

Catholic also, must believe, who is to pronounce between the merits of the Authorised Version and that which has been revised? Surely the young theologian should, for example, know that it is open to him to use the word "sheol" when he would name "hell," if ever he should feel inclined to make use in any way of words not suited to ears polite, and that there are several other alternatives that it would be within his province to consider. To withhold the "unaided Word," from the youthful mind is one thing, but to submit to it the Word not only unaided but positively impeded by a false translation is quite another, and until the youthful mind is fitted to distinguish the evil from the good, it might be as well not to impose upon it the necessity of making the choice. Meantime we fear that it is but too true, as Mr. Turnbull suggests, that the youthful theologian is a character which grows scarcer and yet more scarce in Protestant households.—Protestant children, he said, were growing up in ignorance of religion, while Catholics were being diligently taught. And herein—let us remark in passing—we may discern the nature of the faith that is in Protestant parents, who certainly do not consider it worth while to make those sacrifices for the preservation of their children's religion that are made by Catholic parents. And who shall reprove them if they do not consider the religion they profess worth preserving for their children? Perhaps they understand its nature better than we do. But, at least, any form of Christianity appears to us infinitely preferable to a blank atheism or to any of those systems which at bottom are pretty much the same thing.—And even if the Catholics of Auckland, as Mr. Thomson says, have availed themselves largely of the godless schools, that is no reason that they are to be held up as an example to all the Catholic world. Their case is not an example of any rule, in fact, but an exception that proves a rule, for no other Catholic community can be brought forward in any such connection, and we are not inclined to forsake the custom of the Catholic world generally to follow the vagaries of one exceptional community. According to the testimony of their Bishop, moreover, as given before a Parliamentary Committee, the Catholics of Auckland have seen one generation of their young men lost to the Catholic Church, and the Catholics who, with such a terrible fact before their eyes, risk the faith of a second generation, occupy neither an enviable nor a praiseworthy position—much less an exemplary one. It is, on the contrary, because Catholics are determined to keep their children Catholic that they support the Catholic schools absolutely necessary for the purpose.—We Catholics elsewhere, then, are rather warned than tempted by what we are so repeatedly told of Auckland.—We have little more to say on this subject, at least for the present, for we may return to it on receiving *Hansard* with the full report of the speeches, some of which appear to have been lively, if not brilliant or amusing.—But we may add that a motion for the imposition of an additional injustice has been well defeated.

THE WICKED WOODS OF TOBEREEVIL.

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CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. LEE INSISTS UPON TELLING HER STORY.

MAY soon found herself domesticated pleasantly enough with the inmates of the Castles of Camlough. Just at first she felt somewhat oppressed by attentions; from Lady Archbold, who prided herself on being an excellent hostess; from Sir John, who was desirous that his special guest should not find herself neglected; from Mrs. Lee, who had looked upon this girl as a windfall which fate had sent to herself; from Katherine, who was resolved to dazzle and to patronise; and from Christopher, who was but bent upon pleasing his love. May accepted the treatment as quietly as though she had been used to it all her life; but once or twice she got tired of being asked if she were sure she would rather go out than remain in-doors, if she were quite sure she would not like this chair better than that sofa, and if she were very sure indeed that she would not prefer another game of chess before going to bed. It crossed her mind that things were pleasanter at home, at Monasterlea, where people came and went as they liked, without questioning or ceremony. Very soon, however, she fitted herself to the place, and the people got used to her and gave her peace.

Mrs. Lee had taken possession of May as her own property since their first meeting on the mountain. She had chosen her a place by her own side at the dinner-table, chiefly addressed her conversation to her, and after dinner, until the moment when she, Mrs. Lee, fell asleep in her easy-chair, related to her the principal events of her life. Mrs. Lee in the drawing-room was not so alarming a person as Mrs. Lee lost on the heather; but, in a brown-velvet robe and scarlet turban, she looked sufficiently imposing. Her sad looks at her son, and her bitter looks at Katherine, caused much amusement to May, who did not pity her in the least. If a mother could not be content with a bride like Miss Archbold for her son, why a mother ought not to be encouraged in her folly.

