Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.

NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, MARCH 9, 1873.

THROUGH THE PASS.

[From the Evening Post.]

[Just before his death, Capt. Matthew F. Maury expressed the wish which, almost in his very words, is here given.]

"Home—bear me home, at last"—he said,
"And lay me where my dead are lying;
But not while skies are overspread,
And mournful wintry winds are sighing.

"Wait till the royal march of spring
Carpets the mountain fastness over—
Till chattering birds are on the wing,
And buzzing bees are in the clover.

"Wait till the laurel bursts its buds,
And creeping ivy flings its graces
About the lichen'd rocks—and floods
Of sunshine fill the shady places.

"Then—when the sky, the air, the grass—
Sweet nature all, is glad and tender—
Then, bear me through the Goshen pass,*
Amid its flash of May day splendor."

—So will we bear him—human heart
To nature's own drew never nearer;
And never stooped she to impart
Her lore to one who held it dearer.

The stars had secrets for him: Seas
Revealed the depths their waves were screening;
The winds gave up their mysteries—
The tidal flows confessed their meaning.

Of ocean-paths, the tangled clew
He taught the nations to unravel;
And showed the track, where safely through,
The lightning-footed thought might travel.

And yet, unspoiled by all the store
Of nature's grander revelations,
Who bowed more lovingly before
The lowliest of her fair creations?

No sage of all the sages past,
Ambered in Plutarch's limpid story,
Upon his living age has cast
A radiance touched with truer glory.

His noble living, for the ends
God set him—(duty underlying
Each thought, word, action)—naught transcends
In lustre, save his nobler dying.

—Do homage sky, and air, and grass!
All things be cherished sweet and tender,
As through our gorgeous mountain-pass
We bear him in his sunset splendor.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

* A magnificent mountain gorge between Lexington, Va., (where Capt. Maury expired) and the Central Railroad.

JENIFER'S PRAYER.

PART II.

(Continued.)

After a time she left the chapel, putting pieces of money, many, into the church box, and went into the house. She knew Mrs. Moore, the priest's housekeeper, very well. She was shown into Father Daniel's sitting-room. He was a venerable man of full seventy years of age, and as she entered he put down the tools with which he was carving the ornaments of a wooden altar, and said, "You are later than your note promised. I have therefore been working by daylight, which I don't often do." She looked at the work. It seemed to her to be very beautiful. "It is fine teak-wood," said Father Daniels, "part of a wreck. They brought it to me for the church. We hope to get up a little mariner's chapel on the south side of the church before long, and I am getting ready the altar as far as I can with my own hands. 'Mary, star of the sea'—that will be our dedication. The faith spreads here, Mistress Jenifer; and I hope we are a little better than we used to be." And Father Daniels crossed himself and thanked God for his grace that had blessed that wild little spot, and made many Christians there. Jenifer smiled, as the holy man spoke in a playful tone, and she said, "It is the anniversary father." "Of Eleanor's marriage. Yes. I remembered her at mass. Has she heard anything of him?" "Yes, father; she has heard his real name, she thinks. She has always suspected, from the time that she first began to suspect evil, that she had never known him by his real name—she never believed his name to be Henry Evelyn, as he said when he married her."

"And what is his real name?"

"Horace Erskine," said Jenifer.

"What," exclaimed Father Daniels, with an unusual tone of alarm in his voice. "The man who was talked of for Lady Greystock before she married—the nephew of Mrs. Brewer's sister's husband!" "Yes, sir." "Is she sure?" "No, She has not seen him. But she has traced him she thinks. Corny Nugent, who is her second cousin, and knew them both when the marriage took place, went as a servant to the elder Mr. Erskine, and knew Henry Evelyn as they called him in Ireland, when he came back from abroad. He *thought* he knew him. Then Horace Erskine, finding he was an Irishman, would joke him about his religion, and how he was the only Catholic in the house, and how he was obliged to walk five miles to mass. Time was when Mr. Erskine, the uncle, would not have kept a Catholic servant. But since Mr. and Mrs. Brewer married, he has been less bigoted. He took Corny Nugent in London. It was just a one season's engagement. But when they were to return to Scotland they proposed to keep him on, and he stayed. After a little Horace Erskine asked him about Ireland; and even if he knew such and such places; and then he came by degrees to the very place—the very people—to his own knowledge of them. Corny gave crafty answers. But he disliked the sight of the man, and the positions he put him into. So he left. He left three months ago. And he found out Eleanor's direction, and told her that surely—surely and certainly—her husband, Henry Evelyn, was no other than his late master's nephew, who had been trying to marry more than one only always some unlooked-for and unaccountable thing had happened to prevent it. Our Lady be praised for her prayers have kept off that last woe—I make no doubt—thank God!"

