Written by George E. Miles.

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IN FOUR PARTS. PART IL CHAPTER VIL

Mr. Almy had invited the elite of the city, Mrs. Holty amongst others, to dine with Agues. We need not so much time and health are better himself. forgotten than remembered. If Agnes was amazed at the profusion and wild pigeons in a tree? Poor boy! his legion. only hope was in Agnes.

Mrs. Hoity, upon whom Clarence had made a favorable impression. at length deigned to ask Agnes, next

'I know not,' was the reply, 'but morning."

The proud widow's face turned to quivering lip in a glass of billowy white. champagne. It was insufferable to be in contact with such innate, respect for Mr. Almy restrained her, she would have left the table.

interposed -

'It is only a habit he has of exthanging clothes with the first beggar he meets. He is the only son of Roche, now dead.

'You could not deceive me, Miss him. Aeveland, resumed Mrs. Hoity. recognize blood.'

Agnes, surprised at Lel's bold into a deep, heavy sleep. themselves.

Mrs. Holty's idol, she overwhelmed door, she threw herself into Agnes's all his courage, he proceeded: him with her bland regards, throwing them across Agnes, who sat between them, in such a manner as to fan her cold by their rapid transmission. Agnes, unmindful of jest and dainty, thought of the poor wanderer on his dingy bed--thought of the future awaiting the beautiful boy at her side, who looked as though he were realizing the wildest pageant of the Arabian Nights.

sic from Lel. During the perform- labor lost. ance, Mrs. Hoity, whose love for music was not excessive, employed herself in arranging Clarence's curis, smoothing and twisting them to greater symmetry. Once, with a praiseworthy gush of tenderness, the actually kissed him on the forehead. Clarence, whose soul was in the music, was annoyed and ashamed, especially as he wanted confidence in his patroness,

It was growing dark—the ladies were preparing to leave as Melville appeared.

'It is time for the boy to go home,'

he said. 'We will take him.' said Lel.

morning. to herself. There is a mystery Lel's affection, Mr. Almy's kindhere; I have been deceived!'-But, ness, and Melville's devotion. She haughty as she was, she feared to longed for the solitude of Loretto.ter of him she coveted, and, smoothing her ruffled feathers as well as she could, she said good evening, without

had been so high in her heart. 'Oh! thou glorious sample of bumanity! laughed Lel, when they

young Count, who, a moment before,

were alone. I shall see you early to-morrow.

said Agnes to Clarence. loving face shining on him all he had because our pride is humbled, be and grace." ever know of a mother, he heard a cause a human being has changed. Metville should the count and

must pass before you meet again!

Agues slipped into his pocket all that remained of her uncle's bounty. Lel increased the sum. Completely overcome, the boy seized their hands, and, kneeling before them his uplitted face pale with emotion and wet with tears, said in a firm voice,-

'O God, reward them well!" It was ten o'clock-Melville had were playing chess—they could hear, merate the delicacies provided by in the dining room. At last it epicurean waiters; things exacting cossed, and Mr. Almy presented

cried. Hang the fellow! why did elegance of the table, what shall we he cut us just when we wanted him say of little Clarence, dazzled by the most? It is bad enough for you flashing decanters, and confounded ladies to retreat; without enticby the majestic personages who ing after you our best menappeared to be as much at home as our picked soldiers our tenth tow?

> 'Mr. Melville,' said Lel, keeping her eye on the board, 'went home er, which disturbed him-Mr, Almy, with Clarence.

'Went to the devil!' muttered Mr. whom she sat, the charming urchin's Almy, burying himself in a chair. 'Oh-excuse me. Miss Agnes,' he added, seeing her astonishmenthe is the ragged boy you passed this bis Satanio Majesty is a right respectable fellow after all.

Lel pressed her foot on her cousdeeper crimson, as she cooled her in's, and bit her lip until it was

The idea, continued Mr. Almy. the bare idea of leaving such wine unblushing vulgarity, and had not for the sake of a wandering brat!-I could excuse him waving his hand to Agnes, 'il beauty had been the Lel bad guessed the conversation, attraction, but to insult me in my -her eye sparkled with a wicked own house out of charity-unneceslight, and, quick as thought she sary, wanton, superfluous charity-Lell light my cigar!'

Agnes could see him, without turning her face. So completely was her uncle lost in the object before Mr. Melville's sister, who, you should her, that she caught herself hoping he innocently said, semember married Count De La that the real Mr. Almy would appear and expel the creature that aped

They went on playing, Lel keeping with a bitter accent. I can always hereye riveted on the board. Before the game was over, her father fell

neighbor's remark; but Mr. Almy loud breathing and taking Agues by and Melville could scarcely contain the hand. They met Gabriel on the it. steps, but Lel paused not until she Melville was frozen by her firm, From that moment Clarence was reached her room; then, locking the unrelenting tone, but, summoning arms, sobbing, -

'Oh, my father!-my father!'

