

"May!" he cried, fervently, at her ear. But May tripped on, and did not appear to have heard any one speaking just at her back.

"May!" he cried again. "Speak to me! You must not leave me in this way. You must give me some explanation of the things I have seen and the stories I have heard."

"She was spakin' to yer honor long enough," said May, talking over her shoulder as she still sped along. "As for me, I'm only Bridget, an' I'm going home wid my message."

"For Heaven's sake stop a moment—*Bridget!*" cried Paul.

"What have ye got to say to Bridget?" she said, slackening her pace a little.

"I want you to tell me something about your young mistress. Will you swear that she is not engaged to marry Mr. Christopher Lee?"

"By my feth I will!"

"That she never was engaged to him?"

"By my troth I will!"

"That she does not care about him, except as a friend?"

"I never swore so much in all my life before; but I'll swear that, too. Is there any more?"

"That he did not ask her to marry him?"

"I couldn't swear that."

"Well, then, will you swear that she refused him?"

"Ay, will I!"

"And why was the parson brought from Dublin to marry them? Och! sure that was but the crazy fancy of a poor mother in trouble."

"One word more, Bridget. Why did your mistress refuse to marry this rich man?"

"Thin, that's a saycret of her own. If ye want to know that ye must ax hersel."

"For Heaven's sake, stop, and speak to me in earnest for a moment. Is this all true that Bridget has been swearing?"

"I would not keep a servant that would swear against the truth, Mr. Finiston."

"Will you answer me one more question, as May, not as Bridget? Why have you refused to marry Mr. Lee?"

"For a great many reasons. A great many more than I have time to tell you now. The tea will be waiting, and I must give an account of myself."

"The tea waiting! I declare it shall wait until I hear my sentence from your lips, May! Do you remember all I said that last evening four weeks ago?"

"Yes, I remember it. You were very uncivil."

"I was mad. I am an unhappy person to have anything to do with. I am of a dangerous nature, uncertain and moody."

"Do you think I am so stupid as not to have found out all that long ago?"

"And in spite of all that, May, will you marry me?"

"I will, Paul. That is, if you would like it very much."

"Like it! Oh, my darling!"

"But the tea, Paul! The tea will be cold. And the whole house will be turning out with lanterns to look for me."

Nevertheless, the tea went on cooling for at least ten minutes longer; and, when May slipped in at last, to take her seat behind the teapot, she was rebuked as she deserved by her Aunt Martha.

"I met a friend, aunty," she said; "and he is coming in to see you."

"A friend!" said Miss Martha; and then Paul appeared.

(To be continued.)

A HOUSE OF REFUGE.

(Correspondence of the *Catholic Review*.)

THE French show good taste and contrivance in most things they do but particularly, I think, in works of charity, of which that nation has been and is still so fruitful. They carry out, in ways of their own delicate considerations for the feelings of the recipients of the charity, and seem to think of many kind things. And the more the work derives its motive power from religious influence, the more abundant and various are such excellent traits. I am prompted to these expressions from reading in the *Figaro* of June 3, an account which one of its journalists, Mr. Louis le Bourg, gives of a night which he spent in one of the three night asylums, opened of late years in Paris, where destitute men can get a night's shelter and a bed free of charge. These institutions have been very prettily and appropriately named *L'Hospitalité de Nuit*,—"Hospitality for the Night." Of course, the narrator went there of his own accord, for a purpose similar to that which animates the ubiquitous reporter in his rounds in our metropolis. So, for convenience sake, we shall refer to him as the *Figaro* reporter, and call him for short "*Figaro*."

The house which he selected for his visit was No. 14 Boulevard de Vaugirard, behind the Montparnasse Railway station on the outskirts of Paris, and was founded by Mgr. de Lamaze. Admittance is at seven p.m., but *Figaro* found men gathered as early as six, sitting in silent expectation on the benches of the *Boulevard*. As soon as the door was opened the assembled men filed in, one by one, silently. They were first directed to a room, where warm water was supplied them to bathe their feet, a most welcome relief to those who had walked far and felt footsore. The next move was across a yard to a waiting room, on their way to which the procession stopped at an office, and each man in turn had to reply to the following inquiries made by two *surveillants*: "Where were you here last? What is your name, birthplace, and last domicile?" No inquiry is ever made about the religion of the applicant. The *Figaro* reporter listened while the man nearest to him replied to these interrogatives; one man stated that he was a labourer out of employment, but not a tramp; another was a lad, a journeyman, confectioner who had come all the way from Nice on foot; another was a seafaring man; another, a sickly, weak-faced young Parisian arab, described his means of livelihood to be the gathering of orphans, which he afterwards explained meant collecting *segar stumps*, and the last one was an ex-journalist of a Berlin newspaper.