"How many years is it since they married?"

"Eleven, to-day. I keep the anniversary. He is older than he looks. He is thirty-two this year, if he did not lie about his age, as well as everything else. He told Father Power he was of age. He said, too—God forgive him—that he was a Catholic."

"But when I followed Father Power at Rathcoyle," said the priest "there was no register of the marriage. I was sent for on the afternoon of the marriage day. I found Father Power in a dying state. He was an old man and had long been infirm. The marriage was not entered. It was known to have taken place. Your niece and her husband were gone. I walked out that evening to your brother's farm. He knew nothing of the marriage. He had received a note to say that Eleanor was gone with her husband, and that they would hear from them when they got to England. Why Father Power, who was a saintly man, married them, I do not know. It was unlawful for him to marry a Catholic and a Protestant. If your niece went through no other marriage, she has no claim on her Protestant husband. If she could prove that he passed himself off as a Catholic, she might have some ground against him—but, can she?"

"No, sir; on the contrary, she knew that she was marrying a Protestant; she had hopes of converting him; she learnt from himself, afterwards, that he had deceived the priest. She had said to him that she would marry him if Father Power consented. He came back and said that the consent had been given. He promised to marry her in Dublin conformably to the license he had got there—for there he had lived the proper time for getting one, so he declared. But I have ceased to believe anything he said. Then my brother wrote the girl a dreadful letter to the direction in Liverpool that she had sent him. Then, after some months she wrote to me at Marston. She was deserted, and left in the Isle of Man. She supported herself there for more than a year. I told Mr. Brewer, that I knew a sad story of the daughter of a friend, and one of her letters saying her last gold was changed into silver, and that she was too ill and worn out to win more, was so dreadful, that I feared for her mind. So Mr. Brewer went to Dr. Rankin, and got her taken in as a patient, at first, and when she got well she was kept on as wardrobe-woman. She had got a tender heart; when she heard of Lady Greystock's trial, she took to her. Dr. Rankin says he could never have cured Lady Greystock so perfectly nor so quickly, but for Eleanor."

"That is curious," said Father Daniels musingly. "Have you been in Ireland since the girl left it with her husband?"

"I never was there in my life. My mother was Irish, and she lived as servant in England. She married an Englishman and she had two daughters, my sister—Eleanor's mother—and myself. My mother went back to Ireland, a year after her husband's death, on a visit; and she left my sister and me with my father's family. She married in Ireland almost directly, and married well, a man with a good property, a farmer. She died, and left one son. My sister and I were four and five years older than this half-brother of ours. Then time wore on and my sister Ellen went to Ireland, and she married there, and the fever came to the place where they lived, and carried them both off, and she left me a legacy—my niece Eleanor—oh sir! with such a holy letter of recommendation from her death-bed. Poor sister! Poor holy soul! Our half-brother asked to have Eleanor to stay with him when she knew enough to be useful on the farm. He was a good Christian, and I let him take the girl. She was very pretty, people said, and I wished her to marry soon. Then there came—sent he said, by a great rich English nobleman—a man who called himself a gardener, or something of that sort. He lodged close by; he made friends with my brother. He was often off after rare bog plants, and seemed to lead a busy if an easy life. He would go to mass with them. But they knew he was a Protestant. Eleanor knew that her uncle would not consent to her marrying a Protestant. But, poor child, she gave her heart away to the gentleman in disguise. He had had friends there—a fishing party. Sir, he never intended honorably; but they were married by the priest, and he got over the holy man, whom everybody loved and honored, with his falseness, as he had got over the true-hearted and trusting woman whom he had planned to desert."

