccountable manner, towards the Catholic Church, but had striven to repress the desire, blaming herself as for something wrong, all the while feeling a distrust, that it was merely the attraction of her senses, drawing her thither by the love of the beautiful in the outward forms and rites; the music, the paintings, and what Protestants call "*the idle mummeries of the Romanists;*" but the scenes she had witnessed at the sick and dying beds of the poor Catholics, had convinced her that there was some mysterious influence in *that Faith*, which *she* had never known; she felt more and more convinced of it to-day, in the little church. The doctrine of Transubstantiation had long been a powerful attraction to her; to be able to go with the burden of deep grief, in the rapture of thanksgiving, to pour out all at the feet, and in the sensible presence of our Lord, had to her mind an unspeakable satisfaction.

"Am I to understand you then, my young friend, as already believing the doctrine of Transubstantiation?" asked Father Bailey.

"I am not certain that I fully comprehend it," said Agnes; "and I should be greatly obliged to you, if you would explain to me more fully what the Church proposes to her children, as an article of faith, on that subject."

"The Church teaches," said he, "that the holy Eucharist is the TRUE *body* and *blood of Jesus Christ, under the appearance of bread and wine*, and that by the words of *consecration*, pronounced by the priests of the Church in the Mass, *bread* is *changed into the body of Christ*, and wine into *his blood;* yet so that he is present, *whole* and *entire*, both *body* and *blood*, *soul* and *divinity*, under the appearance either of *bread* or of *wine*."

"Then," said Agnes, "that accounts for the practice of the Church in administering the sacrament to the laity only in one kind, which is so constantly thrown as a reproach at Catholics."

"Yes—in receiving this adorable Sacrament under the form *either of bread or of wine*, we receive Jesus Christ whole *and entire*, that is, the Second Person of the blessed Trinity in our human nature. And there is no article of the Catholic faith more firmly grounded on the authority of the Holy Scriptures (Matt. xxvi. 26, 27, 28; John vi. 27, 32, 49, 50, 51, 52–60). If any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever; 'and the bread that I will give him is my *flesh* for the life of the world.' 5, 'I am the living bread which came down from Heaven.'"

"But," said Robert, "is not this to be taken in a figurative sense, and the command to do this in commemoration of him. I must confess, in all deference, my dear sir, it seems like *that* to me, more than an actual command to eat the body and blood of our Lord, which seems so contrary to our natural sense and reason."

"My dear young friend," said Father Bailey kindly, yet earnestly, "you forget that our Lord said at the same time (Luke xxii. 16), 'And taking the bread he gave thanks and brake, and gave to them, saying, This is my *body* which is given for you. *Do this* in commemoration of me;' verse 22, 'And in like manner the chalice also,' &c. &c.; and in the 6th chapter of John, commencing at 48th verse to 66. 41st, 'The Jews therefore murmured at him because he said, I am the living bread which came down from heaven;' 'They murmured at him,' verse 53; the Jews therefore *strove* among themselves, saying, '*How can* this man give us *his flesh* to eat?' and verse 61, '*Many* therefore of his disciples hearing it said, *This saying is hard*, and who can bear it?' Jesus, who loved his disciples, could easily have satisfied them by saying,—when he was fully aware of the peculiar horror of that people *against blood*, he could easily have said that it was only a figure of speech,—only a symbol,—but he *never* told them so;—he asked, Doth this scandalize you? And when they turned

away, he suffered them to go. He *repeated* to them (verse 54), 'Amen, Amen—I say unto you, except you *eat the flesh of the Son of Man*, and *drink his blood*, you shall not have eternal life in you.' 55th, 'He that eateth my flesh and drinketh my blood, hath everlasting life; and I will raise him up in the last day.' In *this*, as in the other sacraments, there is an *outward* action performed, consisting in the consecration of bread and wine, into Christ's body and blood, by the words which he ordained; this is my body, this is my blood."

"But," said Robert, "does not the Protestant version of the Scripture say *broken*, instead of given for you?"

"It does," said Father Bailey; "in the English Protestant version of St. Paul's account, it reads, 'This is my body which is *broken* for you.' While some prefer *this* reading, others have '*bruised*,' and more *recent* editions have '*given*.' But if I understood Miss Gray, she asked me for the *Catholic* doctrine, and so I have confined my quotation to the Catholic version of the Bible."

"I see much to admire in the Catholic Church," said Robert. "But one thing I must own seems an unpleasant feature to me. While I don't object to the devotion of her members, yet I cannot but lament the intolerance that makes Catholics condemn all other denominations, and maintain that

there is no salvation out of her Church, that none of the rest are right."

"Christ himself was just as intolerant," Father Bailey replied, "when he said there was but one shepherd and one fold, and that the other sheep must be brought into *the one* fold. And why was not the selection of the children of Israel, as the chosen people of God, just as intolerant? They were acknowledged so, and other nations of the earth were cut off for them. Mark xvi. 16, 'He that believeth not shall be condemned.' This *one shepherd*, and one fold, surely can be found nowhere else on earth; there is no other that lays any claim to *unity* and infallibility, and that professes to be in regular succession from St. Peter; and in a matter of such vital importance, a claim so stoutly maintained, and so well substantiated, deserves at least to be examined; we show that much attention and respect to subjects of far less importance. The supremacy of St. Peter is clearly deducible from Scripture. Christ told him, 'Thou art Peter, on this rock will I build my church.' Jesus said to the eleven (Matt. xxviii. 18, 19), 'And Jesus coming spoke to them saying, All power is given to me in heaven and in earth.' 19th, 'Going therefore, teach ye all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.' 20th, '*Teaching* them to observe *all things whatsoever I have commanded you;* and behold I am with you

all days, even to the *consummation* of the world.' No language can be stronger than the command was, to TEACH. He did not tell them to read Bibles, for there were none,—none of the New Testament was written. What was to become of all those souls who had to rely on the *teachings of* the Apostles for their knowledge of the way of salvation? The Church, *the teachings* and traditions of the Apostles and their successors, *had to be the rule of faith.*

"Christ commanded them to hear the Church. To my mind, no language can be plainer; and the same obligation to hear the voice of the Church must rest upon us, as the succession is perfectly clear, and the *names* of the successors *all* on record. *None*, but those blinded by prejudice, whether wilful or inherited, can fail to perceive it.

"Against the *records* of the *Church*, Protestants have nothing but simple *denial.* That is not proof.

"St. Paul himself seems plainly to acknowledge the supremacy of St. Peter; before he commenced his labors he went to visit him at Jerusalem (Gal. i. 18)."

"My dear sir," said Robert, "while I thank you for your patience, there is still another serious objection that all Protestants make—I mean confession. Can you produce any warrant from Scripture, for a practice so repugnant to the feelings of

all. I say it without any intention of showing disrespect; but how can you show that it was not a mere human invention; and why, except to obtain some undue influence over the minds of men, is so revolting a practice retained?"

"My young friend," said Father Bailey, his countenance assuming a very serious expression, "if this were merely a human institution, would there not have been some record of the time, of the founder, of the *pretext*, for its institution? Could a *man*, who had the skill to fasten on the necks of his followers a yoke so galling, both to clergy and laity, have remained in obscurity? Would not the enemies of the Catholic Church have dragged to the light of day, and exposed the motives of its founder, which they stigmatize as infamous and abominable? I ask you again, my dear sir, to answer me candidly and dispassionately, could such a *man*, or such a *body of men*, have kept themselves concealed? The time *when* such a *burden* was imposed, must have been recorded, if it were not from the beginning a practice of the Apostles themselves.

"I repeat again, no human skill could have induced either clergy or laity, to submit to a practice so galling. It is equally binding on the bishops and priests, and even the Pope himself confesses his sins. What think you could induce the minister of Christ to sit, hour after hour, through

the heat of summer, and the frosts of winter, oftentimes fasting, wearied in body and spirit, in the narrow confines of the confessional, listening to the tale of human woe poured into his ear. Is the human heart so ready to extend its sympathy, as to endure such privations to lessen the amount of human misery? Oh! believe me, my young friend, there must have been something more than human ingenuity, to fasten this yoke on the necks of either priests or people. You ask me can I 'show any warrant from Scripture?' I can, numerous ones. Numbers v. 5, 6, 7; Matt. iii. 5, 6; Matt. xviii. 18; John xx. 22, 23; Acts xix. 18; James v. 16; 1 John i. 8, 9.

"When Christ breathed upon his Apostles, and said to them, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost, whose sins you *shall forgive*, they are forgiven to them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained,' John xx. 22 and 23, do you not think that he gave *real power* to remit sins, or are these plain words of Holy Scripture to be wrested from their literal sense to mean something else.

"The Church of England and some of her ablest champions agree with *Chillingworth*, who says in reference to this text: 'Can any man be so unreasonable as to imagine, that when our Saviour, in so solemn a manner, having first breathed upon his disciples, thereby conveying to, and insinuating the Holy Ghost into their hearts, renewed unto

them, or rather confirmed that glorious commission, and whereby he delegated to them an authority of binding and loosing sins upon earth, &c.; can any one think so unworthily of our Saviour, as to esteem these words of his for no better than compliment? Therefore, in obedience to his gracious will, and as I am warranted and enjoined by my holy mother, the Church of England, I beseech you, that by your practice and use, you will not suffer that commission which Christ hath given to his ministers, to be a vain form of words, without any sense under them. When you find yourselves charged and oppressed, &c., have recourse to your spiritual physician, and freely disclose the nature and malignancy of your disease, &c. And come not to him, only with such a mind as you would go to a learned man, as one that can speak comfortable things to you; but as to one that hath *authority delegated* to him from God himself, to absolve and acquit you of your sins.' Serm. VII., Relig. pp. 408, 409.

"And *Luther himself*, in his Catechism, required that the penitent, in confession, should expressly declare that he believes the '*forgiveness of the priest*, to be the forgiveness of God.' (Catechism. See also Luther's Table Talk, or Auricular Confession.)

"'Many that believed came and confessed, and declared their deeds,' (Acts xix. 18,) and (James v.

16,) 'Confess your sins one to another,' &c., &c. The Church of England moves the dying man to confess his sins, to what end? but that the priest may know his state of mind, to bind or absolve from his sins."

Here Father Bailey was interrupted by a sick call, and Agnes and Robert rose to depart. The conversation was of course dropped for the present, Father Bailey assuring them, that it would at any time give him pleasure to renew it, or give them any instruction they might desire.

CHAPTER III.

More than six months had glided away, without producing any very perceptible change in Mrs. Maitland's family. The children made some little progress under the tuition of Miss Harris, but not as much as Mrs. Maitland desired, nor, charitable as she was, what she had expected. Mr. Gilford had offered his services to assist Miss Harris in the instruction of the children, and also to give that young lady herself some lessons in mathematics and the languages. Agnes had been invited to join the class; but of late, for some reasons that she did not mention, had withdrawn entirely, and steadily declined going to the school-room; and upon one occasion, she ventured to suggest, in the gentlest possible manner, to Miss Harris, that she had better confine her lessons to the school-room, and not go to the private apartments of the Rev. Mr. Gilford; and told her as kindly as she could, that her doing so had given rise to impertinent and

disagreeable remarks amongst the servants, and it was always better to avoid the least appearance of scandal. But Miss Harris did not take it kindly from her; she was offended, and cried, and treated Agnes as if she had been guilty of very great injustice, and her manner became so unpleasant, that Agnes, whatever she might have thought, kept it all locked within her own breast, and never ventured again to make any suggestion.

Mrs. Gilford's pale sad face grew gradually paler and sadder, and Mrs. Maitland exerted herself to tempt the good woman's appetite,—took her often to drive through the neighborhood, and urged her to take short walks with her, and endeavored to interest her in the families of the poor,—and in various ways tried to win her from the settled despondency that seemed to be wearing her life away. And a close observer could have detected an anxious, unsettled expression on her own countenance; but whatever might be her anxieties or cares, she said nothing.

The time was drawing near when Agnes was to be united to Robert Davis, and Mrs. Maitland's thoughts were busy with preparations for that event. Agnes' change from Protestantism to Catholicity, was, at first, a real grief and vexation to her, but she had gradually become reconciled to it; she was too affectionate, and too sincerely attached, to persecute or annoy her sister,—both Mr. Maitland

and herself were incapable of any thing of the sort, and neither would have dreamed of throwing any obstacles in her way. Mr. Gilford's arguments fell unheeded upon Agnes' ears, and if a shade of doubt did sometimes for a moment cross the mind of Mrs. Maitland, when Agnes dwelt upon the claims of the Catholic Church, and urged as a reason for the step she herself had taken, the impossibility of securing salvation out of the channel through which Christ himself had appointed it to be received, she silenced her own conscience by thinking that her own parents—her mother, to whom she had been tenderly attached, and her own husband, were Protestants—and it really made no difference after all what creed one believed, so that he had the real disposition to serve God—a person would get to Heaven from any church if he were only sincerely in earnest. Poor woman! she quieted her conscience as thousands have done; she could not endure the pain of breaking old ties, and she dared not to trust herself to examine any further, for fear of being made to feel the truth of what Agnes so earnestly urged upon her, that the Catholic Church holds, and *proves* from Scripture, that she alone is the true Church. She must, to be consistent, hold this doctrine of exclusive salvation, and that the charge of bigotry could no more be brought against her for maintaining a claim she is so well able to substantiate, than against the Jews

for asserting that they were the chosen people of God, and the only depository of divine truth.

"But my dear young lady," said Mr. Gilford, who entered the room, one day, during one of those discourses between the sisters, and thus joined in the conversation, "you cannot intend to insist that the Catholic religion, as it exists now, is the only true religion? Look around you, see to what a degraded state it has brought all those countries where Romanism prevails,—look at the withering influence of Jesuitism, and contrast those countries with the more favored nations, where the Protestant religion has expelled the errors and darkness of Popery!"

"And what am I to see, even when I judge of things by your own standard of mere worldly prosperity?

"I totally deny your premises—I deny that they are more prosperous. Look at Ireland, reduced to her present situation, not by her religion, but by the cruelty of Protestant England's penal laws, that made it a crime for even a child to be taught to read by a Catholic—laws that virtually prevented the Catholic from attaining to the Protestant standard of prosperity. And even though I should grant you, that to be rich is to be prosperous and happy, that would not go one step towards proving the truth or falsity of the Catholic Church. It does not diminish one iota of her

claim to be obeyed as the one true Church; if it prove any thing, it is in *favor* of it. For were not the most polished and powerful nations of the earth, those most renowned for science, literature, and arms, passed over, left in the darkness of error, and in the shadow of death, while a poor and despised people, oppressed by the rich and great ones of earth, were chosen as the depository of divine truth, and elevated to the dignity of the chosen people of God? To my simple understanding, it only strengthens my premises; for this people, like Catholics now, continued to be poor in worldly treasures—were always despised and oppressed. Our blessed Lord, by choosing for himself and his Mother *poverty* and *obscurity*, has invested both with a kind of dignity."

"Ellen, my love," said Mr. Maitland, entering the room with an open letter in his hand, and a smile on his face, "I wish you or Agnes would go to see poor Patrick. I fear they may be in need, for his letter seems pretty urgent for work;" and Mr. Maitland read aloud the following characteristic epistle.

"DER SIR:—I hope you will excuse me For thos Fue Lines I have send you Pleas to Let you know that I never will For get your gentlemanly Feelings Thos me (you give me your wood to cut and you got me the Ice House to fill wich I dis-

charg me deuty with Integerty accorden to your recommend not For getting Mr—ss Maitland that Long may shee Live and Happy may shee Bee and the Lord From all Danger set her Free. I expect you will Be is kind to me now as ever in regard to cutting of the remander of your wood I expect you will not give it to any won From me as I stand most need of it the childer bees doun wid mesels and Biddy herself lying these six weeks gone—and meself just up from the last attack of the fever—the Lord reward you for all the kindness yees have done til yees obedient servant

"PATRICK MAHONEY."

Mrs. Maitland said she would go herself, immediately, and attend to the necessities of the family. She was soon ready, and set off, accompanied by a servant, bearing a well filled basket.

As she passed the house of old Mrs. Reed, she recollected that she had not seen her or any of the family at church for several Sundays; so she sent Thomas forward to Patrick's cabin, telling him, that he might leave the contents of the basket, and return home; that she should not require his services any longer—she entered the dwelling of Mrs. Reed.

The old woman, who was busily engaged knitting, rose when she entered, and greeted her, seemingly, with much pleasure. That she was a pattern

of a tidy New England housewife, the rows of shining tins on the old-fashioned dresser, and the long strings of dried pumpkins and apples, stretched on poles over head, fully attested. Around the broad chimney were hung huge pieces of dried beef, interspersed with red pepper, and in the corner, near the fire, stood a churn, with a snow-white napkin pinned around the top, the dasher standing cosily in the midst, as if inviting some pair of skillful hands to commence the process of converting the rich, sweet cream into the golden lumps, that were the pride of good Mrs. Reed's heart. A peep into her dairy at the nice, substantial cheeses, and the tempting pans of milk, the great baskets filled with eggs, ready to be sent off to market—the cackling of poultry around the outhouses, where five or six sleek-looking calves were meekly dozing, and a superb peacock strutted and pompously displayed his magnificent feathers before an envious gobbler, the intensity of whose emotions was manifested by the deepening crimson, and the rapid elongation of his frontal caruncle, and the solicitude he showed to withdraw the hen-turkeys from the pernicious influence of this gaudy enchanter,—everything showed that there was an abundance of the good things of this life in and around that humble farmhouse.

After some cordial inquiries on both sides, Mrs. Maitland said, "I was fearful that some of the

family might be ill, not having seen you for some time at church; you know the congregation is so small that the absence of one family makes quite a perceptible difference."

"I know," said Mrs. Reed, fidgeting in her chair, and taking off her glasses and rubbing them carefully, holding them up between her eyes and the light, and giving them another vigorous polish, as if she had discovered one more blemish—she held them up once more, and then, as if satisfied in her own mind of their unexceptionable condition, she touched a spring spectacle case, and laying them carefully into it, said, with an air of one determined to give utterance to something that had long given her uneasiness—

"Well, now, Mrs. Maitland, I will just tell you plainly, and no offence either to you or to your husband for getting him here, I don't like the minister—he aint to the mind of us plain folks. To be sure he's smiling, and has pleasant ways, when he comes to see a body; and I can't say any thing particular against his sermons, and somehow they aint godly like, and," continued she, lowering her voice, "since it's to you, Mrs. Maitland, I am just going to free my mind, he aint much liked about here among the neighbors. We are all plain folks, but we know when a man does right in the little every-day ways of life.

"We don't like to see the minister riding and

walking about the country with a young lady, so often, and leaving his own wife alone at home—and the people all say, *that* Miss *Harris* hangs on his arm like his own wife, and *that*, for a minister, does not look well, and people will talk, you know."

Poor Mrs. Maitland colored to her temples, as if the accusation had been brought against herself. She had keenly felt the impropriety of these things; she had even seen and regretted them, and the sight of Mrs. Gilford's pale, sad face often haunted her; remarks had been made in the family, once quite rudely, to Mr. Gilford himself, by a coarse, but good-hearted servant girl, who, when she was reproved by Mrs. Maitland, said bluntly—"Well, she didn't see why the minister didn't ride and walk with his own wife, and not always be helping that stuck-up-thing over the stiles, and bringing her flowers; it would be a *better example* to leave the like of her, and mind his own wife—poor sick body, she needed it bad enough!"

"But, my good Mrs. Reed," said Mrs. Maitland, with some hesitation—"can you not induce the neighbors to be quiet, and not give scandal to the other denominations? They have enough fault to find always, without our own people giving them occasion, by the circulation of these slanders; for you must be aware, my good woman, they can be nothing else."

"I mustn't say, that's *very certain*, that they

are true, but I will not say that it does not look badly. And a woman who gives as good an example in the neighborhood as you do, cannot approve of such things," said Mrs. Reed, in a positive way.

"I think the Episcopals, as well as others, perhaps, *say* too much about it; but, Mrs. Maitland, you must own it takes the heart and courage out of one to hear a man preach one thing, and act so contrary to his preaching himself. If we should fall sick, we don't want to send for a man then, who gives us such a poor example, and edifies us so little in health."

Mrs. Maitland could not defend what she so cordially disapproved; so she begged Mrs. Reed not to believe all she heard, and to try to influence her neighbors to think as charitably as possible.

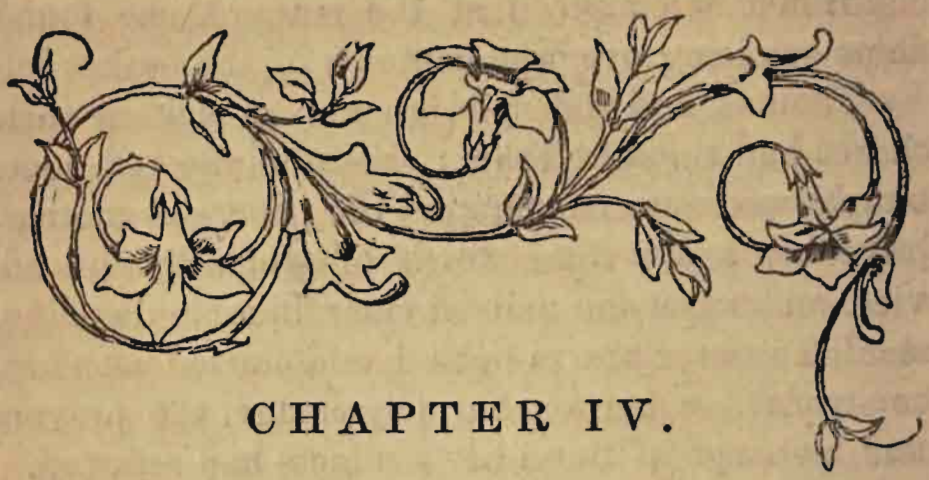
Rising to take her leave, she invited Mrs. Reed to come over and see her, and proceeded to Patrick's cottage, musing sadly upon the remarks of the old lady.

It was a clear, bright afternoon, and although near Christmas, still no snow had fallen; the air was fresh and invigorating, without being keenly piercing.

Mrs. Maitland pursued her way, musing sadly, and wondering what course she ought to pursue, feeling the difficulties of her position, without seeing any way clear to extricate herself.

When she arrived at the cottage, she found them rejoicing over the contents of the basket left by Thomas, and the children not as sick as their father had thought them; she administered some simple medicine, encouraged the poor, sick mother, gave her a few kind words of sympathy and advice, and when she quitted their humble dwelling, she left lighter hearts behind, and carried with her, to strengthen her on her pilgrimage, the prayers and blessings of those her kindness had relieved.

"Shure," as Pat said, "it's a little thing as helps the poor; I trust the Lord will not forsake Biddy nor me—we have always trusted Him for these long years, and it's always the bit and the sup He has provided, when the hour looked the darkest, blessed be his Holy Name. Sure it's onasy Biddy was when the childer got sick, and the nivir a haputh to give them—but, whist, Biddy, honey! says I; the Lord hears the young ravens whin they cry, and He'll not be casting us off who never forget to thank Him for all his mercies to us, and we so little desarvin."



CHAPTER IV.

When Mrs. Maitland left Pat's cottage, she passed on with a quick, light footstep, not pausing or lingering to admire the glorious sunset—her heart was busy with other things; her thoughts dwelt with a painful intensity on what she had just heard from old Mrs. Reed, and it caused her much sorrow. Sincere and guileless herself, she shuddered, and was disgusted at the duplicity of one whom she felt bound to respect, and whom she so heartily desired to esteem.

Mrs. Maitland's thoughts were diverted from so painful a channel as she drew near home, by the sight of two bright little faces coming to greet her.

Lizzie, accompanied as usual by old Nero, bounded forward, with outstretched arms, and seizing Mrs. Maitland's hand, imprinted several kisses upon it, saying, with a tone and look that belied her words—"Oh! my cruel mamma, to go for a nice long walk, all by herself, and leave her little

children shut up so dismal at home. Mamma disdains our company, Fanny."

"And so my little daughter is not content with cherishing unkind thoughts towards her mamma, but she wishes to inspire her cousin Fanny with unjust suspicions, is that it?" said Mrs. Maitland, with a graver expression than she intended, nor was she at all aware of the weight her child attached to her words. She had not quite shaken off the harassing thoughts that had occupied her mind, and still left their grave traces on her countenance.

"My aunty never disdains my company," said Fanny, looking up with a comfortable and satisfied air.

The little girl, though kind and affectionate, still had not the noble, generous impulses that actuated her cousin, and the unbounded praise so constantly bestowed upon her, had rendered her somewhat conceited; she was naturally deficient in the delicacy and tact that would have prevented her making a remark likely to wound the feelings of another. She was one of those natures that have a fine intention to do right always, and succeed so well, that they come at last, from the injudicious bestowal of praise, to forget that they can do any wrong; and when overtaken in a fault, instead of confessing it magnanimously, and with a sincere resolution of amendment, allow a feeling of obstinacy and resistance to spring up.

Such persons rarely love those who endeavor to correct their faults, however gently or affectionately it may be done, and in consequence, dispositions that have much in them really valuable and lovable, gradually acquire an incrustation of selfishness and conceit, that obscures their nobler qualities.

Lizzie saw her mother's grave expression, and, without fully understanding it, she felt a little saddened, and fell into a train of musing; she could not help wondering how it was that, with a heart so full of love and affection for every body, and such a desire to see all around her happy, and to be good and happy herself, she so much oftener did wrong than right, and that with all her resolutions and endeavors, she never could accomplish what seemed so easy to Fanny's less impulsive nature.

It was not the least touch of envy that caused those big bright drops to fall amid the shaggy locks of Nero, as she bent over him and clasped her little arms around his neck, and murmured words of affection, which he seemed to comprehend well enough, if one could judge from the sympathetic wag of his tail.

She lingered behind while Mrs. Maitland and Fanny continued their walk homeward. Mrs. Maitland's mind was so full of other things, that she really did not observe that Lizzie was not be-

side her, for there was nothing at all unusual in her loitering at any time to play with Nero.

"You love me, good doggee, don't you, and always understand me; you never think I am naughty?"

The creature turned his clear, friendly eyes towards her with an expression that said, as plainly as words, "that I do, and though all the world should frown, you will find me ever fond and faithful,"—he tried to lick her soft cheek, then laid his head over her shoulder as she half knelt beside him.

"What are you doing here alone, you little gypsy?" said Robert Davis, stopping his horse close beside the child, who had been so engrossed as not to hear his approach.

"Waiting for you to give me a ride, perhaps," said she, looking up with an expression he could not resist. So laughing, he dismounted and placed her before him on the saddle, which so delighted her, that one would have sought in vain in that glowing, joyous young face for any traces of the sadness visible but a moment before.

Nero wagged his tail in token of joyful recognition, capered and trotted along, as if pleased and grateful, and anxious to show his satisfaction for any thing that had given his young mistress so much pleasure.

"Now, please, Mr. Robert, do go the old road,

round by the waterfall, to make the ride a little longer, it is so pretty there—don't *you* think so? Aunt *Agnes* likes to go there," said she, coaxingly. I don't have many rides now that Miss Harris is here. I have to learn my lessons all day, and when they are done, there never is any room for me since she is here. *She* always wants to go, and then mamma says, 'Lizzie, my love, you will stay, like a good little girl, and let Miss Harris have your seat,' and then I don't want to cry, though I feel as if I couldn't help it sometimes; for if I do, mamma looks so sorry, and says, 'I thought my little daughter was a woman.' Sometimes Aunt Agnes coaxes mamma to let me go, and she holds me on her lap—and the other day she staid at home herself, because it crowded the carriage too much; and then mamma said, 'Oh, Agnes, you indulge that child so, you will make her selfish,' and that spoiled all my nice ride. I wasn't happy to have her stay home for me, and I should not like to be a selfish little girl. Miss Harris don't like to walk with us, she goes with Mr. Gilford, and says she cannot be troubled with children. I don't like her half as well as I do Aunt Agnes."

"And why not?" said Robert, amused, and drawing the child on to talk of one so dear to him.

"I cannot tell why, exactly," said she; "but her face looks so still and hard, her eyes don't seem soft, and I never want to go and lay my head on

her lap. I had much rather play with Nero, or tie ribbons in Pussy's ears; and when she says, 'Sit Still, Miss!' 'Be quiet, not so much noise!' it makes me ache all over to hear it, and I feel myself getting stiff directly; but when Aunt Agnes says, 'Come here my pet,' and puts her arms around me, and looks into my eyes and kisses me, it makes my heart beat so fast; and something tingles in the ends of my fingers when she lays her soft hand upon my head; it makes me feel as I do when the sunshine comes into the school-room through the shutters, that Miss Harris always keeps so close, I want to creep up nearer to it.

"I wish you could hear, Mr. Robert, how sweet and low her voice sounds when she says her prayers—there, it's like *that*," said she, and directing his attention to the murmur of the water. "Sometimes, just in the middle of my prayers, I begin to think about the birds, and the pretty brook, and how cunningly the blood-root and the violets grow on the banks—is that very wicked, do you think?"

"You must ask your Aunt Agnes—what does she say?" said Robert, evasively, and laughing at her earnest look.

"Why she kissed me, and said I was a droll little thing, and then I heard her say to herself—'Holy Mother, pray for her.' Then somehow I felt so happy and safe, that I fell fast asleep—and I always

do feel sure they will, when *she* asks the Blessed Virgin and my guardian angel to watch over me; don't you think so too?"

Robert pressed the child to his bosom, but did not reply, but he felt the same certainty that she expressed.

"There is another reason why I don't love Miss Harris as well—that is, because she told Fanny 'she must not make the sign of the cross, nor imitate any of Miss Agnes' popish practices, but must go to church with her every Sunday, and listen to what Mr. Gilford said, and not go among those low, ignorant Catholics that Miss Agnes goes to see.'

"How are they low and ignorant, Mr. Robert? is it because they are poor? is it wicked to be poor?" said Lizzie; but without waiting for his answer, she continued, "I am sure Thomas and Kitty O'Brien, too, seem to know a great many things that I like to hear. Kitty has such nice pictures hanging up in her cottage, it made me sorry when I looked at them, and I cried when she told me all about what they meant, how they bound Jesus Christ to a pillar, and scourged him till the blood flowed; and how they made him carry the great cross; it is all there, Mr. Robert, where he fell three times—and when they crucified him, and took him down to lay him in the new tomb. Oh! how sad and sorrowful his poor mother looks to see those cruel men put her son to death. Kitty says,

when she has trouble, she looks at those pictures, and when she has thought about them for a little while, it takes it all out of her heart. I love to go and see them; how can it be naughty to go there? Kitty never tells me any thing bad, but often talks to me about her little child that went to heaven, for Kitty says it was baptized, and that it is with the angels now. She don't cry about it any more, because she said she gave it back to God to dwell with him, and to pray for its poor mother who is here."

But we must leave Lizzie to enjoy her ride, and Robert her prattle, while we follow Mrs. Maitland as she pursued her way homewards, deeply engrossed by the mingled emotions produced by the events of the afternoon.

The sun, fast sinking behind the hills, poured a flood of golden light upon every object, tinging the tall evergreens, and bringing out the delicate tracery of the leafless maples and beeches that reared their graceful branches against the sky, which brilliant and gorgeous appeared, where the few clouds that floated above the horizon caught the reflection of the setting sun, as if crucibles of molten gold had been poured out there, and lay scattered in glittering and confused masses. The mountains stood out gray and shadowing, as if, like the portals of the grave, waiting to swallow up and hide for ever this vision of splendor; or, like a monu-

ment on a battle-field, which remains cold and unmoved, to mark the spot after some imposing and solemn pageant has passed away.

If good Mrs. Maitland was not as keenly alive to all this beauty, as some more delicately-strung nature, she was fully sensible of the comforts of her own home, as she drew near, and glanced around at the well-filled barns, warm stables, and substantial outhouses; the capacious woodsheds, with the huge piles of clear, clean-looking maple wood, laid up in even rows, giving one an enviable feeling of comfort and independence.

If there were no longer roses to gather out of doors, there was every thing within to make one forget, or at least, not regret them; and it was with a feeling something similar to a mother's, who sees her children snugly and warmly laid in their little beds for the night, that she glanced over the garden-wall at the delicate plants, carefully protected and sheltered by their straw coverings from the frosts of the approaching winter. The well-filled and carefully tended green-house afforded refreshing sights and delicious odors during the long and severe New England winter, but which she had no cause to dread, though the chill blasts should howl around, and cause the stripped branches to creak and moan as it whirled the browned and withered leaves against the casement; the wind cannot enter the warm double sashes.

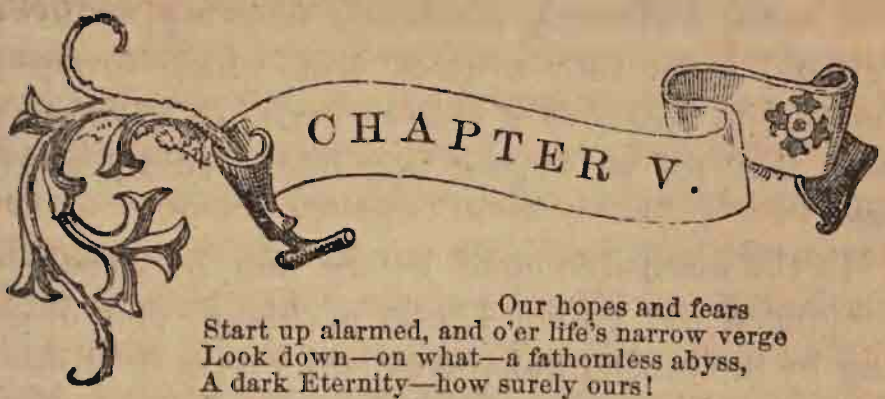
One less interested than Mrs. Maitland, would have rejoiced over the plentiful heaps of hard, shining apples, laid away to be brought out in mid-winter, juicy and mellowed, with the beautiful red stripes penetrating and tinging the crisp and tender pulp; the purple and luscious grapes, too plentiful to be consumed, carefully put away in layers of cotton, to tempt the appetite with their delicious flavor, and to ornament the dinner table on some pleasant fête day, or some family re-union, and make them forget the frosts and snows without.

Perhaps she has a vision of Thanksgiving Day—which is fast approaching—or, it may be of Agnes's wedding day. And, already, in her busy imagination, the well-fattened turkeys and chickens are gracing the table; the long, clear, white stalks of celery, carefully curled, are hanging over the sides of the tall glass, that does not conceal the clear stems, free from rust or blemish, and all the other rich products of her garden, spread, with New England profusion, over the hospitable board.

Her thoughts were diverted by these and other pleasant associations that crowded into her mind, as she reached her home. She sent Fanny with a message to Agnes, while, with the careful forethought of the provident mistress, she went herself around to the back porch to see if her directions had been attended to, in sheltering a favorite and delicate rose vine that graced the portico. Her at-

tention was attracted by a light in the school-room. There was nothing unusual in a light at that season of the year, only it was an uncommon circumstance in that part of the house at that hour. She entered, and passing quickly along, opened the door of the apartment, and stood for an instant in sorrowful amazement, rooted to the spot. Seated at a table with an open volume lying before them, with their backs towards the door, sat Mr. Gilford and Miss Harris; the arm of the reverend gentleman was around her waist, and tenderly supported her figure; her drooping head rested on his shoulder. As Mrs. Maitland turned to make a hasty retreat from the apartment, she beheld in the door-way, which she had left open behind her, Mrs. Gilford's pale and haggard face. As she hurried past her, the sound of many footsteps and heavy tramping in the passage beyond, and the voice of Agnes crying in piteous accents, "Oh! what can have happened?" caused Mrs. Maitland to dart forward with the speed of lightning.

When she reached the dining-room she saw Lizzie, pale and inanimate, borne in the arms of Father Bailey, and Robert Davis stretched lifeless on the floor, the blood flowing from a deep gash on his forehead.



CHAPTER V.

Our hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what—a fathomless abyss,
A dark Eternity—how surely ours!

FATHEY BAILEY was returning after a long day's ride from the discharge of some parochial duties. As he slowly descended the mountain, he had watched the glowing sunset, his thoughts introverted, while his eyes wandered over the landscape; many and varied were the recollections and associations awakened by the scene. Judging from the calm and peaceful expression of his countenance, the subject of his musings was of no painful or unpleasant nature. As he came within sight of the spire of his humble little church, and his eyes rested on the cross that ornamented its summit, he lifted his hat and bowed his head reverently. Pausing a moment before entering the little glen, he listened to the sound of the waterfall.

The clatter of a horse's hoofs dashing over the gravelly roads, at what seemed a fearful speed, aroused his attention; directly a child's wild cry of terror, mingled with the deep tones of a man's voice, then a crushing, heavy sound, caused the

good man, without a moment's faltering, to urge his tired beast into a quick trot, which brought him, in the space of a few seconds, in view of a scene, that for an instant appalled even his stout heart.

In the insensible child before him, he instantly recognized the young Lizzie Maitland, and dragging by the bridle, was the bleeding form of Robert Davis. As he came up, the lifeless hand fortunately relaxed its hold, and the frightened animal rushed, snorting and panting, down the steep and stony pathway. To descend from his horse and ascertain that life was not yet extinct in the wounded man—to take the pale, insensible child in his arms to the nearest house, and seek assistance for Robert, was but the work of a few moments.

Lizzie seemed stunned by the fall, and the good man could not tell the extent of the injury; he succeeded in obtaining immediate assistance, for they were but a short distance from the cottage of Micky O'Brien, and grieving hearts and tender hands speedily bore Robert from the scene we have just described, to the house of Mr. Maitland.

To gratify Lizzie, he had extended his ride some distance through the glen, and, returning, a hare suddenly crossing the path had frightened the high-spirited animal; alarmed, he had darted away at the top of his speed. Robert, embarrassed by the child, could not guide or control him as usual, and

dashing on at this fearful rate, he had stumbled, and thrown them both from the saddle. Robert, firmly holding the child in his grasp, had broken the fall for her so effectually, as to prevent any external injury; for himself, it was far different—the path was steep and narrow, and he had been thrown with such violence against the rocks, that, besides the deep and fearful gash on his temple, his side was seriously injured, from striking a sharp rock on the roadside. Father Bailey, from his long experience at the bedsides of the sick and dying, soon discovered that Robert's wounds were of the most dangerous character.

Agnes, with quivering lip, and a woe at her heart too crushing for tears, besought him not to leave her in this fearful moment. "Oh! if he were to die thus!" said she, clasping her hands with a look of anguish words were powerless to describe, "without the sacred rite of baptism; and I know that he has long desired to receive it. Oh! God, spare him! Holy Mother, assist thy child in this dreadful hour!"

She hung over his pillow for hours, scarcely breathing, watching for some returning animation. All that she could discover was, that he still breathed, but no sign of returning consciousness alleviated the agonizing suspense.

"Oh that his senses may be restored, if only long enough to receive the last sacraments!" mur-

mured Agnes, and she threw herself on her knees beside his couch.

"Daughter, be comforted," said Father Bailey. "God will, I trust, grant our prayers; but you must remember whose hand has sent this sore affliction. He can assuage the wound his providence has made; and kneeling beside her he said the prayers for the sick and dying.

Just as he concluded, Robert opened his eyes, and murmured "Agnes."

In an instant she was on her feet beside him, her ear bent down to catch the faintest whisper.

"Agnes, send for Father Bailey. I am dying," said he, faintly, and with great difficulty. "I wish to make my confession, and receive baptism."

"He is here already, my love," said she. "Are you able to speak to him?"

"Oh that I had not delayed so long! my hours are numbered. Where is Lizzie?"

Agnes assured him that she lived. "Thank God!" he murmured. "And her mother, can she forgive me the sorrow and anguish I have brought upon her?"

Agnes pressed his hand, and asked him if she should leave him now, alone with Father Bailey; he signified his desire that she should do so. She sought her own room, and casting herself on her knees, gave vent to her anguish in a flood of tears, the first she had been able to shed.

