

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 skies— 'Tis in the heart the Summer lies— The earth is bright if that be true, Dark is the earth if that be true; And thus I feel the heart's desire— 'Tis Winter all when thou'rt away!

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

religious observances; as my wife you would be as free to practise them as you are under your father's roof. Surely you do not doubt that." "Indeed I do not doubt it, Mr. Marchbank; 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 in spiritual ones where would be our bond of union? Do not, I pray, cause further pain to yourself and me."

Seeing a momentary gap in the carriage-way 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, faintly 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.

THIRTY YEARS. Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889. "I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used ST. JACOBS OIL and it completely cured. I give it all praise." MRS. WM. RYDER. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT!"

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AFTER WEARY YEARS.

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

CHAPTER X.—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 artist, not as a spiritual child. He could not be said to have a very definite idea of religion; like numbers outside of the Church, he was least and fonder of his actions, and agitated, agitated, and a true friend; but his notions of religion were vague and contradictory. He believed in the divinity of Christ and in the mission given to His Apostles; yet he remained separated from that Church which has an unbroken succession from the Apostles. Hearing in his youth much wild declamation against the Catholic faith, he could not as yet pierce the mist of prejudice which surrounded him, and while he had many valued friends who professed that faith, he did not seek to investigate its claims or its subjectivity. 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 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 truth.

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; but so long as my arm can help to defend his sacred rights by being here, so long will I remain."

"Why should he do this? His title to his States is most legitimate, his government 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?"

"To be continued." (This story can be had in book form from J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, or Knowles' book store, Halifax, N.S.)

As George Marchbank sat listening to the dying echoes of the mental music, and seeing, on reflection, how appropriate it was to honor God in this way, a quick footstep was heard without his room. 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!"

Morgan was slightly puzzled. He knew Eleanor's fond love for herself, 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 so vivid and real than the strongest expression on paper. Had he known, however, that on the evening previous to his departure George Marchbank had, when walking with Eleanor near the majestic St. Lawrence, asked her to be his wife, and that she, with real pain, refused to 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 unconsciousness 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 likewise 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 considerations forbade her to become his wife. She had promised Mrs. Burton not to plight her truth yet; but this would only keep her back a short time. But the other consideration was of the highest importance; there was a difference of religious belief. Eleanor well knew that real love requires unanimity of sentiment; a mutual sympathy of views, and, above all, the sacred bond of a true and living faith between man and wife. Mixed marriages, no matter how pleasing the qualities of the parties, must always lack a mutual sympathy in the highest and holiest concerns of life. At first, 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 out, and cold indifference or actual dislike will succeed. Unlike many foolish young girls who allow their sentiment to lead their judgment, Eleanor guided her conduct by religious duty. Kindly, and with honest tears, she refused George Marchbank's love, thanking him for his good opinion and telling him candidly her reasons.

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 about swelled the main one, and ere he had reached the bridge it was impossible to turn right or left; he could only helplessly float on, and slowly too. Dragons kept order at the approach to the bridge, and here one's patience is put to a sore test. Any one who may ever be in similar straits will find that the least troublesome, most philosophic, and probably the quickest means of passing over is to keep one's face turned in the direction of the crossing, and with a sublime disregard of a battered hat, a crushed dress, and a torn train, to employ all one's strength in keeping an upright position and a good temper, and one will find oneself across without well knowing how it came to pass. There are some ill-regulated minds that torture themselves grievously when crossing this bridge on Easter Sunday.

"Pat, Pat, you should never hit a man when he is down!" "Begorra, what did I work so hard to get him down for?"

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