"Well," said Father Daniels, "you know I succeeded this priest for a short time at Rathcoyle. He died on that wedding-day. I never understood how it all happened. I left a record to save Eleanor's honor; but she has no legal claim on her husband—it ought not to have been done." Jenifer shrank beneath the plainness of that truth—"*My life, and all that is in it*," her heart said, sinking as it were, at the sorrow that had come on the girl whom her sister had left to her with her dying breath.

"She ought not to have trusted a man who was a Protestant, and not willing to marry her in the only way that is legal by the Irish marriage law." "*My life and all that is in it*" So hopelessly fell on her heart every word that the priest spoke, that, but for that offering of all things to God, poor Jenifer could scarcely have borne her trial.

"And if this Henry Evelyn should turn out to be Horace Erskine, why, he will marry some unhappy woman some time of course, and the law of the land will give him one wife and by the law of God another woman will claim him. Oh, if people would but obey the holy church, and not try to live under laws of their own inventing." "*My life, and all that is in it!*" Again, only that could have made Jenifer bear the trials that were presented to her.

"And if gossip spoke truth he was very near marrying Lady Greystock once—Mr. Brewer himself, thought it was going to be." One more great act of submission—"*My life, and all that is in it!*"—came forth from Jenifers heart. She loved Mr. Brewer, with a faithful sort of worship—if such a trial as that had come on him through her trouble! that was over; that had been turned aside; but the thought gave rise to a question, even as she thanked God for the averted woe.

"Is it Eleanor's duty to find out if Henry Evelyn and Horace Erskine are one?" "Yes," said the priest. "Yes; it is. It is everybody's duty to prevent mischief. It is her duty, as far as lies in her power, to prevent sin."

"And if it proves true—that which Corny Nugent says, what then?"

"Be content for the present. It is a very difficult case to act in."

Poor Jenifer felt the priest to be sadly wanting in sympathy—she turned again to him who knows all and feels all, and she offered up the disappointment that would grow up in her heart—"*My life, and all that is in it!*"

She turned to go; and then Father Daniels spoke so kindly, so solemnly, with such a depth of sympathy in the tone of his voice—"God bless you my child;" and the sign of the cross seemed to bless her sensibly. "Thank you father!" And, without lifting her eyes, she left the room and the house; and still saying that prayer that had grown to be her strength and her help, she went up the steep rugged path to the spreading down; and then she turned round and looked on the great sea heaving lazily under the sunset rays, that painted it in the far distance with gold and red, and a silvery light, till it touched the ruby-colored sky, and received each separate ray of glory on its breast just where earth and heaven seemed to meet—just where you could fancy another world looking into the depths of the great sea that flowed up into its gates It seemed to do Jenifer good. The whole scene was so glorious, and the glory was so far-spreading—all the world seemed to rest around her bathed in warm light and basking in the smile of heaven. She stood still and said again, in a sweet soft voice: "*My Life, and all that is in it!*"

Her great dread that day when Mr. Brewer had told her to put him and his into her prayer, had been lest the punishment of sin should come on the man who had deserted her dear girl, and lest that sin's effect in a heart-broken disease should fall on the girl herself.

When Mr. Brewer said, "Put me and mine into that prayer, Jenifer," the thought had risen that she would tell him of Eleanor. She had told him and he had helped her. But she had never thought that, by acting on the impulse, the two women whose hearts Horace Erskine had crushed, as a wilful child breaks his playthings when he has got tired or out of temper, had been brought together under one roof and made to love each other. Yet so it had been. The woman who could do nothing but pray *had* prayed; and a thing had been done which no human contrivance could have effected. And as Jenifer stood gazing on the heavens that grew brighter and brighter, and on the water that reflected every glory, and seemed to bask with a living motion in the great magnificence that was poured upon it, she recollected how great a pain had been spared her; she thought how terrible it would have been if Claudia Brewer had married Horace Erskine—Horace Erskine, the husband of the deserted Eleanor; and she gave thanks to God.

