

FATHER DRUMMOND

AND HIS ORPHANS;

OR

THE CHILDREN OF MARY.

By MARY C. EDGAR,

Authoress of "A Catholic Story, or Four Months' Residence in the
House of a Convert from Protestantism."



"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such
is the kingdom of God."—ST. LUKE xviii, 16.

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TO
THE GREAT MAN OF HIS DAY,
AND
THE HOPE OF HIS COUNTRY,
O'CONNELL,
WHO KINDLY PERMITS THIS LITTLE WORK
TO BE DEDICATED TO HIM,
BECAUSE IT IS
A TALE OF THE CHILDREN OF MARY,
IT IS NOW RESPECTFULLY OFFERED,
AS A TRIBUTE OF SINCERE ADMIRATION
BY
MARY C. EDGAR.

FATHER DRUMMOND

AND HIS ORPHANS.

CHAPTER I.

"No bosom trembles for thy doom;
No mourner wipes a tear;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier!

* * * *

* * * *
A long adieu! but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn?"

CAMPBELL.

WHEN I look back from my present peaceful retirement upon the world I have quitted, and the snares and dangers I have escaped, tears of love and gratitude often flow from my eyes, at the thought of the guardian angel, "who delivereth me," like Jacob, "from all evils;" and of that sweet and holy Mother, to whom, from my earliest years, I have had a peculiar devotion. Blessed be God, who has given me such protectors! "who has given his angels charge over me, to keep me in all my ways;" and who, as a proof of his exceeding love for man, when dying on the cross, gave me, with St. John,

to his blessed Mother, saying, "Woman, behold thy son." May they watch over me till the end!

I was born in Scotland, at a place which I shall call Clearburn, but my parents were Irish. I scarcely remember either my father or mother, though I have a faint idea of being taken to a small miserable looking room, where a tall man pressed me in his arms and kissed me, while the tears ran down his cheeks: I remember this particularly, because I was quite amazed at a big man crying, having thought it was only children who had sorrows. I also faintly remember a pale woman, who used to watch by my bed at night, and sing me to rest with pious hymns, but she did not remain with me long; and after that I was placed under the care of the good priest, from whose recital I shall give my parents' melancholy story.

My father and mother were both of respectable, though poor families, in Connaught. They were brought up together as children; and when grown up, though they had nothing with which to begin the world, yet, as he was an excellent laborer, and she a tidy and industrious girl, their parents made no objection to their marriage. Patrick Whelan, as my father was called, soon after took his wife to England, where he got employment on a new road, that was being made by government. Here, as he had good wages, they lived very happily for a time, until a new overseer was appointed. This man,

whose name was Jenkins, was of a brutal and savage disposition, and had a particular hatred to the Irish. My poor father was singled out as the chief object of his tyranny. Nothing he could do was satisfactory; reproaches and curses were heaped upon him; and what my father's naturally proud spirit felt still more, the other men, emboldened by the overseer's example, jeered and laughed at him continually. Fortunately, there was a good priest near, whose injunctions prevented my father returning their insults with blows—but, little by little, his spirits sunk under this treatment; his temper became soured, and now and then he went to an ale-house for consolation. The good priest, pitying my poor mother, who was just going to be confined, did all in his power to save my father from the ruin which threatened him; but, for some time, his exertions were fruitless, as, though my father made good resolutions, he had not courage to keep them. At last, one evening he returned home so much the worse of liquor, as to strike his poor wife, who had hitherto never received a harsh word from him. In the morning, his grief and shame were so great, that the priest took advantage of his good dispositions, to join with his wife in persuading him at once to give up his situation, and use the little money he had saved to take his family to Scotland, where he might obtain employment of the same kind.

Shortly after the arrival of my parents in Scotland, I was born. My father had found employment on the road near Clearburn, where he took a room for my mother. The other laborers were chiefly Irish, so that he was no longer exposed to his former annoyances. Between the reformation of her husband and the birth of her child, my mother was one of the happiest women in existence; and Mr. Drummond, who was priest there, has since told me, that for two years both my parents were an example to the rest of his flock. Ah! if things had continued thus; but God willed it otherwise.

The third year of my parents' residence in Scotland had scarcely commenced, when an event happened, which changed all their circumstances:—the road on which my father had been employed in England, being finished, Mr. Jenkins was sent as overseer to Clearburn. The old system of persecution now recommenced; and though, there being many other Irishmen among the laborers, my father did not bear the effects of his tyranny alone—he did not feel it the less from seeing the sufferings of his friends and countrymen. Upon the slightest pretext, Mr. Jenkins would turn the Irishmen out of employment, and substitute Scotch or English in their place. The consequences might almost have been foretold: those who remained, combined together against the overseer. My father, knowing

that as a member of a secret society, he could not receive absolution, no longer attended to his duties. The meetings of the combined men were held in an alc-house, and it may be supposed intoxicating liquors were not spared. It was resolved that Jenkins should be waylaid and beat, as a warning to change his conduct. My father and two others were appointed to give him this punishment, and an hour was fixed, when he would be returning from a friend's house, with whom he was in the habit of spending the evenings. My father and his companions were well plied with whiskey by the other conspirators, to give them courage, and at the appointed time they seized the wretched man, and beat him so severely, that he never recovered: he died the next day, after accusing my father of being his murderer, though whether he really had recognized him in the dark, or merely suspected him, as one likely to feel ill-will to him, I do not know. My father was tried, found guilty, and condemned to death. Mr. Drummond, who constantly attended him, did all in his power to procure a mitigation of his sentence, on the ground, of the murder being unpremeditated; but the ill-will existing between Jenkins and Patrick Whelan was too well known, for this plea to be believed. My father, who had never hoped for success, received the news of his final condemnation, with the utmost resignation: he prepared himself for death,

with sentiments of the most profound contrition, and suffered the last sentence of the law, in perfect conformity to the will of God, beseeching him to accept the shame he endured and the pains of his body, in atonement for the sins of his soul.

My poor mother did not long survive her husband; and at her death, as my Irish relations were too poor to support me, Mr. Drummond, who had promised my dying mother never to forsake me, took me under his own care.



CHAPTER II.

"Oh! our childhood's days are ne'er forgot
On life's dark sea;
And memory hails that sacred spot
Where'er we be."

D. WEIR.

I WAS not the only unfortunate orphan whom the good priest had adopted. Though most people would have thought his income barely sufficient to support himself, yet by dint of the strictest economy, aided sometimes by the contributions of his

friends, he had made good Christians and useful members of society out of many, who without him would probably have perished. At the time of my mother's death, there were three other boys under his care. One, called Tom M'Donald, was about twelve years of age, and the other two who were brothers, were as little as myself. We were all four under the charge of Mr. Drummond's house-keeper, a kind-hearted, but sometimes cross old woman, called Nelly, who used to teach us all sorts of household work. We also learned to make ourselves useful in the garden; a neighboring Catholic proprietor having built a nice house for the priest, in the midst of two or three acres of land, within five minutes walk of the chapel. How I love to look back to these dear fields, and the happy hours I have spent in them! We used to rise at six o'clock, and go to the chapel to mass at seven, where Tom usually served, though on Sundays we were all taught, even the least of us, to join in the procession, and behave with decency and reverence. After mass we ran home, and got as much porridge and milk as we could eat for breakfast: Mr. Drummond used then to study for a couple of hours in the library, while Tom M'Donald, with Nelly's assistance, swept out the house, and we little ones played about them, ready to run errands, or now and then to dust anything with which we could be trusted. At twelve o'clock the Angelus bell rang, by which

I forgot to mention, we were also awakened in the mornings, and after saying the prayer, we proceeded to the library, where Mr. Drummond taught us our lessons for an hour and a half. He then went out to his sick calls, and Nelly to the kitchen, while Tom taught Joe and Dick Byrne and myself to weed in the garden, where, in case we should be hungry, Nelly always supplied each of us with a great lump of bread and cheese. At four, Mr. Drummond came home to dinner, and after dinner in the summer evenings, we always played in the fields till seven, when we three little ones got our supper and went to bed, though Tom got leave to stay up later, and when it was not a confession night, had a Latin lesson from Mr. Drummond. What a kind old man he was, and how we all loved him! He used to come out to see us play sometimes in the afternoons to our great joy, and though Nelly, thinking on such occasions, that we made too much noise, used to reprove us, he never would listen to her complaints. "No, no, Nelly," he would say, "don't keep down the poor bairns; let them play, let them be happy. They are all most especially the children of him who is the Father of the fatherless; and will not his loving, fatherly heart be well pleased to see his little children at play?" Then, when we were tired, or on the winter afternoons, when it was too dark to go out, he would call us round him, and tell us holy and simple stories, befitting our

tender years, to inspire us with love towards the infant Jesus, and his sweet Mother. He would tell us of two little boys like ourselves, who went every day to serve at mass, and who while waiting for the priest, used to play in the sacristy, and eat the cakes that their mother had given them. They used to see a little boy who stood with his mother in a corner of the sacristy, and one day they asked him to come and play with them, and get a share of their cakes; after this time he joined them always, and they shared with him whatever they had; but they wondered very much that he never gave them anything. One day they told all about it to the priest, and asked him what they should do, and he desired them to ask the little boy himself what was the reason. Accordingly, the next time he came to play with them, they said, "why is it that your mother never gives you any cake to share with us?" Then the little boy replied, "my mother is going to give a great feast soon, and she bid me ask you to come to it," and he told them what day the feast was to be, and it was the fifteenth of August. The two little brothers ran with great joy to the priest, to tell him they were bidden to the feast, and the priest desired them to ask the little boy if he might go also. They did so, and the little boy said he might. The day at last arrived, and the little brothers came joyfully to the church to serve at mass before going to the feast.

When the priest had finished mass, he came down to the foot of the altar, and with one of the little boys on each side of him, turned round to adore our Lord, when at that moment the lifeless bodies of all three fell down on the steps, while their happy souls went to keep the feast of their glorious Mother in heaven on her Assumption.

Such were the means by which our good Father Drummond inspired us with the devotion, which in after years has been our guard and protection in many temptations and trials.

It was his especial care to render religion a pleasure to us. Thus, whenever he had any little present to give it was produced on a feast day. On every feast of the Blessed Virgin, we prepared an altar in her honor, not only in the church, but also at home, and as we grew older, and were each able to take care of his own little garden, it was our pride and pleasure to try who could present the sweetest flowers to our dear Mother. Each different season of the year had its especial devotion; at Christmas time we were taught to offer up our every action in honor of the child Jesus, and to be even more than usually attentive to the calls of charity. Happy he among us who could find a family of beggars, consisting of an old man, a woman, and a little child, for such, in honor of Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, were always brought into supper, and waited upon by ourselves. We were encouraged

frequently to make little sacrifices. Once, for example, I remember Dick Byrne, had raised some early strawberries in his garden; there were only a few of them, but they were the first of the season, and when they were ripe, he called a general consultation what should be done with them. "Done with them?" cried Tom, "why send them in to supper!" "No, no," cried Dick and I in a breath, "there are too few, give them all to papa Drummond." All this time little Joe had not spoken, but his eyes were filled with tears, and when we turned to him, he threw his arms round his brother's neck and cried, "Oh, dear Dick, give the first and best of everything to little Jesus and his Mother." With one consent we ran to the altar, and Dick with a heightened color, laid upon it his beautiful plate of strawberries.

At four o'clock, as usual, Mr. Drummond came back to dinner, and the first words he said on entering the door, where we all met him, were addressed to Nelly—"Is there any fruit ripe, Nelly? I want to send some to that poor woman, Mary Neale, who is not long for this world, and fruit seems the only thing she can fancy."

"Deed, sir," replied Nelly, "there 's no' a berry fit to eat, if it be na in Dick's bit garden: but, I daur say the bairns ha'e eaten them a', for I saw them pu'in' them this mornin'." To this speech Dick replied nothing, but taking Mr. Drummond by

the hand, led him into the library to the little altar, showed him the plate of strawberries, and told him the whole story.

"And now sir," he said, "do you think the Blessed Virgin will be angry, if I take them again to give to the poor woman?"

"No, my dear child," said the good man, "I am sure she will not; on the contrary, I think she has shown that your little offering has been accepted, and has sent you as a reward this opportunity of doing good. After dinner you shall all run to the village, and leave the strawberries with poor Mary, and I am sure that will give you more pleasure than if you had eaten them yourselves a hundred times."

CHAPTER III.

"And as I watch the line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave tow'rd the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 't would lead to some bright isle of rest."

MOORE.

SEVERAL years passed away and found us all increased in health and strength, with the exception of poor little Joe; though the youngest of our fa-

mily, he promised to be superior to his brother in height, until his fifth year, when he met with an accident, by falling off a tree which he had climbed to pull some apples for a poor beggar-child, who, in passing had begged for them; the poor fellow was much bruised, but no one thought anything serious had happened to him, and indeed, Nelly, as she dipped some rags into arquebusade, to apply to his wounds, gave him a good scold for his stupidity. But when some months had elapsed, and the child grew thin and pale; and when both Dick and I shot past him in height, Mr. Drummond became seriously alarmed, and determined to get better advice for him than that of the country apothecary who used to attend us; he accordingly wrote to a medical friend in Glasgow, and the following Sunday he arrived at our cottage. Little Joe was called in to him, and examined, but when he came out he could tell nothing about the doctor's opinion, though he knew that he had promised to come out now and then, during the summer. In the evening when Doctor Forbes was gone, and Joe was in bed, Mr. Drummond called us all into the study, and told us he had something of importance to say to us. "My dear children," he said, "you have hitherto been very good boys indeed, and I have rarely had occasion to find fault with any of you. I am now going to tell you something which, I hope, may bind you closer to one another than ever. Doctor

Forbes tells me that though he apprehends nothing immediately dangerous in the case of our dear little Joe, that he must never expect to regain full health and strength, and will, in all probability, be deformed all his life. Before sending him to bed I told him so, and the dear child is quite resigned to the will of God. And now, my dear boys, I tell you all this, because, were I to die, I know not what would become of him. In such a case I have already made arrangements for all of you, that you should each be taught that to which your inclinations prompt you; for the poor weakly child I can do nothing but commend him to the care of Jesus and his blessed Mother, and to the affection and brotherly love of you all. Will you then promise me, that whether I am alive or dead, this little one will be your charge? To you, Tom, especially, as the eldest, do I recommend him; you are already well advanced in your studies, and by the blessing of God, I hope, in a few years, you will be ready to serve him at his holy altar. But all of you, however young, are able to love and cherish, in an especial manner, one who has so many claims upon you; for though Dick is the only one who had the same parents with him, you are all brothers in the sight of God, and equal in my affections."

I shall never forget that night. Not one of us had any idea before how seriously ill little Joe was; and the intelligence affected us all to tears, which

were even increased on hearing our kind father allude to the possibility of himself dying soon. I believe there was not one of us who did not mentally resolve that little Joe should always be his peculiar care; for there is no cold prudence in the hearts of children — no fear that they may suffer from the want of what they give to others; they have come lately from their Creator's hands, and still retain some little resemblance to his infinite love.

The next morning when we saw little Joe, we all remarked that a change had come over him: though his disposition had always been sweet and kind, from this time he was more like a little angel. It seemed as if, knowing that he was not fitted to encounter the storms of this world, he had determined to lose not a moment in preparing himself for his heavenly home. He was no longer able to play with us in the evenings; but he used to come out and watch us, sitting on the bank, and enjoying our games as much as if he had joined in them. In general, there was an expression of melancholy on his sweet face, but on these occasions his merry laugh might be heard as he encouraged one or other of us. Though unable to compete with us in bodily exercises, his mind was far in advance either of Dick's or mine; he could not study his lessons long, but he seemed, with little labor, to comprehend what we never could master, till Mr. Drummond had gone over it with us. Though I

was not old enough to appreciate the wisdom of this babe at the time, I have since heard Mr. Drummond say, that his remarks used to astonish every one. It appeared as if that blessed Mother, whom he so loved, had determined that even on earth no one should doubt he was with her a favorite child. Great part of his time was spent in prayer; indeed it was impossible to tell how much he prayed, for often when he thought no one observed him, we used to see his lips moving, and his little hands clasped together.

The summer passed away, and instead of getting any better, Joe gradually lost the little strength he had. Dr. Forbes came now and then to see him; but the remedies he ordered never did him much good, though the poor child was most exact in doing every thing he was bid. At last he became so weak as scarcely to be able to walk at all; but Mr. Drummond got him a little garden-chair in which Tom used to pull him about the garden, and to the chapel to hear mass; or if Tom was engaged otherwise, Dick and I could manage it—one drawing, and the other pushing behind. All this time we had no idea that Joe's illness was dangerous, and we used often to talk of what we would do for him when we should be grown men.

One beautiful autumnal evening, Tom had been sent a message, and Dick and I had harnessed ourselves with pieces of string to Joe's garden-chair;

we were waiting impatiently for his coming out, but it was a long time before he was ready, for Dr. Forbes had been seeing him, and when he was gone, Mr. Drummond kept Joe in the study to speak to him. At last Mr. Drummond came to the window and called out to us that he was afraid Joe would be too tired for his drive that evening. As this was the first time we had thought of playing at horses in the chair, we were much disappointed, and begged hard for him to come for a very little time, promising to take great care not to fatigue him. "What do you say, my child?" said Mr. Drummond to Joe, who was beside him. "Should you like to go or not?" "O yes, dear father," he replied, "or poor Pat and Dick will have had all their trouble for nothing."

A minute afterwards, Father Drummond carried Joe down stairs, and placed him in his chair. Both Dick and I noticed that he had been shedding tears; but we did not ask what was the matter, for he looked perfectly happy. After two or three turns up and down the walks, we got out of breath, and stopped to rest. "Joe," said Dick, "Pat and I have been quarrelling which of us is to have you to live with us when we turn big men; now, if you will promise to come to me, I'll give you the prettiest little carriage you ever saw, with two beautiful white ponies to draw it, just such ponies as I was telling you I saw go through the town last Satur-

day; oh, so beautiful and milk-white!" "But, Joe," interrupted I, "I'll give you black ponies without one white hair, and then they'll never look dirty and yellow like what Dick's will." "But they sha'n't look dirty," cried Dick, "for they shall always have beautiful dry roads to go upon." "So you'll have poor Joe at home all the winter time—will you, Dick? Much good your carriage will do him indeed! No, no, Joe come to me, and you shall ride about both summer and winter."

Dick was so vexed, he was almost like to cry, but little Joe took a hand of each of us, and said, "don't mind, dear Dick—be good, dear Pat,—I should be very happy living with either one or other of you; not for the sake of the ponies, for I never should like them half as well as the two dear good ponies that have drawn me to-night. But I don't think I can go to either of you, for somebody else wants me."

"Do you mean that you want to stay always with Father Drummond, or to live with Tom?" asked Dick, while his face got red, and the tears came again into his eyes.

"No, no," replied Joe, "I don't mean either of them, I mean——"

But before he could finish his sentence I snatched away my hand from him, and cried out—"and you would leave us for strangers—would you? Joe, I never could have believed it of you; come

away into the house, Dick, and send Nelly for him; he don't care a rush for us."

So saying, I ran down the walk, and Dick was just going to follow me, when we were stopped by little Joe's voice, "Oh, Pat!" he cried, "Oh, Dick, don't leave me! Listen to what I've got to tell you. Sure you know I wouldn't love strangers better than you."

We came slowly back, but when we saw the tears in the poor child's eyes, and when he held out his little mouth to us, neither of us could resist him, and we kissed him over and over again. "And now, dear Pat," he said, "let me tell you what I mean. It is not to strangers I will go, but to our own dear mother, Mary; she wants me to go and live with her and little Jesus, and be always happy—aye far happier even than I could be with you, my own dear brothers."

Dick and I looked at one another, frightened. "What do you mean, Joe?"

"I mean that Dr. Forbes says I won't live here long—that I am going to die. But don't cry so, dear boys. Dear Pat—stop, my own darling brother, Dick. Don't you both wish me to be happy? and, oh, how happy I shall be! and instead of your pretty little carriages and ponies, I shall ride about on some of these golden clouds, and in the evenings I will come just above you, and watch you playing in the garden; and if ever you quarrel with one

another, you will think that your own little Joe is looking, and is vexed to see you not good friends, and then you will kiss one another, and I will laugh and clap my hands, though may-be you won't hear me."

But all Joe's promises had no effect, the shock was so sudden. We had never thought he could leave us. It was not till Mr. Drummond, afraid of the night-air for Joe, came to seek us, that we summoned courage to return to the house; and I believe the only one in the house who slept soundly that night was little Joe himself.



CHAPTER IV.

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb,
In life's early beauty, hath hid from our eyes,
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's young bloom,
Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.

"Death came o'er the fountain ere sorrow had stain'd it,
'T was frozen in all the pure light of its source,
And but sleeps till the sunshine of heav'n has unchain'd it,
To water that Eden where first was its source."

T. MOORE.

AUTUMN passed away, and winter came on—
cold bleak winter—and as the leaves fell off the

trees, Joe became thinner and paler, and still weaker than before. He soon gave up his rides in the garden chair; a little while after, he could not leave his room, and in another little while, he was confined altogether to bed. But, oh how happy and contented he always was! and, if now and then a tear in his eye shewed how much he suffered, he would smile the moment after. We all loved to be beside him, and would never have left his room, had not Mr. Drummond frequently sent us out to the fresh air. I have said before, that Nelly was sometimes cross to us, but she seemed quite changed during the latter part of Joe's illness; he had always been her favorite, and now her love for him became greater than ever. Father Drummond had to hire another woman to cook, as no persuasions could induce Nelly to leave Joe's bedside, except for one or two hours' rest during the day. She always called him "her ain bairn," and, though naturally hasty and impatient, no mother could have attended more closely to his wishes. Even to us, she was no longer cross: I think our love to little Joe, had touched her; for from that time her temper became much milder, and when she reproved us, it was "more in sorrow than in anger."

