LORETTO. OR THE CHOICE.

An Interesting Story for Both Old and Young.

Written by George E. Miles.

IN FOUR PARTS. PART L

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

As Lei concluded, she turned to Melville. She had sung with even more point than the words seemed to suggest—and the look she gave but Agnes anticipated him. Melville, meant something too, whatever it was.

'I never heard that before,' said Melville from his seat.

'You'll hear it again, though,' said Lel.

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'Who's the composer?' he asked. Words and music perpetrated by the groves of Loretto are not yet honied by your voice, I abdicate in your favor. Agnes, ask him to sing -'I am a Wanderer,'-it is a wild diabolical thing, and he delights in it.

Melville, thus appealed to, did not wait for Agnes to ask him.

'Begin-begin!' cried Lel, seating herself beside Mrs. Cleveland. 'Let your articulation be-' Ebo bit her lip and crossed her arms meekly over her breast. Melville was singing:-'I am a wanderer!

Far from home, far from her-The lady whom I left in tears, Whose tears still flow for me, The bride I have not seen for years,

And never more may see! Houseless and penniless. None to love, none to bless! Oh! wronged and wronging, let me rave-

In death our tears are dried. I'll sleep as soundly in the grave, As ever at her side!'

than he designed or wished.

the proprietor and a middle-aged interrupted him; she knew the truth. if dissapointment or remorse had ly, the question camefrozen from it every particle of joy; enfeebled by dissipation.'

he continued: i.. I asked permission to glance at it. still-He assented coldly and with a smile of scorn almost insulting. The daring originality of every phrase—the wild tide of melody made me stare in astonishment at the stranger who claimed to be the author. The same withering smile was on his face. We were standing beside a piano, and without more ado, I sang it with all the feeling inspired by the novelty of the music and the man. It was my turn of triumph then. Before I had well finished, the stranger seized my hand-his thin cheeks flushed

and a mist gathered in his eyes. "You understand me, be said. "Will you sell me this song?" I

The flush in his cheek deepened as

he replied:

''Are you not an American?'

"Do you return to your country?"

"Yes."

Bong.

'He saluted me cordially, and brushing quickly by the publisher. would have gone without another word. Unwilling to part from him thus. I caught him by the arm.

"May I ask your name?" I said.

"I have none."

'Stay, sir, I beg you, and let us enjoy one hour of music together.'

plied, with an accent that made me shudder.

I gave him my card, saying, pray, let us meet again.

"In heaven perhaps," was the only answer, and he stepped into the street, leaving me rooted to the floor in amazement. He remains a mystery to this day: I can see him now —the deep scar in his forehead——

As if her beart had burst, a deep groan came from Mrs. Cleveland's

'Death and madness!' muttered the Colonel, tottering towards her;

'It is nothing, Agnes, whispered Mrs. Cleveland, recovering herself. 'It will pass off in an instant—only a momentary faintness. A glass of water, my child!

The cloud on the Colonel's brow

'Could you not see,' said Let, saide pour humble servant. Now, sir, as to Melville, that every word you uttered was a dagger plunged into that woman's heart!"

'More mystery-more mystery.' said Melville. 'What have I done?' 'God knows: But never sing that song again.'

CHAPTER V.

As Charley was covering up the parior-fire for the night Agnes left Let and went to her mother's chamber. She had never heard her father's name mentioned—she rarely found no footing. She mistrusted glowed in her cheeks, and if mortals Melville's submelestic region. The wild ballad was followed by a before she came to Loretto, one She was not conscious of one spark sorrow? Agnes was startled—the Colonel one whom she suddenly missed and of smbitton to spelt triumph in the of your bersey to decide." looked anxiously at Mrs. Cleveland wept for. Was it her father and arena of fashion, the regarded marwhose face was supported and con- was he alive? Unable to answer riage as a very questionable blessing, hereay? suggested Lal quickly and cealed by her hand. To Melville the unable to satisfy or control her and certainly aspired not to any maliciously. long pause was painful; his powerful thousands vague conjectures, she brilliant sliance. But Mrs. Cleve ... Because the Church brands it voice and the almost unearthly now sought her mother to escape the land was a woman and a mother heresy. I am not the judge. music had produced an effect greater torture of doubt. Agues mad seen she did not fully consider the danger Oh, Aggia, how delight little of the world-her observation of gazing on the pomp and splendor fully humble your Church is!" 'A strange song that, Colonel Cle- had been limited to Loretto and the and magic in which the arch-demon Humbler, though infallible; chords carelessly; and it came into was amply supplied by that keen, votaries, it did not strike her that who presume to judge her. way. I was reading a new overture lamp of time or trial to read the of Mendelsobn's, at a music store in book of human nature. Before Mel-

