LOVE CONQUERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "A ROSE IN THORNS," ETC.

erron will be a gentleman when you come back, Vanep's said Kate.
The not forget us," oried his mother—

and there was a ring of passionate pain in her voice. "Come back to us my darling, as good and as true as you leave us." "You must make your own way now, my boy," said the farmer. "I shall see

what metal you are made when we meet again." There was a mist as of blinding rain be-fore Vane's eyes as the old homestead disappeared from his gaze, and he turned his face to the new world which awaited him.

CHAPTER IV.

"Welcome to Lutworth?" said Sir Rays Vibart, "I hope you will make your home

the words were kind, and the boy's heart warmed to the speaker. One warm suffry evening in July the travelers had reached home. No surprise was expressed in Sir Raye's household when he brought home with him a youth who seemed to take the place of an adopted son. Sir Raye never did the same as other people. He was a genius; therefore it was impossible for him to marry and be happy, or to have a son; he must, just because he was a gentus, love unhappily, and adopt some one else's child.

Lulworth was a erevelation, to Vans Fraser; he had never dreamed of such & place. It was a magnificent old country mansion with oaken floors, oriel windows, corridors as large as rooms, stately towers, typelad inrrets, and grand terraces that sloped down to gardens filled with flowers; a mansion with an old-fashioned charm about it, yet furnished with modern luxury; and this superb abode was henceforward to be the abode of the boy who had nothing to distinguish him save genius.

No wonder that he was a little dazed by his good fortune, and considered it a grand

thing to be a genius. Sir have was delighted with his protego. The boy was soon quite at home in the midst of his inxurious surroundings; by no word or gesture did he betray himself; he was quick and keen, and he waited always to see first what Sir Rays did at table, then he imitated him. Before a week had passed, Vano knew as much of table efiguette as though he had lived at Lutworth all his life; the consequence was that in no was did his behavior jar upon Sie Haye, who was one of the most. factions of mour

The pleasant rooms were set apart for Vane's use, and the privilege he valued most a place in Sir Raye's studio, was given to him. He made wonderful progress, as his patron had foreseen; he had already, in his studies at home, mastered many of the radiments of knowledge. After a few lessons and a little patient teaching from Sir Haye he became of the greatest assistance to his master. It pleased Sir Raye to see the thoughtful head bent over papers, plans, and designs of all kinds-Vane was so much like himself, so silent at his work, so absorbed in it, never interrupting it by an idle of careless word.

er four are more like a hermit at his de-Votions than a student at his lessons," said Sir Raye to him one day.

After a time he began to take keen de-

light in the work of his protege. "tive me your notion, Vane, of a bridge that should span a river, with hills on either bank," or show me something original of the shape of a pier that is to run half a mile out to sen!" And then with proud deligns he would examine his pupil's

"Los will be more elever some day, Vane, than I have ever been," he said to him one morninge

ed shall owe everything to you, sir,"

was the grateful repty.

The year following, when the pressure of business had in some measure abated, Sir Raye resolved to take his protege for a Continental tour. Nothing, he was of opinion, would educate him one half so quickly. He would let him see some of the greatest bridges of the world, bridges that had been built in spite of almost insurmountable difficulties—let him see the triumphs of science, and how men could bring the very elements under control-The greater part of a year was spent in traveling about, and they saw nearly ev-

ery engineering work of magnitude.

When Vane returned with his patron to Lulworth, he was only nineteen years of age, but he was a man. A fair moustache snaded the sensitive mouth, the cluster of fur hair had grown deeper in color, the tall stender figure had in it the grace and strength of manhood, and his manners were perfect. He was grave, kindly, and courteous, deferential to all women, pleasnat to all mon. Although only nineteen, the world had begun to talk about him-He had taken a warm interest in connecting England and France by means of a tunnel under the sea; he had pondered it, sendied it, and lavished skill and genius on it; and one morning the scientific world was taken by surprise, for a pamphlet appeared called "The Best and Safest Way to France Under the Seal' That little brochure made him famous. Every one had asked who had written it, and the asswer was, "Young Vibart." No one mentioned that he was only an adopted so a of Sir Raye's, and the world in general, es reless enough, never stopped to inquire; so to to the seneral impression and but the Plains grains of the day, eyonas Vinere," Was the son of the lamous Sir dayer Of the thousands who read his book, not more than twenty knew that he was not the real son of the master of Lulworth.

