Morning Star and Catholic Messenger.
NEW ORLEANS, SUNDAY, JANUARY 14 1877.

This insult and her uncle's injustice once more roused Cecelia out of her depression.

"Oh, it is too much!" she indignantly exclaimed. "Pity from you! I will have none of it; its a mockery and an insult. What! weren't you within these few moments triumphing in the expectation that Uncle Jan could not live much longer!"

"What I said," replied Thys, "was to beg of you not to shorten the few years that he might yet have to live by setting yourself against his wishes."

"Falsehood! falsehood!" cried the maiden. "Didn't you jeer and sneer at my uncle—at the old miser, as you called him? Didn't you seek to draw me into an abominable plot with you to get all my uncle's property for ourselves, and after his death to squander it in luxury and extravagance? And didn't you, to tempt me, tell me that he had thousands upon thousands of guilders hoarded up?"

"How! What villanous calumnies are those? It is surely the devil that puts such thoughts into your mind, wretched child!" here broke in her uncle, at the same time clasping his hands over his head in a kind of desperation. "I have nothing!—nothing whatever!"

"Why will you thus distort my words, Cecelia?" added Thys, in a plaintive tone. "It is useless to heap sins upon your soul in this way; Uncle Jan will never believe you. I told you that the widow at the Chapel farm has got it into her head that it is so. It's too bad to put off other people's thoughts upon me."

The old man began to cough,—the usual sign of weariness with him; at the same time his dim eyes fired up with irritation, and it was evident from his countenance that he was upon the point of pronouncing some extreme and hasty determination; but Thys, stretching forth his hands in a supplicatory attitude, and as though to check him, interposed.

"Come, Uncle Jan," he said, "let things take their course, and don't put yourself out about them. Cecilia seems determined that you sha'n't have your will in this matter. Very well; let her take her own way, then, and marry Bart; it is she that will suffer the most by it, after all."

"Hold your tongue!" cried the old man, angrily; "what! are you, too, going to take their part now? Cecelia, if you have neither sense nor reason I must think for you and put my experience in the place of your weakness and folly. Now listen to me. I ask you for the last time, will you marry Thys or not? Tears are no answer. Speak! you have a tongue in you head!"

"Ah, dear uncle," the maiden sighed out with uplifted hands! "ah! do you know what you're doing?"

"Answer me: will you have Thys?"

"If I was taken to church with him by force," she replied with all her energy, "I'd hold my breath and stiffe myself before I got there."

"Fie, fie! what sinful words are those?" cried her uncle, astonished at her vehemence. "What is there in Thys to set you so against him, more than any other man?"

"A man! He a man?" she retorted, with delirious energy; "he is the very devil himself! the devil of falsehood and rapacity!"

"Cecilia, unhappy girl!" sighed Thys, "I forgive you! May God forgive you those wicked words as I do!"

"Well, then, pursued her uncle, "you will not have him?"

"Never!" was her firm reply. "I will go through any thing rather; I would die the cruelest death; be pointed at with scorn by all the world. No, never, never!"

The old man rose from his seat, and, in a tone of fixed resolve

"So be it!" he said; "you shall be treated as your ingratitude deserves. This afternoon you shall go to the Chapel farm and fetch away whatever you have there that belongs to you. You may stay there just five minutes, and if from that time forth you ever again speak to any of those bad people, even if you meet them by accident, or make any sign to them, or even look at them, then——"

A renewed fit of coughing here interrupted the old man and broke off his words; evidently what he was about to say pained him: he seemed glad of an excuse for delaying its utterance. Thys meanwhile cast a look of jeering triumph at the poor girl, who had again fallen back upon her chair and was now weeping bitterly. Again the old man essayed to speak as soon as he had recovered his breath.

"Then I will—ah me! I cannot get it over my lips! Child! child! if you did but know the suffering you're causing me!"

The plaintive tone in which these last words were spoken touched Cecilia to the very heart. She rose from her seat, threw herself upon her knees before the old man's feet, and seized his hand, which she kissed again and again, while she exclaimed:

"Oh, uncle, I do indeed love you! love you as dearly as ever; gladly would I give all the days I have yet to live to lengthen out yours, if God would grant my prayer! Ah, have pity, have compassion on me; and if I have ever said or done anything to grieve or trouble you, then give me your forgiveness, for God's sake."

