

all were before friends, by your fitful conduct towards both Dr. Nelson and Mr. Leighton?"

"But, papa," she said in a whisper, "I have no reason to suppose either of these gentlemen desires to be any thing more than a friend: I thought no lady had a right to think so, till the gentleman had spoken."

"That is a miserable subterfuge, my child; as if there were no way of speaking except with the lips. No man in his senses will offer his hand and heart to a woman, unless she has given him reason to believe she looks upon him with favor; and (there are exceptions, but they only prove the rule), a refused lover, as a general thing, ought to cause a woman shame and sorrow that she has, through ignorance or indiscretion, led to the confession of a love that cannot be reciprocated."

"But suppose, dear papa," said Marion, "one only wishes to regard all as friends?" This was said with a pretty downcast look, quite charming; but for what he had himself seen, her father would have felt that she was uttering the true sentiments of her heart. He looked at her a moment as if doubtful what to say; at length, trying to repress the inclination to mistrust her truthfulness, he said, "If one has no choice in heart, one should avoid giving decided preference to either, as I have seen you do many times, my daughter, a marked preference; that is coquetry, systematic, deliberate coquetry, and gives rise, O my child, to the most hellish feelings in the breast of man that can be cherished. Yes, this has made men liars—murderers—adulterers!" His tone was slow, solemn and earnest, as he uttered these words; and Marion trembled at the depth of their meaning.

"I will try to do right, papa," she said softly.

"God help you," he replied, kissing her affectionately; "I expect you to do right, and if you have doubts as to matters of propriety, I can recommend your mother as a safe confidant."

There was a shade of reproach as he said this, that went direct to the fountain of her heart, already somewhat moved.

"Dear papa," she exclaimed, throwing her arms about his neck, "I have nothing to confide."

"Marion," he said, removing her arms and holding both her hands in his while he gazed into her face, which she in vain endeavored to hide, "you have not yet learned to be true with yourself."

From that day Marion was continually conscious of her father's watchful eye, her pride had received a powerful check, and she was more circumspect in his presence; but there were many nameless tiny delicate ways, in which her love of power and desire of admiration were displayed, which were not unobserved by another eye, equally vigilant and more jealous than Mr. Benton's.

Alice Leighton saw with penetrating scrutiny how evenly her friend held the balance of her admiration between her brother and the Doctor. She knew nothing of the ways of the world, but her own guileless heart told her there was a wrong in Marion's course, and gradually the warm friendship which she had given her was transferred in all its confidence to Mrs. Benton. She, with her gentle, firm nature, took the young invalid readily to her heart, and became the repository of all her hopes and fears. She understood her nature better than her more common-place mother, and in the end helped her in her efforts after that which was of more value to her than even health.

Marion was still the reigning queen in Atllacca society, not only by superiority of education and accomplishment, but by her native energy and will. Envious ones called her a "pushing girl," and though exceedingly popular, she failed thoroughly to please her parents.

Dr. Nelson, busied though he was by an ever increasing practice, saw that the image of Marion Benton came between him and every other earthly object. He began to look at other things through the medium of his growing love for her, and it gave brightness to his many solitary hours, when he could bring himself to hope that ultimately she might share them. He was not much given to building air-castles, his chastened and subdued nature had taught him better; but Marion had attracted and fascinated him, and it must be a hard wrench that could liberate a constant nature like his from such a thralldom. His knowledge of the character of woman and her motives of action was exceedingly limited, and he often blamed himself for Marion's capricious ways, fancying, when she looked coldly on him, that he had in his ignorance neglected some point of propriety, and offended her delicate perceptions. The great lack in Dr. Nelson's character was a just appreciation of himself; with that, he would have advanced more rapidly in the world, and been more successful in love.

GENTILISM.

We should welcome with very great pleasure any truly learned work from the pen of a Catholic author on the subject of one of the growing heresies of the day, that, namely, which seeks to throw discredit on the Christian account of the history of our race by the theory of the original barbarism of the first generations of mankind. It is a theory which has many attractions to the enemies of faith, who are doing all in their power, however unconsciously, to reduce the race once more to a state of savage ignorance and sensuality quite as bad as any that they have imagined as the condition of our first ancestors. The delight with which a writer in a late number of the 'Geographical Magazine' gloated over the rumored discovery of a race of men somewhere, we think in the East Indian Archipelago, who still, as he would say, possessed the aboriginal tails which were once the proud boast of the whole of mankind, is an instance of the joy with which certain would-be philosophers of the day hail everything that tends, even in the most distant manner to support the theory that man is by nature a progressive animal, who has already achieved great conquests in the development of his intelligence and other faculties, and who is yet destined to achieve more such conquests. But in truth, history bears witness that man's natural tendency is to degradation, unless he be assisted from above. Left to himself, man is far more likely in the nine-

teenth century to return, as these theorists would say, to the ape than to rise any higher in the scale of being. The history of mankind, as it can be traced by monuments and documents, is the history of a race which started with a far larger appanage of intellectual cultivation, general knowledge, and moral elevation than it retained. It began in light and sank into darkness, out of which it has only been rescued by the action of Christian grace and the Catholic Church.