Long and fervently she prayed for strength to bear this burden; heartily she thanked God, that her prayer had been answered, and that his reason was restored for even a short time; and for her sister she prayed, that her child might be spared, and this sorrow averted.

She arose calm and strengthened, and went to seek her sister at Lizzie's bedside. The child had sank into a slumber, but was restless and feverish, and uttered low moans, turning her head from side to side. Agnes bent down and kissed the flushed little cheek, and her tears gushed anew over her darling. Oh! who can tell the anguish of her torn heart through that dreadful night, as she knelt beside the young sufferer, awaiting a summons to Robert's bedside.

The morning's dawn found Robert somewhat stronger; he was able to converse quite freely, and in Agnes's heart the blessing hope sprung up, that he might yet be restored. He seemed relieved from all suffering, and his eye beamed with a calm and holy light. To Agnes's eager question, the doctor shook his head sadly,—he knew her hopes were false, but he had not courage to tell her so.

Robert expressed great anxiety to have the holy rites of baptism and communion administered without delay, and requested the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Maitland; they came, and, standing around his bedside in the early dawn, the servant

of Christ poured over him the regenerating waters of baptism, that made him a child of God, an heir of heaven, and enfolded him in the arms of our Holy Mother the Church.

For a few moments he lay with his eyes closed, and his hands clasping a crucifix on his breast; his countenance seemed to beam with a celestial radiance; he lay like one entranced. Unclosing his eyes, he stretched out his hand to Mr. Maitland, who drew near, bent down beside him, and sobbed aloud. "Ah! my friend, no need for tears, except those of joy,—rejoice with me, and for me; comfort her, who is so dear to me. Agnes, my beloved! joy of my life! Thou wilt not weep for me now, as for one lost. Dearest love, let this console thee, through the remainder of life's pilgrimage, that it was thy gentle influence, and thy tender counsels, that first guided my wayward footsteps to this heavenly light—and now," he exclaimed, "I see clearly, like one from whose eyes the scales have already dropped. It is worth more than all these earthly sufferings to attain this joy; and, beloved of my heart, now, on the threshold of Eternity I say, I would not return, even to thee; but thou wilt come to me—we shall not be parted, only the veil of the body will be between thy spirit and mine, now that the waters of regeneration have washed away all my sins. Our Blessed Jesus," he tried to bow his head at the name, "will

comfort and support thee in thy wanderings, and bring thee home at last. Shed no bitter tears, like those who have no hope; weep, love, if 'twill ease thy torn breast, but let thy tears fall like the soft rain drops, to refresh the pathway of some toil-worn pilgrim; let thy gentle hand and tender counsel cheer and guide others, as they have me, to the light. 'Tis *thy mission*, sweet one!" said he, fixing his eyes upon her. "'Tis thy mission! from God himself, to bind up the wounds of the suffering, to comfort the broken-hearted. God himself will guide thee,—have no concern, He will guard thee—and He will comfort thee. Ah! my beloved, the spouse I leave thee is more tender, more faithful, than he whom thou must resign."

Agnes stood before him, her head bowed down, and her hands clasped together, listening as if to words of inspiration. She did not weep, she did not even tremble,—she seemed as if the consolation and support he promised, had already entered her soul. She stood there, like one who has already completed some mighty sacrifice, and is ready, nerved for the struggle.

God help thee, maiden! thou hast need of all thy courage to bear thee up, amid the toils and discouragements of the rough pathway before thee.

Mrs. Maitland gazed with tearful eyes upon her sister, and her dying friend, and in her heart acknowledged there must be some mysterious

power in that religion, which could thus sustain, in so trying an hour.

Mr. Maitland sat with his hand shading his eyes, close beside the dying Robert; his words sank deep into his heart,—he knew the strength of the tie about to be severed, and he felt with his wife, the power of that faith which could surmount such a trial.

Father Bailey was obliged to leave, but promised to return very soon, and administer extreme unction.

Agnes watched beside his couch; he had fallen into a light slumber, she could not leave his side even to take a little rest. From time to time Mrs. Maitland went to and fro, to bring tidings of Lizzie.

Poor Mrs. Gilford came also, with her pale, sad face, to watch beside her, and offer her assistance; but these moments were too precious,—no inducement could win her from the bedside of Robert, while he lived; she felt each moment was an age, that she was compelled to leave him.

Mr. Maitland looked in astonishment at Agnes—he knew her warm and affectionate heart, and the depth of her attachment to an object so worthy; but he did not comprehend *all* that sustained that frail and delicate creature, under circumstances so heart-rending; he did not understand the faith that could prompt such a generous offering as she

was prepared to make. At that deathbed she had already resolved, from henceforth, to dedicate herself, and all she possessed, to the service of God. The world was already forgotten, all its allurements were to be as nothing to her; she would be the spouse of Christ. 'Twould be a vain task to attempt to dissuade her; her vow was already registered in Heaven,—Robert had spoken truly; God had given her strength.

When Father Bailey returned, Robert was awake, and still entirely conscious, and quite calm; he greeted him with a glad smile, and requested Mr. Maitland to remain, while Father Bailey proceeded to administer the last consolation that the Church has to offer to her departing children; the last solemn benediction was given, the sobs of the living were hushed, that the tranquillity of the departing soul might not be disturbed. Every feature was radiant with the sublime emotions that animated his soul. Suddenly, and as if impelled by some unseen and celestial influence, and forgetful of the poor clay that still enthralled the soul, he broke out and sang in a clear, low tone, a hymn of thanksgiving; as he ceased, the rising sun streamed through the casement, and rested like a halo around his dying head, as if in token of the acceptance of the holocaust. Unclosing his eyes, they rested for a moment, with a gleam of tenderness, upon the group beside him. Father Bailey held

the crucifix before him; he fixed his eyes upon it, murmured the names of Jesus, Mary, and closed them for ever upon this world.

Father Bailey and Agnes sank upon their knees, while he recited, in a low voice, the prayers for the departing soul, while it winged its flight to another sphere. Just at that moment the glorious orb of day burst forth in all its splendor, and illumed by its refulgence the apartment so lately consecrated by the presence of visitants and messengers from the unseen world.

CHAPTER VI.

"I knew each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell of this wild wood,
And every bosky bower from side to side."

TEN years had rolled away, bringing many changes to those in whom we hope our readers feel something of an interest. A horseman, young, and in the very flush and pride of youth and health, wound his way through the secluded valley, where the thriving little village of Maitlandville was situated. The smoke from the forges still ascended, and curled as black and dense as years ago, and except that the number of the habitations had multiplied, and an appearance of a more thriving and increasing population, the scene was unchanged.

The little stream rippled as restless and noisy as ever, and the waterfall murmured as of old, and all looked peaceful and pleasant.

Around the cottage door of Mickey O'Brien

were gathered to enjoy the sunset, and rest from the toils of the day, a glad and happy group. Kitty, herself, looked almost as young as ten years ago; she had grown stout and ruddy, and but for the five or six healthy looking youngsters gathered around, one would have scarcely guessed her age.

"Whist, childer, whist! cannot ye ha' dun we yees skelpin' there, and let a body hear what the gintleman is saying?" said Kitty, rising, the better to listen to the handsome young horseman, who had ridden up to the door, and was asking questions of the Maitland family, and of the neighborhood, that showed him no stranger in the vicinity.

"It is many a year since I have seen any member of it—how does it fare with them?"

"It cannot be many years, and you so young, sir," said Kitty, glancing with an approving smile at the black hair and bright eyes of the young stranger; but, continued she, "it's pleased they'll be to see ye, I'm shure of it, for they're is nothing changed of the old way of welcome to the stranger; God's blessing be wid 'em all; but it's the kind family they are to the needy and distressed crathurs around thim, whoever they may be; since Miss Agnes wint away, we missed her kind face and her soft voice."

"Where has Miss Agnes gone?" said the stranger, interrupting Kitty.

"Och! dear, though, did ye not know that after

Misther Robert died—God rest his soul!—and all the family got to be good Catholics, after that Mr. Gilford wint his ways—Mr. Maitland consented, at last, to part with Miss Agnes, to be a Sister of Charity, and it's eight years, coming spring, since she wint her ways. Then three years gone Miss Lizzie and Miss Fanny have been away at the convent, gitting their larning; but they're home agin now, and two prettier lasses are not to be seen in all the country round."

"I can well believe that," said the stranger, "for when I saw them last, Miss Lizzie was as bright and pretty a child as one could wish to see."

"May be it's well acquainted ye are in these parts, and not long since ye were there?" said Kitty, a little curiously.

"Kitty, have you forgotten me then so entirely?" said he, taking off his hat, and grasping her hand cordially.

"Mr. Henry Sumner!" cried she, looking him full in the face, and shaking his hand warmly; "I was shure those eyes were not strange to me, wid the mischief in thim plain as ever. Oh, Misther Henry, ye've bin long away, far enough, too, since I saw ye, but I'm thinking how surprised and glad they'll be, up at the old house, yonder; but where have ye bin all this long time?"

"I went first to finish my studies in Europe, and then I travelled with my father—and now I

am home again, to settle down somewhere; perhaps I may get to be a farmer—but first I must have a wife."

Kitty shook her head and laughed; "I'm thinking," said she, "that it's not farming will suit the likes of ye, unless you've much changed. A pretty wife, I dare say, ye's will like well enough, but unless you're a good Catholic, it's not for Miss Lizzie ye need be seeking; she'll nivir take any other body. Some of the good folks say that they think she'd be following her Aunt Agnes, only for her father."

"I hope she will not bury herself that way," said Henry, quickly, "there is too much in the world for her; it was different with Miss Agnes, she had a terrible grief to darken life, and to make her willing to quit the world."

"Oh! Mr. Henry, you cannot think that the world is dark for one so good and pious as Miss Agnes. Our good Lord does not make the path dark and sorrowful for them that follow him so closely; He gives them such joys and consolations as is seldom found by thim who render him cold service, and divide their hearts wid the vanities of this world. Our blessed Lord will nivir forget to reward thim who make him sich a generous offering of life and fortune as our sweet Miss Agnes did; it's only us as is left behind to struggle wid the burden of life, as wearies for the sight of her."

"But, Kitty," said Henry, wishing to change the subject, "the world does not seem to have been a very heavy burden to you; you look as young and strong as ever, and as thriving as need be; and have a fine family growing up to help you—Mickey, I suppose, is as kind as ever?"

"Oh yes, thank God! I can tell of more blessings received than hardships endured, for meself and mine," said Kitty, "thanks to the goodness of the master and misthres up yonder. Mickey earns a good support for me and the childer; and for the bit larning they have at the schule beyant, Mister Maitland pays the master himself, and Father Bailey taches 'em the catechism; and wouldn't I have the black ungrateful heart to complain; and Mickey and me wid all these blessings to thank God for, to say nothing of the health and strength he sends us beside?"

"I think you would, indeed, Kitty; but I must bid you good evening, and try the welcome you are so certain of my finding up at the old house."

So saying, and without waiting to listen to Kitty's Godspeed and good wishes, he remounted his horse and turned in the direction of Mr. Maitland's house, whither we will precede him.

Seated in a large arm-chair on the piazza, to enjoy the cool evening breeze, Mr. Maitland sat reading the newspaper; the soft summer breeze played about his temples, gently waving the locks,

still shining and glossy, though occasionally interspersed with a thread of silver;—the same kind smile, as of olden times, played over his features; close beside him, stretched out, and dozing comfortably, lay old Nero, showing visible signs of age, and assuming some of the privileges conferred by it, and taking to himself, with a feeling of confident security, the most desirable place. Old Tabby, the cat, had been succeeded by a younger favorite, who purred demurely, at a respectful distance from Nero—though every now and then she walked quietly amid the group, rubbing her sleek sides against Mrs. Maitland's dress, who was busily knitting.

The flight of time was scarcely visible on her comely countenance. She had a more settled, matronly expression, as her eyes glanced fondly, and with the same unselfishness as of old, from one to the other of the dear group around her. Now she regarded Fanny, a graceful girl of eighteen, who sat on the steps of the piazza, with some piece of ornamental embroidery in her hands, and her fair face bent over it, the rich color varying in her soft cheeks at every movement of her light figure. Now she turned to follow Lizzie's airy footsteps, who, with a water-pot in her hands, was flitting, as usual, up and down the gravelled walks, or stooping to tie up some favorite flower. How bright and lovely she looked as she knelt on the ground,

the sunlight occasionally glancing over the soft, wavy locks, for her sun-bonnet hanging at the back of her neck, left the rich brown hair and pretty head exposed to view. She was paler, and not so strikingly and brilliantly beautiful as Fanny, but her clear blue eyes sparkled and flashed at each changing emotion, or settled into a tender, dove-like gentleness when any thing stired the depths of her soul, away in whose recesses were hidden emotions of which Fanny's colder temperament had no conception. Mr. Maitland understood fully his child's lovely and generous nature, and between the father and daughter there existed an affection rarely equalled.

Mr. Maitland raised his eyes to see the occasion of the bustle and little shout raised by Lizzie, as she scampered off to arrest Father Bailey, whom she saw passing the gate. The good man rarely got freely past when seen by any one of the inmates of the house. Lizzie came laughing back, looking well pleased at the prize she said she had captured, and handed him over to her father to be his jailor.

"Now, to shorten your captivity and to make your peace sooner, you must endeavor to persuade papa how necessary it is for *his health*, that his family, and especially his daughter, should see Niagara and the Lakes this summer. Your eloquence never fails to convince papa on any point, and I am desirous to have you test it on this."

Father Bailey declared, laughingly, that he would do nothing that would be so directly contrary to his inclinations and interests as to persuade her father to absent himself, with his family, for a month or two."

Lizzie was about to make some protest, when the attention of all the party was attracted by the appearance of a stranger riding up to the gate—and our friend Henry Sumner was now recognized and joyfully welcomed by all. Many questions on both sides were answered, and congratulations exchanged, and judging from the heightened color, their meeting afforded satisfaction to the young people. The roses on Fanny's cheeks were deepened, and the brilliant sparkle of her dark eyes told that the new comer had, at least, made no unfavorable impression on her young heart. The hours flew unheeded by, on gilded wings, as recollections of olden times were revived.

After a few days the subject of the proposed trip to Niagara was revived—and it was finally settled, to the satisfaction of the young people at least, that Henry Sumner was to join the expedition, and that early in the ensuing month they were to start.

Mrs. Maitland protested that it was too sudden an affair to allow her ample time to arrange her household matters, and make the necessary preparations of their wardrobes, but her objections were

finally all overcome, and the matter was settled. Lizzie was in a fever of excitement, her head and heart were full of schemes; and what young girl of seventeen can be expected to look calmly forward to her first pleasure excursion, after three years in a convent, and Niagara, too?—the dream of her youthful imagination about to be realized. No one seemed to take it so coolly as Fanny; either she was preoccupied with some other more absorbing emotion, or else she was very indifferent to Lizzie's highly drawn and exaggerated anticipations of the happiness expected.

Fanny seemed to have acquired an unaccountable love of nature, for she had actually, on more than one occasion, laid aside one of those interminable pieces of embroidery that oppressed Lizzie so much, to stroll with Henry along the water's edge, under the shade of the old sycamore that skirted the stream.

The time flew swiftly by; Mr. Maitland watched with a pained heart, the increase and progress of this intimacy with the son of his old friend; and although he forbore to express any uneasiness he felt, yet he thought that he had, upon more than one occasion, heard infidel sentiments fall from the lips of Henry. It would in itself have been a deep grief to him, but when he thought he perceived a warm interest springing up in the heart of his brother's orphan child, he trembled for her happi-

ness; he knew Fanny's unyielding temper when her affections were strongly enlisted, and he shrank from the conflict of feeling should his suspicion prove really well founded. Mr. Maitland was too kind and just to condemn any one on a mere suspicion; so resolving to scrutinize more narrowly his sentiments, he continued to treat Henry Sumner with his former cordiality.

Henry had spent three years at a German university, and had embraced so much of the pernicious philosophy pervading those institutions, that his religion had become a sort of rationalism; he refused to believe whatever he could not reduce to his mode of reasoning, and all who could not agree with him, he considered as not far enough advanced in cultivation to stand on the same "*platform*," as, in his favorite phraseology, he styled his peculiar mode of viewing religious and physiological subjects; and it would have been amusing to Mr. Maitland, had not the topic been so sacred, and the consequences involved so serious to the happiness of those he loved, to listen to the discussions he sometimes had with Father Bailey.

Like most young people, he forgot the age and experience of Father Bailey, and seemed to think his own superior sagacity, and the superior intelligence of the age, and the facilities for penetrating into subjects at the present day, more than a counterbalance for all these; and finally, one day,

in the warmth of an argument, he said to Father Bailey, that the God he proposed for his adoration was a "cruel and arbitrary being, utterly unworthy the love or confidence of his creatures—and so unreasonably exacting, that if he existed, as the Bible presented him, he could not love such a being, and that he was not bound to render him homage or submission."

Fanny was frequently present at these discussions, and Mr. Maitland, with his watchful, father's love, trembled for her happiness, when he saw that the young girl was sometimes staggered by his arguments, and that blinded by her affection for the handsome young philosopher, she failed to detect their fallacy, or to discover the pride and self-love that had entrapped him in the fascinations of this philosophy, this religion of the senses, which had swallowed up the more sublime faith of the Catholic—that teaches him to submit, with child-like confidence and humility, to be guided by the hand of a Father—the faith that presents Jesus the God-man for our imitation, and teaches us, that instead of attempting to wrest our salvation from the hands of God, whence it flows to us as a free-gift, purchased at the inestimable price of his blood, on the condition of faith and obedience on our part—and far from setting up human reason against the revelations of Almighty God, and avoiding the arrogant presumption of declaring the Bible to be

the whole rule of faith, accepts with equal docility the teachings of the Apostles, and the traditions of the Church established by them, and sealed by their blood.

Many prayers were offered by Mr. Maitland for the son of his friend and the child of his adoption—and that his own young daughter might be preserved from the enemy around her pathway; and many thanksgivings he poured out, that he and his household had been brought into the ark of safety.

"I cannot submit my reason," said Henry, one day; "and I am astonished that a man like you, sir, with your learning and penetration, can accept the dogmas of a body of men, or, of a Council, as you term it, and submit to be guided by them when you could be guided by your own intellect to reach a much higher platform."

"And yet, my young friend," said Father Bailey, mildly, "you remember Saul of Tarsus, with a much more lofty intellect, brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, and with gifts and advantages such as few men can boast, was guided by, and sought counsel from Peter, the fisherman of Galilee. When his heart was touched by the finger of God, and his boasted intellect illumined by the light of faith and humility (both free-gifts of Almighty God), he trembled and was afraid, and shrank from following the guidance of his own reason, lest it should plunge him, like Lucifer, into an abyss of eternal woe."

"And that, also," said the rash young man, "is another of the inconsistencies that your faith proposes. You represent God as omniscient and all-powerful, and yet, as guilty of the folly and short-sightedness of creating a being to dispute his authority with him, as did Lucifer. Oh no!" said he, triumphantly, "I cannot believe God capable of any such inconsistency, and so I must either doubt the whole of the pretended revelation, or suppose Him, as I do, a different Being, and possessed of different attributes from those you ascribe to Him."

"Taking your own view of the subject," said Father Bailey, "that does not involve the matter of consistency, as you suppose. For Almighty God created Lucifer, like others of the beings of his universe, with the power of choosing evil; he could have chosen happiness like the rest of the angels, or he could be arrogant and presumptuous, and lose heaven by the indulgence of his pride, as thousands of *human beings* will, I fear, in attempts to make themselves equal with God. The Almighty chose, for his own honor and glory, to create him, as he did all men and angels, with this free-will; for, could he have been honored by the service of beings who had no power to refrain from offering him this homage, it would have been the compulsory honor of a slave, not the pure, true devotion of a *free* and loving heart. Lucifer was

not compelled by any necessity to this arrogance, and the eye of faith, my dear young friend, reads from it a very different lesson, from that you have learned. God grant that another light may dawn on your intellect."

So saying, Father Bailey rose to take his leave, with the expression of many good wishes for a prosperous journey and a safe return.

Lizzie followed him to the door, and told him he would see her father and herself at early mass the next morning; for as they did not leave until ten o'clock, there would be time to go, and she wished to hear mass and receive holy communion before commencing what, to her, seemed so important an affair as a trip to Niagara.

She lingered on the piazza, musing over many things: pleasant they were; for, in her short life, shielded as it had been by the tenderness of such kind parents, many sorrows could not well come. Her eyes wandered lovingly over the little valley: the mountains; the stream glittering in the moonlight; the dark shadows of the old elms and sycamores seemed deepening as she gazed, and she hardly could tell what it was that brought the tears into her eyes—truly it was a lovely scene.

The moon, through the heavens, rode high on her way—
The stars clustered round her, their homage to pay;
But coyly she passed them, on earth shed her light,
And chased from her bosom the gloom of the night;

While the hill and the valley, the mountain and glen,
All caught and reflected her light back again:
The stream as it flowed at the dark mountain's base,
Seemed hushed to repose by the smile on her face.

Lizzie's full heart was lifted far above this earth. She remembered the hand that had surrounded her with all these blessings, the tenderness that had shielded her from the first approach of care or sorrow, and she could not but ask *how* she had deserved all this; and there, under the wide canopy of heaven, she acknowledged her deep sense of her unworthiness and the boundless mercy and love that had followed her all her lifetime, and tears of unfeigned gratitude and love glistened in those clear blue eyes, as she meditated on Him, who purchased, by his own offering of himself, all these countless mercies and blessings—and the question, unbidden, arose in her own mind—What had she ever done to show her gratitude? Had she—was she then fulfilling her destiny? Was she accomplishing all that God required? Was there nothing she could give back to Him? No sacrifice, no offering she could bring? She thought of her Aunt Agnes, of her holy and pure life. Then of her beloved father—her mother—her own happy home—of the allurements of the world just opening on her young life, under such auspices as hers, and she wavered; then of Jesus—his love—his sufferings, the magnitude of his sacrifice, and in the

elevation of that sublime emotion, she felt that she could make one generous offering of herself to Heaven, if God should call her. For a few moments she stood wrapt in silence and contemplation —then she remembered her father—his love—his loneliness without her—and a gush of human tenderness overpowered her, and she sank, sobbing, on her knees—"Holy Mother, pray for thy child," said she, burying her face in her hands.

"Lizzie, my love, my darling, what ails thee?" said Mr. Maitland. "What can have grieved my precious child?"

Lizzie sprang up and clasped her arms about her father's neck. Mr. Maitland pressed her fondly to his bosom, and urged her to tell him what had caused her tears to flow.

"Another time, my dearest father, I will tell you all," whispered she.

Mr. Maitland forbore to urge her, and suffered her to weep unrestrainedly. "My love," said he at length, "had you not better retire to your own room, and we will go together to early mass."

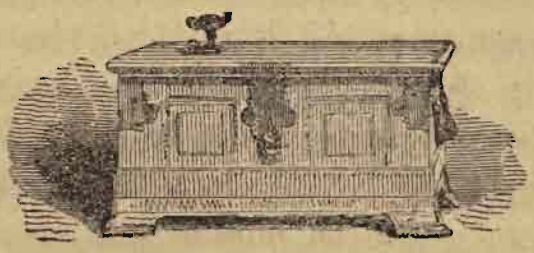
Lizzie kissed her father, and turned upon him a look so full of affection, and so full of meaning, that Mr. Maitland felt his very heartstrings vibrate; for a long time he remained on the piazza, lost in conjecture. What could have caused Lizzie's agitation? He thought of Henry—could *she*, too, be interested in him, and feel her heart torn by

this open announcement of his infidel principles? Mr. Maitland felt certain that his child never would yield up her affections to one who avowed such sentiments as Henry had expressed; could she be suffering from the preference shown for Fanny? Mr. Maitland did not feel satisfied with either of these solutions of his doubts; he had observed nothing to strengthen such surmises. Once, indeed, a faint suspicion of the actual truth flashed across his mind, and who can blame him if his heart quailed and his cheek blanched? but, like Abraham and Jeptha, he prayed for strength to consummate any sacrifice that God might require of him. But we will not draw aside the veil that hides the struggle in the father's heart, it is too sacred—he loved his only child with all the depth of his nature—he was human, but he was a Christian, and he knew that Almighty God lays no burden on his children who trust him, which he does not give them grace and strength to endure.

When Lizzie retired to her apartment, she earnestly recommended herself to the protection of the Holy Mother of God and her Guardian Angel, and besought their intercession that the will of God might be revealed to her, and that she might receive grace to enable her to pursue with an unshrinking step, whatever path of life she might be called to follow. She laid aside all anxious thought and care, and made a devout

preparation for her communion—and with a placid brow and peaceful heart, she was seated, reading a devotional book, when her cousin entered. Fanny kissed her, and Lizzie folding her arms affectionately about her, asked if she would not accompany her to holy communion. Fanny declined, and when Lizzie gently urged her request, she burst into tears, still declining, and alleging, as an excuse, that she had been so cold and indifferent to her duties of late that she was unfitted—and that she had not time then to make a suitable preparation—but promised to be more regular and attentive to her duties in future.

Lizzie gave her a sorrowful but an affectionate glance, as she again kissed her for good-night, and breathed forth for her an earnest prayer, as she knelt to entreat the blessing and protection of heaven.



CHAPTER VII.

The morning sun was clear and bright—the day was lovely, and our friends found themselves seated in the cars, and after the usual amount of hurry and bustle—looking after baggage—struggling and scampering among the porters—bell-ringing—solicitations from newspaper and book-venders—and all the confusion incident to the starting of a train, they were off—as a little child expressed it—"See, mamma, now we are going, don't you see the mountains over there have started?"—and so they were at last whirling along through the charming valleys, green fields, and pretty villages of New England. Lizzie amused herself for a little while taking a survey of her fellow-travellers, but as there was not much to interest her in this, she turned to the landscape, and continued to gaze, enraptured, over the varying and rapidly changing views; her young heart beat with the fulness of content, she

was at peace with herself and the whole world. Fanny was quiet, as usual, and absorbed in herself and Henry. Mrs. Maitland looked on, happy in the enjoyment of those she loved.

If Mr. Maitland's calm brow wore a more thoughtful expression than his wont, it was mingled with a look of resignation that spoke of an habitual dependence on God; such confidence as only the true Christian, who trusts as a child, can feel.

The day wore away, and our travellers found themselves, with a crowd of passengers, stopping for the night at a flourishing little village. As Mrs. Maitland was making her way through the passages that led to her sleeping apartment, she heard her name uttered in tones that seemed familiar. She turned to look at the speaker, and recognized Mrs. Gilford's pale face.

"Mrs. Gilford, you here, in this crowd?" said she, involuntarily.

"Yes, it is indeed I. Can you give me a few moments in private?"

"Certainly—come with me to my own sleeping-room."

"I am here," said Mrs. Gilford, when they were alone, "awaiting a summons, to what I suppose is the death-bed of my husband. You are aware," said the poor woman, a deep flush overspreading her countenance, "that for several years I have been with my own friends, and have not seen my

husband at all. A few days since I received a letter from a gentleman of this town, announcing Mr. Gilford's illness, and stating, also, that they all considered his sickness mortal, and that if I wished to see him before his death, I had better come immediately."

"Do I understand you to say that Mr. Gilford sent for you?"

"No," said Mrs. Gilford, "he did not send for me—the message was not even by his request—he knows that I am here, but whether he will send for me, or see me at all, I don't know. I have yet received no communication from him. God knows I never wronged him, and he knows how unjust and unkind are the accusations that he has sometimes brought against me." And she burst into tears. Mrs. Maitland allowed her tears to flow. Once before, and once only, had she opened her heart to Mrs. Maitland.

"Is there any thing that I can do for you, or that my husband can do to assist you?" she said at length.

Mrs. Gilford replied, there was nothing at present; "but it is such a comfort to meet a kind face in such a trying hour as this. My friends opposed my coming hither, as I had not been sent for by my husband, and were offended that I was willing to expose myself to another insulting neglect—but I would not show the semblance of an unforgiving

temper, for I do most freely forgive him all the sorrows of my life caused by him, and I shall await here the result of his sickness."

Mrs. Maitland was aware of some of those disagreeable circumstances, and she had, herself, on more than one occasion, defended Mrs. Gilford from some unkind charges made against her, that had originated in the remarks made by Mr. Gilford himself; rumors had reached her, from time to time, of the course taken by Mr. Gilford, but she had kindly allowed the veil of charity to rest over it, and for a year or two she had heard so little, that she hoped for the best, and really did not know that the separation had been permanent.

Mrs. Gilford informed her, that for the past year he had been preaching in a small town adjoining, and had come up on a visit or business, and had been taken ill at the hotel, and had failed so rapidly, that it had not been deemed prudent to remove him.

"And must we part thus?" said she, sobbing bitterly. "I have never striven so hard to please any one, and never succeeded so ill. Among my own friends I find no sympathy, for they cannot understand how a wife's affections can still cling to a man from whom she has received so many slights. Ah! they little know the desolation of my heart, and how it sprang up at the slightest return of the old kindness.

"After I lost my child, I had nothing left in the wide world—the loss of my property was nothing; even at the death of my child, my husband's love could have consoled me, for I felt that my little one had returned to God, from a world full of suffering, and I could not but acknowledge it was his gain. I wept for my own loss and desolation; but, Mrs. Maitland, you, who have passed through life, guided and sustained and beloved by such a man as your husband, can form no idea of the bitter desolation of an affectionate, timid woman's heart, when she knows that her husband's affections are not hers—of the pangs that rend it, when she sees every little delicate attention that she has longed and sighed for, bestowed upon some other woman, and herself constantly treated with contempt and coldness. And the deep wound to her pride, when she must return penniless to the friends who opposed the union, and predicted just such a disastrous result. The humiliation is so much the deeper from the contrast between his high professions, his position, and the actual state of affairs. Oh! can it be so?" she exclaimed. "Will he continue obdurate, and add this last drop to my already overflowing cup, and die without a word of reconciliation?" She covered her face with her hands and wept aloud.

Vainly Mrs. Maitland tried to soothe or console her, her tears fell with hers. When she became

more calm, Mrs. Maitland again begged if there was any assistance that she could render, that she would not hesitate to call on her.

Mrs. Gilford said she was not entirely alone, that a young nephew had accompanied her, and that he would remain for a day or two, but if her husband should linger any length of time, she would not think of detaining him. She said, also, that some of the members of the congregation had been very kind to her, and that one of them had invited her to go to her house, but that she had declined for the present. She promised to let Mrs. Maitland know if she were in need of any substantial aid at any time. She bade her an affectionate adieu, and retired, as the Maitlands were to leave early the next morning.

Poor Mrs. Maitland, her kind heart was so pained that she could not sleep. She sought her daughter's apartment, and not finding either Fanny or Lizzie, she returned to the drawing-room and found Mr. Maitland and Lizzie engaged in conversation, or rather listening to a new acquaintance, in the person of Dr. Singleton.

He was a small man, somewhere about fifty—a bachelor, and consequently looking younger, and striving, by the suavity of his manners, and the care and attention bestowed on his toilet, to hide the ravages of time and the slights of nature, for she had not been very lavish in her gifts, physi-

cally—that was readily to be seen—but the doctor had travelled a great deal, and was thoroughly impressed with a sense of his own cultivation, and the dignity acquired by his intimate acquaintance with the society of the old world (for he had enjoyed some facilities that gave him, in his own estimation, additional claims to consideration), but which had failed to render him half as agreeable or brilliant as he fancied himself. He prided himself on the brilliancy of his conversational powers, and was fond of saying, that although like Fox he could not call himself a handsome man, yet to secure himself of a lady's favor, all he wished granted him was her ear, her undivided attention for a half hour, and he did not dread the rivalry of a far handsomer man. He generally contrived to take his hearers to England or France, to my lord so and so's dinner table, or to the opera in my lord's carriage, before he rested from his efforts to entertain. Something else must have been in the way of his favorite theory to-night, probably the fatigues of the day, for he had possessed Lizzie's ear for more than an hour, and, judging from the weariness of her look, she did not seem to be very much captivated, and the conversation was begining to flag; though, judging from the doctor's very animated look, and his unfeigned admiration of Lizzie, he had failed to perceive that his efforts were less successful than usual.

Lizzie rose at her mother's entrance, as if glad of an excuse to escape, and was hastening away. The doctor bade her good-night, with many expressions of gallantry, and congratulated himself that their journey would be continued together, for he announced his intention of visiting Niagara.

The rest of the journey was accomplished without incidents of any particular interest. Lizzie was delighted with all she saw. The St. Lawrence, that grand old river, awakened her enthusiasm—there was so much of historical interest connected with its scenery—the picturesque beauty of the thousand islands, the wild scenery, all was so new, that she was continually gazing and calling on Fanny and her father to share her delights. Dr. Singleton was always ready to admire with Miss Lizzie, but he sometimes annoyed her and tried her patience a little, by constantly introducing his recollections of some European scenery that surpassed it a little; however, he made himself agreeable on the whole, for he really was a man who had seen a great deal of the world and of society, and but for these little peculiarities, would have been more than ordinarily acceptable as a travelling companion.

The doctor was seeking a wife, that was evident, and, like all old bachelors, he required that she must be young and beautiful—he did not always conceal this weakness. The subject was frequently discussed. One evening, as they were sitting on the

guards of the steamboat, the doctor and Henry became quite animated, Henry, partly in jest, joining the doctor in declaring it quite essential that a wife must be *young* and *beautiful.* Lizzie replied with some spirit, that it certainly was not to be wondered at, if women were vain and silly; and she and Fanny both appealed to Mr. Maitland to decide, if it were not to be attributed almost entirely to the undue value placed upon beauty by the opposite sex; and certainly, said Lizzie, she thought it very unjust for men to complain if their houses were ill-kept, and themselves uncomfortable, they really had no right to do so. "If the wife only had *beauty*, the acquirements were fulfilled on her part."

She and Fanny both declared that as far as they understood the matter, women were not required to be sensible, amiable, or good housewives. *Youth* and *beauty* were the only *essentials;* literary or cultivated tastes were quite proscribed.

"Oh!" said Dr. Singleton, "a woman can have only one laudable ambition."

"What may that be?" exclaimed both the girls at once.

"Only to secure the love of her husband," said the doctor, seriously.

Lizzie's face flushed in an instant.

"And if the love of man is all a woman can hope to win in this life," said she, quickly, "she

certainly has nothing to kindle any very lofty aspirations, and it is no wonder that so many of the young and loveliest of God's creatures seek a refuge from the snares and trials of the world, in a sanctuary where the aspirations of a noble nature may be better filled, and where a generous soul can offer up all its treasures with a better security than can be expected from the selfishness of man." Then catching her father's eye fixed upon her with an anxious and pained expression, she added, hastily—

"God forbid that I should undervalue the sacred institution of marriage; when it is entered into as He has appointed it, it is a holy estate, and productive of the greatest amount of happiness and contentment to be found in the world," said she, with an equivocal sort of a manner that again troubled her father; "but then, it is a very different sort of a thing from the selfish and worldly contract entered into by parties drawn together by the attractions of mere personal charms, of wealth, or any other idle whim of the passing moment, without reference to the fulfilment of God's laws, and without seeking his blessing. And as a woman, I pay my tribute of respect and thankfulnes to the Catholic religion for all it has done to elevate my sex. It has raised her from the condition of a slave, and the mere creature of the caprice and passion of the selfish and unprincipled of your sex, (and to which *condition*, your views, if carried

out, would *again* reduce her,) to be the friend, companion, consoler, and counsellor of the good and wise man, like my dear mother and my father," said she, laughing and blushing as if ashamed of the warmth she had displayed, and trying to turn aside, by a pleasantry, the seriousness from her father's brow.

"Why, Miss Lizzie," said the doctor, looking somewhat astounded, "what an able champion your sex will have in you."

"Oh! not at all; to be an able and efficient champion, one must be capable of steady efforts and continued exertions; and I shall not dare to make any application to be admitted among those of my sex," continued she, laughing, "who feel called upon to defend the rights of woman. I shall be obliged to content myself with quietly taking them, since I can only rouse up now and then, when called out by some great occasion, like the present," said she, half ironically, bowing to him. He seemed a little annoyed, as if he did not know precisely the ground on which he stood. Fanny and Henry were much amused at his confusion, for he appeared somewhat as if a mine had exploded at his feet. So they contrived to turn the conversation into another channel, and in a short time the subject was forgotten by all but Mr. Maitland: he pondered on these things and treasured them up in his heart.

There was another listener to this conversation, who, to judge from the expression of his handsome, intelligent face, was both amused and interested. His large dark eyes rested admiringly upon Lizzie's animated countenance, and he seemed to enjoy the doctor's discomfiture.

Lizzie blushed deeply when she caught his eyes fixed upon her. As she stepped forward to join her mother, he rose, and, politely bowing to them, offered Mrs. Maitland an arm chair, and passed to the opposite side of the deck, as if to relieve them of the embarrassment of his presence.

The next morning brought them within sight of this mighty cataract, this wonder of creation! the most sublime spectacle the world can furnish!

Lizzie gazed, silent and awed, as she wandered amid the scenes she had so long desired to behold.

How feeble are words to convey to the mind of another any conception of the strong emotions that stir the soul, while gazing on the mighty flow of waters, ever onward, onward!

The mind at first shrinks away with a sense of its own nothingness! then a feeling of thankfulness springs up for this one great voice of nature, which pours forth so impressively a sublime anthem of eternal praise, to the Majesty on High. Blush, oh man! at thy insensibility and ingratitude,—at thy feeble worship, so grudgingly and so sparingly rendered, whilst every flower of the valley rears its

tender head, and sheds its sweetest perfumes—aye, pours out its very existence, to offer fitting incense on the altar of the Creator. The mountains and valleys, the hills and the plains, the rivers and mighty floods, continually send forth hymns of praise—but thou, Niagara! of them all, pourest forth in thy deep diapason, one mighty tone, the echo of which reverberates through the world. Roll on—roll on,—and let thy thunders make the angels deaf to the voice of man's impiety and blasphemies!

Lizzie sank on her knees, and, alone in this stupendous temple, she gave herself up to the sublime emotions that filled her soul.

"Eternal Father," murmured she, "suffer me, thy unworthy child, with my hand on my heart, and my spirit bowed in pious adoration, to join my feeble thanksgiving to this thy creature's, that praises Thee so worthily."

"Lizzie, my love, why do I find you thus alone; does any grief afflict my child, that her father may not share?" Mr. Maitland raised his daughter in his arms.

"No grief, my dearest father." She could no longer withstand the tender, appealing look; and there, in that spot so befitting such lofty aspirations, she poured into her father's pained but attentive ear all that had so moved her—the earnest desire she felt to make some return to Al-

mighty God, for all the benefits that she had received,—to make one generous offering; in her youth to devote her entire being to Him.

Mr. Maitland pressed her to his heart, while his whole frame shook with emotion; then, after a pause of a few moments, he said, gazing earnestly into his child's face,—

"Hear me, Lizzie; you have been the joy of my life; you are, to your mother and myself, earth's dearest treasure—and God forbid that I should withhold any sacrifice that He demands; but, my child, I ask you, before you ever even express such a desire to another, to try well your motives, whether they be purely love to God, unmixed with any vainglorious, or mistaken sentiments; be satisfied that it is a vocation that comes from Him, and not a desire to follow your own will, rather than to be guided by wisdom from on high,—have you not duties of a high and binding nature, to your dear mother and to me? I do not, even now, desire to influence you, my only, my darling child, if the vocation be from God—I will endeavor to submit my will to His—but I ask one year, before you subject your mother to so great a trial.

