

"I should know it anywhere!" exclaimed Rosine, "I am so glad."

"So am I," said her friend, drawing her arm within her own as they continued their walk; "you must know Harry when he comes home; he's a noble fellow."

"Where is he now?" inquired Rosine.

"He is on a cruise to the Mediterranean. There is talk in the Department of a recall of the squadron with which he sailed, to join the forces the government propose to send against Mexico. I think if it comes to this, it will decide my brother at once to leave the service for which he already has no fondness. Such an unjustifiable war! I pray Jesus and our Holy Mother to save him from shedding blood in such a cause."

Rosine made no answer, her eyes were riveted on the locket, when, as if by magic, the reverse side of the trinket sprung open. "O, how beautiful! how lovely!" she exclaimed, pausing suddenly in her walk and looking to her friend for an explanation.

The picture was of a youth apparently about twenty, glowing in the first flush of manly beauty, and with an expression that won the heart at once. Miss Greenwood took the locket in her own hand and murmured, "Yes, dear, lovely, beautiful beyond comparison; and taken so young, so suddenly, and so—," her voice died away in a sob. She walked away from her friend, her eyes cast down, her step rapid. Rosine remained where she had left her, wondering in her own mind if this could be the 'first-born' of whom Ned had once spoken—then came the wonder, why this intimacy between the two families, which must have been very strong, had never been known to her. She tried to recall any allusion to them, but could only remember hearing Aleck once wish Harry Greenwood were at home, and the Colonel had spoken sometimes quite severely of the Commodore, but of Miss Greenwood and the lost brother, she had never heard till she had herself made her acquaintance.

Rosine was awakened from her reverie by the return of her friend, all traces of the late deep emotion effaced, and her countenance wearing the calm, placid, somewhat pensive look, that usually rested there. She informed her young companion that she had met the Colonel on the beach looking for her. Rosine made haste to meet him, he coming towards her holding a letter high above his head, exclaiming, "From the west!" Immediately, as she saw her father's handwriting, her heart sunk within her. "I know there is bad news," she said, out of breath with her run, and looking pitifully into his face.

"Shall I read it for you?" he inquired affectionately, and placing the camp-stool for her and bidding her lean against him, he read aloud, not without some hesitancy and choking on his part, the sad story of little Jeannie's release and Marion's wanderings and consequent illness. It was written in the terse, laconic style of a man of business; but in the end he said, "I thank God, my child, that you are exempt from the hard discipline we are enduring in this to us foreign land, and are sheltered in the home and heart of one worthy of the love of such a daughter."

"But I ought to be with my mother," she said, looking up at Colonel Hartland; "she needs me now more than ever."

"But, my darling child," replied he, "in your present delicate state, lately recovered from a nervous fever, you could be but little assistance."

"I could comfort her," she said sadly.

"O, here is something from your mother," he exclaimed, as he turned the last page.

"Do not be impatient or unreconciled, my beloved Rosa. The dear Lord will watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another, and bring us together again. I miss you hourly, my sweet comforter, now more than ever; but I would not have you pine for me; you have with me, the sweet company of the saints, and they will bring you comfort with their prayers; we have now a new advocate in Heaven, and dear Jeannie will never forget to pray for us. The little picture of St. Rose is near me, and I never look at it without appetite for my sweet Rosita."

SOME ADVENTURES UNDER THE MAY LAWS.

(Concluded.)

As soon as night fell the "commercial traveller" left N— by footways and bye-paths through fields and gardens, leaving his friendly host to make known to the parishioners his intention of reappearing the following Sunday and saying Mass, this time as early as two o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile he returned to the town, bent on making acquaintance with the Landrath, whom he had always heard mentioned as one of the stoutest champions of the war of culture. He found out the hotel, which did duty as casino, where the Landrath, spent an hour or two every evening, and took a seat at a table round which sat a party consisting, as he learnt afterwards, of the mayor, the doctor, and the lawyer of the place, besides the Landrath himself, and a tax-commissioner. There were two other guests in the room, who appeared strangers. The conversation at first turned on indifferent subjects, but gradually got round to the inevitable subject of the day—the "war of culture." It is worth quoting.

"The bitter feelings of the people in these parts," I said, "strike me as remarkable. A man who travels as much as I do, has the best opportunity of getting to know the state of mind of the inhabitants. And it seems to me there is some fault to be found with the behaviour of officials in this business. The official is a man, and as a man he takes part eagerly for or against; for in this struggle the dearest interests of men are concerned, and so, unluckily, it often happens that the requisite composure and objectivity get lost sight of, and their place is taken by bitterness and subjective party feeling. This is the case, certainly, with persons who are, from want of education and the nature of their calling, without all delicacy." For instance, it is impossible for the Govern-

ment, or those who make the laws, to intend to sanction the conduct of many of the *gendarmes*, which must be condemned by every right-thinking man."