gentleman who had entered. I could Mrs. Cleveland rose from her knees not remove my eyes from the stran. as Agues entered, and they sat down ger - he fascinated me. His dress together on the bed. The first look was negligent, his coat old and faded revealed their thoughts, and they -but his bearing proud and grace embraced in silence. Much as Agnes ful. I cannot desribe his head and wished to speak, it was long before face—you may have see the same ex. her working lips could pronounced pression in a sculptor's ideal of mag. the question she wished, yet feared ly power and beauty. It seemed as to utter. At last, firmly and rapid-

but there was left, a reckless disdain! A flood of tears was the only reply: of every thing human or super for the full heart must overflow behuman, and the shadow of a great fore it speaks. But Mrs. Cleveland mind embittered by adversity and had trained herself to resignation in the school of the cross: the unspoken Had Melville looked towards the praversped from her uplifted eye and corner where Mrs. Cleveland sat, he stilled her breast, and calmed her would have paused; but observing throbbing heart and poured light who were commissioned to instruct. that Agnes was listening intently, and sweetness over the waters of bitterness on her face. Agnes He came to sell the song. As the waited till all was calm, and then publisher was courteously returning repeated, more firmly and distinctly

'Is my father living?'

She had controlled her emotion until then—that fair, young girl, she had nerved herself to hear. unshrinking, whether he was alive or death; but she was unprepared for this terrible announcement—unprepared to remain longer in suspense dawn, and the merry sunbount -unprepared to hear from her moth- tipped the window curtains with er's lips this fearful ignorance of her gold—the domestics were astir—it father's fate. The dark wavering was the morning of Christmas eve. line of sudden agory rose in her forehead, and she clasped her hands in at Loretto! supplication and terror: pale and motionless as death she sat, her eyes me, said Agnes. fixed on her mother's crouching, as though she shrank from another

child,' Mrs. Cleveland said, employing. as she spoke, all the arts of maternal love to heal the wound she had inflicted, -'I can tell you nothing thus purchase leave of absence for Then honor me by accepting my more. Trust to God and pray for vou. your father. We may meet again,if not here—in heaven!

Ave, to those who live for this world with scarce a thought of the next-who centre all their hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, thoughts, passions here—who look on death as the end of all-who know God only by reputation—who trust not his mercy in misfortune and ask not his bless-'I no longer enjoy music,' he re ing in prosperity—who in health or

sickness fly to man as the sole com- ; ledge of her determation to emission home—who hall death as the end of or uninvited.

exile, the beginning of life—who hold

Lel, confident that she had parried of here all of him and of the life. daily contact with man, are in con-wonder she is so thoughtfull! stant communion with God, living For once in her life, Lel was de- had been almost imperceptibly up finger of G to love in bliss hereafter, to those a peived. We have already indicated meeting in beaven is a promise they the process by which Agnes discan realise, a blessing that takes the covered, or thought she had discov-

thought of a father, and whenever the influence of fashionable life on are ever commissioned to aid an she did, it was only to offer up a any pure, young heart she was angel guardian, Agnes felt the call, fervent prayer for one who had died happy in her daughter's choice she Without presumption, but in hope before she was old enough to know did not believe that temptation must and joy, she folded Lel to her heart, or to love him. But Melville's song, be sought and vanquished before a allently vowing her uncle's frown, and her mother's decision was made. But she feared You came to change me I go to auguish, had revealed a secret precipitation—she feared lest the change you! back into her life, and it seemed to her, by making habit seem vocation, could not help saying with a smileher that she had loved another be. She thought it better that her 'Ag, I know, you're unhappy, and fore she loved the Colonel, one who daughter should see something of yet you're not sad. Hose Catholic was all kindness, one who sang to her the world before she renounced it sorrow differ from Protestant

'Is my father living?'