Now she drew her shawl tighter round her, and walked briskly on. She got across the down, and over a stone stile in the fence that was its boundary from the road. She turned toward Marston, and walked fast—it was almost getting cold after that glorious sunset, and she increased her pace and went on rapidly. She soon saw a carriage in the road before her, driving slowly, and meeting her. When it came near enough to recognize her, the lady who drove let her ponies go, and then pulled up at Jenifer's side. "Now, Mistress Jenifer," said Lady Greystock, looking bright and beautiful in the black hat, and long streaming black feather, that people wore in those days, "here am I to drive you home. I knew where you were going. Eleanor tells me her secrets. Do you know that? This is an anniversary; and you give gifts and say prayers. Are you comfortable? I am going to drive fast to please the ponies! they like it, you know." And very true did Lady Greystock's words seem; for the little creatures given their heads went off at a pace that had in it every evidence of perfect good will. "I came to drive you back, and to pick up Eleanor, and drive her to Blagden after I had delivered you up safely to grandmamma Morier. Mother Mary came to see me this afternoon. You had better go and see Minnie soon, Jenifer"—Jenifered look up surprised at a strange tone in Lady Greystock's voice—"Jenifer," speaking very low, "if you can pray for my father and his wife, and all he loves, pray now. It would be hard for a man to be trapped by the greatness of his own good heart.'

"Is there anything wrong, my dear?" Jenifer spoke softly, and just as she had been used to speak to Claudia Brewer of old days.

"I can't say more," Lady Greystock replied; "here we are at Marston." Then she talked of common things; and told James, the man-servant, to drive the horses up and down the street while she bade Mrs. Morier "Good night." And they went into the house, and half an hour after Lady Greystock and Eleanor had got into the pony carriage, and were driving away. The quiet street was empty once more. The little excitement made by Lady Greystock and her ponies subsided. Good-byes were spoken, and the quiet of night settled down on the streets and houses of Marston.

Jenifer had wondered over Lady Greystock's words; and comforted herself, and stilled her fears, and set her guesses all at rest by those few long-used powerful words—"*My life and all that is in it!*" She offered life, and gave up its work and its trials to God; and Jenifer, too, was at rest then.

But at Clayton things were not quite in the same peaceful state as in that little old-fashioned town. Clayton was very busy; and among the busy ones, though busy in his own way, was Father Daniels.

That morning a messenger had brought him a packet from Mr. Brewer; for "Mother Mary" since becoming a Catholic had wanted advice and wanted strength, and she had sought and found what she wanted, and now she had sent to the same source for further help. As soon as Jenifer was gone, Father Daniels put away his teak-wood and his carving tools, and packed up his drawings and his pencils. He was a man of great neatness, and his accuracy in all business, and his faithful recollection of every living soul's wants, as far as they had ever been made known to him, were charming points of his character—points, that is, natural gifts, that the great charity which belonged to his priesthood adorned and made meritorious. While he "tidied away his things," as his housekeeper Mrs. Moore used to say, he thought and he prayed—his mind foresaw great possible woe; he knew, with the knowledge that is made up of faith and experience united, that some things seem plainly to know no other master than prayer. People are prayed out of troubles that no other power can touch. Every now and then this fact seems to be imprinted in legible characters on some particular woe, actual or threatened; and though Father Daniels, like a holy priest, prayed always and habitually, he yet felt, as we have said, with respect to the peculiar entanglements that the letter from Mrs. Brewer in the morning and the revelation made by Jenifer in the afternoon seemed to threaten. So, when he again sat down, it was with Mrs. Brewer's letter before him on the table, and a lamp lighted and "the magnifiers," to quote Mrs. Moore again, put on to make the deciphering of Mrs. Erskine's handwriting as easy as possible. Mrs. Brewer's was larger, blacker, plainer—and her note was short. It only said: "Read my sister's letter, which I have just received. It seems so hard to give up the child; it would be much harder to see her less happy than she always has been at home. I don't like Horace Erskine. It is as if I was kept from liking him. I really have no reason for my prejudice against him. Come and see me if you can, and send or bring back the letter." Having put this aside, Father Daniels opened Mrs. Erskine's letter. It must be given, just as it was written, to the reader:

"DEAREST MARY:"

"You must guess how dreadful your becoming a Catholic is to us. I cannot conceive why, when you had been happy so long—these thirteen years—you should do this unaccountable thing now. There must have been some strange influence exercised over you by Mr. Brewer. I feared how it might be when, nine years ago, your boy was born, and you gave him up so weakly. However, I think you will see plainly that you have quite forfeited a mother's rights over Mary. She is seventeen and will not have a happy home with you now. Poor child, she would turn Catholic to please you, and for peace sake, perhaps. But you cannot *wish* such a misery for her. She will, I suppose, soon be the only Protestant in your house. I can't help blaming old Lady Caroline, even after her death; for she certainly brought the spirit of controversy into Beremouth, and stirred up Mr. Brewer to think of his rights. Now, I write to propose what is simply an act of justice on your part, though really, I must say, an act of great grace on the part of my husband. Horace is in love with Mary. As to the fancy he was supposed to have for Claudia, I *know* that *that* was only a fancy. He was taken with her wilful, spoilt-child ways—you certainly did not train her properly—and he wanted her money. Of course as you had been married four years without children, he did not suspect anything about Freddy. It was an entanglement well got rid of; and Claudia wanted no comforting, that was plain enough. But it is different now. Horace *is* in love *now*. And if Mary is not made a Catholic by Mr. Brewer and you and old Jenifer, she will say, 'Yes,' like a good child. We are *extremely* fond of her. And Mr. Erskine generously offers to make a very handsome settlement on her. I consider a marriage, and a very speedy one, with Horace the best thing; now that you have, by your own act, made her home so homeless to her. I am sure you ought to be very thankful for so obviously good an arrangement of difficulties. Let me hear from you as soon as Horace arrives. He is going to speak to you directly.

"Your affectionate sister,

"LUCIA ERSKINE.

"P. S.—As Mr. Brewer has always said that, Mary being his adopted child, he should pay her on her marriage the full interest of the money which will be hers at twenty-one, of course Horace expects that, as we do. Lady Caroline's ten thousand, Mr. Brewer's five thousand, and the hundred a year for which her father insured his life, and which I find that you give to her, will, with Horace's means, make a good income; and to this Mr. Erskine will, as Mary is my niece, add very liberally. I cannot suppose that you can think of objecting. L. E."

Father Daniels read the letter over very carfully. Then he placed it with Mrs. Brewer's note, in his pocket-book, and immediately putting on his hat, and taking his stick, he walked into the kitchen.

"Where's your husband?" to Mrs. Moore.

"Mark is only just outside, sir."

"I shall be back soon. Tell him to saddle the cob." One of Mr. Brewer's experiments had been to give Father Daniels a horse, and to endow the horse with fifty pounds a year, for tax, keep, house-rent, physic, saddle, shoes, clothing, and general attendance. It was, we may say as we pass on, an experiment which answered to perfection. The cob's turnpikes alone remained as a grievance in Mr. Brewer's mind. He rather cherished the grievance. Somehow it did him good. It certainly deprived him of all feeling of merit. All thought of his own generosity was extinguished beneath the weight of a truth that could not be denied—"that cob is a neverending expense to Father Daniels!" However, this time, without a thought of the never ending turnpike's tax, the cob was ordered; being late, much to Mr. and Mrs. Moore's surprise; and Father Daniels walked briskly out of the garden, down the village seaport, past the coal-wharves, where everything looked black and dismal, and so pursued his way on to top of the low edge of the cliff, to a few tidy-looking houses half a mile from Clayton, which were railed in from the turfy cliff-side, and had painted on their ends, "Good bathing here." The houses were in a row. He knocked at the centre one, and it was opened by a man of generally a seafaring cast. "Mr. Dawson in?" "Yes, your reverence. His reverence, Father Dawson, is in the parlor;" and into the parlor walked Father Daniels. It was a short visit made to ascertain if his invalid friend could say mass for him the next morning at a later hour than usual—the hour for the parish mass, in fact; and to tell him why. They were dear friends and mutual advisers. They now talked over Mrs. Erskine's letter.