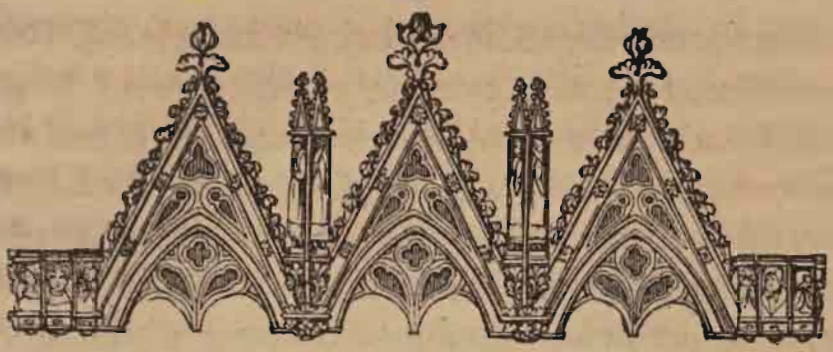
"Do not make known these sentiments to any, save your director, and humbly ask counsel and direction from Heaven. Pray for your parents," said he, again clasping her to his bosom, and giving way to the emotions that choked his utterance.

Lizzie wept in silence, and promised to follow her father's advice; this was the trial she had dreaded, her father's anguish and her mother's tears; she had thought of all before, and had shrunk from disclosing to him her sentiments. Since Robert's death, and her own narrow escape, which, though child as she was, had made a fearful impression on her mind, she often meditated on the shortness of life, the snares and temptations of the world; educated mostly in a convent, she had formed strong attachments for its gentle inmates; their peaceful lives, and cheerful devotion to the fulfilment of their duties,—the contentment and happiness she had seen within that dear circle, offered far more attraction to her mind, than the allurements of the world; and she seemed to have a painful sense of the struggles and temptations she must encounter through a life of usefulness, and she shrank from its storms, and secretly cherished a desire to return to the peaceful haven, where she might offer up the first fruits of her soul to Almighty God, before any disappointment or grief had impaired the freshness or value of her treasure; she felt that all would be *too little* to repay the mighty love shown to her.

These were the impulses of her young, untried heart. Now, when her father reminded her of other and *high* duties she had to perform, her heart smote her, as if there was a degree of self-

ishness, in shrinking from the trials and struggles she dreaded in the world, and she acknowledged the truth of all he had said, and felt humbled that she had considered *only* herself. Alas! how many older and wiser than Lizzie make the same mistake, and don't, like her, perceive their error at all. They mark out a high and lofty purpose for themselves, and pursue it in such an unflinching and determined manner, (sometimes quite forgetful of the interests or comfort of others,) that, although the object is in itself a good one, the pride and self-will engendered by such a course, prove most hurtful to their own souls, and give great scandal to others, who don't fail to perceive the want of humility.

But we will leave the father and child alone with God, surrounded by the majesty of nature; surely no scene more fitting.



CHAPTER VIII.

"The frowardness of rashness is no better
Than a wild dedication of ourselves
To unpathed waters, undreamt shores; most certain
To miseries enough; no hope to help us,
But as we shake off one, to take another."

SHAKSPEARE.

"DOES your uncle know of this, my love?" said Mrs. Maitland, gently; "I fear he will not approve."

"No, aunt, he does not; and it is to your kind intercession, that Henry and I look, to obtain his consent to our union."

"My dear Fanny," said Mrs. Maitland, seriously, "you have nothing to dread from your uncle, he desires only to secure your happiness; but I think you are right in supposing that he will disapprove your union with a man who has openly avowed such infidel sentiments as Henry has done. Personally, and for his father's sake, he is warmly attached to him, and you, my love, need no renewed assurance of his affection; but are you not

risking too much, to intrust your happiness to the care of a man, who not only differs from you in faith, but openly denies the truth of those doctrines from which we, as Catholics, derive the sweetest consolation? My dear child, this step, once taken, is irrevocable; and should it prove a mistaken one, the happiness of your whole life is involved, and may be destroyed."

"I did not think, my dear aunt," Fanny replied, with no very amiable expression of countenance, "that you would take so uncharitable and unkind a view of a few youthful impetuosities. Henry, you know, was baptized a Catholic; his mother was a good pious one, and died in the faith, —and he is not very different from most young men, educated as he has been; and I cannot believe, but that a few years' experience will change and modify his ideas on these subjects—and, besides, I feel that I can confide so fully in his affection for me, that whatever may be his own opinions on these subjects, he will never attempt to interfere with my religious belief."

"But, my dear girl, you don't consider because you don't know the risks you encounter; the happiness of married life depends upon a perfect sympathy and interchange of thoughts and feeling, and is often marred by a dissimilarity of tastes; and it most seriously interferes with a woman's happiness to hear her husband, and the father of her children,

openly denouncing and scoffing at things she holds most sacred, as in an instance that lately came under my own observation, where the father refused the rite of baptism, which the poor mother deemed essential to the welfare of her dying child. But, Fanny, if you desire it, I will acquaint your uncle with your wishes, and hope for the best, while I pray for your happiness."

Mrs. Maitland kissed her tenderly, and Fanny left her aunt with an uncomfortable feeling, something between vexation and sorrow. She was self-willed and a little conceited, and had never borne contradiction, and now, when her affections were so deeply enlisted, she found it difficult to listen to advice that her conscience told her was reasonable, and dictated by the fondest affection; for Mrs. Maitland had, since her childhood, shown her almost a mother's love and tenderness—and Fanny could not but acknowledge to herself that she owed her aunt the dutiful affection of a daughter.

Days sped rapidly away, and still the Maitlands lingered amid scenes so attractive; there were so many places to be visited. Every day the young people planned so many excursions, that the time flew away on golden wings. Ah! how would they be remembered in long years after, and rise up through the dimmed and blighted hopes that now dazzled the vision of those young hearts!

Mr. and Mrs. Maitland looked on with kind and

affectionate interest, and indulged them in all their fancies. Mr. Maitland had given a reluctant consent to Fanny's union with Henry Sumner. He felt many anxieties; he knew the expensive and self-indulgent habits that Henry had formed; the only child of a wealthy father. While he was yet very young, he had been deprived, by death, of that great blessing, a tender and judicious mother's training. Poor Mr. Maitland had many struggles in his own mind; sometimes he almost reproached himself with injustice for the doubts he felt, and found himself unable to resist the urgent solicitations of the young man, and Fanny's appealing look; so it was settled that, some time during the ensuing winter, the marriage should take place.

The doctor continued his attentions, seeming daily to become more and more enamored of Lizzie. But there was still another who had been added to the party in the person of Edward Lee, the dark-eyed young stranger who had listened with much interest to the conversation on the steamer, and whose increasing admiration of Lizzie gave the worthy doctor considerable annoyance.

At length the day of departure arrived; after some discussion, it was decided to continue the journey westward, across the lakes. With many lingering looks and regrets, they left the scenes that had afforded so much to fill the soul with sublime emotions. The day was hot and sultry, the

roads dusty and uncomfortable, but Lizzie still found much to interest her. Already the wheat-fields were ripe for the sickle; the well-filled heads, bowed down, reminded one forcibly that it is only the empty and worthless ones, in the wheat-field, as in the world, that hold themselves up stiff, and high above the others.

The first pale hues of vermilion and gold tinging the rich, dense foliage, and the peculiar misty atmosphere that gives such an indescribable charm to the landscape, and first heralds the approach of autumn, were not lost on our friends, so keenly alive to the beautiful; and when Lizzie found herself floating over those majestic lakes and rivers, she seemed to feel it, as the realization of some beautiful dream.

Mr. Maitland forgot his anxieties in the pleasure he experienced in the delight of the young people, and he found much to interest him also in those western cities. It was with no slight satisfaction that he discovered Edward Lee to be a convert to the faith he loved so ardently. Mr. M. and Lizzie met him in one of the churches at early mass, and were equally pleased and surprised to see him devoutly joining in the services. As it happened that he was making the same tour, it proved a source of equal pleasure to all to have so agreeable an acquisition to the party, and Lizzie found him an able champion against the attacks of the doctor

and Henry Sumner, though the latter was, it must be confessed, much more cautious in the expression of his opinions than formerly; and the friends of Fanny began to hope, with her, that it might prove to be no settled infidel principles, but the impetuosity of youthful feeling, which had carried him beyond the bounds of discretion.

Dr. Singleton could not reconcile himself to the idea of people so intelligent and cultivated as the Maitlands giving themselves up to the superstitions and bigotry of the Romish faith.

"But why, doctor, do you not express the particular grounds of your dissatisfaction, and not generalize so much your objections?"

"Well then, Miss Lizzie," said he, "I consider it arrogant and bigoted for Catholics to claim that no one can be saved in any other Church, or in the practice of any other religion. What then is to become of all the pious people who have died, who had not embraced your faith? Is it not bigotry to say they are all lost? I believe one religion is just as good as another, and that it is right for every man to practise the religion in which he was educated, if it suits his tastes when he becomes a man, and is capable of judging for himself; for my part, I think a variety in creeds a good thing, as long as there is such a diversity of human opinion."

"And so," said Edward, "in an affair so im-

portant as the salvation of the soul, you would leave a man to follow the dictates of his fancy, and supposing him fastidious, and not suited with any of the established creeds, he must find a new one for himself, and allowing the same liberty to all, there must soon ensue an endless confusion. Atheism and other frightful evils must be the result of such a free exercise of human taste and reason. The good Catholic does not presume to limit the Divine mercy, or pronounce, on his *private* judgment, *who* will be saved, but his faith does enjoin upon him to hold that no one can be saved out of the Apostolic Church, and he believes it to be the only ark of salvation; he is also bound to hold, as equally certain, that *invincible ignorance* of the true religion is no fault in the sight of God. No individual can take into account *all* the various conditions of the human beings who surround him, or know all the secret springs that influence the action of the human mind, so he may *not* dare to pronounce judgment on the future condition of others; but he is bound to *secure* his own salvation by embracing the *faith*, and obeying the instructions of the Church which he believes to have been established by Christ, and continued through his Apostles. If he is a faithful Christian, and loves his fellow-creatures, does not charity require that he should unflinchingly declare, that there is no salvation out of the Catholic Church? Must he be denounced

as a bigot on that account? Noah said to the whole world, that they would perish out of the ark. Their taunts and derision did not prevent them from being overwhelmed in the waters of the deluge. Neither will the charges of intolerance and bigotry, or the sneers with which unbelievers assail the Church and her children, prevent *them* from perishing who obstinately refuse to listen to her voice.

"Charity requires the Catholic to pray constantly, that all nations may be converted to Christ, for he is assured that the gifts of Divine grace will be bestowed on those who sincerely and humbly pray for assistance and the light of truth. Pride and self-sufficiency will always prove insuperable barriers to the entrance of this Divine light. Is it wonderful that infidelity should be so rife in our midst, when men arrogantly reject the dogmas of *faith* to follow the dictates of fancy, and attempt to place theology and philosophy side by side; and in their vanity and ignorance, expect to illustrate and explain *both* by the aid of human reason alone?"

"But, my dear sir, that is one of the very things of which I complain—the implicit obedience your Church requires of her children, thereby destroying all intellectual freedom, and subjecting them to the rule of the Priests. How are you to prevent them from becoming the servile victims of fanaticism? For my part, I could never yield up

my mind to the dominion of a set of men who may be unscrupulous and designing, or, in other words, submit to be priest-ridden."

"But you forget, doctor, that it is only in *dogmas* of *faith* that the Church requires implicit obedience from her children. The human mind needs some support; if you admit the divinity of Christ, which the Church proposes for your belief, you have at once something whereon to lean; and it is simple and easy to accept the sublime instructions and lessons that flow from His lips, to hear and obey the *teachings* of the *Church*, as the echo of his voice; but if you persist in rejecting the mystery of the Incarnation, and reduce our Blessed Redeemer to the situation of an Elegant Philosopher, whose words in that case have no more authority, and are no more binding than the teachings of any other sound reasoner and good man, and give men up to the full exercise of intellectual liberty, what have you gained, while human reason is so fluctuating and inconstant, so liable to be swayed by surrounding influences? You have cut the ship loose from her moorings, and set her adrift, without pilot or rudder, and who is to bring her into port safely? And who is to control this tide of boasted intellectual freedom, when it shall seek some dangerous channel, which threatens to overwhelm society? What, my dear sir, can there be humiliating in submitting your reason to authority which is able to

present such good proof to substantiate her claims to Divine origin? Or what can you hope to gain by rejecting all, and leaving mankind to the unrestrained guidance of reason and intellectual liberty, but infidelity and fanaticism?"

"But you seem to forget, Mr. Lee, that Protestants have a sure rule of faith in the Bible, from which to draw support and consolation in every difficulty, as well as a rule of action: with that, and the free exercise of reason, they cannot be said to reject all authority, for you admit that it contains every thing essential to salvation."

"Catholics most certainly acknowledge the Holy Scriptures as a rule of faith, but not the *whole* rule; they differ from Protestants in denying the right of *private interpretation*, the exercise of which may lead to embrace *any one* of numerous sects which surround us, for all alike claim to be grounded on the Bible—from the Baptist, who thinks immersion is essential, to the Quaker, who denies entirely the outward ceremony."

"I have no particular preference," the doctor replied, "for any sect or creed, but I regret the growth of Romanism, as incompatible with a republican form of government; and acknowledging, as you Catholics do, the supremacy of the Pope, in *secular* as in sacred affairs, and that he can absolve men from their relations with others, *not* of the true faith, *I* would not vote for any man holding that faith."

"There, my dear sir, is the mistake that you, in common with other Protestants, make in supposing that Catholics, while they yield obedience and deference to the Pope, as their *spiritual head*, *utterly deny* any right to him from his divine office, to interfere in any manner whatsoever, with their relations as citizens and their governments, between subjects and sovereigns. And however profound the veneration of all Catholics may be to him, as spiritual head of the Church, they deny to Pope and Council united, any power to interfere with their political rights, as firmly as they deny to President and Congress any power of interfering with their spiritual rights."

"But," interrupted the doctor, "how do you reconcile that with the fact that Popes have dethroned kings?"

"I do not deny that they have done so; but I deny that the right to do so was *ever claimed* as a *divine* right, inherent in the spiritual office of the successor of St. Peter. It was a right *conferred* for special occasions, by those interested in its exercise—conferred by monarchs for their own safety, and approved by the people for their own benefit—and those who invested the Pope with the right, because they could assist him with the power, and because general safety required the exercise of that power, retained in their own hands the right to withdraw or invalidate their former bestowal, and

leave in the hands of the Roman Pontiff *only* his spiritual rights over kings and people, beyond the limits of his own temporal dominion."*

"I confess," said the doctor, rising, with a good-natured smile, "if what you say be really the doctrines held by Catholics, it presents the matter in a different light from that in which I have been accustomed to regard it."

"Yes," replied Edward, "Catholics, and the faith they profess, have in all times been misrepresented, and that is the reason why they cordially invite a close examination of the doctrines they hold. These, and a thousand other objections disappear, when subjected to the test of truth. The Catholic Church, viewed from without, appears unlovely, because blackened and defamed by her enemies; but seen from within, she is fair and beautiful, filled with the glory conferred by her Spouse."

* The Pope has no secular authority in the case, or power to interfere with the pure temporalities of citizens and their governments; but he has a divine right to interfere in so far as moral or spiritual relations are involved. The answer in the text is an opinion, not Catholic doctrine.—EDITOR.

CHAPTER IX.

"Forgive me that thou couldst not love! it may be that a tone
Yet from my burning heart may pierce thro' thine when I am gone,
And thou perchance may'st weep for *him* on whom thou ne'er hast smiled."—HEMANS.

"AND so, Lizzie, you really could not find one little corner of your heart to bestow upon the doctor, and you dismissed him without any show of compassion?"

"I could find quite a large corner of my heart, as you say, for him, for I really liked his society, and thought him a good-tempered and agreeable man; but that is a very different affair from bestowing any serious regard upon a man who was not only opposed to *my religion*, but indifferent to all religions."

Fanny colored to the temples, but made no remark, and the conversation dropped. Lizzie was so engrossed with other thoughts, that she did not perceive the effect which her remark (made without any reference whatever to Fanny's connection with Henry) had produced upon her cousin.

Our travellers had now in good earnest turned their faces homewards, and were resting themselves in a cool, spacious apartment in one of the large hotels in Montreal, after the excitement and fatigue of a day through the rapids.

They had parted from Dr. Singleton and Henry, who had continued their journey southward. Mrs. Maitland had met her old friend, Mrs. Gilford, who was returning to her friends, and who informed her that Mr. Gilford had died without ever admitting her to his presence. The poor woman was entirely overcome when she spoke of the last moments of her husband. She excused him as well as she was able, and tried to persuade herself, as well as Mrs. Maitland, that he was really too feeble to undergo the agitation of an interview—he had lingered much longer than was anticipated when she had been summoned to attend his death-bed. Mrs. Maitland endeavored to console her, and assured her of her desire to befriend her if ever she should find herself in need of a sister's friendship.

It was long past midnight, and many a weary heart and aching head were soothed into forgetfulness, and were fast locked in deep slumber, when a hoarse murmur ran through the halls, and the hurrying and trampling of many footsteps aroused Lizzie from a sound sleep. She opened the door and listened, the terrific cry of fire burst on her ear, and a stifling smell of smoke told but too

plainly the cause of the commotion. She aroused her sleeping cousin, and hastily throwing some loose wrappers around their persons, she half carried the bewildered Fanny, as she rushed to her mother's apartment. She met Mrs. Maitland flying, with outstretched arms, and pallid face, to find her. Mr. Maitland had gone in haste, at the first alarm, to ascertain the extent of the danger. As Mrs. Maitland folded Fanny and Lizzie to her embrace, the thought of poor Mrs. Gilford, her deafness and her lonely and desolate condition, and her terror and confusion at finding herself alone, surrounded by such peril, flashed across her mind, and, charging Lizzie and Fanny to remain where they were until their father's return, she sped on swift feet to find her desolate friend. In a few moments Mr. Maitland returned with Edward Lee, and bade them hasten, for no time was to be lost.

"Oh mamma! for God's sake find mamma!" shrieked Lizzie. And Mr. Maitland, in horror, perceived that his wife was not there. "Holy Mother pray for us," burst from his white lips. "Where has she gone?" said he, in a voice hoarse from alarm.

"She went to find Mrs. Gilford, in that direction," gasped Lizzie, "she will be lost;" and she attempted to rush in the direction her mother had taken, but felt herself arrested by a powerful arm.

"Stay, Lizzie! and you are in no condition to

go, sir;" said Edward Lee, laying a hand also on the arm of Mr. Maitland, who was starting, like a madman, in the same direction—"Fly with your children, and I will seek your wife. Lizzie, tell me quickly the number of the room, and the way she went."

"No," said Mr. Maitland, in a husky and hurried voice, "I will seek my wife—go quickly with my children to a place of safety."

Fanny and Lizzie clung to his arms as they fled in terror through the halls; as they reached the staircase, a suffocating smoke, followed by a blinding sheet of flame, met them. Edward turned and sought another egress, and succeeded in reaching the street in safety.

"Oh, my dear father and mother!" groaned Lizzie, wringing her hands in anguish, "you will be lost! I must save you!" and in the blindness of terror and despair, she was about to rush back into the burning building.

"Lizzie, dearest Lizzie, will you hear me? Will you remain here with your cousin while I return to seek your father and mother? Will you hear me?" As he turned, she sank on her knees beside the bewildered Fanny, murmuring prayers for their safety.

Edward hastened back through the same passage they had taken, but he found that the flames had already made such progress, that the smoke

prevented him from following the same course, so he was obliged to find his way through another. This caused him delay, and before he reached the end of the passage, he saw the staircase fall with a heavy crash; he looked upward and perceived Mr. and Mrs. Maitland and Mrs. Gilford standing in despair at the top, half hidden from his sight by the blinding smoke; he shouted to attract their attention, and to tell them there was yet another staircase at a short distance, untouched as yet by the fire, and which was concealed by an angle of the building. Finding it impossible to make them comprehend, he darted along, though nearly bewildered by the smoke, and succeeded in reaching them, as, exhausted with affright, Mrs. Maitland was ready to sink; Mr. Maitland supported poor Mrs. Gilford, who seemed incapable of making any exertion to save herself. Edward seized Mrs. Maitland in his arms and dashed through the narrow passage-way, for they were in the back part of the building, where the confusion was every moment becoming more and more fearful, and the hall rendered almost impassable by the suffocating heat and smoke. They finally reached a low, narrow door that led to the street. Mr. Maitland and Mrs. Gilford passed through it safely, but just as Edward, who bore Mrs. Maitland, almost insensible from fatigue and terror, in his arms, and who had nearly lost their foothold, were within a few

steps of the door, a blinding sheet of flames burst through a folding-door, and swept from one of the adjoining rooms directly across their path; to pause or falter now, was certain destruction; there was no hope, no escape but to dash through the door, which stood open, so that they could discern the street beyond; but unfortunately, a light veil that Mrs. Maitland had hastily thrown over her head, caught on fire, and in an instant her head was enveloped in flames—Edward tore it off, but her hair, brow, and eyes had suffered from the contact; he gave her, fainting from fear and exhaustion, to the arms of her husband and child.

Edward was untiring in his efforts to see them comfortably settled for the night, for the confusion and fright, and then the joy of their escape, had almost rendered the ladies incapable of further exertion, and they needed all Mr. Maitland's attention, and he was truly thankful to be assisted in so efficient a manner by the thoughtful kindness of Edward.

Mrs. Maitland, in addition to the serious inconvenience and pain she suffered from her burns, exhibited signs of extreme indisposition: it was decided to hasten home with all speed. Edward, together with Mrs. Gilford, received a pressing invitation to return with the family to Maitlandville. The latter declined; and after seeing her safely on her way to her friends, the family left for the quiet

of their own home, accompanied by Edward Lee. He lingered at Maitlandville under the fascination of Lizzie's charms; he had never allowed himself to express any of the admiration he felt, and, except the solitary expression that had escaped him during the excitement of that dreadful night, nothing had ever passed his lips, and he felt quite uncertain of any return of his sentiments on the part of Lizzie. She had thanked him again and again, with the liveliest emotion, for his active kindness in saving her parents.

With glowing cheeks, and eyes glistening with tears, she had pressed the hand of her preserver, as she called him, but that was all—he could not take any encouragement from that; just as warmly would she have thanked her father's coachman, he thought, had it been he, instead, who had chanced to render this service.

He resolved to put an end to this suspense by seeking an interview, and learning from her own lips whether he might hope for a return of the affection he lavished upon her.

Edward Lee was the only son of a wealthy merchant in Boston, by whose recent death he had become possessed of a large fortune. While finishing his studies, he became acquainted with the doctrines of the Catholic Church, through the influence of a class-mate, and after a year or two of doubt and indecision, had embraced them, and

now experienced the happiness that the pious and faithful Catholic always finds in the practice of his religion.

He prayed for those of his own family whom he loved, and longed to show them the beauty and holiness of the faith which they despised and rejected; he patiently endured the scorn and sarcasms heaped upon him, and smiled when he heard himself denounced as insane or fanatical, or when warned of the danger of being entrapped by the Jesuits (those dreadful bugbears of all Protestants!) into schemes dangerous to his own happiness, or the peace of the community. Poor Jesuits! the hatred and obloquy of men have always been heaped upon you! the very name you bear, *followers of Jesus!* will entitle you to reproach and scorn: ye must not hope to fare better than your Master, whom the world loaded with infamy and suffering, and then crucified in return for the countless benefits he conferred.

Edward had studied the profession of law, and determined to return to his native city to establish himself, after a year or two spent in travelling; he had listened with much interest to the little disputes between Lizzie and Dr. Singleton, on the steamboat, and had been at first only amused; but the impressions made on his heart by Lizzie's fascinations, after a more intimate acquaintance, were too deep to be easily effaced. Her good sense and

straightforward manner of expressing her strong feelings, her affectionate and unselfish disposition, and above all, the identity of their faith, made him feel that she was in a peculiar manner adapted to render him happy—and it is seldom that one's heart and judgment so perfectly agree in the choice of a companion for life.

The painful doubts he felt of the state of her feelings, made him hesitate, and resolve to ascertain the truth from Lizzie herself, before addressing Mr. Maitland on the subject so near his heart.

Mrs. Maitland grew more and more indisposed, and was finally obliged to withdraw entirely from the family circle; and Lizzie had the pain of hearing the doctor pronounce her mother to be in a slow nervous fever, but which, he said, was likely to prove more tedious than alarming.

She was so much occupied with her mother that Edward felt impelled, by motives of delicacy, to shorten his visit, but still he had lingered in the hope that a favorable opportunity would occur of ascertaining from Lizzie herself, what encouragement there was for the sentiments he entertained.

It was a lovely day, and the soft, dreamy haze of autumn invested the landscape with its peculiar charm. Lizzie had accompanied Father Bailey, as was her custom, to the end of the lane: she stood for a few moments leaning over the gate, after he passed out.

"How pale and ill he looks," said she to herself, as she gazed after his retreating figure. She appeared quite suddenly to become aware of the change in his health since she last saw him, and almost reproached herself with carelessness and indifference, that she had allowed herself to be so taken up with her own affairs as to have been insensible to the weariness and languor that she now so clearly discerned in him.

"I wonder if my father is aware how ill Father Bailey is," she said to herself. "I am sure he would persuade him to take more care of his health." Lizzie sighed—for next to her own family there was no one whom she loved and esteemed so highly. She turned off into one of the neatly gravelled alleys that led to the garden, to collect some flowers for her mother's chamber. She seated herself on a garden-chair, and was thoughtfully arranging them, when a slight rustling attracted her attention;—raising her eyes, she perceived Edward Lee close beside her. Stretching out her hand with a kind smile, she offered him some of the beautiful roses she had just gathered. He took the flowers, and gazing earnestly at her, said in a low tone—

"Will you pardon me, dear Lizzie, if I strive also to retain the hand that bestows them?"

Lizzie looked up as if puzzled to understand his meaning, so foreign to the current of her thoughts at the time of his approach; but that

she was at no loss to read it, as she gazed upon his manly face, lit up with the earnestness and depth of his emotions, might have been guessed from the deep flush that suffused her own, and caused her to withdraw her hand with so sudden a motion, that Edward started back, and an expression of pain and sorrow instantly succeeded the bright and hopeful one that had animated his handsome countenance but a moment before.

"Pardon me, Miss Maitland," he said, "if carried away by the ardor of my own feelings, I have appeared presumptuous in your eyes. Nay, hear me, Lizzie, dearest Lizzie," said he, "suffer me this once to call you so; suffer me, if you cannot return it, to tell you how deeply, truly, how respectfully I love you. I am not deceived—I see—I see it all, you do not, cannot love me; but though it crushes out the hopes I have dared to entertain, it does not stifle the love that I have cherished. I have watched your heart, dear Lizzie, and had fondly hoped for a response that would have made me the happiest of men. Could you have returned my love, being of one faith, we could have knelt together before the altar and entreated the blessing of Heaven. Such a marriage, with the sanction and blessing of the Catholic Church, is a sacrament, a holy and blessed rite, and brings the purest joys that earth can bestow. But oh! Lizzie, I sue in vain, I see I do—forgive me, and do not turn

away from me; I will no longer pain you by my pleadings."

She had covered her face with her hands, and her whole frame shook with the new and strange emotions that stirred her soul. In the innocence and gayety of her young life, one throb of affection, like that he sought, had never once disturbed the joyousness of her heart; she loved her father with far more than an ordinary fondness, and her dear, good, kind mother, was the other part of herself—Fanny and Father Bailey shared the rest of her affections.

The memory of her Aunt Agnes was like a sweet remembered dream, her virtues the standard of excellence she had always desired to attain, and the poor girl trembled when she found herself assailed by that which she considered a temptation to forsake the path of duty she had marked out for herself, forgetful, in the confidence of youth, that her Heavenly Father, in his infinite wisdom, might have ordered another destiny for her far different.

"Lizzie," said Edward, sadly, "will you not bid me a kind farewell? I must leave you to-day, and long years perhaps will roll away ere we shall meet again; but my heart will ever turn to you with the fondest remembrance, and my prayers will be unceasing for your happiness. Nay—not one kind word for me!" said he, almost reproach-

fully, as Lizzie continued to weep. "Have I then offended you past forgiveness?"—and he turned to go.

"Stay, Mr. Lee—Edward, my kind brother," said she, turning her tearful eyes upon him—"Stay, hear me, and you will not feel pained or offended when you have heard me."

He seated himself beside her, and Lizzie recounted to him some of the events of her life that had given the peculiar bias to her mind. The death of Robert Davis; the vivid impression upon her young imagination; the influence that her Aunt Agnes' superhuman fortitude, and her virtues, had exercised over her; all her undefined longings for something better than the mere idle baubles of life. She told him of the promise she had given her father to wait a year before expressing any such desires. She told him all freely, and with the affectionate confidence of a young sister to an elder brother.

She told him that her heart was untrammelled by any attachment; and simply, truly, and frankly, that she had *never thought of him* in any other light than as the preserver of the lives of her parents, and as such, she should ever regard him as her dearest and most valued friend out of her own family.

Edward pressed his lips upon her hand, which he had taken, and which she suffered him to hold.

"Oh, Lizzie! is this all I can ever hope to win?"

She kindly, but firmly assured him that, with her present feelings, a sister's love was all she had to bestow.

A shade of deep disappointment passed over his face, and he paused as if repressing some strong emotion.

"It is not for me to attempt to persuade you to reconsider your resolution; your father's advice to examine well your motive, is better, and perhaps more disinterested, than any thing I could say would be. But, dear Lizzie, does not your invalid mother require your care? and to be a comfort and solace to your father, and to cheer his loneliness, appear to you as binding a duty as any other can be?"

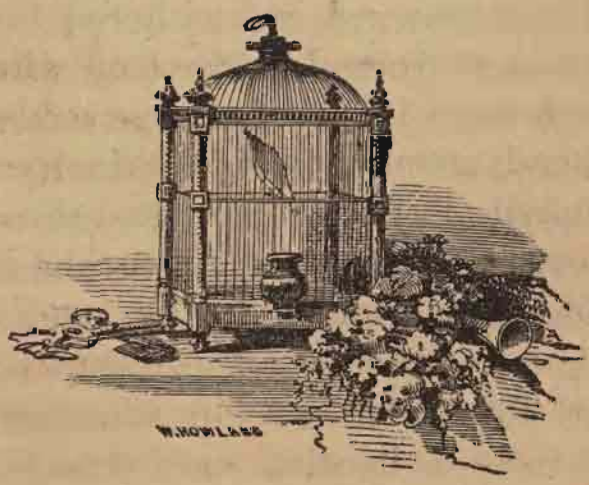
"I have already thought of that," said Lizzie, "but my marriage would interfere as seriously with my duty to my parents, and would rob them of my society and care just as much."

"I cannot feel that it would," replied Edward; "the world is all open before me, and my wife could choose her residence, and if it would increase her happiness or usefulness to be near her parents, no word or act of mine would interfere."

"Say no more," said Lizzie, rising to retire; "my mother's health would be a sufficient reason why I could not leave my home at present, even to fulfil what I should consider the highest destiny of

woman; do not let this interrupt our friendship," said she, extending her hand with the frank kindness of a sister; "my father, as well as myself, will regret your departure; but you will return to visit us; and be assured of my most cordial esteem.

"Oh, Lizzie! is this all I can ever hope to win?" said he, while an expression of pain and disappointment overspread his countenance, "I go—farewell—may the choicest of heaven's blessings rest upon your head." And pressing his lips upon her hand, he turned away, and Lizzie heard his rapid footsteps as he disappeared amid the shrubbery.



CHAPTER X.

The Spring had again arrived—all nature looked glad; the forests had assumed the tender verdure peculiar to the season, violets and anemonies peeped from amidst the soft green moss, and the arbutus sent out its glossy leaves, and trailed its sweet blossoms amid the browned and withered leaves that had sheltered it from the frosts of winter; the stream, freed from its icy fetters, sparkled in the sunbeams, and seemed to rejoice in its freedom, and murmured forth its gladness through the whole valley. So little changed was the scene, one could almost have fancied it the same morning when Lizzie sat on the door-step, a little child—her young heart filled, but not comprehending the emotions that thrilled it with such strange delight. She had not ceased to love these musings, and the gentle teachings of nature were as dear to her as ever; but now, she gazed with feelings sobered and saddened.

Fanny was married, and gone with Henry to New Orleans. Mrs. Maitland lingered a confirmed invalid. Lizzie was left alone to cheer her father's solitude; her mother required much of her care. —it was her daily task to read for her amusement, for the severe pains she suffered in her eyes prevented Mrs. Maitland from ever attempting to read herself; and, although in appearance the eyes were not injured, she found it utterly impossible to fix them for any length of time, without producing intense agony. Lizzie had learned to feel that there is a much greater merit in obedience and submission, than in the performance of great sacrifices, if in making them we follow rather the dictates of our own will, than the will of our Heavenly Father, who is often served much more acceptably by the faith and submission of some obscure and lowly servant, unknown or forgotten by the great ones of earth, than by mighty deeds and costly offerings—Alas! too often, only the offspring of self-righteousness and pride.

She did not need Father Bailey's counsel to convince her, where her duty lay plainly marked out for her, and without a murmur she courageously pursued it; she endeavored to take her mother's place as far as possible. The helping hand and cheerful counsel endeared her to all the poor and needy. And who shall say that kind words to the poor and afflicted are lost? Who has not felt, at

some period of his life, that words of encouragement and sympathy were, to his soul, like a fountain of water in the desert? When sickness, misfortune, sorrow, and it may be *sin* has crushed down step by step the poor victim, who feels that he has lost the esteem of his fellow-men, and when the last spark of self-respect is dying out, and the waves of despondency are ready to overwhelm the sinking soul, who shall dare to say that kind words are of no avail? Does not God send his angels to minister to that soul, and sometimes to speak to those who are ready to perish, through the lips of a pure and gentle woman?

So Lizzie, while her own feelings became more chastened and subdued, trusted more firmly than ever the Father who sent these trials.

Father Bailey looked feeble, and had through the winter suffered from a wearing cough, though he would not complain. Mr. Maitland felt considerable anxiety for him. He had sent to Boston for a physician, an old and valued friend, who had advised change of scene for Mrs. Maitland, whose nervous system had seemed to become quite prostrated—he recommended a trip to Europe. Mrs. Maitland, though averse to leaving home, consented, when she saw how confidently her husband and daughter seemed to look forward to beneficial results; and, with a mother's love, she could not endure to see her only child condemned to the sad-

ness of a sick chamber. She saw also that constant attendance in a sick chamber had begun to make itself visible in Lizzie's young frame. These considerations induced her to give a cheerful assent, not that she really hoped much herself. She only begged to be allowed to remain in her own quiet home until the heat of the summer was passed. Mr. Maitland invited Father Bailey to accompany them, and insisted so strenuously that it was his duty to seek the restoration of his health, that he also finally consented to go with them to Rome.

Bridget, the old and faithful nurse, though she expressed some well-remembered fears on account of the "sea itself," as she called it, still professed her determination to accompany Mrs. Maitland.

Lizzie made it a point to visit all the cottages of their old friends and pensioners before leaving; and many blessings and kind wishes were expressed for their welfare, and the restoration of Mrs. Maitland's health.

Kitty O'Brien wept outright, but wished them Godspeed with all the warmth of her Irish heart.

Patrick Mahoney and Bridget thought there would be sad times among them when the masther and misthress were so far away. "But shure, Miss Lizzie," said Pat, his countenance brightening up, "ye will niver come back widout first taking a look at dear ould sufferin Ireland. My blessin upon her! Shure ye would like to look upon the

soil where the blood of so many martyrs was spilt for the faith ye profess. There's many a fine sight there, Miss Lizzie, and many a spot dear to the recollections of thim as was born on her green soil; and it's often memory travels back there in drames, to the ould cabin where me mother died,—God rest her sowl! It's always bin the hope to go back to see it once more, as has kept me heart warm within me. And if I live till I die—and the Lord only knows whether I will or no—I will visit ould Ireland agin, before I *lave* Ameriky."

It was an effort for Lizzie to withstand the mixture of the pathetic and ludicrous in Pat's manner. He prided himself on his scholarship, which enabled him to read very well, and to write excessively bad English, which latter attainment made his services in great requisition in the neighborhood, and many were the letters he wrote for the occupants of the surrounding cottages, that were sent off by the grateful recipients of his favors, to mystify the simple souls "on the other side of the big wathers;" but the accompanying five pound note generally aided them to a full understanding of the prosperity and blessings that had fallen to the share of those they loved; and they thanked God, with grateful hearts, that his good gifts had not hardened nor made them unmindful of the father and mother that reared them; and many a prayer went up

that was wafted, fraught with rich blessings, to the strange, far-off shore.

Fanny wrote often of her new home, and seemed happy. Henry had entered into mercantile business with a partner of experience, and Mr. Maitland hoped that Fanny might exercise a good influence over her husband, and flattered himself that her prospects were better than he had feared; he had given her a handsome outfit, and she had left the home that had sheltered her early years, with many tears, but confident of the love of her husband, and full of bright anticipations for the future.

The parting between Father Bailey and his flock was truly touching. He had secured the services of a zealous and devoted young priest to supply his place, but it was a severe trial to leave them.

The children had grown up under his care, and loved him like a father. It was a pleasant sight to see them lingering about his house on a fine summer day, after the school hours were over; if he worked in his garden for relaxation, as he frequently did, gay groups might be seen following him about, some with water-pots, or a tiny rake, fully persuaded that they were rendering essential service. And did they not? Were they not the flowerets and sunbeams of his life of loneliness and toil?

Bouquets of the earliest spring flowers, gathered

by willing little hands, graced his pleasant cottage, and the sweetest and fairest blossoms, cultivated in the humble little patch at home, were culled for the altar; and how busy, important, and happy they looked on Saturday afternoon when they were allowed to sweep the Church, and decorate the altar with their humble little gifts.

It is not wonderful that they were endeared to him by a thousand remembered acts of kindness and love. The approach of winter always brought him nice warm stockings and mufflers, more valued for the kind feeling that had prompted the offering, than remarkable for the elegance of the shape or workmanship. Little presents of butter, cheese, or maple sugar came with the seasons; and little Nellie O'Brien was the proudest and happiest child in the whole country side, when she trotted up to Father Bailey's cottage, all by herself, with her tiny basket of eggs—the largest and nicest ever was seen—all laid by her own big black hen, with the splendid top-knot.

Nor was old Maggie forgotten—there was always a good store of grain and fodder provided for the dear old *crater* that had borne her master so faithfully through the storms of winter and the scorching heats of summer, patiently plodding through the deep snow-drifts and blinding sleets, or toiling over some rough mountain pass, and fording the wild streams that rushed with the headlong

fury of a spring freshet, across his pathway, while he went on his way to the bedside of the sick and dying, to carry the sweet consolations of the holy religion of which he was a faithful minister. Dear sober-minded old Maggie! she looked the very personification of patience and meek perseverance; and, as if she had a becoming sense of the dignity of her station, from the way she pricked up her ears, and manifested her satisfaction, one would have thought that she appropriated to herself a part of the hearty welcome bestowed on her master.

It is not to be wondered at that the parting be tween pastor and people should have been a sorrowful one; and when, on the Sunday preceding his departure, he reminded them of the tender relations between them, thanking them for all their affection and kindness to himself, and exhorting them to be faithful to the duties of their holy religion; to be sober, temperate and obedient, and attentive to the instructions of the new pastor, and earnestly entreated their prayers for himself, it was no strange thing that his emotion choked his utterance, and that when they crowded around to receive his parting blessing, the tears of the pastor and people were mingled together.

CHAPTER XI.

Lizzie's bright anticipations of the pleasure of a first sea voyage vanished, as such bright visions usually do, before the stern realities one encounters amid the sights and sounds, smells and nausea of a steamship.

The day they sailed from New York was serene and lovely; the sea calm and smooth; for a while Lizzie had begun to look about and take note of her fellow-passengers. She had watched the fading outlines of the distant shores until they melted away into the dim horizon, and all around was only to be seen the blue wide waters; the ceaseless play of the restless waves bound her as by a magic spell. She gazed, entranced, until the stars shone out, and until admonished by the disappearance, one by one, of her fellow-travellers, and her father's voice, that it was time to retire. Poor Lizzie, she reached her state-room in safety, and had barely time to see that her mother was comfortably re-

posing, when sea and stars had lost all their glory, and every energy was directed to the more commonplace necessity of untying knots and fastenings that had never before seemed half so complicated.

