

thought," said the Colonel before the Doctor could fairly close the door after him, "they are married!"

Dr. Hartland's face became intensely pale for a moment, and he stopped short in his advance, as if he had been struck. "Where—when—by whom? I demand proof!" he said as soon as he could speak.

"She has the marriage certificate—here is a copy—examine it."

Dr. Hartland took the slip of paper into his hands. "Last April," he sililoquized, "while she was with her aunt. Well, sir," he said, giving back the paper, "all I can say (if this be genuine) is that Aleck deserves dishonor for such a contemptible piece of trickery. But even if it be true, it must not be made public till he returns."

"We can't help ourselves," said the Colonel, "the Captain vows he will have the marriage in the morning papers; the question now seems to be, shall we make Laura one of the family, as will be expected by the world."

"Excuse me, sir!" exclaimed the Doctor, impatiently, "but who cares for the world, or what the world expects?"

"Everybody of sense, Ned; nobody more than yourself, only your world is narrower than that of most people. Yes, the opinion of the honorable, right-minded portion of the world is worth regarding. If Laura is Aleck's lawful wedded wife, she is my daughter and your sister, and as such, has a claim upon us for protection. If the matter had only been done honorably, all this tomfoolery with *Le Compte* would have been omitted, as I should have put a stop to the proceedings. The question now is, what are we to do, as things are? If Aleck is recalled for these Mexican troubles, he may be home sooner than if the Department left him where he is; that is—," his voice trembled, "if the poor boy comes out of it alive. By the way, Ned, I heard down town to-day that Henry Greenwood had thrown up his commission rather than fight the Mexicans."

"Good?" replied the Doctor, "I expected it when I heard his ship was ordered home to prepare for the Gulf of Mexico. What will the old Commodore do now?"

"They say he is almost frantic, fretting and fuming, and swears he will disown him, forbids Dora to speak his name."

"Infatuated girl!" said the Doctor, with a half sigh; "a life of constant slavery, when she might have had love and freedom."

"Yes," replied the Colonel; "how strange; so different from our anticipations. Here is Dora, whom we once longed to take to our hearts, would not come; while Laura, whom we regret to accept, is ours without asking."

"Don't mention Dora Greenwood and Laura Marten in the same breath," exclaimed his son sharply; "if it is your fixed resolve to receive this woman as one of your family, it is perhaps not my place to remonstrate, but I will only beg, for Rosine's sake, that you will consider the influence of so equivocal a character on her young mind."

"Look here, Ned, one would think Laura was your own wife, by the way you bristle up when she is mentioned. I only wish to do right," he added, "and your mother must be consulted."

It was with reluctance that Colonel Hartland revealed the discovered secret to his wife; he dreaded her just indignation with the deceitful course of the young couple, as well as the real misery it would cause her to be so thwarted in her one earnest wish to keep her sons' affections all for herself. The Doctor had often troubled her, once seriously, in these matters, but Aleck had never caused her a moment's uneasiness; she was as sure of him as she was of the Colonel. Her husband, with all his knowledge of her, was hardly prepared for the blank look of distress, and the gush of tears with which she who prided herself on her perfect self-control met this intelligence; but with the prudence of a woman of the world, she restrained her tongue, and only requested the Doctor to desist from the vituperation which he heaped upon Laura. "The world," she said, "always pronounces the woman entirely to blame in a clandestine marriage, and family quarrels, Ned, are decidedly vulgar; so as the matter is, and we can't help it, it will be best to be quite formally polite to Miss — to Laura, and I will call upon her in due time with you, my son."

"Excuse me, mother," replied her son, with the customary shrug of his shoulders. "I have no formal politeness to waste upon Laura. I should certainly make a balk of it, if I called. I beg your pardon, but you must find some other companion."

Rosine was perhaps more shocked by the news of the marriage than any of the family. She received it the morning after the Colonel's interview with Laura; she was surprised by two hands thrust before her face, holding a newspaper wet from the press, one finger marking the paragraph: "In —, April 20, by Rev. A. Stephens, Lieutenant Alexander Hartland, U. S. N., to Miss Laura, daughter of Captain John Marten, U. S. N."

A flash of indignation covered her face and neck, but not a word was spoken by herself or Dr. Hartland, as he folded the paper and went out. All her feelings of pity for Laura were scattered to the four winds, and she began to feel ashamed of her pleading with Ned to spare her; the desire to see the friend of last winter, which had been growing upon her since her return to the city, vanished like a breath. She remembered Father Roberts' counsel with regard to the intimacy, and a sense of shame at the near association that had been between them came upon her; her pride was wounded, and she forgot in a moment all the arguments for brotherly charity which she had urged only the previous evening.

She was inclined to resent Mrs. Hartland's request that she would accompany her in her first call on Laura, but that lady spoke in a tone from which Rosine had not courage to appeal, and the call was accomplished in Mrs. Hartland's stiffest silk and stateliest manner, while Rosine looked as if her last friend had forsaken her. There was no place amid so much formality, for even a look sacred to early friendship, and Laura's heart, which had trusted much to Rosine's warm, loving nature, died within her, as she said her cold farewell.