CHAPTER VILL

At break of day, Gabriel repaired to the Wanderer's room;-it was empty-the old trunk was no longer there—the beds were tenantless Clarence and his mysterious father had disappeared! He played with the new green curtains, and looked She was glad when the ladies had through the clear new panes, which permission to retire to the parlor, he had inserted with so much care; where they were to have some mulit was work thrown away-love's

He waited half an hour—they came not. He inquired below, but learned nothing. Murmuring a prayer, heglided from the room, Lel and Agnes were on the staircase.

'They have gonel' he whispered and passed them like a spirit

Two weeks have flown without tidings of the Wanderer and his beautiful boy. They made diligent search, but in vain. Melville, the last who sawhim, said that he left him sitting up—that his departure was entirely unexpected—that he had no intelligence of his movements. The stranger had made a deep impression upon Agnes—his pale face haun-'No, replied Melville, 'his father ted her and appeared in all her begs to be excused until to-morrow; dreams. Clarence, too, had become he was too much agitated this so dear to her, that she wept when she thought of him. She was heart-'His father!' muttered Mrs. Hoity ily tired of the city, notwithstanding resent an insult offered by the daugh- for her mother, the Colonel, the Convent

Nor was Lel happier. Alas, poor Lell—that sweet singing bird was so much, a as parting look to the drooping in the cage; light-hearted as she was, it did not require a microscope to detect the worm of grief lurking beneath the gaily tinted rind of merriment. She saw that Melville loved Agnes—she could not help seeing it. Vanity of vanities!-When the eye that once sought us. The child looked up in her face, no longer seeks, when the cheek as if they were parting forever, that once glowed no longer blushes There is a presentiment of separation | - when the lips that once blessed no them out of it into the cloister. But shape, almost, it is highly commendsometimes felt, without our being longer greet us—when the hand that able to say why; we have no reason once frembled in ours, is cold and to fear, yet the event justifies the steady,—when the heart we held as apprehension. It may be, that a a juggler's ball has eluded our grasp, young, sensitive soul is influenced -then, forsooth, we are ready to we cannot attain that, without pray. all matches, where interest is out of the purpose of every advertiser to and forewarned by certain signs, of die, the world is desolate, the skies ing for others, and prayers, believe question, chance and vanity predo awaken special desires; to suggest desires; to suggest desires; to suggest and prayers, believe which the mind takes no notice or, are sunless, there is no life on the noticing, rejects. Thus it was for plain, no light on the bills, and Clarence; as he beheld her pure, friendship itself is no longer welcome discussion, study Kempis on nature pravity, I am inclined to think there wasten and incultant the

voice saying - Linger! Linger! Years | though above and around us the enchanging love of God is beckoning on our souls to one who never disappoints, to raptures that cannot pall. Alas poor Lell

Bitterly, bitterly did she feel it; yet she blamed bim not, and less tof all did she blame Agnes, the innocent cause of her sorrow. The wounded pride that caused her pain belped her to conceal it too. She had not to endure the shame, the degradation not yet returned—Lel and Agnes of being supplanted by an unworthy rival: his choice of Agnes displayed describe the various courses, or enu- now and then, the sound of revelry an elevation of soul that went fur to excuse his fickleness. Yet the wound was deep-deeper than it seemed 'What's become of Melville?' he every chord was only musical of the with the heroism they display by Lat fully believing it. past, from which she was lorsver separated. How beautiful avened that quiet Convent which the Colonel detested! Had religion a balm is not useful to man, pray tell me which even music could not bes-

Melville was in a tumult; be had had a conversation with the Wander to my becoming a Sister of Charley? at Agnes' request, had informed him, of her intention to be a nun-she meant to return to Loretto in a week-her return would confirm her. resolution—it was necessary, though their ocquaintance had been brief, to come to the point at once.

The moment at length arrived when he might speak he and Agnes were alone together in the parlor, thanks to Lel, who, with true leminine delicacy, guessing and respecting his purpose; had prevailed upon her father to take a long walk.

It is hard to say whether these very particular interviews are more embarrassing to the narrator, or the parties themselves.

Melville, of course, like a popular orator, began as far off from the real question as possible. However. after some preliminary meandering.

You have some idea of entering a Convent?" Who has told you so? replied

Agnes, smiling. 'Mr. Almy. Is it so?'-'Not exactly so,' pursued Agues

quietly; some idea of entering falsehood, paid no attention to her 'Come,' whispered Lei, hearing his Convent, does not express my de-

Do you think, Miss Cleveland.

that instead of leading a life useful to your fellow creatures, you are justified in immuring yourself in cell, where you can be of no service to them?'—
'What do you mean by useful to

my fellow oreatures? returned Agnes Is it by living as your friends in this city do?"