Christmas was now fast approaching, and Joe used often to speak of this his best loved feast: "Do you remember how we kept last Christmas?" he asked us one day; "what a number of poor

people we had at dinner that day! Do you know there was one old woman, the stranger with the curious cap, and the beautiful silver hair, and when she was going away, she let fall her stick, and though I had not been well, and could not wait at table, I was able to run and pick it up for her. Well, she put her hand on my head, and stroked my hair, and I asked her if she was very old, and she said, 'Yes, my bairn, I am very old, an', as God wills I should be here—I am contented—but dinna pray for a long life in this wicked world; rather ask the blessed bairn that was born this day to take you to himsel' while you are a bairn also.' I remember so well every word she said, and I have often thought since, little Jesus will not leave me here after he comes next time. O how sweet it would be to die on Christmas day, and to see how they keep it in heaven!"

Nelly never liked to hear Joe talk of dying, and she now stopped him, saying, "Whisht, whisht, my bairn, dinna speak that way; yon was naethin' but auld wives' clavers; wi' God's 'help, and the Blessed Virgin's, by Christmas ye'll be gettin' strong."

Joe shook his head; "No, no, dear Nelly," he said, "I shall never get strong again; at least I hope not, for now that I have once made up my mind to leave you all, death seems so sweet! And when I get to heaven, how I shall pray for you!

You must each tell me what you want most to get, and I will give your messages to our dear Mother, and never let her forget them till she gets all you want from her Son; come, Nelly, do you begin; what shall I ask for you?"

Nelly burst into tears; "Oh my bairn! my ain dear bairn, gin ye maun leave me, ask that my ungratefu' heart be conformed to His will. But oh! it 'll be a sair trial!"

From this time, Nelly used often to speak in private with Joe, and so, indeed, did we all; for we each had some request to our holy Mother, that we wished to send through him.

Christmas eve at length arrived; Joe had been very unwell for several days, but this evening he felt a little better, and at length persuaded Nelly to leave him a little, and seek the rest she so much needed. Father Drummond promised to sit beside him until it should be time to go to the chapel for the midnight mass, when he would be again relieved by Nelly. Joe was very quiet all the time Father Drummond was in the room, and when a little after eleven, Nelly came in, he thinking the child was asleep, stepped gently to the side of the bed, and made the sign of the cross over him. "I am not asleep, dear father," he said; "will you come in again and see me, after you come back? and oh, dear father, will you say mass for me?"

When Mr. Drummond, accompanied by Tom,

Dick, and myself, had left the house, Nelly took hold of Joe's hand, and was alarmed to find it burning. "Ye're no' sac weel, my' bairn," she said, "try an' get a sleep."

"No matter for sleep now, dear Nelly," he replied; "I am going! the little Jesus will come for me very soon! I shall live till after Father Drummond comes back; but I would not tell him how ill I was, for fear he might think of me in my little room, instead of Jesus and Mary at Bethlehem."

By the time we returned to the house, Joe's appearance was so much changed that Mr. Drummond delayed not a moment administering the last sacraments. After that, Joe seemed to doze for a little, while we all watched around, and repeated the prayers for the dying. At last about half-past three o'clock, he once more opened his eyes, and looking around, said to us, "Kiss me all, quick! quick! they are waiting for me! look how beautiful she is! Dear, dear little Jesus, I am coming! See, my Mother is going to help me up!" and so saying, he half raised himself, stretched out his little hands, and with a lovely smile upon his face — expired.

CHAPTER V.

"So loathe we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us;
So turn our hearts, where'er we rove,
To those we've left behind us!"

MOORE.

I SHALL pass briefly over several years that followed the death of little Joe, and proceed at once to the time when I, a stout lad of eighteen, was about to leave the kind friend who had sheltered my childhood, in order to make my way in the world for myself. Tom had long before proceeded to college, to study for the priesthood, and within the last two years, Mr. Drummond had, though unwillingly, yielded to Dick's exceeding desire to go to sea. I was therefore the last of our family at home, and though I know my kind father would fain have had me always with him, he was aware that it was for my own advantage that I should early be able to support myself.

It now only remained to choose an occupation, and on that point my mind was already made up. I was passionately fond of riding, and had been in the habit, from my childhood, of running up to the great house at every opportunity, and taking the horses to water, &c. Of late years, also, I had

taken entire charge of a horse that had been presented to Mr. Drummond by his people, on account of his great labors and advancing years. In spite, therefore, of various plans, much more advantageous, proposed to me by Mr. Drummond, I still persevered in my wish to be a servant in a small family, where one or two horses were kept, of which I might have the entire charge.

I shall not soon forget the day on which the good man told me my wishes were accomplished, as he had procured such a situation for me as I desired, in the town of A——. As I was required to set out for my future master's residence immediately, my preparations were hurriedly made. The morning of my departure from Clearburn, Father Drummond once more called me into the study where I had often been so happy, and addressed me in the following manner:—

“My dear boy, you are now going to leave me, and enter upon a world of which you have hitherto seen but little. You are young and sanguine, and look forward to a happy career, and it will probably depend on yourself whether your anticipations be correct or not. In this I do not speak in a merely worldly point of view, for you may perhaps meet with many misfortunes through no fault of your own. But if you act up to the principles I have always inculcated, you will live and die well, even though your days be spent in toil and weariness.

You have, I am happy to say, a tender devotion to the blessed Mother of God, and this devotion is a most precious gift from her divine Son; for she never has abandoned those who have had recourse to her, and will not abandon you, my son, as long as you regard her with filial confidence. And now, my dear boy, there is another subject on which I must speak to you: your principles are good, and you have an excellent heart, but you are easily excited and cast down. When your feelings are appealed to, you are in great danger, for you know not how to resist, and you cannot bear to be taunted or laughed at; you are passionate and hasty, although, to do you justice, you never bear malice. Now, my dear boy, these are very dangerous faults, and I need only remind you of your own poor father, whose natural dispositions were much like your own, to induce you to avoid any thing that may tend to excite the passions. Will you then, Pat, make me a promise never to taste ardent spirits? It may appear no great sacrifice to you at present, as you have never been accustomed to them, but before binding you it is but fair to warn you of the temptations to break your promise to which you will be exposed. You are fond of society, and will often meet with other lads of agreeable manners, who will offer to treat you, and expect you to do the same for them in return, and who, if you refuse, will make game of you for your temperance. Now, my boy,

if you believe you can resist such annoyances as these, you will escape one of the greatest dangers that will probably assail you through life. What do you think, Pat? Will you venture to make the promise? It is much easier never to begin a bad habit, than to break it off after it is contracted."

Without hesitation I would have made the promise, but again and again did Mr. Drummond warn me of the temptations to which I should be exposed. At last, however, seeing me firm in my resolution, he allowed me to give him my word that I would never knowingly taste ardent spirits, and then bestowing on me his blessing, he once more, with tears in his eyes, implored me to be devout to the holy Mother of God, and dismissed me.

Before going down stairs to say good-bye to Nelly, I stayed a moment at the door of the study to recover myself, and I heard my kind father, who believed me gone, praying fervently for me, at the foot of the little altar.

"Oh, my God," he said, "Thou gavest me this child pure and innocent, and pure and innocent do I return him, now that he can no longer be under my care; watch over him during his perilous journey through the world, and bring him safely to thy kingdom, to be thine own child. Oh, holy Mother of God, forsake him not; obtain for him the grace always to love thy dear Son, and to be thy true and loving servant."

Here the good man's voice became choked, and almost blinded by my tears, I hastened down stairs.

I found poor Nelly weeping bitterly when I went to say farewell, for she had dearly loved us all, especially after the death of Joe. As I was leaving the house, she attempted to thrust some money into my hand, the fruit of her little savings. I assured her that Mr. Drummond had provided whatever I should require.

"Weel, weel, my bairn," she said, "it's a' ane. Whatever I leave sall gang to you three, an' the ane that wants it maist, sall get the maist, sac when ye need what I can gie ye, come an' ask it."

It was with a heavy heart that I mounted the coach which was to carry me to a new abode, and far from all I loved; but the refreshing morning breeze and the change of scene soon inspired me with more cheerful feelings. I remembered that I was now going to support myself, and thereby enable Mr. Drummond to spend upon others the money that had been hitherto expended in my support, and I thought with delight that I might one day be able to save enough to maintain some other little orphan as mournfully situated as I was when first received by my kind father. These thoughts soon cheered me up, so that I could enjoy the lovely scenery through which we passed during a great part of our journey. It was on the evening of the second day that I arrived at the residence of my

future master. It was an old fashioned building, at the outskirts of the town of A——, with a large courtyard and extensive garden. I was kindly welcomed by Mr. Murray's housekeeper, who gave me supper, and showed me a little bed-room where I was to sleep, telling me I had better lie down at once, and be ready early next morning to meet my master, who was not then at home.

The day following, immediately after an early breakfast, I was told that Mr. Murray desired to speak with me in his study. When I entered the room, he looked at me for a minute or two without speaking; and though I was not so rude as to stare at him in return, I shall describe his appearance, as I became familiar with it afterwards.

Mr. Murray was a tall, thin man, about sixty years old; the greater part of his head was bald; but where the hair remained, it was pretty thick, and a mixture of black and white. At first, I thought he looked harsh and stern; but when he smiled, which was rarely, the expression of his countenance became very beautiful. He was a little lame, so that he seldom or never walked, and almost all the exercise he took was on horseback.

After inquiring kindly about my journey from Clearburn, he said — "What is your age?"

I replied — "I am eighteen, sir."

"So young!" he said. "You are well grown. How long have you been with Mr. Drummond?"

"As long almost as I can remember, sir," I answered.

"Of course you are a Catholic? Well, well," he continued, as I was about to reply, "we shall agree very well in spite of that, I dare say. From all I hear of him, Mr. Drummond is a man of too much sense to make you a bigot."

"I hope I am not a bigot, sir," I answered; "but I would rather die, than in any way compromise my religion."

Mr. Murray raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"So!" he exclaimed; "however, if you do your duty to me, I shall not complain. I shall take care that you have an opportunity of going to chapel every Sunday and feast-day; but recollect, that if you neglect taking advantage of the hours at which you can well be spared, that is, if you do not go to the early mass, I shall not keep my other servants at home on your account in the forenoon. And now, with regard to your duties, you have two horses to take care of, and you must go out with me frequently. The housekeeper will inform you of your other employments. I shall not keep you longer at present. You will not find me a hard master, provided you do your duty; and, above all," he continued, sternly, "never tell me a lie."

I replied that I hoped I should never be guilty of so mean a vice.

"It is well," he said; and I left the room.

CHAPTER VI.

"*Martin*.—I shall be fuddled anon.

Daniel.—And drunkeunness I hold to be a very despicable

All.—O! a shocking vice. (*They drink round.*) [vice.

Peter.—Inasmuch as it taketh away the understanding.

Daniel.—And makes the eyes red.

Peter.—And the tongue to stammer.

Daniel.—And to blab out secrets."

CHARLES LAMB.

MR. MURRAY, as I afterwards heard from the housekeeper, Mrs. Hope, was the younger son of a very old family. He had early in life offended his relatives; so that when his elder brother died without children of his own, he passed over my master, and left all his fortune to be accumulated for Master Henry, Mr. Murray's only child, until he should come of age. The young gentleman was now about eighteen, and at college. Mrs. Hope seemed very fond of him, and said he was beloved by every one.

"To tell you the truth, Pat," she said, "it is a great expense on my maister to keep his son at Oxford, and he canna very weel afford it. Ye may see yersel' how plainly he lives; the only kind of pleasure he has is his horses; and that, considering his lameness, he canna weel want. But wha wadna do as muckle for dear Maister Henry."

Mrs. Hope used to give me a great deal of good advice, particularly against bad companions, as she told me many of the lads in the neighborhood were idle and worthless.

"An' I advise you to take care of yersel'," she added; "for, though Mr. Murray scarcely ever speaks to any of the folk hereabouts, yet, somehow or other, naething seems to happen without his knowing it."

I said nothing in reply; but I thought to myself, "If I never do any thing that I am ashamed of my guardian angel seeing, I shall not be afraid of any thing Mr. Murray can know."

Before I left Clearburn, Mr. Drummond had given me a very beautiful print of the Blessed Virgin and child; and I hung it up opposite my bed, that I might see it the first thing on awaking every morning. Mrs. Hope had never seen any thing of the kind before, but told me she liked it very much, only she hoped I was not so ignorant as to pray to a piece of paper. I told her I always said my prayers before the picture, but that I only did so to awaken my devotion to Jesus, and love to his holy Mother, as I knew the picture itself could neither hear nor see me. This seemed to satisfy her; and indeed I found her very kind with regard to every thing connected with my religion. Mr. Murray had desired her always to prepare fish for me on Fridays; and she herself bade me always tell her on other days when abstinence was required.

I lived here very happily for some time, riding out behind my master every day, for he never minded the weather. We used to go many miles, galloping over mountain and moor in every direction, for Mr. Murray was a fearless rider, and he soon saw that I was never afraid to follow him. Every Sunday and feast-day I attended the seven o'clock mass, and once a fortnight I went to my duty, and received the holy communion.

One Saturday I had been out till very late with my master, and coming home tired, I was too lazy to go to confession that night, though it was my usual time. I intended rising earlier next morning, and going to the chapel in time before mass; but I slept too long, and had afterwards to wait in the vestry until several others, who were before me, had made their confessions. When at last I was finished, and entered the chapel, I found mass half over, the bell for the elevation having just rung. As there were only two priests in the town, and the second mass was to be at eleven o'clock, I could not wait then; but I received the holy communion, and went home with no-fear of missing mass, as I was sure either Mrs. Hope or the housemaid would stay at home in the forenoon, and rather go instead of me in the afternoon, to oblige me. Accordingly, Jessie very willingly agreed to do so.

I was coming down stairs, on my way to the eleven o'clock mass, when I met Mr. Murray. As

I stood aside to let him pass, he noticed the hat in my hand, and asked where I was going.

"To chapel, sir," I replied.

"What!" he said. "Did I not desire you to go to the early mass, and allow the others to go out at eleven o'clock?"

"You did, sir," I said; "but I was too late this morning, and as I am bound to hear mass, Jessie has kindly agreed to stay at home, and rather go out in the afternoon."

"I care not whether she has agreed or not," said Mr. Murray; "my orders must be obeyed. Whether she stays in the house or not, you must not go out. If it is against your conscience not to hear mass, you will be more careful another time."

I went back to my room, and wept bitterly; for, from the time I was old enough to attend church, I had never before missed hearing mass on a day of obligation, and now I had done so, by my own fault. As the best reparation I could make, I knelt down before the picture of the Virgin Mary and child, and hanging up my rosary and crucifix beside it, I opened my Missal, and read over the service of mass, offering up my intention in union with that of the priest who was then celebrating the divine mysteries in the town; with that of my dear Father Drummond, who, I had no doubt, was even then remembering me before the altar; and with that of every one throughout the world, who was then

hearing or saying mass devoutly; I then besought our holy Mother to offer up my prayers to her divine Son, and obtain from him pardon for my fault. Although, at the time, I thought Mr. Murray harsh, yet, I owe to him, that ever since I have learned the lesson, never to put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day, especially, when such neglect might in any way interfere with the duties of my religion.

There was a lad in the service of a gentleman in the neighborhood, who often used to come in my way, as he also had the care of horses, and we frequently met when taking them to water. There was something very agreeable in his manners, and they particularly took my fancy, because they reminded me of the free, open, and careless gaiety that distinguished Dick, before he went to be a sailor; but, still, I rather discouraged his advances, for Mrs. Hope had warned me that he was an idle lad, who would teach me no good.

One evening, Mrs. Hope told me, that she had been invited out to tea, at the house of a tradesman who served us, and that she had got leave from Mr. Murray to take me with her. I was rather surprised, on entering the room, to find Ned Burns there before me, and still more so, when I saw what a favorite he seemed to be with every one. He was the life of the party; took care of everybody, handing about tea and cakes, and afterwards pro-

viding amusement, teaching us games, and every now and then, singing in a manner which I thought beautiful. As for Mrs. Hope, who had never spoken to him before, she was quite delighted, and, when on coming away, he accompanied us to our own door, she said he was one of the nicest lads she had ever seen, and that she thought those who gave him the character for being idle, had better look to themselves.

From this time I used to see Ned every day, and as Mrs. Hope no longer made objection to our being intimate, I found him too agreeable not to enjoy his society. He offered to teach me to play on the flute, and until I could buy one for myself, to let me practise on his; and he promised when I could play a little, he would get me elected a member of a musical club, where he had great influence. "But in that case," he said, "you'll need to make interest with the old lady, to say nothing to Mr. Murray about your staying out at night."

"Indeed," I replied, "I should be very sorry to do so without his knowledge."

"What fun!" he cried; "do you really mean to say you are so scrupulous? Well, in that case, I am afraid I can do nothing for you; or perhaps," he continued, laughing, "you think you will get Mr. Murray's leave to attend the club twice a week."

"Why not?" I replied; "Mr. Murray would not

like me to waste my time; but when he knows that I only wish to join the club in order to improve myself, I dare say, he will make no objection."

At this speech, Ned was seized with a most violent fit of laughter, in which I at first joined, though I did not know why; but when he continued, and his laughter became more and more uncontrollable, I became angry.

"You seem easily amused," I said, "but as I fear I am but dull company, not having the wit to see the joke, I shall leave you;" and I prepared to quit his stable where this conversation had passed.

"Stop, stop, my dear Pat," he cried, trying to control himself, though he still held his sides, "you must not be so easily huffed, I did not mean to offend you; but really, I could not help laughing. And, now, to show you are friends with me again, promise to ask leave to go out next Tuesday, and I will take you to the practising for our annual concert. You see you have converted me, don't you hear, I say, '*ask leave*?' " and here he took another fit of laughing.

Though not more than half pleased with him, I thought it would look sulky to refuse, and, besides, I had a great curiosity to go to the practising, of which he had often spoken, though he always said, it was difficult to get admission for a stranger.

As soon as I got home, I told Mrs. Hope of the invitation I had received, and she promised to get

leave for me from Mr. Murray. Accordingly, on Tuesday night, I was quite ready when Ned called for me to accompany him.

The practising was to take place in the large room of a public-house, called the Three Highland-men. When we entered, a good many of the performers were assembled, and Ned introduced me to several; but when they were about to begin, as he would be engaged playing, he particularly recommended me to the care of a Mr. M'Evoy, who, he said, would tell me the name of every song.

Mr. M'Evoy was a thin, pale, elderly man, dressed in a seedy suit of black, with watery eyes, and a red nose. I did not much like his look at first, but he was very kind in explaining every thing to me; and, as I was very fond of music, I enjoyed the evening exceedingly.

When the music was finished, I looked round for Ned to come away; but on my asking him if he were ready—"Ready!" he cried; "why, man, the fun has not begun yet—we are going to have supper."

"Then I am sorry to leave you," I said; "for I know they expect me not to be out late."

"Did they fix you to an hour, then?" asked Ned.

"No," I replied; "but Mrs. Hope likes to go to bed early, and I know she will sit up for me."

"And are you really so simple as not to have got a pass-key for yourself?" he cried. "But if

you are determined to go, I shall say no more, and I will do my best to excuse you to the others, who may think it shabby to come and get all the good of our music, without even standing treat for one glass after it."

The last words had effect; I could not bear the idea of being called shabby, and I gave up my good resolution. However, I gave Ned warning not to ask me to drink, as I never took ardent spirits. I thought, as he turned away, that it was to hide a smile; but he said nothing.

At supper I was placed between Ned and Mr. M'Evoy; and as most of the company were busy enjoying the good things, it was not remarked that I took nothing but water; but when the dishes were removed, and tumblers with hot water brought in, it seemed to give great offence that I passed the spirit-bottle without helping myself.

"Fill up your glass, Mr. Whelan," cried the president; "that is againt the law."

"You must excuse my friend," said Ned, "he is a total-abstinence man."

This seemed to be considered a good joke, to judge by the peals of laughter that succeeded Ned's speech, and by the number of witty remarks it produced.

Meanwhile, I sat burning with indignation, and, I must say, with shame also; but I happily thought of asking the assistance of the Blessed Virgin to

withstand the temptation, and she enabled me to do so.

I stood up. "A speech—a speech!" they cried. "A speech on the temperance movement!" but in a few minutes order was restored, and I began.

"Gentlemen," I said, "there are reasons which prevent me joining in your conviviality, but I hope you will allow me to contribute to it in another way; and on my way down stairs I shall make arrangements with the landlord for doing so. I wish you all a good night, with many thanks for the entertainment you have afforded me." So saying, I took my hat, and walked towards the door.

A loud murmur of dissatisfaction arose, but I did not heed it, and walked down stairs, though with a swelling heart. Mr. M'Evoy followed, trying to persuade me to return; but I would not, and only got quit of him by begging him to arrange with the landlord for my contribution to the feast.

I had only gone a little way from the door when I heard a voice calling after me. It was M'Evoy, "Here is your change," he said, taking my arm; "you are not so prudent in looking after your money as you are in other respects. But don't think I join with these foolish lads in laughing at your temperance; on the contrary, I honor you for it. How few young men are able thus to withstand temptation! I knew one very unhappy instance of the evils of the fatal vice of drunkenness, and it oc-

curred to a young man not unlike you, and—let me see, your name is Patrick Whelan—of your name also. Is it possible you are any relation?"

I replied, in a voice choked with tears, that he probably alluded to my father.