"Your way in life lies straight before you, Vane," said his patron; "it will be one quick march on to victory. You could do without me now, but I could never again here without you—without my adopted son—never again."

When flattering notices and honors were lavished upon Vane, Sir Raye gave him

one more piece of advice. "The world is ready enough to flatter you, and to welcome you with open arms. Fight shy of it for a time; keep to study and work. You will have invitations here and there, first to one great house, and then to another; refuse them one and all. The proper time in which a man should work is youth; rost and age should come

During all this time Vane had been he During all this time Vanchad been home twice—once before he went abroad, and once after his return. Everything was unchanged! It seemed aimost incredible that the homely farmer, with his rugged face, brown hands and working clothes, abould be the father of the handsome distinguished-looking man whose face was stamped with genius. It seemed incomgruous, and father and son both feit is to be for and thus there was a strange water.

be so; and thus there was a strange awk-wardness and coldness between them. The mother's heart broke down all berriers. Let her son be twenty times a gen-tleman, still he was her son, and she should love him just as she did when he was a child. There was no awkwardness, no re-straint with her; she admired him, and told him so. She thought him the most handsome, the most distinguished, the straint with her; she ad told him so. She thought handsome, the most di greatest genius in the whole world.

love and the most profound admiration for Vane found his sister growing into one

Desford was as usual.

The young man had not gone home unpty-handed. He had spent much money in presents. Not one member of the family was forgotten; and his gifts were not only appreciate, but costly, and they not only numerous, but costly, and they made quite a gay place of the old farm-house. His mother never tired of showing these treasures to her friends and acquaintances, and praising the good heart of her wonderful son.

So his visit home came and passed with the swiftness of a meteor, leaving nothing but bright and pleasant memories behind. The second visit was paid when he returned from the Continent; and then the distance between father and son had grown so great that nothing could bridge it over. The old farmer seemed to stand somewhat in awe of his handsome talented son, whose hands were white and smooth, whose voice d musical inflections, unlike any other he had ever heard, and whose fine face had a light he could not comprehend. The mother was, as usual, all admiration and

love. The sister, rapidly growing into a beauty, looked forward to great help from her brother. But that visit made the distance between Vane and his relatives greater than ever, and, as time rolled on, a cloud hid his old home from his view, until nothing but the memory of it re-

There was one duty he never forgot-to help his people in all their needs. No quarter passed without his sending such a check as gladdened their anxious hearts; and that check increased in proportion as his studies and labors progressed

CHAPTER V.

Ten years had passed since Sir Raye Vibart had adopted the boy whose genius had seemed to him too great to waste in solitude; and he often said to himself that Heaven had rewarded him for what he intended to be a good deed. All over Europe the name of Vane Vibart was well known. There was no country in which some of his gigantic enterprises had not succeeded. Of late years all the work had fallen into his hands. Sir Raye was failing in health, and was paying the penalty of too much brain-work. By degrees he put everything into the hands of his his young protege.

They were together one morning in the pretty breakfast-room at Lulworth Hall, when the post-bag was brought in-

"Read the letters, Vane," said Sir Raye, He knew that in none of them would there be any secrets. The love of woman or child would never be and had never been

"Read them, Vane," he repeated. Vane obeyed him. He waded through a mass of correspondence-letters in German, French, and Spanish. He had spent his leisure hours in the study of the modern languages, and had succeeded so well that he could write and converse in most

"A letter with a coronet," he said. Whom can this be from?" He opened it, and read it, all unconscious that he held his fate in his own hands.

"Lord Andley of Ulverscroft," he said. eWay, Ulverscroft is in Surrey, Sir Raye, "Yes. What does he want?" asked Sir

Raye. "The river Ulver runs through one part of his estate. It was not always a deep or a broad stream; but of late it has deepened and widened considerably. He says that the people used stepping-tones and at times a small ferry-boat for crossing it; but now those methods are not available. He thinks it would add much to the value of his property if a light, pretty, ornamental bridge were thrown across the river. He writes also that, owing to the shifting sand in the bed of the river, he thinks it will be by no means easy of execution. He wishes you to go to Ulverseroft Hall and spend a week with him.-Then you can see for yourself what is

"I am not well enough to go, Vane. My strength is failing. You must go for me. Write to Lord Audley, and tell him how deeply I regret that I cannot accept his kind invitation, but that I send a substitute in you."