By taking your proper place in society to correct and adorn it.

'You do me too much honor,' said Agnes. But if, instead of correctng and adorning it, I feel certain that it will infect and deform me? -

How can you be certain of this? By the practice of my religion." 'Are there not some at least, in the world, who by their virtues diminish its vices?'-

'Certainly,' she said; but I am not one of the number. How do you know that you are

By the practice of my religion. He could not, for the life of him ielp wishing her a heathen. 'Does the practice of your religion

permit you to rob us of your good example? . If the example I set in giving my

self entirely to God has no effect, I do not see how I could well be a pattern.' But do you give yourself entirely

to God, when you sacrifice man? 'I sacrifice man! Why Mr. Melville. a great statesman dies and is forgotten in three days: cannot I enter a Convent without slaughtering a hecatombiles, refrest a grove out

But if all thought as you'do, what would it end in?

'Heaven!' cried Agnes, brightening as she spoke. It appears to me THE PROPERTY OF APPENDING that 'you becole of the world are very hard upon those who wish to consecrate themselves to God, while Almy to Lel, during their walk, you exact no account from the vast dwelling upon a topic he had forced majorities, who belongs neither to upon her attention, I am not sur-God nor man I mean society. I tell prised at it, nor do I think the less you, Mr. Melville, that the motives of him. On the contrary, I honor which keep people in the world, are him for it. True love of what is infinitely inferior to those which take really lovely is so rare, that in any to return: we are not all missionaries able. The bulk of mortals are blind -it is enough to save ourselves to the infinite beauty and majesty of purpose in addressing their enstomers. without saving our neighbors too God; so the more nearly we approach Our own salvation is the first point: me, do good. But if you really want minute; and from the way in which nitely seasonable or desirable profitable instruction, instead of idle

So much for a life of perpetual Melville for this, it is a benetical contemplation and prayer, contin- trait "Do you think she will seems him?"

ued Agnes; 'It is surely a boly one; nor do I see why I cannot embrace saked Lat. it, because the world don't choose to "Accept him?" said her father. "She behave themselves. If I felt a special cures no more for him than I do for mission to reform them, it would be the glorious Mrs. Hotty. That girl's

Sister of Charity?"

Melville amiled.

sacrifice from any of us.

'But not of the soul.'

joys of grace?"

sake of pleasure.

vour religion!

changed your ground,'.

From the moment

petrified.

the apprison of the body.

when, by denying it every natur-

al gratification; I flood it with the

Melville, forsaking argument for en-

treaty. 'You will make me hate

'And for your sake, I hoped and

still hope to love it, said Melville.

seizing at the word. 'Oh. Agnes!"

heaven I had known your determina-

tion sooner, or could change it now!

I love you too well to lose you thus!

evening we found the stranger.

power to discourage an affection so

'So unjust?' echoed Melville, half

Aye, so unjust / repeated Agnes.

Did you not once love Ellen Almy?

He was silent, a remaining

Did you ever declare your love?

at a ray of hope. I was always

deterred by her levity and apparent

T could not suppose you base

indifference.

generous, to may the least."

one longer than an hour.

Ellen Almy's.

enviable condition.

'She cannot love me!' said Melville.

stung to the quick; she is too reck-

less: too giddy, too fickle, to love any

'You do her bitter injustice,' re

not beyond the sun a better w

purer, a lovelier, loffier nature, than

llen Almy's.
'is your resolution unalterable?'

nid Melville, with an accent of

lespair. [Unalterable] and wishing him

good evening, she left him in no very

Jam not surprised at it, said Mr.

him, the more we are despised. In

innocence is seen to cleave to de-

'Never' orled Melville, grasping

audden, so hopeless, so unjust.

Melville hung his head.

Did you not let her see it?

I ought to make you love it!

otherwise. But you have heard of a aim is above this world; she cannot live for man, without renouncing a manifest vocation—and renounding You have heard of their prompt that, she would never be able to restricts ness, when postilence scares make a busband happy. Some are away your worldlings, you have made to marry and some are not. heard of their numberiess note of can't exactly express my measure. unresulted benevolence, but you but there is something in what I've never suspected that these virtues said depend upon is

I think she would be happier with which attract attention and applause, She tried to heal it with musto; but are insignificant when contracted him than in a convent suggested Francis Revolution proves their means the second state of the second secon

