

After a long and tedious illness her mother died; and Evodia would gladly have lain down beside her and stifled the aching pain at her heart forever. But her time had not come; she had still her lonely old father to console and care for. This she did bravely; and for four years they led a peaceful life together, going out a little, seeing a few intimate friends in a quiet, unpretentious fashion, and spending months at a time touring in Italy or wintering in the south of France.

Deeply grateful to his daughter for her love and devotion, Mr. Mayne was, nevertheless, most anxious that she should marry, and frequently urged her to do so.

"When I am gone you will be lonely and desolate, Evodia."

"You are not going yet, dearest," she would reply, smiling.

"You are hale and hearty; and—and I am happier as I am."

But life, alas! is uncertain, and when she least expected it, he was taken from her. His last illness was short; his death sudden, and it was long before the girl could realise that he was gone.

Mr. Mayne had now been dead three weeks; and truly, as he had said, Evodia was desolate. All her old sorrows seemed renewed a hundredfold. There was no one now to consider, no necessity to keep cheerful or speak brightly; and she broke down completely. The very life seemed taken out of her, and she would sit for hours brooding over the past—weeping, sighing, lamenting for the happiness that she had lost.

The doctor who had attended Mr. Mayne in his last moments, alarmed at the girl's morbid grief and prostration, urged her to see her friends, and seek change of air and scene. But she only smiled sadly, and shut herself up the more. Then, as she sat absorbed and miserable, poor Laura came to her, and the story she told roused and interested her. Upon hearing that Edgar had spoken well of her, and had advised this woman to seek her help, she shed many tears. Then all at once her heart grew lighter; a feeling of hope—an almost nameless expectation—took possession of her.

"It may be that God has heard my prayers at last! And, oh, how I have prayed! We may never meet. But, if it is the will of God, I trust we may," she cried. "And he shall not be disappointed in me: I will help Laura. If he never sees me, he shall at least hear good of me. And—who knows?—our Blessed Lady may have sent this good woman and her children to me. God loves the poor and the fatherless. To help them will comfort me, make me forget myself."

So Laura was sent off with a hamper of good things for her little ones, and the next morning Evodia climbed up the narrow stair to the dismal garret in which they lived. Horrified at the size and closeness of the room, she insisted upon removing to a lodging in a better and more airy situation. Laura was a fair dress-maker; so Evodia bought her a sewing-machine and helped her to get work, and very soon the little family was in a flourishing condition.

But all this time, though she heard of him frequently, Evodia never came across Edgar Bruce.

"He cannot forgive; he avoids me," she would say, with a sigh. "Well, I was foolish to expect anything else."

Then Laura's youngest child fell ill; and Evodia, who had come to love the little fellow dearly, spent many hours of the day beside his bed. And Edgar Bruce visited and looked after the boy, she knew; yet, whether by design or accident, he never came to the sick-room when Evodia was there.

But one afternoon, as she went up the stairs carrying some jelly to the little invalid, a man came down, reading a letter. The girl did not look at him till he was close beside her, and then she recognised him with a start. She stopped short, gazed at him, but was unable to articulate a word. He stood aside to let her pass, and as he raised his head their eyes met. He took a quick step forward, just touched her hand and then let it drop.

"Miss Mayne, I hope you are well!"

He spoke slowly and without emotion. His voice was cold and indifferent.

"Yes, thank you!" she replied quietly. "I hope our patient is doing well?"

"Splendidly. Good-day!" And, raising his hat slightly, he passed on.

Evodia leant heavily against the wall. Her heart was beating to suffocation; she trembled in every limb.

"Oh!" she murmured. "Oh, how cold, how indifferent! But what else could I expect? It is natural." And she continued her way upstairs.

After this they often met—in the sick-room or on the stairs. But never for long; and beyond a hurried remark about the little patient or the weather, not a word passed between them. Evodia's manner was cold and dignified; his, distant and rigidly polite.

"How changed he is! How old and stiff and unpleasant!" she would cry, pacing her room with rapid footsteps. "I am sorry we met again; and yet no" (blushing deeply); "it is a joy to see—to speak to him—even for a moment."

On Christmas Eve Jackie was better, and was able to join his brothers and some little friends, for whom Evodia had prepared a good tea and a beautiful Christmas-tree in his mother's sitting-room. The party was a lively and a noisy one; and as Evodia stood upon a chair, cutting off the toys from the tree, and distributing them to a number of wildly excited, clamorous boys and girls, the door opened and Edgar Bruce walked in.

"May I help you?" he asked. "These young people are too much for you."

"Thanks! I shall be glad if you will," she said; then bent low, as with heightened colour and trembling fingers, she cut a pretty doll from a branch.

The tree stripped of its treasures, and tea disposed of, dancing began. Evodia had hired a piano and a lady to play it, and the children were in high delight. Waltzes, polkas, and games followed one another in quick succession, and Edgar Bruce took part in them all. He and Evodia marshalled the children, joined hands in "Oranges and lemons," and curtsied and danced up and down the room together, to the cheerful strains of "Sir Roger de Coverly."