"Your father!" he said, squeezing my hand. "My dear boy, that accounts for the interest I felt in you the moment I saw you. Patrick, I loved your father, though I saw and mourned for his faults; but I am happy to see that his son is avoiding them. My dear boy, thank God I have met you; there are so many other temptations to which you will be exposed, and against which I can warn you. Always look on me as a friend, Patrick. I shall come and see you to-morrow." So saying, as we had arrived at Mr. Murray's door, he wished me good night.

Without giving Mrs. Hope the account of the entertainment she expected, I pleaded with truth that I was not very well, and went to bed, though I lay long awake, thinking over the events of the day.

CHAPTER VII.

"Care for us! True indeed—they ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish and their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will; and there's all the love they bear us."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE next morning early I was engaged in the stable, when I was surprised by a knock at the door; on opening it I found M'Evoy.

"Good morning, my dear Patrick," he said. "Do not be surprised at this early visit, for I have a great deal to say to you. When I left you last night, I went back to the Three Highlandmen, where they were still drinking, and I heard them talking about you. Some said your temperance was all a pretence, to curry favor with your master and the housekeeper, while others thought you were sincere at present, but that you would not hold out long. Among the last was your friend Ned Burns, and I have come particularly to warn you against him, as he has laid a bet with some of the others that he will make you drunk within a month."

I must say I felt very indignant at this information; yet, though I could not deny that my being,

aware of such a scheme would materially assist me in counteracting it, I did not at all like the manner in which I had gained the information, and my natural prejudice against M'Evoy was not lessened by his having played the spy on my account; still he meant kindly, and he had known my father, so I thanked him for the warning, and said nothing more.

"Then you will avoid that lad—will you not, my dear boy?" he said.

"What you tell me gives me no great inducement to seek his company," I replied; "but he has hitherto been kind to me."

"How like your father!" he cried. "With such a heart kindness can do anything, but to tyrants and oppressors you never would submit."

I replied that happily I had no cause to complain.

"Yes, yes," he said, "you are right so far; you get enough to eat and drink, and are treated with no glaring injustice; but tell me, is it right that one man should slave for another day after day, receiving from him a mere pittance, while the other sits in idleness and luxury, spending on himself what he should share with the first?"

"You state an extreme case," I replied; "but one with which I have nothing to do. I am willing to labor in the state of life in which God has pleased to place me; I have not too much to do,

so I cannot be said to slave, and I receive the wages for which I asked; as for my master, he is neither idle nor luxurious, and instead of spending much on himself, he gives freely to the poor."

"Why, how hotly you take a thing up," said M'Evoy, smiling. "Did I call your master a tyrant, that you defend him so briskly?"

I certainly could not say that he had expressly done so.

"Well, well, my dear boy," he continued, "if I do not attack your friends, you cannot blame me for speaking ill of those who do the things that you say your master does not do. But some other day we must have a little more conversation on the rights of man. Meanwhile, tell me can you play at cards?"

"No," I replied.

"That is a pity," he said; "for Ned and his companions will be sure to inveigle you into playing, and if you do not know the principles of the game, you will certainly lose. I must give you some lessons. Let me see—are you busy now?"

"Yes," I said; "I must get breakfast, and immediately after, go out with Mr. Murray."

"Well, well," he said; "good-bye; but remember the first warning I gave you, and be sure also never to play until I have taught you how to do it."

I readily promised this, and he went away.

As I was taking the horses round to the stable, after having ridden with Mr. Murray, I met Ned. He accosted me as usual, and began to joke me about my temperance the preceding evening. As M'Evoy's warning had not been given as a secret, I thought it best to allude to the subject at once, and replied—

"From what I hear, it will not be your fault, if I do not become a drunkard."

"So you have heard of the bet? Well, well, man, it is but a joke, and you need not think I wish you to be a drunkard, because I wanted you to have a spree for once."

"Were I to lose my self-respect once," I replied, "there would be little to keep me from going farther."

Ned, who really was a kind-hearted lad, seemed surprised, and said, "I had no idea, Pat, that you looked upon it in that light; and I promise you to give up the bet at once; though, indeed," he continued, laughing, "I should have no chance of gaining, now you are warned. I suppose it was that old fox, M'Evoy, that blabbed?"

I was silent.

"Well, well," said Ned, "don't tell unless you like; but I bear him no ill-will for it. All I say to you is, take care of yourself, if he take a fancy to you."

"I think," said I, "it would be better not to

introduce me to acquaintances at night, against whom you think it necessary to warn me next morning."

"Lord bless me," cried Ned, "do you really think I look after the characters of all the people that go to the Three Highlandmen? I assure you I've enough to do taking care of myself. But how desperately cross you are to-day. Come, I'll help you to rub down the horses, and then we'll have a game at cards."

These words rather renewed my confidence in M'Evoy, as they showed me on this point, he was correct. "I have never learned to play," I said coldly.

"Well, I'll teach you," answered he.

"Thank you," said I, "I've already got the promise of being taught."

"From M'Evoy, I'll swear," cried Ned, laughing; "Pat, Pat, you're done for. Well, well, since you won't take my help, nor play with me either, I'll be off."

"A fine set of companions, I've got," thought I, "when each one of them warns me against the other."

A few days after, I got an invitation from M'Evoy to walk into the country with him; and as I did not know whether Mr. Murray was going to ride or not, I went to ask him.

"You want to walk into the country with a

friend?" he said; "you had better be careful how you choose your friends; you do not seem to be long in forming such ties. However, from your conduct at the club a few evenings ago, I think I may trust you. You may go, and if you are back before dusk it will do."

How Mr. Murray knew what had occurred, I do not know to this day; but the longer I was with him, the more I saw Mrs. Hope was correct when she said, nothing seemed to happen without his hearing of it.

As I walked along with M'Evo, he talked on a great variety of subjects; but everything he said had a tendency to make me very well pleased with myself, it is true, but discontented with my situation. As we passed by the grounds of a rich proprietor—"There," he said, "lives a man, who, without a single title, either in mind or body, to our respect, because he possesses a little more of that wealth, to which he is no more entitled than we are, thinks he may look down on, and treat with contempt, men infinitely superior to himself."

"Do you mean," asked I, "to say that he made his money in an unfair way?"

"If he had had the wit to make his money in any way," replied M'Evo, "he would be more worthy of having it than he now is. No, no, without a single claim, he received it all from his father, who was just such another as himself. Now,

what right have such men to roll in luxury while others are starving? I am an old man myself, but how can you, Pat, young, handsome, and talented, as you are, think of such things without your blood boiling at the injustice?"

I confess that his flattery had so far effect that I replied but coldly, that I was contented as I was.

"Aye," he said, "that is the evil; you are contented, or imagine yourself to be so, when, by a little exertion, you could assume your proper place. Listen to me; men are all born equal, and equal they should remain, unless raised above their fellow-men by their own qualities; because one man has distinguished himself, must his children, asses and idiots though they be, fill the same situation that he did? The thing is absurd."

Though I felt that this reasoning of M'Evo was subversive of all order, I could not arrange my thoughts into words, before he continued—

"But it shall not always be so! The day will come, and soon too, when such as these shall be pulled down from their high places, and when the poor shall have their share of the good things of the land. No more oppression—no more taxes, grinding us to the earth that kings and queens, forsooth, with their noble trains, may luxuriate in idleness; then those only who make money shall spend it—then we shall really be free!"

By degrees, M'Evo explained to me, that he

was a member of a society whose branches extended over the whole country. At first I could not exactly understand what were the objects of so powerful a combination. But as M'Evoy saw I had been somewhat startled by the expressions he had at first made use of, he softened them down, and told me all that they wanted was to secure better treatment for the poor. He said, the working classes were the greater proportion of the nation, and that, therefore, they were the most important part, and ought to be first considered; but that unless they showed their strength by combining together, there would be no chance of wringing out justice from the government.

"But tell me, exactly," I said, "what changes you want."

"In the first place," he replied, "I would have a fixed rate of wages for all kinds of workmen, so that when bread rises in price, wages shall not fall at the same time. I would have taxes taken off the necessities of life, and let the rich pay them for their luxuries, if they like. I would do away with sinecures and pensions, and have no more patronage, letting every post be open to the man that is best fitted for it. Lastly, I would melt down some of their overgrown fortunes, and give to those who need."

"This is all very well," said I, "but how will you manage these things?"

I cannot now remember all that M'Evoy replied to this question; for to tell the truth, I did not very clearly understand him. He said a great deal about the rights of the people, and the voice of the people, and a stake in the nation, but in the end, I was not much wiser than at the beginning. I thought all the changes he proposed would be very good, if brought about in a fair way, but I did not comprehend how that could be, and I never thought any other was meant.

By this time we had walked a long way; and, as we came near a little country inn, M'Evoy proposed that we should dine there, and return in the cool of the evening. I had no objection, as I had got leave to stay out, and was rather tired; so we went in and asked what they had. The landlord seemed to be acquainted with M'Evoy, addressing him by his name, and asking if he would dine at the bar, or in a private room. I would have preferred the first, as being less expensive, but M'Evoy at once replied, in a private room; he also gave particular directions about dinner, which he ordered in very good style.

"And, of course you'll have a bottle of Farintosh, Mr. M'Evoy?" asked the landlord.

"No," he replied, "I don't care about such things; and as my young friend does not drink, I won't increase his expense on my account."

I thought the landlord grinned when he heard

this speech, and I begged M'Evoÿ not to abstain on my account, as I should be glad to see him drink, though I did not join; but I thought if he were too delicate to let me pay for what he drank, he could easily have managed it, by getting in a separate bill.

After dinner, M'Evoÿ got hot water and a tumbler, and made toddy for himself, but he seemed very anxious that I should taste a little drop. When, however, he found I was determined, he gave over pressing me, and proposed as it was dull for me sitting doing nothing, that he should teach me the game at cards he had promised. I readily assented, and the landlord having provided us with a pack, we began.

I found the principles of the game very easy, and M'Evoÿ paid me many compliments upon my quickness in learning. He proposed after a little, to play for sixpence, and I gained two games from him, when I would have stopped, only he asked for his revenge.

"Suppose we play to see who shall settle the reckoning?" he said.

I agreed, and we played a game which I lost. M'Evoÿ went out to tell the landlord to make up our bill, but came back in a minute, saying he was afraid we should have to wait a while, as there was a carriage at the door, and every one seemed busy. He sauntered about a little—poured out a little more of the whiskey, of which I thought he had

already drank a prodigious quantity, though he did not seem to feel it at all, and at last proposed we should have another game, to while away the time of waiting.

Though I was quite tired of cards, as he seemed anxious, I did not like to refuse, and we sat down again. For the second time I lost, and then M'Evoÿ seemed satisfied; for he said he had been afraid that I was going to be a much better player than himself, and as yet we were equal. Just then the landlord brought in the bill, which came to six shillings, including the whiskey. Before putting up my money, after paying him, I asked M'Evoÿ what I was due for the last game, taking out sixpence, as I thought we had returned to the old stake. I don't know if he saw what I was going to give him, but he replied, "Double or quits; was it not? Let me see: what is the bill? Six shillings. Well, that is twelve shillings you are owing. Never mind just now, my dear fellow; if you have not got it with you, I can get it to-morrow."

I was a little astonished at this, as I was not aware any sum had been fixed, but I said nothing. We walked home, where we arrived just in time, and before M'Evoÿ left me, I paid him what I owed; and though to many of my readers my expenses this day may seem very insignificant, yet, to a lad in his first service, with of course small wages, it appeared to be no trifling amount.

CHAPTER VIII.

"But times and things are altered now: and Englishmen begin
 To class the beggar with the knave, and poverty with sin;
 We shut them up from tree and flower, and from the blessed
 sun;
 We tear in twain the hearts that God in wedlock had made
 one."

NEALE.

FROM this time I saw M'Evoy constantly; and though I had no particular pleasure in his society, yet from his frequent allusions to having known my father, and other causes, he gradually gained a considerable influence over me. Insensibly, I agreed to many of his opinions; so far, at least, that I listened to him with considerable pleasure, when he talked of the equality of men, &c; and several times I accompanied him to hear speeches from men in our own rank of life, on the same kind of subjects. Certainly there is no eloquence to be compared with that of a man whose heart and soul are engaged in the cause he advocates; and consequently, the words of M'Evoy's companions, rude and unpolished as they often were, made the greatest impression upon me. They spoke of the injustice with which the poor were treated—said

that they were regarded as a distinct race from their richer brethren—they told how the honest, independent tradesman or laborer in distress had no resource but the workhouse, where he was debarred from fresh air and sunshine, where husband and wife were separated, and where, worst of all, his spirit of independence and of hope was crushed, where he had nothing to look forward to, no chance of retrieving his fortunes by his own exertions, unless by again running the risk of letting his children starve. Of all these things they spoke until my blood boiled, and my heart was wrung; but the spirit that actuated me was not a spirit of peace, patience, and long suffering; it was one of pride, hatred, and discontent; instead of being moved to acts of charity, by the consideration of the misery of my fellow creatures, my feelings were only excited against those whom I thought alone to blame. I did not consider that the best way for me to remedy the evils of the existing state of things, was by attending to myself, by being ready to relieve others as far as I was able; and instead of abusing those who disregarded their poorer brethren, by praying that God might, in his own good time soften their hard hearts. I became not so attentive to the duties of my situation as I had formerly been, often staying out later than I knew was approved of, and sometimes neglecting the work I ought to have done. Mrs. Hope seve-

ral times found fault with me, and though my master said nothing, his kindly glance never met my eye, and the cold stern look became sterner; still, as I fell into no positive act of disobedience, I never would allow that I was to blame.

This state of things continued for some little time, and though, thank God, I never broke the promise I had made to my dear Father Drummond, my conduct in other ways was far, far from what would have met with his approbation. I became very fond of cards, and spent all my leisure time that was not taken up with the meetings I attended, in playing. I once or twice had taken a game with Ned Burns and other lads, but as M'Evoy acquired more influence with me, he gradually induced me to avoid them, and to play only with him. It is strange that though I almost constantly lost, I never suspected this man of cheating me, for, whenever he saw me inclined to stop, he would, like a skilful angler, tempt me on by the bait of one victory. At last I was at the end of the money I had brought with me from Clearburn, my half-year's wages were not yet due, and I was ashamed to ask Mr. Murray for an advance.

In a state of great agitation, I had just left M'Evoy one morning, after having lost to him my last sixpence, when I met Ned. He easily saw something was the matter with me, and teased me till he found out what it was.

"I suppose," he asked, "if you had a little in the meanwhile, you'd have a good chance of winning back enough to keep you till you get your wages?"

"I dare say I should," I replied.

"Well," he said, "I'm hard up myself just now, or I would lend you something; but I don't well know how you are to manage. There is a way, to be sure, though as long as you were such a saint, I wouldn't have ventured to speak of it, though I can't say I see any harm in it."

"Tell me what it is," I said, "and let me judge for myself."

"Why, there are plenty of people will buy corn of you."

"What do you mean?" I said, interrupting him fiercely; "I have no corn to sell."

"No, but your master has. You can pay it back, you know, afterwards, if you win."

"And if I lose?"

"Why then it's no great loss to him."

Snatching my arm away from Ned who was leaning on my shoulder, I set off, running as hard as I was able, and never stopped till I was in my own room, and at the foot of my picture. In a moment I saw to what guilt I had almost been led. I felt bitterly how much I was deteriorated since I left the care of my father and friend; I confided all my grief to my Blessed Mother; and repeating

that beautiful prayer of St. Bernard, "Remember, O most pious Virgin Mary, &c," I besought her with tears to restore me by her intercession to innocence and happiness. With perfect confidence I begged strength and opportunity to leave those bad companions who had been, in a measure, the cause of my fall; and after praying long and earnestly, I went down to the kitchen with a lighter heart than I had felt for many weeks.

"Is that you?" asked Mrs. Hope. "I thought you had been away a pleasin' as usual."

I longed to tell her that I would henceforth be more attentive to my duties at home; but I distrusted myself, and was silent.

"You need na trouble to bring round the horses the day," she continued; "Mr. Murray's no' wantin' them. But he'll speak to you himself, and tell you about the gentleman that was askin' for you."

"A gentleman asking for me?" I said. "Who can that be?"

"Ye ken that best yourself," she replied; "I suppose you've sae mony gran' acquaintance you're puzzled amang them a'. But gang to the library—Mr. Murray wants ye."

Full of curiosity, I went; and Mr. Murray told me that he had just had an interview with a gentleman from the Catholic chapel-house, who desired to see me there as soon as possible, as he

was only passing through the town, and must leave the same evening.

"He desired me not to mention his name," continued Mr. Murray; "but from what I see of him, a friend like *that* is one of whom you may be proud."

I felt my cheek redden—for, from the marked tone in which Mr. Murray uttered these words, I knew he was thinking of my other companions—but I listened in silence while he told me I might spend the whole day at the chapel-house if I pleased, and then dismissed me.

I lost no time in hastening into town; and though at the chapel house door I did not know for whom to ask, the servant at once showed me into a room where a tall young man, evidently from his dress, a priest, was waiting to receive me.

For a moment I looked at him as at a stranger; the next I was folded in the warm embrace of my dear, kind, adopted brother, Tom M'Donald.

CHAPTER IX.

"For just experience tells in every soil
That those who think must govern those who toil,
And all that freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each."

GOLDSMITH.

MANY were the inquiries that we made of each other regarding our circumstances. I found that Tom had just returned from abroad, after having been ordained priest, and that the bishop, who had long wished to have two clergymen at Clearburn, had appointed him to assist his kind old friend, Before settling, however, he had gone to visit some friends in the north, and he was now on his return home, having come considerably out of his way to see me. Father Drummond had known his intention of visiting me, but had purposely said nothing about it in his letters, for fear of giving me a disappointment, as it was by no means certain that Tom would be able to come to A——. I cannot tell the pleasure it gave me to think that our dear father would henceforth be no longer alone, but that his labors would be shared by one of the poor orphans whom he had so tenderly cherished in their time of need.

Tom now asked me a great many questions about

my situation, employments, &c.; and though even to this dear friend of my youth I was ashamed to tell the tale of my wanderings, yet I concealed nothing from him. I told him how, until that morning, I had every day been getting less attentive, less obedient to my master, and more forgetful of my God; how the mist had been dispelled, and I had seen the precipice on the brink of which I stood; how I had prayed to that glorious Virgin who never forsakes those who trust in her, to enable me to overcome my temptations; and how, at that very moment she was preparing for me a guide and a friend to whom I could open my heart.

"You are right, my dear Pat," said my brother; "I have no doubt our holy Mother had granted your petition even before it was made, for in heaven there is neither past nor future. You have been in great danger—indeed you still are, though by God's grace and the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, I have no doubt you will overcome it. You yourself now see the evil of neglecting your duties in the pursuit of amusement, and I think I need say little more to induce you to give up forever your terrible habit of gambling. Though you do not seem to suspect it, I have little doubt you have been cheated; but even supposing every thing was fair, think how miserable and mean is such a pursuit. If you win, you may know from your own feelings to what distress a fellow creature

may be reduced by your gain, not to speak of the miserable avarice which is almost the sure consequence of gambling; while, if you lose, you have not only the inconvenience you yourself may feel, but have deprived the poor and sick of the consolation you might have afforded them. Dear Pat, remember the lessons of charity taught us in our childhood by our good father; give to the poor what you would otherwise spend in so unprofitable a manner; deny yourself now and then even an innocent pleasure for this end, and you will lay up a treasure in heaven."

When I looked at my dear kind brother, as with tears in his eyes he repeated the lessons I had so often learned in his company, I felt there was no sacrifice to which I would not submit, to be once more worthy of being counted a son by my dear Father Drummond, and a brother by this kind friend.

"There is another subject upon which I must speak, Pat," he continued. "This society whose meetings you have attended—those speeches that you have heard, seem to have made a great impression on you. Now, many things they say may perhaps be true enough, for, God knows, I cannot deny that the condition of the poor is indeed hard, but I deny that such meetings and societies can do them any good. On the contrary, a man who joins such a society, at once alters his condition

for the worse; he deprives himself of a considerable portion of time, when he might be either laboring or instructing his family by precept and example; he must pay a sum for subscription which he can ill spare; he most likely contracts a habit of drinking to complete his ruin, and to a certainty he becomes unhappy and discontented with the condition in which God has placed him. Have you not seen such effects yourself?"

"Certainly I have," I replied.

"But this is not the worst," he said; "when a man begins to talk of equality and the rights of men, it is impossible to tell where he may stop. With such words have the most fearful revolutions commenced, by which the souls and bodies of millions have been ruined. May God avert from our land such a punishment! My dear Pat, it is not the will of God that there should be equality; there must be rich and poor. There must be the great and powerful, the needy and wretched. Even supposing an equality of condition could now be established, how long would it last? The strong would seize the possessions of the weak, the foolish would lose what they had to the cunning, until the natural order of things was again restored. But oh," he exclaimed, clasping his hands, "if men would but consider how blessed are the poor—how happy those whose condition was the one chosen by our Lord, who are like unto him! If this

great truth were realized, there would be no more envy of those in higher stations. Each one would know that his part was to perform the duties required from him in the station of life to which God has called him, without trying to move out of it."

"But," I asked, "do you mean that it is wrong for a person to try to rise in the world?"

"No," replied my brother, "provided that desire be regulated by perfect conformity to the will of God; for then a man will neither be too much elated by prosperity, nor cast down by adversity. But, my dear Pat, you must consult your good and holy director on these subjects; he is far better able than I am to give you advice; and he may know more particulars about the society you speak of, established as it is in the town, than either you or I. Besides, I fear you must be wearied with the long sermon I have given you, when we have so little time to spend together."