"Will he like it?" asked Vane half doubtfully. "He seeems to wish for you." "He must like it. I could not go. I have a certain presentment that my working days are ended," said Sir Raye mournfully, "Vane, Lord Audley will be delighted to have you in my place. Write to him at once. You will enjoy a week at Ulverscroft. It is one of the prettiest places in England. I always said that at some time or other there must be a bridge over the Ulver. It is a beautiful river,

and the bridge must be a light one." Vane sat down, pencil in hand, to sketch a light beautiful structure that should yet have solidity enough to bear a whole regiment. It was interesting to watch the rapidity of his white fingers, the glow on his face, and the light in his eyes as his beantiful conception grew. He took the sketch to his master when it was completed, and almost wondered at the emotion in his

"You remind me of Quentin Matsys," said Sir Raye with a smile. But his pupil shrank from his words.— He liked nothing that reminded him of his origin. He had mixed in the highest society and had been treated as an equal by the noblest in the land. He could not endure to rememb F what his mone and its surroundings were like. He surank with sensitive horror from having his secret known. To compare him to "Quentin Matsys" was to remand him that his origin was humble and obscure. Yet, like the true artist he was, he rejoiced in his mas. ter's praise of the beautiful conception

that had grown under his nands. "Lord Audley will be designted with your idea. He is a man of great taste," said Sir Raye; and, without thecery, Vane, I have seen nothing so beautiful as this

So the letter was written and duly received by Lord Audley, and by him placed

like everything else, in the hands of his daughter, the Lady Lilius."

"Read this, Lilius," he said. "I am not quite pleased. You see that Sir Raye Vibert cannot come himself, he is ill and ailing, but he sends his adopted son and partner, Vane Vibart, who he assures me

himself could do."

"This is the young Vibart who wrote about the Channel tunnel. Everyone was talking about him last year."

"I remember," said the Earl. Ah, well, I shall be pleased indeed to see him! He proposes coming next Tuesday. I suppose, Lelius, we can receive him then?"

"Colonel Gordon and Lady Frances will behere; but that will not matter," replied Lady Lilius. "Mr. Vibart will be your guest, paps, not mine."

"Certainly, my dear, certainly?" said

"Cortainly, my dear, certainly?" said the Earl hastily. He stood greatly in awe of his daughter, who was considered one of the proudest girls in England. "You see Mr. Vibart really is a gentleman. He must, while he is in the house with us, as-sociate with us. He would be received anywhere."

"Now Lilias," said the Earl pleadingly, "do not, pray do not___"
"What papa?" she interrupted.

"Do not my dear, speak in that tone. I know just what it means. You will receive that unfortunate young man in your most kindly freezing fashion, and at the end of an hour he will wish himself a thousand miles away. I know your manner so well with people of that kind."
"I am unfortunate if my manner does not please you, papa," said Lady Lilias

"It does, my dear?" cried the Earl has. tily. "It does very much indeed; but I feel sorry at times for those who—do not quite-understand it-as I do; do you see, my love? You will do your best for Mr. Vibart, I am sure. It has been one of the desires of my heart to see a bridge over the Ulver. I was in some measure compelled to ask Sir Raye to pay me a visit; I wanted him to study the site well, so that the bridge should be an ornament. I must extend to Sir Raye's representative the same kindness and hospitality I would have shown to himself."

The proud face softened, the graceful figure bent over him, and a white arm stole round his neck.

"My dearest papa, surely you may ask whom you will," she replied. "I am not so proud as you think me;" and the rosy lips smiled in a fashion that would have melted a harder heart than the Earl's.

"Lilias," said the Earl gently, "you are one of the sweetest of women; at the same time I honestly believe you to be the proudest girl in England. Now do not be

"I am not sure but that I am flattered," the anewered; and Lord Audley, knowing well he could never quite manage his beautiful young daughter, went away.

"The proudest girl in England." Men and women both gave that title to the

heiress of Ulverscroft. Yet, strange to say, her pride made her no enemies; it seemed natural to her, and was the becoming shield to her rare loveliness .-When her violet eyes looked calmly over or at any persons whom she did not intend to recognise, the impression left upon them was less of pride than of their own unworthiness.

