Hay making has commenced in the vicinity of Quebec.

May Laffan, the Irlah novelist, has been married to a Scotch professor named Mac-Nabb. A cloud has darkened the mind of Mile

de la Rames, better known as "Outda." Ste Is in consequence strictly seeluded.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are free from all orude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only very small, very easy to take; no pain ; no griping ; no purging. Beports from all parts of Dakota show slight improvement in wheat.

The term hydra may be used to represent any manifold evil. If you would battle successfully with this many-headed monster of disease you will find it expedient to keep Mrs. Pink. ham's Vegetable Compound always on hand.-Dr. Banning.

The Commercial Travellers' National Association have elected M. B. Cole, of Boston, President, and J. W. Taylor, Syracuse, N.Y. Secretary Treasurer.

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. Y. a strong temperance" man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgis, and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was airaid of and prejudiced against "Bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

The value of the orchard crops of Florida twelve years ago was estimated at about \$60,000. Today a million and a half could not buy them.

Many a poor sufferer who submits to the surgeon's knife because of malignant sores and scrofulous swellings, might be saved, sound and whole, by taking Ayer's Barsaparilla. This will purge out the corruptions which pollute the blood, and by which such complaints are originated and fed.

An elderly beggar woman quoted Scripture to a London magistrate to show that begging was "churchlike." She said she was only carrying out the precept, "Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find," but the Justice committed her.

YOUNG MEN suffering from early indiscretions, lack brain and nerve force. Mack's Magnetic Medicine, advertised in another column, supplies this want and thus cures when all other preparations fail. For sale by Laviolette & Nelson.

Sala recommends as the best form for church and theatre doors the huge suspended portal of quilted leather, such as that of the nave of St. Peter's in Rome. This is heavy enough to fit loosely to the door jambs and exclude the wind, but it can be easily and noiselessiy removed.

If your lungs are almost wasted by consumption Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs and all curable bronchial, throat and lung affections, it is unsurpassed. Send two stamps for Dr. Pleto's large pamphlet treatise on consumptiion and kindred affections. Address WORLD'S DISCOVERY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N.Y.

Some British troops in Assam were sent out to "chastise a refractory village," and did it with such success as to kill fifty of the natives who sought to drive them away, without sustaining any loss themselves. A taste of the pleasures of this sort of combat will probably make the troops eager to chastise this willage again, or to find out some other village that seems refractory, in order to butcher its defenders on so safe a plan.

Heath, auditor of St. Louis, went to prison for three years for stealing public money. His wife obtained the divorce to which the law entitled her on account of his felony; but when he was released, a few days ago, she remarried him.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills -Old Sores, Wounds, and Ulcers.—The readiness with which Holloway's unquent removes all obstructions in the circulation of the vessels and lymphatics explains their irresistible influence in healing old sores, bad wounds, and indolent ulcers. To insure the desired effect the skin surrounding the diseased part should he fomented, dried and immediately well rubbed with the Ointment. This will give purity to the foul blood, and strength to the weakened nerves, the only conditions necessary for the cure of all those ulcerations which render life almost intolerable. No sooner is this Olntment's protective powers exerted than the destructive process ceases, and the constructive business begins-new, healthy growth appears to fill up the lately painful excavated pit.

A patent medicine "testimonial" says:-#Five doctors and gallons of medicine failed to cure me." He ought to be thankful that they didn't kill him. It was a narrow escape. -Norr. Herald.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate. Overworked Mervone Systems.

DR. EDWARD L. DUER, Philadelphia says :- "I have used it for several years, con. midering it valuable in overworked nervous systems and in the exhausted condition tollowing protracted fevers."

In modern Egypt a young man is not permitted to see his wife's face before marriage. As a consequence, not unfrequently soon after marriage he makes up his mind that he never wants to see it again.

The Indian army, to which the military world is greatly indebted for its valuable experience with the heliostat, or sun telegraph is now trying experiments with pigeons as a means of communication, and a service of these birds has been established in connection with the intelligence branch of the Quartermaster-General's department. More over, the birds have been placed under the charge of a lieutenant colonel of the Third Sikhs, and consequently can claim the honor of forming a cistinct regiment of Her Majesto's Indian forces.

EPPS'S COCOA GRATEFUL AND COMPORTING. -uBy a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and notrition and yet by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocos Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage, which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicions use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up muttl strong enough to recist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to at. tack wherever there is a week point. We may escape many a total shaft by keeping purselves well fortified with pure blood and properly nourished trame."-Oivil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold caly in packets and tins () lb and 1 lb) by grocers, labelled. JAMES EPPS & Co., Homospathio Chemists, London, Eug-Also makers of Erps's Chocolate Es-

ADOPTING THE BEQUIEM MASS. RECTOR RITCHIE'S INTENTION TO CELEBRATE MASS

POR THE DRAD IN AN EPISCOPAL OHURCH. Onicago, July 9.—The Episcopal Church controversy, which has grown out of the High Church tendencies of Arthur Bitchie, pastor of the Church of the Ascension, and which has already served to draw out a letter of protest from the Bishop of this diocese, had another sensational feature added to it yesterday. Rector Ritchie announced that at the conclusion of the morning service a requiem mass would be said for the repose of the coul of Daniel Fountain, son of Capt. Fountain, both of whom were drowned in the lake in May last. The body of Daniel was recovered two weeks ago.