A smile of gladness lighted up the old man's countenance. Probably he was deceiving himself as to the intention of the maiden's words and gesture, for in a gentler voice he said:

"For every fault there is forgiveness, Cecilia. I knew well that your heart could never have been so changed all in a moment. Let us forget all this, my child; the wisest of us goes astray sometimes. Ah, God be thanked that I now have my own good Cecilia back again!"

With these words he raised her from the ground, making at the same time a movement as though to bestow on her the kiss of reconciliation; but the look of anxious inquiry with which she met his eye threw him back into doubts and fears. Hesitatingly he asked:

"Well, I thought you had consented!"

Trembling spasmodically in every limb, she threw back her head, lifted her hands on high, and hastily ran off into the inner chamber, crying, as she went:

"He is under a spell! God has forsaken me!"

Thys meanwhile had left his seat; he now drew near to the old man and took him by the arm.

"Come along, Uncle Jan," he said, "you'll only make yourself ill. There's nothing to be done for it at present. Wait a little, and let Cecilia think over it when she's calmer; after all, perhaps, things will turn out better than we think."

And with these words he led him off, coughing violently as he went, into another room, and closed the door behind them. As for Cecilia, she stood motionless, with her head leaning against the wall; motionless but for the heaving of her bosom, shaken by bitter sobs.

CHAPTER IV.

The next afternoon the sun stood no less fair in the heavens, only already deeply declining toward the west, and therefore with diminished power in his beams. The snow, deprived of his enlivening fire, lay dull and monotonous; already had the birds that bear the winter best sought shelter from the approaching cold of night; a grim stillness reigned over the sleeping face of nature.

And at the Chapel farm, too, not a sound was to be heard—neither of human voices nor of human labor. Had it not been for the occasional lowing of the cow from within her stable, one might have deemed that no living being inhabited the place.

Within the house Wanna sat at her spinning-wheel beside the hearth, on which a great kettle of food was cooking for the cow. Assuredly some all engrossing thought occupied her mind, for again and again the thread broke between her fingers, and often she would set her foot beside the treadle and work away energetically, the wheel all the while standing still. Her eyes were fixed upon the face of the clock; she seemed to count each tick of the pendulum, and ever and anon cast a look of reproach upon the lazy hands, as though it was their fault that the time did not pass more briskly.

Suddenly she was startled from her reverie by the great kettle boiling over, with an effusion of water which had wellnigh extinguished the fire.

"Why, Wanna, what are you about?" cried Mother Ann, who at the sound came running up out of the stable. "You'll soon let the water boil over upon yourself without feeling it. Why, girl! why, girl! since the last fair you've turned so dreamy that I don't know what to make of you!"

Wanna cast down her eyes in much embarrassment, and, evading direct reply, hastily answered:

"Come, mother, come; let's be quick and take the kettle into the stable, and then I'll run down to the village for the green thread that Cecilia asked me to get for her; I shall be back directly."

"If Cecilia asked you, go: but do make haste, child; it's getting quite late."

While these few words were passing, mother and daughter together had carried the kettle into the stable. Soon Wanna returned alone. Her first look was at the clock; instantly, with brightened countenance and a suppressed cry of joy, she darted to the door, and was soon at some distance from the cottage. Now at last, after having once or twice looked back to assure herself of being out of sight and hearing, she ventured to vent her feelings in a merry laugh

"Ha, ha!" she cried; 'how mother will stare! She'll know then how it was I let the kettle boil over."

And again she started off in a run, bounding along so that the snow flew up from under her feet. She had not yet reached the village, when from behind a plantation of fir she heard the brisk neighing of a horse.

"Ha! there they are!" she cried, exultingly. "Our Bles is pleased to get home again. If she knew what she's bringing with her, I believe, poor beast, she'd be off in a gallop."

It was not long before her brother and his cart turned the corner of the plantation and made their appearance in the road; and immediately off Wanna set again, running at a still greater rate than before, calling at the same time at the top of her voice, though still far out of hearing:

"Bart, Bart, have you got it! Have you got the neckerchief?"