She was just nineteen, and for two years she had been the queen of the great world of fashion, a queen such as had seldom reigned before-so young so marvellously fair, so proud, so pure, so utterly unspoiled by the homage that was enough to make other women vain. Princes bowed before her and sought her smiles; she gave them no favor. Peers sought her society; but not one could boast that the exquisite face had ever brightened or sottened for him. All homage, flattery, and compliment seemed to fall from her and leave her untouched. She was faultlessly beautiful, with a fair patrician loveliness; she was a wealthy heiress, and the daughter of one of England's most honored peers. She was the worshiped queen of the great world, holding proud sovereignty. Weekly journals did not hold out her protrait as an inducement to purchasers. Her photographs were not to be seen in every shop window in London. Her reign was of a higher order. Noble and learned men went where they could meet her for the charm of her lovely face and her fresh earnest words. She was something higher than a ball-room beile; people caught through her beautiful eyes a glimpse her pure soul. She had been wooed, but never won. Some of the oldest titles in England had been laid at her feet, some of the noblest men had wooed her; but her heart had never been stirred; she had loved no one. Calmly and proudly she had declined all offers of marriage, until people began to wonder. Only once had Lord Audiey ventured on a remonstrance, and that was when she had refused the young Duke of Cortland.

"Why have you said 'No' to him, Lilias?" asked the Earl. "Because I could do as I would with him, papa. I could wind his will round my little ninger just-see-as I wind this sitk. When I marry, my husband must be

"That is, if he can, my dear," returned the Earl doubtfully.

"He must, papa," said the beauty imperiously. I shall never marry until I find

my master." "Then I fear, Lilias, you will never marry at all," was the answer gravely

one laughed at such a prophecy. "Rely upon it, papa, I shall have a master soon. To quote the words of an old "'He may come to-day, or he may come to-

morrow: But somewhere he's waiting, and waiting for me.""

The Earl kissed her bright face fondly. "lie will be a clever man who bends this proud head, Lilias," he said. "tle will begin at the heart, papa; and sue rest Will De easy."

CHAPTER VI.

Ulverscrott Hall had once been Ulverseroft Priory, a grand old monastery, and the site had been selected as the monks of old always took care to select with an eye to every natural advantage. King Hat had given it to one of his favorites; and gradually the monastic part fell into ruins. The Priory itself was one of the loveliest ruins in England. Over the pointed arches, the ivy-covered cloisters, and the marvellous earvings there still hung an air of sacred grandeur and venerable

The new mansion which seemed to spring from the old, comprised many of the ancient rooms-the red room, where Marie of Scotland had reposed; the long magnificent library, where learned men had sought to explore the great secrets of life; the bower-room, where the stately Elizabeth had coquetted with the men she first inspired with love; and vaulted chambers, once occupied by knights and squires, but now given over to servants.— Perhaps the most beautiful part of ancient Ulverseroft was the grounds. There were deep secluded hollows, where the water lay in silent pools and herons built their nests, forest-lands, where the deer rested in their coverts and the trees were centu-

the ruins lay to the south; and Ulvers the ruine lay to the south; and Ulverseroft Hall as it stood now was one of the most luxurious homes in England. The western sunlight fell upon it, lighting up the gray ruins as with gold; it lingered on the grand oriel windows framed with roses and passion-flowers, on the broad terraces, and on the well-kept gardens.—And standing where he could see both the Hall and the ruins, his heart and soul in a glow of rapturous delight, was Vane Vibart. The carriage had been sent to the station for him; but he had preferred station for him; but he had preferred walking through the park. Now he stood entranced, lost in the superb picture before

"So," he said to himself, "this is one of he 'ancestral homes of England." Now I now what 'ancestral' means. A man ould love, fight for, die for such a home. ble name must go with it, and noble

There came to him as he stood a memo ry of his own youthful abode; the old-fash-ioned homestead, the clover-fields, the pools where the cattle drank, and the mill-stream. And, noble though he was in many things, a pang of regret shot through

Ulverscroft was not his. How he would have gloried in it! How he would have loved it! It seemed to him that above all other men he should have appreciated a noble name. He half smiled, half sighed, as he thought how proud he would have been once upon a time to enter such stately portals as these.

The massive doors were opened, and he entered a place before which the glories of Lulworth faded completely. He was shown into the library, where Lord Audley awaited him. He received a welcome so warm and so gracious that he could not help feeling quite at his ease and even happy. They spoke a few minutes of Sir Raye and his failing health. "I believe," said Lord Audley, "that

you are his adopted son?"
"Yes," replied Vane.