"There can be no reason in the world why Miss Lorimer should not marry Horace Erskine if she likes him, provided he is not Henry Evelyn. He stands charged with being Henry Evelyn, and of being the doer of Henry Evelyn's deeds. You must tell Mrs. Brewer. It is better never to tell suspicions, if you can, instead, tell facts. In so serious a matter you may be obliged to tell suspicions, just to keep mischief away at the beginning. Eleanor must see the man. As to claiming him, that's useless. She acted the unwise woman's part, and she must bear the unwise woman's recompense. He'll find somebody to marry him, no doubt; but no woman ought to do it; no marriage of his can be right in God's sight. So the course in the present instance is plain enough." Yes, it was plain enough; so Father Daniels walked back to Clayton and mounted the cob, and rode away through the soft sweet night air, and got to Beremouth just after ten o'clock.

"I am come to say mass for you to-morrow," he said to Mr. Brewer, who met him in the hall. "No, I won't go into the drawing-room. I won't see any one to-night. I am going straight to the chapel."

"Ring for night prayers then in five minutes, will you?" said Mr. Brewer. And Father Daniels, saying "Yes," walked on through the hall, and up the great stair-case to his own room and the chapel, which were side by side. In five minutes the chapel bell was rung by the priest. Mrs. Brewer looked towards her daughter. "Mary must do as she likes," said Mr. Brewer, in his open, honest way, driving his wife before him out of the room. There stood Horace Erskine. It was as if, all in a moment, the time for the great choice had come. They were at the door—the girl stood still. They were gone, they were crossing the hall; she could hear Mr. Brewer's shoes on the carpet—not too late for her to follow. Her light steps will catch theirs—they may go a little further still before the very last moment comes. Her mother or Horace? How dearly she loved her mother, how her child's heart went after her, all trust and love—and Horace, *did* she love him?—love him well enough to stay *there*—*there* and *then*, at a moment that would weigh so very heavily in the scale of good and evil, right or wrong? If he had not been there she might have stayed, if she stayed now that he was there, should she not stay with him—more, leave her mother and stay with him? Thought is quick. She stood by the table; she looked toward the door, she listened—Horace held out his hand—"With me, Mary—with *me!*"—and she was gone. Gone even while he spoke, across the hall, up the stairs, and at the chapel door, just as the last of the servants, without knowing, closed it on her. Then Mary went to her own room just at the head of the great stair-case, and opened the door softly and knelt down, keeping it open, letting the stair-case lamp stray into the darkness just enough to show her where she was. There she knelt till the night prayers were over, and when Mr. Brewer passed her door, she came out, a little glad to show them that she had not been staying down stairs with Horace. He smiled, put his hand inside her arm and stopped her from going down. "My dear child," he said, "I have had the great blessing of my life in the conversion of your mother. If God's great grace, for the sake of His own blessed mother, should fall on you, you will not quench it, my darling. Meanwhile, I shall never have a better time than *this* time to say, that I feel more than ever a father to you. That if you will go on treating me with the childlike candor and trust that I have loved to see in you, you will make me happier than you can ever guess at, dear child." And then he kissed her, and Minnie eased her heart by a few sobs and tears, and her head rested on his shoulder, and she thanked him for his love. Then Father Daniels came out of the chapel, and advanced to where they stood. Mary had long known the holy man. He saw how it was in an instant. "Welcome home, Mary; you see I come soon. And now, when I am saying mass to-morrow, stay quietly in your own room, and pray to be taught to love God. Give yourself to him. Don't trouble about questions. His you are. Rest on the thought, and we will wait on what may come of it. I shall remember you at mass to-morrow. Good night. God bless you."