I assured him I was not, as when he spoke his words had on me the same soothing effect that I used to feel long, long before, in the happy times of our instruction, in the little study at Clearburn. But I need not repeat all that passed between us, nor the conversation I afterwards had with Mr. M'Lellan, my director; it is sufficient that I came to the resolution of at once giving up those companions and habits which had so nearly ruined me, and that even when I said farewell to my dear

brother, at the coach door, he had the consolation of knowing that his own words had already taken effect, and that Mr. M'Lellan would not allow the good seed he had sown in my bosom to fail from want of care.

CHAPTER X.

"All men are your friends, and no one is to be called an enemy; for they who are angry with you, and who persecute you, confer a greater benefit on your soul than any you could receive from the sweetest friend. All men, therefore, confer favors on you; and besides yourselves, you can have no enemy."—*St. FRANCIS OF ASSISIUM.*

A SHORT time after the visit I described in my last chapter, I was one day engaged in the stable, when the door opened, and M'Evooy entered.

"I have good news for you," he said; "you are elected a member, and have only to put down your name, and pay the fee to be one of us. I would have told you before putting up your name, but I have been away for a few days, and when I came back last night, I found them all assembled for the election of another man; so I put you in at once."

"Thank you," I replied; "but I don't think I have enough of spare time for it."

"Oh, never fear!" he said; "you need not attend any oftener than you have hitherto done when I took you."

"But to tell you the truth," I answered, more boldly, "I no longer wish to be a member."

"How?" he said—his face changing. "What do you mean? You are not going to desert us?"

"As I have never joined, I cannot be said to desert," I replied, "and my opinions have changed since we last spoke on this subject."

"Your opinions are rather versatile, I think," said he, sneeringly; "perhaps you will inform me of the grounds for this new decision? I may possibly be induced to follow your wise example."

"I have not sufficient ambition to make a convert of you, M'Evoy," I said, "to run the risk of an argument; though convinced I am in the right, I might come off second best, as you argue well, and I do not."

"You must excuse me if I think but little of a cause which you are afraid to defend," said M'Evoy; "but doubtless it is your exceeding prudence that has been alarmed. You have, I suppose, heard the story of the fire."

"What fire?" I asked. "I know nothing about it."

"Oh, no one knew anything about it," he re-

plied; "that is the mystery. Mr. Campbell, the chief proprietor at the other end of the county, had his stacks burned down; and as some of our members had left his service because he refused to give proper wages, they were suspected of being at the bottom of it, and we were like to get into trouble. I have just been away to prove an alibi."

"Then they were innocent, thank God!" said I. But how could that affect the rest of you? You could not be to blame for their actions."

"Oh, yes, we might be thought so, for they wanted to prove that all the members of that branch of the society were act and part. That was why I had to go to swear the alibi—not being known in that part of the country as a member."

"How fortunate that you were able to do so!" I said.

A sardonic smile passed over M'Evoy's face at these words, but he quickly regained his usual manner. "Well, he said, laughing, "though you have forsaken me in one way, I hope you do not mean to do so in another. Let us take a game."

"I am sorry I cannot do that either," I replied.

"And pray, most exemplary young man, have your principles changed on this point also?" said M'Evoy, ironically.

"They have," I replied, coolly.

"May I venture to ask the cause?" he said, with

an affectation of calmness, though his face grew white with passion.

"It is quite a sufficient reason that I cannot afford to lose so much," I replied.

"To lose so much," said he, with great fierceness. "Had you not your chance of gaining as well as I?"

"I have always lost a great deal more than ever I gained," I said.

"And whose fault was that, pray?"

"I blame no one," I replied; "but I do not choose to play any more."

"Do you dare to say I have cheated you? you insolent, ungrateful rascal," he said, his frame actually quivering with rage.

It was all I could do to contain myself; but I remembered he was an old man, and had been, by his own account, at least, the friend of my father; so, before trusting myself to reply, I said a little prayer to the Blessed Virgin Mary, to beseech her assistance in keeping my temper.

"I have made no accusations, M'Evoy," I then said, "and wish to make none; but," I continued, opening the stable door, "I cannot submit to such language; have the goodness to go, until you are in a better frame of mind!"

"Until, do you say? you poor, pitiful, mean-spirited wretch, who have not even courage enough to strike a blow for yourself. I suppose you are

afraid of coming into the hangman's hands, like your father!"

At this taunt I could no longer contain myself; my blood boiled, and I rushed forward to strike him; but even then my gentle and holy Mother whom I had just invoked, interfered to prevent me. I had had my right hand in my pocket; as I pulled it out hastily, my rosary got entangled with it, and in the swinging of my arm, it caught upon a nail. The check, though slight, was sufficient to give me time to reflect; I stopped short, and M'Evoy, who was naturally timid, seeing he had roused more dangerous passions than he thought of, took the opportunity to slink away. I instantly locked the door, and falling on my knees, again and again kissed the rosary which had saved me from giving way to the same passion that had caused the unhappy fate of my father.

From this time I scarcely ever saw Mr. M'Evoy, even on the street, though I did not the less feel the effects of his malice. I soon discovered that he had published abroad the unhappy story of my father's death, which had hitherto been unknown in the town of A——, and it is not likely that he mentioned the extenuating circumstances that accompanied his crime. The few respectable people whose acquaintance I had made, began to look cold on me, concluding, I suppose, very naturally,

that the son of a man who died by the hands of the executioner, would not have a very high standard of morality; even the children on the street, used to call after me insulting expressions, and, though I several times attempted to put a stop to this, by giving one a cuffing, the only effect it had was, that they kept their distance better, without ceasing to call after me. It is needless to deny, that I felt these things painfully, but, I believe, I was much the better of them; and thus, unwittingly, M'Evoe did me a great service, for I had no longer the temptation to frequent bad companions, or to make useless errands into the town, which is for a young lad a most fruitful source of evil. Although I lost favor with others, I regained that place in the esteem of my master, and of Mrs. Hope, that I had for some time lost; indeed, as they never alluded to my father's death, the only way I found out that Mrs. Hope was aware of it, was, by her increased kindness and consideration—Mr. Murray had been informed of my whole story before he engaged me at first.

Among the others who fortunately for me, kept out of my way, was Ned Burns, and, though, especially since his proposal about the corn, I was well aware, what a bad companion he was for me, yet, I was more hurt by his marked avoidance of me, than by that of any other person. As he lived so near, we were constantly coming in con-

tact, and several times as I was slowly going along, taking the horses to water, I had a great sense of loneliness, when Ned, and some other lad, would come galloping past me, trying races, who should be at the water first. Poor Ned! These races did him much mischief; his master had often forbid them for fear of damaging the horses, but Ned was too fond of fun to pay attention to his orders, and one day forcing a beautiful mare down a hill at a gallop, she came down and cut her knees to pieces; the same day, Ned was discharged, and he left that part of the country.

CHAPTER XI.

"Young, and of an age
When youth is most attractive, when a light
Plays round and round, reflected, if I err not,
From some attendant spirit . . . with a look he won
My favor."

SAMUEL ROGERS.

ABOUT this time, we heard some news that caused great joy in our household; Master Henry was coming home on a visit; I thought Mrs. Hope

would have gone wild with delight. When Mr. Murray had read the letter giving the information, he desired me to send her to him, and then told her all about it; how Master Henry had sent his kind love to his old nurse, and was coming back to plague her. When she came again to the kitchen, she was crying with joy—"an' to think o' the dear lamb sendin' me sic a kind message!" she said, "to think he could plague me though! I'd rather hae him to teaze me a' day, than ony body else to cuttle me wi' dainties!" Though Jessie and I, not having known Master Henry before, could not be expected to sympathize fully with Mrs. Hope's delight; yet, we had heard so much of him, that we also looked forward to his arrival with the greatest pleasure.

At last he came, and even his first appearance made my heart warm to him. He was a tall, slight, handsome youth, very like his father, only the sweet kind expression that often illuminated Mr. Murray's face, was in Master Henry unmixed with anything like sternness. His eyes were dark blue, with long black lashes, and their joyous light showed the happy and innocent soul within; but though it may seem a contradiction, they had also that melancholy, which I have sometimes thought portends an early death.

Mr. Murray did not ride the day his son was expected, so I took the horses out myself for a

short airing. It was well I did not stay long, for there was plenty to do at home; Master Henry had arrived in my absence, and Mrs. Hope, after receiving his hearty greeting, was sitting in the kitchen crying with joy, and though most anxious to do everything herself for "the dear bairn," as she called him, in her agitation she spoiled everything she put her hand to. "I think I'd better leave ye twa to get the dinner yersells;" she said at last, between laughing and crying, "an' gang an' get my greet out, like an' auld fule as I am."

As Master Henry had a great many visits to pay among the neighboring gentry, with whom he was as great a favorite as with everybody else, and as Mr. Murray could not make up his mind on these occasions to accompany him, I used often to ride behind my young master. Sometimes when we were crossing the long wild moors, he would call me up, and speak to me most kindly, asking me many questions about my Father Drummond, and the young priest whom he had heard had been brought up with me, and had come to see me at his father's house. He seemed much touched when I told him of the manner in which our kind benefactor had adopted us all, when desolate orphans abandoned by the whole world.

"He must be a truly good man!" he said on one of these occasions.

"He is, indeed, sir," I replied, "he is worthy of his calling."

"His calling in being a clergyman, I suppose you mean," said Master Henry.

I had never been in the way of beginning the subject of religion with any one, and still less would I with a superior, for fear of forgetting the respect due in our relative situations; but when Master Henry said this, I could not resist the impulse to reply.

"Yes, sir; a priest in the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church."

Master Henry did not speak for a few minutes. At last, he said—

"It is a curious thing that there is one great and distinguishing difference between Catholics and persons of every other denomination. All others with whom I have conversed on religion, allow the possibility of their being in error on many points; while you Catholics always seem perfectly satisfied that you are in the right. Now, does not this look a little like spiritual pride?"

"Will you allow me to speak my mind freely, sir?" I said.

"Yes," he replied; "that is what I wish you to do."

"Then, sir," I said, "I think that you would be right, if like Protestants, we trusted to our own ideas of truth and error; but a man can

scarcely be accused of pride in that way, if, as every Catholic must be, he is ready to give up any opinion, however dear to him, that is not approved by the Church. The reason that we are so sure of being right, is just because we distrust our own judgments, which would lead us into error, and humbly bow to an infallible authority."

"You are right, Pat," he replied. "Such submission is not apt to engender spiritual pride; and to feel such security, is certainly a great happiness. Would to God that I, like you, could believe there was any infallible authority to guide us in distinguishing between truth and error!"

Just then we came to a beautiful road; and Master Henry, giving the reins to his horse, cantered off, and never stopped till we arrived at our destination. But this was not the only time during his stay that he talked to me on religion; and when I repeated to him those texts in which Jesus Christ promised to build his Church on the rock of Peter, and that the gates of hell should not prevail against it; also the promise that he would be with his apostles "all days, even unto the consummation of the world," he seemed much struck with their force.

When the time arrived for Master Henry to return to Oxford, I was almost as much grieved as Mrs. Hope to part with him, so much had his sweet and gentle manners endeared him to my

heart. It was arranged that he should take leave of his father rather earlier than was necessary, and ride on to the house of a friend, to whom he had not before had time to say farewell, whence he could join the mail. I was to go with him to bring back the horses; and thus I had the pleasure of being with him longer than any one else.

It was about ten o'clock on a chilly autumnal day that I waited at the door with the horses. At last, my young master came out. The tears were in his eyes; but he wished to conceal them, and jumping on his horse without saying a word, he galloped off. As I mounted to follow him, I saw poor Mrs. Hope at an upper window, stretching out as far as she could, that her streaming eyes might have the last look of her dear young master; and even Mr. Murray was watching, though, when he saw me passing, he shrank back from the study window. Master Henry rode on as fast as possible, without speaking, until we came close to the gate of the house where we were going, when he called me up.

"Pat," he said, "I must now say good-bye to you for another year; but, before I go, I wish to thank you for the good you have done me. I had formerly very erroneous ideas of the belief of Catholics, and consequently indulged uncharitable feelings towards a large proportion of my fellow-

creatures. You have shown me that on many points I have been mistaken; and I feel it my duty to learn if I may not be so on more. But here we are at the door; so I must stop. God bless you, Pat; pray for me sometimes."

So saying, Master Henry sprang off his horse, and, shaking hands with me, ran into the house.

As I rode homewards, I thought over what he had said; and then, almost for the first time, the idea came into my head that Master Henry would yet be a Catholic. I resolved to beseech the Blessed Mother of God to take him under her protection, knowing that if she did so, none could resist her. I wrote to Father Drummond and my dear Tom, to beg their prayers; and from that time I also never missed a day to say a chaplet for the same object.

CHAPTER XII.

"And well our Christian sires of old
 Loved when the year its course had rolled,
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,
 With all his hospitable train.
 Domestic and religious rite
 Gave honor to the holy night;
 On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
 On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
 That only night in all the year
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear."

SCOTT.

TIME passed on, and the joyful Christmas season arrived—that season when all Christians should rejoice, and welcome into the world their new-born Saviour. It was my first Christmas from home, and, though very happy in my situation, and treated with the greatest kindness, still I longed to be at Clearburn for that one day. I longed to go to the midnight mass, that would probably be said by my kind father, and to receive the Blessed Eucharist once more from his hands. I wondered who would sing the high mass the next day; and then, as I remembered the rich mellow tones of Tom's voice, I decided that it would certainly be he. Then I thought of Nelly—what anxiety she would be in, lest the plum-pudding for the dinner

of the poor people should be spoiled. I thought of the joy and gratitude that these poor people would express towards the kind old man who did so much to make them happy; and in thinking of Christmas, how could I forget that dear child who had gone home to the heavenly kingdom on that very morning, to live forever with Jesus and his holy Mother? How I longed once more to visit the little green hillock, overgrown with roses and lilies, emblems of modesty and purity, where lay the ashes of our little Joe! But it was not to be!

Though I knew I could not be with my dear friends on that day, I determined they should not forget me. Since I had received my half year's wages, I had been most careful to spend scarcely anything on myself, so that now I had almost all left. I kept one pound for anything indispensable until my next wages should be due; ten shillings I put apart for charitable purposes; and the remainder I laid out in little presents for Father Drummond, his dear assistant, and Nelly. I did not forget Dick; but he was at sea, and my present could not reach him at the Christmas time; so I sent it to Nelly's care, to be delivered the very first opportunity. I had arranged that all these things should reach Clearburn on Christmas Eve, so that they should receive them before going to the midnight mass.

It was Christmas Eve. Mr. Murray had determined that I should get out to every service in the chapel, as Jessie, being a Presbyterian, had no church to go to. I went up to the stable, and lighted my lantern, resolving to make all the haste in my power with my work, both there and in the house, to have plenty of time for the next day, and to be able to get to confession before the midnight mass. I was thinking that my friends at Clearburn would just then be receiving my parcel, and I felt so happy, that as I worked I began singing the "Adeste Fideles." Mr. Murray had given me money to pay for hay and corn; and when I had bedded the horses, I opened a box where the accounts lay, that I might roll up in each what was required for it, to be ready when required. Just as I sang "Venite adoremus," I thought I heard a low tap at the door. I stopped and listened—it was repeated; so first putting past the money, I went and opened it. What was my surprise when M'Evoy entered! He did not even ask permission, but rushed in, and shutting the door, barred and bolted it before he said a word. Then turning towards me, he seized my hands, squeezed them in spite of my trying to take them away, and said, in a voice choking with emotion—

"Do not turn me away, Pat; do not turn me away! It is true I have injured you, even more perhaps than you think; but I am an old man—

a poor, miserable old man—and if you send me away, it may cost me my life!"

"What do you mean?" I said, gently, for I felt pity for him, he looked so utterly wretched.

"They are after me," he said, in a hoarse whisper; "but indeed I am not guilty; that is, not of anything deserving hanging; but if they catch me they will do it! Ah! I feel their horrid fingers at my throat!" and the miserable man actually shook with fear.

It was some time before I could exactly discover what was the matter. At last I gathered that M'Evoy had been engaged in a forgery business; that is, he had been passing false notes. At first, he wished to make me think that he had not been aware of the fact; but after a little he not only acknowledged it, but even confessed that the committee of the society of which I have already spoken so much, were implicated in the business.

"Nobody suspects that, though," he said; "they managed too cunningly. But you see, there was so much expense from having emissaries all over the country, and from many other causes, that they had to fall on some plan for making money, and that was the easiest. They dare not forsake me though—that is one comfort—or I shall turn king's evidence, and betray all. Oh, if I dared go to them, I would have no difficulty in getting off; but all my usual haunts are known, and they are

watching for me. I would not have ventured here, but after all that has passed, nobody will suspect me of taking refuge with you."

As I looked on the wretched man who was sunk in the depths of crime, and who, to save his own miserable life, was willing to betray his accomplices, I felt what an escape I had had, and I thanked that blessed and holy Mother who had delivered me from the snare.

"But what can I do for you?" I asked.

"Let me stay here a little, till the pursuit is over," he said.

"It is impossible," I replied; "were it my own house it would be different; but I dare not run the risk of bringing my master into trouble. Is there no way for you to leave the town?"

"Not without money," he said. "There is a man who would get me smuggled out, but he must be well paid for the risk."

"Will thirty shillings do?" I asked. "It is all I have."

M'Evoy shook his head.

"Five pounds is the lowest," he said. "But why do you say that is all you have? I dared not knock till I made sure you were alone, so I looked through the key-hole, and I saw you counting a whole lot of money."

"That is not mine—it belongs to my master," I replied.

"But I do not ask you to give it me," he said, eagerly; "I shall have plenty of money for the asking it, as soon as I can get to G——, or indeed to any town where there is a branch of the society. They dare not refuse me; and I shall send it all back within the week. Mr. Murray won't ask an account of it before that."

"No," I replied, "I don't think he will; but I have no right to lend my master's money, however sure I may be of it being repaid."

"For God's sake," said M'Evoy, in terrible agitation, "do not refuse me. Think you will have to answer for a fellow-creature's life, because of a whim of conscience. Remember your own father—what would you have thought of the man who could have saved him so easily, and would not?"

"Stay," I cried—"I have thought on a plan. Mr. Murray is kind and generous; let me tell him; I am sure he will not refuse."

"Mr. Murray!" he replied, with a bitter laugh; "you might as well give me up to justice at once. No, no, your gentry do not approve of crime going unpunished; they think no more of a man's life in such a case than that of a fly. But oh," he continued, actually going down on his knees, "save me, I implore you, save me by all you hold sacred; on this night, when all men, however miserable and wicked, may hope, do not

condemn me to despair. By that infant Saviour born this night, whom I also was once taught to love and adore—by the holy Mother whom I once venerated (for I too was a Catholic till my interest made me change), do not destroy me, soul and body. If I escape this time, I will lead a new life; I will return to my religion, I will follow all its precepts. Do you think, had I not known the blessedness of that holy faith that teaches us to forgive our enemies, and do good to those that have injured us, that I would have ventured here? In the names then of Jesus and Mary, I beseech you, save me!"

I could no longer resist, but gave him the money, first receiving his solemn promise, that if it should be in his power, of which he assured me there was no doubt, he would repay it within the week, and mentally determining that I would rather work myself to death than let my master suffer loss on his account. In the agitation of the moment I thought, could a child of the blessed and holy Virgin resist an appeal to her, even from the lips of such a man. But I forgot that in no case, however urgent the occasion, is it allowable to do evil that good may come.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Hope that is deferred afflicteth the soul."

PROVERBS xiii, 12.

THE Christmas week was past, and some of the accounts were yet unpaid, for I had heard nothing from M'Evo. I began to get very anxious, and very unhappy did I feel each morning as the postman assured me there was no letter for me. One morning, as he saw me at a distance, he held up a letter, and I ran eagerly to meet him. Alas! it was from Father Drummond, and the letter of the good old man, which at any other time would have given me the greatest delight, now caused me a bitter disappointment. It was still worse when I read the contents, for he thanked me in the name of all for the little presents I had sent, and said they gave him double pleasure, since they proved I had completely forsaken the bad companions by whom I had formerly been surrounded, as they would not have left me the means to send so much.

"I do not say, my dear boy," he continued, "that you have sent too much, for I cannot find fault with the heart that dictated your action, but at the same time it is your duty to lay by some-

thing, that in case of sickness you might be able to support yourself. I cannot sufficiently express my thankfulness to God and his holy Mother, that you have escaped the snares of that unhappy man, M'Evoy. I have, within a day or two, seen an account of the discovery of an extensive system of forging in which he was actively engaged; and it appears M'Evoy was only an alias; his real name was Davison, and he was one of those wicked companions who incited your poor father to his ruin. I well remember hearing of him, but of course as he had changed his name, I was unable to warn you against him when you first mentioned him. On no account, my dear boy, have any thing more to do with him. I believe I may say, without wanting in charity, that he is capable of any thing; he has forsaken his religion, for he once was a Catholic, and from that time has gone on sinking deeper and deeper into the abyss of crime. But to leave this melancholy subject. I am happy to say, my dear Pat, that I hear good accounts of you from all quarters. I have been so much engaged for a long time past, I have found it impossible to write to you; but I have something to tell you that will, I am sure, give you great pleasure. One morning I had a visit from a young gentleman, whose appearance pleased me much; and he announced himself to me as your young Master Henry. It seems you had said so many fine things

of your old friend, that he thought it worth while to come a little out of his way to see him. But, though he gave that as his reason, I suspected he had a much higher object; and your letter which I received a few days after, confirmed me in my opinion. You are right, my dear boy, in thinking there are great hopes of that young man becoming a Catholic. His disposition seems remarkably fine. He will not, I think, resist grace; and if we unweariedly beg our Holy Mother to take him under her protection, there is no doubt of the result. It will only be from a want of fervor, on our parts, in praying for him, if he do not become a Catholic."