But though Bart could not hear, he certainly understood, for he stood erect in the cart and threw up his cap high in the air,—not very dexterously, however, for it fell on the road instead of in the vehicle, which obliged him to pull up and get out to recover it. Before he had remounted, his sister came up to him, but with haste.

"Well, Bart, have you got the neckerchief?" was still her cry.

"Wantje, Wantje," he answered, with a burst of gladness, "there's nothing like my luck! Only just think!—the gentleman—he's a sugar baker—that takes my hoops of me, asked me what made me look so happy when he paid me."

"Yes; but, Bart," interrupted his sister, with a gesture of impatience, "have you got the neckerchief?"

"To be sure I've got the neckerchief. But just listen," he continued; I told this gentleman how it was mother's fete day, and about the present I meant to make her."

"Let me see it Bart! Oh, do just let me see it."

"And the gentleman, Wanna, what do you think he did? He said that he would make my mother a present too."

"Did he, indeed? Well, that was kind of him!"

"Yes; and he has given me plenty of work for all the rest of the winter."

"And was that the present he made mother?"

"Oh, no, Wantje! he put a bright new five frame piece in my hand, and told me to put that to the price of the neckerchief, that I might get an out-and-out handsome one."

"Five francs! And how much does the neckerchief cost, then?"

"Eight francs and a half, Wantje! Eight francs and a half!"

"Mercy upon us! Why, Bart dear it would keep us three for a whole month! Oh, do let me see it!"

"You shall see it. But first I must tell you something else. After that the gentleman took me into his house, to a room where ever so many copper pots were standing, just as it might be so many milk pails; I should think there must have been a thousand of them. And all these pots were full of sugar."

"A thousand pails full of sugar!" cried Wanna, lifting up her hands and eyes. "I suppose you're telling me the truth, Bart; but who in the world is to eat all that?"

"The rich people, to-be-sure, Wanna. Besides, just think how big the world is! Well, but, Wanna, the best's to come; he gave me five or six great packets of sugar-candy for mother, of all sorts of colors—white, yellow, red, brown, black; in fact, I don't know how how many different colors!"

"Black!"

"Yes, there's some coal-black; mother will never know what it is. What a laugh we shall have! But come, our Bles will be catching cold. I'll show you the neckerchief, though; but take care, don't tumble it; and just let me see your hands, Wantje."

"Oh, they are quite clean! I've only just come from washing turnips."

And now Bart climbed up into athe cart again to get the neckerchief, muttering all the while his apologies for the jealous vigilance of his precautionary measures.

"It's only, you see, Wanna dear, because really things of this kind oughtn't to be touched without gloves. Eight francs and a half!"

He came down again out of the cart with a paper parcel in his hand, which he carried and handled with an air of much mystery, taking up his station beside the shaft, while he carefully and deliberately undid the string with which it was tied. Wanna hung over it the while, her large eyes sparkling with curiosity, and her whole countenance beaming with a smile of gladsome expectation At last the neckerchief came to view. With speechless astonishment the maiden surveyed it as it lay there upon the outspread paper.

"Well, Wanna, what say you to it?" at last inquired her brother.

For a while she was quite unable to come to utterance; then, all at once jumping about and clapping her hands, she broke into passionate exclamations of delight. Her example soon set Bart going too; and there they both were, in their innocent joy, dancing about upon the snow like a couple of children, while Bles turned her head right round, as though to inquire what might be going on.

"How beautiful! heavens, how beautiful!" cried Wanna, at last recovering herself sufficiently for articulation. "Oh, how pleased mother will be! All red and blue and yellow! Why it's enough to blind one!"

Meanwhile Bart sang, with a clear, ringing voice which might have been heard on the other side of the plantation:

"Down with care, and away with sorrow!
Our feast's to-day; never mind to-morrow!"

And then followed, in endless repetition:

"Oh, Wantje, Wantje!" and "Oh, Bart, Bart!"

Yet even endless repetitions must have an end.

"Come along! jump up!" cried Bart, at last. "Directly, and then we'll make Bles go a bit!"