Mr. Ritchie's announcement of a requiem mass fell like a bomb in the congregation. Such a thing as a requiem mass had never been heard of before in the Church: When Mr. Bitchie made the announcement a very audible buzz ran through the edifice. The junior warden looked at his neighbor of the vestry in amazement. The astonished vestryman returned the look with interest. Pillars of the church reached over to one another and asked :

"What will he do next? Is he crazy to thus defy the Bishop? Does he intend to break the church up entirely?"

Meanwhile the rector sat outside the chancel railing. Several members of the congregation who side with the Bishop in the controversy arose from their seats and left the church. Other members looked around as though undecided, and then arose and left until half the congregation had filed out. The great body of strangers present remain-

Just as the voluntary was completed a young man entered, carrying in his hand a note to Mr. Bitchie. The rector opened the note and read the contents. It was a communication from Mrs. Fountain, saying that the body of Captain Fountain had just been recovered, and requesting Mr. Ritchie to postpone the service in or-der that her wish to bury father and son together might be carried out. Mr. Ritchie announced the mother's desire, and said that the mass would be postponed. The congregation then dispersed. The indignation of some of the members was very great. One member said that if the mass were celebrated, Bishop McLaren would have no excuse for failing to present Mr. Bitchie forthwith.

Mr. Ritchie, after the service, seemed ucconcerned about what people thought. He said that the requiem mass had been celebrated in the Episcopal Church, and cited a celebration by Bishop McLaren, who said mass for the repose of the soul of Dr. Land, at Kenosha. He asserted that it was not unusual, and that the service over the remains of the Fountains would probably be held on Tuesday. The Bishop's faction are thoroughly aroused by this proceeding, and it is said that if the mass is said on Tuesday, some very decided action will be taken by them.

The mass which Mr. Blichie contemplates is identical with the high mass of requiem celebrated in the Roman Catholic Church. with the exception that there are no deacons or subdeacons, and there is an abatement of the pomp and display of that service.

DECLINE OF MAN.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Benewer." \$1.

Savannah has a bicycler who once had a race with a railway train in Scotland. He beat it by more than fifteen minutes in a race of forty-seven miles. He made no stop, however, as the train did.

OUR HABITS AND OUR CLIMATE. All persons leading a sedentary and inactive life are more less subject to derangements of the Liver and Stomach which, if reglected in a chargeable climate like ours leads to chronic disease and ultimate misery. An occasional dose of McGale's Compound Butternut Pills, will stimulate the Liver to healthy action, tone up the Stomach and Digestive Organs, thereby giving life and vigor to the system generally. For sale everyhere. Price, 25c per box, five boxes \$1.00. Mailed free of postage on receipt of price in money or postage stamps.—B. E. McGale, chemist, Montreal.

The widows of India having been provented by the tyrannous English from cre mating themselves along with their dead lords, have taken to second marriages. They are determined to sacrifice themselves some-

FLIES AND BUGS. Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, lophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

A citizen of Camden, Mo., recently found a sparrow's nest in the hayfield, and, carrying one of the eggs home, put it in the clock Some time afterward it was noticed that the clock, usually a very reliable affair, had stopped. Investigation showed that the egg had hatched inside the clock-case and the pendulum had collided with the intant sparrow. The bird, strange to say, lived and grew.

LINIMENT.

The Best External Remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Sprains, Flesh Wounds, Burns and Scalds, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. As a Liniment for Horses it has no equal. One trial will prove its merits. Its effects are in most cases Instantaneous. Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction. Price 25 cts. & 50 cts. per Bottle.



SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Endorsed by the French Academy of Medicine. For Inflammation of the Urinary Organs, caused by Indiscretion or Exposure. Hotel Dieu Hospital, Paris, Treatment. Positive One in one to three days. Local Treatment only re-quired. No nauseous doses of Cubebs or

Conatha.

Infallible, Hygienic, Curative, Preventive.
Price \$1.50, including Bulb Syringe. Sold by all
Druggists, or sent tree by mail, securely scaled,
on receipt of price. Descriptive Treatise free on
application.

AMERICAN AGENCY " 66 " MEDICINE CO Detroit, Mich., or Windsor, Ont.

Sold in Montreal by LAVIOLETTE & NELSON.

IN MY SLEEP.

Hark ! 'tis the Old Ses sighing Don't leave the casement star.

That opes where the white-capped billows

Are mosning and tossing afar.

But open the sunny lattice,

The one where the rose vines creep,

For I hate the voice of the ocean—

It mosns all night in my sleep.

Adown in the peaceful meadows
The robin's whistle is shrill;
It dies in the shady orchard
With many an answering thrill,
And the morning glory is trailing
Its sleeping flowers o'er the wall,
Whose broken stones, like a broken life,
Are covered by hope's bright pail.