'I know not!'

'I can tell you nothing more, my elapsed before she added with the arch gravity she could so well 88811me---

But the saving clause came too ste. A word, a look; a blush, a pause, may defeat the subtlest schemes, even when nearly perfected: just as the snapping of a twig betrays and foils the ambushed hunter when surest of his prey. Agnes remembered now some strange looks that had passed between Lel and the Colonel,—she remembered many of Lel's reusris, which implied a know-

reliance on God.

وبهار معاجبها وأكاله المعارضة

'Provided-Agl-provided, I can

penion, the sole comforter, to a religious life, and after a rapid some () these, indeed, a meeting in heaven review of all that had lately hap-himself, often an und bade means nothing but to those who pened, she felt sure that Let had not those dispute of senter. look beyond the grave for their true come to Loretto without a perposal attendent. The outland

the accidents of time light in com- suspicion, ascribed the evident save the beauty she was on parison with their lot in stormity tumult in her cousin's mind to Mel lovalist then she had see who stake not their happiness on ville's song and the subsequent inter- poured forth the unpreparables. human calculation, who exult when view with her mother. Lat had strain. The movement was sand in the world ories: Despair! who heard her father allude variety to but sad, though variable as an Andi con amic change, and storm, and light, Mrs. Clevelands mistortune, and morning, until there assured to be an imand darkness, preserve a correspon-guessed the nature of it. Foor evident concentration on one idea; bearing dence fixed above, -who, though in girl, she murmured insudibly -no and then gathering all her assemble day her

sting from parting, and they know ered, a deliberate premediated plans not how to say Farewell for ever! but she did not stop there. She Years of consolation bould not have loved Lel as she atood there before imparted to Agnes the exquisite her, young, gifted, beautiful; the relief of that one word. 'Yes, in few days they had spent together heaven! she said, again and again, had sufficed to endear them mutuand knelt with her mother, almost ally to each other like two sweet springs, they met and they flowed When Mrs. Cleveland was alone, on together. Agnes required no her mind gradually wandered from assistance in detecting her cousin's the painful subject which had on virtues, no monitor to point out has rose like the day star from the minter grossed it; to the consideration of imperfections. She knew her as if of the horison. ner at the convent school, where all who stood before her, young, gifted, was harmony and peace-where the beatiful. A heroic purpose crossed licensed pride and revelry offenciety her mind—the arder of a missionary

litherto unsuspected, her memory strict seclusion in which Agnes had . Lel. at a loss to account for so darted like a ray of light, farther been brought up, might have misled much emotion and so little grist,

dead silence—even Lel was hushed. who was with her day and night— of pride in her daughter's beauty, or . It may perhaps: I know too little

verton, he said, striking some adjacent village; but her inexperience steeps and gilds the orgins of his you erring and culpable individuals

my possession in a very singular quick insight, which needs not the there was not the least occasion to. This was the first time, and then witness or bid adieu to the pleasures accidentally, that the two friends Agnes could never share. She did touched controversy they had no London, when my attention was di ville had concluded his narrative she not like to judge the world too harsh relish for it. But having once verted by a conversation between suspected-when the deep grown ly, there were many pure, plous crossed weapons playingly, the conpeople in it, who lived as she did, took might have waxed warmer, had apart from its excesses and in the not the Colonel's sonerous votes, enjoyment of its comforts; there echolic up the stairs, terminated the were some who glided uncontami- battle thus:

nated through all its dangerous Girls, are you ever coming down mazes. guided by one faithful thread to breakfast!

that brought them safely out, Lel We need not tell how Lel rewas wild and light, but true hearted doubled her entreaties, - low Meiand sensible withal: a fortnight or ville delicately aided her to induce a month could make no change in Mrs. Oleveland to consent at once to Agnes, unless such were the will of a brief separation from her daughter God. But Mrs. Cleveland came to per how the Colonel threw all the no conclusion of her own, except to influence of authoritative slience in leave the matter with Agnes and her Lel's favor, saying nothing on either confessor. Upon this delicate and side, but expressing by every limb, all-important point, her own reason- feature, motion-'Let her gol'.

ing failed to satisfy her; she felt I will decide to-night," was Mrs. that she needed advice in a question Cleveland's only answer to every so dear to her advice from those appeal.