Poor Bridget's efforts to render assistance were so awkward that she was dismissed, and the services of the stewardess most thankfully accepted, and Lizzie appreciated their value, as she could not very clearly perceive how they could be rendered unless the poor girl had the faculty of walking on her head; for to her perceptions just then, stools, mirrors and wash bowls were doubled, and sailed and glided about her eyes in the most incomprehensible manner.

For two days she kept her state-room, where every thing was subject to this deplorable and unromantic confusion; but she summoned resolution after that to remain on deck, and soon forgot the nauseous horrors of the preceding days; as the good steamer ploughed her way steadily through the waves, she began to enjoy the fresh breezes, and to watch with increasing delight the white sails that dotted the horizon.

"I don't wonder," said she to Father Bailey one day, as they stood looking at a noble ship with every sail set to catch the wind, which was favorable—"I don't wonder that sailors think their full, flowing sheets a beautiful sight, and that they despise the steam vessels, with their noise and smoke.

There is truly something much more poetic in the motion, and the whole appearance of that splendid ship, than of ours, steaming along with the bare black pipes, and one or two blackened sails, and the heavy cloud of smoke following us, and hanging over our heads like the memory of evil deeds."

"Your admiration is all very well, standing here firmly as you do, on the deck of this good, substantial steamer; but do you believe you would have found the *roll* of that noble ship, that you call so poetic now, quite as much to your taste a few days ago? Did you not then find rolling rather an unpoetic motion?" said Father Bailey, with a quizzical expression.

Lizzie laughed, and confessed that the "practical utility of the steam and paddle wheels was worthy of consideration, and that poetry and sentiment were rather out of place in a state-room of a ship, more especially the first two days."

Mr. Maitland and Father Bailey were quite exempt from sea-sickness—and as Mr. Maitland was much occupied with his wife, Father Bailey was her constant companion; and they found many pleasant incidents to while away the tedium of the voyage. Mrs. Maitland was able to come on deck on pleasant days, and Lizzie had the satisfaction of seeing her mother improve, though rather slowly. She was cheerful, and appeared less languid. She found pleasant diversion occasionally in the society

and conversation of some of her fellow-voyagers. There was one family party in which Lizzie took especial pleasure: it consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Ellicott, their son, a young man of about twenty-three or four years, and a young girl, near her own age, the daughter of a relative of Mrs. Ellicott's; she had for some months past been very much out of health, and her parents had sent her abroad to regain her strength and spirits. Lizzie had, from the first time she saw her, been attracted by the pale, interesting countenance of the young Mary Heyward, and after a few days, they had been drawn by closer ties, which it is necessary to explain.

Mary Heyward was the daughter of wealthy parents, her father was a strict Presbyterian, brought up with the most exact New England precision; a man of good intentions, strong prejudices, and an iron will that knew no shadow of turning; his bigotry carried him to the length of proscription of all creeds and persons, whose religious faith did not accord with his own. He had taken a young Irish orphan and educated and *converted* him, as he himself said, to his own religious belief—had succeeded in winning him, young as he was, from the Catholic faith, and had educated him to hate and proscribe all who did not reverence it, as he had done. As he grew to be a man, the selfish part of his nature had developed with his years, and his manhood found him ready to denounce and vilify the true

faith to please his patron, and advance his own pecuniary interests; and as he was represented as a convert to Protestantism, his words were listened to with eager avidity by the crowds whom he drew around by his eloquence—for he was not by any means deficient in intellect. He had persuaded himself that gratitude to his benefactor demanded that he should pursue a course to please him; and he adopted, without any question, the suggestion he made. His lectures drew immense crowds; for when did error fail to attract? and especially, when did abuse and vilification, directed against the Catholic Church, fail to find eager listeners and crowds of believers?

Mr. Heyward insisted that his wife and daughter should attend these lectures of his protegé. Mrs. Heyward was a mild, inoffensive woman, who seldom had much mind or will of her own, and as she never dared to cross her husband's wishes, so she accepted his religious creed, as she did every thing else that fell from his lips, as her law, and yielded implicit obedience. With Mary the case was different; possessing more of her father's strength of intellect and firmness, mingled with more amiable feelings and less prejudice, she formed a much more reliable and lovable character. She obeyed her father from the force of habit and education, and went to hear the lectures; at first listlessly, and with yawns that almost threatened to dislocate her jaws; but, as she informed Lizzie, the amount of the

abuse he heaped upon the Catholic religion, and the whole Catholic community, roused up at last indignant feelings in her breast; it was so sweeping, so overwhelming, that she felt that it must be unjust, and it awakened a spirit of inquiry; and she determined to know, from lawful authority, what were really the dogmas of that faith that could call forth such unrelenting hatred and persecution.

When she asked an explanation, or indeed any question concerning the Catholic faith, she was answered by having printed lectures and pamphlets, books containing the most violent abuse against them, put into her hands; the consequence was, as might have been expected from a generous and candid mind, she became disgusted; she felt that some good thing could come "even out of Nazareth."

Accidentally she formed the acquaintance of a young Catholic lady, and from her obtained books and information on the subject, that had begun to interest her more than she felt willing to admit even to herself. Her reading and examination had resulted in her becoming convinced of the truth of Catholicity, and its well substantiated claims to be obeyed as the one true Church, established by Christ himself, and perpetuated through the ministry of his Apostles and their successors.

Then commenced in her own mind the fearful struggle between her convictions and her habitual fear of her father's authority. She knew his unre-

lenting animosity to the very name of Catholic; and she knew that from her mother she could not look for either counsel or support, for she was too timid to dream of resisting for a moment the will of her husband, whether it were just or unjust, even although it had clashed with her dearest interests, or the deepest affections of her soul. The struggle to hide her real feelings, and the contest in her own breast, threw Mary into a low fever, of which none could divine the cause; her physician pronounced it a nervous affection; and as all girls of her age are supposed susceptible of love, it was thought to be some unrequited attachment; and consequently she was sent to France, under the care of her father's cousin, Mrs. Ellicott.

Mrs. Ellicott was a sensible, amiable woman; she had been educated, like Mr. Heyward, a Presbyterian, but was without his bitter, unkind prejudices. She had no hostilities against any human being; it was almost the only reproach that Mr. Heyward would have brought against her, that she was too lenient in her feelings against evil of all kinds, and especially Catholicity; and had he suspected the state of his daughter's mind, he would never have dreamed of trusting her out of his sight: as it was, the mischief was already done, and through his own short-sightedness, the very measures he had taken to inspire her with dislike, were the means of opening her eyes to the beauty and holiness of

that faith that might have remained for ever a mystery.

All this Lizzie learned from the pale lips of the poor young girl—now that she felt her health declining, she earnestly desired to be received into the Catholic Church. She had prayed for light to guide her, for grace to strengthen her weak resolves, and she told Lizzie that she had determined to risk even her father's anger, for she saw in the Scriptures he had himself taught her to revere, "that whoso loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me." And she desired, when she could have an opportunity, to consult Father Bailey. She expressed herself as if convinced that they had been thrown in her way, to decide her wavering resolutions. She requested Lizzie to keep these things locked in her own breast, until such time as she should give her liberty to reveal them. In answer to her question whether she did not intend to consult Mrs. Ellicott, she replied firmly and decidedly, "No,"—that she did not wish to compromise Mrs. Ellicott with her father; that his anger would be directed against her, and it could do no good—her determination was now too fully established to admit of any influence from that quarter; and, in fact, she had resolved to put an end to the struggle that had cost her peace of mind, and very nearly her life, by doing what she considered her highest duty, without any more

hesitation, and did not wish to be subjected to any annoyance until after the final step was taken; she felt that she was about to take this step conscientiously, and from a motive of love to God. She had fervently prayed for light to guide her feet, and she regarded it as an answer to her prayer, that God had permitted her to take this journey, that she might have the opportunity to be free from any molestation, until she had been received in the Church; when she trusted she should obtain graces that would enable her to fulfil her duty faithfully, and endure any persecution or trials that the Infinite Wisdom might see fit to send her.

Lizzie threw her arms about her neck, and kissed her, and while tears of sympathy mingled with hers, she promised to aid her by her prayers, and thanked God, that He had surrounded her path with so many blessings, and spared her such a bitter trial, as she felt it would have been, to offend her father in a matter that so nearly concerned the salvation of her soul.

In a few days our friends landed at Havre, and soon found themselves in comfortable lodgings in Paris. The Ellicotts were in another part of the city, but not so far separated as to prevent Lizzie and Mary from holding frequent intercourse. Father Bailey instructed Mary previous to her baptism, but told her she must inform her father of the step she had taken. He could not believe

that any parent, and especially one of those who profess to inculcate into their children's minds, freedom of religious opinions, and the right to choose for themselves, would continue to cherish anger against a child who had been governed so entirely by conscientious motives. Father Bailey, in the kindness and simplicity of his heart, could not comprehend the animosity, the bitter, unrelenting hatred, that some Protestants feel for the Catholic religion, and against all who profess it. In the retired position he had held, surrounded by a poor, humble, but loving flock, persecution had not been his lot. There was nothing to awaken the jealousy or hatred of other denominations, and he had spent his days in peace and security, though in fulfilling his missionary duties in far distant parishes, he was often exposed to great toil and many hardships; but when the mind is at peace, the body can endure much without sinking; and he had been cheered through his pilgrimage by the grateful love of his people, and, above all, rich graces had been bestowed upon him, and he was truly a man of prayer, beloved of God!

While they lingered in Paris Mr. Maitland was anxious that Lizzie should have the opportunity to visit every place worthy of note, and spared no pains to accomplish his designs. Amidst the new and attractive spectacles of the Old World, she

found her early dreams fully realized, but her poor mother's condition was a serious drawback to her pleasure. Mrs. Maitland's health continued about the same, but the violent pains in the nerves of the eye, rendered them useless, as far as all practical purposes were concerned; it is true she was able to distinguish persons and objects around her, but any attempt to fix them on a book or writing, subjected her to excruciating pain. Mr. Maitland determined to remain in Paris a month or two, to give his wife and Father Bailey the benefit of the best medical advice. The health of the latter had seemed benefited by the sea voyage; his cough was somewhat diminished, but the physician said he needed at least a year of relaxation as there was a tendency to pulmonary disease.

Mary had been received into the bosom of the Church, and after a few weeks spent in Paris, had gone with the Ellicotts to spend the winter in Rome. She had informed Mrs. Ellicott of the step she had taken, and by her advice delayed writing to her father. Mrs. Ellicott desired that Mary's health should become more fully established before encountering the storm that she feared would be roused by the reception of such news from his daughter, and she knew that even the precarious state of her health would not prevent the expression of the indignation and horror that he would feel. Mrs. Ellicott was too considerate and chari-

table in her own feelings, to pain Mary by any attempt to unsettle her by arguments of her own; she allowed the poor young girl to follow her own convictions unmolested. In fact, if the truth must be confessed, she was too indifferent to the subject, to let it make any great difference in her own mind, and she rather shrank herself from the storm that she felt assured would burst over Mary's head. She loved her like a daughter, and she more than half suspected that her own son was not indifferent to her, and she would have gladly claimed her by a dearer title; she regretted Mary's change more on account of the opposition her wishes in that respect might be likely to encounter, from Mary herself, and perhaps Mr. Ellicott, than from any serious dislike she herself entertained. She had not much hope that Mary would, as Mr. Ellicott suggested, grow indifferent, and perhaps forget it, for something else. He had become so accustomed to new *isms*, as he called them, that he regarded the whole affair as another sort of transcendentalism, and thought that, like any other girl, she would exchange it soon for some other new-fangled notion.

Mr. Ellicott had taken more note of stocks and politics, than of the workings of a young girl's mind, and would have shown about as much skill in training it, as he would in directing the motions of a comet; and although an amiable and sensible

man in his way, he would very soon have abandoned in dismay the task to the management of his wife, in whose tact and skill he had unlimited confidence. A flood of tears would have put him quite beside himself, and he would have been much more likely to offer his purse, or his watch, or any other fine thing that came to hand, than the appreciative sympathy and tenderness that would touch the spring of a young girl's heart.

He was an excellent husband and father, as the world goes, but he had too much of the common opinion, that, if women only have enough to eat and to drink and to wear, they are bound to be happy. All those aspirations of a delicately organized soul, and the gratification of which affords the highest happiness, surpassed his comprehension, and unless she were really ill, it would seriously have puzzled him to understand, why a woman, surrounded with all these outward appliances, could allow a shade to rest on her brow; he would, undoubtedly, have set it down in his own mind, to the score of ill temper. It was fortunate for him that his wife had an excellent temper, good health, and few longings for any thing beyond his capacity to supply. Money he furnished liberally, and she spent it freely, and often charitably. Society would be ameliorated if there were more Mrs. Ellicotts; she supplied a link between its different elements, and exercised a kindly and good influence as far as

it extended. "All she needed," as Mary expressed herself to Lizzie, "was the teachings and guidance of the Catholic religion, to make her one of the dearest and best of women."

Her son strongly resembled his mother in person and in character, though with a tinge of his father's more choleric temper, subdued by more intelligence and self-control.

CHAPTER XII.

The Maitlands, who had remained in Paris a short time after the departure of their friends, were now anxious to join them in Rome, to be there during the season of Lent. Mr. Maitland had hoped that his wife would experience more benefit than she had received, from the advice of a distinguished physician; but as Mrs. Maitland seemed desirous to go, he yielded to her wishes.

Lizzie wandered with her father through churches, ruined temples, and scenes hallowed by sacred memories and associations, her full heart throbbing with delight—her only regret, that her dear mother was unable to share it all with her; and she strove by her glowing descriptions and graphic pictures, as she recounted to her all that interested and filled her ardent imagination, to give her a share of her own delight; and she succeeded so far as to give her a great happiness, though it differed from what Lizzie intended. Mrs. Maitland

appreciated her daughter's motive, and made her happy in return, by the pleased and gratified manner with which she listened to her recitals, of the hallowed places, the tombs of the saints and martyrs that she visited. She was able to drive out, and she spent all the time that she felt inclined, within the walls of St. Peter's; in their prolonged excursions she was unable to take part, but she found there enough to raise her soul, and fill it with emotions that repaid her for all the fatigues she had undergone. Mr. Maitland, through letters that had been given to Father Bailey and himself, found access to many places of deep interest to the pious Catholic.

He was surprised and delighted at what he found to be, actually, the moral and social condition of the people, whom he had always been accustomed to hear represented as ignorant and idle, vicious and degraded. Father Bailey and himself visited the schools, where they were taught reading and writing, and all the common branches of education, gratuitously, and from a motive which *alone* can insure a faithful discharge of duty, the love of God! To all those who are too poor to provide for themselves, books and other necessaries are furnished; and they ascertained from personal observation, that out of a population of one hundred and eighty thousand, twenty-two thousand children attend school daily, and were taught by

the Christian Brothers to read and write, and were instructed in Christian doctrine by the same devoted band.

They were informed, on high authority, and their own observation verified the truth of the assertion, that amid the populace any where, amongst the very poorest classes, there could be found seventy out of every hundred who could read and write.

"Oh!" said Mr. Maitland, "how will this contrast with Protestant England, who, amidst her boasted liberty and intelligence, enacted penal laws that made it a high crime for the Irish Catholic to teach his own child to read, and even as late as 1802, these laws were enforced; or, to turn to an earlier period, after the violation of the Treaty of Limerick, when every Catholic, by act of Parliament, incurred a forfeiture of *all* his property, *present* or *future*, if he, whether adult, or child in its earliest infancy, attended in Ireland a school *kept by a Catholic;* or if a Catholic child, however young, was sent to a *foreign* country for education, such *infant child* incurred the same penalty; or if any person in Ireland made a remittance of money for the *maintenance* of such child, *he* incurred a similar forfeiture; these, as near as my recollection serves me," continued Mr. Maitland, "are the words of the Act of Parliament, by which the poor Catholic was deprived of the right and power to

educate his child; and while similar acts deprived him virtually of the right to hold property, he was reproached, and is still, for his poverty and ignorance." (See O'Connell's Memoir on Ireland, Native and Saxon, page 6.)

"It is all too true," said Father Bailey, with a sigh; "and the law in regard to property was even more galling than the other, for it directly encouraged the child to rebel against his father. 'If the eldest son of a Catholic father, *at any age*, declared himself a Protestant, he thereby made his father strict tenant for life, deprived the father of all power to sell or dispose of his estate, and such Protestant son became entitled to the absolute dominion and ownership of the estate;' or, 'if a Catholic had a horse worth *more* than five pounds, any Protestant tendering five pounds to the Catholic owner, was by law entitled to take the horse, though worth fifty pounds, or a hundred, or more, and keep him as his own; and if he concealed his horse from any Protestant, the Catholic, for the crime of concealing *his own horse*, was liable to be punished by an imprisonment of three months, and a fine of three times the value of the horse.' (See O'Connell's Memoir, page 5.) And yet," continued he, "these people, who have for long years been oppressed, and impelled, by every instinct of self-preservation, to duplicity, are taunted with their ignorance, poverty, and vices. Ah! who is

responsible for these evils? Who placed this yoke on their necks, and crushed them down in the dust? Yet this nation in her pride, and the arrogance of prosperity, dares to lift her haughty front, and point her finger over the graves of her Irish subjects, at the stains of slavery on her sister's brow, and to pronounce other nations as degraded and fallen, and less prosperous than herself. Who shall decide between them? Can all the armies and navies of the world, or the millions of gold in her coffers, buy an abatement of one iota of the judgment against this iniquity, or make the ignorant and depressed subjects of England believe themselves happier and more contented, than the simple, joyous, intelligent populace of Italy? If *wealth, alone*, is the standard of *national prosperity*, and the happiness, morals, intelligence and faith, and contentment, are to be thrown out of the scale, there are few nations of the earth who will not yield the palm to England; but the woe pronounced upon him who receiveth all his good things in this life, may it not extend also to nations?"

Father Bailey paused, for he had been betrayed into unusual warmth, and they continued their walk in silence.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come at last," said Mary, as she embraced Lizzie; "I have such an agreeable acquaintance to introduce to you; he is a Catholic, and a convert, and I am certain you will admire him as much as I do. He had been several months in Rome when we came, and has, since we knew him, been exceedingly polite and kind in accompanying us to all the places most interesting to visitors, and especially Catholics, and which I, poor body, could never have found out by myself. For my part, I am greatly indebted to him, but I believe poor Charlie Ellicott regards him with not quite so amiable a feeling."

"Why," said Lizzie, laughingly interrupting her, "have you been flirting with your new friend, to tease your old beau?"

"Now, Lizzie, you are too bad, to talk such nonsense, and besides, I have not been flirting, to tease any one; and Charles Ellicott is unreasona-

ble, and had no right whatever to feel offended or piqued, and to say so ill-naturedly that Mr. Lee seemed to imagine that nobody but himself could find out the interesting localities in Rome."

"Mr. Lee!" said Lizzie, suddenly, and changing color. "What Mr. Lee?"

"Mr. Edward Lee, of Boston—a young, intelligent, handsome man—rich, and above all, and to be serious," said Mary, "a good Catholic, and one of the most agreeable men I ever met. But Lizzie," said she, casting a penetrating glance on her friend, that made the rich color deepen on her cheek, "why do you ask—do you know him?"

"Yes," she replied, "that is, I believe I do—he is a dear friend of mine—I mean of my parents, and," continued she, hastily, and still blushing deeper, as Mary fixed her eyes full upon her, with a scrutinizing look, "I owe him great obligation, for he rescued my dear parents from a horrible fate," and Lizzie recounted the scene in Montreal, to divert Mary from her scrutiny, which seemed, for some reason, to have been particularly painful to her.

Search a little deeper yourself, Lizzie Maitland. What was it that made you shrink away, and gave you the sudden pang for which you are even now condemning yourself as selfish, when you heard of his kind attentions bestowed upon another, and saw the sparkle of pleasure in her eye that told

how acceptable they were? Yes—search truly, Lizzie! You said you told himself that you had only thought of him *as a brother*—it would surely cause you no pang to see a brother, ever so tenderly beloved, appreciate one you love so dearly as Mary.

"He will be very glad to meet you again, no doubt," said Mary. "I will bring him to see you!"

Lizzie—there it is again, that sharp pang! "I will bring him to see you!" What ails you? Why are you not willing that Mary, your dear friend, should bring your old acquaintance, whom you value "next to your own family," to see you? You are quite incomprehensible, Lizzie!

"Or stay to-day and dine with us," continued Mary. "Mr. Lee will be here at dinner, and I am sure he will be glad to see any of my friends, and most of all, you; do stay, I will send word to your mother, and she will not feel any uneasiness."

No, you cannot! (You mean, will not.) How is it that your dear mother *so suddenly* requires all your thought and care? Where is Bridget? Your mother was better than usual when you came out to visit Mary, and now you *must* hurry home!! I am afraid, Miss Lizzie Maitland, after all the care bestowed on you, you have yet a great deal to learn—you are still very ignorant of the workings of that young heart of yours. You have been a

great dreamer all your life, but you have not attained to any great skill in reading it.

"Oh, Lizzie! don't disappoint me so much; I have a thousand things to tell you, and if you hurry away, I cannot think of half of them. I am sure your mother can spare you a little while this morning."

But Lizzie was in no mood to listen, and for some reason unaccountable to herself, she shrank from meeting Edward Lee that day, and persisted in returning home.

"Well, Lizzie, if you will go," said Mary, "wait for me, and I will get ready and walk with you to visit an old church that is just in your way; there is a beautiful picture there, which Mr. Lee said was worth taking pains to see. You will like to look at it, and you can spare time enough for that; perhaps we may find him there, he visits the church often."

Poor Lizzie for the first time found Mary's society oppressive—how she longed to be alone—she felt such a sense of pain at her heart, and such a choking at the throat, as if something must burst out in spite of herself. She was sure she was unamiable and unkind to wish to get rid of Mary, and yet she could hardly resist the inclination that impelled her to fly away—any where, to be alone—pictures were all alike to her now; she could see shades of red and blue—hanging in folds—eyes,

noses, and mouths, on pink faces—but what sort of a whole they composed, she was unable to remember. She had an indistinct notion of virgins and lilies—angels and wings—saints and skulls—mixed up with gleams of sunshine—"light and shadow,"—as Mary said, "beautiful, exquisite coloring."

"Do look, Lizzie, how the sunlight falls and rests like a glory above the head of that saint."

"Yes," murmured Lizzie, but no ray of that sunlight penetrated into her heart; it was not her wont to be so dull to the voice of nature, beauty or friendship. She was in constant dread—and yet she could not tell why—lest Edward Lee should enter the church, and at last she insisted so strenuously that she must return to her mother, and that Mary must stay longer to enjoy the paintings, that Mary consented, and wondered what made Lizzie Maitland so silent and unlike herself, but she soon forgot about it amid the master-pieces of art by which she was surrounded.

"Why, my love, how pale and fatigued you look; do go to your room and rest yourself," was her mother's first salutation as she entered her chamber.

Lizzie threw her arms around her mother's neck, leaned her head on her bosom, and wept softly and silently.

"My precious darling, you must not fatigue

yourself so much with these long walks, you will make yourself ill—your head is quite hot—it is aching now—I am sure it is. My dear child, you *must* be more careful," and she looked so concerned, that Lizzie raised her head, and smiling pleasantly, assured her mother that she was quite well, and ready to read to her, if she wished. But Mrs. Maitland still insisted that she looked too much fatigued, and must go and rest herself.

Lizzie retired to her own room, and casting herself on her knees, she wept freely for a few moments, then she prayed to be forgiven every sinful repining thought, and for strength to fulfil every duty, and for resignation to the will of God; she arose calm and peaceful, and threw herself upon a little couch, and soon fell into a refreshing slumber.

Poor Lizzie! that sharp pang that shot through your breast is quiet now—you distrust your own self, and dare not answer, if you could, why you should have felt it. You acknowledged that Mary was every way worthy of the interest and regard that Edward had bestowed upon her, and you surely do not claim from him even a brother's attention now.

It is true, she had felt slighted and hurt. She thought, not *so much* on her *own account* as on that of her parents, that Edward had not called to see them sooner after their arrival. Ah! you

forget, Lizzie, how coldly you dismissed him. *He* remembers, still, perhaps—and *you* forget that the human heart and its affections will not always do our bidding; it has impulses of its own that sometimes scorn all control. Edward may not feel inclined to intrude again where he has been so decidedly repulsed—pride may have found a little lurking place in his heart, as well as your own. But he must not have injustice done him; and while Lizzie lies in so sweet a slumber, we will explain why it was that he had not before visited the Maitlands.

He was absent from the city when they first arrived, and had not heard of their coming until the day before, and he had called that very morning; but Mrs. Maitland never saw any company in the morning, and as Lizzie was out, the servant had forgotten to mention it. Edward had not left a card, for the simple reason that he did not happen to have one with him; and as he intended to repeat his visit very soon, he had only said to the servant that he would come again, without giving his name.

It is true, he had at first felt a little shrinking when he remembered the parting between Lizzie and himself, but he had struggled with and resisted the feeling of wounded pride. Resentment he had never entertained; and left Maitlandville immediately after that interview, and had spent his

time, not in cherishing morbid and unmanly sentiments, nor in endeavoring to forget Lizzie. No; he loved her even more fondly than ever, but with an unselfishness that would not have permitted him to desire her to unite her destiny with his, if her affections were not entirely his own, and unless he had believed that her happiness would be secured by it, although it would have cost him a severe pang, as it did, to resign her.

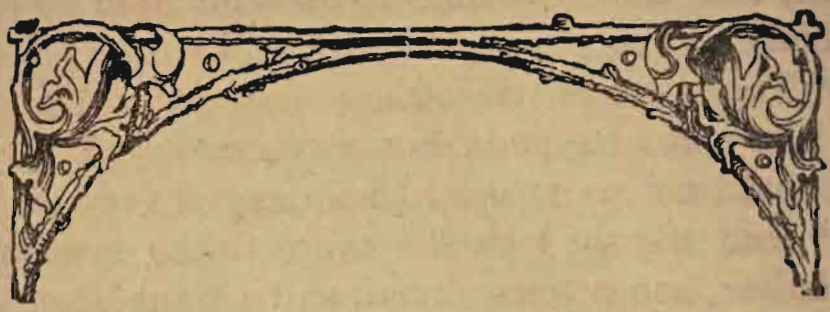
He had spent several months in Rome before the arrival of the Ellicotts, and it had been very agreeable to him to meet a party of Americans, and he had found in Mary a sensible and intelligent companion, and although his affections had never wavered, he had devoted himself to making her visit pleasant by directing her attention to such objects as were interesting, *particularly* to Catholics.

Poor Charles Ellicott had been excessively annoyed at what he chose to consider his interference; he could not understand the attraction between converts, and, with his jealous eye, had attributed the evident pleasure on both sides to the dawning of mutual affection, and he had punished himself and his friends by the indulgence of his jealous fancies.

Mrs. Ellicott understood these things better, and would gladly have interpreted for her son and set matters right, but he was too proud to acknowl-

edge his wounded feelings to his mother, or to permit any approaches on her part, and so the matter stood when Lizzie arrived.

Mary was happy in her newly acquired peace of mind, and her health had improved very much. It is true that she looked forward to the encounter with her father with dread, and shrank from it, but the young girl was not in a mood just then for falling in love with any body. She liked Charles Ellicott very much, in fact it had been a sort of childish cousinly attachment, not *very* tender on her part, but of late his ill humors had rather checked the feeling. She did not quite understand the motive, and had done him some injustice in her own mind by attributing it to mere personal dislike of Edward, and did not regard it with the leniency that might have been expected from a young girl of nineteen for the jealousy and caprice which she herself had excited. She loved Mrs. Ellicott, and was grateful to her for the kind consideration she had shown for her recently avowed sentiments; and no mother could have been more tender and anxious for the re-establishment of her health.



CHAPTER XIV.

"Lizzie, my love, here is something your father has brought that will cure your headache," said Mrs. Maitland, holding up several letters.

"From dear Fanny!" exclaimed Lizzie, eagerly seizing it in her hand. "Where have they been so long delayed? See, mamma, the date is quite an old one."

"They should have reached us before we left Paris, I think. But read them, Lizzie, you will find something to give you pleasure; your father has read me his, which I think contains the most interesting incident," said Mrs. Maitland, smiling.

"Oh mamma, how happy dear Fanny must be now!" said Lizzie, glancing rapidly over her letter, and soon discovering the important news, which was no less than the announcement of the birth of a beautiful son, whom she had named William Maitland, after her uncle, and she had written an affectionate letter to announce to him the joyful

event, and to inform him that he had been chosen godfather.

"The blessed little darling! how I wish I could see him and kiss him this very moment. I feel as if I could not wait," said Lizzie, rapturously.

"And she says he has bright black eyes like his father, and his nose turns up the slightest bit in the world, about as much as *yours*, dear Lizzie," continued she, reading Fanny's comments on the beauty of her child.

"Why the impertinent little minx, to insinuate that my nose is not strictly a model of beauty, indeed! But I will forgive her, for doubtless she intends it as a compliment, since she sees the resemblance in her own baby. And now, mamma," said Lizzie, all alive to the importance of this joyful event, "Master Willie must have one of those exquisitely embroidered little robes that I was admiring the other day. Oh I do hope that the box of pretty things we sent off has reached her before this time. Dear Fanny! she must be very happy with her boy, but no doubt she feels as if she could enjoy it better if she could 'place it on your knee and see you kiss it, and hear papa call it a beautiful child;' she says he would. Poor dear Fanny!" sighed Lizzie, after a little pause, "I hope she has found kind friends to supply our place, but they cannot love her half so well, and she seems to feel herself, as if we were never half so dear before.

I hope Henry is tender and kind, and loves her as much as she thought he would always."

"I hope so," said Mrs. Maitland with a sigh, as if she had some misgivings that she would not breathe aloud. She had always feared for Fanny's happiness. Henry had been so much indulged, and so little accustomed to self-control, or to the practice of self-denial in any way, that she had always felt that Fanny was subjecting herself to severe trials by intrusting her happiness to the keeping of one who put so little restraint upon his own passions, but she hoped every thing from Fanny's affection and good influence, and she silently breathed a prayer that the birth of this little one might act as an incentive to exertion on his part, and that he would be aroused to industry and activity for the sake of his young wife and child.

Soon after Henry's marriage, his father died suddenly, leaving his estates so embarrassed that there was no prospect of saving any thing from the wreck; but Henry's business had proved lucrative, and with a moderate share of perseverance on his part, Mr. Maitland hoped that he would soon secure an independence, if not a fortune for himself and Fanny. Her uncle had given her a handsome outfit at her marriage, and so far as *worldly* affairs were concerned, he flattered himself that his beloved niece had a prospect of competence and comfort, if not of the great wealth that Henry had expected from his

father. On the whole, Mr. Maitland had felt that it would ultimately prove a benefit to him by making him realize the necessity for exertion, and be the means of his becoming a thorough business man.

Mr. Maitland had appeared very much gratified that Fanny had given his name to her boy—and she had pretty substantial proof of it some time after; when the well-filled box arrived, she found many things for the little Willie, as well as herself, besides the "pretty embroidered dress." Even Bridget had contributed her mite, in the shape of some nice little worsted socks, knitted by her own hands for "Miss Fanny's baby."

Lizzie was interrupted in the perusal of her letters by the entrance of Mary Heywood, who came to announce that Mrs. Ellicott and Edward Lee were waiting to see them, and that they came to propose a drive to Mrs. Maitland and herself. Poor Lizzie, the color flushed into her cheeks when she recollected the uncomfortable feelings she had but just succeeded in stifling, and she felt as guilty and almost as much embarrassed as if Mary and Edward Lee were aware of what had been passing in her own mind.

Mrs. Maitland was delighted to meet Mr. Lee, and her welcome was so cordial and sincere, that it entirely relieved Edward of any constraint that he would otherwise have felt. She invited him to

visit them often, to come with the freedom of a beloved and dear friend, as she assured him both Mr. Maitland and herself considered him. Mrs. Maitland declined to drive out, but insisted that Lizzie should go. Mrs. Ellicott declared her intention of remaining with her, and so it was decided that Lizzie and Mary should go, while she chatted with Mrs. Maitland until their return.

Lizzie had so successfully schooled herself (and the news from Fanny had helped to divert her thoughts), that she was soon able to meet Edward and converse with him freely, and without any of the embarrassment that would have oppressed her in the morning.

"Have you heard from your cousin lately, Miss Maitland?" said Edward.

"I have this moment finished reading letters from her, that have announced the birth of a son," Lizzie replied, and laughingly repeated Fanny's comments on the beauty of the child, and the resemblance she traced to herself—"but, so far," she added, "from increasing my humility, I fear it will have a contrary effect, feeling, as I do, so well assured of the high estimation in which she holds her child's beauty."

"You must have missed your cousin's society very much?" said Edward.

"I have indeed;" replied Lizzie, "it was the first separation since our childhood, and of course

was a very painful thing to us all, and to my father especially, to have Fanny go so far from us. It would not have been half so much of a trial to part from her if she could have remained near us. But she appears to like her new home, and has written me some very amusing descriptions of the new phases of life she has seen. I wish she were with us here," continued she, with a sigh.

"I suppose," said Edward, "that with your father and Father Bailey to guide you, you have seen every thing of interest in Rome."

"Oh, not every thing!" replied Lizzie. "I have visited all the usual places of resort, and some I believe to which access is only gained by those who are really led by faith and devotion, and through the influence of some one having authority to grant permission,—but I have been shocked in the Churches by the want of—I will not say *reverence*—but common *decency* of deportment, displayed by some among the crowds whom I have met, and I am sorry to be obliged to confess that my own countrymen and countrywomen were among them. I heard an American lady relating, in rather a boastful way, to a friend, not long since, of what I considered the gross rudeness of her behavior on one occasion, when some good, simple-hearted monk had, according to her own account, been taking unwearied pains to show her some objects her curiosity prompted her to visit, and

which *he*, at least, considered *sacred*,—and she went on to relate, as a good joke—but, as I considered, in very bad taste, to say the least, if not gross vulgarity—how she had been nearly suffocated with laughter at the adroit and ingenious manner that her brother had drawn one of them out, and led him on, *for her amusement*, to show them, and to explain what she called their absurd tricks and mummeries—and *all this* after, as she herself acknowledged, they had shown them unlimited hospitality; for it was no less than the good monks of St. Bernard, whose simplicity she was ridiculing."

"I have experienced the same sort of thing," said Edward, "having been thrown accidentally in companionship, in travelling, with a countryman of mine, who behaved in a similar manner; and really on several occasions he subjected me to deep mortification by the lawlessness of his behavior. He seemed for a time determined to persist in following me about, as if I were a sort of guide; he was a man of no refinement and very little education, I should judge, but possessing a large income, which he had very little idea how to spend satisfactorily; he seemed to have the propensity so common amongst our people, to distinguish himself by writing and carving his name in full in all conspicuous places; he was anxious to collect mementoes of the different objects of interest that he saw,

and he carried with him a sort of cane, something between that and a hammer, with which he broke off and chipped out pieces of whatever came in his way, without much discrimination. On one occasion, when we had climbed to the dome of St. Peter's, where, you recollect, are large mosaic representations of the Apostles, he irreverently gouged out a stone which formed a part of the eye of one of them, and bore it off triumphantly in his pocket; and at another time, in passing La Scala, which multitudes, absorbed in their devotions, were ascending on their knees, he, taking it for granted that there was something to be seen at the top, rushed halfway up, and was proceeding composedly to the summit, until admonished by the bayonets of the gens d'armes, who guarded the spot. That was a language which even his obtuseness could comprehend. He constantly reminded me of a dog who has lost his master in church, and rushes about, here and there, and with about as keen an appreciation of the sanctity of the place, and who is every moment in danger of being kicked out for some gross intrusion or violation of the solemnity of the spot."

"I feel certain," said Lizzie, "that if some of those persons who thoughtlessly commit these indecencies, were aware of the pain they give others, they would put *some* restraint upon themselves, at least in church, during divine service, or else stay

away, if they cannot refrain from acts which appear to Catholics disrespectful and unkind."

"Some of them," said Edward, "who are not quite so thoughtless as you seem to believe them to be, but go there expressly to sneer and ridicule, if they could see what a ridiculous figure they cut, might be restrained by a motive of pride, if not of *self-respect*, (for they show themselves deficient in that by their disregard of the feelings of others,) in their exhibitions of ill-timed levity."

"Look, Lizzie!" said Mary, who had sat silent for some time, "look back—can you realize that it is Rome, the proud, imperial city, the home of conquerors, that we read and dreamt of in childhood—that those domes and spires, pointing heavenward, and bathed in the sunlight, cover the ashes of the saints and martyrs of our holy religion—that it is Rome, the home of the early Christians?"

Lizzie turned, and her eyes swam with tears as they wandered over the fair scene—the sweet tones of the far-off chimes, and the faint note of some convent bell, mingling with the distant hum of busy life, awoke an echo in her soul. As she caught a view of Mary's pale face, she thought she had never seen her look half so beautiful. A delicate flush was on her cheek, and her eyes sparkled with unwonted brilliancy, as she sat lost in thoughtful contemplation. Lizzie seemed struck by the love-

liness of her countenance. And when she saw Edward Lee's eyes fixed upon her with an admiring and *tender* gaze, as she believed, there came again the old pang—and though Lizzie strove to regain her spirits, and charged herself over again with cruel selfishness, she could not shake off the oppression she felt. She fancied every tone and gesture of Edward's were full of tenderness towards Mary. She grew gradually reserved, without herself being aware of the change in her manner. There was a momentary silence, each having food for thought as they drove over the Appian-way to visit the Church of St. Sebastian, which marks the spot where he suffered martyrdom,—the chief entrance to the Catacombs is beneath it.

The eyes might rest here and there on the ruins of broken arches of the Claudian aqueduct—the shrine of Egeria, and the tomb of Cecilia Metella —the rank vegetation which had sprung up, covering in many places openings to the Catacombs, added to the desolate appearance of the Campagna. The silence, broken only by the roll of the carriage-wheels, increased in Lizzie's breast the feeling of oppression. Alighting, they entered the church, and wandered from altar to altar—its solemn stillness would have awakened in the most careless and irreverent some emotions of interest, as the mind reverted to the past, to the throngs whose footsteps had trodden these pavements. They

paused, and gazed down the stone steps that led to the Catacombs beneath, without a wish to descend; but it would have been impossible to pass lightly by this refuge of the early Christians—the graves of so many martyrs, and not to feel that it was a sacred and solemn place.

Edward related to them the sad history of the party of youths, nearly thirty in number, who, together with their teacher, had descended into the Catacombs, and had been lost in their intricacies, and even their remains had never been discovered, though diligent search had been made for them; the sad event was still fresh in the memory of the guides—and also the more fortunate escape of the young French artist, who, in his zeal to copy inscriptions, and make an accurate representation of different parts of these subterranean passages, had extinguished his light accidentally, and was unable to find the string, which was his only clue to guide him through their windings. Just as he was on the point of sinking from despair into this living tomb, he stumbled and fell, and providentially laid his hand upon the slender cord which was to guide him from the gloom and darkness of despair and death, to the light of hope and life again.

"But it will not answer to prolong our stay; it is growing already chilly, and will be injurious to you, Miss Heyward," said he; "allow me to bring your shawls." So saying, he hurried away, and in

a few moments returned, bringing them, which they had left in the carriage—he stopped, and carefully adjusted Mary's around her delicate figure, and turning towards Lizzie, he hesitated slightly—she reached out her hand to receive hers in a way so cold and constrained, that Edward felt repulsed—he scarcely could tell why—and bowing politely, he gave it into her hand without any attempt to assist her in arranging it.

Mary had turned back to gaze once more at the church, and her thoughts were of the youthful Sebastian, transfixed by the arrows, and the Holy Martyrs who slept in the crypts and rock-hewn tombs beneath.