The impression left on Lord Audley's mind was that some kind of relationship existed between Vane and Sir Raye. Then Lord Audley spoke of the bridge. "To-morrow," he said, "we will drive

slowly along the banks of the river, and you shall judge for yourself as to the best site for it. My daughter, Lady Lilias Audley, will go with us. And now the dressing-bell has rung, you will go to your rooms. We dine at eight. You are not too tired to join us, I hope?" wane nis portmanteau was being un-

packed and his clothes being arranged by a quick-handed valet, Vane stood at the window, strangely haunted by dreams of his old home. He could hear the home voices, and he could see the house by the mill-stream. "Why should this come over me now?"

he thought. Then he remembered an old superstition which said that when a man was haunted by a dream of youth, it was a sign that some great event was about to take

place in his lite. "What can be going to happen to me?" he wondered; and then he laughed at his folly. "Nothing more than this-that I am to erect a bridge which will be the prettiest in England."

The first dinner-bell rang, and he hastened to the arawing-room. The magnificent room was empty.

He never forgot the impression it made upon him. Through the long windows he had a glimpse of fountains, flowers, and trees, with the gleam of the river in the distance. In the room itself were tall flowing plants, beautiful ferns and exotics, exquisite pictures, priceless works of art. He wondered what it could be like to live always in such an atmosphere of luxury and wealth, Then he found himself wondering what his mother and brighteyed Kate would say to such an apartment as this.

The next moment he had left such thoughts far behind. Everything around him had sunk into insignificance. Life had completely changed for him. One moment had changed the whole course of his exist-

There was a sound at the farther end of the room, and, looking, he saw a picture that so dazzled his eyes he could see nothing else. Curtains of rica crimson velvet, with golden fringe, separated that part of the drawing-room from a large and magnificent conservatory. At first he saw only a white hand and arm, an arm so round, so white, so beautiful, that it was like the work of a sculptor. A diamond bracelet clasped it. The hand slightly parted the curtains. Then the whole figure appeared -that of a tall slender girl draped in shining silk and priceless lace, perfect in every movement, peerless in grace and symmetry.

With one keen rapid glance he seemed to take in every detail of the loveliness that had no peer. The girl's face was radiantly fresh and bright and her luxuriant yellow hair looked like dead gold crowned with diamonds. There was a rose-leaf flush on the delicate cheeks; the eves were the color of wood-violets; the lovely mouth was perfect in shape, and proud as it was sweet; the firm white throat clasped by a diamond necklace, and a diamond cross lay on her white breast. Lovely, dainty, proud, and refined, her patrician birth stamped on every feature, she looked indeed the daughter of an Earl. So she stood for a moment, framed by a crimson velvet-the fairest picture that ever met a

Vane was dazed and bewildered. He had never dreamed that woman could be so fair, Then she slowly allowed the curtains to fall, and advanced towards him .-The western sunbeams shone upon the sparkling diamond-, and upon the hair of dead gold. He trembled as she drew near him, as he had never trembled before any

human being yet. She bowed to him with proud dainty grace. He had wondered if she would offer him one of her white jewened hands, and he found himself wondering also, if ne should die of joy when he touched it. But the wonder was all vain. She glanced calmly at him, and she smiled slowly. He wondered again what she would say or do-it she were cognizant of the mad passion that was slowly creeping over him. "You are Mr. Vibart," sue said, and the music of her voice struck his dazed senses with fresh wonder. "Have you

seen Lord Audiev?" He never remembered how he answered her. To him it was as though he had passed through a furnace. His brain seemed to burn, his heart beat fast, and he could have cried aloud from the vehemence

of his emotions. She saw and understood. She was too much accustomed to the effect of her beauty. Men succumbed at one glance from her eyes or at one smile from her lovely lips. That this young "professional" man - who was not of her world at all-should yield at once, was less than nothing to

It was a relief, yet pain, to him when Lord Audley entered the room with several ladies and gentlemen. Vane was introduced to each, and each one had something kind and pleasant to say to him.
Colouel Gordon was deligated with aim, and kept him in earnest conversation until the dinner-beil rang. Vane turned aside his head when the Lady Lilias passed by him; for he said to himself that another look at her would blind him. If he wished to collect his senses and converse with any show of reason, he must not look again upon that most beautiful face. He never remembered afterwards how the dinner passed. He neard at times the ound of low silvery laughter and the murmur of a sweet voice. He dared not raise his eyes to the Earr's daughter. Her beauty dazzled him as did the light of the sun. Once or twice he caught a glimpse of the dead-gold hair and the sparkling gems.— Then he did his best to keep his attention fixed en what the Colonel was saying to

Colonel on to the terrace to enjoy a cigar, Vane said suddenly to him— "I did not know that Lord Audley had

"Did you not?" laughed the Colo Then you are about the only young man of position in England who does not know it. Lady Lilius Audley is the queen of the fashionable world." able world."