In the afternoon, Agnes and her Her humility was equal to her firm mother ordered Charley to get ness, for her firmness proceeded ready their snug country wagon for not from self-reliance, but from the convent

'Lol,' said Agoes, as she was step-Agree, younger in grief than her ping into the carriage, the Lissay feeler, see the listay mother, remained awake long after will be sung at six, and I want you ful charge, his with the latter slept, thinking of her.fa- to hear it. You and Mr. Melville spoke is assented. can leave here at five and be in time! I Test ested kinds to the ther and watching Lel, who was Gone to consult her confessor, him and market slumbering so calmly beside her muttered the Colonel, as Chartey reprofing foot. With Agnes it was a night of almost ceaseless prayer, of prayer more flourished his whip he will never not tell you lion to refreshing then than sleep. Pre-let her go.

sently the taper grew pale in the Then, returned Let, there's but whom you than I kee one thing left-Melville must chall to change my bee lenge him."

The Colonel was in no laughing my determination we are humor. He did his best to content packs my vall to take to the "Now," oried Lel, for another day himself in the cottage, exhausting accompilation one. every position possible to the human dound out that say I knew you did not mean to leave body, and exploring every room in to the world than being the house, without satisfaction or tor-that the would seeme Lel drew back abashed, as she re-repose. Finally, he caught up a gum her idole, there I has to collected her imperious declaration and swore he would have a brace of struggle between he the of last night, and some moments partidges for supper.

Lei and Melville were left stone to go without exactly knowing what to do. The priest senarded in A shade passed over the young girl's silence, and then said with a brow, as she watched Melville intent- comparator and Jerry estly for a while, as he sat abstractedly "Is this your only seem gazing towards the convent. But her glad, gay look soon returned, and she said-

'I wunder whether a little music but hever taket - if there are will not keep us silve until five spark of curiouty to know somethin

For some minutes she played with- if there he say motive office out an aim, trifling with some pretty that I have montioned, before heave melodies that came first into her I am unconscious of it. mind; but presently higher thoughts . If child, my child, rough began to dawn, and she blended into is beautiful. But your persons superb whole a thousand irag- sign will plunge you best

- she is a first of the same of a land of the same of

De alive with muste, as I at a law for the auditors theres, which she betybeen prosobles, she deshed without pause medica. or breathing into a fugue of John live made. Sebastian Back't Every touch us- binesed hand folded some argulatte passage in the to you my draid master's life-and Maiville could see Papagnias his a the fair-haired child of penins study. blds me flat ing thorough been by mooglight lost - Ages with the his jesions brother, outshing the clasped had being to the garet, -- he could see him It was a beautiful tolling on openfully through person and her mother in the outlook and naglect, until in the roll tor's -live parted will blace of solvewied and superiority has believ than a similar

Lel's proposition. She had never by inspiration. Agree was not a What do you think of that? oried parted from Agnes except to place thinking of her father-but of her Lat. as evidently delighted as though another and medicated, with tearn attli in her even.

I wish it had lauted forever? was

CHAPTER VL It was quite dark when Lallen

Molville entered the convent chain Let was admitted at Mrs. land's instance, through the doors The tupers on the sites for not yet lit, and the soft lie single lamp profined up moleuns then derivered showed her to a pew willow district. down in atlance, well pleased to the some momente for reflection A. place so favorable to mailtation Malville was conducted to a walle on the right of the allest. He b saxiously round for Agent h mother, but they were alless he like the continue of the said the 2 the secrety blee spills vent sitting backters like have seen the mid and Agree want but be mentar, might have be

men tell and en lence which but who ever feel that the service on them. A life of the denial is marked by the del as the functions which den profilgracy plought there was a series the surplice and the comments him out as a man of God

Mrs. Cleveland and Access receiving absolution, Audion into the shotling and eletin with Leak proposition. Lai, the said, after the total the bar observation - If stopping and trust our route little

six a ring from Improved 1 know the came les be mine not been. For it

The Bulkery Programme BEAR OUR EMPLOY WILL BE TO shart the picarures ! three Lon of Lies pagesters before Desert 2544