

And the days are dark and dreary.' In the midst of this reverie the door opened and her aunt entered, an open letter in her hand.

'Madge, I have just received a letter from Mrs. Barton, telling me of an opening that will just suit you.'

'Oh! Aunt this is really good news.'

'I will read you what Mrs. Barton says: "I do suppose you know of a well-educated girl, wanting a situation as governess. Mrs. Owen, who resides in this district, is in need of one. She does not wish to advertise if she can help it. A dread of the host of replies she would have to deal with is too appalling an idea for her. Besides, she is desirous of securing a governess known personally to some one upon whose opinion she can rely. She is going to Tasmania very shortly, to join Dr. Owen, who has been there for twelve months. Of course she would require her governess to go with her. One point she is particular about is that she must possess a specially good knowledge of French, both grammatical and conversational." There, Madge, it is just what you want. Your knowledge of French should secure you the situation. I will write at once and recommend you.'

A month later Madge had left Redwood Manor for ever.

CHAPTER IV.

Two years have passed and gone. 'Tis a glorious day in early spring. One of those delightful days when not a single cloud obscures the intense blue of the sky, and the air is laden with perfume from the golden wattle. A perfect Tasmanian September day, such as only those who have spent a springtime in Tasmania can form any idea of.

'When simply we feel that we breathe, that we live, Is worth all the pleasures life elsewhere can give.'

In a delightful old garden, in a suburb of Hobart, may be seen a tall, graceful girl, clad in a simple morning gown. Surely her figure is familiar. Yes, those wondrous grey eyes could belong to no other than Madge Stewart. She wears no hat, and the sunlight revels in the glory of her hair. 'It is such a shame to waste any of this lovely sunshine,' she protested when urged to wear a garden hat. By her side are a boy and a girl, about twelve and fourteen years old. They are seeking the sweetest blossoms to help to fill the flower basket she carries. Dr. Owen always insists upon his children having a free half-hour out of doors before lessons. This time is usually spent by Madge assisting Mrs. Owen in the arrangement of flowers for the house. Very frequently Jack and Dora accompany her when flower gathering. In fact, they are never happy save when at her side. Madge has so endeared herself to all at 'The Wattles' that she is never spoken of or thought of as 'the governess.' Mrs. Owen treats her like a younger sister, more than an employee.

Jack and Dora are in high glee this morning. A letter has arrived announcing that their only maternal uncle, Lord Rothwell, a great favorite with both of them, is coming to the colonies. They are to expect him in a fortnight.

Eagerly the children looked forward to his coming. So excited were they, that it is to be feared their lessons would have had scant attention, had not their father promised them a week's holiday when Uncle Gerald arrived, on condition that not one lesson was negligently learned between now and then.

At last the longed-for day arrived. Lord Rothwell was expected early in the afternoon. The weather was unusually warm for so early in the season, and they were to have an early afternoon tea in the garden. Madge had promised Mrs. Owen to see that everything was ready by half-past three, thus leaving Mrs. Owen free to entertain her brother.

Our heroine looked very charming this afternoon in a dress of some soft, grey material, with delicate pink ruffles at neck and wrists. Presently approaching voices tell her that the family are coming. As she gives a glance at the table to see that there is nothing wanting Mrs. Owen calls her—

'Miss Stewart, come and let me introduce you to my brother, Lord Rothwell.'

Madge turns and starts, but quickly recovers herself, as she sees a very familiar pair of brown eyes fixed upon her in great astonishment. Can it be true, or is she dreaming? No, her eyes are not deceiving her, for a voice that can belong to no other than Gerald Stirling says, as its owner takes her hand:

'Miss Stewart, is it possible! This is indeed an unexpected pleasure. Alice,' turning to his sister, 'Miss Stewart and I are old friends, but I little expected to see her here.'

'And I, for my part, did not expect to meet someone I knew in Lord Rothwell.'