She is very beautiful," said Vane, in a dreamy musing tone.
"Very beautiful, very accomplished, very wealthy, and perfect in grace and manners; and she is the proudest girl in

(Continued next week:)

ST. PATRICK'S.

The Catholic Cathedral. New Yorkelle

Whether or not attached to the ritual and doctrines of the faith taught within its walls, the intelligent American cannot fail to be interested in the magi and beautiful structure which is the chiefest ornament in the metropolis of this country. The appreciative recognition of the creations of genius is distinctions of party or church, and sees only the principles of beauty involved in their production.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CATHEDRAL St. Patrick's Cathedral stands on one of the choicest sites in New York, on two blocks bounded by Fifth Avenue, 50th Street, Madison Avenue, and 51st Street. Its site is commanding, and amid surroundings which represent the wealth and culture of the city. Sufficient land has been purchased to prevent the possibility of crowding the Cathedral

The original plans of the structure were drawn in the year 1853. Four year after they were modified to the requirements of a smaller building than that originally contemplated, and the structure, as it nowstands, is the creation foreseen in the plans of 1857. Work was

begun in the year 1858. The style of the building is what is known as the Decorated and Geometric type of Gothie, which prevailed in Europe during the latter part of the thirteenth and the fourteenth centuries. The nave of York Minster, probably the finest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in England. is in the same style.

St. Patrick's Cathedral was dedicated on May 25, 1879. It is not yet complete, the towers being unfinished and some details of ornamentation not being as yet provided. The extreme length of the exterior is

332 feet, and its breadth 174 feet. General breadth 132 feet; height of towers. 330 feet, and each tower thirty-two feet wide at the base. The central door is thirty feet wide and fifty-one feet high, and the width of front between towers, 105 feet.

Measurement of the interior gives a length of 306 feet, a breadth of nave and choir, including chapels, of 120 feet, and 140 feet as the length of the transept.



The width of the central aisle is forty-

eight feet, and its height 112 feet. Side aisles are each of them twenty-four

feet wide and fifty-four feet higi. FRIOR OF THE BUILDING The principal front is on Fifth Avenue. It consists of a central gable with a tower and spire on each side of it. The gable, which is 156 feet high, contains the grand portal of the building. This is decorated with columns with foliage capitals. Its clustered mouldings show rich ornaments in the arch, which is decorated and fringed with a double row of foliated tracery. The thickness of the wall is twelve feet and sin inches.

At the spring line of the arch and crossing the opening of the door, is a transom of beauti al follace, and above this the window which tills in the arch. The shield bearing the arms of the diocese is in the central panel of the gable over the main portal.

Niches for statues are placed between the buttresses flank ag the door on each side and those of the two towers. Larger ones, measuring seven and a half feet high, are seen in the horizontal balustrade over the first story and across the whole gable where the necessary space exists. A Gothic jamb surmount these large

niches, and in this is a window twentysix feet in diameter and equal in architectural beauty to the best specimens in The main gable is carried up to the

roof lines above this window, showing in its construction work of singular beauty and delicacy. Buttresses on each side of the jambs of the window terminate in The towers are thirty-two feet square at the base, and maintain the same form

to the height of 136 feet, where they change into octagonal lanterns fifty-four feet high, above which the spires will rise 140 feet higher, in two stories. The side aisles of the nave behind the towers are divided into five bays, and each bay is pierced by a window thirteen feet six inches wide and twenty-seven

feet high. The transept fronts are divided into a central aisle forty-eight feet wide and 170 feet high to the top of the crosses of the gables, and two side aisles. Each window over the transept doors measures twenty-eight feet wide by fifty-eight high. The side aisles of the transept have windows corresponding in size to

those of the side aisles. Reaching the sanctuary the note-taker finds that its side aisle has three bays similar to those of the nave. The side aisle of the rear has five tays, and the elerestory, which rises 104 feet to the eaves, has six bays in the nave, two in either transept, and three bays in the

There remains to be said that the ap-

side shows the form of half a decagon, and has five bays. The buttresses dividing these are terminated by pinnacles which rise the terminated by punacies which rise thirty feet above the eaves of the immense structure. Each of the five bays of the apside has a window of rich design and large size. INTERIOR OF THE BUILDING.

