

man who seemed hardly able to take his eyes off one of the animals which munched so happily near him.

With an effort he wrenched away his eyes to pass the time of day, and then they returned lovingly to the object of his admiration.

'Marnen, sir; you be come just lucky to see the last of the bullock. I'll warrant you'll not see a finer butcher beast in the whole market.'

He gave a poke here and a prod there to show the animal's unlimited capacities for beef, and his employer looked critically on.

'It is a very fair bullock—very fair, indeed. You remember, Warren, you thought it would not fatten on that sort of cake, but I knew better?'

The bailiff gave a grunting assent. 'I'd always been used to the other, and some cattle is like some folks. No matter what you do or what you don't do, they will fatten to spite you.'

'Have you got another dog yet?'

Warren shook his head sorrowfully. 'No, I ain't, sir. I've had the refusal of many, but one to match what I've lost is hard to come by. I s'pose you wouldn't believe that I miss it almost like a child, and sometimes o' nights I zim I hear it scratching at t' dairy door.'

There were almost tears in the man's eyes, and after leaving him Nora turned scathingly upon her companion. 'Of course, he cannot know how cruel you have been or he would not speak so nicely to you?'

'Why did you not ask him? He was there to speak for himself. As to speaking nicely, he must do that to my face, whatever he does behind my back; he has a wife and family.'

By this time they had crossed the stile and were in the little hamlet of about half a dozen cottages.

Even to the prejudiced eye they looked comfortable dwellings, and there was evidently a friendly rivalry between the cottagers as to whom the most dazzling garden should belong to. The owner of this apparent prosperity may have been a skinflint—nay, he was on his own showing—but the women and children seemed very anxious to propitiate their hard landlord by coming out of their cottage to do the honors of the place with smiles and friendly words.

Nora could not understand this until she declared that they were afraid of him and had inexorable rent day in their scared minds. Be this as it may, they were extremely voluble—as frightened women often are—and he answered them back in a neighborly way that might have deceived the most acute.

Mrs. Morris' cottage was the last one of all, and before they reached it a stout figure showed itself at the gate with a welcoming face wreathed and dimpled with smiles.

'Come in—come in, sir; you and the young lady. You hev'n't a horse to mind these marnen?'

Lost in wonder, Nora studied this persecuted widow, while Warburton answered her as cordially as she herself had spoken.

'Not to-day, thank you, Mrs. Morris; I merely called to bring you the money for your pig.'

'Thank you, sir; I'm sure I'm turr'ble grateful to you; and the bit of money for the rent—you've kept that back, I hope?'

'Yes. You asked me to, if you remember.'

'Ess, for sure I did.' Then she turned to Nora to politely include her in the conversation. 'Mr. Warburton knows me well enough; he never presses me for my bit of rent money, knowing that I'll pay it just as soon as I can, don't you sir?'

He nodded. We are old friends, Mrs. Morris, and understand each other.'

Mrs. Morris corroborated this with vigor.

'And that's just what I said to the pork butcher when he came and offered me four-and-sixpence a score for as good a bacon pig as ever ate victuals. I let 'un have it sharp for coming to best a widow wumman—and he a bachelor without let or hindrance. "Pigs is cheap, missus," he do say, and I answers back, "Cheap! They be better than cheap when they come to be given away with the worth of two sacks of meal. You can folly on your cheating ways, and I can take my pig to a better market. Mr. Warburton won't stand by and see me bested by such trashy folk as you." Oh, I did sav all that and worse, too, till he couldn't bide no longer, but were forced to whip up and be gone.'

Her merry old eyes twinkled over the rout of the pork butcher, and then a newer interest prevailed as she looked at Nora.

'And is this the young lady you've told me about?'

'Yes; she has come to look at her property; I think Narn will no longer have an absentee landlady. She is beginning to understand us country folk better.'

'Ah, she do look as though she needed Narn air to set her up. Come in, my dear, do'ee now; you be all of a shake like.'

Nora shook her head, and taking the kind old hand pressed it warmly before going silently on her way. She could not trust her voice, but already her heart was singing as joyously as the larks and the veil fell away from the sun. It is much, so much to the idealist to have a hero returned to his pedestal, especially when that eminence is higher than ever. Presently Warburton overtook her, and face and voice were full of tender laughter.