'You see honors have fallen thick upon me since last we met. How long have you been here, Miss Stewart?'

'Just about two years.'

To Madge's infinite relief, Mrs. Owen remarks that the tea is getting cold, and the children drag their uncle off. Madge turns to assist Mrs. Owen in dispensing tea, and suddenly remembers that her aunt had said that Gerald Stirling would one day inherit a title—though what that was she had never heard. She had never dreamed that Uncle Gerald, 'Lord Rothwell,' and 'Gerald Stirling' were one and the same person. Mrs. Owen wonders how Madge could have lived so long with them and they never have discovered that she knew her brother. As for Gerald—he wonders how in the name of all that is wonderful—Madge Stewart became his sister's governess! And from that moment becomes an ardent Fatalist.

We must go back a little and learn why Gerald had come, on the visit to the sunny South. Do not deceive yourself, dear reader, with the idea that brotherly love was the sole motive. Just at the time when change of fortune had caused Madge to leave Redwood Manor, Gerald Stirling had received an urgent message calling him to Rothwell Hall, where his grand-uncle lay seriously ill. For six months he lingered, and then died, leaving Gerald heir to his title and goodly fortune. As soon as possible after his uncle's death he hastened to Redwood, intending to embrace the first opportunity of asking Madge to share his fortune and help him to discharge the responsible duties of his new position. But, to his dismay, she had disappeared, and all he could learn concerning her was, that she had lost all her money and gone out to the colonies. Mrs. Redwood had not answered several letters Madge had written her, so all correspondence had ceased, and her aunt did not even know her address. Had she known it, it is hardly probable that she would have given the information to Lord Rothwell.

The plans of youth and love, however, are not so easily frustrated when backed up by a will as strong as Gerald's. Although 'the colonies' was a decidedly vague address, he determined to try and find Madge. Therefore, as soon as the settlement of his affairs would permit, he set out upon his voyage of discovery. His sister being in Hobart, he naturally made that city the first port of call. Small wonder, then, that he scarce believed his eyes when he saw the object of his search turn to him, in the person of his sister's governess. How propitious were the Fates!

That night he confided to his sister the real reason of his coming out. She scolded him roundly for his designs upon her domestic happiness. Never could she fill Miss Stewart's place. Nevertheless, she wished him 'good luck' in his wooing, and told him that she already looked upon Madge in the light of a very dear friend, and it would be no difficult task to take her to her heart as a sister.

Before two months were gone, Hobart society were astounded by the announcement of the engagement of Lord Rothwell and Miss Madge Stewart.

'The idea! And she only a governess,' said all the dear girls, who had been—as their brothers expressed it—'setting their caps at him' so assiduously since his arrival. But they little knew that he had fallen in love with Madge in the days when he was not Lord Rothwell, nor she 'only a governess.'—*The Austral Light.*

The Catholic World

ENGLAND.—Honoring Mgr. Nugent

The proposal to honor Monsignor Nugent by the erection of a public statue in Liverpool has been warmly taken up. A number of influential local gentlemen, both Catholic and Protestant, have taken the project in hand, and are approaching the public men of Liverpool with a view of forming a thoroughly representative committee.

Ampleforth Abbey

The Abbot and community of Ampleforth Abbey, in the beautiful Vale of Mowbray, and their many friends are preparing to celebrate with much rejoicing the centenary of their arrival in England from France and of the establishment of their flourishing college.

Consecration of a Church

On Monday, July 13, the church of St. Patrick, Bradford, attained its fiftieth anniversary. In honor of the event the church was solemnly consecrated by his Eminence Cardinal Logue. By dint of much labor the debt upon the church has been successfully cleared off, most of the congregation contributing a day's wages towards the jubilee fund. Subscriptions have also been received from all parts of the world, old parishioners in America being among the most generous.

The Royal Declaration

The announcement is made by the Duke of Norfolk that Lord Herries has approached the Archbishop of