"I can't come down again, my eyes are red," said Mary to Mr. Brewer when they were again alone. And he laughed at her. "I'll send mamma up," he said, and Mary went into her room. But she had taken no part *against* her mother; so her heart said, and congratulated itself. She had not left her and stayed with Horace. She had had those few words with her step-father. That was over, and very happily, too. She had seen Father Daniels again. It was getting speedily like the old things, and the old times, before the long visit to Scotland, where Horace Erskine was the sun of her new world. Somehow she felt that he was losing power every moment—also she felt, a little resentfully, that there had been things said or thought, or insinuated, about the dear home she was loving so well, which were unjust, untrue, unkind; nay, more, cruel, shameful!—and so wrong to unite *her* to such ideas; to make her a party to such thoughts. In the midst of her resentment, her mother came in. "Nobody ever was so charming looking," was the first thought. "How young she looks—how much younger and handsomer than Aunt Erskine. What a warm, loving atmosphere this house always had, and *has?*" The last word with the emphasis of a perfect conviction. "And so you have made your eyes red on papa's coat—and I had to wipe the tears off with my pocket-handkerchief. Oh, you darling, I am sure Horace Erskine thought we had beaten you!" Then kisses and laughter, not quite without a tear or two on both sides, however. "Now, my darling, Horace has told us his love story, and so he is very fond of you!" "Mamma, mamma, I love you better than all the earth." Kisses, laughter, and just one or two tears, all over again.

"My darling child, you have been some months away from us—do you think you can quite tell your own mind on a question which is life-long in its results? I mean, that the thing that is pleasant in one place, may not be so altogether delightful if another. I should like you to decide so great a question while in the full enjoyment of your own rights *here*. This is your *home*. *This* is what you will have to exchange for something else when you marry. You are very young to marry—not eighteen, remember. Whenever you decide that question, I should like you to decide it on your own ground, and by your own mother's side."

"I wonder whether you know how wise you are?" was the question that came in answer. "Do you know, mother, that I cried like a baby at Hull, because I felt all you have said, and even a little more, and thought he was unkind to press me. You know Aunt Erskine had told me; and Horace, too, in a way—and he said at Hull he dreaded the influence of this place, and—and—" "But there is nothing for *you* to dread. This home is yours, and its influence is good, and all the love you command here is your safety." Mrs. Brewer spoke boldly, and quite with the spirit of heroism. She was standing up for her rights. But Mr. Brewer stood at the door. "The lover wants to smoke in the park in the moonlight. "Some information just to direct his thoughts, you little witch," for his step-child had tried to stop his mouth with a kiss.

"Papa, I am so happy. I won't, because I can't, plan to leave everything I love best in the world just as I come back to it." "But you must give Erskine some kind of an answer. The poor fellow is really very much in earnest. Come and see him." "No, I won't," said Mary, very much as the wilful Claudia might have uttered the words. But Mary was thinking that there was a great contrast between the genial benevolence that she had come to, and the indescribable something which was *not* benevolence in which she had lived ever since her mother had become a Catholic. Mr. Brewer almost started. "I mean, papa, that I must live here unmolested at least one month before I can find out whether I am not always going to love *you* best of all mankind. Don't you think you could send Horace off to Scotland again immediately?" "Bless the child! Think of the letters that have passed—you read them or knew of them?" "*Knew* of them," said Mary, nodding her head confidentially, and looking extremely naughty. "Well, and I asked him here?" "Yes, I know that." "And you new tell me to send him away! My dear!" exclaimed Mr. Brewer, looking appealingly at his wife. "Dearest, you must tell Mr. Erskine that Mary really would like to be left quiet for awhile. Say so now; and to-morrow you can suggest his going soon, and returning in a few weeks." "And to morrow I can have a cold and lie in bed, can't I?" said Mary. But now they ceased talking, and heard Horace Erskine go out of the door to the portico. "There, he's gone. And I am sure I can smell a cigar—and I could hate smoking, couldn't I?" Mother and Father now scolded the saucy child, and condemned her to solitude and sleep. And when they were gone the girl put her head out of the open window, and gazed across the spreading park, so peaceful in its far-stretching flat, just roughened in places by the fern that had begun to get brown under the hot sun; and then she listened to the sound of the wind that came up in earnest whispers from the woody corners and the far-off forests of oak. The sound rose and fell like waves, and the silence between those low outpourings of mysterious sound was loaded with solemnity.

