THE SEASONS OF THE HEART.

The different hues that deck the earth All in our bosoms have their birth—"Tis not in blue or sunny skles, "Its in the heart the Summer lies! The earth is bright if that be glud, Dark is the earth if that be sad; And thus I feel each weary day—"Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

In vain upon her emerald car, Comes Spring, "the maiden from afar," And scatters o'er the woods and fields The liberal gifts that nature yields; In vain the buds begin to grow, In vain the crooms girls the snow; I feel no joy though earth be gay— 'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

And when the Summer, like a bird, Comes down to earth in blushing pride, And from that union sweet are born The fragrant flowers an waying corn, I hear the hum of birds and bees, I view the hills and streams and trees, Yet vain the thousand charms of May— 'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

And when the Autumn crowns the year, And ripened hangs the golden ear, and luserous fraits of rud-ly hue The bending boughs are glancing through, When yellow leaves from sheltered nooks Come forth and rry the mountain brooks—Eyen then I feel—there I stray, "Its Winter all when thou'rt away!

And when the Winter com is at length, With swaggering gait and giant strength, And with his strong arms in a trice Binds up the streams in chains of ice, What need I sigh for pleasure gone—The twiight eve, the rosy dawn?
My heart is changed as much as they—'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

Even now, when Summer lends the scene Its brightest gold, its purest green— Whene'er I climb the mountain's breast, With softest moss and hearth-flowers dress When now I hear the breeze that stirs The golden belts that deck the furzo— Alas! ye all are vain, I say— 'Tis Winter all when thou'rtaway;

But when thou comest back once more— Though dark clouds hang and loud winds roar, And mist obscure the nearest hills, And dark and turbid roll the rills— Such pleasures then my breast shall know; That Summer's sun shall round me glow; Then quick return, dear maid, I pray— "Its Winter all when thou'rt away!

DENIS FLORENCE MCCARTHY.

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'RRIEN, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax.

CHAPTER N .- Continued.

A short time previously he had left his Canadian fatherland to seek instruction and inspiration in the home of the arts. Rome. He had only arrived on the previous evening, and now looked for the first time on the city of his dreams by daylight. Brought up in the Protestant persuasion, he was drawn to Rome as an arcist, not as a spiritual enith. He connot be said to have a very deduite idea. or religion; like numbers on side of the Church, he was horest and honorable in his actions, and agreeable comparion and a true triend; but his notions of region were vague and contradictory. He believed in the divinity of Christ and in the mission given to His Apostles: et he remained separated from that Church which has an unbroken specession from the Apostles. Hearing in my youth much wild declaration against the Catholic faith, he could not as yet pierce the mist of prejudice which sur-rounded him; and while he had many yalued friends who professed that faith, he did not seek to investigate its claims to his subjection. We who are brought up in the truth, and who see so clearly the divine origin of our Church and its prerogative of infallibility, are unable to understand how persons like George Marchbank remain away from us. Yet there are many like him. To us it is s self-evident that there can be but one true Church, and that that one must have been the first one, and that the Catholic Church was undoubtedly first, that we are almost tempted to become severe in our strictures on outsiders. In truth, the reasoning is evident, and it clearly follows, that no matter how many good principles may be retained in any particular sect, each, and, every sect, by rejecting some one doctrine of the Church, is in error, and cut off from the living vine. Thoughtlessness and the engrossing pleasures of life keep many a candid soul far away from the saving

the dying chose of the metal music, and Answering to a slight knock, both his hands were grasped by a handsome soldier; for an instant he imagined himself a prisoner, but a familiar voice cried:
"A thousand welcomes to Rome, George,
How are you? How did you get along? I just received your note, and ran here to see you before the ceremonies of the day began. How well you look!"
"My dear Morgan," began Mr. Marchbank, "I am so delighted to meet you.

Where you staying? How do you like Rome? Are you an officer yet?"
"Oh, I am so glad, George, that you

arrived in time for the feast of to-day!

meeting during the whole voyage.'

Now it may be safely asserted that history contains no example of two history contains no example of two friends speaking rationally for the first five minutes when meeting after a long separation, or in a foreign country. Distance takes the place of length of time. The meeting between a man who has been three months in Rome and his friends in friends in the first service and his first service and his friends in the first service and his first service and his first service and his fi Canada is more enthusiastic than if he had been three years in New York. It was not many years since George March bank had said good-bye to Morgan Leahy, when the latter was starting for Rome; yet now, so great was their mutual plea-After they had recovered their usual quiet, Morgan said:

painter capable of transferring to canvas the glories of our young Dominion. Your first great work must be Canada, personitied as a noble matron surrounded by seven lovely children; for in a few difference of religious belief would forble be our union."