We say that any work on this important subject would be certainly welcome from a Catholic point of view. We are more than ordinarily glad to find before us such a work, partial though it be, from the hand of the very learned and able writer to whom we already owe a valuable volume on the "Irish Race." Father Thébaud is already well known on both sides of the Atlantic, and we trust to receive still further contributions from his pen to the cause of Catholic truth. The bearing of his present work may be described in a few words which we shall extract from the author's preface:

"We assert that if things had taken place as the evolutionists assure us they have, the first records of mankind would be those of rude people just emerging from barbarism. In point of art and culture, in point of ideas and language, chiefly in point of religion, we should find in their remains still the most rude elements of a 'childish' and growing soul; we should be able to trace the steps by which, from the first notions of a coarse religious system, they would have arrived at the point of inventing God and all his attributes. This would have been, in the sense of evolutionists, a more subjective theory, perfectly independent of any objective divine essence, and having nothing in common with the certain belief that the reason of man can know God and demonstrate to himself his existence. They assert it has been so, and that historical man began everywhere by being a barbarian. Here we join issue with them, and one of the great purports of this volume will be to establish solidly the fact, that man appeared first in a state of civilization, possessed of noble ideas as to himself, his origin, the Creator, one Supreme God, ruling the universe, etc. We intend to prove historically that he invented none of the great religious and moral truths by the process mentioned above, but that these came to him from heaven. We will endeavor to show the first men everywhere monotheists, generally pure in their morals, dignified in their bearing, and cultivated in their intellect."—London Month.

M. VEUILLOT ON THE SITUATION.

The Eastern question, which European nations are now about to settle, has been shown by M. Louis Veuillot in his journal, the 'Univers,' to be more than a question of empire, more than a question of race, more than a human question; it is a religious question. Long standing accounts between Christ and apostate nations are about to be settled now. All will now be settled. Two centuries ago Russia had no existence: it was Europe separated from the Pope that made Muscovy what it is. Just about the same time Prussia began to be hatched:—

Prussia rose out of a sacrilegious theft, and took shape under the bald and dirty wing of Voltaire, to negotiate the murder of Catholic Poland. The Pope pronounced anathema against those who would receive the Elector of Prussia amidst the family of monarchs. But of what import were the terrors of the Papacy to the sovereigns of those days? They cared but for temporal advantages and temporal pleasures. The Kings of Spain, of France, of Naples, of Portugal, and of Austria, degraded their countries; all concurred in attacking the Papacy; all were more or less the disciples of Voltaire, and even of Rousseau. In the group of crowned heads, two possessed more sense than others. They were Frederick of Prussia, and Catherine of Russia, and they were the two most prominent figures of the century—two Popes in their own barbarous dominions, who not only felt contempt for their peoples, their clergy, and their God, but professed that contempt openly and defiantly. This is a chapter of almost contemporary history. The last century, full of infidelity, saw the enemies of France grown in exactly the same proportion as the enemies of the Church. One and the other were synonymous, and France, under the impulse of the fatal spirit of error she herself had propagated through the world, lost the premier rank. She had been first of national forces, because first of Catholic nations. Her supremacy dated from the Crusades, and survived her virtue. She ambitioned to be the most impious; and the war of 1870 has terribly verified her title to the glory. Oh, justice! who will arraign the reprisals of God? The travail continues, and the arm of the Lord is still raised in anger. It is the schismatic nation—the nation which, while retaining the name of Christ, abjures His Church and declares itself her enemy—the nation which is anti-Papal in the very essence—it is this nation which an inscrutable Creator has selected to punish Europe and avenge Him!

The Scottish explorer Cameron, who recently returned from the heart of Africa, has created a good deal of enmity and disgust among "apostolic circles" in England, by declaring that the average British missionary is a fraud of the first water. "Most of them," he says, "are unfit for their work and despised by the heathen. They go to Africa, draw large salaries, live comfortably, drink their champagne, and then in a couple of years come back to tell dreadful tales of the hardships they have suffered!"

The sum of the whole matter is that semi-Presbyterian and semi-Scotch Ulster is fully three times more immoral than wholly Popish and wholly Irish Connaught—which corresponds with wonderful accuracy to the more general fact that Scotland, as a whole, is three times more immoral than Ireland as a whole.—'Scotsman,' Edinburgh.