Their drive homeward was more silent than before: in the mind of each had been awakened a train of reflection which, though different in character, had absorbed them equally. They found Mrs. Maitland and Mrs. Ellicott had begun to experience some anxieties on account of their prolonged stay, and Mrs. Ellicott expressed some fears for Mary's health, but she assured her she was quite well, and well guarded against the danger of colds, and interested her by relating where they had been, and she soon forgot her anxieties.

Mr. Maitland had returned, and was much delighted to meet Edward again; he engrossed him in conversation, and between two such minds there were many subjects of interest to be discussed;

and when they rose to depart, he shook Edward by the hand again very warmly, and begged him to repeat his visits often, and with so cordial and friendly a manner, that it was impossible for him not to promise to do so.

These drives, walks and visits were often repeated, nearly always with the addition of Charles Ellicott.

Edward continued to treat Lizzie with gentle kindness and respect, but never renewed his former devotion. He thought he perceived a coldness in her manner towards him, which he interpreted into a determination to adhere to her former resolution—while she put a check on her feelings lest the increasing esteem and admiration which grew out of such constant intercourse, might be perceived on his part. Now that she had convinced herself that his affections were bestowed on another object, she would have died rather than have him suspect the nature of her sentiments towards him.

Through all these little misunderstandings, it generally turned out that Lizzie was almost invariably thrown with Charles Ellicott, who avoided Mary through pique and wounded pride; and Lizzie, though she half suspected his feelings, submitted to it, because she really believed that the society of Edward Lee was so much more agreeable to Mary.

Matters went on thus—the end of Lent had come — and through Passion and Holy weeks, Edward, in company with Father Bailey, was unwearied in his endeavors to gratify them by procuring the means of entrance to every church or chapel that could interest them.

"Why," said Lizzie, one day in one of their rambles, to Father Bailey—"why do we find a fish used as a symbol of faith among the early Christians? it is not nearly as beautiful or significant as the cross."

"It was a sign the early Christians adopted," he replied, "as an expression of what they wished to embody, and one that their heathen foes would not be likely to detect—it has been said that the idea was originally derived from a Greek word signifying fish, which contains the *initials* of *Jesus Christ the Son of God our Saviour.* And Tertullian says, the fish seems a fit emblem of Him whose spiritual children are like the offspring of fishes, born in the waters of baptism. The Primitive Christians designated themselves sometimes by the appellation of Pisciculi or fishes."

"Why do Catholics use holy water?" asked Mary.

"It was a custom of the very first ages, not only to deposit vessels of water at the entrance of places where Christians assembled for the celebration of divine worship, but also to have vases con-

taining water mingled with salt, both of which had been separated from common use, and blessed by the prayers and invocations of the priest. In the book of Exodus we read that the Lord issued the following directions to Moses: 'Thou shalt make a brazen laver with its foot, to wash in: and thou shalt set it up between the tabernacle of the testimony and the altar: and the water being put into it, Aaron and his sons shall wash their hands and feet in it, when they are going into the tabernacle of the testimony, and when they are to come to the altar to offer on it incense to the Lord.'

"It was also a custom among the Jews to wash the hands before presuming to pray. The Church has adopted this, and several other Jewish ceremonies, which she engrafted on her ritual. St. Paul says to Timothy, 'I will that men pray in every place, lifting up pure hands.' In the early ages the faithful used to wash their hands before entering the church, and in some places there used formerly to be fountains made to spring up just before the portals of some magnificent churches, where the faithful might wash their hands before entering. I saw the other day a fresco painting in the Catacombs, when I had the pleasure of entering the church of St. Agnes, that proves that the sprinkling of holy water at their religious ceremonies, was common among the early Christians. It

represents five figures, each holding in his hand a vase, similar to that in which holy water is carried about in our ceremonies; four of them bear palm branches in their right hand, and the fifth carries uplifted an aspergillum, which corresponds exactly to the one which is still employed at the ceremony of sprinkling holy water." (See Rock. Hierugia, page 668.)

Holy Week is the all-engrossing season to the truly pious Catholic heart. Palm Sunday, Mary wished to know the object of the ceremony of blessing the palms.

Father Bailey told her, it was to remind Christians of the Saviour's triumphal entry into Jerusalem, when the multitudes received him with palms like a great victor. The Church wishes to sanctify every thing which her children use, for the purpose of religion, by prayer and the word of God, that is why they are placed at the side of the altar and blessed, before distribution; it is an ancient observance of the Church, it was a practice well known in Italy as early as the fourth and fifth centuries, and at an earlier period in the East. During the distribution of the palms, the choir sings passages taken from the gospels describing the occurrences which are commemorated.

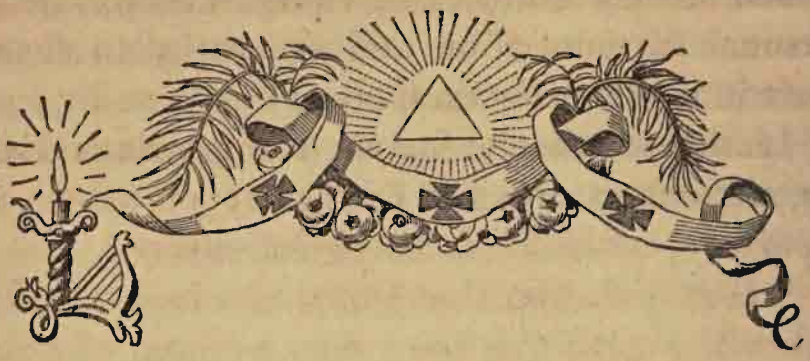
To Mary this was even a more blessed season than to the others; she enjoyed it above them, because she was yet in all the freshness and fervor

of her newly-found faith, and she gathered strength for the coming conflicts.

On Holy Thursday, or Maundy Thursday, (as it is called, from the *Mandatum*, or command given by the Saviour for washing the feet,) there is a more than ordinary solemn celebration, to honor the anniversary of *that* day on which the Saviour instituted the holy sacrifice of the Mass and the blessed Eucharist, and our friends visited the different churches, and knelt in pious adoration before the adorable sacrament.

During the tenebrae service in the Sistine Chapel, Mary's emotions were almost uncontrollable; and who could listen unmoved to the voice of the lamentations which bewail the desolation of Jerusalem, over which Jesus Christ wept; and while one by one the lights are extinguished on the altar, and upon the triangle, testifying the grief and mourning excited by the terrible event about to take place; and when, after the lessons and the Miserere is chanted, and the solitary voice breaks out like a wail of woe from a bereaved and broken heart, who can wonder that the sobs and tears of the assembled thousands are mingled with it? and when the last light disappears from the triangle, that heart must be hard and indifferent, which does not realize something of the desolation of those dreadful hours when Christ lay hidden in

the tomb. He is not to be envied who has no tear of sorrowful contrition and sympathy to shed at the foot of the cross on Good Friday, and no song of joy and exultation when the glorious Easter morning dawns over the earth.



CHAPTER XV.

Easter was past, and the summer well advanced. Mrs. Maitland had grown suddenly and rapidly worse, and her physician advised that she should visit some of the celebrated German springs. Lizzie had been for months past entirely engrossed by her mother's illness, and she had seen but little of Mary, or Edward Lee. The latter had called often, but had usually met only Mr. Maitland. Lizzie from mingled motives had kept aloof; she had begun to distrust her own heart, and was trying to practise the lesson of self-denial. She saw clearly that her Heavenly Father had appointed her no high or brilliant destiny; she was called to a life of quiet and patient resignation; no great sacrifice was demanded, but she must serve him by fulfilling her daily duties in an unobtrusive and humble way. Quick, ardent, and generous, it would have been comparatively easy to have per-

formed some arduous task—one demanding great personal sacrifice; but there was all the more merit in submitting as she did.

Lizzie sat alone in her little chamber one morning, a few days previous to that appointed for their departure, when Mary Heyward entered.

"How pale and thoughtful you look," said she, embracing her; "I have seen nothing of you for weeks, and I have missed your society more than I can tell you; is any thing the matter with you, Lizzie? You look ill, and *almost* unhappy!"

"My mother's increasing illness," Lizzie replied, and her eyes filled with tears—"I can see by papa's distressed and anxious countenance that he is very much alarmed."

"Oh, I hope your mother's illness is not as serious as you fear," said Mary, trying to console her; "you must cheer up, and hope for the best. I have seen many invalids much more seriously affected, recover entirely their health."

"God grant it may be so with my dear mother, but she has been so long declining, that I dread the worst; if papa did not look so sad, I should feel more encouraged."

"But, my dear Lizzie, you must recollect that your father is just as watchful and fearful as you are, and more ready to be influenced by fear than hope; but if you look so unhappy, I shall not be able to tell you what I came to say,—that we are

going to return to America immediately—my father has written to me to return, and I have besides," said Mary, blushing, "a secret to tell you, which I could not communicate before, for the very good reason, that it was not all settled and decided. I have consented at last to be married, provided my father gives his consent, when I return home."

Lizzie turned deadly pale. Mary proceeded, and as she was herself laboring under embarrassment, she did not observe Lizzie's agitation.

"I don't believe that I am, as young ladies usually are, very, very much in love; but I have a strong attachment, and think that it will at least afford me some security against my father's expected anger, when he shall learn the change in my religious belief—there can be no objection to the marriage in his eyes in a *mere* worldly point of view. As far as family and money matters are concerned, my father will find no objection; and I rather fancy he will be glad to rid himself of the trouble of having a Catholic daughter to dispose of," said Mary, langhing; "but why don't you express some surprise, or congratulate me, or do something or other? I thought you would be rejoiced," said Mary; "Mrs. Ellicott has done nothing but kiss me these two days."

"I am not at all surprised," said Lizzie; "for I have expected it for some time, and I do congratulate you with all my heart."

"Well, I am glad of that, and quite relieved, for I did not know but you might disapprove the course I am taking; but I really hope that it will turn out for the best, and that I shall make a good Catholic of my husband yet."

Lizzie smiled a faint smile, at what she supposed Mary intended for a pleasantry, and yet she wondered how she could speak with even a semblance of a jest, on such a subject. Lizzie shrunk at first, as Mary uttered these words, and the fear that she might suspect the state of her feelings, caused her the deepest mortification, and she felt inexpressibly relieved at what she supposed a little gayety on the part of Mary.

"But see what an exquisite mosaic this is; Mr. Lee presented it to me," said Mary, handing her a beautiful brooch. Lizzie turned to the window to examine it, glad of a pretext to hide her face.

"Do you know, Lizzie, that we have determined to leave in a fortnight? but I suppose you will be off before we are."

"I think papa would be glad to set off the day after to-morrow, as the physician said no time was to be lost, and mamma always seems to be improved by travelling. I shall not be able to see you again, unless you can come here, Mary, for mamma is so nervous that I don't like to be away from her but for a short time."

Tears swam in Lizzie's eyes, and Mary kissed

them away, and promised that she would come again, and offered her services to assist her friend in packing, or any other little kind office that she could perform.

"It is not necessary, Mary; for Bridget is so careful, and always ready for an emergency; she does every thing for mamma that kind and careful hands can do, and I think mamma regards her more as a dear friend than a servant; and for myself and papa, we do not require much done for us, and I am not quite so helpless as you take me to be," she said, smiling pleasantly.

"Mary, here is a little keepsake for you," said Lizzie, taking from a drawer a case containing a set of pretty ornaments, "and also an Agnus Dei, that the good sisters gave me, that you will wear, I am sure, for their sake, as well as mine, and it will serve to remind you of one who loved you dearly, when we are widely separated."

Mary pressed her hand affectionately, and assured her that there would be no need of keepsakes to do that, that she was already associated with the most important events of her whole life.

Mary stopped for a few moments at Mrs. Maitland's door to inquire after her health. She found her looking so much more feeble than she had anticipated, that she did not any longer wonder at Lizzie's *evident dejection*. Mrs. Maitland was disinclined for conversation, and a few words of in-

quiry, and kind remembrance for Mrs. Ellicott, was all that passed between them.

Mr. Maitland followed Lizzie and Mary from the room, and in answer to the inquiries of Mary, he told her that he intended to proceed by very easy stages, as Mrs. Maitland's strength or fancy dictated. She appeared anxious to be moving, contrary to her usual habits. She seemed, with the restlessness of disease, to be desirous of change.

Lizzie returned to her own apartment, and threw herself on the little couch, and sat with her face buried in her hands, where we must leave her, while she persists in thus misunderstanding Mary, to explain to whom she really was engaged.

It was to Charles Ellicott instead of Edward Lee. Mary had given him her consent (after some scruples on account of the difference in religious faith), unless her father should interpose some objections. It had been a sort of childish preference; on the part of Charles Ellicott, very deep and strong; and even the change in her religious sentiments had made no sort of difference with him, and she had some reason to hope that his objections would not prove insuperable, and that he might some day embrace Catholicity himself.

Lizzie had been so confined with her mother of late, that she had known nothing of these matters —nor do we very clearly understand about it, except that one day Charles had entered the room

where Mary sat reading, and taking up some books, that were lying around, saw Edward Lee's name written in nearly all of them—he turned them over rather pettishly, and said, in a tone half grieved, half angry,—

"I should really think that Mr. Lee imagines you to be some distressed damsel in the custody of cruel jailers, from the pains he takes to supply you with amusement, and seems to think you can have no enjoyments but those *he* provides. And you, Mary, have no eyes or ears for any body else. I have brought you some flowers, but as you will not condescend to look at them, and have so many of Mr. Lee's, that I suppose I may take *mine* away, and myself with them, for that matter," said he, turning away to leave the room.

"Why, my dear cousin Charles," said Mary, for by that pleasant title she always called him, when she wished to soften him,—"pray excuse me for not laying aside my book. I was so much engrossed that I really did not observe your entrance."

"I dare say you did not, but if Mr. Lee had come instead, you would not have been quite so insensible to his presence."

"Now, cousin Charles, come back," said Mary, springing after him and laying her hand on his arm—"now do come back and sit here beside me, and give me those beautiful flowers;" and she tried

to snatch them away as he held them out of her reach—"please give them to me, I want them to wear in my hair and to put in my own little room."

"Do you really, Mary?" said he, softening and looking fondly at her—"do you indeed! and will you wear *my* roses? What will Mr. Lee say when he comes?"

"Mr. Lee has no right to say or think any think about it, and besides, he would not care; they are beautiful;" and she put some of them in her rich brown hair, and placed a delicate little cluster in her bosom.

"Oh, Mary, how happy you make me but I fear you are not serious in what you say or do—that my roses will soon be slighted for Mr. Lee's books!"

"Well, dear Charles, that would be no slight to you, and no compliment to him, only an acknowledgment of the author's power to chain the interest. Now come and sit beside me, and tell me why you have seemed of late so unlike yourself, and to dislike Mr. Lee's society so very much?"

"Mary, you are cruel to ask me why—you know how I have always loved you, and *you* alone; from my boyhood you have been the charm of my life. If I studied, it was to be distinguished for your sake. All that I did or thought of was for you; and have I not been thrust aside and forgotten in every thing—every where has Mr. Lee started up

before me, until I have been nearly maddened, and you, Mary, have been cruel."

"I have been thoughtless, perhaps selfish, Charles, I admit," said Mary, interrupting him, "but not cruel. I have considered too much my own pleasure, and have been too regardless of the feelings and wishes of others. I was so happy in my newly found faith, and received so much instruction and pleasure from Mr. Lee's society, that I see I have been forgetful of your feelings sometimes—pray forgive me, my dear cousin," said she, giving him her hand, "and let us be friends again."

"Oh, Mary," said he, seizing it and covering it with kisses—"say you will forgive me my petulance and unkindness—if you knew how unhappy I have been, you would excuse it."

"I do freely," said she—"and we will be as firm friends as ever."

"Oh Mary! may I not hope that we shall be nearer and dearer? Now do not say that you are a Catholic, and I am not—you shall be any thing you like. Say that you love me, that you will be my wife. Mary! dearest Mary! *you* are the only woman that I ever loved, or can love," and he threw his arms around her and embraced her.

"Then you are a naughty, ungrateful fellow, and I shall have to punish you and console your mother by giving her a daughter," said Mary, blush-

ing deeply; and breaking away from him, she threw her arms around Mrs. Ellicott's neck, who had entered the room unperceived by her son, and had heard his last remarks.

"And I will forgive him all his errors for the sake of such a daughter," said Mrs. Ellicott, her eyes glistening with tears of joy, and kissing her so heartily, that Charles declared he was jealous already.

Now, dear reader, we have told you all this nonsense because we could not help it—we feel foolish to be exposing our friends in such a way. And poor Mary of course felt still more embarrassed when she attempted to tell Lizzie, and when she was so cold and distrait, it was impossible to be more explicit, especially as it had never entered her honest little head to imagine the odd fancies that possessed Lizzie's. She had taken it for granted, in her matter of fact way, that she understood, as well as herself, that it was Charles to whom she was engaged.

After this long digression, we will return to Lizzie, who still sat with her face buried in her hands, when there was a gentle rap at the door, and Bridget entered with a bouquet of lovely flowers, accompanied by a note for her; it proved to be from Edward Lee, begging her acceptance of the flowers, and asking an interview with her that evening. Lizzie's face flushed crimson with mingled

emotions when she saw the signature; her first impulse was to press the flowers passionately to her lips, and to grant the interview, but in a few moments a deadly paleness overspread her countenance, and she reproached herself bitterly for the feebleness of her purpose. She crushed back the tears, and blushed and trembled as if he really had witnessed the emotion she had betrayed.

"Could he not seek an interview without any wrong to Mary?" She could have wept at her own vanity that had made her for an instant dream of a renewal of his old tenderness; the thought of what had once passed between them came like a flash upon her recollection, mingled with the consciousness of the feelings that had sprung up in her own breast since that time, in spite of all her efforts to subdue them, and now, when it is too late, and she had herself rejected the love he had offered, she awoke to a full appreciation of the affection she had slighted—a knowledge of her own heart, and the happiness she had thrown away—under such circumstances she dared not trust herself to meet Edward Lee alone. She felt that any expression of his brotherly kindness would be too oppressive—and she distrusted her own firmness, and she shrank with anguish for the bare possibility of his suspecting the true nature of her sentiments towards him.

"Perhaps," she thought, "he wishes to an-

nounce his engagement with Mary, he may think it is due to our friendship that he should inform me of it before we part. Oh! I could not hear it from his own lips unmoved, and I cannot meet him alone!" She gave way to an uncontrollable burst of grief; her tears rained down over the sweet fresh flowers, that sent up their odors like incense before the altars where her young heart's affections were sacrificed. She wept long and freely, and relieved her oppressed heart of its burden. Casting herself on her knees, she prayed fervently for herself—for Mary and Edward, that every blessing might rest upon them, and that she might be able to pursue a life of quiet and unrepining usefulness.

She arose, and sitting down before her little escritoire, with all the calmness she could assume, she wrote to Edward, thanking him for the flowers, but with such a sisterly kindness—that he thought her cold, almost to cruelty—but at the same time declining to meet him, alleging the impossibility of leaving her mother, stating, what was to a certain extent true, that she required her constant and undivided attention.

Poor Edward never dreamed that the calm, cold note he held in his hand had cost her such an effort, and that it was the result of repeated trials; upon the first, some blinding tears had fallen—in the second, an expression had escaped, that her jealous eye fancied might be a betrayal of the affection that she strove to crush out of her heart.

Edward Lee held the cold, "cruel note," as he thought it, in his hand for a moment, then crumpled it and dashed it away. "Oh, Lizzie Maitland! how I have misinterpreted you. You are cold, haughty and unkind—you that I thought so affectionate, and gentle, and loving. I have loved you almost to idolatry, and I am bitterly punished for this creature-worship. I love you still, I cannot tear your image from my heart at will. Ah, Lizzie, how have I failed to please? I thought you so gentle and tender, I could freely have cast my heart's best treasures at your feet, and trusted my happiness to your keeping. And have I loved you so long and so fondly to meet this cold return?" and he buried his face in his hands, and his frame shook with unaccountable emotion.

If Lizzie could have seen it, it would have made her the happiest of women, and it would have spared her many a bitter heart-ache.

Both Edward and Lizzie passed a sleepless night. The next day was spent by Lizzie in the bustle of preparation for departure. She saw Mary again, she came in company with Charles Ellicott and his mother.

Mrs. Ellicott alluded distantly to Mary's engagement, but nothing was said to invite further confidence or to undeceive Lizzie. Mrs. Maitland's illness, and the contemplated journey were the absorbing topics—with many regrets on both sides,

they bade adieu. She saw Edward for a few moments in the presence of all her family—he was more distant than ever, he scarcely spoke to her, and she did not raise her eyes to his, lest he might read something in hers that she wished to conceal, —he thinking her cold and unnecessarily repulsive, did not approach her again. And so they parted, mutually deceived, with crushed and wounded affections.

Edward had told Mr. Maitland that he should probably return immediately to the United States, but he had not quite decided. Lizzie had taken it for granted that he would accompany the Ellicotts, and had asked no questions.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a dreary, cheerless night, near the end of November; a cold norther howled dismally without, and the rain pattered against the casement, not in torrents, but with that uninterrupted and steady dropping, which seems to preclude all hope of its cessation; the storm had continued through the day, and the streets of New Orleans were covered with a stiff black mud, and little pools of water stood on the side walks. As the night closed in, the clouds seemed to grow thicker and blacker, and at ten o'clock the streets were almost deserted; the night proved so inclement, that none who were not urged by business, or some strong necessity, ventured from beneath the shelter of their homes.

Dr. Singleton, for it was our old friend, had returned rather earlier than usual; he had drawn his chair near the fire, and was about seating himself, when his servant, a well-made, good-natured look-

ing negro fellow, entered the room, in answer to the summons of the bell.

"Here, Jake, tell Dinah to make my coffee, and to send it to me hot and strong to-night, and be quick about it."

"She dun dun it, massa, and it'll be ready for your perticklar use before many minnits—wouldn't Massa John like his newspaper dried dis yar damp night?" said Jake, unfolding the sheet, and carefully holding it before the fire.

"Where are my slippers? Confound the dog!" said the doctor, stumbling over a great shaggy setter, who had followed Jake into the apartment, and had, with an air of perfect security and freedom, stretched himself out at full length on the rug, before the fire.

"Confound the dog! what with the dogs and the negroes, they will not leave me a spot in my own house free from their encroachments, stretched out, all of them, in the most comfortable places! I'll get married, by Jove! I cannot stand this! And there's that black Dinah takes her own time for every thing. I'll not get my coffee this hour, I dare say, and then, just as likely as not, it won't be fit to drink—always serves me so. No man ever was worse off in his own house—nothing fit to eat, or drink—give me that paper," said the doctor, testily, "and be off quick, and bring me my coffee."

"Lord, massa, how can you say dat?" said Jake, with an injured air. "We don't neber hab nuffen good in our kitchen widout sending massa some ob it. Dis yar nigger see to dat, hisself."

"Some ob it!" growled the doctor, to hide a laugh at his impudence. "You black rascal, be off quick, and bring me *all* of the coffee; don't bring me what is *left*, this time.—But stop, you infernal scoundrel! What are you doing with my best black coat on your back?"

"Lor' massa," said Jake, grinning with delight, for he had been strutting about more pompously than ever, to attract attention to his coat. "Lor' sakes, massa, 'taint yourn, but I order him from same tailor, and from same piece ob cloff, and to be made jest like yourn; and he's dun dun it, he has!" grinning wider than ever.

"The devil you did! and who is going to pay the bill?" said the doctor, with some curiosity.

"It dun paid, ready sir. Why, Massa John don't tink that one ob his niggers let a bill stand, and be dunned like a common, *poor*, white man; Massa John gib me plenty spendin' money, and dis nigger gwine to stan' bridesman for dem yaller ones; and fur de honor ob de 'stablishment Massa John want his darkee look as fine as dem yaller niggers, wid dar gold watches, and white kids. Maybe Massa John got some white glubs, and

white cravats he don't want hisself, that will do for Jake," continued he, with an insinuating air.

The doctor growled, and laughed behind his newspaper, called him a lazy, impudent dog, and ordered his coffee again; and Jake knew that the white kids were his for the wedding night.

But before he had quitted the apartment (for he had a fashion of making his master wait, under some pretence or other, until he had finished whatever he was about, and until he had arranged matters to suit himself; but to do him justice, it must be confessed he always attended pretty carefully to the doctor's comfort), there was a ring at the front door bell.

"Here, you Jake," said his master, "don't admit any body, or I'll cane you."

"Yes, massa—yes—I hear," said he, trudging off with a gait peculiarly his own.

Presently, after a little parley in the entry, Jake opened the door, and re-entering the apartment, slid up to his master with a coaxing sort of an expression, began scratching his head, and rolling his eyes.

"Well! what now!" said the doctor, impatiently; "didn't I tell you not to let any body in? I will see nobody to-night."

"Yes, massa, yes—I know dat; but dis yau is a handsome young woman, and dis child tink massa wont let her come for nuffin. I tho't Massa

John didn't know, and wouldn't like it if dis nigger sent away de handsome young missus in de rain."

"What business have you to think?" growled his master.

"Nun in dis world 'bout myself, only 'bout Massa John," said Jake, with a consequential air, that belied the humility of his words.

When Dr. Singleton stepped to the door of the apartment, he saw a delicate-looking young woman, her face nearly concealed under a large hood, and she had evidently enveloped herself hastily in a rough cloak, for she was without the shelter of an umbrella; in a voice tremulous from distress, she besought him to come quickly to see her child. He invited her to enter, and take a seat beside the fire; she declined, in a manner that forbade all attempts on the part of the doctor, to press her further. Requesting her to wait for a few moments, to show him the way, he told her he would accom pany her immediately.

"Bless me! it must be some urgent necessity that has brought the poor thing from her home alone, on such a night as this," said he to himself, as he put on his overcoat and shoes. "Dear me, what a night," exclaimed he, again, as the wind almost bore his umbrella from his hand—"poor thing!" and the kind-hearted doctor tried to shield the defenceless creature beside him, who, in

her restless impatience, put him to the top of his speed to keep pace with her.

After about fifteen minutes' walk, she turned down a long, narrow street, and proceeding rapidly, finally stopped before a house of moderate size, and entered. She ascended immediately the stair case, and ushered the doctor into a small, but comfortable apartment. There were evidences of a refined and cultivated taste to be seen in the arrangement and appointment of the room. A few pictures embellished the walls, and on one side of the room was an étage, filled with choice books, as the doctor could discern by the light of the lamp, which was dimly burning; its only occupants were a little negress, of ten or twelve years, and an infant in a cradle, whose feeble moans and labored breathing seemed to awaken the deepest sympathy in the breast of its little nurse—gently rocking the cradle, she tried to soothe its moanings:

"Dunna cry, honey—dunna cry; its mamma come back soon."

"My precious darling!" said the mother, casting aside, as she spoke, her damp garments, and going hastily up to the cradle, held the light for the doctor.

The little sufferer seemed to recognize her voice, and stretched out his arms, but again continued the restless movement of its head from side to side, seeming to indicate that the distress was there.

"Oh, doctor," said she, raising her eyes imploringly to his face, "is there any hope for my child?" As she turned towards him, he recognized in her pale and faded countenance, Fanny Maitland, whom he had known some three years before.

"I will not deceive you, madam," he replied; "the case is a very doubtful one, beyond the reach of human aid, I fear. Calm yourself, my dear madam, and we will hope for the best—if I could have seen him sooner, there might have been room for hope," continued he, to himself, as she sunk on her knees beside the cradle, and clasping her hands, bent over her infant, and gazed in his pale face, with an expression of anguish and desolation that it was piteous to behold, as if every hope—all the treasures of her soul, were centred in the little creature before her, the slender thread of whose existence seemed about to be severed.

"Oh, my child! my pretty one! Must he die, and will there not be left *one*, in all this wide city, to love me, to console me!" the thought seemed to overwhelm her, and she burst into a passion of tears, the first she had shed for many a weary hour.

The kind doctor knew very well that nature is the best physician, and that her tears would relieve her burdened heart.

At this moment her ear seemed to catch the

sound of approaching footsteps, and springing to her feet, she exclaimed, "He is coming. Nanny," said she to the little attendant, "you may go to bed; I shall not need you any more to-night;" and the child, as the footsteps drew nearer, cast a frightened glance towards the door, and seemed glad to make her escape. As she crept away into a little closet adjoining the room, the door opened, and a young man of bloated appearance, and evidently deeply intoxicated, entered.

"Oh, ho!" said he, with a drunken leer at the doctor's hat, whom he did not yet perceive, owing to the dimness of the light. "Whom have we here? Company—didn't expect *me* so soon. Eh! madam?"

"Henry dear, it is Dr. Singleton; you have not forgotten, surely," said she, going up to him; "he has come to see our child; our poor little Willie is very ill—do not disturb him."

"Come to see our child's mother, more likely," and with a brutal epithet he raised his hand, as if he were going to strike her.

"Hold! wretched young man!" said Dr. Singleton, in a stern voice, stepping forward, "would you strike your wife over the pillow of your dying child?"

The manner of the doctor seemed to make an impression; he seized the light, and going up to the cradle, beside which his wife was again kneel-

ing—with unsteady and trembling hands held it over the face of the dying infant. With all his guilt and wretchedness, he was not yet so wholly a brute, as to be insensible to the sufferings of his child.

"Henry," said she, looking up despairingly, "Dr. Singleton says there is no hope for him; he must die!" and she sank with a groan, nearly insensible upon the floor.

Dr. Singleton hastened to her assistance; Henry was now fully awake to the reality of the scene, and seemed to become sober in a moment; he retreated to a chair, and sinking down into it, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed aloud. Such inconsistent beings are we!

He, whose song had been loudest in the revel, whose profane and impious jests had most frequently awakened the mirth and applause of his vicious companions, from whom he was recently parted, and whose hand, but now, was raised against the patient being, who, for his sake, had endured so much—had not yet wholly stifled the whisperings of conscience, or hushed the holy voice of nature within his breast. Even this young man, so lost to all sense of self-respect—so wretched as to have steeled his heart against all the considerations that should have made him the protector, instead of the destroyer of his young wife and child, —even he could be touched by the feeble wail of

an infant, and weep like a woman over its sufferings—so powerful are the appeals of nature.

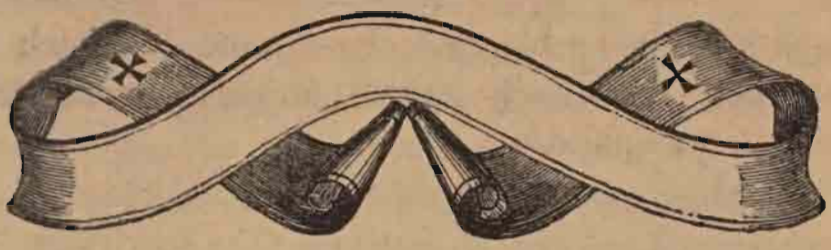
At this moment the child seemed to arouse from its stupor, and to recognize the beloved being who bent over him—he stretched out his hands, clutched her fingers within his grasp, and for a few moments his breathing was relieved.

"Oh, doctor," said the anxious mother, "see how intelligent he looks; may I not hope this is a favorable change? Oh, say there is hope for me."

The doctor shook his head sadly, for well he knew, that what she saw was but a gleam of the celestial light, already kindled in the soul of the dying child.

"Doctor, you are cruel not to let me cling to this one, poor comfort." He looked grieved and distressed, and shrank from saying that death was, even now, upon him. The disease was one of those quick, congestive fevers, for which there is scarcely a hope, unless remedies are administered at the very first stages—for a short time the child continued in this state, and in spite of the doctor's reluctance to give her any room for hope, the poor mother could not but flatter herself that she, who knew him best, must be less likely to be mistaken than a stranger; but again all was changed, his labored breathings, and the agonized motion of the head returned, and all hope was gone. Suddenly

he opened his eyes, one look of intelligence and love gleamed on his little face—he clutched her fingers tighter—his eyes closed, and his spirit had returned to God who gave it, and the heart-stricken mother was childless.



CHAPTER XVII.

We must introduce our readers into the interior of an elegant, substantial house, in the city of New York, the abode of the rich Mr. Heyward. It is Sunday morning, the church bells announced that the hour for the commencement of the services had arrived; a very handsome carriage was drawn up before the door—the sleek, shining black horses, and their equally sleek, demure-looking driver, the spotless neatness of the carriage and harness, all gave token of the love of order and precision that ruled within the household; there was not a speck or spot to be seen, even the silver mounting of the whip handle was scrupulously bright. Mr. Heyward never gave orders twice on the same subject, any disregard would have involved dismissal from his service—he was prompt, stern, and decided, and prided himself upon never changing his opinions on any subject. An elderly lady and gentle-

man were waiting in the drawing-room; he appeared to be growing somewhat impatient. At length he rose, and walked up and down the room, twice, just twice each way; then rang the bell in the decisive manner of a person accustomed to prompt obedience, and ordered the servant to inform Miss Heyward that her father awaited her. The man bowed obsequiously, and retired. In a few moments a slight rustle, and a light footstep, proclaimed the entrance of our young friend Mary. She was paler than usual, and there was some trepidation perceptible in her manner, that indicated an apprehension that a storm was about to burst over her head; but the slight compression about the mouth told *as plainly*, of her resolve to be ready and meet it, when it should come.

"My daughter," said Mr. Heyward, "your mother and I have been waiting for you for some time; your habits of punctuality have not improved by your foreign tour."

"My dear father, I am sorry that you have waited for me, I do not intend to go with you to church to-day. I have already attended service this morning in my own church."

"In your own church!" said Mr. Heyward, repeating her words slowly, and with an air of angry astonishment, for that there could be any difference

of opinion on that subject in his *own* house, was a matter of profound surprise to him.

"Will you have the goodness to explain yourself, Mary, what it is you mean by *your* own church?"

"My dear father, I would like to explain myself more fully if you will allow me to do so at another time," said Mary, the color in her cheeks changing rapidly.

"I insist upon an explanation this moment," said Mr. Heyward, in a severe voice. "Why can you not accompany your mother and myself to church? nothing will prevent you from doing so, I presume, if you are well enough to leave the house?"

"Father," said Mary, in as firm a voice as she could command, "I ought to have informed you before, that my conscience will not allow me to accompany you; I am no longer a Protestant!"

Mary did not raise her eyes to her father's face to see the awful frown that was darkening his whole countenance, she stood still and quiet before him while the silence lasted. Although one could see, almost hear the beating of her heart, she knew it was the calm that precedes the tornado. Who has not at some moment of his existence experienced this sensation of awe—the stillness and stagnation, as it were, of all things in na-

ture, and the heavy, oppressive atmosphere before the desolating storm bursts in its fury over his head?

"Did I understand you?" said he at length, in a cold, determined, iron tone, that Mary from experience knew expressed *all* that low muttered thunder can convey—"repeat it to me again, I must have been deceived—I think no child of mine would dare to utter what I understood you to say just now."

"My dear father," said Mary, in a gentle but firm voice, "I do repeat, that I am *no longer* a Protestant. I have been baptized and received into the Catholic Church, and I entreat that you will not be offended with me for the step I have taken without your consent; it was the struggle in my own mind between my conviction of right and my fear of displeasing you, that caused my illness before I left home. Oh, hear me, my father! hear what I have to say—I listened to the lectures at your positive command, against the Catholic religion, and I felt them to be unjust from their extreme violence. I read, searched, and examined, and I found them to be untrue; blind, and bewildered, I groped in the darkness of error. I struggled and resisted—for *your* sake, my father—my convictions; when the light had dawned upon my soul—yes, even after I was satisfied that the Church so vilified was the *only* one established by

Christ: but notwithstanding my cowardice, God did not take his grace away from me. I wept and prayed until I was stretched helpless upon a bed of sickness; I made a solemn vow, that if my life was spared, that if the *light* of *truth* was made clear to my understanding, then so torn with doubts and fears, that I would embrace it wherever it might lead me. And when, like St. Paul, the scales dropped from my eyes, and I saw clearly the holiness and beauty of the Catholic Church, I obeyed the will of my Heavenly Father, and submitted to his guidance; and I have felt his power to sustain, to comfort, and to save my soul from death."

"Silence!" said Mr. Heyward in a voice of thunder—"I command you to be silent. Go to your room instantly, and make yourself ready to accompany me to church!"

"Father," said Mary, "I am not able to obey you from bodily weakness, and my convictions of truth will not allow me *ever again voluntarily* to visit a Protestant place of worship; and you surely would not feel your authority honored by a compulsory obedience in a case like this. You taught me to think it right to reason and act from my own convictions of duty, and I appeal to you, whether your sense of *justice* as a *man*, shall be lost in your *authority* as a *father?* If you compel me, I will accompany you; but it will be the forced obedience

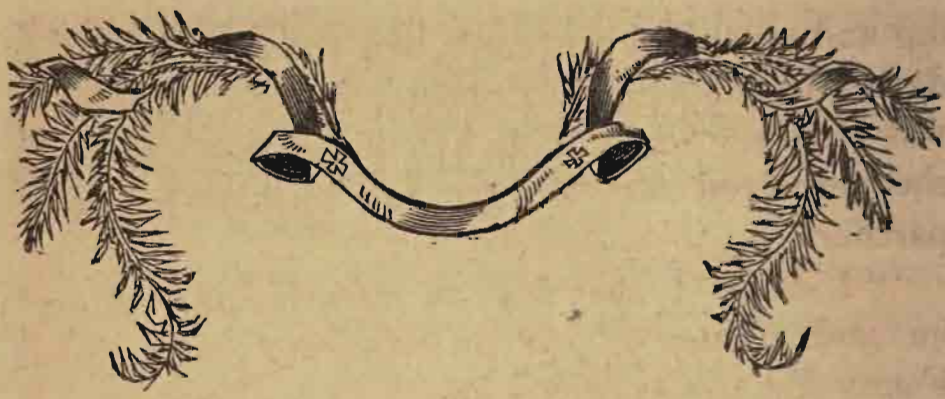
of a slave, not the loving, dutiful act of a Christian daughter, for I repeat again, that I am, heart and soul, a Catholic, and am ready, if God demands, to lay down my life for my faith!"

For one moment he hesitated.

"Go to your room, Miss Heyward, and do not leave it on any pretence, without my permission. I forbid you to hold intercourse with any person or persons outside of this house, and especially with the Ellicotts, for the deception they have practised towards me, I forbid you in any manner having communication with them. Come, madam, we shall be late to church," said he, turning to his wife, who, pale and trembling, stood like a culprit, not daring to disobey him, though all the mother's feelings rose up within her when she saw her child standing, white as a statue, while she listened to the angry words of her father. Mr. Heyward entered the carriage with his wife, and they drove from the door. For ten years Mr. Heyward had not *once* been *late* or *absent* from church.

Mary, sick and giddy, reached her own room, she scarcely knew how. She cast herself upon her knees, and besought her *Heavenly* Father not to leave or forsake her; she had his promise, and she felt firm and strong in the belief of his tender love and power to comfort and sustain. As she rose the faintness returned, and she found her handkerchief

that she had pressed to her lips stained with blood. She did not faint or scream; she threw herself on the bed, and awaited in patience the return of an old family servant whom she knew that she could trust.



CHAPTER XVIII.

"'Tis one thing to be tempted,
Another thing to fall."—SHAKSPEARE.

THE city clocks had just struck the hour of ten; a pale, delicate-looking woman rose from a low couch, and starting towards the window, stood in a listening attitude, as the sound of footsteps drew near. She was young and very pretty, and her dress of deep mourning gave an additional shade of paleness to her countenance, which wore an expression of touching sadness, though rather that of wearing, living trouble, than of settled grief for some dear departed one—there was an anxious, startled and troubled look, that seemed watchful for some new fear of sorrow. She started and bent forward, and her face flushed as each sound approached, and when it passed and died away in the distance, she seemed half disappointed, half relieved.

At length a rapid footfall was heard approach-

ing and ascending the steps, and the eager watcher darted to the door and opened it. "I thought it was Henry," she said in a half surprised tone, as she perceived Mr. Morgan, her husband's former partner.

