

you now. Think of that, David, and perhaps you will become a tyrant, such as we often read of, and I a little white slave. I believe I would rather die, dear, though who knows? Life is sweet and death far too mournful a subject to put into a letter in which I am naming my wedding-day. My wedding-day—only think of that!!

David, on receipt of this letter, forthwith set out to prepare a home for the bride-elect. He rented the red-brick mansion and had it painted. The vivid scarlet of the bricks and the glaring whiteness of the shutters may be forgiven to the exuberance of his joy. He set paperhangers and decorators to work within, and effected a veritable transformation in an interior somewhat dull and squalid, and there was no pretty device or tasteful ornament which this devoted lover did not strive to procure for the dainty lady of his love. The bride that was to be became deeply interested in the work, and the now devoted pair made almost daily visits to their future home, adding continually to its beauty and comfort.

The marriage day dawned fair and dreamy, with blossoming of trees and chorus of young birds and the May sun shining with almost unearthly beauty over the town. The ceremony which united the young pair was celebrated in the church very early in the morning, and the wedding breakfast was held in the red-brick mansion, whither had flocked the friends of the bride and the groom. The occasion was a very merry one, long remembered; toasts were drunk, speeches made, and long life and happiness prophesied to the happy pair in every possible form of words.

In the afternoon, as the bride was about to change her white wedding-gown for a travelling dress, she was taken suddenly faint and led to a great arm-chair in the centre of the modest drawing-room, where she sat, lovely as a vision, in her wedding finery. The event, chronicled by some of those present, gives minute details, impossible of reproduction here. But the bride stretched forth her hand to David. He took it, sinking upon his knees in a mute agony of dread, while the little lady said, with her pretty smile: 'I am going to die, David; and so you shall never have a chance to be a tyrant.'

'It is you who will be the tyrant and hold me forever from the grave in bonds unbreakable!' cried David, in a terrible voice, which caused all who heard it to tremble.

Medical aid was summoned, but in vain; spiritual consolation barely stayed her lovely spirit an instant on the confines of the world invisible. In little more than an hour death claimed its victim.

Thenceforth David Dalton was a changed man. Society knew him no more. After that intimate friends had little more than a bowing acquaintance with him, until, in course of time, 'the world forgetting, by the world forgot,' he retired in profoundest solitude, emerging only in so far as the strict routine of office work was concerned. He purchased the brick house, that it might never pass into other hands, and preserved inviolate each detail of what was to have been his home. Every evening in the dusk, every morning in the dawn, he visited that untenanted domicile, spending his free time there in a chair placed opposite to that in which his bride had died. To him, no doubt, her presence was very real, as appears from the chronicle he has left; he pictured her in the bravery of her wedding garment, a blossom which faded from earth in that month of May which she had so plaintively deplored as unlucky for a bride. It pleased him to invent new names for her, and to inscribe in his journal imaginary answers which she had made him, and to describe 'the look in her eyes' as he had seen her last, and the May sunshine glinting in her hair, and the smile, sweet as that early springtime, hovering on her dying lips.

For thirty-five years, in sunshine or rain, in the pitiless storms of winter or the beauty of summer weather, David Dalton made his daily pilgrimages to No. 23, unmarked by even the most curious. He never admitted any one to the dwelling, as he resolutely shut out the whole world from his confidence. His erect form grew bent and shrunken, his hair, prematurely gray, became silvery white.

At the expiration of thirty-five years, the great summons came for David himself, came suddenly and unexpectedly. Then, by the irony of circumstance, the veil of privacy was torn away; the most private records, which no doubt David had intended to destroy, became public property, and the harsh hands of the law were laid upon the furniture and the other accumulations of those brief, evanescent days of pre-nuptial happiness, when David Dalton had been furnishing his house. No. 23 was advertised for sale or to rent, and, having lost its 'mystery,' subsided after a few years more into the most ordinary of urban residences.—'Benziger's.'

The Catholic World

ENGLAND—The Bishop of Southwark

The Bishop of Southwark was recently presented with 700 guineas on the tenth anniversary of his consecration. He has decided to use the bulk of the money for providing vestries for his Cathedral, after using a small sum to purchase some memento of the kindness of his many friends in presenting him with the gift.

Death of a Leading Catholic

The death occurred recently of Mr. Henry Liddell Grainger of Ayton Castle, Berwickshire, a large Border landowner, and a prominent Catholic of the district. Deceased was fifty years of age, and leaves a widow and young family. He was a brother of the late Lady Jerningham, of Berwick Towers, Berwick, the wife of Sir Hubert Jerningham, ex-Governor of Trinidad. Mr. Liddell Grainger was an officer of the Berwick Militia, a county magistrate, and an active worker in the Catholic interest. He purchased Ayton Castle and the adjoining estate from the Mitchell-Innes family, for something over £120,000. He held a prominent position in local affairs, and his death is a serious loss to Berwickshire Catholics.

Catholic Schools

The following statistics, taken from Government returns, throw a light on the denominational ownership of English voluntary schools which is very often lost sight of. In the year 1902, when the present Education Act was passed, there were in existence 14,539 voluntary schools, with an average attendance of 2,486,597. Of these, 11,777, with an average attendance of 1,885,802, were built by the Church of England; 458, with an average attendance of 125,727, by the Wesleyans; 1,045, with an average attendance of 255,036, by the Catholics; and 1,079 British schools, with an average attendance of 220,032, by subscribers of various creeds; while 5,758 Board schools, with an average attendance of 2,201,049, were built out of the rates to which all subscribe. Further, out of £23,121,000 subscribed since 1870 to voluntary schools, £18,000,000 was given by the Church of England; £421,600 by the Wesleyans; £2,000,000 by the Catholics; and £2,600,000 by the supporters of British schools.

A Remarkable Painting

Quite recently the Right Rev. Dr. Fenton, Bishop of Amycla, unveiled a remarkable painting at the Church of St. Mary, Moorfields, the Rector of which, the Very Rev. Canon Fleming, is a distinguished Irishman. The painting represents the Scene of Calvary, and was originally produced in 1820 by one of the most distinguished Italian painters of the time, Signor Aiglio, who executed his work on the walls of the old Church of St. Mary. Some years ago, when it was decided to pull down the ancient building, Canon Fleming resolved upon having a miniature copy of the painting made, in order that it should be reproduced for the new church. This having been done, the zealous Irish priest brought over one of the most distinguished painters attached to the Vatican, and for over four years he has worked in order to reproduce upon canvas a work which is acknowledged to be a masterpiece. It now adorns the canopy of the new Church of St. Mary, Moorfields, and all who have seen it—and many prominent artists have so—agree that it is a religious picture which will last for all time.

Death of a Canon

Rev. Canon Pope, St. Robert's Catholic Church, Harrogate, died recently at the presbytery in his 80th year. He was one of Cardinal Newman's converts, joining the Catholic Church in 1853.

ROME—The Rector of the Irish College

The Very Rev. Michael O'Riordan, D.D., Ph.D., D.C.L., arrived in Rome on the Feast of All Saints, and proceeded to take possession as Rector of the Irish College.

Papal Reception

The Holy Father on Sunday morning, November 5, received the Most Rev. Dr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, in farewell audience in his private library. His Holiness greeted Dr. Bourne most affably, receiving him at the door of the library. Dr. Bourne presented the sum of £700 as Peter's Pence from the archdiocese of Westminster, and also the sum of £295, the proceeds of a collection in aid of the sufferers from the Calabrian earthquake.