"No, no, Wanje, we must take our time, that we may consider well how we will manage it all."

And now the brother and sister mounted together upon the cart, and the horse went on.

"And have you the flowers too?" presently inquired the maiden, looking round the cart.

"They're under the seat, in the basket with the stone bottle of beer," answered Bart. "I was going to forget that I had a message for you from Frank."

"A message for me from Frank!" exclaimed Wanna, blushing to the tips of her ears, while Bart opened the basket and produced a bunch of very small flowers.

"See," he said; "Frank asked me to give you these from him."

"What shall I do with them?" she asked, abstractedly.

"Yes, but, Wanna, do you know what these flowers are called?" the brother went on "I didn't know myself till Frank told me. 'Tis such a pretty name!"

"What is it, then?"

"They're called Forget-me-nots."

Here the maiden abruptly turned her back upon her brother to hide the crimson blush with which her whole face glowed. He laughed awhile in his sleeve, and then resumed:

"Wantje, is Cecilia with mother?"

"She has not been at our house to-day," was the reply. "I went over to the Abbey farm to see if anything was the matter; but I could see nobody but that Thys, and he fell upon me as though I had come to steal something."

"And isn't Cecilia coming, then?"

"Yes, she'll come; she'll come toward evening, Thys said; but with such a smile! he looked just like a dog that's going to bite."

"Ah, well, that doesn't much matter, so she only comes; and then mother can see her home if she does stay a little late. Come, Wanna, sit here by me; let's talk it over now how we are to manage it."

And now began a conversation which went briskly on, with many a gesture of delight and many a joyful exclamation on Wanna's part, but in so carefully-confidential a whisper that no word could have reached the ear of a passer by.

At their own door, Wanna sprang from the cart and immediately entered the house; while Bart took out the horse and led it away to the stable, whither he also smuggled in his parcel and basket with much precaution and stratagem, which effected, he presently joined his mother and sister.

"Ah, good day, mother!" he cried, as he entered the room; "here, take hold; I've a nice bit of money for you again."

And while depositing some pieces of coin in her hand, he cast a summary glance round, the result of which, however, did not seem satisfactory, for his countenance instantly darkened and his features relaxed from their animation.

"Now, I dare say you think," observed his mother, "that I am going to keep back your pocket money from you for the bit of dinner that we gave Jan mason's widow and her children. No, Bart, my lad, you must have your glass of beer on Sundays as usual, and you deserve it well, too."

Bart carelessly received the few pence which his mother returned to him; and as she proceeded into her bedroom to put away the money he had given her, went up to his sister and, in a tone of deep discouragement, "Cecilia is not here," he said.

"No, and she'll hardly come now," replied Wanna; "in another half-hour it will be dark. Well, we can tell her about it to-morrow. Come, go up stairs now, and keep mother in chat a while, as we said."

"Hadn't we better wait a little?" inquired Bart.

"Wait! Then we shall never get mother out of her bedroom again."

"Well, that's true enough. And yet I should have been so glad for Cecilia to be here. Well, then, look sharp, Wanna, and when all's ready give a knock with the blowpipe against the tongs."

In all haste Wanna ran off to the stable, fetched in the basket, set five or six plates on the table, into which she emptied the packets of sugar-candy, laid the beautiful new neckerchief half unfolded beside them, tied the flowers on to the stone bottle, and set three coffee cups to drink out of, for glasses there were none in the house. Her arrangements accomplished, she raised such a clatter with tongs and blow-pipe that her mother called out from above: "Take care down there! what are you about? Don't be breaking any thing!"

And almost at the same moment Bart came shouting down stairs, his mother hastily following him.

It was a comic yet touching spectacle which the good woman exhibited as her eyes fell upon the table laid out as has been described, and thence wandered in astonishment to the merry countenances of her children, from whom they silently demanded an explanation of the unlooked-for glories before them.

"Long live, Johanna! Long live Johanna!" cried Bart and his sister together, as in the exuberant delight of youth they flew upon their old mother, cast their arms about her neck both at once, and almost stifled her with kisses.

But now again Bart releases her from his embrace, seizes the new neckerchief, throws it over her shoulders, springs to the wall, whence he takes a little mirror and, holding it up to her exclaims: "See, mother, see! that's your saint's day present! Now you won't have to go to church in that miserable old thing any more."