'About the dog? I do not understand—'

'The dog went dangerously mad; if I had not fortunately shot it the thing would have bitten Warren's child. That you should think so hardly of me, Nora, even on my own showing! Well, we have successfully annulled the powers of that binding stamp—that rampant seal; there remains only the difficulty of the name. You remember that we were to stand so before before a

clergyman and that I should say, 'I, Bernard, take thee, Nora,' and that you were to answer—but I must not dictate to the mistress of Narn! What will you answer, my sweetest of relatives?'

She thought about it a moment, and then she put her hand trustingly into his.

'You shall go on dictating; you have a better command of words.'—'Longman's Magazine.'

## The Catholic World

### ENGLAND.—Death of a Priest.

After having received the last Sacraments from Mgr. Provost Russell, V.G., of the Pro-Cathedral, Clifton, the venerable priest, Rev. Richard Meagher, died at Clifton on November 13. Born in 1835 in the Isle of Wight, he studied and was ordained priest for the Plymouth diocese at the English College, Lisbon. He served the missions of Lyme Regis, Poole, Liskeard, and the convent at Lanherne, and spent sixteen years in the parish of Weymouth. Failing health led to his retirement from active work. In 1894 he went to Clifton, and there he spent the remaining years of his life.

### Death of a Monsignor.

The Right Rev. Mgr. Croskell, of Levenshulme, who died recently, was a man of great piety and singular activity. He was regarded with pride in Lancashire as one of the institutions of the county. He was ordained priest and appointed to St. Augustine's Granby Row, Manchester, so far back as 1835. When the Diocesan Chapter of Salford was erected in 1852 he was chosen to be one of the canons, and in the following year he was made Vicar-General and Provost of the Chapter. In the course of his long life he was unsparing of himself whenever he could render service to the people on whose behalf he labored and for many years to come they will faithfully treasure his name.

### French Exiles.

The house of the Redemptorist Fathers at Bishop Eton, Liverpool, has been placed at the disposal of their French brethren, exiled from France. Some thirty Fathers from that country are now in residence. The students hitherto educated at Bishop Eton have been transferred to Bristol.

### FRANCE.—The Concordat.

In the Chamber of Deputies M. Combes (the Premier) refused to entertain M. Allard's proposal to abolish the Concordat, contending that the State needed religion. He said that the masses were not satisfied with simply moral ideas. M. Berthelot's motion for the submission of the question of the separation of Church and State to a referendum was referred to a committee, despite M. Combes' declaration that such separation would create serious difficulties in the Republic. The French Premier's claim that the exclusive right of the selection of bishops should be recognised as remaining vested in the Government is strenuously resisted by the Vatican. The Holy Father declares that he would prefer that every see remained vacant and that the Concordat be abolished rather than yield.

### ITALY.—Education of the Clergy.

In the Encyclical Letter on the education of the clergy which he has addressed to the Bishops of Italy his Holiness dwells forcibly on the supreme importance of conduct. Action is the touchstone of doctrine, and his Holiness in this document insists again and again upon the necessity of the clergy walking worthy of their vocation as 'Ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God.' The Pontiff reminds them that the Catholic priesthood is Divine in its origin, supernatural in its essence, and immutable in its character, and points out that the tendency to have the clergy educated and leading lives in common with the laity is condemned not only by the traditions of Christian centuries, but by Apostolic teaching and the ordinances of Christ. At the same time account must be taken of the conditions of the present, and it seemed well to aim at more solid and more perfect education. It were to be desired that clerical students should complete their studies in ecclesiastical institutions, but since it was deemed advisable that some should frequent the universities, great care should be exercised by the bishops in such cases. The Holy Father strongly urges upon the clergy the necessity of going to the people and defending and promoting their interests under the guidance of the bishops. In order that their zeal may be the more effective, he expresses the desire that towards the end of their education in the seminaries clerical students should make themselves familiar with the Pontifical writings on social questions and Christian Democracy.

### ROME.—The Holy Father.

An English Protestant lady, writing from Rome to a friend in Belfast, gives an interesting account of a reception of pilgrims by his Holiness on Sunday, November 7. The aged Pontiff was attired in a little white skull cap, simple white robes, and red stole. As he passed up the splendid hall of audience he suddenly stopped his bearers, and stood up to bless a number of child pilgrims who were lined along the passage. He then turned, and blessed, too, a great crowd of visitors of all nations who were standing by. The correspondent, who saw his Holiness five years ago, says he