Some days passed before the storm of Mrs. Lee's full confidence broke, as had been threatened, upon May's devoted head. She had several times seen it coming, but had taken timely shelter under the wing of some third person. Mrs. Lee required leisure and privacy for her story; and though the people of the house could hardly be said to do anything all day, nor yet to be particularly sociable, still,

in their habits within doors, there was little privacy or leisure at Camlough. May was invited to join the lovers in all their walks and rides, and it often fell to her share to feel herself one too many. She learned a trick of letting her horse lag behind the others, and of losing herself in the dingles in quest of wild strawberries. Sometimes Sir John Archbold made a fourth in the rides, and paid her old-fashioned compliments, and told her of the new improvements which he meant to make about the place—a rustic bridge here, a plantation there; and May cheerfully studied the points of view, and faithfully gave him her opinion on these matters. But quite as often she was entirely left to her own reflections. This did not trouble her; for she had a vast love of beauty, and a turn for noting characters; and the new images that crowded her own mind made a constant entertainment for her from morning till night. The lovers were an unfailing source of delight to her. Her heart leaned towards them in quite a motherly fashion. She had read about lovers, but she had never beheld a real pair. She followed in their wake, admiring, in her simplicity, what she conceived to be an example of the greatest happiness of life. She spent long, dreamy days thinking over the matter, down among the lilies and sedges under the bridge, or wandering through mazy and shimmering dingles. The world was very glorious, thought May, in her maiden meditation; and human life was very beautiful and richly blest.

Mrs. Lee and May and Katherine were all lodged in the same wing of the castle, and their windows all opened upon a great balcony. May was rather afraid to trust herself on the balcony alone, lest Mrs. Lee should loom forth and take possession of her. Mrs. Lee had a handsome sitting-room off her bedroom, and it often pleased her to spend the day in solitude. May, a less important person, had only a pretty little dressing-room, furnished with writing-table, books and pictures; but she, too, liked to spend an hour in her retreat. This sitting-room and this dressing-room adjoined one another, the wall between being but a partition. When Mrs. Lee heard May stirring in her nest, she was apt to leave her own and come knocking at May's door. When May heard Mrs. Lee leave her room, she was apt to fly to the balcony, and thence escape to the gardens. Upon the strength of many disappointments Mrs. Lee built a theory that the dressing-room was haunted.

"My dear ma'am," she would confide to May, "I heard some one move in it quite plainly, but when I entered there was nobody to be seen!"

And May would answer slyly: "Indeed, madam, I don't believe it is haunted by anything more mischievous than myself!"

This was all very well; and, for a time, she kept the ponderous lady at a distance. The hour of her defeat was at hand, however; and one night she heard Mrs. Lee's gentle knock upon her bedroom door. For a moment May thought of making no answer, and pretending to be asleep; but "it would be quite useless," she decided the next moment, "for she would come in and wake me, I believe."

"Mrs. Lee, I am just stepping into bed," was her answer. It was certainly true, for she had put out her light, and stood in her night dress, in the moonlight, in the middle of the floor.

"My dear Miss May," came back to her through the keyhole, "you will not object to an old woman's sitting at your bedside for an hour?"

May saw that she was conquered. She opened her door, and retreated to her bed, where Mrs. Lee followed her, and sat down before her like a nightmare. Mrs. Lee had on a large white night-cap, and even the moonlight had no power to make her look like a spirit of night or mysterious angel visitant.

"My dear," began Mrs. Lee, "I should not torment you with my complaints if I had anyone else to go to for sympathy."

This was said in accents of such real sadness that May gave up her impatience, and became attentive.

"I'm very sorry if you are in trouble, Mrs. Lee," she said.

"Thank you, my dear," said Mrs. Lee, "and truly I am in sore trouble. Love has always been a mischief-maker, they say, but young men used sometimes to take advice from their mothers. My son used, but now he will not listen to a word that I speak. My dear, I want you to say a few words to the lady."

In the earnestness of Mrs. Lee's affliction she had forgotten the formality of her usual style of address. May's patience, however, was not proof against this speech. She sat up and spoke out her mind.

"Now, Mrs. Lee, I should like to show respect to all you say; but I find it very hard to pity what you seem to feel. I think nothing could be more fitting than the match; and as for your son, I think Miss Archbold only too good for him, if there be any difference between them."

"That's what she thinks herself, I dare say," said Mrs. Lee, beginning to weep; "and I do declare I believe there is no kind-heartedness left among you women nowadays; but if she does think so, why does she not tell him so, and send him away?"

"Send him away!" echoed May; "I don't understand you at all, Mrs. Lee."

"I see that plain enough, my dear, and I will tell you all about it. You think that Miss Archbold is going to marry my son?"

"Of course I think so," said May. "What else could I think?"

"What else, indeed? But she is not going to marry him, and she is going to ruin him for life."

"Oh, no! I could not believe it."

"That will not alter the matter at all," said Mrs. Lee crossly.

"That's true; but I mean—you know, even were she capable"—May paused. "In that case, Mrs. Lee, she would not be worth thinking of. Your son would not be ruined for life, I dare say."

"You know nothing about the matter when you say so," retorted the distressed lady. "My dear ma'am, I came here to tell you the whole story. I suppose you have heard my son spoken of as a man of wealth?"

May admitted that she had heard him so spoken of.

"Well," said Mrs. Lee, grimly, "I have three hundred a year which my husband left me. It was all he had to leave. And he said: 'The child is a boy, let him work.'"