At last she became aware what it was that her children's burst of joy signified. Her emotion was too much for her. Not a word could she utter, but gazed on the neckerchief in mute astonishment. At last a tear rolled down her cheek; she drew both her children to her bosom, and, kissing first one and then the other:

"Oh, how good God is!" she exclaimed, in a stifled voice.

And now, while she still held her daughter in her arms, Bart hastened again to the table, filled the three cups with beer, and, with an expressioon at once of tenderness and solemnity:

"Mother dear," he said, "here's to your good health! And may we long live together in love and well doing! And may I keep my health to work for my good mother! And God grant us all his blessing, both here on earth and hereafter in heaven! Long live Johanna!"

But, just as he was about to put the cup to his lips he was suddenly interrupted by his sister's exclamations, who ran out of the room, crying, as she went.

"Yonder is Cecilia! Ah me, there comes Cecilia!"

And immediately "Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted Bart, hastily following her out.

But for a single instance the mother remained alone, until her children again appeared upon the door-sill, accompanied by Cecilia. But, oh heavens! what a change had that little moment effected in them! All their vivacity had departed; sadness was on every feature, and with down-hung heads they walked beside their companion, in a very fear of anxious curiosity, and yet afraid to question her. Cecelia, on her part, approached the table without uttering a word, dropped into a chair, and then broke into an agony of sobs and tears, while the rest of the party stood looking on in mute astonishment and terror. It was Mother Ann who first approached her, took her by the hand, and inquired:

"For heaven's sake, Cecilia dear, what then has happened? What sad misfortune?"

But no answer did she receive. Then, after waiting a while, Bart in his turn came and stood close by her, and in a heart-breaking tone, and with tears, so to say, in his voice:

"Cecilia! Cecilia!" he exclaimed.

Whether it was that this cry, which seemed to burst forth from a breaking heart, struck straight to here, or that the gush of tears had already somewhat relieved her, she raised her head, and, in a languishing voice:

"Oh, my dear friends," she said, "I can hardly speak for sorrow! Let me first weep a while."

"Ah, Cecilia, Cecilia! do you want to kill me outright?" cried Bart, now quite beside himself; "what is it? For God's sake, speak!"

"Only think," she sobbed out in reply, "how unhappy I am; this is the last time that you will see me here."

A varied series of sorrowful exclamations formed the response to this unexpected declaration.

"I am forbidden ever to come here again," she pursued, amid a flood of tears, "and ever to speak to any of you. And, alas! I must, I must obey!"

"Forbidden to speak to any of us again!" exclaimed the widow, astonished, not to say incredulous. "And why that, pray? What harm have we done to any one?"

"Ah! don't question me," replied the maiden, imploringly; "I can't bear to tell you all."

At this Bart wellnigh broke forth into fury. He ground his teeth; he clenched his fists. At last he cried:

"Ah, yes! I know all about it! This is another of that serpent Thys' tricks! Look you, I never willingly harmed man or mouse in my life yet; but if ever I get that pest of the village into my hands, and don't wring his accursed head from his body, then—"

But here his mother hastily laid her hand upon his mouth and broke off the flow of vengeful utterance.

"Bart," said Cecilia, entreatingly, "if you have any friendship for me, put all such thoughts out of your head. It is my uncle himself that has forbidden me. There is nothing for it; it is my lot, and I must bear it."

"Oh heavens! and shall I then never see you again?" cried the youth, in desperation; and, leaning his head upon the table, he burst into a flood of bitter tears.

"Here I must never come again," was the reply; "but when I sit up there at the Abbey farm whole days together, so lonely and desolate, all that time, my dear friends, yes, all of it, I shall be thinking of you. I never knew before how much I care for you all."

These last words only increased the universal grief; the whole party wept with broken hearts.

But presently Cecilia cast an anxious look out of doors. Probably she then observed something that struck her with sharp and sudden fear, for she rose from her seat all trembling, and began hastily to collect some small matters which lay upon a box by her.

"Heavens!" she exclaimed; "I was just forgetting myself. I only had leave to come here to fetch my work-things. Good by! good-by! I must go."