"I hope I am not an unwelcome visitor," he said, fixing on her an admiring gaze, which Fanny did not seem to observe; he held out his hand as he spoke, she shook hands with him, though in a listless and abstracted manner, as if her thoughts were wandering far away—he retained her hand, and led her gently towards a seat.

"Never unwelcome, Mr. Morgan, my only friend, I may say, in this wide city; but I thought Henry would have been here before this hour," she said, hesitating and coloring.

"I fear you will be disappointed, my poor girl," he replied, in a soothing and tender manner; "Henry is with his companions to-night, he is insensible to the treasure he possesses here, and is recklessly determined to destroy himself, and her peace of mind."

Fanny burst in tears—she did not resent his words, for she thought them dictated by mistaken kindness for herself. She was well aware that Mr. Morgan had endured much from Henry; he had utterly neglected his business, and had drawn on the firm with such reckless improvidence, that she was hardly surprised at the censure his words im-

plied. She was aware that an execution hung over the house, and was only stayed by Mr. Morgan's forbearance and kindness; he had frequently visited them of late, and Fanny regarded him as almost the only friend she had in the city. She had not written for a long time to her uncle's family—shame and pride had prevented—she had reaped already such bitter fruits from her perverseness, and she almost rejoiced that they could not know all she endured.

Fanny continued to weep. "Poor child," said he, compassionately pressing the soft little hand he held in his own, and drawing nearer to her—"confide in me, treat me as a father and your dearest friend—I am—I ever will be—I would share my fortune, and lay down my life for you." Fanny wept on as if she did not hear or heed his words.

"Fanny dearest," said he, throwing his arm around her and attempting to draw her to him—"you must hear now what I have long desired to say to you. I love you madly, and you must return my love! fly with me to some distant land from the husband who is unworthy, and the ties that must be hateful to you!"

Fanny broke from him with a wild cry of terror, and stood with uplifted hands, like one suddenly bereft of reason. She uttered not a word, but gazed into his face with such an expression of mute anguish as might have moved a heart of stone.

"Listen to me, Fanny—I love you!" he repeated; "fly with me from beggary and ruin. Your husband is bankrupt and a sot. I love you to madness—you have no one to protect you, you must, you shall be mine!" and he again attempted to seize her.

"Stand back!" said she in a voice so changed, so unnatural, and a look so unearthly, that he involuntarily paused.

"What have you ever seen in me that you dare to breathe such insult in my ears? You are cruel and unfeeling. I trusted you when my crushed and lonely heart needed consolation and support, and you have wronged my innocent confidence with this brutal return—and now I despise you! I loathe you! I would perish of want and starvation ere I would accept aid from your cruel hands. Begone from my sight—leave me, or I will brand you as the villain you are!" a dark shade of anger passed over his face.

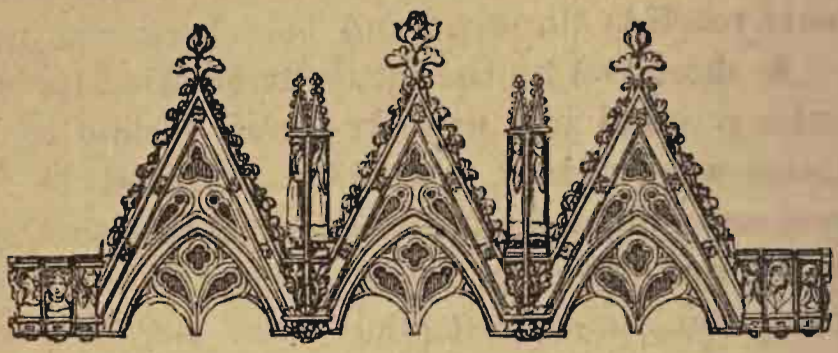
"You will not—you *dare* not!" said he with a cold, malicious sneer. "I would blast your fair name—you have no one to protect you! Who would believe you, when I proclaimed it a plot of a worthless debauchee and his pretty wife to obtain money from the rich and honorable Mr. Morgan? You shall repent this bitterly, unless you retract the words you have just spoken. Madam," said he, rising and standing before her—"I will crush you

both to-morrow; you will feel the force of my words, you will be houseless and homeless. But it is not yet too late," said he, again resuming the bland and tender manner that was even more odious than his anger and violence; "retract the words you have just spoken, leave your worthless husband, and this disgrace and ruin, and I will give you a home worthy of you. Will you reject all this and my love, for the sake of a man who has shown how little regard he has for you, and has thrown your affection aside like an idle bauble, and deserted you to spend his days and nights in revelry and debauchery?" and he again attempted to approach her.

"Stand back! come not a step nearer! there is pollution in the very atmosphere while you remain!" and she drew herself up, and her clear, dark eyes seemed to search his soul as they flashed forth the scorn and indignation she felt. "I despise alike your flattery and your threats; I am not so defenceless as you deem me, the God of the innocent will shield me! Go, return to your *own* wife and helpless little ones, and I will pray that God may not visit on the head of your own young daughter the wrongs you have attempted to inflict on one already bowed to the earth by suffering and sorrow!"

Fanny turned and left the room without another word. She reached her own apartment, and sank

on her knees—she buried her face in her hands, and her bosom throbbed and her cheek was crimson, as she dwelt on the bitter humiliation through which she had just passed; every feeling of her soul was outraged. Carefully nurtured by her uncle and aunt, and educated in great seclusion, such villany was unknown to her except in romances. Pride and self-conceit had been her besetting sins—and now, as she sank on her knees, her cheeks still burning with the recollection of the recent insult (degradation she felt it), the remembrance of all the tender counsels and warnings of her uncle and aunt flashed across her mind, and gave poignancy to her sufferings. Her self-will and pride stood out before her, as they had never done before, and bitter tears and sighs went up from a humbled and penitent heart, that night, before the throne of Almighty God. But thanks be to his holy name, that the majesty of high heaven is merged in the tenderness of the father before the wail of woe and contrition from the humblest of his creatures on earth.



CHAPTER XIX.

"O could'st thou but know,
With what a deep devotedness of woe,
I wept his absence o'er and o'er again,
Thinking of him, still him till thought grew pain;
Didst thou but know how pale I sat at home,
My eyes still turned the way he was to come,
And all the long night of hope and fear,
His voice and step still sounding in my ear;
Oh! God—thou woulds't not wonder that at last,
When every hope was at once o'ercast,
This wretched brain gave way."

MOORE.

NEARLY a year elapsed, and Dr. Singleton could hear nothing from the Sumners; he had inquired at the old lodgings, but they had removed, and although in his many long walks through the city he continued to seek them, he did not succeed in ascertaining their abode. One day, as he was returning from visiting some patients in the suburbs of the city, he was accosted hastily by a person who besought him to come to a house near by to see a young man who had jumped from a window in a fit of delirium, and who, the messenger said,

might be dead, for aught he knew, before they could reach the house.

A short walk brought them to a dilapidated-looking building in a miserable locality. The doctor was ushered into a small apartment, filled by a crowd of people who had been drawn thither by curiosity, to gaze on the form of the sufferer. Every thing in the room betokened poverty. Even the extreme cleanliness could not conceal this from the doctor's practised eye. The air was close and stifling, and the presence of the idlers who had collected around the bed of the miserable man did not render the aspect of things any more comfortable. One, more humane than the rest, was assisting the miserable wife to chafe and bathe his temples and limbs to endeavor to restore animation. Those nearest to the unfortunate object of their curiosity, were idly gazing on the purple and ghastly countenance; those behind were elbowing and struggling to obtain a better view. On the countenances of all, capable of any expression, was depicted curiosity,—sympathy on none. There was a buzz and murmur of voices—some told how *they* had seen him fall—another, that he had assisted to take him up, but not *one* gentle voice was there, in all that throng, to speak words of sympathy, or breathe consolation into the ear of that most heart-stricken wife. How could they? stupid, ignorant, wretched, and the most of them vicious.

What could they know of the gentle movings of pity, or how find voice to express it? They were outcasts themselves. Few of them, even in the tender hours of childhood, had ever known a happy home—from the earliest years of infancy the warm rich tide of affection had been checked and repulsed; and *now* they stood in manhood, hardened, stupid, vicious, more the objects of pity than scorn.

When Dr. Singleton had cleared the room, he approached the bed, and recognized in the afflicted woman, Fanny Sumner, and the sufferer, her husband—he was still alive, but the heavy, hoarse breathing, the blackened appearance of the countenance, and the rattling sound in the throat, proclaimed that in a few moments all would be over. He saw at a glance that human aid was of no avail—he attempted something for his relief, to satisfy the heart-broken wife—but it was too late. The wounded man raised his arm with a convulsive twitch, drew his breath shorter, and ceased to breathe again. Poor Fanny laid her hand on his cold forehead, uttered a deep groan, and fell insensible on the dead body of her husband.

For long weeks she lay in the tossings and delirium of brain fever, and when she at last awoke to consciousness, she was too weak to give utterance to the amazement that possessed her. She saw long rows of clean white beds, each with an occupant, and flitting here and there noiseless

figures were ministering to the wants of all—but beside her own little couch sat a silent form, clothed in black, bending on her deep blue eyes, with a heavenly expression—it seemed so dear, and so familiar, and yet all unknown, that her wonder was increased. She gazed long and earnestly, with a searching and inquiring look, and then, as if the effort had been too much for her poor weakened brain, she closed her eyes with the sweet assurance that her guardian angel had come to watch beside her, and fell into a profound slumber, which lasted several hours.

"The crisis is past, she will awaken perfectly rational, but you must prevent any agitation or exertion," said a low voice beside her couch, and the murmur sounded in her ears almost like the continuation of a dream.

"God be praised for all his mercies," said another low, musical voice, that rang out so like the echo of earlier and happier days, that Fanny lay without opening her eyes or moving, lest the delicious spell should be broken, and that low, sweet voice, and those gentle, tender eyes should melt away like a vision. She lay still and listened for another tone of the voice, but none came, though she could hear the faint rustle of the garments; at length she could endure the suspense no longer, and opening her eyes, they met the same tender gaze fixed upon her face.

"Tell me who you are? Am I still dreaming? Where am I? Who are you, that the sight of you brings back such a flood of sweet memories over my soul? Are you an angel?"

"I am Sister Mary Agatha, a humble Sister of Charity and no angel—but I come to console you, my poor suffering sister."

"Sister Mary Agatha!" Fanny said slowly, as if striving to recall some idea she was too weak and ill to manage. "She was a Sister of Charity! but she was an angel!" she murmured—"our dear Aunt Agnes!"

"You must not fatigue yourself, my dear child," said Sister Mary Agatha, bending over her—"you must remain quiet for a while; I will watch over you while you sleep again."

"But I dare not go to sleep for fear you will leave me," she whispered drowsily.

"See I will hold your hand," said Sister Mary Agatha, seating herself close beside her couch, and taking up a book she began reading her office.

Fanny slept again,—a long, sweet slumber, and when she awoke it was far into the night—a dim lamp shed a pale light through the silent apartment. Sister Mary Agatha was gone, but other attendants were there, and all was so still and solemn that it might have been the habitation of the dead, the silence was so profound. She awoke to a full consciousness of her situation—she knew that she

was in the hospital under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and a sense of peace and security came with the perception. She could discern by the dim light the outline of a picture of the crucifixion hanging at the foot of her little couch, and the sight of her suffering Redeemer made her able to endure the tide of recollection that swept like billows over her soul, as she lay through the long watches of the silent night. She longed for the return of day that the sweet Sister might come again.

"Could it be *she? dear Aunt Agnes!*" It thrilled her lonely heart with joy. The bare possibility was almost too much of happiness for her weakened frame to endure.

Morning came at last, and when Sister Mary Agatha bent over the little couch to inquire after her patient, she felt herself clasped about the neck, and a flood of tears was raining over Fanny's pale cheeks, while amid her sobs and tears she murmured, "dear, dear Aunt Agnes!"

"Lizzie, Lizzie! child of my tender love, is it indeed you? And how have you suffered so much? How came you here?" said Aunt Agnes (for it was indeed she). "How came you here, and where are your parents?" repeated she, a deadly paleness overspreading her countenance.

"No, no—it is Fanny, not Lizzie," said she, still clinging to her.

"Do not agitate yourself thus, my child, but tell me when you are able. You uttered in your delirium names that rang on my ears and made me long to know who you were. I came here only a short time ago, since you were received into the hospital, and I shrank from questioning the doctor, a stranger, in regard to your history, when I found myself so much interested."

"Ah!" said Fanny, coloring violently, "you feared there might be a stain of sin and shame upon my brow, and you dreaded to hear it from the lips of a stranger—dear, dear, Aunt Agnes, I have been headstrong and wilful, and God has seen fit in mercy to punish and humble me for it, but there is no sin of a darker die."

And Fanny related her marriage—her uncle's disapprobation—his reluctant consent on account of Henry's unstable character and his want of religious faith; it was a painful task to expose the errors of one who had been so dear.

"I had not been long married," she said, "when I discovered his inclination for the society of gay and dissipated men; he was social in his disposition, gay, witty, and agreeable, and I felt the danger he was in. I often besought him, with tears, to break from the associations that I knew must be the ruin of him; sometimes my entreaties seemed to influence him, and for weeks he would refrain from going into company; but again the fatal fascina-

tion would return, and I found that he frequented the gaming table. Many, many nights have I watched, and counted hour after hour, as the time crept on, and the gray dawn would streak the east, before his return. I have watched beside my casement, and started at every footstep, until I was ready to sink from exhaustion and disappointment, as it passed onward. Ah, none but those who have experienced it, know the bitterness of those lonely midnight watches, and yet, when he returned, although, perhaps, half stupefied, and reeking with the fumes of liquor, yet I could not but feel delighted at the sound of his well-known footsteps.

"For some time he seemed to love me with undiminished ardor, and with tears even, would acknowledge his errors, and promise amendment; yet, after a while, I could perceive that his love was estranged from me—oh God! the bitterness of that hour will never pass from my remembrance."

Fanny paused, and shuddered. "Yet *then*, he was not unkind or harsh to me. After the birth of my child, for a while I was happy in the possession of this new treasure, and fondly hoped that my husband had now an object that would reclaim his love, and make his home dear to him; but I was doomed to see this hope fade slowly away, for I clung to it until the certainty of disappointment was thrust upon me; but I found that, although one fount of love had failed me, there had sprung

up another in my heart, so deep, that it could *never* run to waste. My husband became more and more estranged from home; sometimes he would absent himself for several days, and his habits became so intemperate, that it seriously affected his business; but all this while, I was not utterly wretched, hope still supported me, and I had my blessed child to console me. I do not believe a mother can be utterly cast down, while her children are spared to her. After all my trouble, when I took my child in my arms, however I might tremble for the future, still the present gave me happiness which I had never experienced from any other source, and over my sleeping babe I offered prayers for my wandering husband. One night—it was the bitterest of my life—Henry had promised to return early. I watched his coming, and kept little Willie awake to greet him with his smiles. I thought his dear caresses must win a smile of love in return, he was such an angel of loveliness, but he came not. I grew weary and heart-sick—my child at length lost his playfulness, and his little head dropped upon my bosom, and I was forced, though reluctantly, to put him in his cradle.

"The weary, lonely hours dragged on; still his father came not. I watched every footstep and counted the hours till day dawned at last. I tried in vain to sleep—I could do nothing—I was miserable, frantic, desperate. I saw ruin for myself and

my child before me, and when at last my husband returned, I reproached him bitterly with his errors and as the cause of all my misery; he had taken enough to make him savage—he told me to begone if I was not satisfied, to return to my friends, that he no longer loved me, that he had married me more out of opposition to my uncle than for any real affection for me.

"I rose and staggered forward, and cast myself at his feet, and besought him to retract those dreadful words. 'Oh Henry!' I implored, in my agony, clinging to him—'oh say that you were mad with liquor, that you knew not what you uttered!'

"'I will not!' he shouted—'do you dare to accuse me, miserable woman? I loathe the sight of you! I love another!' and he struck me to the floor.

"How long I lay insensible I know not. I was roused at last by the cries of my child; my husband had left the house. That night gave the death-blow to my hopes of any reformation in him I had loved so engrossingly as to make me forget all the dutiful affection I owed my uncle and aunt. I should have died but for the love I bore my child; that was the spring of my existence, as a fountain of gushing water in the desert, to my desolate heart.

"Our furniture, the best of it, was disposed of to pay the house-rent—it was the gift of my uncle,

and many bitter tears I shed when obliged to part with it. We removed to a cheaper residence; I toiled early and late, and gave a few music lessons, and thus procured many little luxuries for my husband and child, which I could not otherwise have obtained for them.

"There was very little amelioration in my condition; for about a year things continued much the same. My husband's partner came sometimes to visit us, and exercised a great deal of forbearance towards him, or we should have been left destitute long before. I thought it all from a motive of kindness and goodness," said Fanny, sighing.

"Henry's habits did not mend, and although I never made any allusion to the dreadful scene that had passed between us, I never could forget it.

"One cold, stormy day, I thought my dear little Willie appeared restless and unwell. I watched him with the most intense anxiety. He seemed to get better again, until, as evening advanced, the restlessness increased, and that heavy breathing alarmed me. I entreated my husband not to leave me alone, with my sick child; and when he persisted in going, I begged him to send me a physician. He said something about my 'always fancying there was something the matter with the child, he would be well enough if I did not spoil him.' I burst into tears as he left the house, for I felt such a sense of woe and desolation, that I could not re-

strain them. I would have sent immediately for a physician, but it stormed so piteously that I did not like to send the little girl, the only messenger I had; but at length the child grew so much worse, and its symptoms were so unmistakable, that I resolved to brave every thing, and go for one myself; I went for Dr. Singleton—but oh! he could not save him—my precious Willie died!" Poor Fanny's tears and sobs choked her utterance.

Sister Mary Agatha allowed her to weep—she knew it was the best medicine for her poor, crushed heart.

"Oh, I was wild with misery after that night. I cared not whither I went—I neither ate nor slept—I heeded nothing; I had so long neglected my religious duties, that I was without comfort or support.

"The beautiful teachings and holy consolations which the Church had to offer me, and which, by the grace of God, I have since found, would have enabled me to see that my Father was not cruel, when he removed my child; but I had strayed away from my allegiance to Heaven, and had made for myself idols, that now were taken from me."

"My dear Fanny, you did not, I hope, neglect to have your child baptized."

"Oh no, thank God, I was not so negligent as that. When I look back upon that period of my existence, it seems like a burning dream. I believe

that I must have been deranged, for I have no distinct recollection about it.

"From that time our progress was steadily downwards. My husband appeared for a time to feel the loss of our beautiful boy, but drank the deeper, until his health became so impaired as entirely to unfit him for business—he grew feeble and tottering, and when I entreated him to give up drinking, he answered me with imprecations. My life became a burden; only that I felt I must live to take care of him, I should have wished to die at once.

"I was in hourly dread that he would be brought in to me a mangled corpse, or that he would commit some terrible deed, his temper had become so outrageous. One day, after a more prolonged debauch than usual, he came home so haggard and pale, that I thought he could not live long, if he continued these courses. I tried to persuade him to remain with me, and let me do something for him; but he said he was not sick, and swore that he would not remain in the house to be tormented—he took his hat to leave the room, but he could not support himself, and fell fainting on the floor. This was the first of those dreadful fits of delirium, which terminated so fatally.

"His ravings in his delirium were so frightful as completely to unnerve me. I had no control over him, and was obliged to send for some of his

companions to assist me in keeping him in his bed. All his fury was directed against me. I appeared to be the object of his greatest hatred; sometimes he would shriek out, that I was urging fiends to seize him, or that I was worrying him with dogs, or pinching and tearing his flesh with hot irons.

"Those few days were dreadful! never shall I forget the horror and agony I endured one day, as I entered the room; the men who were with him had fallen asleep, and he had crawled up the chimney to conceal himself, he said, from the fiends who were watching for him—they had just drawn him from his hiding-place, he was screaming and struggling violently, covered with soot, and a frightful object to behold—his ravings and curses made my blood curdle in my veins, until at length he sank exhausted on the bed, and fell into a sleep, the first he had had for several days; he awoke refreshed, and more calm than he had been for some time—he knew me, and spoke kindly to me, and took some refreshment from my hand. After I had seated myself beside him, I smoothed back the hair from his forehead, and took a little comb, and, as I had often done in former and happier days, began gently combing the still beautiful locks that fell over his brow—he looked steadily and sorrowfully at me for a few moments, then burst into tears.

"'How wretched I have made you, my poor Fanny,' said he, at length; 'can you forgive me,

when I have repaid all your affection and kindness with such brutality?'

"I wept too, for it was the first word or look of affection that I had received from him for months; my tears relieved me, for I had become so callous and seared, dead to every thing. 'Oh! Fanny,' said he, 'do not leave me. Send away those dreadful men, the sight of them makes me feel wild again.'

"I was but too happy to have it in my power to dispense with their presence, so I told them I thought he had so far recovered, that I should be able to manage him myself—he continued calm, and fell asleep again.

"'Fanny,' he said, when he awoke, 'get me some paper and ink, I wish you to write to my father for me.' I sat down beside him, as he desired; I did not feel alarmed, for I thought it only a slight return of flightiness, as he appeared otherwise perfectly calm, his eyes looked far less wild, and his breathing was free and natural. I took the pen, and arranged the paper, and waited for him to dictate, as I did not know but he really might wish to write to somebody else, and had mentioned his father by mistake.

"After a few moments' thoughtfulness, he said, 'give me the pen, I cannot tell you what I wish to say;' he raised himself and sat on the side of the bed, and I placed the table before him. 'Open the

window, it is so close here,' said he, 'I want more air.' I did as he desired, and sat down again at a little distance; he wrote a few lines, then covered his face with his hands. 'Oh! I cannot write to the poor old man what I wish to say; it will break his heart when he hears that I have gone where I have so often wished myself in my drunken revels. Fanny,' said he, throwing down the pen, and pushing the table away, 'come and sit here, close beside me—quick!—there—there—drive away that creature—don't you see him mocking at my distress! he is tempting me to go with him.'

"I became alarmed, but tried to soothe him; I was fearful that the paroxysms would return if he commenced in that strain. I put my arm about his neck, and kissed him; he looked up into my face, and smiled fondly, and seemed pleased and soothed. In our happy days he used to like to hear me sing; I asked him if I should sing to him now? He did not reply, and I began a little song that I used to sing to my child. In an instant he started away from my embrace, and springing to the other side of the room, he glared at me, and shuddered fearfully—'Woman,' shrieked he, 'you are tempting me again to go—you're a fiend come for me; but I will not go with you. Stand off!' cried he now with a terrified glance. 'I tell you I will not go with you.'

"'Henry! dear Henry! come back to me! it is your own wife, Fanny Maitland,' said I, softly.

"'No, no—you are not Fanny—you are a fiend; Fanny Maitland was young and beautiful—you are pale and thin. Fanny was not such a wretched-looking creature. You are a fiend—a fiend,' shouted he, 'tempting me to go; but you shall not cheat me—I'll escape you—ha—ha—ha.' A wild, discordant laugh, broke upon my ear, and before I could scream for assistance, he had jumped from the window. The rest of my painful story you already know," said poor Fanny, giving way to her emotions. But we must leave her with Sister Mary Agatha, while we follow some of our other friends in their travels.

CHAPTER XX.

"No wounds like those a wounded spirit feels;
No cure for *such*, till God, who makes them, heals.
And thou, sad sufferer, under nameless ill,
That yields not to the touch of human skill,
To thee the dayspring, and the blaze of noon,
The purple evening, and resplendent moon,
Shine not, or undesired, or hated, shine,
Seen through the medium of a cloud like thine.
Yet seek *Him*, in His favor life is found;
All bliss beside a shadow or a cloud;
Then Heaven eclipsed so long; and this dull earth,
Shall seem to start into a second birth."

COWPER.

MANY long, weary months had passed away, and Lizzie had striven to conceal the pain in her heart that she could not subdue. She had visited, with her father and mother, the celebrated Springs of Germany, had glided over the far-famed Rhine, had travelled through Switzerland and rested on the shores of its lovely lakes, but the health of the invalid had not improved as much as her husband and daughter had fondly hoped, and now she began to grow weary of the life she had led to satisfy them, and expressed such an earnest desire to return home, that Mr. Maitland resolved to gratify her—

and news that Father Bailey received from his parish made him feel equally anxious to accelerate their departure.

They had been spending some months at a retired village or rather watering-place, in a secluded valley, famous for the salubrious qualities of its waters, and the invigorating breezes that floated through the rich and fertile valleys that surrounded it. The house had once been a convent or monastery, something of the sort, for there were still visible in some parts of the building traces of its former uses. On one side rose a high mountain, whose rugged summit seemed half-hidden by the clouds that enshrouded it. A wild shallow stream gurgled at its base, and its soft murmurs mingling with the lowing of the herds, and the monotonous tinkling of their bells, as they strayed hither and thither,—or formed picturesque groups under the inviting shadow of some stately tree,—and the wild songs of the peasants as they rose in clear, full tones, wafted on the evening breeze, or sank into the softened minor cadences, most natural to untutored voices, found its way to Lizzie's heart with a soothing influence.

This strong love for natural scenery which had always characterized Lizzie, and afforded her some of the purest joys and holiest lessons of her life, is one of the last passions that dies out of the heart: neither sickness nor sorrow quenches it. Satiety

cannot produce in the soul that disgust and weariness that spring from the indulgence of any other. If in old age it brings not the glowing enthusiasm and rapture of youth, yet it comes over the soul with a softening and elevating influence, which, like the mists of early morning, linger, as if unwilling to disperse, and break away only to give place to the more glorious light of another day.

The sun went early to his rest behind that high mountain, and it was early yet in the day when the lengthened shadows began to creep along, bringing with them, more especially to hearts saddened by disappointment, that undefinable sense of gloom and melancholy so difficult to shake off. As the silent shadows steal over us, and the dim twilight advances, the burdened spirit sometimes starts back from the black darkness of the night that is coming on, as if already oppressed by the weight of the "coming events which cast their shadows before."

Many an hour had Lizzie watched the sunset from her casement, and as the little birds, twittering and nestling close, at last folded their wings and sought shelter of their leafy bowers, she had longed like them to be at rest. God forbid that she should wish time away, or her life to end, but such a heavy blight had fallen on her young spirit, that she was no longer buoyed up with the brilliant anticipations and hopes of youth, but performed

her daily routine of little cares from a sense of duty to God, and grateful affection towards her parents.

Although on their arrival they had found letters awaiting them from various quarters, there were none from Fanny, but still they flattered themselves it was on account of the frequent change of residence during the past months that no news of her welfare had reached them. Lizzie sighed as she sought in vain for Mary's well known handwriting: she thought her so absorbed in her own happiness that she could spare no thought for her absent friend. It was no strange thing that her wounded heart shrank from the contemplation of Mary's fancied bliss, and that she did her some little injustice in her secret thoughts.

One day, oppressed by more than usual sadness, she went out to take her accustomed stroll along the lake shore. Her attention was attracted to a group of pretty children seated on the sands. The eldest, a girl of about ten years, appeared to take a motherly care of the infant which she held in her arms, and the pretty boy who was rolling in the sand started up and clung to his sister's dress, and held down his head bashfully as Lizzie approached.

The little girl arose and curtseyed, and replied in the softest French accent as Lizzie saluted her. There was something so winning in her manner that Lizzie felt impelled to stop beside them.

By her gentleness she soon won their confidedce,

and the young Celeste informed her that her mother was a soldier's widow, and that she helped to cultivate the flowers which she sold to support her mother and little brothers, and that sometimes her mother took lodgers to eke out their scanty living; and in the season, she continued, "I sell strawberries to the ladies, and mind the children for my mother when she is ill."

"Is your mother often ill?" asked Lizzie, "and do you not sometimes get tired of carrying such a large child?"

"Oh no, Miss, Henri is our darling, I am never tired of him," and she hugged him closer, while he clasped his little dimpled arms tighter about her neck, and nestled his chubby face against her shoulder, and peeped out slyly at Lizzie, as if fearing by some mischance he might lose his nurse. "Oh I am never tired of little Henri—and my mother is often ill, Miss, and would have died when my father did if it had not been for the good young English gentleman who lodged with us."

"Who is he?" Lizzie asked in spite of herself, feeling an interest for which she could not account. "Did you say he lodges with you?"

"Yes, Miss, he *did*, but he's gone away now—I don't know who he is, only he is so tall and handsome, and so good," said Celeste earnestly, her little face brightening with the recollection of his kindness—

"My father came home ill, and he had but little

money and that was soon spent, and he could not work to get more; so mother put up a little card saying she had a room to rent, and this gentleman was the first who came; and when he saw how ill my father was, he spoke such kind words; and, when my father told him he feared such a nice gentleman would not be suited with the humble fare, he told him he liked the pretty cottage so near the lake, and that all he wanted was the quiet chamber, that he would not trouble my mother for any thing else. And Miss, when my father grew worse and died, he read to him and consoled him, and brought the Priest to see him, and my mother was so happy, for she said it was many a day since he had seen his Priest before, and she feared he would die without being willing to see one at last;—he paid for all my father's sickness," said the child innocently—"and brought a doctor himself, and paid mother such a large sum for the room, that indeed, Miss, we were very comfortable, and we were quite sorry when he went away; but he promised to return this month, and my mother keeps his room for him, and I put fresh flowers there almost every day, hoping he will come soon again. I will show you the chamber, Miss, if you would like to see it," said the child simply.

"Can you read? and where did you get this pretty book?" said Lizzie, taking up a little one the children had laid down.

"The English gentleman gave it to me. My

mother taught us a little, and the gentleman helped me a great deal. He taught my little brother his letters, for mother said she could not spare the time, for François was so giddy he would always run off to play, until the English gentleman brought some very pretty toys which he said he would give him as soon as he had learned his lessons. François loved him very much, and he tried to be attentive, and he was very proud when Monsieur Edouard praised him." Monsieur "*Ed-de-ward*," as the child said, trying to give the English pronunciation. The name rang on Lizzie's ear, it was so long since she had heard it. A flood of recollections rushed over her, and for a moment she forgot the child and her prattle. At length rising to go, she told Celeste that her mother was quite an invalid, and very fond of flowers, and that she must come every day and bring her some.

She thanked Lizzie warmly for her kindness, and said her mother would be glad to see the lady who would engage her flowers, for she continued:

"I sometimes pull all my prettiest ones and go and carry them about until they are nearly withered, and no one will buy, and then, Miss, I feel sad, because my mother needs the money to buy our food and clothes; but if you will take my flowers, I shall not have to walk until I am so weary, and lose them all at last—and while I am so long away,

my mother has no one to help her to attend little Henri, and do any thing for her when she is ill and cannot help herself."

Lizzie inquired where she lived, and the child pointed out a neat little cottage not far distant, and to gratify her, she walked with her to the house.

She found the mother, as she had been led to expect from the appearance of the children, a woman of singularly modest and respectable demeanor; she was much interested, and before she parted from them, the baby had almost ceased to turn away and hide his face in the fair neck of his young sister.

"Would you like to see the English gentleman's room," said Celeste, as Lizzie rose to depart.

Lizzie smiled at the child's pertinacity, and walked with her to the door. It was not a remarkable chamber, certainly, only in the child's mind it was associated with so much that was of the highest interest to herself, that she could not realize that a stranger could not feel the same.

Lizzie glanced around; there was a neat bedstead, with its snowy coverlet, a few chairs, a table, upon which Celeste had placed the flowers, a window-curtain of the simplest muslin, and on the wall hung a pair of riding gloves and a whip. Lizzie's eye rested upon them for a moment. Why should they possess more interest than any of the other articles, of which the room contained so few?

There were doubtless ten thousand just such gloves and whips in the world—why, except as being more intimately connected with the occupant, did they seem familiar? She could not help thinking of such riding gloves on well known hands, and well beloved features associated themselves with them, and Lizzie mused once more.

"Please do, Miss—come again," urged Celeste, as she followed Lizzie to the door.

Bright and early the next morning the child was at Mrs. Maitland's room with the roses, fresh and lovely, clustering on the stem. Lizzie fulfilled her promise, and visited frequently the cottage of Madame Holstein, where she bid fair to rival the young Englishman in the affections of the household.

At last the long desired letters arrived. Returning one day from her favorite walk on the lake shore, whither she was almost daily accompanied by the children, she met her father just entering the house, with the ardently wished for letters from home. There was one for her, in Mary's handwriting; she seized it with an avidity that almost startled herself, and went to her own room to read it. It was a long one, and had been written at different intervals, and the latter part of it after a wasting illness.

"My dear Lizzie," she began, "you must indeed have thought it strange and unkind, that I

should have allowed so long a time to elapse without writing to you, but, my dear friend, you may, perhaps, have surmised that I have had many serious trials to encounter. My father's indignation even surpassed the bounds that I, who knew so well his abhorrence of the faith I have embraced, had set as the limit. I strove as far as I could to disarm him, by a perfect obedience to his commands in every thing that did not involve any compromise of my faith. I refrained from attempting to go out of the house, from receiving or writing any letters, as he had commanded me; in fact, every written communication, by a strange infatuation, he persisted in declaring to be some instigation of the priests, some agency of concealed Jesuitism, to wheedle me away from my friends. My dear Lizzie, you who have passed through no such trials, cannot imagine the tax upon one's patience and Christian forbearance, to hear the religion you love disparaged, and its professors incessantly denounced as a set of vile, scheming, unprincipled villains, in sheep's clothing.

"My very heart turned sick within me, at the ignorant falsehoods I was daily called upon to refute; it would be impossible in even the most degraded society, to conceal such foul crimes, as are constantly imputed to those dear Sisters of Mercy and Charity, and all those pious souls, whose whole lives are one generous offering to God—those gentle

and excellent beings whom you and I have so loved, and whose virtues we have so desired to imitate; and whose holy and self-denying lives, those who thus vilify, and load them with these base imputations, could not imitate for a single day. And also the priests, those humble servants of God, who, whenever pestilence and death are rife in our midst, will be found at the bedside of the wretched and suffering poor, with the consolations of our religion; and *whose* will be the only hands to bring succor and relief; whom neither poverty, suffering, nor death, can affright or repel, not even when the ties of kindred and affection have failed; they will be found, *alone*, and undaunted, at the death-bed, when even those nearest and dearest have shrunk back appalled, or fled in terror—these are the men we hear traduced, and whose every little failing, or human imperfection, is paraded before the ill-natured world.

"I sometimes think the enemies of our religion pay it involuntarily a high tribute of homage, by the perfection they exact from its professors.

"I have been compelled to sit and hear the arguments of the most learned Protestant divines; they have been brought here to persuade me, to reason with me. I have protested that there could be no fairness in setting all their learning and experience against the feeble logic, and crude arguments, of a young and inexperienced girl, who

has nothing to bring against this array of erudition, but her simple faith.

"One old friend of my father's, who, no doubt, was perfectly sincere in his desire to reclaim me, lamented earnestly that he had not known it in time, before I fell into the errors that have encompassed me, and which, he says, will inevitably destroy my soul; if he had only been aware in time, he could have convinced me of the corruption of the whole foul system—the abominations of the priestcraft, &c., &c.

"I told him honestly, that he was quite welcome to do so still, that his arguments were just as sound and weighty now, as before, and that if he could convince me of the truth of what he asserted, that I would even yet relinquish all, for my earnest desire is, to follow truth, and not error.

"I almost blush to tell you that, for a time, my father would not admit me to his presence. I did not leave my room, I received my meals in my own chamber, and did not leave the house under any pretence, until a return of the hemorrhage alarmed my mother excessively, and awoke in my father's heart something like his old love for me. And after all, Lizzie, there is in the breasts of the American people, a love of the earnest and true, however it may be obscured by prejudice; it still beats there warm, and strong, giving an impetus to their actions that they little suspect themselves.

"Even my dear father, since he has found that it is not an idle whim of the passing moment, but a sincere conviction, has learned to respect my sincerity and earnestness, although his opinions and belief, which he desires to substitute for my *faith*, lead him to different conclusions. Nobody is half so much astonished as himself, that he has learned to tolerate Catholicity in any form; but, sometimes, dear Lizzie, I half fancy that it is my hollow cough, and feeble frame, that appeal more powerfully to his heart, than my arguments or consistency to his sense of justice, or convictions of truth.

"Mrs. Ellicott's urgent appeals, (for she would not be repulsed, and on account of her relationship, and her influence with papa, she can take more liberties than any body else,) have finally convinced him that she was entirely innocent of any agency in my 'apostasy,' as he will persist in calling it, and have at last induced him to sanction my engagement with Charles, and now I am permitted the consolation of seeing my friends, and of receiving and answering letters."

Lizzie started, and, clutching the letter in one hand, she held the other over her wildly throbbing heart, to still its beatings—she half averted her head, as if to clear away the mists before her eyes, that she might be sure she saw aright—she looked again, and again—yes, there it stood, "my engage-

ment with Charles"—bright, vivid, distinct, like a sunbeam, and every thing else on the sheet floated dim, confused, and misty, like the motes in the solitary ray of sunlight, that penetrates a darkened chamber through a crevice in the shutter. Had it then been all a cruel mistake, the weariness and desolation of the last few months, which had bowed down her young heart with the sorrowful conviction that the blessed season of *hope* was past, that henceforward, for her, only memory was left? Was it indeed all a reality that flashed across her dazzled vision?

She read it over and over, and seemed at last to catch sight of the mournfulness of Mary's manner, and to realize the declining health of the poor girl. A deep blush suffused her face, as she thought of the dreams she had been indulging, when perhaps Edward had already forgotten her existence; she tried to persuade herself that she also had become as indifferent to him—she was ashamed of the emotion she had felt, and of her selfishness, that could make her overlook the sufferings which Mary had endured. Now her heart was filled with pity, and she longed to throw her arms about her, and console her. Poor Lizzie Maitland! you need not reproach yourself so keenly, your little heart is human, and full of natural impulses. You recollect you never could be perfect; you may put what restraint you are able

upon it, but there will break out, in spite of you, such little weaknesses, and it is good for you to see them, they will teach you humility.

"I hope," the letter continued, "to see you before many months shall have elapsed; my letter has been interrupted and laid aside, from illness—I resume it, my dear Lizzie, as I am still suffering from weakness, and writing is not the very best thing for the shattered state of my nerves.

"Charles is impatient for me to appoint my wedding-day, but mamma shakes her head, and looks so sorrowful, that, although I strive to cheer her by hopes that I cannot feel myself, yet, dearest Lizzie, my failing strength, and this wearing cough, admonish me that another Bridegroom may soon claim me for his own. I long to say it, and I may to you, that death seems to me like a pleasant release from the cares and suffering that are the lot of all in this life. It is *sorrow*, not *fear*, that the Christian should conceive at the sight of his sin. Christ, his judge, has died to save him from the penalty; and *now*, Lizzie, since I have all the aids and consolations of my religion, death seems to have lost its terrors for me; if it is the will of my Heavenly Father, I can leave the world without a sigh of regret,—only for my parents. My poor mother cannot endure to hear me express this willingness, and she looks so sorrowfully, and almost reproachfully at me, that I cannot talk freely to

her; and it is such a comfort to do so without reserve to you, that you must forgive me. Poor mamma seems to feel that it is because of the misunderstanding between my father and myself. Would to God I could make her sensible of the delight and happiness I have derived from my newly acquired faith, which more than counterbalances any little sacrifices that I may have been called to make, and what—oh! what in comparison are the sufferings of this present life?