Do the whispering woods praise him; and are their prayers in the tall trees? She was full of fancies that night. But the words Father Daniels had said to her seemed to her to come again on the night breeze, and then she was quiet and still. And yet—and yet—though she tried to forget, and tried to keep her mind at peace, the spirit within would rise from its rest, and say that she had left an atmosphere of evil speaking and uncharitableness, that malice and harsh judgment had been hard at work, and all to poison *home*, and to win her from it.

And while she was trying to still these troublings of the mind, Mr. Brewer, by her mother's side, was reading for the first time Mrs. Erskine's letter, which Father Daiels had returned. "My dear, my dear," said Mr. Brewer, "a very improper letter. I think Mary is a very extraordinary girl not to have been prejudiced against me. I shall always feel grateful to her. And as to this letter, which I call a very painful letter, dont you think we had better burn it?" And so, by the assistance of a lighted taper, Mr. Brewer cleared that evil thing out of his path forever.

"Eleanor," said Lady Greystock, "how lovely this evening is. The moon is full, and how glorious! Shall we drive by a roundabout way to Blagden? James," speaking to the man who occupied the seat behind, "how far is it out of our way if we go through the drive in Beremouth Park, and come out by the West Lodge into the Blagden Turnpike?" "It will be two miles further, my lady. But the road is very good, and the carriage will run very light over the graveled road in the park." "Then we will go." So on getting to the bottom of the street in which Mrs. Morier lived, Lady Greystock took the road to Beremouth; and the ponies seemed to enjoy the change, and the whole world, except the three who were passing so pleasantly through a portion of it, seemed to sleep beneath the face of the great moon, wearing, as all full moons do, a sweet grave look of watching on its face.

"Isn't it glorious? Isn't it grand, this great expanse and this perfect calm? Ah, there goes a bat; and a droning beetle on the wing just makes one know what silence we are passing through. How pure the air feels. Oh, what blessings we have in life—how many more than we know of. I think of that in the still evenings often. Do you, Eleanor?"

"Yes, Lady Greystock." But Eleanor spoke in a very calm, business-like, convinced sort of manner, not the least infected by the tears of tenderness and the poetical feeling that Lady Greystock had betrayed.

"Yes, Lady Greystock. And when in great moments—" "Great moments!" I like that," said Claudia. "When I have those thoughts, I think of you." "Of me?" "Yes. And I am profoundly struck by the goodness of God, who endowed the great interest of my life with so powerful an attraction for me. I must have either liked or disliked you. I am so glad to love you."

"Eleanor, I wish you would tell me the story of your life." They had passed through the lodge gates now, and were driving through Beremouth Park. "You were not always what you are now."

"You will know it one day," said Eleanor, softly. "Oh, see how the moon comes out from behind the great fleecy cloud; just in time to light us as we pass through the shadows which these grand oaks cast. What lines of silver light lie on the road before us. It is a treat to be out in such a place on such a night as this. Stay, stop, Lady Greystock. What is that?

Lady Greystock pulled up suddenly, and standing full in the moonlight, on the turf at the side of the carriage, was a tall, strong-built man. He took off his cap with a respectful air, and said, "I beg pardon. I did not intend to stop you. But if you will allow me I will ask your servant a question." He addressed Lady Greystock, and did not seem to look at Eleanor, though she was nearest to him. Eleanor had suddenly pulled a veil over her face; but Lady Greystock had taken hers from her hat, and her uncovered face was turned towards the man with the moonlight full upon it. He said to the servant, "Can you tell me where a person called Eleanor Evelyn is to be found? Mrs. Evelyn she is probably called. I want to know where she is." Before James, who had long known the person by his mistress's side as Mrs. Evelyn, could speak, or recover from his very natural surprise, Eleanor herself spoke. "Yes," she said, "Mrs. Evelyn lives not far from Marston. I should advise you to call on Mrs. Jenifer Stanton, who lives at Marston with Mrs. Morier. She will tell you about her." "She who lives with Madam Morier, of course?" said the man. "Yes, the same." "Good night."

"Good night," said Lady Greystock in answer, and obeying Eleanor's whispered "Drive on," she let the ponies, longing for their stable, break into their own rapid pace, and, soon out of the shadows, they were in the light—the broad, calm, silent light—once more.

(To be continued.)

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