Father Drummond then gave me a little news of my old acquaintances at Clearburn, and after blessing me in the names of Jesus and of Mary, he concluded.

As may be supposed, this letter did not diminish the anxiety I felt on account of the money I had lent M'Evoy. Indeed, I almost gave up all hope of getting it back again; and what happened immediately after, when I took in Mr. Murray's breakfast, made this still more apparent.

As I went in, Mr. Murray was reading the newspapers.

"Pat," he said, "what was the name of that man who was so much with you in summer? M'Evoy, was it not?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, my heart sinking.

"You have made a great escape in giving him up," he continued. "Here is an account of his capture at Glasgow, to which place he had escaped, after passing forged notes here. It is said that he intends to betray his accomplices, in hopes of being admitted king's evidence."

I could not answer. I became pale as death, and took the first opportunity of leaving the room.

The unhappy man was then taken; and what I had done had been of no avail. There was no more hope of receiving back the money; and how was I to repay Mr. Murray the three pounds ten shillings? For a moment, I thought of the last words Nelly had said when I left Clearburn, and half determined to write, and beg of her to lend me the money; but I quickly rejected this idea. I could not bear that my friends there should think I had inconvenienced myself by the presents I had sent them; and besides, it seemed but just that I alone should suffer for my fault. I hastened up to my room, prayed for a while most earnestly before my picture, and came down stairs with the determination of confessing every thing to Mr. Murray.

As I went into the study to ask to speak with my master alone, my heart almost failed me, he looked so cold and grave; but, mentally beseeching my Holy Mother for help, I told the whole story. By

degrees, Mr. Murray's countenance relaxed; and when I came to the end of my story, though still grave, it no longer wore the cold and displeased expression it had at first.

"You have relieved my mind from a great fear," he said at last; "for, from your appearance when I told you of that unhappy man this morning, I almost fancied you had some connection with his crime. The presents, too expensive considering your means, which I happened to know of your sending to Clearburn, confirmed me in this opinion; and I am truly glad to find I was mistaken. You have, however, done very wrong in making use of your master's property in any way different from what he desired; and, though I allow that, to a young man of your dispositions—yes, I will say of your generous disposition—the temptation was great, yet I would be unjust both to you and to myself, did I not take your offer of working out the sum. Master Henry has written to me to make you a Christmas present in his name; and as he leaves the amount to me, to show I am otherwise satisfied with you, I will count it at twenty shillings. The remaining fifty I shall deduct from your next half year's wages; and the inconvenience you may suffer on that account will be a good lesson to you. For the present, however, as I suppose you have nothing left, I shall advance you another pound."

I cannot tell how grateful I was for Mr. Murray's kindness; for, as to deducting the sum from my wages, I neither expected nor wished for any thing else. But he spoke to me so kindly, that I felt I really loved my old master, both on his own account, and because he put me in mind of Master Henry. My heart was now light, which it had not been before, since Christmas Eve; and though now and then the remembrance of that wretched man damped my joy, yet the thought that by telling him the truth I had proved to my master I still deserved his confidence, was a consolation for every thing.

Since after this I shall have no more occasion to speak of M'Evoy, or Davison, as he should rather be called, I shall at once mention his fate. As soon as his capture was known, those members of the society who were connected with him in the forgery made their escape, as was supposed, to America; and M'Evoy was tried, and condemned to death. His sentence was, however, commuted afterwards to transportation for life. As for the society, its most influential members being gone, it soon fell to pieces; and I believe, by this time, scarcely any one remembers its existence.

CHAPTER XIV.

"A golden ring in a swine's snout, a woman fair and foolish."—PROVERBS xi, 22.

"He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his soul; but he that bath no guard on his speech, shall meet with evil."—PROVERBS xiii, 3.

AMONG the tradespeople who served Mr. Murray, and whose acquaintance I had made, was the farmer from whom he took his corn, whose name was William Duff. At the time of M'Evoy's quarrel with me, when all the other acquaintances I had made in the neighborhood looked cold on me, in this family alone I perceived no difference; but as I had but little intercourse with them, never going to the house except to order corn, and to pay accounts, I scarcely observed this. By degrees, however, I noticed that Ellen Duff, the farmer's daughter, who, when first I went about the house, had seemed to despise me as a raw boy, now took much more notice of me; and after M'Evoy's disgrace, when the tide began to turn in my favor, she took every opportunity of talking to me. As she was a tall, fine-looking girl, and much admired and sought after by the young men of the neighborhood, my vanity was quite flattered by this; and being very clever it is not surprising that she

soon gained considerable influence over me. By degrees I began to visit the house, which was only about half-a-mile from Mr. Murray's, at other times than when I had a message; and as Ellen's influence over me increased, I gradually came to spend almost all my spare time there. It might be supposed that her father would disapprove of my coming so much about the house; but he was very proud of his daughter, and pleased at the admiration she excited; and as many others visited them also, perhaps he did not think she showed any particular favor to me. Even if he did, however, Ellen had been too much accustomed all her life to have her own way, to be easily controlled now.

One thing I believe that made Ellen take so much notice of me, was, that I had received a better education than the other lads who came about. She herself, when quite a child, had been taken to London by an aunt who was married to a rich tradesman there, and put to school. Until she was sixteen, her time had been spent between the boarding-school and her aunt's house, and as her relative had no children of her own, she made Ellen a great pet. It is probable she would always have continued in London had not her aunt's husband found his business declining, and determined to go to Australia, when Ellen returned to her father's house. Her mother had long been dead, so consequently she was immediately installed

mistress of the farm. At the time I became acquainted with her, she had been home just a year, and though fond of the admiration she excited among the young men, she used to laugh at them all when they were not present, calling them a set of boors.

As Mr. Murray lived so retired, there were a great many absurd reports used to go about, regarding the arrangements of his house, and I had frequently been asked questions about them by Ned Burns and other people. As, however, they openly expressed their curiosity to know all about the house, I was on my guard with them, and would not talk on the subject at all. With Ellen Duff it was different; she never broadly asked me questions, but in the course of conversation she would often lead me on to mention little things, and with the feelings I was beginning to have for her, I saw no harm in it. For example, one night, when pressing me to stay to supper, she said—

"Come, Pat, don't be obstinate; you know you only want to go, for fear we think you are starved at home; every body says you are."

"Then every body is mistaken, Ellen," I said; "and I wonder you would listen to such idle tales."

"Dear me, how can I help listening to them when they are constantly told before me? and as you are so often here, they suppose I would be able to contradict them if they were not true."

They *do* say that Mr. Murray grudges you the butchers' meat, and keeps you always on fish, on pretence of your being a Catholic."

"How can you believe such nonsense, Ellen?" I said, rather vexed. "Mr. Murray is a kind master, and grudges his servants nothing that is reasonable; but you know well enough that I am bound to take fish on Fridays, and sometimes at other times also, as every Catholic ought; on other days I am as well fed as my master."

"Well, though he chooses to starve, that is no reason why he should make you do so."

"Have I not told you that whoever has got up the story of starvation, has told you a lie? Dear Ellen, why do you not believe me? I get as much excellent food as is good for me, or as I desire—I hope you do not consider me such a glutton as to want more; but even if this ridiculous accusation were true, Mr. Murray would not be to blame, as he never interferes in these arrangements, but leaves everything to Mrs. Hope."

Nothing else passed on this occasion, and I thought no more of the subject till I again heard of it, about a week after, in the following way.

Mrs. Hope had one day gone into market, and as I met her on her way back, I was going to take her basket and carry it home, as I had often done before; but to my surprise she coldly refused me. Not minding this much, I walked home alongside

of her, talking and laughing, but I could scarcely get a word from her. It was evident she was displeased with me for something, but I had no idea what; so at last I said to her—

"Have I displeased you in any way, Mrs. Hope?"

"Oh no," she said, stiffly; "what for should I be displeased at any thing ye do or say? Ye can gang your gait, an' I'll gang mine."

"But, dear Mrs. Hope," I said, "tell me what is the matter. I do not know of anything I have done, and at any rate, I am sure it was unintentional."

"Nae doot," she replied; "to be sure ye think ye canna do or say wrang, though your tongue wad clip clouts. But I'm ower weel kent to be the waur o' yot; sae I'll c'en jouk an' let the jaw gae by. Na, na, ye'll be kent for what ye are, an' I'll get ower 't."

"Do explain this," I said. "Is it possible you think I have said anything unkind of you. Upon my word I never have. How could I, indeed? You have never given me cause, but have always shown me the greatest kindness."

I think she was a little mollified at this.

"Weel, I'm sure I wad hae thoct sae," she said, "for it's no' in my nature to be cruel, even to the brute beasts that perish, as that puir cat that lies amang the mould o' the garden might tell, let alane human bein's like mysel'. I'm sure

puir Bawdrins ne'er wanted her saucer fu' o' milk, mornin' nor night."

What connection the dead cat had with my offence, I could not imagine, and while considering, I dare say I looked very stupid, for Mrs. Hope said—

"What for are you screwin' up your mou' there like a Noroway muscle? I'll no' bear ye malice for what's gane; I'm sure I'll aye be fair gude e'en an' fair good day wi' ye."

"Dear Mrs. Hope," I said, "do tell me at once what I have done; for really I have not the slightest idea of it, or what in the world the cat has to do with me."

"I ne'er said the cat had anything a do wi' you," she said; "but I said puir Bawdrins could hae telt that I ne'er starved onybody, though you wi' your lang tongue that 'll ne'er sair twa heads, say that I do."

"Say that you starve us!" I repeated, in astonishment—"I never in my life said such a thing; and if I had, it would have been an abominable and ungrateful lie."

"Oh," said Mrs. Hope, "Mrs. Turner, the grocer's wife, got it frae ane that had it frae the ane ye said it to! An' as if that was na eneuch, ye said Mr. Murray did na ken aboot it; sae I suppose I get the credit for pittin' the money that suld feed ye into my pocket!"

"I never said anything of the kind," I repeated, getting angry. "Who dares to say I did?"

"Why, it jist cam frae that lang-legged lassie, Ellen Duff, that ye're aye rinnin' after."

"It is impossible!" I replied. "Ellen cannot have said such a thing. It is true, one night she began making fun of me, and saying I was starved; but I denied the story out and out."

"Depend upon 't, ye've gi'en her some cause for sayin' what she did," said Mrs. Hope. "There's aye water whar the stirkie drowns."

Without saying another word, I left Mrs. Hope, and set off through the fields to Farmer Duff's house. I found Ellen at home; but there was some one with her, a young haberdasher, whose attentions to her had been very disagreeable to me before, and I would not go in. I, however, sent word to her that I wanted particularly to see her for a few minutes; and in a little she came down.

"How glad I am you have come, Pat!" she said; "for father has left me to entertain that stupid creature, Primrose. Do come up stairs, and help me. But how have you got out at this hour?"

"I have not come to stop, Ellen; I can't come in. I want to ask if it is true that you have told some one that Mrs. Hope starved me without Mr. Murray's knowledge, and put the money in her pocket?"

"Indeed I did not, Pat," she said, looking fright-

ened, for she saw I was terribly annoyed. "Only when Mary Simpson said you were starved at Mr. Murray's, I said if you were, it was not Mr. Murray's fault, for the housekeeper could do what she pleased."

"And did I not tell you, Ellen, that the whole was a lie? Have not I often said that both Mr. Murray and Mrs. Hope are as kind to me as they possibly can be? But you see the consequences of your folly. Mrs. Hope has been told all this, and actually believes I have been so base and ungrateful."

"Oh, Pat," said Ellen, terrified. "forgive me. Indeed I meant no harm. What do you think I should do? Shall I go back with you, and tell Mrs. Hope the truth?"

"And leave Mr. Primrose alone?" I said.

"Oh, now you begin to get jealous. I know you have forgiven me," she said, and ran away to put on her bonnet, leaving her father, who just then came in, to entertain the haberdasher.

When Ellen, with tears in her eyes, told Mrs. Hope the whole story, the latter, in a manner she meant to be very kind, but which did not at all flatter poor Ellen, said—

"Weel, weel, bairn, to be sure I might hae kent it wadna be a' the puir laddie's fau't, when his words cam through twa glaikit lassies! Ye see ye're just like your neebors, though ye hae had a fine Lonnon edication. Send a fule to France, an' ye'll get a fule back again!"

CHAPTER XV.

"I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander."

T. MOORE.

As the summer advanced, I became more and more fond of Ellen Duff, till at last it seemed as if all my happiness depended on her. When absent from her, I thought on every thing as connected with her, what she would think of this or that, if such a thing would give her pleasure, or if something else would annoy her. In short, she was seldom out of my mind. But, for all this, I was not always happy when in her presence; though she certainly, I think, preferred me to every one else, yet she was too fond of admiration, to be willing wholly to discourage others. There were several young farmers who each thought they had a share in Ellen's favor; but it was Primrose, the haberdasher, that annoyed me most. Though she assured me she could not bear him, she always made him welcome; and if I asked her the reason why, she said it was to please her father.

"But, Ellen," I sometimes said, "there is a difference between receiving him politely, when he

comes, as your father's friend, and pressing him to stay to please you."

"La! how jealous you are," she said. "It would serve you right, if I really were to favor Primrose, to tease you—that would teach you patience."

"If I did not think it was mere folly and love of fun—if I could dream that you would really trifle with me, Ellen ——"

"Tut, my dear Pat," she cried, interrupting me, "I'm sure you know I like you far better than any of them. But you must not be so absurd, really. If I were to be uncivil to Primrose, what would my father say? And if he were to ask the reason, you know well it would never do to say it was to please you."

"I don't want you to be uncivil, Ellen; but you really do much more than what mere civility requires."

"Well, I'm sure, Pat, when you know that I think you a thousand times handsomer and cleverer than he is, you need not be angry because I keep the poor creature in good humor."

But, spite of all this, the flirtation with Primrose went on; and at last it went so far, that I could not bear the sight of the man. Her father used often to say that Ellen was too young to marry, and had time enough to look about her; but to me it seemed evident that he regarded Primrose as

likely to be her future husband. I became very unhappy with Ellen's conduct; and I had no consolation, for, unfortunately, on that subject I did not open my mind to my confessor. I had once hinted something to him about his opinion with regard to mixed marriages between Catholics and Protestants; and, though he said it was not unlawful, he evidently so much disliked the practice, that I never had the courage to mention Ellen's name to him.

The only thing that gave me any consolation was, the number of those of whom I felt jealous; for, though Primrose was the worst, she often would, for a few days, distinguish some other young man above his neighbors, until he flattered himself he was the favorite. The illusion never continued long, however; for, as soon as she saw the least appearance of too great confidence, she would cast down the poor fellow's hopes by the most careless and contemptuous behaviour. It is true, as soon as he was quite disheartened, she would lure him back again by a little favor, when, if she found him too troublesome, she had only to send him some errand, which the poor fellow was only too happy to undertake for her sake.

With me, however, it was different; I think she might perhaps have played the same game had she thought I would have submitted to it; but she knew my temper too well to venture, and as it

was only at particular hours that I could get from Mr. Murray's, she managed in general to get quit of others before my arrival. Still I saw enough to give me great annoyance, and I heard yet more; but if I spoke it was still the old story, she preferred me to them all, but her father would not be pleased were she to discourage them. Sometimes I begged her to let me speak openly to her father at once, but she always seemed frightened, and begged I would put off.

"That would only be to make me lose your company, Pat," she would say. "My father cannot bear long engagements, and you know you are not able to support a wife just now."

About this time Mr. Murray got a letter informing him that Master Henry would soon be with us again. My young master had been studying too hard, and had become unwell; change of air was recommended, and he had joined with a friend in a little excursion to Belgium, after which he intended coming home for a short time. The letter was dated from Brussels, and they intended returning to England in a fortnight; and as it had by some accident in the post-office, been three weeks on the way, we might expect Master Henry almost every day.

It is needless to tell the joy that this news produced in the house, for I have so often said already how much we loved our young master. As his

arrival was so sudden, there were great preparations to be made, and for two days I could not find a spare moment to go to see Ellen. Every day Mr. Murray rode to meet the mail, in hopes of finding his son, and I went with him to give up my horse to Master Henry, in case he were there.

On the afternoon of the third day we set off as usual. Just as we were fairly clear of the town, we ascended a hill, from which we could see the high road winding about for several miles.

"No sign of the coach there yet," said Mr. Murray. "I think if we go at a good pace we shall have time to cut across the fields, and come out near the river."

So saying, he set spurs to his horse, and clearing the hedge, galloped on. We passed close to Farmer Duff's house, and as we passed, I looked up at the windows to see if Ellen was there, but there was no sign of her. On we went, until we came to a little rivulet that was in our way; very near it there was a hedge, and a stile which was shaded by the bushes growing in the hedge. As the horses' feet clattered over the stones of the rivulet, two people, a man and woman, startled by the noise, jumped up from the stile where they had been sitting. Swiftly as we passed them, I recognised Ellen and Primrose, and saw that his hand had hold of her's. At seeing me, her face

became quite red, but she turned away, evidently hoping I might not recognise her.

Though I had felt jealous before, I had never been so bad as now. What in the world had induced her to go and walk in the fields with him? nay, to sit down beside him, and allow him to take hold of her hand? That certainly was not necessary for politeness. The more I thought on all this, the more wretched I became, so that when we met the mail, even the sight of my dear Master Henry's face could not make me feel happy.

My young master was looking very well, only still paler than before. As I dismounted from the horse and held the stirrup for him, he observed my appearance.

"What in the world is the matter with you, Pat?" he asked. "You are as pale as ashes!"

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Murray, looking at me. "Is it possible you have been the worse for our quick ride? I thought you were too good a horseman for that. You had better take Master Henry's place in the coach."

I replied that I did not feel very well, but that a walk through the fields would do me more good.

"Very well," said Master Henry, "take your time, and I'll bear all the blame on my own shoulders if Mrs. Hope is angry at your being late."

Off they set; but instead of taking time, as Master Henry recommended, I flew rather than

walked, till I approached the farm. I then slackened my pace a little, and began to think what I had come for. There was no hope that I had been mistaken—I had seen Ellen too plainly for that; and what excuse could she offer for giving such encouragement to a man whom she professed to dislike? Still I was determined to see her, and walked straight into the parlor, where I found Ellen alone.

At first, when I spoke to her, she looked very haughty, as if I had no right to interfere with her affairs, till I grew quite sick, as I thought, of the duplicity with which I had been treated, and turned away to leave the room. As I went out, a faint voice called after me, but I was too angry to take notice of it, and hurried out of the house. Scarcely, however, had I got beyond the gate, than I began to frame excuses for her. "She is proud-spirited," I thought, "and no wonder when I spoke to her so sternly, she would not give me any explanation." Then I remembered her call after me, and almost thinking I was more in the wrong than she was, I turned back again, and re-entered the parlor.

At first Ellen did not observe me; she was leaning against the wall, and crying bitterly.

"Dear, dear Ellen," I cried, "have I vexed you? Is it because of me you are crying so?"

She was not slow to perceive the advantage she had gained. Instead of apologising to me for hav-

ing given me just cause of offence, she first required an apology from me for being so unreasonable, and then—but not till then—did she give me some explanation.

"I did not go out with Primrose, Pat," she said; "but he heard I had gone for a walk, and came after me, and you know I could not send him back alone."

"But why sit down to waste time with him?" said I; "why let him have hold of your hand?"

"Dear me," she cried, "it is all very well for you great strong men to ask why one sits down, but I only wish you were a girl yourself, and had taken a long walk on a hot day; and as for the hand, I caught hold of whatever was next me, when you gave me such a fright with the noise of your nasty horses."

"And was that really all, my own dear Ellen?" I said. "You have made my heart much lighter. But before I go, tell me what tempts you to take such long walks, and fatigue yourself so; you may make yourself quite ill."

"Can you not guess any reason?" she said, half pouting, and running out of the room. "What if I happened to know that somebody rode every day to meet the mail, and that if Mr. Henry came, he would perhaps come back through the fields?"

I went home that evening with a lighter heart than I had had for months.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, the good old times of England! Ere, in her evil day,
From their Holy Faith and their ancient rights her people
fell away.

Again shall banner, cross, and cope gleam thro' the incens'd
aisle;
And the faithful dead shall claim their part in the Church's
thoughtful prayer,
And the daily sacrifice to God be duly offered there;
And tierce, and nones, and matins, shall have each their
holy lay;
And the Angelus at compline shall sweetly close the day.
England of saints! the peace will dawn—but not without
the fight;
So, come the contest when it may—and God defend the
right!"

NEALE.

MASTER HENRY now recommenced his rides with me behind him; and it was not long before he introduced the subject of religion once more. He told me that while in Belgium he had been much struck by the simple faith and devotion of the people, and that he had often thought a religion that produced such effects must be a good one.

"I used to notice with surprise," he one day said to me, "the contrast between the people in the manufacturing towns in Belgium, and those in

England. In Belgium, if I rose and went out about five in the morning, I would find the churches half filled with the poor men preparing for the labor of the day by hearing mass; while, in England, a great proportion of the same class do not even go to church on the Sunday, as it is their only time for recreation."

"Then do the working people in Belgium not rest themselves on Sundays at all, sir?" I asked.

"Oh, indeed they do," said Master Henry, smiling; "they amuse themselves more than would be thought right in this country; and in consequence, I believe Protestants often take up a very false idea of the Catholics abroad. Of course, I do not allude to the irreligious, from whom one expects no good example any where; but even the best people, after having spent part of the day in religious duties, think it no sin to amuse themselves in an innocent manner afterwards; and I must say, with all my prejudices, even from the first it did my heart good on the Sunday afternoons to hear the poor children jumping about and laughing as usual, instead of sitting dull and miserable, as is too often the case in Scotland."