"Charles shuts his eyes to the truth, and utterly refuses to see or believe that my health is so precarious—he thinks it only the present agitation that I have undergone, and gives way to impatience, and reflects on second causes in a way that gives me much pain to witness; sometimes it is poor papa, and sometimes the doctor's unskilfulness, that he blames. Mrs. Ellicott is as kind and gentle as ever, and soothes me, but dearest Lizzie, how weary I feel, and how I long sometimes to fly away, and be at peace. Do not reproach me for being selfish, it is not so; but thank God for the grace of resignation that he has in mercy bestowed upon me, for I feel assured that the blow is inevitable, and must soon fall upon my parents and friends; and my daily prayer is, that it may be sanctified to them. You will come to see mamma, dear Lizzie, when I am gone, and comfort her, and say to her, *then*, what it would be a sweet satisfac-

tion for me to be able to say now; but her reluctance to hear a word from me on the subject, prevents. Oh! if our friends knew how it would soften the pain of separation, and what an alleviation it would be to the departing, to be allowed to express their last wishes, and to cheer them, by imparting some of the consolations God bestows on his children, they would strive to check their grief, that the last hours of the beloved might be quiet and peaceful, and the soul be able to pass into the presence of its Judge, freed from any earthly distractions. My only anxiety now is, that I may be permitted to have all the aids and consolations of our holy religion in my dying hour. Pray for me, Lizzie, that my father's prejudices may be softened, and so far subdued, that he will permit me to receive, without hindrance, all the holy sacraments and rites of the Church, but, above all, pray that *my* will may be wholly resigned to that of my Heavenly Father."

Lizzie's tears rained over the letter, and many fervent prayers she poured forth for the succor and support of her young friend.

A few days ago she also would have felt, that she could leave the fair, smiling earth, just as willingly; but it was not the holy resignation that Mary experienced—it was because the joy of life seemed so blotted out; but now—now, hope had sprung up on rosy wings, and was soaring afar off

in the faint azure, and memory no longer rolled in a leaden tide over her young soul.

When Lizzie returned to her mother's chamber she found her father, and Father Bailey, already there, and all with sorrowful countenances, and to her surprise and indignation she learned that the amiable, pious, and devoted priest whom Father Bailey had left in his place, had been attacked while in the discharge of his missionary duties, in a distant town, by a gang of disguised ruffians, stripped of his clothing, robbed of his watch and *money*, beaten, tarred and feathered, and left in a ditch at the roadside, exposed to the pitiless peltings of a cold autumn storm, and had nearly perished from the effects of this brutality and exposure, but, through the merciful protection of Almighty God, he had been preserved from death, and had survived the cruel treatment, and was again restored to his people; and at the same time in an adjacent town, the Catholic Church had been assaulted and nearly demolished, and in the blind zeal and fury to show hatred and contempt of the Catholic religion, the cross, the blessed symbol of *Redemption*, had been torn down, and trampled under foot, and broken in pieces.

"I did not think," said Mr. Maitland, "that in my beloved New England, such an outrage could have been perpetrated; but I see with the most

painful regret, the growth of hatred and ill-feelings towards Catholics, within the last two years."

"For the honor and credit of the community, I am happy to be able to state," said Father Bailey, "that the respectable portion of the inhabitants of an adjoining village expressed strong disapprobation of such wanton excesses, and made what restitution they were able to the priest who had been so wickedly and maliciously assailed in the discharge of his duty; but the indignity offered to the cross upon which Christ died, remains unatoned, and the pretty church is still in ruins—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," said he, sorrowfully, as he folded up the letter.

"I do not believe," said he, after a pause, "that this outbreak of ill-will and hatred to Catholicity is at all of American growth—it has been imported, and is but the echo of the rancor and hatred that give birth to the Orange riots, and the fierce feuds that disgrace the Old World—the idle and vicious are borne along by the current of evil passions, but the real true-hearted American is not by nature intolerant, or a persecutor; there is nothing in the nature of his free institutions to make him so, and by and by the great heart of the nation will awaken, and beat true to its own generous impulses, and scorn to be swayed by the hatred and time-worn feuds of the old world."

"God grant it may be so," Mr. Maitland said, sadly; "but I fear that many excesses will first be committed, which will be the source of grief and shame to many an honest heart."

Father Bailey was about to reply, when Bridget ushered into the room the little Celeste.

The child's fair round face was half wild with affright, as she besought Father Bailey to come quickly to the young English gentleman, her mother's lodger, who had been knocked down and trampled by the post horses, in trying to rescue her little brother, who ran out to meet him just as he arrived.

"Please do come, Miss, to see my mother," said the child, in her broken accents, and catching Lizzie's hand—"for my mother is so unhappy, because my little brother is hurt."

"Stay—tell me"—Lizzie said, drawing the child towards her, "tell me, is your little brother hurt?"

"Yes, Miss; I could not stop to see how much, for one of the women put me out of the room, and bade me fly to ask the good priest to come quickly to see the English gentleman, before he died, because he asked for him, himself, and mother cried so much I could not ask her any questions; they put François on the bed, and told me to fly—the doctor was coming too, they said—oh, Miss! do come with me."

Lizzie rose to follow the child; Father Bailey was already out of the house, on his way to visit the wounded man. Lizzie walked rapidly beside the child, whose impatience and sorrow could scarcely be controlled, until they reached the house. As she passed up a flight of steps on the outside of the house, leading to an upper apartment which Madame Holstein now occupied, with her little family, having recently let out the remainder of the lower part of the house to a quiet neighbor, she saw gathered around the door of the ground floor, a crowd, that she rightly judged had been attracted by the accident to the Englishman. She passed on, pausing only to inquire if he still lived, and ascending the steps, she entered the chamber. The first sight that met her eyes, was a woman with a pail of water, kneeling beside a pool of dark blood, which she was wiping from the floor. The contrast was so striking between the white scoured boards, and that dark, ugly, crimson stain, that Lizzie shivered. Heavy sobs drew her attention towards the bed. As the woman stood back to make room for her, the wretched mother, with a groan, reached out her hand to her, and she saw, lying beside her, the little form of the child; his short dress left exposed the plump, white limbs, and the little crimson plaid stockings, that but half covered them, and the shoes stubbed and worn at the toes, looked so like a tired child asleep, that

Lizzie could not realize, until she drew near, and took the cold, dimpled hand in hers, and saw the kind neighbor tenderly washing the clots of blood from amid the golden curls that hung matted over the pale brow, that it could be death.

The little arm fell down so listlessly when she released it, that Lizzie started, as if she had done something ungentle. Can there be any thing that forces the appalling reality upon the mind, more than that helpless motion of the arm, as it falls so lifelessly beside the inanimate form of the beloved, in the first moments after dissolution? There is still all the expression of life, but the sorrowful conviction flashes across the soul, that it can never be raised to return the tenderest greeting.

The mouth was closed, and there was no appearance of distortion about the face, except that the eyes were partially open, and a slight contraction of the brow, as if death had been so sudden as to leave no trace of the struggle, when the soul was thus rudely forced from its lovely dwelling place.

Celeste caught sight of the little face, and her clamorous grief broke out wildly on the scene; she climbed upon the bed, and threw her arms about her dead brother, called him passionately by every endearing epithet to answer her once more —kissed his lips and brow, until her own little face was stained from contact with his.

The woman tried to remove her, and to induce her to restrain her grief; she would listen to nothing, but continued her wild lamentations, until her mother arose, and bringing the baby to her, called fondly and piteously:

"Oh, Celeste! will you not try to console your poor sick mother? Who will take care of our little Henri, if you forget us?"

The baby at first stretched out its chubby arms towards Celeste, but when he saw her wild, disordered air, and the strange faces around, clung to his mother's neck, and screamed aloud.

Celeste roused herself at the cry, and checking suddenly, and by a strong effort, her emotion, rose up, and threw her arms around her mother and the baby.

Lizzie drew them all away into another room, and whispered to the women to complete every arrangement, while she endeavored to soothe the poor bereaved ones.

Lizzie arose, and went softly to the outer room, where every thing had been made decent by the kind attention of the woman she had requested to attend to the necessary arrangements. All traces of the blood had been carefully removed from the little brow, and François lay like a sleeping child; his mother had followed Lizzie, and breaking out into an agony of grief, she threw herself beside the child. Lizzie did not attempt to restrain this

burst of sorrow; but at length she asked if it would give her any comfort to see Father Bailey. The poor woman's face brightened at the proposal, and signifying her gratification; Lizzie descended the steps to ascertain whether he had yet left the house, and to inquire after the wounded gentleman.

The crowd had dispersed about the door, and all was quiet; she entered the door, and not finding any body, she crossed the room to another, where a low murmur of voices seemed to point out the way to obtain the information she desired. The door was not closed, and she advanced softly into the room, as she saw Father Bailey standing before a couch, with his back towards her, and screening the face of the person he was attending. He turned, as the rustle of her garments reached his ear, and said, advancing as if to lead her back:

"You had better not expose yourself to this trial, my child."

But Lizzie heeded him not; she had caught sight of the face as he turned, and sprang forward, and kneeling down beside the insensible form, as she supposed, of Edward Lee, seized his hand, covered it with kisses, exclaiming in a tone so full of anguish, that Father Bailey turned towards her in amazement:

"Oh! Edward, dearest! is it thus I find you!"

On that instant he opened his eyes, and a look full of joyful recognition passed over his pale face—he tried to return the pressure of her hand, attempted to rise, and fainted.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was a clear, bright morning, late in the Autumn; the sun shone pleasantly into the apartment, through the crimson curtains; a little fire had been kindled to drive away the dampness that might linger there. The only occupants were a handsome young man, apparently an invalid, and a young girl. The gentleman was seated in a high-backed arm-chair; his dark hair hung in rich masses over a brow broad and fair, but very pale, and seeming more so from the contrast with the large black eyes that beamed beneath.

He wore a handsome dressing-gown and slippers; a rich velvet smoking cap lay carelessly on his knee, and his face beamed with happiness—happiness that comes but once in a lifetime.

An open volume rested on the table beside him, but his gaze was bent on the blushing face of the fair young being who sat on a low ottoman not far distant. She seemed very busily engaged in

making unmeaning scrawls, and very ugly profiles in a sketch-book that lay open on her lap.

"And so, Lizzie—my own precious Lizzie," said he, at length, leaning over her until his lips almost touched her brow, and the warm, rich color mounted to her temples; "and so you really did love me *then*, even while you sent me away with such a cruel, unfeeling little note; see, I have it here—shall I read it to you?" taking it from his bosom. "I kept it always beside me."

"No—no," Lizzie said, eagerly, trying to get possession of it; "it was not unfeeling—it was any thing but that; but," said she, changing her tone, "you men are too exacting; I will make no more confessions—if I say A, I must say B, and so on, all through the alphabet; can I not play the good Samaritan, and show a little kindness to a sick stranger in a strange land, without being called upon to *own* that it is for *love* of *himself?* And besides, you know very well that the doctor said you must be kept quiet, and I have been left here to watch you, that you do not commit any imprudences," said she, demurely, going on with her drawing.

"And Lizzie, will you not give me that happiness? You are too tantalizing. After these two long years, that I have waited in vain for one word of tenderness from your lips, or a single glance of affection from your eyes, you are not kind to sit

away there, making those hideous profiles! Lizzie, do not trifle with me—do not force upon my mind, but *now* relieved of the terrible load, the miserable fear that you are cold and indifferent, that you do not love me as I love you; you talk to me of calm and quiet, with this fever burning in my veins—I should have died, but for your image impressed on my heart. During all that agony of fever and delirium, I saw your face bent over mine, as it was in that one lucid interval of my sickness. Do not, do not, Lizzie, keep me in suspense; it is unworthy of you. I love you with my whole heart. I laid it at your feet two years ago; I have never loved any other woman. I never shall; if *you* disappoint me, I shall have no faith in the gentleness and truth of woman's nature. Perhaps I have been too abrupt and straightforward; it is my nature—I cannot alter it. I have suffered from doubts and fears, long and miserably. If you *do not* love me, Lizzie, tell me so at once, and let me go away, and do not torture me ever by another word of kindness." He spoke earnestly, passionately, almost sternly; he bowed his head upon his hands.

Lizzie rose from the little couch where she had been sitting, and, going beside his chair, she drew his head softly to her bosom and imprinted a kiss upon his forehead; then, clasping her arms about his neck, she whispered:

"Forgive me, Edward—dearest Edward! I am—indeed I am—all your own!"

Edward trembled violently; he rose suddenly, and, clasping his arms about her, strained her to his bosom.

"Hoity-toity! this is the way things go on when my back is turned! A very pretty way truly to keep my patient quiet—more fever—more trouble again!" said the doctor testily to Mr. Maitland, who accompanied him. "I might have known it when they left that young thing to nurse him—always the way! But he is old enough to have more sense than to put himself into a fever! I'll stay away—there's no use in a doctor's coming here! Nobody minds him! I tell you, young man," said he, going up fiercely to Edward, "you will bring on a relapse if you go on this way. You are only half-cured yet—a little matter will set you off again; and I am not going to have my reputation ruined by such nonsense. If you do not keep yourself quiet, you are a dead man." Lizzie looked ready to faint with terror at the doctor's words, but Edward would not release her; he kept his arm about her waist, while he held out the other hand to the doctor, and tried to say something to pacify him. Mr. Maitland laughed outright at the doctor's angry face, and Lizzie's terrified one. She released herself from Edward's side, and, going up to the doctor, she laid her little soft hands on his

arm, and looked up into his face as if her life depended on his answer. "You don't mean what you say—tell me you do not—tell me he *is not* in so much danger, and I will bless you." He looked at first as if he would have shaken her off rudely; but her pleading face softened him, and he said, with a comical, confused sort of an air, something like a pacified bear, who stops growling to receive the nuts and apples given to appease his rage, "well, it may be not of dying; but he is in danger enough."

Mr. Maitland and Edward both understood him and laughed. Lizzie, though she did not perceive his meaning, felt reassured by his words. She turned upon Edward a look full of love and thankfulness, and left the room.

"I hope, sir," said Edward, going up to Mr. Maitland in his straightforward, manly way, and extending his hand, "I hope, sir, that we have your sanction for what you have just witnessed between your daughter and myself."

"You have, and may God bless you both," he replied, taking his offered hand and pressing it warmly, while he turned to hide the tears that were filling his eyes; "but Lizzie is my only child, and you must forgive a father's heart this natural pang at parting with a daughter so tenderly beloved, even although she is bestowed where my judgment so heartily approves."

Dr. Harris blew his nose loudly. He was a broad, square-shouldered, strongly built Englishman, with a kind heart, but a testy temper. He had a constitution of iron and a *will* to match; he was most assuredly one of the last persons one would have chosen as a witness to a love-scene, notwithstanding he really had a fund of tenderness hidden away in the depths of his soul, covered by that rugged and repulsive exterior. His keen black eyes shot out fierce glances from behind his glasses, which he wore from short-sightedness, not age; and although to strangers he was certainly a forbidding person, to the Maitlands he was a dear friend in spite of his eccentricity.

He blew his nose again vehemently, to conceal his emotion, ordered Edward in a peremptory manner to take some sedative and retire to his bed, protesting soundly against any more exciting conversation for that day.

Edward submitted with a very poor grace, insinuating that it was solely because Dr. Harris was a bachelor that he exercised such tyranny, in depriving him so despotically of the only medicine that could work a speedy cure; but the doctor was inexorable, and the only concession he could obtain was that Lizzie might read to him in the evening, if there was no return of his fever. Mr. Maitland joined with the doctor, and poor Edward yielded at last to the disagreeable necessity.

Edward's convalescence was not as speedy as could have been desired. Day after day wore away, and still the invalid was too feeble to undertake the journey homeward. Dr. Harris's predictions were verified. Edward's situation was more precarious than either Lizzie or he had imagined. The fever did return, and for days she hung almost breathless from anxiety over his sick bed. She watched with the anxious tenderness of love for the slightest abatement of his fever, and trembled when she beheld the ravages it had made in his frame.

Edward had left Rome soon after the Maitlands, and had travelled through Switzerland and a part of Germany. He had made many resolves to forget one who was so apparently indifferent to him; but, by some mysterious influence or other, he had several times been close on their track—sometimes in the same town, as at the time of his accident; but had never made his presence known to any of the family; and Lizzie remained ignorant that he had not returned to the United States. She supposed of course that he had gone with the Ellicotts, and was not undeceived until Father Bailey had found him so ill at the house of Madam Dessaure. He had been removed immediately, and all that care and kindness could do to alleviate his sufferings had been done; for Mr. and Mrs. Maitland felt that they owed him a great debt of gratitude; and Lizzie—but we will say nothing of the feeling

that prompted her to hang over his couch with anxious tenderness, watching for the slightest abatement of his disease; and it was in one of his lucid intervals, during that painful illness, that Edward had seen her bending over him, with all the anguish she endured expressed in her sorrowful countenance.

Poor Lizzie! it had been her lot, not to accomplish great deeds, but to watch and wait, and to subdue her own naturally impetuous and ardent *feelings.* God had laid upon her such trials as had purified her nature, and best fitted it for the duties she was called to fulfil. Through the long silent hours that she watched and prayed beside the couch of Edward, she had brought herself to submit her will to that of her Heavenly Father. She recollected how often, in the ardor of her feelings, she had desired to dedicate herself to God—to make one great sacrifice; now she was brought to feel, how hard it is really to bring the offering that God requires. We come with the gifts and treasures that we can *spare;* but when he demands our idols, we struggle, and murmur, and shrink back, grieved and stricken; and, in our madness and despair, the rebellious soul cries out, "why am I thus smitten? has God forgotten the weakness and infirmities of his servant, that he should lay this heavy burden upon me?"

As week after week flew by, our friends began

to grow very impatient to return, and the news which they at length received of poor Fanny through a letter from Aunt Agnes, added yet another to the many reasons why they were all so anxious to depart for home.

Lizzie shed many tears over Aunt Agnes' history of poor Fanny's sufferings. She, poor girl, had no heart to write, and was, at the time, too weak to bear the excitement. The death of her little Willie they had learned from a letter from Fanny herself, which had only very recently found its way to them, but none of her subsequent and more bitter trials—these she had kept to herself, and since the last sad catastrophe she had been too ill to write. It was very humiliating, or would once have been, to Fanny's proud heart to be obliged to return penniless to the shelter of her uncle's roof after having persevered in her own headstrong fancies, contrary to the tender counsels and warnings she had there received; but other and better feelings had taken the place of the self-will that once had been her ruling motive of action.

Lizzie wrote the tenderest and most sisterlike letter, sympathizing with her sorrows, and assuring her of her unabated love, and entreated her to return to them at Maitlandville.

Mr. Maitland forgot every thing but that she was the orphan child of his dead brother, and bade her to return where a father's love and protection

awaited her. To Aunt Agnes he sent means to make ample provision for Fanny's return, and for her present comfort. Nor was the institution that had sheltered his afflicted niece forgotten by his generous heart.

Lizzie and Mrs. Maitland would have felt great regret that Aunt Agnes had been so far removed from them but for the consolation and succor that she had been enabled to afford poor Fanny in her deep sorrows; they did not forget to thank God for the watchful providence that had made all things work together for good.

When Dr. Harris pronounced Edward convalescent and fit to endure the journey, they parted from the good-hearted though eccentric doctor with many regrets. Edward and Lizzie did not forget poor Madame Holstein and her little family. She had felt very deeply the loss of her child, but bore it like a Christian who knows that it is a father who sends these trials. Edward's bounty had placed the poor woman beyond the fear of want—and as she was competent to perform some nice kinds of needle and ornamental work, aided by the proceeds of their flowers and little garden, she was able to procure many comforts and even luxuries for herself and children—and her prayers and blessings followed Edward and Lizzie to their far-off home.

Mrs. Maitland had improved very much within

the last few weeks, though she was still very delicate,—and with two invalids in the party, they made less rapid progress in their journey than would otherwise have been the case.

They remained some time in Paris for the sake of recruiting a little before commencing the sea voyage.

A few evenings after their arrival they were agreeably surprised by a visit from their old friend, Dr. Singleton.

"Why, Dr. Singleton," said Mr. Maitland, "this is quite an unexpected pleasure! When did you leave the United States?"

"About two months since," he replied; "being a bachelor, you know I have nothing very important to keep me at home, and I thought I would like to take a look once more at the aspect of affairs in the Old World."

"Then you can give us recent accounts from home, more so than any of our letters. What news of importance is there on our side of the waters?"

"None of any particular interest just now that I know of—but as I am not very much of a politician, I do not interest myself very deeply in such affairs at home, and may not be well advised."

The doctor did not quite tell the whole truth, nor the whole state of his affairs; his friends insinuated that it was a slight feeling of pique and

mortification at his defeat at a recent election, that had resulted in the success of the opposing candidate who was particularly the object of the doctor's aversion—and the gossips said outright, that it was a matrimonial disappointment that had sent him abroad; perhaps it was something of both, and the combined repulses had not tended to increase the equanimity of the doctor's temper; so, to escape his own thoughts, and the loneliness of his bachelor establishment, he had resolved to try another foreign tour.

"What is to be the result of this movement of which I have seen so much in the papers for the last few months, against foreigners?" said Edward. "It strikes me as not coming with a good grace from those who are so immediately the descendants of foreigners themselves; but I think I perceive in it, of late, more especially an attack on Catholics, and have been surprised at the character of the debates in our legislative assemblies; they seem at this distance, and to a looker-on, as wanting in dignity, and to partake more of the nature of religious discussions and antipathies than of matters legitimately belonging to the province of grave bodies called together to regulate affairs of State policy."

"Oh no," said the doctor, "it is not to the Roman Catholic religion that we are opposed, it is *not* to the religion of the foreigner who comes to

our shores, but it is his temporal and spiritual allegiance to a foreign power, from which we require his heartfelt abjuration. All other religious bodies have abjured that allegiance, and I am aware that Catholics profess to abjure temporal allegiance," said the doctor with a manner implying a doubt of their sincerity—"but that is not enough; they must be free in spirit and in mind also, abjuring all kinds of allegiance to the Pope of Rome, and to the hierarchy of Rome."

"I hope, doctor," Edward replied, "that I am mistaken, and that you really do not feel the discourteous doubt of our sincerity that your manner implies, after the reiterated assurances of the fact that have been given by able and distinguished men. We owe no allegiance whatsoever in temporal matters to the Pope, only in spiritual things, as the head of the Church, Christ's vicar on earth."

"Excuse me," the doctor replied, "I did not intend any personal offence, but I do desire to see every Roman Catholic Church among our Irish and German population an independent American church, receiving no archbishops or bishops from across the ocean—existing only by the fiat of the Vatican. I desire to see them holding all their rights and privileges under the authority of an American government and an American constitution."

"That is to say," replied Edward, "you would

like to see the Catholic Church changed from a *divine* to a *human* institution (perhaps not exactly with the President at the head), but relinquishing their firm faith in the *promises* of the God-Man, to be with his church, and guide her all days, to be tossed hither and thither on the mass of human opinion—to be guided, perchance by the wild fancies of some heated fanatic, or in other words, to change Catholicity into Protestantism, which has, in the short space of three hundred years, changed her 'bill of faith' seven hundred and fifty-one times.

"When the founders of the Church of England separated (as you desire the American Catholics to do) from the Catholic Church, in the reign of Edward the VI., Cranmer drew up the thirty-nine articles, and the English Parliament being summoned, this act of Parliament, or in the *words* of a *learned divine*, 'THIS BILL OF FAITH' was ascribed to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, and an assembly of the most wicked men known to English history, usurp the place of Christ, invent a parliamentary creed, and as if in mockery of God, pass a '*bill of Redemption* in riotous *and shuddering blasphemy*.' I ask you, my friend, would you have the humble Catholic give up his firm faith (which oftentimes is his only possession), and which carries him through the toils and suffering of the world, and triumphantly through the last mortal agony?

Would you, I repeat, have him yield up this firm trust in what he solemnly believes to be the voice of Christ himself, to follow the changing doctrines of some wild enthusiast?

"And let me ask you, what has England gained? Is she happier, or more prosperous now, in the nineteenth century, than when, under the reign of her Catholic sovereigns, the name of pauper was unknown, and her destitute children were fed with unstinted and ungrudging hand, at more than three thousand institutions that have since been plundered, and their revenues diverted to pamper the haughty pride of a few overgrown churchmen, while the poor and starving subjects of Protestant England are seeking their bread on foreign shores? Oh! will you join your voice to this proscriptive and demoniac yell that has been raised in our happy and prosperous land against these victims of oppression? Shall they be hunted and proscribed, and denied the privileges of honest citizens? And you forget, my dear sir, that many a true-hearted and native born American, whose ancestors shed their blood to obtain this freedom, this liberty of conscience that is your proud boast, falls under the ban you would fasten on the neck of the foreign Catholic."

"Oh, of course," said the doctor, "I did not intend to include native American citizens; it is only foreigners and aliens."

"But, my dear sir, if you disfranchise *all* Catholics, you must see where such a course will lead, and how utterly opposed to the spirit of the constitution that provides for the free exercise of religious belief. Infidels, Jews, Pagans, all are admitted freely to our shores.

"Does it not appear to you, doctor, that this exclusive proscription of Catholicity savors more of Paganism than enlightened Christianity, more especially while Mormonism unrebuked is fast spreading its demoralizing and pernicious doctrines in our midst? In this wild fanaticism, a dispassionate observer discerns only the spirit of hatred and credulity, that made so many of the early Christians victims to the popular fury, under the old Roman Empire. Then, as now, infamous women were brought upon the arena, and made to declare that *they* had been among the Christians, and witnessed '*criminal and licentious acts*,' and circulated, as *they* do *now*, slanders as false and prejudicial. Eusebius alleges, that, in his own day, during the reign of Maximin, in Damascus, a city of Phœnicia, infamous females were seized from the forum, and by means of threats and the fear of the torture, compelled to make a formal declaration that they had been privy to criminal acts and licentious deeds in their very churches. Infanticide was a frequent charge of their Pagan enemies, and banqueting on human flesh. The

neophyte, it was alleged, was made ignorantly to cause the death of the child, and afterwards compelled to feast on the flesh sprinkled with flour; and other revolting details were listened to with greedy ears by their Pagan foes.

"Then, as now, the Christians were reproached as '*foreigners*' and enemies of the Roman Empire, and their holy religion was denounced as a '*pernicious Superstition.*' They were charged with other crimes, and details too revolting to mention were furnished to the multitudes who greedily awaited these 'awful disclosures' of the minions of the wicked Nero, who declared that they themselves had been guilty of crimes and conspiracies against the Empire; and I very much fear that the same spirit which made the horrid shout—'Death to the Christian!' 'The Christians to the lions!' resound through the Roman Empire, is to-day raising in our beloved land this proscriptive cry against all Catholics and foreigners."

"Oh, it is not to the religion of the foreigner that I would object, neither is it to himself personally, that I have a prejudice. I do not care whether he speaks English, Irish, or Dutch, but I am not desirous of encouraging a great importation of foreign paupers and jail-birds. No, it is not to his religion I would object; I do not care what he may think of Transubstantiation, or of the Immaculate Conception, or Latin masses, but it is

to his *temporal* and spiritual allegiance to a foreign power from which I would require his abjuration."

"It is useless for me to reiterate," said Edward, "the denial to that stereotyped objection, which has been so many times refuted, that I can scarcely persuade myself that any intelligent man can any longer believe in its existence; and as to the importation of foreigners, I have only to ask you, what would have become of this country, with its vast uncultivated plains and boundless tracks of forests, but for foreign labor? and who but foreigners have felled these boundless forests, and braved the perils and privations of the wilderness, to lay the foundations of the peaceful and prosperous homes we now enjoy? Look at the descendants of foreigners at the present day—look at their children filling with credit and honor some of the first places in the land—look at our statesmen—look at the bar in some of our most populous cities—can you not find Irishmen and Catholics *there* making our halls of justice ring, and the hearts of their American brethren thrill at the wild bursts of eloquence from their impassioned hearts? The Irishman values an education above all things, and will strain every nerve to obtain such a blessing for his child; he may pave the streets himself to-day, and twenty years hence some of *his* children and grandchildren, grown arrogant by the possession of overgrown wealth, may lift *their* voices, like hundreds

of the *present generation*, and join in the cry of hatred and contempt of foreigners and Catholics.

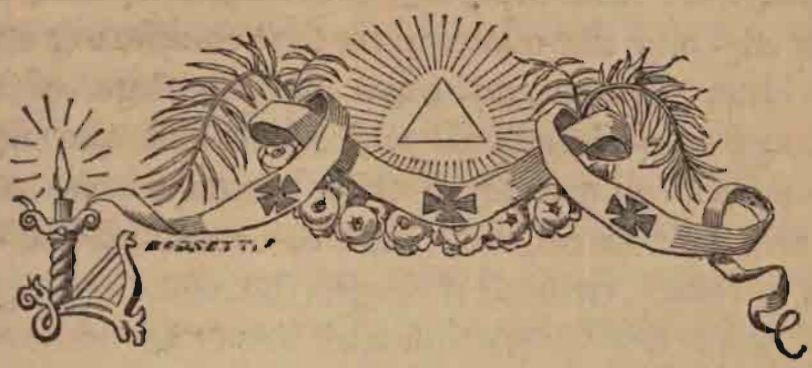
"It strikes me as being in bad taste, to say the least, from those demagogues, who, perchance, when they return to their domicils, often heated and excited by the effort to inflame the passions of other demagogues as furious as themselves, might find, at their own firesides, some articles of household furniture, brought by father or grandfather, mother, or grandmother, from a foreign home, of which it is still a cherished heir-loom. I am a *native-born* American—a New England man—and my father, and grandfather, before me: but I shall blush for my country when I see her refusing an asylum, or a cordial welcome, to the countrymen of Lafayette, the industrious and intelligent German, or to the persecuted and suffering Irish. Believe me, doctor, this panic will pass away, and in the hearts of our countrymen their better nature will awaken.

"I do not, any more than yourself, desire to see the importation of 'foreign paupers, and jail-birds;' neither would I object to the honest poverty of any man, if he is willing and desirous to obtain a shelter, and a livelihood. Give to the foreigner an asylum, give him the protection of the laws, and do not rob him of his *faith*, his most solemn pledge of fidelity to his adopted country; hold out to him, and to his children, the hope to rise as high in the

scale as his own, and their individual merits will justify, and you give him an incentive to identify himself with the interests of the country, you furnish a motive for good citizenship; but if the descendants of our signers of the Declaration of Independence—the countrymen of Washington, have become so distrustful, so narrow-minded, and bigoted; and *all Catholics* must be debarred from the right to hold office, then, in the language of one of our eloquent statesmen,"* continued Edward, reading aloud from the paper he still held in his hand, "'Deprive Catholics of all offices, bar them out from every avenue to political distinction, deny to them the opportunities which you accord without hesitation to infidels and atheists; and when you have done it all, when you have placed their honest ambition to enjoy the honors and emoluments of political preferment, under the ban of a ruthless proscription, your work is not yet finished. There will still remain offices for them. Yes, my friends, the sweet offices of Christian love will still be left, and in the midst of your persecutions, their bishops and priests, as in the *recent pestilence* in your Southern cities, will throng the hospitals and the pesthouses, bringing succor and consolation to the poor victims of the plague. Aye, and their Sisters of Charity will still brave the

* Speech of the Hon. R. M. Y. Hunter, of Virginia, 1855.

terrors of loathsome and infectious disease, will still wipe the death damp from the suffering brow, will still venture in, when the courage of man shrinks back appalled, and will point the dying gaze through the mysterious gloom of the valley of the shadow of death, to the Cross and the Crucified.' "



CHAPTER XXII.

It was a cold, raw morning, in March, the sun shone out occasionally, and every thing glittered with cold brightness, then dark clouds overshadowed his rays, and fierce gusts swept against the casement, and the air would now and then be thick with snow-flakes; it certainly was not very favorable weather for an invalid, so thought an elderly lady, as she looked sadly out of the window for a few moments, then turned and gazed anxiously towards a pale, lovely-looking young creature, who sat in a sumptuous velvet chair, her pale face looking more so from the reflection of the window curtains, and the deep crimson of the cushions against which she leaned her frail and delicate figure. She was beautiful to behold; her large lustrous eyes shone out like diamonds, as she turned them towards her mother; the soft tresses, which once had been so luxuriant, hanging in rich masses over her

brow, were now thin, and partially concealed by a lace cap, and the blue ribbon that fastened it under the chin, gave an additional shade of paleness to a countenance already so white and transparent, as to make it evident to all that her days were numbered; her hands, thin and colorless, lay on her lap, a rosary twined through the slender fingers, told what her occupation had been; her rich robe hung in folds about her person, and the little foot, scarcely larger than a child's, was half buried in the soft cushion.

The room was large and elegant, every article spoke of wealth and luxury; the walls were adorned with paintings, and rose-wood cabinets curiously carved were filled with books—every thing that love and gold could supply, was gathered around. Mary continued to gaze fondly upon her mother, and earnestly, as if she had something she wished to say.

"What is it, love?" said Mrs. Heyward, drawing near, and stooping over, she imprinted a tender kiss upon her cheek; "do you not feel as well as usual, this raw, unpleasant day? You look so pale, let me change that cap for one with brighter colors, it is the blue ribbon, perhaps—see! here is another—let me put this one on your head."

"If it will give you any pleasure, my dearest mother, I have not the slightest objection. Do you think it will take the paleness out of my

cheeks?" said Mary, gazing almost sadly at her mother's anxious face. "I fear it will make very little difference."

"Mary," said Mrs. Heyward, her eyes filling with tears, "do not speak so despondingly, you break my heart; you will be better, the doctor thinks you will, as soon as the fine weather comes again, and then we will drive out every day; it is very dull for you my love, I know, shut up in this room so long."

"It is not dull to me, dear mother," Mary said, looking around; "it is a beautiful room, and you and my father are very kind to supply me with every thing so elegant; nothing can be more comfortable than this arm-chair for an invalid, and nothing makes me sad or unhappy, but to see you so, dear mother. Come and sit close beside me, I wish to speak to you of something very near my heart."

"Do not, do not Mary, talk to me of that; I cannot have you tell me that you are going to die —I cannot bear it, Mary," said Mrs. Heyward, bursting into a flood of tears.

"No, dearest mother, it is not that," Mary replied, putting her arms around her mother, and drawing her towards her; "it is not that, but another subject that I must speak to you about, and you will indulge me, I know you will, and listen to me, when I tell you how my heart yearns to see

you embrace the faith that has brought such happiness and peace to my soul. Oh, mother! the *Catholic* is the *one*, *true*, *holy*, and *Apostolic Church*, established by Christ and his apostles, and there is no salvation out of it.

"Oh! Mary, how can you say such uncharitable things to your poor mother, when she is already so unhappy? it is unkind," sobbed Mrs. Heyward.

"Forgive me, mother, forgive your dying child; but it is prompted by the truest Christian charity. I must die, I must leave you; Oh! do not let the separation be eternal! You can come to me; God will not let me stay with you. The world is passing away from my hold; but I rejoice at it. I bless God for his goodness to me in bringing me into the true fold, out of all those miserable doubts and fears that used so cruelly to distract my mind. I never knew when I was right, or when wrong. After all my best endeavors, I was tormented by some unhappy uncertainty. Now, I see so clearly! every shadow has passed away. The only desire I have is to see you safe in the ark, mother. God calls you *now* by the voice of your dying daughter. Oh! hear me. Come where his promise has been given—where it has never failed—where it can never fail."

"Oh! in mercy, Mary, do not say any more. You know that I cannot—I dare not—become a

Catholic. Your father says he would not live with me a day if I were to take such a step."

"Oh! mother, is your faith then so weak? My father's conversion might be granted to your fidelity, and to your prayers. What if, through your cowardice, both your souls should be lost! Think of it, mother—dearest, dearest mother—is not God able to take care of you? Why do you not trust his goodness? Has he not followed you with mercies all your life long?

"But he is a jealous God; he will not permit any idols. He hath said, 'he that taketh not up his cross and followeth me, is not worthy of me. Whosoever shall deny me before men, I will also deny him before my Father who is in Heaven. If any man come to me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, brethren and sisters, yea, his own life also, he cannot be my disciple. And whosoever doth not carry his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple.'"

"Oh! Mary, if you knew the dreadful struggle in my heart, you would not say any more. How can I brave your father's anger and take such a step—I, who never ventured to cross him in my life! and besides, I cannot think, Mary, but that good Christians can be saved in other churches."

"If they are invincibly ignorant of the claims of the Catholic church, perhaps they may; and if they are sure that they are wholly and entirely obedient

to God's will. But, mother, there *is no other* church. Those who broke away from the church that Christ established, and to which he gave his promise, were guilty of pride and arrogance, and of the deadly sin of schism. They were SELF-*appointed teachers*, and *sacrilegious usurpers* of *the sacred office* of the *Lord's anointed servants.*

"Mother, listen to the authority that God gave to his apostles and their successors, and to his one church;" and, taking up her Bible, she read;

"'As the Father sent me, I send you.'

"'All things which I *have* from the Father I have made known to you.'

"'Go ye into the *whole world*, and preach the gospel to every creature.'

"What church," said Mary, pausing, "but the Catholic church, has already done this?"

"'Go ye to all nations.'

"'He who hears you, hears me.'

"'He who despises you, despises me.'

"'Go ye and *preach;* and he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned.'

"'*Lo, I am with you all days* to the consummation of the world, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it.'

"'I will *send* the Holy Ghost, the Spirit of Truth, who will bring to your recollection all things what-

soever I have told you, and who will abide with you for ever.'

"Oh! mother, what language can be stronger? how can words express more clearly the designs of Christ in the *establishment* of a *church*, the *authority* he did confer upon the apostles and their successors, and his promising to be always with them?

"How can *men* who set at *defiance her authority*—these *self-styled teachers*, without anything to substantiate so sacred a claim—how can *they* presume to teach men the way of salvation? and how dare you peril your salvation by remaining out of her holy communion? You say I am uncharitable. Mother, that is the flimsiest of all excuses. Was there not but *one* ark of the covenant? but *one* holy of holies? What did it avail the heathen nations of the earth, to say to the Jews that they were uncharitable? Did it prevent their gods from falling down before the *true* ark of the covenant? was not Dagon broke in pieces before it? Was there not but *one* ark of safety in the deluge? Were any saved who refused to enter it? God destroyed the WHOLE world; will any one presume to say that He was uncharitable?

"Mother, can you think that I wish to delude you? Do not, like Felix, believe and tremble; but seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

"Oh! Mary, do not say any more," said Mrs.

Heyward; "some other time let us talk about it."

"Mother, I should die so much happier if I could see you firmly resolved, without fear, to follow your convictions of right," said Mary, fixing on her mother a look full of love. "Father, thy will be done," she murmured to herself; "I leave all things with thee."

A servant entered the room to say that a young lady wished to come up to see Miss Mary.

"Did she not give her name?" Mary asked.

"She said she was a lady whom you had known in Rome. I disremember her name, miss."

"Ask her to walk up stairs," said Mary; and her pale cheek flushed, and her eyes glistened with pleasure. As Lizzie Maitland entered the room and wound her arms around her sick friend, she was shocked (though she strove to hide her feelings) to see how wasted Mary had become.

Mary presented Lizzie to her mother; but Mrs. Heyward was so agitated by their previous conversation, that she soon left the room, leaving the young girls alone. Of course there was much to say.

Lizzie inquired for the Ellicotts; but she saw that Mary was very much fatigued, and she entreated her to lie down.

"I will," said Mary, "but do not leave me, Lizzie. I have much to say to you, and I feel that my time is very limited. Lizzie's eyes filled with

tears. Mary pressed her hand, and, when she reached her bed, she said, looking affectionately at her:

"Do not, Lizzie, let me see any such weakness in *you*. I rely on *your* firmness. I have all I can do to bear up under the agitation that mamma's distress occasions me; and Charles, poor Charles! I wish he could be more composed. I hope you will come daily to see me while you remain in the city; and if you could prolong your stay with me, it would be a great comfort. I shall not need it long. But I forget that your mother requires your constant care."

"Oh, thank God for it," Lizzie replied; "my dear mother's health is much improved. I wish your journey had done you as much good."

"Hush, Lizzie; mine was a greater benefit to me. Did I not obtain more than the restoration of my bodily health, the health of my soul? Thank God for me, Lizzie, that I have no will but his. I cannot tell the peace that fills my soul. I fancied that I was making a great sacrifice for conscience's sake. Oh! Lizzie, what a trifling thing it appears to me now. All the suffering we can endure in this life is nothing, compared with the joys that flow from the presence of God. Nothing would induce me to give up this blessed hope—this peace that truly comes from Him—to be restored to health and the world without it. No, Lizzie, I al-

most long to be gone. But for the desire I have in all things to submit my will to that of my Heavenly Father, I could feel so. I would like to see Father Bailey, and receive Holy Communion once more from his hand."