"I am not tree to promise. Size Sain; caused difference in tree to promise. Size Sain; caused difference in the strength in keeping an upploy all one's years all the British provinces will be bid our union."

"But Eleanor," pleaded George, "I torture themselves grievously when (a George, "I will have to express in appearance and would never seek to interfere with your crossing this bridge on Easter Sunday. reign.

provinces. You must make the one representing Prince Edward Island the fairest and most smiling. Throw over its expression a glow of that quiet loveliness which we admired together when the country of New Classics.

and you sketch out for me a work which would require an artist of the first order. The idea you suggest is certainly a grand one, and I hope some painter of note may embody it on an undying canvas. I agree with you that Prince Edward their truth Island should be the sweetest child of the family. The calm, dreamy beauty of the valley of the Clyde, of Rustico, for you, E. Wheatly River, and of many other parts pious to be a warrior."

"The most pious man may well be a warrior in a holy cause. I like my life because I am in a position to do some service for my religion. Were the territory of the Pope not in danger, I would not continue in my present mode of life;

the necessity of a Pontifical army. Why cannot the Pope quietly resign his temporal power and attend to the spiritual?"

"Why should he do this? His title to his States is most legitimate, his gov-erament most beneficent. Moreover, to be fully free in the exercise of his spiritual government of the world, he must be independent of every king. Again, if he had never—had—his—kingdom, where would the arts and sciences have found a home during the dreary struggle of Europe for existence against the barbarians of the North? And if he were to lose it now, how long would this city continue to attract such as you?"

After dimer I shall be Iree, and will call on you. Of course you will go to witness the blessing from the Loggia?"

Oh, yes!" replied George; "I have read so much about the Pope giving his blessing on Easter that I shall see it for continue to attract such as you?"

"Lown, my dear Morgan, that I am not well versed in these matters; let and await your arrival," them rest for the present. I am enjoy- With a hearty hand-st ing the hospitality of Rome, and it non sing to the risen Saviour! At first I was, I am ashamed to confess, inclined to ridicule the idea; but something in the atmosphere, which was filted with music, brought my mind into harmony with

Rome on this subject."
"You will find," said Morgan gravely. that a little reflection will bring your mind into harmony with Rome on more subjects than this. When you observe some of her customs which you do not understand, and at which you may be nelined to laugh, in all fairness fine out, e tere passing sontence, what they mean and why they are observed. Then remender that the Romans are not Canadians, and consequently are not to be adged by Canadian standards. If you do this you will arrive at a rational knowiedge of our religion and ceremonies. You have already tell me that my family were well, but did not Eleanor send me any miessage ""

It might have been only the reflection George Marchbank's face was slightly flushed as he replied:

"Eleanor sent no message; in fact, when I called to say good-bye I just

Morgan was slightly puzzled. He knew Eleaner's fond love for himself, and the friendship which she, in common with all the family, had for George. It was strange that she had not sent some additional message of love, which repeated by word of mouth would seem more vivid and real than the strongest expression on paper. Had he known, however, that on the evening previous to his de-As George Marchbank sat listening to parture George Marchbank had, when he dying cehose of the metal music, and walking with Eleanor near the majestic seing, on reflection, how appropriate it St. Lawrence, asked her to be his wite. seeing, on reflection, how appropriate it st. Lawrence, asked her to be his wite, was to honor God in this way, a quick and that she, with real pain, refused to footstep was heard without his room, consent, his perplexity would disappear. consent, his perplexity would disappear. But this he did not know, and this George did not tell him. The young artist had long loved Eleanor, and she had always respected him for his manly qualities. She had even, in the un-consciousness of her heart, loved him, and when he asked her to be his wife she was both pleased and pained. Few young women are displeased at having won the esteem of a worthy man, but a true woman is likewised pained when she finds herself compelled to reject his proffered love. This was Eleanor's case. She knew the many noble attributes of George Marchbank, but two considera-When did you leave Montreal? How tions forbade her to become his wife, were all old friends?"