"I understand that quite well, sir," I said; "for Father Drummond often explained to us the difference between the Protestant and Catholic methods of keeping Sunday. He showed us that there was no prohibition against innocent amusements, only

against work; and after we had attended to all our religious duties in the morning, he used to let us play in the garden on the Sunday afternoons. However, he always told us to be careful not to scandalize those who disapproved of such amusements, by unnecessarily forcing them upon their notice."

"He was quite right," said Master Henry; "and that is another instance of the charity which must always accompany true faith. Do not mistake what I say, however; I love and admire all I have seen of the Catholic religion; and had I been born a Catholic, I never could have changed. At the same time, I hope that, in my own Church, I can find the same means of perfection. I believe the Church of England to be a branch of the Universal Church; and though, unfortunately, we are outwardly separated from the great centre of Catholic unity, if we hold the faith of our fathers, we still remain members of the Catholic Church. Unfortunately, a great proportion of our clergy and laity have forgotten the pure doctrine explained to them, and carefully preserved by some at the time of the falsely-called Reformation in England; but there are a few who join with me in deploring this falling off, and in hoping that one day we may all be united once more."

On other occasions Master Henry would tell me little things that had pleased him during his

visit abroad. Above all things, he seemed to like the open churches.

"Go where you will," he would say, "in the crowded city, or in the poor hamlet, if you enter a church, you will find some few worshippers before the altar. The weak come there for strength, the strong for perseverance, the poor and miserable for succor and comfort—all come to the feet of their Saviour—all open their hearts, and pour out their griefs in the bosom of Him who is indeed to them a well-beloved Father."

"England," would he say at another time, "will never recover her former happiness, until her poor children find out that a Comforter waits upon their altars ready to hear their cries, to redress their grievances, to be their spiritual food and sustenance, their God, their Father, their all. Oh, why have we not a daily sacrifice? Why do we not frequently receive the most precious body and blood of our Redeemer? Why are we so cold, so tepid, when such burning love waits on us, beseeching us to receive him into our hearts?"

From these, and similar expressions, it was evident to me that Master Henry was a convert to one doctrine, which is generally the greatest stumbling-block to Protestants. I mean that of the real presence of our Lord in the most blessed Eucharist. But how he could believe, as it was evident he did, that in the English Church the power of conse-

crating the bread and wine was also to be found, I could not in the least comprehend. Though I knew Protestantism had split into innumerable sects, I was simple enough to believe that the clergy, at least, of each sect would agree among themselves; and the only clergyman of the Church of England, with whom I had ever conversed, had assured me that, by the Homilies of his Church, he was bound to believe our doctrines with regard to the Holy Eucharist, blasphemous and damnable.

Master Henry used often also to speak of the charity of poor Catholics to one another, not only from what he had seen in Belgium, where, as the poverty is not great, he had not so much opportunity for observation, but also from the accounts he had heard from a friend, who had made a tour in Ireland. He told me how the very poorest people, who have scarcely perhaps enough for one poor meal of potatoes for themselves, never refuse to the wandering beggar a share in that meal.

"Out of their poverty," said Master Henry, "they give what many would grudge even from their abundance; and surely God will reward them for it."

And as I heard the well-merited tribute to my poor, but generous and warm-hearted countrymen, the tears rose in my eyes, and my heart swelled with the thought that I, too, drew my origin from a land where the precepts of our Lord were thus

observed—where, amidst oppression, poverty, and misery, they had kept the faith pure, unsullied, and fervent as ever.

Master Henry told me of so many things that were quite new to me, though a Catholic, that I think it may interest some of my Catholic friends if I repeat them. He described to me a very beautiful custom which extends through a great part of the Continent, of the association of a certain number of churches for the perpetual adoration of our Lord in the blessed Eucharist. In Rome, he told me, it is called “the forty hours,” for in each church, by turns, the holy sacrament is exposed for forty hours, when the church is crowded constantly with devout worshippers; and there are, besides, the members of a society, some of whom continue in prayer at the altar the whole time. At the beginning and end of these forty hours, there is always a solemn high mass sung; and while the last high mass completes the forty hours in one church, there is another sung to commence the same time of adoration in another church; so that there is not one moment in that city where our Lord is not surrounded by devout and earnest supplicants. Master Henry had never been in Rome; but he had seen the same thing in Belgium, where the different parishes have each a day in the year appointed for this holy object, when each member of the society spends one hour either during the

day or night, before the altar, praying to our Lord.

“And oh, my God!” would my young master say, “do thou hear the petitions of these thy devout worshippers; do thou accept their sighs of love, their tears of contrition, in atonement for the coldness, the apathy, nay, the disrespect and mockery with which thou art greeted in this unhappy country!”

When the time drew nigh for Master Henry to leave us again, he one day called me to speak to him.

“Pat,” he said, “I have a proposal to make to you, and you must honestly tell me whether you like it or not. I wish to have a servant with me constantly, in whom I can confide. From all I have seen of you, and all I have heard of you in my absence, you are the person I should fix upon; and my father, who thinks the change would be for your advantage, has consented to give you up to me, if you are willing to go. What do you say, then?”

I did not know what to say. Dearly did I love my young master, and well would I have liked to be constantly with him. But how could I leave Ellen? Surrounded as she was with admirers, how could I hope she would still remember me, if I were to leave A——? And as for making an engagement with her before my departure, I knew

her father would never consent to such a thing; and without his consent, I should have thought it unprincipled to bind her to any thing. Master Henry saw the embarrassment on my face.

"I am afraid you don't want to go with me, Pat," he said. "Well, I am sorry for it, but I shall still have the satisfaction of knowing it is my own father you have preferred to me."

"Oh, Master Henry," I said, "there is no one I should like to serve so well as you, and it is not for that—but—there is a girl, sir, that I like, and that I think likes me, but I fear her friends won't consent, and if I were away she might be persuaded to marry some one else. If you were not going quite so soon, sir—if I had only time to get her consent to speak out to her father, and get his answer at once, then, sir, I could answer you decidedly. I would either stay with her if she would have me, or if not, with all my heart would I go to serve you. I could be happy near you, sir, I think, even in that case, but I could not bear to lose her by neglecting her, or by her thinking so, which would be all one."

"Well, Pat," said Master Henry, smiling kindly, "I'll tell you what I'll do. In three months I shall be of age, and I shall come back here to keep my birthday at home. By that time you will likely know what you are about, and in the meantime I shall manage with the scout I had before."

I need not say I was most grateful to my young master for his kindness, but at the same time I fondly hoped that before it would be necessary to decide, I might have induced Farmer Duff to consent to my marriage with his daughter.

"Even if he cannot let us marry at once," I thought, "by my young master's influence he may be induced to permit the engagement; and oh! what will I not do if I have the hope of winning Ellen by my exertions."



CHAPTER XVII.

"Love not, love not! the thing you love may change,
The rosy lip may cease to smile on you,
The kindly beaming eye grow cold and strange,
The heart still warmly beat, yet not be true.

Love not!"

HON. MRS. NORTON.

AFTER Master Henry was gone, I took the first opportunity to run over to the farm, and explain to Ellen my intentions with regard to her.

"I must speak to your father, my dear Ellen, and know at once what hope I have. It is not

right our going on in this way without his knowledge; we cannot be put in a worse position than we are, for really this is against my conscience."

"Well, if you choose to get forbidden the house, I'm sure I needn't care," said Ellen.

"Now, dear Ellen, don't be unkind. You know you would care, and you know also it is not that I *choose* to be forbidden the house at all."

"Well, why will you insist upon speaking to my father, when you know that would be the consequence?"

"I do not know that would be the consequence. Though I am not rich now, yet I have the prospect of better things. Master Henry has already told me he will give me more wages, and I am not apt to run into expense. In a few years I shall have saved something, and if your father would help us a little, we might do very well."

"And so I am to wait here in patience till you save up halfpennies and pennies enough to keep me. A pretty prospect indeed!"

"Then what do you mean, Ellen?" I said. "If you do not intend waiting till I am able to support you, and if you are so sure that your father would not help us at once, tell me what do you mean? I cannot, must not be thus trifled with."

"Dear me, how violent you are—how sharply you take one up. I only want you to put off a little. If you need not decide for three months yet, why

speak to my father so soon? There is time enough, when you know Master Henry is coming down again. It doesn't look as if you cared very much for me, that you won't do me that little favor. There's poor Primrose—there's nothing I could ask he would refuse me."

"No; and he would be able to marry at once, without having to wait and save up halfpennies and pennies for years. I think you had better decide on him at once."

"And if you treat me so unkindly, so I will," said Ellen, bursting into tears; "after all I have done for you, it is too ungrateful."

Of course, as usual, when Ellen cried, I was instantly at her feet, ready to promise whatever she liked, and the result of the conversation was, that I agreed to put off my appeal to her father till the very last moment before Master Henry's return, when I might also hope he would use his influence to back me.

But as the time passed on, I had many causes of annoyance. For example, sometimes I would find Ellen decked out in ribbons that I knew were a present from the haberdasher, and though I remonstrated with her on the impropriety of accepting presents from a man whom she had no intention of marrying, my words had no other effect than to make her angry; or if not that, she would begin to cry, and call me unkind. In no case did I get my

way. Besides this, she was much changed in other ways: she was no longer the lively, merry girl I had first known her; she became dull and spiritless, and often very cross, and if I said anything of it, she cried still more, and told me if I knew all she had to suffer on my account, I would not be so unkind.

"On my account, Ellen," I said. "Why who makes you suffer? Your father does not even know I care for you, or you for me; he never even sees us together."

"Still though he may not know that, he knows that for some reason or other I don't like Primrose."

"Then, dear Ellen, I must speak out; I cannot consent to see you suffer thus on my account. Even if your father were not willing to let us marry, he would no longer, knowing that you liked me, tease you about Primrose."

"For mercy's sake, Pat, do not!" cried Ellen, catching hold of my arm. "You know you promised me you would not—don't break your word."

"Certainly, not without your permission, Ellen; but I cannot imagine why you are so unwilling; I'm sure it would be much better for us both. You are getting quite pale and ill."

"Oh, I will soon be better," she said; "I am going for a while to my aunt's, for change of air, and I will get strong there; and you know Master

Henry will be down, and you won't miss me. Tell me, Pat, would you miss me much?"

"Indeed I should, my own dear Ellen," I said; "though I should be glad to suffer that, if it were to make you well again, for you are so changed, it gives me a sore heart to see you."

"Well then, you would soon get over it, wouldn't you?"

"Get over your going away? Why should I try, when you are coming back so soon again? And I'm sure you would not be very well pleased if you thought I were as happy in your absence as in your presence."

"Indeed then, you are very much mistaken," said she. "I think one is a great fool to place their happiness upon another person, and though you say that to please me, I'm sure after a week you'd never think more of me. Isn't it true?"

"Ellen, you are the strangest girl—there is no pleasing you. One minute you want me to say I shouldn't care though you were away; and if I did, which I couldn't, the next minute, you'd take the pet at me for having said it."

It was fixed that Ellen should go to her aunt's about the same time that Master Henry was expected down; and though I tried several times to persuade her to let me speak to her father before her departure, her distress seemed so great that I could not press the subject. During the inter-

vening time I understood her behaviour even less than before. Sometimes it appeared as if she wished to quarrel with me, and if I had not attributed all to her ill health, I am sure I would not have submitted to the many bitter things she said. At other times, on the contrary, she was gentler and kinder than I had ever seen her; and the night before she left, when I took leave of her, she cried bitterly, and said she was not fitted for me, and that I deserved a much better wife than she would make to any one.

Ellen left home on the eighth of the month, and the tenth was Master Henry's birthday, so that on the evening of the ninth we expected him home. Anxious as I was to hear news of the poor girl, about whose health I was seriously uneasy, it was quite impossible for me to get over to the farm until the morning after my young master came of age. The rejoicings of the preceding day, and the delight of Mrs. Hope at her dear Master Henry's presence, had not been sufficient to make me forget that now was the time to speak to Ellen's father, and according to his answer to decide on my future plans. I knew that Master Harry could only be at home a week, and with a beating heart I set out across the fields to the farm.

I found the farmer walking about, looking after his men, and shaking me heartily by the hand, he proposed to take a stroll.

"I scarcely thoct to hae seen you, man," he said, "now that Ellen's gane, an' when you're sae busy wi' the young laird at hame, an' a'. But ye were aye a kin'-hearted laddie, an' I daur say ye thoct the auld man wad be lonesome a' his lane. Dang it, but if ye could leave, I'd tak' ye wi' me when I gang over the morn."

"Then you are going to see Ellen, to-morrow?" I said. "I hope you have no bad news. Is she not so well?"

"Gangin' to see her the morn," he said, laughing heartily. "I think sae indeed. It wad be an unco like thing, gin I were na there."

"I don't understand you," I said. "Is there any particular reason for going there to-morrow?"

"An' do you really no ken?" asked the farmer, opening his eyes as wide as possible. "Weel, that beats a'! I'll ne'er say again that a woman canna keep a secret. I thoct naethin' o' her an' my sister, an' Primrose's mither arrangin' to hae it out there for the sake o' peace, an' to keep aff a' the clashin' tongues o' the folk about here; but I could na hae believed she wad hae been sae clever's to keep it frae you, an' you sic a favorite, an' wi' her ilka blessed day."

"But what is it? For God's sake tell me at once what you mean," I said. "What is to be done to-morrow?"

"To be done! Why Ellen's to be married, to

be sure, an' a very gude match it is, for he is a weel doin', respectable lad; no' but what my Ellen might hae looked e'en higher. But I'd ne'er be the man to cross her for that. I ance thoct you twa had a notion o' ane anither, an' tho' it wad hae been a fule like thing, I dinna think I'd hae had the heart to conter ye; but it's far better as it is. But Lord bless us, laddie, what's cam ower ye? ye look like a ghaist!"

And he had reason to say so. For a minute I could not believe my ears; I could not credit that Ellen would be so perfidious. Had she honestly dismissed me, and said she preferred Primrose, I could have borne it. But to lead me on till the very last day, making me believe she liked me better than any one else, and at the very time when I came to ask her from her father, to find how cruelly she had deserted me—it was too much. I turned faint, and staggered against the farmer, till a flood of tears relieved my bursting heart.

Apparently the good man now for the first time perceived that his former suspicions of my attachment to Ellen were correct, for he tried to comfort me; but his rough kindness only opened my wounds yet wider. I could not stay, but pressing his hand, I ran home, and rushed up to my own room, where casting myself on the bed, I wept bitterly.

For a long time my tears and sobs were unabated, and I thought my heart would break, when

my eye was caught by the picture of the Virgin Mother that hung opposite my bed. The very sight of that sweet countenance tended to calm me; instead of the wild and stormy passions that had raged through my heart, the thought of *her* sorrows filled me with resignation. Though I still wept, I no longer thirsted for revenge. I began to reflect that my mind had been so absorbed by the creature, that I no longer had a heart to give my Creator, and that, however painful the awakening from my dream might be, God, who does all things well, had arranged it for my good. Flinging myself on my knees, "Oh, my God!" I said, "thy holy will be done. Holy Virgin Mother! do not forsake your miserable child! Take me, and offer me, with my whole heart and soul, to thy Divine Son! He alone will never forsake me! He alone can satisfy my whole heart!"

I need scarcely say that I thankfully accepted the offer Master Henry had made to take me with him when he left A——. I could not have borne to remain, and run the risk of again seeing Ellen. Before leaving, I sent a little note for her to her father, begging him to read it, and if he thought proper, to give it to his daughter. I could not find in my heart to address it Mrs. Primrose, but merely wrote on it the words "To Ellen," and the contents were simply to say that I forgave her and wished her every happiness.

CHAPTER XVIII

"There is nothing dark, below, above,
But in its gloom I trace thy love,
And meekly wait that moment when,
Thy touch shall turn all bright again!"

MOORE.

OCCUPIED as I was with my own griefs, I could not help observing something odd in the conduct of Master Henry, and also of Mrs. Hope, the day of our departure from A—. In the morning my young master rose very early, and was for a very long time closeted with his old nurse, and when they separated, Master Henry's eyes were red, and Mrs. Hope was so unwell, she went to bed again, saying she did not want any breakfast. My young master then went out to take a walk, and when he returned to meet his father, his appearance was the same as usual.

The coach was expected to pass the gate about mid-day, and I went out to watch for it, and get the luggage put in. There was a boy with me to call Master Henry down in time, but when the coach came in sight at a distance, I thought I would leave the boy in charge of the trunks and go for my young master myself, so as to have the chance of again seeing my good old friend, Mrs. Hope.

Master Henry was in the study with his father, and when I opened the door, to tell him there was no time to lose, he stopped Mr. Murray, who was hastening to accompany him to the gate, saying,

"Bless me first, my dear, dear father, and forgive any faults I have committed against you. It may be long ere we meet again."

"God bless you, my dear boy, and keep you the same as I have ever found you. You have never given me a moment's uneasiness."

"God grant you may always say the same!" replied my young master, in a voice broken with emotion.

As I followed Mr. Murray and his son down stairs, a door opened behind us, and Mrs. Hope, running up to Master Henry who was behind his father, seized his hand, and pressed it between both hers, but her tears flowed too fast for her to speak. My young master stooped down and whispered a few words to her, but she shook her head, and could not reply. As she passed me, I tried to stop her to say good-bye, but I had some difficulty, for she had neither eyes nor ears for any one but her foster-child. When she did observe me, however, she shook hands with me, and saying: "Oh, laddie, laddie, this 'll break the auld man's heart," she hastened back to her room.

Master Henry was inside; and as I sat on the top of the coach, I had time to consider what was

the meaning of Mrs. Hope's words to me on parting; but they seemed quite inexplicable. Who did she mean by the old man? Had she found out the manner in which I had been treated by Ellen, and did she think the farmer would be grieved so much by his daughter's duplicity? But this seemed absurd; and the more I thought on them, the less I understood her words.

About four in the afternoon, we arrived at the town of L——, where we stopped to dine, it being about half way to the place where I expected we should sleep; but I was surprised by Master Henry telling me he would go no further that night. After dinner he asked for paper and ink to be brought to his room, and desired me to be ready in an hour to take a letter to the post-office. I strolled about the town, in the lamp-light, for some time, and then returned to the inn; but nearly two hours elapsed before Master Henry's bell rang. When I went up to him, he was lying on the sofa, with his back towards me, and the letter was on the table.

"There is the letter, Pat," he said, without looking round. "I shall not want you any more to-night. I am going to bed."

I took up the letter and was leaving the room, when, looking at the direction, I perceived it was for Mr. Murray.

"Dear Master Henry," I said, "are you ill?"

Is there nothing I can do for you? My poor master will be so alarmed!"

Master Henry turned round, and looked towards me, and I then saw that he had been weeping.

"I am not ill, Pat," he said; "or at least, I shall be quite well to-morrow; and I have not written to my father about that. I shall speak more frankly to you in the morning, my poor fellow; but at present I am in need of rest."

I hastened away with the letter; but uneasy as I was about my young master, I did not like to disturb him again that night. I went, however, several times to the door of his room, and until a late hour I heard him still awake.

The next day, when I went to ask if we were to go on again, or to remain another night, Master Henry told me that he should remain at L—— until he should receive an answer to his letter.

"It has scarcely been kind, perhaps, Pat," he said, "to keep secret from you a thing with which you have had a great deal to do. But you had enough to occupy you in your own affairs before we left home; and for that reason I have delayed until now informing you that I am, like you, a Catholic."

Words cannot express my happiness at finding this was the cause of the mystery that puzzled me. I seized my young master's hand, and kissing it, wept for joy.

"Thank you, my good Pat—thank you," he said. "I knew you would be glad of this; but now you must help me by your prayers to bear the trials it may please God to send me, in consequence of the great grace he has already done me. I would not tell my father while I was with him, for I could not bear that he should part from me in anger, as I fear he would, had I told him of my change; but I have now written to him, and until I hear in reply, I cannot quit this place. You must pray well for me, Pat, to our Blessed Mother, for you were the first cause of my inquiries into the Catholic religion."

"But the last time you were at home, sir," I said, "you seemed to think you could be satisfied with the Church of England; that in fact, you could believe every thing like a Catholic, and yet be safe where you were."

"You are right, Pat—I had that idea, but I soon began to consider that my salvation was too important a matter to depend on a chance. I knew that, as a Catholic, I should be *certain* of belonging to the true Church; while, as a Church of England man, or as I liked to call myself, an Anglo-Catholic, I had at best but a chance. This it was that determined me on my present course; and since I have been admitted into the one true Church, I need scarcely tell you that I see plainly the meaning of our Saviour's words—"He that is

not with me, is against me; and he that gathereth not with me, scattereth."

Master Henry had not long to wait for his father's reply, for on the morning of the second day after he had written, I took up a letter to him on which I recognised Mr. Murray's handwriting. As I gave it into my young master's hand, I saw that he trembled, and his eyes filled with tears.

"Go and pray for me, Pat," he said; "I fear I shall have need of it."

I did as he desired me; and most fervently did I beseech my Holy Mother to soften the heart of my old master, or if such were not the will of God, to obtain for his son strength and resignation.

It was a long time before I ventured to return to my master's room. When at last I knocked, he rose and unbolted the door, which he had fastened, saying,

"Come in, Pat—come in."

When I looked at him I saw that his eyes were red with weeping, but a heavenly smile of resignation and hope played on his lips.

"It is as I feared, Pat," he said. "My father refuses to see me, or to hold any further communication with me until I return, as he calls it, cured of my mad folly, to beg his forgiveness. This you know can never be; so, unless it be the will of God to change his sentiments towards me,

I may say I have lost my father. It is a hard trial; but I must not murmur at the Divine Wisdom that has counted me worthy to suffer some little thing for his sake. Had all things gone well with me, I might have feared, but now I have comfort; it seems that our Blessed Lady wishes me to belong altogether to her Son."