"He will be most happy to come to see you," said Lizzie. "He would have come with me, but thought it advisable to wait, until he ascertained whether his visit would be acceptable to your parents."

"My father has at last given his consent that I shall see any priest that I desire; and I have had that consolation, and oh! many others," said she, closing her eyes while a heavenly smile passed over her countenance. She remained silent for some time. "God's ways are not as our ways," said she, at length opening her eyes. "I have desired so earnestly the conversion of my friends, that I fear I have sometimes been guilty of impatience and want of resignation. You must assist me by your prayers, dear Lizzie. My work is almost done. I can leave my friends—yes, all in the hands of my Father, who orders all things wisely. For a time, my anxiety for their conversion almost disturbed my peace.

"Oh! Lizzie, how many ways our adversary takes to distract us, and prevent us from becoming perfectly resigned and obedient to God's will! He knows that if he can make us do *our* own will, and think that it is God's service, our destruction is

sealed. He knows how surely pride and self-will will transform angels into demons like himself. I used to disturb myself with such questions as *these* (when I looked about in the circle of my friends, and saw them apparently busied with good works, and, as I really hoped and believed, from a sincere motive of love to God); will they not be saved, though out of the Catholic church? but *now* I feel that with questions such as these I have nothing whatever to do. *I* am not appointed a judge. God is their Father as well as mine. For their evil deeds He will surely punish them; and no aspiration for good will be lost with Him. He knows what graces they reject, how much real light they despise, and how much they follow *self-will.* I am bound to live by the light he has vouchsafed to me, and to obtain *my salvation* on the conditions which He has annexed; and Oh! Lizzie, I do not dare to peril my eternal welfare, by attempting to receive any of the sacraments out of the channel through which He has appointed them to flow. The humble, and *the sincere*, and *the invincibly* ignorant may receive some graces, even out of the true church. God may, and often does, vouchsafe such mercies to *their love* to Him; but Oh! think of what they might have, if all their fervor were rightly directed. *Sincerity* is not enough to secure salvation; for a man may be sincerely in error; but it will not bring him to ulti-

mate happiness, any more than the traveller can arrive at his destination by following a wrong road, all the time *sincerely* believing himself to be right. If his obstinacy prevent him from taking the advice of those who would put him in the right path, then he must be for ever astray, and take the consequences of his folly. And even if his humility leads him at length to return to the right path, think of all the precious time wasted, and the useless and harassing toil of wandering in the bogs and quicksands of error, in danger every moment of making some fatal misstep that may be irrevocable.

"No doubt many at the time of the flood had a sincere intention of saving themselves, and undoubtedly sincerely believed that many another vessel was just as good as the ark Noah had made, and which he warned them God had provided. Lizzie, does it not seem like a type of the true church? They did not believe that all would perish who were not within that vessel, within whose shelter, he proclaimed to them, only could be found salvation. They thought then, as now, that there were many good people out of the ark, and that Noah was arrogant and uncharitable. But, Lizzie, with all this I have nothing to do. I pray God to be merciful to all those I love, and who are in error, and bring them into his light in his own good time," said Mary fervently, "and I thank him that I have learned to trust and wait his pleasure.

"Lizzie, I am in earnest, my dear girl; I would like to have you remain with me for a while. Poor mamma will soon get attached to you; she will love you for my sake and for your own, and I think it will console her when I am gone; and besides, dearest, it will be a great comfort for me to have a Catholic near me, when I so much need their presence as I do now. I do not wish to pain my friends by saying that; but even you, because you have not been deprived of Catholic society, cannot appreciate fully the yearning I feel for that perfect interchange of thought and sentiment. Mamma would be hurt if she thought that I could prefer any body's society to hers; and I do not, only in this one thing, which she cannot understand. She complains sometimes that I am estranged from my friends since I became a Catholic. Dear Lizzie, how unjust is this reproach you know; but there has been such a *new* life opened to my astonished gaze. It is like the change from a bit of smoked glass, that presented objects dim, blackened, and oftentimes distorted, to the clear, steady gaze of my own eyes, unimpeded by any perplexing medium."

Mary paused, and Lizzie did not disturb her, but allowed her to remain quiet for some time. At length when she opened her eyes, and turned them towards Lizzie, she asked—

"Is there any thing that I can do for you, Mary? any body else that you would like to see?"

"Yes, Lizzie, now that you remind me, I would be very much obliged to you if you would deliver some little packages for me. You will find them in that little cabinet; they are directed as I wish them bestowed—they are for the Sisters of the Hospital and at the Orphan Asylum. I wish the prayers of the Sisters and the children for myself and for my parents—and this rosary that I have used so much, I wish you to take, dear Lizzie. You will find several little packages besides, take them all, Lizzie, and distribute them. I cannot say one word of all this to my poor mother, and I believe God has sent you here," said she, looking fondly at her. "So many blessings! so many blessings! how can I ever be thankful enough for them?" said Mary, closing her eyes again, and resting her head wearily on her pillow.

"Mary, had you not better sleep for a little while? I will sit beside you, dearest."

"No, thank you," Mary replied, "but if you are not too much fatigued, I would like to have you read to me while I rest a little."

"What would you wish to hear, Mary?"

"The Litany for a happy death," she said, "and some of those beautiful meditations on the passion of Jesus Christ from St. Liguori."

Lizzie began, and read in a low, sweet tone the touching picture of the agony in the garden, the crowning with thorns, and all the cruel sufferings

of our crucified Redeemer on the cross, until tears choked her utterance, and she paused a moment ere she could proceed.

"O! infinite love! O! Jesus, thou hast died for the love of me!" murmured Mary. "My dear Redeemer, receive me a sinner, who, with great sorrow for ever having offended thee, desires and sighs to love thee. Oh! most sorrowful Mother, obtain for me the grace to love your Son, and to will nothing but what God wills! My Jesus is all to me, and I will be all to Him, neither life nor death shall separate me from my Jesus!"

Mrs. Heyward returned to the room, and seeing Mary lying so pale, she feared that she had already had too much excitement, and besought her to refrain from any further conversation.

Lizzie took her leave, promising to return the next morning with Father Bailey. Mary whispered to her to come early, and to inform him that she desired to receive Holy Communion.

Mr. Maitland was detained some time in New York on business, and Lizzie had daily opportunities to visit her sick friend. She could perceive her growing weaker every day, and yet her poor mother obstinately closed her eyes and refused to believe that she would not revive with the approach of pleasant weather. It was sad to see her thus deceiving herself, and to hear her making

arrangements to travel with her dying daughter when the summer should come.

Lizzie strove to cheer her, but did not attempt the ungracious task of undeceiving her.

Mrs. Ellicott was almost constantly beside Mary, and was untiring in her efforts to minister to the comforts of the invalid. She had a more difficult task to console her own son. They mourn without hope who do not receive their chastisement as from the hand of a father. Poor Charles! it was his first grief, the first disappointment that he had known, and he gave himself up to despair.

Mr. Heyward's stern heart was melted to tenderness, and he hung over his daughter with an expression of anguish that was sad to behold.

Father Bailey had returned to his parish, and Edward had gone to Boston.

Mrs. Maitland was very much better, and the faithful Bridget watched over her, and Lizzie had nothing to prevent her from devoting herself to Mary.

CHAPTER XXIII.

As Lizzie entered Mrs. Heyward's drawing-room one morning, she was surprised and distressed to find her sitting on the sofa sobbing violently, and another lady close beside her talking in a loud and earnest manner, apparently either administering consolation or reproof, she could not clearly distinguish for which it was intended.

"I tell you, Catharine, you are deceiving yourself, and crying peace when there is no peace. Mary is growing rapidly worse, and you must make up your mind to submit to the will of God. Show some fortitude, and bear up against trouble more like a Christian. It is your duty to warn your child of her situation, and let her make her peace with God while there is yet time, and not let her die in this delusion."

"Oh! I cannot believe that Mary is going to die!" sobbed the unhappy mother, "and I could never tell her such a thing; she *is* prepared to die,"

continued she, taking her handkerchief from her eyes and looking earnestly at her sister-in-law, for such she was—"there can be no better Christian."

"Catharine Heyward, I am astonished at your weakness," said her monitor; "how dare you, a professing Christian and a member of the Orthodox Church, say any one is prepared to die who is given over to the dreadful errors and wicked snares of Popery. Your child will go to Hell if you do not warn her, and if you will not, I must do so—I cannot see my brother's child about to sink into perdition and not lift my voice to save her. I have given my testimony for the truth too often to be daunted now by a few tears; it is of too much importance, a human soul is of too much consequence to be left to perish in the errors of the Romish superstitions. I must see Mary and talk to her plainly, and free my conscience of this heavy load of responsibility—I must convert her before she dies."

"Oh! do not—do not say any thing to her that will agitate her. I cannot consent to have her disturbed; her father has had all the ministers here, to see her and converse with her, and if they could not influence her opinions, what good can you do? I cannot allow it," and she laid her hands upon her to detain her; but Mrs. Stephens shook her off with a determined air, and a pious resolution expressed in her countenance, to carry

her point. She declared that she must do her duty, and labor, in season and out, to save souls.

So saying, she left the room to go to Mary's.

Mrs. Stephens was a woman about forty-five or fifty, with the remains of former beauty—she was short, and rather inclining to be stout; apparently she was very pious, and very fond of dress. She was a member of all sorts of associations for the relief of all sorts of abuses, a vociferous advocate of Temperance, and an active member of the Tract Society, and spent a good deal of her time hunting through the miserable districts of the city; but she was more flush of her advice and books to the poor, than of clothes, provisions, or money for their necessities. She spent a great deal of time lecturing to the women of these neighborhoods, upon the propriety of cleanliness and tidiness, while the poor creatures, sick and discouraged, perhaps, and broken down by want and suffering, were in need of every thing, and actually had not the means to procure even the common necessaries of soap and water, and had no change of raiment.

She generally contrived in her charitable errands to make it convenient to visit the Jew shops, and those places that had the reputation of selling at a low rate, to hunt up bargains, in the way of dress and finery, and consequently figured conspicuously in broad, cheap, German laces, and prided herself on her ability in securing great bargains.

She was equally edifying at home, and scolded her husband, children, and servants, until the peace and comfort of the household was often seriously disturbed; she was firmly persuaded in her own mind, that she was about her Master's business, and that very morning, after a tumultuous scene in the kitchen, and with the sequel of which she had favored them at the breakfast table, she had declared to her husband and children, that she had so far accomplished her work, as to be perfectly and entirely resigned to the will of her Heavenly Father, and had no ties to earth, and was ready to depart at any moment it should please her Master to call her home. Her husband made no reply, but he looked as if he could easily cultivate the grace of resignation whenever the call might come.

She had exhibited every symptom of pious horror when she heard of Mary's dreadful apostasy, and had expressed herself in no measured terms to her brother, on the subject, and urged him on to acts of severity towards the poor girl. She said openly, that if it were a daughter of hers, she should not hesitate to disown her.

Mary had pretty generally contrived to evade open controversy with her aunt, but now, it seems, she had resolved upon relieving her conscience, and assumed, without any hesitation or scruple, the office of teacher.

After regulating her own family affairs in the

pleasant and profitable manner we have described, she set off to one of her districts, and having soundly rated the poor discouraged wife of a drunken, miserable fellow, and the mother of five or six naked, half-starved children, for her want of thrift and foresight, and untidiness, and bad management *generally*, and *particularly* in keeping a set of idle, worthless children around her—" Why did not she put them out to work, and make them earn their own living, not keep them at home doing nothing, and she living on charity; it was a shame to her," &c., &c. Mrs. Stephens scolded the poor, dejected, broken-spirited creature, earnestly and soundly, all the while sincerely believing it would be much better for her to dispose of her children as she recommended; but like many another ill-judging person, she did not stop to reflect that it is much easier to ask such questions, and give such advice, and point out such faults, than to obtain the situations she proposed, or the means of livelihood for such a set of helpless, destitute children. She herself would have been among the last to receive one of them into her own house, and she forgot that others might feel the same repugnance.

After having accomplished these charitable deeds, in a very self-satisfied frame of mind, she had proceeded to her brother's house, and had met Mrs. Heyward, and announced to her, in this piti-

less fashion, what she considered Mary's condition, for this world, and the next.

Lizzie used every effort to console Mrs. Heyward, but she was too anxious on Mary's account, to listen, and besought her to follow Mrs. Stephens to Mary's chamber, and attempt to dissuade her from carrying out her intentions. Lizzie was delighted to find Mrs. Ellicott there before her, and she hoped, with her aid, to avert from Mary a scene that must prove so disagreeable, to say the least; but Mrs. Stephens was not to be so easily baffled, for she had come thither to take up her testimony against Popery, and to warn Mary to "flee from the wrath to come."

"How are you this morning, my poor, dear niece?" said she, going up to her and taking one of her delicate hands within her grasp, and assuming the while that lugubrious manner that some persons invariably put on in the presence of the sick, and which is so well calculated to depress a nervous patient.

"Oh! she is quite bright—much better this fine bracing morning," Mrs. Ellicott said, cheerfully, before Mary had time to reply; "she will soon be able to make poor Charles happy, by appointing her wedding day."

Though her words and tone were so hopeful, a close observer could have discovered that it was done to avert the consequences of the doleful man-

ner of Mrs. Stephens, and her anxious and tender look, as she hovered over her beloved Mary, contradicted her words; but Mrs. Stephens was not a close observer, nor a delicate-minded woman, and had none of the genuine womanly tact, that enabled Mrs. Ellicott to ward off many a rough, stinging remark of her self-satisfied relative.

"Cousin Ellicott, I am astonished at your levity this morning; it would much better become *your* years and Mary's solemn situation if you utter the truth to her, and by serious conversation and directing her attention to the salvation of her soul, enable her to spend her last days in preparing for eternity."

She uttered this with a severe look and tone of reproof to Mrs. Ellicott—then turning to Mary she said, "I have come on purpose, my dear niece, to see you, in the hope that I may say something to convince you of the fatal errors in which you are about to die. I am sure that you know I love you, and that what I say is dictated by the most disinterested motive, to warn you of the danger of continuing to adhere to a superstition that will ruin your soul."

"I am much obliged to you, my dear aunt," Mary replied mildly, "but I would rather decline any more controversy on the subject of my religion, from which I derive now my only consolation."

"Religion! religion!" interrupted Mrs. Ste-

phens in pious horror, "do not call it religion; it is idolatry and image worship, and your prayers to saints and angels and to the Virgin Mary never are going to save your soul, and all the money you can pay to your priests will not pardon one sin."

"You are quite right, I agree with you perfectly, aunt," said Mary smiling—"money certainly never will obtain the pardon of one sin!"

"But you cannot believe that money is given to the priest to obtain the pardon of sin?" said Lizzie, trying to divert the good lady's attention from Mary.

"Certainly I do," she replied, almost fiercely, turning to Lizzie—"do not the priests sell indulgences and grant liberty to commit sin, and don't you Catholics pay your priests every time you go to confession for pardoning your sins?"

"By no means, my dear madam, I assure you no such thing could *ever* be done *with the sanction* of the church—and will you do me the favor to tell me what you understand by an indulgence?"

"Why a permission to commit sin, of course," said Mrs. Stephens.

"I am surprised, my dear madam, that anybody can believe so absurd a thing as that any priest could forgive a *future sin*—forgiveness *implies repentance*, and every *Catholic* knows that Christ himself could not forgive the sinner *without repentance*. An indulgence can never be a permission to

commit sin, it is only a remission of a *part* of the *temporal* punishment due to sin that has been *sincerely* repented of and forgiven. You sometimes punish your child, after you have forgiven him; you inflict some *slight* chastisement and remit the rest in consequence of his earnest sorrow and sincere resolution of future amendment, and because you are sensible that *justice* requires that some notice should be taken of the breach of your commands. An indulgence does not include the pardon of *any sin at all*, little or *great*, *past*, *present*, or to come, and has *nothing to do* with the *eternal* punishment due to it."

"I suppose, young woman, you don't pretend to tell me that indulgences have never been sold. I have read and know enough of the abominable practices and persecutions of the Romish Church before you were born, and I am too old to be told by you that such things are not so."

"Excuse me, madam," said Lizzie respectfully, "I do not intend to say any thing rudely, but I do feel bound to say that the Catholic Church *holds* that it would be a *sacrilegious crime* in *any person whatsoever* to *be concerned in buying* or *selling them*, and I am far from denying that indulgences have ever been sold; there is nothing so sacred that the avarice of man has not put up for sale. Christ himself was sold for thirty pieces of silver—and in English newspapers we find advertisements about

buying and selling benefices with the cure of souls annexed to them, in the Protestant Episcopal Church. I do again most solemnly deny that the CATHOLIC CHURCH EVER SANCTIONED such a WICKED *practice.*

"The Church cannot be responsible for all that bad Catholics do, it is not *by her teachings* or *authority*, it *is in spite of her holy counsels* that wicked acts are committed by her wandering children.

"It would be unjust and cruel to say that a wicked son committed excesses and crimes in consequence of a good, pious mother's teachings."

"You will not undertake to defend the Romish Church, I suppose, from the charge of bigotry and superstition, and persecutions. Look how Catholics have always persecuted Protestants and shed their blood from the very first ages. Didn't the Pope shut them up in the Catacombs, and bury them alive in caverns, and have them torn to pieces by wild beasts, and cast to the lions for reading their Bibles—and isn't he the Antichrist?" said the good lady, her zeal outstripping her discretion and right recollection of the early history of the Christian Church. "You won't deny all these persecutions, I presume?"

"Why, Aunt Sallie," said Mary, smiling, "you surely are not going to make the Catholic Church responsible for all the cruelties and excesses com-

mitted by the Pagan Emperors? It would be a difficult task certainly to make a good Catholic of Nero."

"You forget, madam," interposed Lizzie, "that the *name of Protestant* was not known until nearly *twelve hundred years* after the dates to which you have alluded."

Mrs. Stephens colored violently, and looked offended; she had herself met with a repulse where she intended to make a vigorous assault.

"For fifteen hundred years there *was no other* Christian religion on the face of the earth, and for twelve hundred years you will admit there had been a Pope at Rome as the acknowledged head of the Church. What became of the promises of Christ all this while to those for whom he had died? did he suffer them to remain in a false religion?

"Who was it but the Pope that sent Catholic monks to convert England from Paganism? and for *nine hundred* years England continued prosperous and happy *in this religion*. And if the Protestant is the true religion of Christ, why does he suffer it to be divided into so many sects, to be so at variance with itself? And why does he suffer four-fifths of the whole Christian world to remain steadfast in the *old* religion which his Apostles established, and in testimony of the truth of which his holy martyrs shed their blood so freely?"

"If it was the true religion *once* it cannot be

now, when it is so full of corruptions, and when her priests won't let the people read the Bible," said Mrs. Stephens.

"As to reading the Bible," replied Lizzie, "who was it but the Pope or 'Antichrist,' as you call him, that preserved and handed down the Bible? There was a long time after the death of Christ before the Gospel was published in its present form —it was *preached* for about three hundred years before the written Gospel was used as a guide to the Christian Churches.

"There *were other Gospels* written by the early disciples besides those of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; a long time elapsed after the death of their authors before they were laid before a council of the Catholic Church for it to determine which were *genuine*, which were *not*. It decided to *retain* these four and *reject* the others, and it is not at all to the *reading* of the Holy Scriptures for purposes of devotion, that the Church objects, but to the *private interpretation*—a *reliance* of each man on *his own power to understand and interpret for himself*, and whence have sprung up all these endless heresies and schisms."

"I did not come here, young woman, to hold a religious discussion with *you*, I came to warn my niece of her situation, and to try to turn her from the error of her ways; but if she will not hear me,

I have done my duty, and must leave her to perish in her ignorance."

"I am very much obliged to you, my dear aunt, for your kind intentions," said Mary, holding out her hand to Mrs. Stephens, "but I think it will do no good to renew this matter between us—my mind cannot be shaken on this subject. I have already found the peace which satisfies my soul and gives me hope of eternal rest."

Mrs. Stephens rose to depart, she kissed Mary, and bowing very stiffly to Mrs. Ellicott and Lizzie, she left the room.

Mrs. Ellicott also took her leave soon after, telling Mary that she left her in such good and careful hands that she was almost afraid that she should not be regretted.

Mary kissed her tenderly and thanked her for all her devotion and kindness, and assured her she had no occasion to feel jealous.

The day was occupied in reading and conversation, but Mary seemed to Lizzie to be exhausted by the excitement of the morning, and she slept while Lizzie sat beside her and watched her tenderly as a sister. Mrs. Heyward was in the habit of leaving the two girls together. Her mother's instinct had seemed to penetrate her daughter's secret, and she kindly indulged her.

"How kind you are, my dear Lizzie," said Mary, awaking from her sleep, "I cannot tell you

what a consolation your presence has been to me—put back the curtains and place those lovely flowers beside me, and come and sit near me—how glorious the sunset is—the earth is beautiful and fair, but heaven is more glorious.

"You have learned, dear Lizzie, to forget yourself for others—you are humble, patient and gentle. God has prepared you for the battle of life, trust Him *always* as you do now, He will comfort and sustain you—pray for me, and do not forget me when I am gone. Wear this for my sake," and she drew from beneath her pillow a chain of exquisite workmanship, to which was attached a small golden crucifix, and putting it around Lizzie's neck, she kissed her more tenderly than usual. Lizzie pressed her lips reverently upon the crucifix and then upon Mary's pale brow.

"Recite for me once more the litany for a good death." Lizzie did as she was desired, and restrained her emotions to the end.

"I thank you again for all your kindness and love; it will be pleasant for you to remember the consolations you have brought to my sick chamber. Come early to-morrow morning, dearest," said she as Lizzie rose to bid her adieu for the evening.

Lizzie took a few steps towards the door, then turning back, as if by one of those strange presentiments that we have sometimes, she stood irresolute for a second. Mary turned her dark lustrous eyes

full upon her, and Lizzie felt as if light from heaven shone through them. She smiled as Lizzie stood still regarding her, then reached out her hand—Lizzie went forward, and kneeling down by the bedside, she laid the thin, fair hand upon her head and whispered—"Ask God to bless me, dear sister!" then arose, and without another word left the room.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"How is Miss Mary this morning, Norah?" said Lizzie, as that faithful creature opened the door for her.

"Shure it is all well with her; she has gone home at last!"

"Oh! Norah," Lizzie exclaimed wildly, and clutching her arm, "Oh! Norah, you do not mean that she is dead?" and Lizzie burst into a flood of tears.

"Miss Lizzie, darling, it is not for Miss Mary that ye're weeping. God sent his angels to bear her spirit away, and she fell asleep in these old arms, as sweetly as when a little child I hushed her to rest, and prayed the Blessed Virgin and her guardian angel to obtain these same blessings for her, and bring her home to the fold of the Good Shepherd at last; and will I weep now when God heard my prayer? It is only for the living we must mourn.

"My poor mistress, God comfort her, is sick in her bed, and master looks like one broken-hearted, and Mr. Charles takes on like one left desolate, and shure he is that same; but my sweet darling was not for the likes of him, widout God and widout grace in the world. He was never good enough for her—"

"Hush, Norah, hush," said Lizzie; "Mary loved him, and that ought to make you have patience with him now."

"He loved her, Miss Lizzie, and my own darling could never bear to see any body grieving, and she would have married him to try to save his soul: but, Miss Lizzie, she knew well enough that no bridal-day would ever be hers; from the first day when I found her lying so pale and feeble, and the blood-streaks on her handkerchief, I knew and she knew that her days were few. They were sad times in the house them days. Master wouldn't hear any reason, and my darling got little rest, wid all their minister men, and the talkings and preachments she heard, and master's stern looks, and the dull miserable days she spent, and the many nights she lay coughing and sleepless, until my old heart was fit to break at the blindness that could not see how my darling was wasting away, and not a murmur nor a word of complaint out of her sweet mouth the whilst."

"'It is to try my faith, Norah dear,' she would

say, 'and besides you do not know the sweet comfort God gives me to sustain my feeble spirit.'

"Oh! Miss Lizzie," continued Norah, wiping away the tear that would trickle down in spite of her resolutions to the contrary, "Oh! Miss Lizzie, I have watched her and loved her from her cradle, and nobody knows better than me how good and how gentle she was, and niver a day passed over my old head that I did not pray for her conversion; and wasn't that the blessed day to my heart, when I heard from her own lips that she had the courage to give up all the world, to show her love for the true church?"

"Tell me, Norah," Lizzie said, "who was with her when she died?"

"She grew worse, Miss Lizzie, soon after you left, and asked me to send for her parish priest, good Father Delaney. He came directly, and she saw him, and he gave her the blessed consolation that our church has for her dying children; and when I came back to her again, Oh! Miss Lizzie, it seemed as if an angel stretched out its hands to me; the light in her eyes could only come from above.

"It would have melted the heart out of your body to hear her speaking to her father, and he bowed his head down upon his hands and wailed aloud like a stricken child—the proud, stern man—it was so hard to give back the jewel God had lent

him; and when I lighted the blessed candles and placed them beside her, he said no word agin my doin it; and she lies now, Miss Lizzie, like a Christian, wid the blessed sign of her redemption, the holy cross, lying on her breast, in her clasped hands. Come, Miss, let's go to her."

And Norah led the way to Mary's chamber.

She was lying on a couch which Norah's careful hands had prepared, with the tenderness of a mother. Flowers were strewed around her, and the placid expression of the features made it appear more like the beautiful repose of life and health, than the first "dark day of nothingness" for the frail tenement that had enshrined the holy spirit.

Lizzie entered the chamber. She gazed for a few moments on the features so beloved, and so lovely in death, and, stooping down, she pressed her lips upon the pale brow. She started, as if just then awakening to a reality of the scene. She knelt beside her, and her lips moved in prayer. The solemn stillness was broken only by the ticking of the clock on the mantel, a beautiful gift from Charles to Mary. Lizzie was roused at last and rose to her feet; she gazed around the room, the empty chair, and one little slipper that had been overlooked resting on the cushion beside it, first caught her eye. The books she had read to Mary—the pictures they had both admired—every

article awakened some remembrance that, if it were not painful, was so nearly allied to the painful as scarcely to be distinguishable from it. But when she turned again, and her eyes rested on Mary's lovely countenance, so calm and placid, and thought of all the cares and sorrows, disappointments and struggles that she had escaped, and remembered the peacefulness of her last days, her humble piety, her unwavering faith, she felt that Mary had made a blessed exchange. The thought of the promise she had made to Mary to endeavor to console her mother, flashed across her mind, and, imprinting another kiss upon her cold forehead, she left the room to seek Mrs. Heyward.

She, poor woman, was stricken down as if the blow had been entirely unexpected, and gave herself up to such an agony of grief, that her tears refused to flow.

Mrs. Ellicott was already there, and welcomed Lizzie's coming, in the hope that her presence might produce some favorable change.

Mrs. Heyward threw herself upon her neck and groaned heavily; but no tears relieved her suffering. Lizzie bathed her temples and endeavored to soothe her; and after a time, when her efforts seemed to be crowned with some success, she ventured to ask her to visit Mary's chamber with her.

Mrs. Heyward consented, and Lizzie led her to the couch, and for a time she was almost terrified

at the step she had ventured to take. Such heavy moans burst forth, as if her overcharged heart were breaking.

Norah, who had followed, led her mistress to the chair upon which Mary's form had so often reclined; and as she did so Lizzie stooped, and, taking up the little slipper, she laid it gently on Mrs. Heyward's knee.

She took it in her hand and gazed upon it, and Lizzie had the happiness to see a flood of tears gush forth over this inanimate object, that had touched a chord when all else had failed.

Lizzie allowed her tears to flow unrestrainedly, and then gently led her back to her own chamber, and persuaded her to lie down; and Norah prepared a composing draught, and she fell into a gentle sleep.

While Lizzie watched beside her afflicted friend, she could hear the slow and measured tread of Mr. Heyward, as he paced backward and forward through the apartment beneath.

To attend to some request of Mrs. Ellicott's, she was obliged to pass through the room where Mr. Heyward kept his sad vigil. Lizzie paused and hesitated to enter. As she gazed on his sunken features and stricken form, his head was bent low on his breast, and his stern brow bore the impress of the deep grief that overwhelmed him. The

slight rustle of her dress attracted his attention. He paused in his walk and extended his hand to her.

"Young woman," said he, "you loved my daughter, and you brought comfort and consolation to her in her last days. For your kindness accept the thanks of a bereaved old man.

"Yes," murmured he, as if to himself, "bereaved and stricken truly. The hand of God lies heavy upon me. I have toiled to amass wealth, to enrich her. She was my only child. Cold, stern, and imperious though I was, still she was my idol; and God has stricken me at every point."

"Ah," thought Lizzie, "what avails the iron will of the poor creature against the designs and providence of Almighty God? how in a moment our deepest and best-laid schemes are frustrated! He lays His finger upon us, and we are blighted by disease; or He stops the breath in our nostrils, and the puny creature is made to acknowledge his own weakness, as he grovels in anguish under the chastisement he knows to be so justly inflicted."

"The hand that has stricken can heal; and our holy religion teaches us that our afflictions come from our Father, and that He does not willingly afflict His children," said Lizzie timidly.

"You do not know what you are saying, young girl," he replied, "when you talk to a father, bereaved of his only child, of consolation. Nothing can heal a heart so desolated. Nothing," he added

again, as if unconsciously to himself, "can restore my child, or give me back the spring of my existence. I have no longer an object to excite my energies. I am a broken-hearted old man. My pride can no longer sustain me. Where, oh! where can I find strength to bear this heavy affliction?" and deep sobs burst from his overcharged bosom.

"Where your beloved child found grace and support in life, and consolation and happiness in the hour of her dissolution, in the bosom of the Catholic Church," said Lizzie, approaching him; "it provides for *every hour*—the darkest of affliction, the brightest of joy, and support and grace to bear us through the dark valley and its terrible shadows. Come, oh! come, kneel at her altars; taste the rich blessings which flow thence, and which for every moment of life furnish consolation and succor. Your child has gone before you; come and seek what she found to sustain her in her dying hour. If it had been a delusion, in so solemn a moment it would have failed her. Come, when she has led the way, and when she still invites you from amid the shadowy hosts of witnesses that now encompass her!"

Lizzie, in her earnestness, had approached Mr. Heyward and laid her hands upon his arm, and was gazing up into his face, with an earnestness that gave an expression almost of inspiration to her

countenance, as her eyes met those of Mr. Heyward.

He laid his hand upon her head, pushed back the hair from her forehead, and, gazing inquiringly into her face, said:

"Tell me, child, tell me, *what is* this mysterious influence that fills your young hearts, making them capable of sacrifices, filling them with high and generous impulses, and bringing its own reward of peace, *such* as I have never found, amid all the stern pride and rectitude of my life?"

"The grace of God flowing though the channel from which he has appointed that *we should receive* them," Lizzie replied.

Mr. Heyward seemed for a moment to be impressed by the truth of the remark, and a strange softening and yielding of the features seemed as if for a moment a ray of the grace of which she spoke had found its way into his heart—then, as if moved by other motives, his countenance resumed its rigid expression, and he said with a deep sigh—"Go now, my child, and leave a desolate man alone with his grief."

"God comfort you, sir," said Lizzie as she moved to the door.

Mr. Heyward gazed mournfully after her, and she heard him resume the same measured tread, and heavy moans again burst from his burdened breast.

"God give him grace to see and embrace the

truth, and no longer to grasp a shadow, and console him under this deep affliction!" murmured Lizzie as she hastened on her way homeward.

It was a clear, bracing air, and Lizzie walked on rapidly for the benefit of the exercise, her thoughts full of those she had just left. Mr. Heyward she earnestly hoped might be, not *almost* but *altogether* persuaded to accept the truth and lay aside his prejudices; and she thought how strong they must be, and how many difficulties must lie in the path of a self-willed, opinionated man, accustomed to exercise almost despotic sway in his own household and in all his business affairs. She grieved deeply for poor Mrs. Heyward, now that she had lost the accustomed support of Mary's stronger mind. She feared that her health would give way, and that she would sink beneath this affliction, and she could not help contrasting in her own mind the habitual and gentle resignation of her own mother, and her unshaken reliance and faith in the hour of trial.

As Lizzie walked rapidly onward, her thoughts thus preoccupied, she did not observe the pleasant smiling face advancing to meet her, nor the outstretched hand, until the hearty and well-known voice close beside her exclaimed—

"Now may the Lord be praised for your safe return, and for all his mercies to us this day; shure the sight of yees is good for a sore heart any time."

Lizzie looked up astonished, for beside her stood Thomas, the faithful friend of her childhood. She returned his greeting as cordially as it was given.

"And where did you come from so suddenly?" said Lizzie, "and how did you leave all at Maitlandville?"

"Shure, Miss Lizzie, it was wearying for a sight of yees all once more that brought me here—the maister wrote that I might come down to assist him, and I felt meself nothing loth to get an earlier sight of yees all."

"And Bridget in particular, I suppose?" said Lizzie laughing, for Thomas had been patiently waiting until such time as Bridget should feel that Mrs. Maitland's health was sufficiently restored to enable her to dispense with her services to claim the promise to become mistress of his cottage. Thomas was not a very young or very romantic lover; he was some years older than Bridget, but she did not seem to think that any objection, and the two had long been "promised" to each other, and it was more out of consideration for this that the promise to render assistance had probably been given by Mr. Maitland, than any great necessity he had felt himself for Thomas' services.

"I saw the mistress, and she is looking far better nor when she wint abroad," said Thomas—"it was Bridget sent me to seek yees, for she said Miss Lizzie never knows whin to return when she

goes to visit the sick, and so she bade me come to bring you home, and see that no harm befell you. And besides, Miss Lizzie, there is somebody there waiting to see you that I think you will be glad to meet once more."

"Who is it, Thomas?" Lizzie asked quickly, her curiosity thoroughly aroused, and her desire to reach home so increased that she proposed taking the first omnibus.

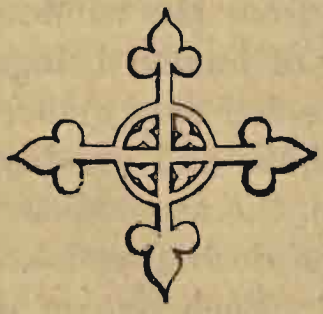
"Bridget bade me not to tell ye, for she wanted to surprise ye a bit, but it is somebody that ye'll not be sorry to meet again."

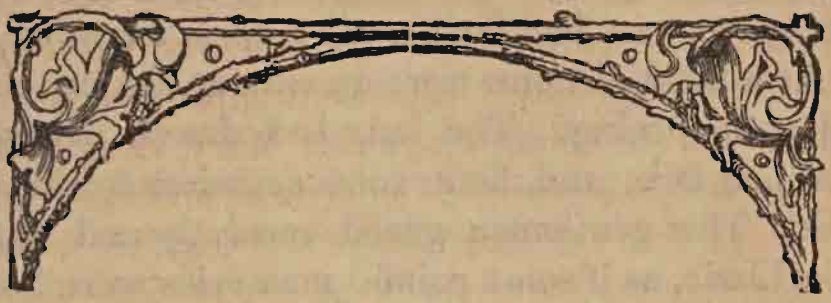
Lizzie's first thought was of Edward, and her heart beat faster, but she recollected that Thomas knew nothing of him, and she scarce could help the wish that it might prove to be as her first thought suggested, but she restrained her curiosity and was obliged to check her inquiries in regard to all at Maitlandville, for the rumble of the omnibus prevented any further conversation.

She watched from the windows of the vehicle the ceaseless tide of human beings as they jostled and hurried past—her eyes glanced over the busy scene—the gay shops and gaudily dressed crowds who throng them, the eager faces of all, seemingly in pursuit of some desired end—what could it be? different for all! Each one of that great multitude had his individual destiny to fulfil, and *death* to be the end of all. Her thoughts reverted to

Mary—Death—what is it? To the Christian, rest, rest from a toilsome pilgrimage—to him who has lived well, a joyful release—to him who has lived an evil life—oh God! the contemplation is too fearful—and she thought again of Mary, dear Mary gone home—her peaceful departure; and she could not grieve for her death—she felt that there was still communion between them, more holy, more beautiful than ever, and she sorrowed that the poor bereaved parents were deprived of the comfort that the Catholic feels in the belief of this communion of the departed, and that they assist us by their prayers. They are the blessed cloud of witnesses that "encompass us," and whose prayers and watchfulness keep us at every step.

She was awakened from her musings by the stopping of the omnibus; she had reached their hotel, and in a few moments was locked in the embrace of her cousin Fanny.





CHAPTER XXV.

It was a charming September morning, and the soft sunlight stole in through the windows of the humble chapel at Maitlandville, mingling with the glimmering lights on the altar, and making them look faint in the pleasant sunshine. A group of loving hearts were gathered around, breathing prayers for the happiness of the beloved couple, upon whom Father Bailey had just pronounced the nuptial benediction.

Edward and Lizzie still knelt before him, their heads bowed down, as if impressed by the solemnity of the sacrament. Edward's manly face beamed with happiness, and Lizzie looked more lovely than ever, as her veil and white muslin dress floated about her graceful form.

A tear shone in the mother's eye, as she glanced fondly at her daughter. Mr. Maitland was close beside her, as he stood when he placed her hand in Edward's, as if absorbed in the scene before him.

Fanny knelt apart, and her agitation showed what bitter memories had been awakened in her soul.

At a little distance were an elderly couple, clad in deep mourning. The lady had drawn her veil over her face, and faint sobs occasionally broke forth. The gentleman gazed earnestly and sadly upon Lizzie, as if some painful memories were busy at his heart-strings; his head was white, and his form bowed, more by sorrow than time; but an expression of resignation and peacefulness now assumed the place of the once proud, stern look, that had characterized Mr. Heyward's countenance. Mary's prayers had been answered, and her father and mother were now humble Catholics.

Mrs. Heyward's health had been very delicate since her daughter's death, and her husband had brought her to Maitlandville at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Maitland and Lizzie, in the hopes that the change might benefit her. They were *still lonely*, but *no longer* desolate, for they had found the consolations they had been promised, and the reward had been given to their fidelity to God.

Kitty and Mickey O'Brien, and their family, Patrick Mahony and his, and others of their humble friends were there, waiting to bestow their congratulations. Good old Mrs. Reed had passed away from this world, but some of her children and grandchildren had embraced the true faith,

and were honored and respected members of the community where they dwelt.

When the ceremony was over, her humble friends crowded around Lizzie at the door-way, for one last word, and every blessing Heaven has to bestow, was invoked upon her head, as the carriage bore her away.

Of our simple story little remains to be told.—Dr. Singleton's perseverance to the fair sex was at length rewarded, by obtaining the hand of a widow, charming of course—something past eighteen, it must be admitted, but intelligent, accomplished, and rich—an array of attractions which the doctor, notwithstanding his predilections in favor of extreme youth and beauty, found himself unable to resist. Under her judicious management, he now gets his coffee hot and strong, and has the *first* of the good things himself, instead of the pittance formerly doled to him from his own larder. Jake flourishes with renewed lustre under such excellent auspices.

During the prevalence of one of those frightful epidemics that ravaged our Southern cities, there fell one gentle victim, whose care and watchful kindness had relieved many a suffering and dying fellow-creature. Tender hands strewed with flowers, and hung fresh chaplets on the simple white stone cross, that marks the resting-place of Sister Mary Agnes. Thomas and Bridget have all the

comfort and happiness in their little domicile, that their fidelity and excellence deserve.

We wish we could say of Mrs. Ellicott, that she had courageously forsaken error, and followed the truth; but we fear that she will rest content with the good-will of fellow-creatures.

Alas! how many, with all the amiable traits which render them so dear to the domestic circle, yet neglect to secure the salvation of their souls.

THE END.