After all had been gathered in the waiting-room, which smelt strongly of the phenol used for a sanitary purpose, and were seated on the benches there, large chunks of bread were served out to those who felt hungry. Then an employé called out, "Come, messieurs, are there any more applicants for shelter to be registered." This appellation, "*messieurs*," or "gentlemen," in the midst of such an assemblage, sounded to *Figaro* strange, but very considerate! At one end of the room was a long table provided with pens, ink, and letter paper, for the use of those desiring to write to their relatives or friends, of which writing facilities many hastened to avail themselves, and their letters were afterwards taken charge of, prepaid, and duly mailed. This provision is certainly a very delicately kind one; the narrator goes so far as to term it "divinely charitable." After this business of correspondence had been despatched, the Superintendent Mr. Thircuir, an ex-captain of marines, a kindly faced, sympathetic man, whom some of those present had met before and whom everybody took to, came in to assign to each the number of the bed he was to occupy. But before doing this he ascended a low platform to read the regulations, to which all are expected to conform, and recite the night prayer, during which latter all must have their heads uncovered and remain standing, but are at liberty to cross themselves and join in the prayers, or not, just as they feel inclined. The prayers consist of an "Our Father" and a "Hail Mary," said by the captain on his knees, his hearers all standing and very many of them joining in the words. It struck *Figaro* that men who are in distress are not averse to be reminded of God. Before entering the dormitories any that feel the need of it go to a purifying room, where they leave their garments to be fumigated with sulphur during the night, and they are provided with night-shirts.

There are four dormitories, each called after the name of a saint, and *Figaro* was sent into the largest, called of St. John of God. Where a bed has been given in charity, it bears the name of the donor. The bedsteads are of iron, low, but the mattresses, which are stuffed with sea-wrack, and the sheets and blankets are all right and quite sufficient for comfort and rest. Then after every one had turned in, and the single gaslight, at the end of the room had been turned down low, the Captain made his appearance again, but this time in the midst of darkness. He came in to say some parting recommendations conducive to hygiene and to good order, and he closed by wishing them all "Good night, *messieurs*." "Good night, Captain," was the response from a chorus of voices. *Figaro* is entirely silent on the subject of night-mares, and snoring, so we may infer that he was not disturbed by either. It is a pity that *Figaro* did not think it worth his while to inform us how many men, besides himself, were harbored that night!

PROTESTANT TESTIMONY TO THE CHURCH.

REV. SPENCER H. BRAY preached to a large audience in the Davenport Church, his subject being, "Things of Good Report in the Roman Catholic Church, which Protestants will do well to Consider and Imitate." "Roman Catholics," said Mr. Bray, "are followers of Christ. What would the condition of this country be if it was not for the grip of the Roman Catholic Church upon its people; and what would be the condition if the Catholic Church was swept into infidelity? Roman Catholics may learn many things from Protestants, and it is for us to ask what we, as Protestants, can learn from Roman Catholics. Look at the religious training of their children. You may say that their Church is an imperfect one. So are all Christian churches. But though the standard may be imperfect, whatever the standard is, they bring their children up to it. That's the point. Consider their adherence to the Church when once brought into it. The Catholic crosses the ocean, and even forgets to speak his native tongue; but through all these changes the Roman Catholic holds to his religion. No sea is wide enough to divorce him from his religion.

"Then, again, remember the free and continuous giving by Roman Catholics. They contract enormous debts and build the most costly cathedrals; and this is done, not by the rich, but by people who are poor. Did you ever hear of a Catholic church going under the auctioneer's hammer, and being sold to Protestants? But you know the reverse has been the case. From the Pope to the labourer, the Roman Catholics give continuously, and give according to their means. There is not to-day in this world, a better managed institution than the Roman Catholic Church. The wealth of Protestantism is not consecrated. Another thing among the Roman Catholics that is of good report is the works of the Sisters of Charity."—*New Haven Palladium*.

The vital statistics of London show a fearful morality among insured infants. The books of the insurance companies show that the death rate among infants who are insured is much greater than the general death rate for the same ages as published in the Government reports. The latter include, of course, both insured and uninsured infants. If the two classes could be separated in the official reports so that they could be compared, it is believed that it would be shown that the mortality among the insured is 50 per cent. greater than that among the uninsured. These facts strengthen the suspicion into the conviction that many infants are deliberately murdered for the sake of the insurance on their lives. Insurance companies which accept risks on infants' lives will insure none but healthy children, and consequently the mortality among them should naturally be less than among the general average of children. Some insurance companies seem to accept the conclusion that child-murder is the cause of this anomalous condition of affairs complacently, and only seek to secure their own profits under the additional risk by increasing their premiums. This operates as a hardship upon honest parents who insure their children's lives from worthy motives of prudence. The note alarm has been sounded by the actuaries of the more respectable insurance companies and echoed by many physicians. It has now been taken up by several medical and legal newspapers, which are imploring Parliament to devise some remedy for the growing and horrible crime.