The tone of nervous anxiety in which these words were spoken struck Bart not a little. He, too, looked outward in the same direction, and instantly a flash of indignation lighted up his eyes.

"Look!" he exclaimed, in a voice of concentrated fury, "look! yonder he stands in the road. Begone, Satan! away with you!"

And he was about to rush out of the house; but his mother cast her arms around his neck and forcibly held him back, though he bellowed like an infuriated bull and made the most violent efforts to escape from her.

Meanwhile Cecelia had hastily taken a small gold cross from her bosom, and, placing it in Wanna's hand:

"I promised mason Jan's widow," she said "to do something for her. Now I cannot do as I meant; but here is a little cross that belonged to my mother, (God rest her soul!)—let her sell that, and buy bread for her children. And now, Mother Ann, Bart, Wanna, my dear friends all, farewell, and think of me and pray for me; pray that God may protect me. I shall die, die of grief and sorrow, waste and pine away; for——"

Her voice choked. Sobbing, and with her hands before her eyes, she rushed out of the house.

An instant afterward, and the inmates of the Chapel farm sat silently weeping. The neckerchief lay forgotten upon a chair; and already had the darkness of night descended upon the earth before any of them woke up from the mute depression into which sore grief had cast them one and all.

(To be continued.)

NEWMAN'S HOT SCOTCH.

No one will more readily agree with the deputy shepherd that "all taps is wanity," than the Reverend John P. Newman, late of the consular service of the United States, but more recently pastor of Grant's Church in Washington. When Newman was abroad in the service of the state and Newman, he purchased in Scotland a quantity of pure Scotch whisky, which he brought to this country as a part of his personal bagage, and thus secured its entry free of duty. Arriving in Washington he found that he made more of the fiery fluid than even a temperance or a whole teetotaler's society could readily consume, and he proposed to one of his parishioners, Mr. Cake, proprietor's hotel, to exchange thirty gallons of it for a like quantity of pale sherry. Knowing that he could readily dispose of a superior article of Scotch by peddling out over the bar of his hotel, qualified by hot water and flavored with lemon peel, Mr. Cake made the exchange. In a moment of of weakeness he mentioned the barter to his barkeeper, and, in a gush of confidence that useful adjunct to a public house communicated it in the strictest secrecy to a journalist. All Washington knew the story within twenty-four hours, and the bibulous wags of the capital are crowding to the National bar and directing the compounding and setting forth of a Newman hot Scotch! A correspondent of the gentler sex, who is amazed at Mr. Cake's perfidy pictures the distress of Mrs. Newman. "The idea," says she, "of my husband, a Methodist temperance divine, being made known to the community as a trafficker in whisky, and smuggled whisky at that; and then the thought of having a drink called after him!" At this the lady's grief overcame her. It was rather an ugly abuse of confidence, and I do not wonder at the distress of Mrs. Newman, who is a sensitive, good woman, over the due result, for surely it is not an edifying sight to witness men crowding the bar room at Willard's and hear them calling for "*Newman's hot Scotch.*" One's sympathy with the parson's wife and belief in the reasoning powers of the correspondent would be greater if the distress and indignation were caused by the fact of Newman's hypocrisy, not occasioned by its discovery.

It is the common thought that pride and riches go together. We would not quarrel with the common thought if it added, "So do pride and poverty go together." For pride goes wherever the human heart, unsanctified by the Charity or Christ, goes. The sublimest pride is that which denies its own existence, and makes its owner say; "I may seem proud to you, sir; but I am not. I claim much for my talents, my judgment, my rectitude, my physical, mental and moral excellences. Of course I do. But not more than is due to them. No, sir. On the contrary, less." These are the men who think every defect in their neighbors a good quality in themselves; who "trample Plato's pride with a huger pride than Plato's." Nothing but the sound of the Archangel's trumpet will awake these men to a sense of their own littleness. And then how exceedingly little they will appear.—*Columbus Coumbian.*

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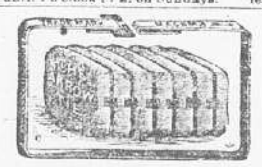

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