> voluntary perseverance in obedience, Nonsensel they should both be year after year, until a awast death miserable. I'm some Whate in the repays them at last. If such a life selephorhood of a hidden truth, but moral support must some m can't strike it fairly. Agnes marwhat is! Most of the orders in our rigil-Hall and he laughed-'le's the averages made in he hitters church are, what you would call, perfectly ridiculous Wby, she willitarian. Have you any objection would lose her justre like a cloud. when the sun, that clothed it in gold I can never believe replied Meland purple, has set. Now, she is as ville, that heaven exacts such a much your superior as can be; though if any one were silly enough affected with socialistic doctets Heaven always exects a sacrifice to put you both in a book, you A wing of the Centriet or Cathell would be the favorite by all odds --Yet let her marry, even I should siderable sympathy with Socialism 'Of the soull' said Agnes, clasping cease to love her. her hands. Do I sacrifice my soul,

"I don't understand you at all, said Lel, repeating his jumbled har-

"I don't expect to be understood, Then, you enter a convent for the returned Mr. Almy. Oh, its a fine trait in Meiville to love ber! I thought 'For the pleasure of living for God and doing his holy will. You have the fellow an irrectalmable, but I've of M. Frere Orban, and in Garmany. hopes of him now: I might even cos Must we lose you then? pursued sent to let him have you."

'Would you ever have refused?' Certainly, and most decidedly, unless I saw you were oreahing your heart by it which is too unfactionable for you to be guilty of. Why, the man's not a Christian

'Are your inquired Lel with mock he continued forvently, would sto gravity. Mr. Almy, pressing her arm, care

eatly replied Your mother was!" Lel found Agner in her room: 10 meeting was a painful one, but Ag-Stop, sirl'-Had I suspected your nes determined to make the best of it. love, you should have known it soon- What do you think, Leit-Mr. er: but I never dreamed of it, until Malville has been trying to persuade in beat with me not to enter the Convent

Did he succeed?

Since then. I have done all in my Not quite. After a long argument, he told me that he loved me. "Was not that convincing" said Ziel, avoiding her cousin's gase." 'So far from it,' replied Agmen.

that I feer I treated him rudely. I hope not: indeed he does not deperty it. He would make you happy.

'No my dearest Lal, said Agnes, embracing her, he would make you happy-not me.

They had never before alluded to the subject, but they understood each other as well as if they had spoken volumes.

enough, resumed Agnes, to break a Lal's eyes, already tall, rac ow solemn declaration, to which the world attaches so much importance: Agnes had divined her secret—it was it would cost you your standing as a of no avail to conoun her grief. We man of honor. But tell me, Mr. must let those secred moments t Melville, when eves and actions have in silence. attested an existing love and inspired

But when you leave me, Agnes? a return, are we at liberty to break Tell me you will not leave me I cannot live without you! the bond because there is no verbal compact? It is unmanly and un-

Can you not return to Loretto dissensions. 'No, no, said Lai;

leave my father again. You once seked me to emplain

Your father's face, returned Agnes, anxious to divert ber mind: T plied Agnes, rising; she is a woman think I can satisfy you sow People but applaines to whose love would enrich a throns!-A light marsner may accompany a are set to acquire that worse of all obdey to estudy strong true heart, just as exterior cures, a false conscience. When we bear to warmen dignity may hide a weak one. And get this, it soswers all the purposes of innocence, and makes us attracyou know it: you know that there is tive but when, though sinking on, when a manifeld the property a true conscience, sailcondemnation makes us repulsive; their west and be wenting confidence in ourselves, we cannot obtain it teom vibers. All your father needs to render him benevolent looking is a false con-

It is not the man with a motive, but in slegue Dallas News . The tendency to way terme and pregnant things him? above is very noticeable in American ingulations and in journalists of the prosent era; a tendential and indiscrete cy which is not carried out as fully as it might he in the heavy editorism and, the news columns of the same journals. The above saying however, is one which is worthy of personal application to business matters. Thus there are many advertisers whose motives are all right, but who have no well-defined who siways have a purpose, clear, welldefined and settled, when the store of the advertiser is visited. It should be to show the specific savants is a smeaking fondness for the devil the bever a sittle

ion to the bellef an out Europe that a wide t Table 1 alive strongth of the Bare agencies and of the forces arrange the side of the existing of first sight so immence the of material power would be ted to the upholders of this. social system, but the birthy of

unless there is a core moral power behind it. The B from the Reman Catholie Churt article lately contributed at 1 Charles Robinson to the Amer Magazine of Civios.

It would be indeed a say that no European Catholies a party in Germany has evinced can and the same may be said of a an tion of the Cherical party in Be gium. These sporedis p and graphicae andiments by th that Catholics and Socialists a tered for many rears in Belgium. common opponent in the Liberalism a occamon oppressor in Princi marok. Such laclinations, howe to followship in feeling and ac seem destined to be to the resour that the

produced them have occured ersta Liberalism of the Orben type is now almost extinct journey to Canonsa before b evéry Catholic is b has deplicat black at the

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dividualism . Hot a have the so-called U into, among whom Chaplight St able that most of oly, yet, se

tion, owing to auddivisions a

The United St