As it was no longer necessary to remain at L——, our arrangements were soon made for continuing our journey. My young master intended proceeding directly to a Catholic college, where he proposed making a retreat of ten days, and I expected to go with him; but before we started he told me, that, as during his retreat, he should not want a servant, he had made arrangements for me to go to Clearburn, and remain with my old friends for a few days. I need scarcely say what pleasure this gave me, but I was at the same time grieved to leave Master Henry in his present circumstances. However, his kind assurances soon overcame my objections.

Behold me, then, once more on the top of the coach, on my return to the dear home of my childhood. I had not been able to write to Mr. Drummond; and as I had been nearly two years away, and was a good deal altered in appearance, I doubted much if either my kind father or Nelly would recognise me at first. My dress, too, was different from that in which they had been accustomed

to see me; for I had on my best clothes which were black, and Mrs. Hope used to tell me that on Sundays I might pass for a young priest myself.

As we approached the town, my heart beat to recognise so many familiar objects. The chapel-house was on the opposite side of Clearburn from that at which we entered, but as we drove on I could see the group of trees in the midst of which it was situated. It was beginning to grow dark as we rattled through the street, yet I pulled my hat over my eyes for fear of being recognised by any of my former acquaintances before going home. At last, we came to the inn, and jumping down, I hastened towards the house of my kind father.

As I went on, I passed close to our little burial place, and I could not resist going in to visit the grave of my little Joe. As I walked to the well-known corner, I was startled by the number of tomb-stones. Death had been busy among our little congregation since my departure; and though I had been told of each in the letters of Father Drummond, yet when I saw their names they produced a new and startling effect on my mind. Scarcely stopping, however, I hastened on to look for the little flowery mound, and the wooden cross that used to mark the resting place of our little darling. The little cross was no longer there, but

in its stead was one of marble, on which were inscribed the following words:—

JOSEPH MARY BYRNE,

AN ORPHAN,

who returned to the arms of his Heavenly Mother,
Christmas, 18—,
Aged six years.



CHAPTER XIX.

"Oh, friendship! flower of fairest hue,
To earthly hands so seldom given;
Thy bloom shall other climes renew,
Thy native soil is heaven."

By the time I reached the house, it was quite dark; and when Nelly came to the door, she had not the slightest idea who I was.

"Is Mr. Drummond at home?" I asked, in a low tone that she might not recognise my voice.

"Ay, sir," she replied, "he's at hame; but gin yer business is na very pressin', I wadna like to disturb him the noo. There's a wheen pair bodies speakin' wi' him."

"And Mr. Macdonald?" I said.

"Mr. Macdonald's i' the chapel vestry, hearin' confessions. He canna be disturbit on nae account—unless to be sure, sir," she added, "ye're mindit to gang to yer duty yersel; an' then ye can gang in by, an' I'll tell my maister, or else gang ower to the chapel, an' walk in at the vestry door."

"I shall go in, if you please; but don't disturb Mr. Drummond; I can wait till he is at leisure."

Nelly opened the door of the back parlor, and I walked in, while she went for a light. In her absence I took off my hat and great coat, so as to look a little more like my old self.

"May a body speer yer name, sir?" inquired Nelly, as she returned with the candle.

Without answering, I turned round, and looked at her. The poor body jumped so with fear, she almost fell, though, fortunately, the candle was safe on the table.

"Lord preserve us! Are ye a ghaist, or are ye my ain dear laddie, Pat?" she said.

Of course I soon proved to the good old woman that I was real flesh and blood, and the same as the child to whom she had held the place of a mother. I cannot describe her delight, though she scolded me well for having deceived her at first.

"To gang an' mak' a fule o' sic an auld body, an' gar me trow ye were a stranger, an' a gran' gentleman forbye!"

"Indeed, Nelly, you didn't think me such a grand

gentleman, or you would have gone to get Father Drummond to speak to me at once."

"Oh, laddie," replied Nelly, "what gars ye tell sic a story! I'm sure ye ken weel he wadna send awa the duddy bits o' bodies for a' the gentry i' the lan'! An' sure ye dinna think sae ill o' me 's to believe I wad forget wha lived at Nazareth, an' haud in light esteem the Lord's puir? But that's them awa, an' I'll rin for him noo."

And, ere a minute had elapsed, I was clasped in the arms, and had received the heartfelt blessing of my dear and kind father; and soon my brother also returned, and welcomed me back to the home of my childhood.

"How good God is!" said the old man, as we were all seated round the fire at night. "I could scarcely have hoped to be again surrounded by so many of my family. Our little Joe is, I doubt not, praying for us in heaven; and if poor Dick were but here, I should be quite happy. But perfect happiness is not good for man on earth," he continued, looking round, and smiling; "and God's holy will be done always. I should be most ungrateful to complain, surrounded as I am with blessings."

"When did you hear last from Dick?" I asked.

"I had a letter the other day," said Tom, hastily; "but we shall let you read it to-morrow, and tell you all about him."

I told them how I had visited Joe's grave and asked who had put up the marble cross.

"It was Dick," said Father Drummond, "my poor sailor boy! He saved all his money from the moment he went to sea, till he could spare enough for that purpose. He is a fine-hearted lad! God preserve him, and keep him from yielding to evil example!"

It was not till the next day that I heard more particulars about Dick. It seemed that, while on shore for a short time between his voyages, he had got acquainted with a girl in a small fishing village on the south coast of England. From the little that Dick mentioned of her father. Mr. Drummond had long suspected him to be a smuggler; and, considering the scenes of violence and bloodshed that so often occur in such a life, he had discouraged Dick's evident wish to marry the girl, fearing the connection might lead him into evil. When Dick returned to sea, Father Drummond's fears had been tranquillized; but now he was again on shore, and the letter which had just been received, was to announce his marriage. He, however, desired Tom to assure Mr. Drummond that he would not join in any of his father-in-law's enterprises, but would continue to go voyages, as he had been accustomed to do, leaving his wife in her father's house, whenever he should be absent. The last clause gave us all great uneasiness, as it proved

that Dick would be much with the smugglers while on shore between his voyages; but as our dear father said, "I have always put all my children under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, and she will watch over her own!"

I had several long conversations upon my own affairs with my father and brother, during my stay at Clearburn, and I told them frankly all that had happened to me since Tom's visit to me, at Mr. Murray's house. A grief told is partly cured; and my telling the whole story of my connection with Ellen Duff to these kind and sympathising friends, did more to soothe my wounded heart than I could have believed anything would. Much as I loved my young master, our relative situations had forbid my intruding these particulars upon him; and since the hour that I received the intelligence of Ellen's proposed marriage, this was the first time that I had given way to my feelings. But, though my dear father sympathised fully with my grief, he did not forget to point out to me the evils that might have ensued, had I been married to Ellen.

"I believe, my dear boy," he said, "that your love for your religion is so great that you never could have forsaken it to please any one, however dear to you; and perhaps you might even have induced your wife to follow your example. But that does not often occur, unfortunately, in the mar-

riages of Catholics and Protestants. It too often happens that the Catholic husband or wife neglects their religious duties; or if they do not, the difference of religion causes disputes and disunion between those who, it is the will of God, should live together in unity and mutual forbearance. Much as you have suffered, you know that God has brought it all about for your good. He wishes to have you all to himself."

"I have often thought this, my dear father," I said, "and have wished much I could be a member of one of those holy communities of which you have so often told us; who live for no other object than to love and praise God. I am sick of this vain and heartless world, and long to quit it."

"You have quite mistaken my meaning, my dear Pat," said the good old man; "perhaps it may some day or other be the will of God to call you to such a life, and then I am sure no one will rejoice more than myself, to see you a good religious man. But the disgust of the world which you feel just now, in consequence of your disappointment, is no sign of a vocation. If it be the will of God, no doubt this may be a part of the means by which he prepares you for such a change; but at present you are not in a condition to judge of such a thing; you could not expect our Lord to be satisfied with the wrecks of a heart that is only offered to him because rejected by a creature.

And besides, these feelings will pass away; if after a few years you tell me that they are unchanged, *then*, I will believe you have a true vocation to a religious life."

In talking over with Father Drummond, the different temptations to which I had been exposed, he sometimes thanked God for having before I left, inspired him with the thought of making me promise to abstain from spirituous liquors.

"I think that under God," he said, "it has been the means of saving you from ruin. With the companions you have been thrown amongst, especially that unhappy man, M'Evoy, had they succeeded in making you intoxicated, they might have led you into any crime; and blessed be our sweet and Holy Mother, who gave you strength to resist their temptations to break your promise. Always take the same plan, my dear boy; always in difficulty and temptation, have recourse to her, and she will never refuse her assistance."

The news of Master Henry's conversion also, gave great joy to the little household at Clearburn.

"The sweet cratur," said Nelly, "my heart warmed to him at the vera door check whan he cam' here first. I aye thocht he was a babe o' grace."

Father Drummond and Tom did not rejoice less than Nelly at the good news, and they both promised to pray much for Mr. Murray, that he might

be reconciled to his son, or perhaps even follow his example.

My time flew swiftly by among such kind friends, and soon I got a letter from Master Henry to summon me. He had been ill, he told me, at the college, with a new attack of his old complaint, and had been ordered to go to a milder climate, so that he only waited for me to proceed to the south of England. It may be believed that on these tidings I lost no time in leaving Clearburn, accompanied by the good wishes and blessings of the whole household.

Before I left, Father Drummond gave me many messages to poor Dick, in case we should pass near the village where he still was with his wife; and thus for the second time did I quit the roof of my protector, just about two years after I first entered the busy world, under no wiser *earthly* guidance than my own.

CHAPTER XX.

"Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride?
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow?
 And why dare ye nae mair weel be seen
 Pu'ing the birks on the braes of Yarrow?"

HAMILTON.

WHEN I rejoined Master Henry I was quite grieved to see him, he looked so ill; and he had a nasty short cough that he could not get quit of. Fortunately the season of the year was favorable to him, as spring was fast advancing; and by removing to a warmer climate, the physician who attended him thought he would be sure to come round. I was grieved to have been absent from him during his attack, but he assured me that he had experienced every possible kindness and attention from the good superiors of the college.

For some months we wandered about the south of England, the health of my young master gradually improving; but any one would have thought his sole object in travelling had been the advancement of the Catholic Church in England. He rarely went into society except that of the Catholic clergy, and every poor mission in the places through which he passed, felt the benefit of the ample fortune of which he was now possessed.

A short time after quitting the college, we had passed through the county in which Dick's wife lived, and I have no doubt Master Henry would willingly have allowed me to go for a short time to see my brother. But I had heard from Father Drummond that Dick himself had gone for a short voyage, and my curiosity to see his wife was not sufficient to induce me to leave my young master, even for a day or two, in his then precarious state of health. A month or two after, I heard that Dick was once more on shore, but we were then far away, and I had to put off my visit till a more convenient opportunity.

In the meanwhile Master Henry's health improved so fast as the summer advanced, that my fears for him were quite set at rest, and in autumn I was meditating on the propriety of asking leave to go to visit Dick, when I received an alarming letter from Father Drummond. He besought me, if possible, to hasten immediately to Oldhaven, the village where Dick had married, as he was in great uneasiness on his account. It appeared that my poor brother had been much longer than usual in writing home, but Father Drummond had not been alarmed, until he saw an account in the newspapers of an affray between some smugglers and the revenue officers near the village of Oldhaven. An officer had been killed, and the culprits having fled, had not since been heard of. Among the

smugglers, Dick's father-in-law had been recognized, and as Dick himself had disappeared with the others, there was little doubt he also had been engaged in the scuffle. Several of the coast-guard were able to swear to the man who fired the fatal shot, so that Dick was certainly innocent of the worst part of the business; and Mr. Drummond would have instantly begged him to give himself up, had he any clue to his place of concealment; therefore he wished me to go to the village, and see his wife, so as, if possible, to find out the poor fellow himself.

My dear young master did all in his power to expedite my journey, furnishing me with money which might be useful in my inquiries, and promising to follow me himself in a few days. I travelled all night, and by the evening of the second day I reached the town nearest to Oldhaven through which the coach passed. It was too late to do any thing that night, but I made every arrangement for reaching the village early the following morning.

There was no doubt that any one inquiring about the refuge of these unhappy men would be regarded with great suspicion in the smuggling village, and I thought it wisest to go at once to Dick's wife, and tell her who I was. The cottage to which I was directed was rather apart from the others, and its appearance certainly superior. The

little garden in front, though latterly neglected, bore traces of the care that had been bestowed on its cultivation. The roses and woodbine which grew up the front of the house almost covered the windows, and though a good many weeds had sprung up unchecked, I could see that my dear brother had not forgot the lessons we used to learn as children, in gardening.

The cottage door was open, and I entered the kitchen, which was empty. I did not like to open any other door, but I knocked at one that apparently led into an inner room, and in a minute it was opened by Dick's wife. She appeared a mere girl, and I should never have thought she was the person I sought, had she not evidently been near her confinement, which I had heard was supposed to be the reason she did not join her husband and father. She was pale, with dark eyes and hair, and a small beautifully formed mouth, the unusual redness of which relieved her extreme paleness, which would otherwise have been almost death-like. I soon told who I was, and the eyes of the poor creature were suffused with tears as she told me how often Dick used to talk to her of me, and of Tom, and of our kind, kind Father Drummond.

"Oh, he is so vexed on his account!" she said — "that is," she continued, correcting herself, "I'm sure he must be. But you will write to the good

old man will you not, and tell him poor Dick is not to blame at all. It was I that sent him; it is all my fault; he never would have gone with them, only when there was a cargo to be landed they were disappointed of some hands, and I was frightened for my father, and begged him to go and help. Poor, poor fellow! God forgive me! It was a sad day for him when he first saw me!" and the poor girl wept bitterly.

"But there would be no fear of him if he would give himself up," I said. "He did not fire the shot, and it being his first offence, he could not be hardly dealt with, even for the smuggling."

"Ah, you don't know these sharks," she said, bitterly. "What would they care for its being his first offence? Was he not seen with arms in his hands? Is not he married to the daughter of a well-known smuggler? Oh, wretch, fool that I was to persuade my dear, generous husband to a thing of which his conscience disapproved!"

"Believe me," I said, "you take the thing too seriously. I do not believe Dick would be in any danger, and as soon as my young master arrives I shall get him to consult a lawyer on the subject. Meanwhile, tell me where poor Dick is, and let me communicate on the subject with himself."

The face of the girl changed completely; instead of her eager, excited manners, she now seemed quite stolid, almost stupid.

"They hadn't time to come home and tell where they were going," she said.

"But do you not know?" I asked.

It was evident she distrusted my motives in asking, for she looked at me almost fiercely a moment, and then relapsing into her stupid manner, she replied—

"It's not likely men would trust a woman with their secret."

"Still I am sure they have trusted you with it, and I am sure you may trust me. Remember I am almost Dick's brother; that we have been brought up together from childhood. You must know I only wish his good; believe me, much as you love him, you cannot be more desirous to serve him than I am. Do you doubt that I am really Patrick Whelan? From the very things your husband must have told you of his childish days, I can prove it. Has he not talked to you of his little angel brother, Joe?—of his death on Christmas morning? Has he not told you of the first use he himself made of his earnings?"

"Oh, yes," she said, somewhat moved. "I do not doubt you are Patrick; Dick has so often described you all, I could almost know each one of the family at Clearburn without being told. But even if I knew where my husband was, I would tell no one—not even you, not even the good priest. I have done him enough of evil already—

I cannot run any risk of doing him more; and even supposing you were sure of getting Dick clear off, could you ask me to give up my own father?"

"Then will you send Dick a letter from me?" I asked, as I saw there was no chance of persuading her to let me seek him personally.

"I never said I knew how to send it," she said, hesitating, "but you can leave your letter, and if I hear anything of them, I shall let him have it."

Even after Master Henry's arrival, this was all I could gain from Alice, and my inquiries in other quarters were even more ineffectual. For some time I hoped to get an answer to the letter I had sent to my poor brother; but, as I found afterwards, his wife, fearful of his being persuaded to give himself up to justice, never delivered it.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Lady, so great art thou and such thy might,
That whoso grace desires and asks not thee,
Desire indulges, ere equipp'd for flight.
Thy kindness succoreth not him alone
Who asks thy aid, but oft spontaneously
Runs in advance, and is unask'd for, shown."

WRIGHT'S DANTE.

Not very long after our fruitless visit to Old-haven, Master Henry had the pleasure of meeting an old college friend, named Wilmot. This young gentleman was travelling about for amusement, and he soon persuaded my young master to accompany him to Portsmouth, where he had many friends among the naval officers. In consequence of his intimacy with Mr. Wilmot, Master Henry was induced to enter more into society than he had ever done before, since I was with him; but he did not like it, and soon would have left the town, to pursue his quiet country excursions, had it not been for the persuasions of his friend.

At last, when Master Henry had quite made up his mind to leave Portsmouth, Mr. Wilmot who was very fond of his society, introduced him to the captain of a fine frigate, which was just going to sea. Captain Walsingham took a great fancy to my

young master, and asked both him and Mr. Wilmot to accompany him on his trip. His orders at present, he said, were to cruise about on the Irish coast, and if he were obliged to go to any distant station, if they did not like to go farther, he could land them at some place whence they might easily cross over to England. As it was thought a voyage would be very beneficial to Master Henry's health, he was soon persuaded to agree, and accordingly, early in November, the weather being unusually mild, we went on board the frigate.

For some days I knew little of what was going on, as I was a prey to that terror of landmen, sea-sickness; but after a little I was better, and able to enjoy the fine weather on deck. Master Henry was an excellent sailor, and the bracing sea air seemed to agree wonderfully with him. We had sailed on a Monday, and Captain Walsingham had promised to land us on the Irish coast early on Sunday morning, without which promise I doubt if Master Henry would ever have agreed to go on board, as a pleasure trip would not have been a sufficient excuse to his conscience for neglecting to hear mass on a day of obligation.

It was a most beautiful morning when we were landed at a little sandy cove, near which was a fishing village where there was a chapel. The scenery in the neighborhood was wild in the extreme; the rugged precipices that overhung the

sea, and the sunken rocks rendered the coast extremely dangerous; in fact, the little cove at which we landed was the only accessible spot for miles. Farther inland the country was exceedingly mountainous; there was no large town near, but every here and there in the valleys you came suddenly on a small hamlet, inhabited by the rude but kindly peasants of the district.

"And this is Ireland," I said to myself—"this is the land of my forefathers!" and flinging myself down, I passionately embraced the soft green turf.

It may easily be imagined what were my feelings on this my first visit to my own dear country. To see the religion which, though a glory to me, was in England or Scotland generally considered a reproach—to see the one holy Church loved and venerated—to watch the earnest and heartfelt devotion of the poor peasant, who, after hearing mass, would approach the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, and recite his Rosary with sighs and tears of love and contrition,—filled my heart with joy and gratitude. What matter to these honest hearts that they were poor, and despised by their richer neighbors? What matter if, perhaps, they now worked as laborers on the lands over which their forefathers had ruled? One part, the most precious part of their inheritance, was still their own; the stranger had their riches and their honors, but they had retained the

faith of their fathers—the faith of the one true Church—the faith of the apostles!

As Master Henry waited after mass to go into the house and call on the parish priest, by whom he was then invited to dine, I was left to my own resources, and I wandered away among the mountains. I intended to return in time for dinner, and afterwards to go to the evening service; but the time flew by so swiftly, that, while still a good way from the village, the parish clock struck the hour at which I had been told the service commenced. It was useless to proceed, as I would be too late; so I determined to return a short way, to a spot where a small shrine to our Blessed Mother had been erected by the piety of the parish priest, there to perform my devotions. I took out my prayer book from my pocket, to say the Litany of Saints, but my eyes were attracted by the title-page. The book had been a present from Dick when he went to sea; it had formerly belonged to him and Joe, and the large straggling letters in which they had each written their names, had been religiously preserved. As I looked at them, thoughts of these dearly-loved companions crowded on my mind. I had no doubt where Joe was; but where was Dick? Among the desperate men in whose company he was thrown, what crimes might he not be led into? My tears flowed unrestrained as I thought on this; and the book fell out of my hand.

“O refuge of sinners!” I cried, “save him—save my poor brother!”

I do not know how long I remained in prayer; but when I was aroused by a voice calling my name, it was dusk. The voice I had recognised to be Master Henry’s, and I now dimly perceived his figure, followed by another, coming up the mountain. I ran down to meet him, and assure him of my safety, for I found he had been alarmed at my long delay, and had requested the servant of the good priest to guide him in search of me.

“I was quite uneasy on your account, Pat,” he said, “for it seems there are some desperate characters lurking about these mountains. I had a note just now from Captain Walsingham, to apologise for not sending off for us until to-morrow, as he has been requested to assist in the defence of the house of a gentleman in the neighborhood, which is expected to be attacked this very night.”

“To be attacked, sir?” I said. “How is that?”

“It appears,” continued Master Henry, “that he has rendered himself unpopular by ejecting some of his poor tenants who were unable to pay their rents. Captain Walsingham wishes us to join him in the house; and I suppose it is better to do so, as such violent proceedings on the part of the peasantry are unjustifiable, and must be resisted. Still, my heart bleeds for the poor people

who have been so cruelly treated. God knows the Irish landlords have much to answer for, when they thus excite to madness hearts naturally true and faithful!"

We walked on in silence towards Castle Corbet, the name of the house we were bound for. At the head of the avenue we met Captain Walsingham, who turned and walked back with my master.