The ground plan of the interior of St. Patrick's Cathedral shows a nave, two transepts and a choir or sanctuary. Walking down the nave the visitor sees that it is divided into seven bays. In its cross-section it consists of a centre aisle, forty-eight feet wide and 110 feet in height from the floor to the recent of in height from the floor to the apex of the groined colling.

The transcepts are discovered to the apex of

groined ceiling. The transepts are divided into a center d two side aisles of the same dimentions as those of the nave. Ninety-five the centre aisle 124 feet from wall to wall. The choir has three bays and terminates at the east end of the build. ing by a five-sided apside. Colum go are richly ornamented, but the



general effect of the architecture is single and impressive.

THE HIGH ALTAR. St. Patrick's has five altars, and its

chapels eight more.
The High Altar stands at the east end of the edifice, in the centre aisle of the choir. The reredos, or altar-screen. was carved and finished in Poitiers stone. by skilled workmen, in France. Its centre tower has a niche containing a statue of our Lord, and the two flanking towers bear statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. Over the statues the towers rise and are crowned with pierced spires of open tracery-work. The spaces between the central and the two corner towers are divided into six niches, three on either side of the centre, containing angelic

figures bearing emblems of the Passion. The altar proper was constructed in Italy, together with the tabernacle and stylobate, or lower division of the reredos. These are all of the purest Italian marble, inlaid with alabasters and precious marbles.

The front of the bottom part of the altar is divided into niches and panels; the niches Containing statues of the four Evangelists, the panels representing in the bas-reliefs the Last Supper, the Carrying of the Cross, and the Agony in the Garden-all in the purest Carrara marble.

The tabernacle on the altar is of marble decorated with Roman mosaics. flanked by columns of rare and costiv marbles, and has a door of gilt bronze set with emeralds and garnets. The Archbishop's throne is of carved French oak. Over the seat is a mag-

nificent Gothic canopy, supported by columns of the same crowned by an octagonal lantern ornamented with statues, crockets, finials and angelic figures of beautiful design and workmanship. PAINTED WINDOWS.

There are fifty-seven of these rich dows, making seventy in all, are of The window of St. Patrick is the titular window of the Cathedra. It is

a six-bayed window, and is situated over the South transent door. Fighteen subjects, beginning with the Saint's birth and ending with the angels singing his

funeral dirge, are shown in this beauti-

In the centre of the tracery is seen Saint Patrick's coronation in heaven. Around hovers a circle of angels, copied after Fra Angelico, each holding a scroll on which is inscribed one line of a Latin hymn, thus given in a com-

plete form. The Annunciation is one of the scenes which the reader can trace out for himself in the accompanying copy, but the window of St. Columbanus needs ampler

In Cantu's Universal History it is related that Thierry II., King of Burgundy, led a life which was the scandal of his kingdom. He had often, but to no purpose, been rebuked and threatened by his own clergy. St. Columbanus. though a comparative stranger, had but a few years before migrated from Ireland and founded a monastery near the

The latter, hearing of the saint's austerities, and wishing to be on friendly terms with him, visited the monastery bringing with him rich presents of delicate "iands and wines.

palace of the king.

In the scene presented the Saint meets the king at the door of the monastery, rebukes him for his scandalous life, and with a blow strikes from the hand



The window of St. Columbanus. of the attendant the rare vessel of ine, saying:
"God rejects the gifts of the wicked,

nor ought they to pollute the lips of the servant of God." The king is at once converted, because contrite, and humbly sues to be reconciled to the Church. Behind the king is seen Brunichilda, whose nuptials had never been blessed by the Church, but who had been to Thierry as queen. She having prayed the Saint to bless or offspring, receives for answer:
"No; and of them none shall ever wield the sceptre of his father, because they are the children of sin."

In her retreat from the monk she egards him with a look of intense The death of St. Joseph is the latest

of the reasures in the windows which embeliesh the Cathedral, and addisone to the number previously given it oc-cupies a place in the sacristy of the

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