She had promised Mrs. Berton not to "Well, well, but it is a good augury to plight her troth yet; but this would only meet your friendly tace the first this keep her back a short time. But the morning. I was looking forward to this other consideration was of the highest importance; there was a difference of religious belief. Eleapor well knew that real love requires unanumity of sentiment tirst, while sentimental love lasts, this want will not be so much noticed; but when these days are past, and they pass quickly if there be not a mutual sympathy in reason and religion, an intellectual and a social level, love will die only helplessly float on, and slowly too, out, and cold indifference or actual diswere that they poured out question on question, and added exchanation to exchanation, for full five minutes, without well knowing what they were saying.

out, and cold indifference or actual displayments to like will succeed. Unlike many toosish young girls who allow their sentiment to put to a sore test. Any one who may lead their judgment, Eleanor guided her lever be in similar straits will find that conduct by religious duty. Kindly, and the least troublesome, most philosophic, with honest tears, she refused George

"I am not free to promise," she said;

dress the characteristics of one of the religious observances; as my wife you

gazing on the calm beauty of New Glasgow and Rustico from the top of the hill near Millyale. My word for it, George, but your work will bring renown."

oank; but think what a cold, unsympathetic gulf would ever yawn between us! In the one great affair of life we would have nothing in common; we could assist each other in temporal matters, but "As enthusiastic as ever," laughed in spiritual ones where would be our bond of union? Do not, I pray, cause only, as yet at least, an artist in desire, further pain to yourself and me."

George Marchbank was confounded. In his own easy way he had thought little about religion; but now, hearing those earnest words from one whom he loved, he felt, rather than understood, their truth. He reflected a moment and

depart, saying :

"I must take part in the military display in the Square of St. Peter's this afternoon. After dinner I shall be iree.

blessing on Easter that I shall see it for myself. I will return directly it is over,

With a hearty hand-shake, the friends separated. Morgan walked quickly back would be most ungracious of me to say aught against it. But what a grand bustic and excitement, ticorge, left to moraing hymn the bells, drums and can himself, resumed his sear by the window. Castel S.m Angelo, where all was himself, resumed his sear by the window. and spoke balf aloud :

"What magic is there in Rome that attracts such (roble spirits as Morgan, and) makes them so cuttors as tie in her cause). He would joyinfy disting on the spite her great love for him, would not nurmer at his tate. What is the secret of Rome's power over generous hearts;

He mus d long over his question, but could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. There are many who ask themselves the They do not know what it is to be anisoul that is illuminated by true religion, and that endervors to act according to honor of him, its teachings. Those outside the Church e innot understand the calm certainty regarding religious truths enjoyed by Catholies. Hence they wonder at our posiof the redengrain, or it might have been fluence does not and cannot, arise from fancy, but it appeared to Morgan that anything human; it would be a childish spoke to her for a moment. She handed me the letter 1 sent you this morning along with my note, and that was all." the nosts of pugrims in our own day, to any human motive. The magic of Romelius in the supernatural faith of which she is the visible head and guardian.

work of their emaciated nags. Staid old gentlemen, guiding despondent curs, wormed slowly their dangerous way between cab-wheels, curbstones, and oxen's horns. Sturdy peasant women, arrayed in parti-colored dresses, and with squares of cloth of bright hues fastened to their knotted hair by means of steel bars, ter-minated in gilt knobs, strutted along, endangering the eyes of shuffling pedestrians with those formidable hair-pins These gilt-capped bars of steel are at once an adornment to the head and a weapon of detence, in case of need. In the hands of an enraged virago one of these hair-pins would be equal to any stiletto. The hum of many voices arose from the square in front of the hotel in which George Marchbank sat, and he was surprised to hear nearly everyone speaking English. He did not know, at that time, that the vicinity of Piazza di Spagna is the "English quarter," as the Romans term it. During the winter months thousands of Englishmen visit Rome, and they generally reside near this square.

After the usual Roman breakfast of a cup of coffee and a light roll, George Marchbank sallied forth to mingle with the moving throng. He had no need to inquire his way to St. Peter's; he was sure that the steady tide of human beings was setting in towards that spot. Floating, as it were, with the current he was carried down the Via dei Condotti, across the Corso, past the ancient "Albergo dell' Orso," the theatre and down to the bridge of San Angelo. At the corner of every intersecting street fresh tributary streams of carriages and persons afoot swelled the main one, and ere he had reached the bridge it was impossible to turn right or left; he could and probably the quickest means of passcome to the home of the fine arts. Tam good opinion and telling him candidly the direction of the crossing, and with a paintage candide of the fine arts. erushed dress, and a torn train, to employ all one's strength in keeping an up-

Seeing a momentary gap in the carriageway they will make a dash to occupy it; but a prancing span just then turns the corner, a shout is heard from the coachman, the warm breath of the foaming steeds is felt on their faces; nothing but ignoble retreat remains. Others again. wishing to save their dresses, or fearing to come in contact with plebeians daintily gather up their skirts and stand against the parapet of the bridge "to let the crowd pass." But unemotional police officers tell them to "move on," for no one on such a day is allowed to stand on the sidewalk of the bridge; on they must go, and the chances are a thousand to one that they will lose their temper and inwardly curse the police for doing their duty.

