

before, with a half contemptuous thought that Margaret's hay fever was perennial.

'Margaret'—she spoke so gently that the girl flushed with pleasure—'I wish you would take this note to Miss Haydon with my compliments. It is only a step, you know; and when you return come directly to me. I have something to say to you.'

'Luella has been instructing me about the luncheon—'

'Bother the luncheon!' interrupted Miss Bond; and she continued, in a milder tone: 'What I have to say is of more importance than green and white luncheons.'

Again alone, her mind reverted to those words of Luella that, more than ought else the girl uttered, had brought her roughly to a true knowledge of herself. Poor, despised Margaret had made Luella love the Church, and 'if all Catholics were like you I'd hate it.' In a way she had considered herself a missionary of the faith. For this reason, she had schooled herself to believe, she had cultivated the St. Jude set—St. Jude's being the fashionable Protestant church of Belford. If she did not make converts—and she did not—at least she removed prejudices, she had taught herself to believe. She had even taken credit to herself that Luella went to Mass instead of to the particular meeting-house she had been wont to frequent. 'The girl must think to herself that if I, who am, socially, head and shoulders above any one else in Bedford, am a Catholic, it must be the true religion.' She thought of this now with a bitter laugh at herself, and told herself that she was a snob.

The girl, too, had spoken of confession as one of her mistress' privileges. How often did she enter the tribunal of mercy? It could not be said, she was a Catholic who altogether neglected the practice of her religion. About three times a year she knelt at the altar rail; and, though a slight indisposition had been made to stand in the way, she was quite regular in her attendance at Mass. Neither could it be said she was indifferent to the faith. She was simply a woman who had permitted weeds to flourish in her soul; a woman who had no true knowledge of herself till rudely awakened to a consciousness of her defects by the insolence of a servant. And it was a proof of the innate goodness of her heart that, far from feeling angry with Luella, she approved of her, and felt she could beg the girl's pardon for the scandal she had given—a thing she never did, unless a changed demeanor be a way of begging pardon. It must not be supposed that this new manner she cultivated was without lapses; for lapses there were, but they became more and more infrequent as time went on.

Her humbling meditations were interrupted by the return of Margaret, breathless from rapid walking.

'Miss Haydon was very pleased, ma'am, and she bade me give you this,' she said—handing her mistress a sealed envelope.

Miss Bond made a motion with her hand for Margaret to remain, and proceeded to read the letter the dressmaker had enclosed with the receipted bill. The letter in a manner was a postscript to Luella's rating. It thanked her for the payment of the bill, and apologised with evident sincerity and simplicity for having misjudged Miss Bond. 'I thought you niggardly and hard-hearted, Elizabeth—I may call you so again—and I have sinned by my rash judgment.'

Miss Bond's mind flashed back to her convent school days, when she and Julia Haydon had been bosom friends and classmates. Reverses of fortune came to the Haydons, and Julia was left with a little brother to care for as best she could. 'She is better horn than any of the St. Jude set, and she has been but my dressmaker to me all these years! God forgive me!' she said. For the second time that day she sighed, this time for her sins.

'Margaret, sit down,' she said.

'Ma'am?' stammered Margaret.

Sit down. I wish to talk to you.'

Margaret looked about for the least comfortable chair in her proximity; and having found it, seated herself on its edge, and smoothed her long white apron on her knees, with nervous hands.

'Margaret,' said Miss Bond, thoughtfully, 'I heard to-day that you have an old and sick mother.'

'I have, ma'am,' said Margaret, in alarm; 'but indeed she'll never trouble you, ma'am—not in the least.'

Miss Bond started in her chair. These reiterated confirmations of the character Luella gave her had somewhat the same effect on her consciousness as that which is produced by a blow on the nape of the neck, and for a moment or two she stared before her in a dazed manner ere she said:

'You think me a hard mistress—'

'No, no, ma'am; indeed and indeed I do not!' interrupted Margaret.

'But fault-finding, very hard to please, Margaret,' she persisted.

'And who wouldn't be with a green-horn like myself? And I doubt that's what I'll always be. And then, the weather is sometimes trying to a lady like you.'

'But your mother—why did you never speak to me of her?'

'But sure, ma'am, why would I be troubling you? And I'd a mind for my place,' faltered Margaret.

'You thought that I would send you away if I learned your mother depended on you?'