The population of Queensland, according to the census of May last, is 173,180, exclusive of aborigines.

A FRENCH DOMINICAN.

THE 'Catholic Review' translates from the French the following graphic sketch of the eloquent Father Monsabré of the Friar Preachers:—

In an article that is characteristic of it, the Paris 'Figaro' lately distinguished two very different personalities in the Père Monsabré: that of the *interior* and that of the *exterior*. If we are to believe it, the great orator wears a mask behind which the *true* man is very careful to conceal himself, so as not to scare away certain eyes that watch him in the shade. The phantoms of the ex-Père Hyacinthe and of Lamennais haunt his preaching; in short, the reverend Father is not sincere in his exposition of Catholic dogma. The article, which must have come under the notice of thousands of readers, astonished several of them; the orator's friends were indignant at it. To say of the Père Monsabré that he is two-faced is, moreover, to commit one of those extravagances which language refuses to qualify. No man of our day is less deserving of such an appreciation. Let us, therefore, take away this mask with which the 'Figaro' is pleased to cover him, and show to the eyes of all this frank and sympathetic figure. He has the gift of winning the affection of those who approach him, even of the natural enemies of the truth which he announces with such glowing eloquence.

A most natural simplicity is the distinctive characteristic of the great preacher. There are no affected gestures, no mental reservations, no pompous phraseology. He is just exactly what he appears, his private life is a charming reflex of his public career. From the floor of the cell in which he works with indefatigable ardor, he dispenses his favors to the souls who come to consult him. He is all to all without distinction of social rank; for his sole desire is to save souls and to complete in all of them the apostolate of his conferences. Others, pleading the necessity of repose or solitude, might be inaccessible, especially during the Lenten station at Notre Dame. The Père Monsabré never changes his habits. He receives visitors and fears not to repeat to a single individual what he has just taught to 10,000, his sole reward being the pleasure he feels at being able, by additional fatigue, to remove from the mind the faintest shadow of doubt or indifference. In him the apostle absorbs the entire man, and this daily, or rather hourly, preaching is accompanied by a goodness, simplicity and condescension that are truly admirable. What man has been more regardless of trouble, more unreserved, more forgetful of his fame and of the consideration he enjoyed?

A short time ago one of his many friends paid him a visit. He chose the time for recreation that he might not intrude on the Father's precious moments. Having arrived at the cloister door he perceived that the Père Monsabré had on his black cloak and was preparing to go out. Approaching the visitor who was coming towards him he immediately extended his hand with that smile, at once full of playfulness and kindness, which is peculiar to him. "I regret, my dear child," he said, "my inability to entertain you here; I am obliged to spend my recreation in visiting my patients, but do not stop on that account, come with me and we will talk over our affairs on the way and I am already certain that we will agree very well." A few moments after the great orator was in conversation with his humble interlocutor and entertained him for more than two hours, answering all his questions with that frank gaiety which in him has an incomparable power of attraction.

This is the apostle and the man. He is kindness and simplicity united to the rarest talents. His imposing and good-natured physiognomy is illumined by the rays of intelligence, which, however, he studiously avoids to parade. What he says has always the power of creating interest; theology flows in abundance from his lips. His animated conversation abounds with the happiest flashes of wit; it plays ingeniously with the profoundest subjects. We at once perceive a man who is at large in a world of his own, and if sometimes his conversation descends to the natural domain to make his ideas more easily understood, it immediately resumes its former character by a certain ingenious turn which strikes us and which we are apt not soon to forget.

This characteristic of the private individual is more striking, though losing some of its set-off, in his conferences of Notre Dame. If it is true to say that the style is the man, his eloquence clearly shows that he is what we have described him. What is most conspicuous in it is not the phraseology, which, however, enhances the imagery but an unchangeable conviction which overflows his mind and heart. The profound questions of Catholic dogma which he treats in so masterly a manner, fill his thoughts. He is full of his subject. His delivery is vehement and earnest; his arguments rise, accumulate, and end by triumphantly proclaiming the truth. During these moments of theological poetry in which the soul is filled with light, a profound emotion comes over the entire assembly, which is enchanted by the voice of the sacred orator, their eyes are turned upon each other, less to applaud the movements of a superior eloquence than to acknowledge that Catholic dogma has emerged from the clouds victorious and resplendent.

We repeat that there is no studied use of brilliant figures or sonorous words, no love of sensational language in his conferences. His discourse is a sober and at the same time a luminous tissue. For we are not to forget that the Père Monsabré is as much of an artist as a theologian. Both poetry and music are quite familiar to him. He is as well acquainted with Beethoven as with St. Thomas. The same mind which penetrates so deeply into metaphysics is passionately fond of nature and its wonders. His predilection for the grandeur of the sea, its numerous and its mighty billows, is well known. The depth and extent of the ocean and its waves have furnished him with some exquisitely beautiful comparisons in his conferences on the Trinity. At the approach of bleak December he leaves Paris in company with his illustrious Father and companion, St. Thomas. He ascends the slopes of