"This is an unpleasant business, Murray," he said; "I wish I had nothing to do with it. The poor people have been terribly ill-used by this fellow, Corbet; and, to my thinking, he deserves all they could do to him. It seems he was quite a low fellow, and made a good deal of money as an agent, by squeezing rents out of the poor people for some one else, till he saved enough out of his perquisites to buy this estate, and build the great staring factory that they call Castle Corbet. I think I would have found some excuse for backing out of the affair altogether, only he tells me the peasantry have been joined by some fugitives from England—smugglers, I believe, who shot a man in a scuffle."

A cold sweat came over me as I heard these words; and I was obliged to catch hold of Master Henry, behind whom I was walking, or I should have fallen. He was almost as much agitated as myself.

"Where do these smugglers come from, Walsingham?" he said. "Is it from Oldhaven?"

"Yes—I think that is the name of the place. But what ails Pat?—he has nothing to do with them."

In a few words, Master Henry explained the whole affair while I listened in a state of stupefaction. When, however, I came to myself, I would have rushed back in hopes of finding and warning Dick, had I not been restrained by the sailors, for by this time we had reached the house. My grief was frantic, for I knew that blood would certainly be shed that night, and that Dick might be implicated; and though he might easily have obtained pardon for his share in the first offence, a second of such a serious nature could scarcely be overlooked.

My agony made me almost mad. I tore my hair, I wrung my hands, I insisted on being released; until, in spite of Master Henry's interference, the officer in command ordered me to be locked up in a strong room by myself. Had it been possible to escape, I should have done so; for I tried the windows and doors, but with no effect. At last, wearied out with my ineffectual efforts, I was relieved by floods of tears; and at last, I even fell into a deep, though troubled sleep.

I dreamed that I was again a child, and playing in Father Drummond's garden with Joe and Dick.

Suddenly, my little companions left me, and I was all alone. I ran every where looking for them, and calling their names; but there was no reply, and I sat down and burst into tears. After a while, I looked up; when what was my joy to see Joe above me, in a more beautiful part of the garden than I had ever seen. I tried to run to him, but numberless difficulties came in my way — my feet seemed tied together; and sometimes, after struggling forward a little way, I slipped back farther than ever. Just then I caught sight of Dick who was advancing slowly in the same direction as myself. I held out my hand to him, and at the same moment, Joe smiled and bent down towards us both; when a dark figure rushed in between, and separating me from Dick with a loud noise and a frightful scream, threw us both backwards, down a precipice.

I started up in terror. The scream still rang in my ears, and at first I did not know whether I still dreamed or not; but a confused sound of voices soon convinced me something unusual had occurred. Several shots were fired in quick succession; and I could distinguish the voice of the officer of the coast-guard giving orders to his men. I rushed to the door, and knocked and pushed at it; but in the confusion no one observed me. After a little, the noise died away, and for a while all was silent. At last, I heard the footsteps of

several men coming up the steps, apparently carrying some heavy burden. They passed the door of my room; but a strange feeling of I know not what, prevented me calling out. The perspiration stood in large drops on my forehead, but I was incapable of uttering a syllable. I could distinguish every thing that occurred in the house, but for some time no one came near me. At last the door opened, and Master Henry entered.

Even now I could not speak; but I took my young master's hand in mine, and looked at him, while the tears ran down my cheeks.

"My poor Pat," said he, gently, "you must be reconciled to the will of God in this hard trial."

"Is he killed?" I gasped out.

"No, he is not dead," replied my young master, "but dangerously wounded. It has been a most melancholy mistake, for the poor fellow approached the house with very different intentions from what were supposed. He came so far as the foot of the mountain with his wife, and sent her on to warn you of our danger, for he had no idea that the plot of the smugglers had been discovered, and that there were men ready to defend the house. When she came near the door, one of the coast-guard men challenged her; and either afraid, or because she did not understand what he said, she made no reply, when he fired. Alarmed by her scream, the

poor fellow rushed forward and received a ball in his thigh. It was some time before he was observed lying on the ground, as the defenders of the house, supposing the other smugglers had been there, and had fled, hastened up the mountain in pursuit, and have not yet returned."

"And where is poor Dick?" I asked. "Let me go to him."

"You shall, immediately," said my young master, "but at present the good priest is with him, hearing his confession. Oh, my dear Pat, think how good God is to bring him to die where he can receive the last sacraments!"

"Then there is no hope," I said, though tears almost choked my voice.

"Nothing is impossible with God," replied Master Henry; "but earthly skill is of no avail."

When I was admitted into Dick's room, he was quite composed; but it was evident his end was near.

"Thank God," he said, pressing my hand, while a smile illuminated his pale face, "you at least are saved."

"But how did you know I was here, my dear brother," I asked.

Dick moved the bed clothes, and pointed to a book that was lying next his heart.

"When I had at last yielded to the persuasions and taunts of the others, who wanted me to join

in an attack on this house, I went out, and passing near the shrine of our Mother, in spite of my evil intentions, I knelt down to pray to her, and there I found this book."

It was my prayer book, which had dropped from my hands, and which I had forgotten in my haste, when Master Henry called me.

"You see, dear Pat," he continued, "when I was doing all I could to ruin myself body and soul, the Blessed Virgin interfered. She would not permit her holy name to be invoked in vain. When I saw my own name, and that of Joe, I knew you must be one of those whom I had promised to attack, and I instantly determined to save you at whatever risk—not that I thought of meeting danger here, for I had no idea the plot had been discovered; but I knew if, when they arrived here at night, they found you had escaped, I would have been suspected instantly. My poor Alice went forward to warn you; and I think God will remember that it was in consequence of an act of charity that she lost her life."

I started involuntarily at hearing of Alice's death; for, in my eagerness to inquire about Dick from Master Henry, I had scarcely observed what he said about the first shot; but, fearful of agitating my poor brother, I concealed my emotion.

"You will be a father to our poor child, dear Pat," he continued, "the second little orphan Joe.

If the soldiers succeed in finding the hiding-place, he will certainly be brought here, and I may yet bless my poor babe. But, if not, my dear, dear brother Pat, promise me to get him from the hands of these desperate men, and have him brought up a good Catholic; never mind how poorly, dear Pat. I know you cannot afford to keep him yourself; but perhaps you can get him placed in some asylum for poor Catholic children. Father Drummond will help, I am sure."

"Do not fear, Dick," I said, "your child shall want for nothing as long as I can earn a morsel of bread. I never will forsake him."

"And I," said Master Henry, who was standing near, "shall see that Pat be always able to fulfil his generous intentions as he would wish."

"May the Almighty God bless you both!" said my brother. "And as the only return I can make, listen to the last words of a dying man. In danger, in difficulty, in temptation, in sorrow, in want, or misery, fly always to the Blessed Virgin, to the Mother of Mercy, who will never abandon any one, however wretched and sinful, that calls on her. Oh, my Mother, my sweet Mother, I am resigned to God's holy will, I am willing to die, young as I am; and the only thing for which I would fain live a little longer, is to tell the whole world thy praises, thy love, thy pity for poor sinners!"

From this time Dick scarcely spoke at all; his

strength failed rapidly, and he became feverish; but he was still able to send messages to Father Drummond, Tom, and Nelly. Towards the evening of the succeeding day he died. His last words were, "Jesus, Mary, and Joseph, I give to you my heart and my soul!"

A few days afterwards we followed to the tomb the bodies of Dick and his young wife. *Requiescant in pace.*



CHAPTER XXII.

"Yes 't will be over soon. This sickly dream
Of life will vanish from my feverish brain;
And death my wearied spirit will redeem
From this wild region of unwearied pain.
Yon brook will glide as softly as before—
Yon landscape smile—yon golden harvest grow—
Yon sprightly lark on mounting wing will soar,
When Henry's name is heard no more below."

KIRKE WHITE.

It is almost needless to say that I did not fail to follow Dick's injunctions, with regard to his child. By the aid of the same person who had before given

information about the smugglers, the pursuers had no difficulty in finding their place of concealment among the mountains. Only a few women and children, however, were captured, the men having probably been alarmed by the noise on their way towards the house of the priest. There being, of course no charge against these poor creatures, they were immediately set at liberty; and I had no difficulty in getting into my hands the child of Dick and Alice.

I was a good deal puzzled at first how to dispose of the poor infant. He was too young to be without a nurse, or I should not have hesitated to send him for the present, to Nelly's care. By Master Henry's advice, I agreed with a good woman, the wife of a neighboring peasant, and highly recommended by the priest, to keep the little child for some months, when I proposed returning for him. In the meanwhile I went back to England with my young master.

My spirits had been so much depressed by the trying scenes I had gone through, that it was some time ere I was able to exert myself again. The first thing that roused me from my selfish apathy was a remark made by the servant of a priest we went to visit, with whom we had spent a few days previous to leaving England.

"This winter time is hard on your young master," he said; "there is a terrible change on him

since he was here before; and his cough is much worse."

And when, startled by this speech, I carefully watched Master Henry, I found it was indeed too true. In his earnest and kind sympathy with me, he had concealed the bad effects that agitation had produced on his own delicate frame. A severe cold also, that I think he caught on that fearful night, had prostrated his strength terribly. And yet I, selfish and ungrateful that I was, had been so much occupied with my own sorrows, that it was only now all this was apparent to me.

From this moment I determined to devote myself entirely to my dear young master, and strive to repair my former negligence. I watched him as a mother would her child, and perhaps even with more anxiety, for self-reproach was mingled in my heart with love. Master Henry never cared for himself; and I thought that perhaps I, by care, might have averted the evil consequences of that cold; but, alas, when that scourge of our island, consumption, has marked a victim to be its prey, no care, no watchfulness will avail!

Sometimes, as change of air was recommended to my young master, I tried to persuade him to visit a warmer climate; but he shook his head, for he was convinced his life would be short in any case, and he did not wish to die far from his native country. He, however, in obedience to the advice

of his physician, spent as much time as possible in the open air, making excursions to the different places that were interesting to him from association.

In this way, we visited almost all the religious houses, both of men and women, that were then to be found in England; and the quiet and holy peace that impregnated, I may almost say, the air of such pious foundations, was more delightful and salutary to my young master than any scene of gaiety or pleasure could ever have been. Among other places, we visited the Jesuit College of ———; and here, I believe, had not my dear Master Henry been appointed to fill an early grave, would he have desired to end his days. How often did he speak to me with enthusiasm of that wonderful order!—of those true followers of our Lord, who, like him, have been always the objects of hatred to earthly powers. What a noble and glorious vocation did their's seem to him! Not to speak of the glorious deeds of their missionaries, their Francis Xaviers, their Clavers, &c., what employment was equal to that of forming the minds of the young—of detaching the hearts of so many young and noble spirits from the false joys and ambitions of earth, and teaching them, whether in the senate or the cloister, the camp or the oratory, to do all things for God alone! I believe the words of Master

Henry on this subject had a good deal to do in directing my thoughts to my present life.

In the meanwhile, the health of my young master became weaker and weaker; and at last it was easy to see that the physicians themselves, ever ready as they are to animate the spirits of their patients, had no hope. Master Henry, who had long been convinced that his end was near, had only awaited the final sentence of the physicians, to make his arrangements for death.

"Let us go home, Pat," he said to me one day, "I should like to die within sight of my own native mountains, to breathe once again their fresh and pure air. Incensed as my dear father was against me, he will not refuse to open his arms to his dying son! Let us return to Scotland!"

In a few days we were on our route; and at first the air of his dear native land seemed wonderfully to revive my young master. We stopped for a day or two at Edinburgh, as he had some business matters to arrange; but I was grieved to see him fatiguing himself by long interviews with his lawyer.

"It cannot be helped, my dear Pat," he said, when I remonstrated with him on the subject; "I am making my will. My father will naturally have the greater part of what I possess; but I must remember the interests of my religion; and

such faithful friends as you, my dear fellow, must not be left unprovided for."

"Oh, my dear, dear Master Henry," I said, bursting into tears, "God knows I would not for your whole fortune, have one hour of your life shortened by this fatigue."

By the time we proceeded on our journey, my young master's strength began to sink quickly; but so anxious was he to reach his father's house, that he exerted himself unweariedly, and would take no rest that he could possibly do without.

When we reached the town of L —, the same place from which he had written to his father announcing his change of religion, Master Henry's strength failed completely. He was lifted out of the coach, and carried up stairs, where he was laid upon a bed, from which he never rose. As he felt himself growing weaker and weaker, he gave up hopes of reaching his own home, and desired me to write to his father, and beg him to come and give him his blessing once more, and then to go for the Catholic priest. Oh! what a painful task it was to inform the poor old man that his dear and only child, whom he had treated so harshly, was dying at an inn, and that perhaps, with his utmost speed, he might not be in time to receive his last breath!

The greater part of the afternoon Master Henry

spent in conversation with the priest, who only left him to attend to his other indispensable duties, but with the promise to return at whatever hour he might be sent for. For some time after his departure, Master Henry sat up in bed, writing a few lines to his father, whom he never expected to meet again in this world. As the night advanced, he became worse; the chill damps of death stood on his forehead; and about midnight I sent once more for the good priest to come and give him the last sacraments. As is so frequently the case, he rallied for a short time after receiving extreme unction, and was able to speak to me as I stood weeping by his bed-side.

"My poor father, Pat," he said, "I have written to him; but you will tell him how I loved him. He will grieve not to see me and bless me before I go, and will reproach himself for his letters to me since I left home. But do you tell him that now, in the hour of death, I think only of our last interview—of the blessing he gave me then—and of all his goodness, all his kindness and love during my boyhood. And, Pat, if, as I fear, this is a hard trial to the old man, comfort him; he will like to have some one near him who loved and watched over his son on his death-bed. Do not forsake him. When I am gone, give him the letter, and a lock of my hair; and keep one for Mrs. Hope also, and for yourself; and tell him

that my last earthly thoughts were on him, my last prayers for him."

Daylight was now approaching, and made his face look still more pale and ghastly than before. We knelt down, and the priest said the prayers for the dying. As he uttered the words, "Depart, Christian soul," there was a noise in the passage, and the door flying open, gave admittance to the heart-broken father. He rushed forward to the bed, crying, "My son! my son!" and was only in time to receive the last sweet smile, and feel the faint pressure of the hand of his dying child, when he fell down fainting.



CHAPTER XXIII.

Our Lord indeed went on disposing him for his own service, so that, when he grew more into years, he left the world, and became a religious man."—*ST. THERESA.*

It was some time ere Mr. Murray was awakened to the full sense of his heavy loss. During his fainting fit, he had been carried into another room, and when he recovered, he found himself watched

over by Mrs. Hope, who had accompanied him to L——, and by myself.

"Henry!—where is my boy?" he said—"my only child! Don't leave your poor, poor old father. Don't mind my harsh words; I did not mean them; I loved you all the time better than all—better than my own soul! Oh, my boy—my darling!"

He looked round, and seeing the weeping eyes of his son's old nurse, he seemed to recollect himself for a moment, when the dreadful truth flashed upon him.

"He is gone!—dead! And I was not here to love him, to press him to my heart, and bless him. Oh, miserable old man!—oh, wretched pride! Thou hast killed thy son!—thy dear son, for whom thou wouldst have gladly torn thy heart-strings! And now, what is left for thee but to die!"

And he tossed his arms wildly about.

"God who gave him, has taken him again to himself!" I said, softly.

The old man looked fixedly at me for a moment.

"Why take him?" he said—"why take my pride, my joy, my only comfort? Were there not thousands of others who could have been better spared? God is not just, to take from me my only solace!"

"Oh, my dear master," I said, the tears running down my cheeks, "do not speak thus!—do not blasphemous our heavenly Father! He has taken

your dear son to heaven, to be a father to him himself! And be sure, heavy as this blow is, God has permitted it for your good also. Pray to him, my dear, dear master, to make you reconciled to his holy will! Say to him from your heart, 'Thy will be done!'

Mr. Murray was silent for a little, but I saw the tears roll slowly from his closed eyelids.

"God forgive a poor miserable old man!" he said, at last.

I took this opportunity of soothing his wounded heart by repeating to him the last messages of my beloved Master Henry. When I told how he had thought on and prized the blessing he had received from his father on his departure from A——, the tears of the old man flowed unrestrained, and seemed to relieve him; but it was not until after the funeral that I put into his hands the letter written to him by his son, the night previous to his death.

As this letter afterwards came into my own possession, I shall copy it here:—

"My father," it began—"my dear, dear father, as I feel that I am at the point of death, and fear never more to see your kind, fatherly smile—never more to hear your voice begging God to bless your child, I write these few lines to tell you once more how I love you, and to beg your forgiveness for all in which I have offended you. How I sorrow for the grief that you have felt latterly on my account!

But in the hour of death I still rejoice that, by the grace of God, I had courage to bear your displeasure rather than act against my conscience. Oh, my father, my last prayer is, that we may be united as members of one Church, in that place where there shall be but one fold—one Shepherd! Now that in the hour of death I see clearly the things of eternity, I know that truth is only to be found in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church.

"Father, listen to the last words of your dying son—think what are his prayers for you always, living or dead. If by a thousand deaths I could teach you to think like me, my father, how gladly, with what eagerness would I embrace them! But this will not be needed—God will not refuse to hear me. Oh! that I may soon enter into the glory of heaven, that I may prostrate myself at the feet of the Mother of Jesus, and never rise till she has obtained from her Son what I ask for my father!

"I commend to your care, my dear father, the two kind friends who have watched over me—the one in infancy, the other in death. I have provided for both, it is true, in my will, yet I hope they may never leave you, but remain as kind and faithful friends to the father as they have ever been to the son.

"And now farewell, my father. Do not sorrow for my death, for I go to be happy! Do not grieve

for our latter estrangement, for I know your heart, which is so loving towards me; I feel your last blessing still descending on my head. Dear, dear father, farewell."

From that time I remained with Mr. Murray until his death. He was quite changed after the death of his son—a bowed down old man, weary of his life, in which there was no charm. He left A—— and wandered about the world, faithfully attended by Mrs. Hope and myself. In our journeys I had an opportunity of receiving under my immediate care the little orphan that had been bequeathed to me by my brother; and by Mr. Murray's permission, he ever after remained a member of our household, where Mrs. Hope lavished on the little forsaken child for whom her dear young master had expressed an interest, all the tenderness of her warm heart.

Mr. Murray always liked to make the acquaintance of the Catholic clergy in any place where we stayed, and the fact of being a Catholic seemed to make his heart warm to any creature, however little they might otherwise please him. With the clergy, and others well instructed in our religion, he would often have long conversations on the subject; but it was not till just before his death, which occurred when the second little Joe had reached his third year, that he openly declared himself a Catholic. Then, however, he took care that no one should

mistake his religion. The bulk of his fortune he left to the only person who had a claim on it, a distant cousin; but his munificent donations for charitable purposes were all Catholic. He left a large sum to assist in the building of Catholic chapels in the most destitute parts of the kingdom, and for endowing the clergy; and the conditions were that they should remember his soul and that of his dear son in their masses and prayers. Many were the good works that my old master did with his fortune, both during his life and at his death, but one in which I was greatly concerned, I must relate more particularly.

From the time of my dear Master Henry's death, I had allowed the large sum he had left me, to accumulate, with the intention of some day applying it all to the execution of a long cherished scheme—the institution of an asylum for Catholic orphans. Mr. Murray, who was aware of my plan, left me as much more as his son had previously done, under one condition only, that if she pleased, Mrs. Hope, who soon followed his example by becoming Catholic, should be matron. As our little Joe was to be the first child admitted into the house, I need scarcely say that the good woman joyfully accepted the situation; there was only one difficulty—Father Drummond, Father Tom McDonald, and Nelly, naturally wished that the only relic of the former little Joe and of Dick

should be near them; but this was soon settled, for by my dear father's advice, while the large and commodious building designed for the asylum was being built in a field near the chapel-house, I rented a cottage in the town of Clearburn, where Mrs. Hope and Joe were immediately installed, and where Nelly could see the dear child as often as she desired.

As soon as all these arrangements were made, and every thing placed under the superintendence of Father Drummond, now a very old man, I began to consider my own vocation. Happy as I would have been at Clearburn, among all my kind friends, a residence there would have been incompatible with the life I felt I was called to lead. I had heard of the society of the Christian Brothers, and the more I inquired about them the more was I convinced that among them I might secure my own salvation and benefit my brethren. There I might pursue the same object, the instruction of youth, as did the good and learned Jesuit fathers of whom Master Henry used to speak so much. Though without much learning, I had received a thorough education on the ordinary branches, so that in that respect I was not altogether unqualified for the life I proposed. With the full approbation, then, of my dear Father Drummond, about nine months after the death of Mr. Murray, I proceeded to my beloved

Ireland to offer myself as a candidate at the noviciate of the Christian Brothers. In due time I was admitted to take the vows, and ever since my life has been one of uninterrupted peace and content.

I have already told all I know of the succeeding lives of most of those mentioned in this little work, and shall now finish with speaking of a few more. The last time I heard of Mrs. Primrose, she was a gay widow, and was fast spending the money her husband had saved up; the old man, her father, had been some time dead. Of N'Evoy or Ned Burns I never could hear any thing more. Alice's father, who would never give up his connection with the other smugglers, was killed in an affray with the revenue officers not long after his former escape, and I blessed the good God who had placed his poor little grandchild where he would be saved from a similar fate.

There has been a proposal for some time past to send some of our society to Clearburn, to teach the children of the orphan asylum, who have now become very numerous. I do not know whether or not my superiors will think of sending me there, and I am perfectly ready to stay or go as they choose, knowing that the will of my superiors is the will of God. If I go, I shall have the delight of once more seeing my dear and kind Scottish friends; if I stay, I shall have the satis-

faction of being in the land of my dear father, in a truly Catholic country—a country where the people are not ashamed of their religion, where the poor are honored for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, and where prevails a tender and sweet devotion to his ever Blessed Mother. In whatever place I am, may my motto be, with the glorious St. Ignatius Loyola—

“AD MAJORAM DEI GLORIAM.”