"If anything could add to my esteem philosophic principle, and was carried or you Eleganor it would be these bounds." for you, Eiganor, it would be these honest safely across and up the street into the words you have just spoken. I am not, Square of St. Peter's. Here the imalas! a religious man, but I can respect mense crowd spread itself out over this Its summer months are so pleasantly fresh and genial that I wonder it is not frequented more by tourists. But of yourself, Morgan; how do you like your soldier's life? I thought you were too plous to be a warrior. in you—your noble integrity of purpose. Here each one inhaled a long and placid My dream, for the present at least, is over; henceforth I will give myself to my art; it will be the only bride I'll seek to wm."

Here each one inhaled a long and placid breath, and with a self satisfied smile looked beamingly back at the crush in the narrow defile through which they had passed. Within the mighty church This conversation passed on the banks a dense mass filled every available nook, of the St. Lawrence on the night before. The devout worshipper, the scotling unritory of the Pope not in danger, I would not continue in my present mode of life; but so long as my arm can help to defend his sacred rights by being here, so long will I remain."

"Just like your noble self, Morgan, Believe me, I admire your heroism and devotion, although I do not exactly see the necessity of a Pontifical army. Why an instinctive shrinking is the result.

Hence no message had been sent to
Morgan.

After some further remarks between

The solient globu of the great vashed by thousands of waxen candles, glowing like distant stars in chandeliers suspended a hundred feet from the floor. Beneath each lofty arch, formed the great ways the grintlying capital of each Morgan and George the former rose to around the corinthian capital of each pilaster, along the architraves, and dangling from the ground ceiling, burned myriad lights that flashed on the costly marbles, the delicate mosaic altarpieces, and the majestic statues of the saints.

(To be continued.) [This story can be had in book form from J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, or Knowle's book store, Haltfax, N.S.j

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A Grent Soldier Dead

Brights, March 29.—General Konstantime von Aivensleben has just died in tias city at the age of 83. He was born in Prussian Saxony in August, 1809. In 1866 after brildient service in the war with Austra he was made lieutenant general, At the outbreak of the Prossant war walls of Rome, and I be leve Eleanor, des General you Alvensleben was reaced in e cannami of the Iniid Army corps, which played a conspicuous part in the first battooo, the war. He took part in the battle of Gravelotte and the stage of Metz. During the winter campaign of 1870.71 he took part in many battles. notably that at Lemans. Soon after its chevation to the rank of general of inmated by a living faith; they cannot fantry, early in 1878, he was at his renation by a living main; they cannot rathout the depths of God's grace in a pentied request pieced on the retired list, soul that is illuminated by true religion. A tor: at Metz was in 1873 mained in

MEDICAL HINTS.

garding religious truths enjoyed by Catholies. Hence they wonder at our pesitiveness, or they grow angry at our steadfastness. The secret of Rome's influence does not and cannot, arise from anything human; it would be a childish weakness to ascribe the enthusiasm of the great souls of St. Augustine, St. Ambrese, St. Jerome, St. Thomas, or that of the hosts of pilgrims in our own day, to fine in the supernatural faith of which she is the visible head and guardian. Perhaps George Marchbank may one day learn this.

But now the streets were alive and noisy. Cabmen rushed furiously along at a pace which seemed inconsistent with the holding together of the framework of their emaciated mags. Staid old contlement, entities of this gives very conclusive proof of the efficiency of this wonderful remedy. Cure for Dyspepsin.

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Let Him Tell II.-Hello, Jones! Got a new suit of clothes, eh?" "Yes," Good stuff in 'em?" he added, feeling of them. "Of course; I'm in 'em."

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man? "One who can do without the world." "And by a tool?" "One who fancies that the world cannot do without

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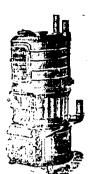
con understand the nature of an oath? Boy-Yes, sir; I used to be telephone loy at the Exchange.

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On the Continent.-John Bull (to stranger)-How are you? Nice day to-day. Where do you hail from? Stranger (a German prince)-Sir, I do not hail; I

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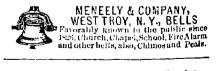
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