But when at last all was over, and even the little Sawyers had been carried off to bed by their mother Evodia turned to thank him for his kindness; he merely bowed coldly and hurried away.

With a heavy sigh the girl sank upon the sofa.

"I must say a word to Laura before I go," she murmured, wearily; then lay back and closed her eyes.

As she lay thus the door opened, and Edgar Bruce entered and stole quietly across the floor. As he reached the sofa Evodia started up. A bright blush crimsoned her pale cheeks; then faded, leaving her paler than before.

"You are tired," he said, gently.

"Oh, no! It was only for a moment," she answered, walking over and leaning her elbow on the mantelpiece. "I have quite enjoyed it all."

"You are so good to these people."

"It is a pleasure to me. You see, I want something to do."

"Indeed? You used to have a great deal to occupy you in the old days."

"Yes." Tears rose to her eyes and her colour deepened. "But—but I have lost everyone—I loved."

"I know; and, believe me, I was truly sorry for your trouble. Your father and mother were very dear to me."

Evodia clasped her hands tightly together. A sob rose in her throat; she choked it back with an effort and tried to speak. But her lips trembled, and she turned quickly away.

"Evodia,"—he came close to her side—"do you ever think of those happy days long ago?"

"Think of them?" and she sighed. "They are never out of my thoughts."

"Then,"—he grew white and his voice shook with emotion—"then you *did* care, after all?"

"Care! O God, if you only knew! But, Edgar," she cried, impulsively, "I behaved badly; it was all my fault. Yet I have longed to tell you so—to—"

"And you cared nothing for Captain Dean? They spoke falsely who told me you were going to marry him?"

"I cared nothing for him, and I have never seen him or spoken to him since that fatal day upon the river."

"My God, what a fool I was! But I was mad with jealousy; I lost control over my temper. Can you ever forgive me, Evodia?"

"Yes, freely. But we were both to blame," she said, softly.

"When I left you that night at Maidenhead"—he caught her hand—"I was wild with grief. The next day I was very ill; and when I slowly recovered I was sent abroad. Then I heard you were engaged, soon to be married to Dean; and I believed it. After that I asked no more. I was wretched—miserable; but I threw myself into my work, and—and struggled on. I never saw you, never met you, till—and then, too late, I learned that you were free."

"Not too—late," she whispered, "if—"

"Evodia!"—he drew her toward him. "Is it possible I—may I—dare I hope that you could still love me, be my wife?"

The girl raised her head and looked straight into his eyes.

"You may hope if—"

He bent and pressed her hand.

"If what, sweetheart? O my love—my only love—don't make the cold tears too hard!"

"I—only meant if you love me as I love you," she whispered. Then, trembling and blushing, she turned away, covering her face with her hands.

The Catholic World.

BELGIUM.—Louise Lateau.—Less than twenty years ago the little village of Bois d'Haine, in the diocese of Tournai, was familiar to very many Catholics as the home of Louise Lateau, the saintly maiden in whose person was repeated the miracle of the sacred stigmata, with its accompanying marvellous phenomena. She died on the 25th August, 1881, at the age of thirty-three, and since then on the anniversary of her death a solemn *Requiem* service is celebrated in her parish church. Her memory is held in veneration in all the country round, and large numbers flock to attend the anniversary Mass. On the 25th October the customary service was held, and as usual the church was densely crowded. Louise Lateau is buried behind the choir of the church, and at the conclusion of the sacred function all who were present paid a visit to the tomb where her remains repose. Her modest monument is encircled with some fifty wreaths, of which one of the most beautiful is that offered by the well-known Pere Delcourt on the 25th August, 1886.

ENGLAND—Cardinal Vaughan and Trades Unionists.

—A representative of the *Birmingham Daily Mail* waited on Cardinal Vaughan at St. Mary's College, Oscott, on Tuesday, September 7, and his Eminence then communicated the following message to the Trades Congress now sitting in Birmingham:—"It is necessary that individuals should unite together so as to bring forward in an influential and powerful manner those matters which pertain to their rights and to their interests. Thus reason and common-sense ought to prevail over their deliberations. When men depart from reason and common-sense—well, of course, license, and tyranny, perhaps, take place, when there is power to back them. God has given to all men reason, and practical common-sense is especially a gift of Englishmen; so one naturally hopes that bodies of practical men in England will be guided by the dictates of reason and common-sense—in fact, that is prudence. Of course, the danger is that two or three men can carry away a whole multitude—so much depends upon the leaders; and these men very often think they must be very extreme in order to win the confidence of the multitude. These leaders, above all, require reason and common-sense and prudence and tact."

"GET ON THE SOIL, YOUNG MAN; GET ON THE SPIL."

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