"The Landrath, who had not lost one of my words, moved uneasily in his seat, and stroked his huge moustache vigorously.

"But what would be the result," replied my *vis-a-vis*, "if the laws of the Government should continue to be set at naught? Unless the insolence of the priests is checked, there will be an end of all respect for law and order among the people. What I say is, that the Government *must* step in, and where lenity and forbearance would be mere weakness, there cannot be any special delicacy in the choice of means. If the priests won't submit, they must be made to feel."

"Do you really think, then, that the *gendarmerie*, trials, and prisons are effectual weapons against men's consciences? I am certainly no enemy of the State, and I love my country; but just for that reason I cannot but most deeply lament the whole contest with its miserable details. It has made a rent in the land which will not close easily, dealt wounds to the hearts of the people which will not heal soon."

"And things will go further still, my good sir. I am a member of the Lodge, and tolerably *au fait*. If imprisonment and deprivation have no effect on the bishops, their stipends will be withdrawn, and their whole connection with the Pope dissolved. Then the ambassadorship at the Curia will be abolished, and should the Pope do the least thing to give the Government a handle for further proceedings, the Bull of 1821, *De salute animarum*, will simply be declared null. And if the people get troublesome, then the district or the province will be put in a state of siege, and the Ultramontane, papers, those plague-sores of Germany, suppressed."

"I quite believe that you may be right, and that the Government will shrink from no measures, however violent; but I do not believe that the bishops will sacrifice their convictions for the sake of a salary. I respect every sincere conscience."

"Fiddlesticks! The priests are determined to keep the people in ignorance, and they must do so in order to continue to exist and not feel the ground give way under their feet; they lord it over the masses, and their dignity, enveloped in clouds of incense, will stoop to no accommodation with the laws. The Government, on the contrary, would enlighten and emancipate the people—get them out of leading-strings—that's the real point of the struggle. The priests mask their obstinacy to the eyes of the people by the phrase, "We must obey God rather than man;" but among themselves they laugh, like the Roman augurs, over the stupidity of the mob."

"That accusation of the priests cheating and deceiving the people is so dashing a one that I seek in vain for a proof of it. Certainly the bishops and priests *suffer* for their principles; and, after all, one must have religion, or there is an end of civil liberty; for never will the people be enlightened to such a pitch as to render a positive religion superfluous; never will people be so inoculated with so-called "moral principles" as to do good because it is good, and to shun evil because it is evil. Rob them of their God, of their faith in eternity and its retribution, and they will sink to the level of the brutes; and their unbridled passions and impulses will break all bounds, and a peaceable social life become impossible. . . . Only a madman, or a man blinded by fanaticism, can be so hostile to Christianity and the bishops as to make that charge of deliberate falsehood and deception. You alluded just now to the Roman augurs—let me allude to the national Liberals of our day. Was it not political hypocrisy, when persons calling themselves Liberals gave their sanction, in spite of knowing better, to laws which they condemned in their hearts? Look at the military service law, at the Landstrum law, at the rejection or adjournment of the motion for the direct right of election! Is it real Liberalism for the majority of the representatives of the people to sanction laws which the people reject, merely out of deference to the Imperial Chancellor or the Government? Is it not making a farce of constitutional rule?"

"I confess," replied the Freemason, "that I do not agree in all points with the proceedings of the national Liberal party, but at the same time I am obliged to go with it because it is the only support of the Government, which, without it, would be unable to perform its civilising mission against the enemies of the Empire, whether red or black. That in so doing many concessions are made which the Liberals themselves do not approve is true, but inevitable; but, believe me, the times will alter, and then we shall attack the Government in its position of absolutism."

"And so, merely from considerations of conscience, you now agree to laws which are to be upset at a later day. Well, *populus vult decipi*! And people give their votes for anything. Government may carry on the war against the Ultramontane party. Well, I call myself liberal, but for that very reason I condemn such line of conduct. And I condemn to the measures that are being taken against the refractory priests. . . . Only yesterday I saw what confirmed me in my views. I was at N—, where the banished priest had returned, and had 'illegally,' said Mass. The police were on the alert in pursuit of him, but in vain; the people defended their pastor. Are not such incidents a *flasco* for the Government? Do you think they tend to increase and strengthen the love of the Fatherland?"

"You were at N— yesterday?" exclaimed the Landrath, suddenly, turning to me.

"Yes, I was. Does that interest you?"

"Certainly it does, for this is the first I have heard of the pastor's return and of his officiating. That man's defiance of the law goes too far."

"Why so?" Because he does not let the police get hold of him? I certainly would not; for if I understand the priest's stand-point rightly, he considers himself bound in conscience to remain at the post assigned to him by his Bishop till he is forcibly driven from it."