Her voice sounded hard and unsympathetic, not that she was either at the present juncture. She was only striving to repress her feelings.

'You see, ma'am, it was this way,' hesitated Margaret. 'I wanted to keep my place, for my mother

needs the wages; and I had a dread of being troublesome like.'

'And,' Miss Bond went on, 'you have worried about your mother, and that has made you at times—not careless, but not in sympathy with your duties.' She hesitated for a word to express herself; and now that it was uttered, she wondered if Margaret would understand.

Margaret understood, and her tears fell fast.

'Well, it's true, ma'am,' she replied; and believing the dreaded expulsion close to come, she added, with heartfelt resignation, 'The Lord be praised!'

'You poor, dear soul!' cried Miss Bond, no longer able to control her feelings. 'But I deserve that you should think me so cruel.'

Poor Margaret stared in unfeigned amazement.

'I never said that, ma'am, nor thought it either. Indeed and indeed I did not!' she exclaimed.

That afternoon Miss Bond went to confession. Intentionally she had never made a bad one—perhaps in reality she never had. But to-day she made the best of all possible good confessions; the kind in which the motive for contrition is love—love for God our Father, and for His children, all of whom without exception are our brothers and our sisters.

When Father Cudahy—one of those priests we read about in good books,' said the Belford people—opened the envelopes containing the donations for the much-needed decorations of his church, one that was anonymous contained a sum sufficient of itself to pay for the desired altar. It was not long before he found out that Miss Bond was the donor.

Margaret's mother came to Belford to live; and the invigorating air, as well as the proper food provided by one who never ceased to be her friend, gave her new life; and, no longer entirely dependent on Margaret, she helps by plain sewing to support herself.

The green and white luncheon was a great success. Luella outdid herself, and was well seconded by the heart-relieved Margaret. An honored guest was a Miss Julia Haydon, at which the St. Jude set would have rebelled had they dared. Miss Bond was too great a power for them to attempt to upset her leadership.

When, years after, a new church was erected in Belford for the increasing Catholic population, Father Michael Haydon called it St. Elizabeth's, in remembrance, perhaps, of a woman whose endowments to the seminary made it possible for him to extend his course of studies for the priesthood.

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It was in the season of the Epiphany that Miss Bond, passing down a corridor, heard Margaret say to Luella: 'It would be a great honor for you to have the mistress for your godmother.'

'I know it would. But I'd rather have you, Margaret; for it was you led me first to think of it,' said Luella.

Miss Bond acquiesced with humility to the judgment of her maid; but when Luella came to be confirmed, she provided the frock and veil, and then she was her godmother.—'Ave Maria.'

The Catholic World

CANADA.—The Far North

The Vicariate-Apostolic of Mackenzie (Canada) comprises the Klondike and Great Slave Lake regions. Its ecclesiastical head, Bishop Breynat, O.M.I., gives some interesting information about religion in the far north. Some fifty years ago, Monsignor Provencher was charged with the Vicariate of St. Boniface and all the north-west territories up to the Arctic Ocean. He had at his disposal a mere handful of secular priests and two Oblates, one of whom was the late venerable Archbishop Tache. To-day St. Boniface is an ecclesiastical province, comprising three dioceses and three vicariates. In the region formerly under the jurisdiction of Monsignor Tache there are now about 70 secular priests, a number of Jesuits, Redemptorists, Trappists, and other religious, with no fewer than 300 Oblate Fathers.

CUBA.—The Catholic Hierarchy

The 'Osservatore Romano' publishes the constitution of the Catholic hierarchy in Cuba in its new form, according to which the existing order is maintained, while a number of new dioceses are created.

ENGLAND.—A Bishop's Estate

The Right Rev. Dr. Bilsborrow, Bishop of Salford, who died on March 5, left property the value of which has been proved at £253 17s 1d.

A Numerous Guild

The Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, which numbers over 100,000 members, amongst whom is the Pope, held their annual festival in the Church of the English Martyrs, Great Prescott street, Tower Hill, London. A special sermon was preached by the Rev. Bernard Kavanagh, of the Redemptorist Congregation.

A Memorial

A marble tablet bearing an excellent likeness of Cardinal Manning has been erected to the memory of his Eminence in the Church of Corpus Christi, Maiden Lane, London. It was unveiled by Canon Vere, of Soho.