I could count the shadows that flutter Like phantoms down by the stile.

And I know their long lost faces;

They beckon me now with a smile;

And I would that the weary present

Were a myth from my slumbers deep,

Caused by the voice of the ocean

That mocks all night in my sleep.

Down on the beach one morning, Down on the beach one morning,
Washed by the coean's spray.
I launched my all on the billows.
And smiled as it sailed away.
Hark! 'tis the Old Sea sighing;
In fancy I've strayed to the deep,
But I hate the sob of the ocean,
Though it bulls to elernal sleep.

EDITH YORKE.

GRACE O'BOTLE Ottawa.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DICK'S VISION. When Dick Rowan came home the first time after his mother's marriage, both she and her husband had desired him to select a chamber in their house which should always be his. He chose an unfurnished one nearly at the top of the house, and, after several playful skirmishes with his mother, who would fain have adorned it with velvet and lace, fitted it up to suit himself. It was large, sunny and quiet, and there was but little in it besides an Indian matting, an iron bed, a writing table, wicker chairs, and white muslin curtains, that did not even pretend to thut out the light. There was nothing on the walls but a bookcase and a crucifix, nothing on the mantlepiece but a clook. The young man's tastes were simple, almost ascetical, and he protested that he could not draw free breath in a room smothered in thick upholstery. Sunshine, fresh air, pure water and cleanliness-those he must have. Other things might be dis-

pensed with. In this chamber Dick lay now, his body prey to fever, his mind wandering in wild and tumuituous scenes. He was at sea in a storm, and the ship was going down; he was wrecked, and parched with thirst in a wilderness of waters; he was sailing into a strange port, and suddenly the shore swarmed with enemies, and he saw huge cannon mouths just breaking into flame, and flights of poisoned arrows just twanging from their bows; he was at Seaton again, a poor, friendless boy, and his father was reeling home drunk, with a rabble abouting at his heals. And always, whatever cene his fancy might conjure up, his ears were deafened by the strong rush of waves, adding confusion to tercor and pain.

One day, when he had been crying out against this torment, a pair of cool, small hands were clasped rightly about his forehead, and a voice asked, low and clear, " Doesn't that make the waves seem less, Dick?"

He left off speaking, and lay listening in tently.

"There are no waves nor storm," the voice said calmly. "You are not at sea. You are safe at home. But your head aches so that it makes you fancy things. What you hear is blood rushing through the arteries. I am going to put a bandage round your head. That will do you good."

Dick turned his head as Edith took her hands away, and followed her with his eyes while she went a few steps to get what she ingly over his spectacles. Had it not been wanted. She smiled at him as she stood Sunday he would have thought that Ellen up little rolls of linen to press on the arteries and sounded so very much like what it was of the temples; and though her face was thin that Mr. Williams presently ventured a faint and white and her eyes filled, in spite of her, | remonstrance. when she smiled, the image was a cheerful one in that darkened room. She wore a dress of green cloth, soft and lustrous, and had a praise, by Strauss." rosebud in her hair. The effect was cool and swe t. As she moved quietly about, the patient gazed at her, and his gaze seemed to be weendering and confused rather than in-

She drew the bandage tightly about his head, pressed hard on the throbbing temples, and sprinkled cold water on the linen and his bair. She had observed that he started whenever ice was put to his head, and therefore kept it cool and avoided giving a shock.

"You are sick and I am going to make you well," she said. "You are not to think, but to obey. I will do the thinking.
you trust me?"

"Yes, Edith," he answered, after a pause, looking steadiastly at her, seeming in doubt whether it were a real form he saw, a real voice he heard.

"This is your room, you see," she said, laying one hand on his, and pointing with the other. "That is your book shelf, there is your table and your crucifix. You know it all; but sickness and darkness are so confusing. Now, I'm going to give you one little glimpse of out doors, only for a minute, though, because it would hurt your head to have too much light."

She went to the window, and drew asids the thick green curtain, and a golden ray from the setting sun flew in like a bird, and alighted on the clock. Those sick eyes shrank a little, but brightened. She returned, and leaned over the pillow, so as to have the same view through the window with him. "That green bill is Longwood," she said; "and there is the flagatest on the top of Mr. B---'s Louis looking like the mast of a ship. Now I shall drop the curtain, and you are to go to sleep." So, as his feverish fancies rose like mists, her calm denial or explanation swept them away; or, if the delirlum fit was too strong for that, she held ble hand, to assure him of companionable, and went with him wherever mistaken, and that necessity for some superand found help there. When he sark in deeps of ocean, he heard a voice, as if from heaven, saying, "He who made the waves is stronger than they. Hold on to God, and he lieve. will not let you go." If fees threatened him. Who he heard the reassuring text: " The Lord is g light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the protector of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? If he groped in desolation, and cried out that every one had deserted him, she repeated : " For my father and my mother have left me, but the Lord hath taken me up" "Expect the Lord, do manfully, and let thy heart take courage, and wait thou for the

Lord" She followed him thus from terror to terror, imagining all the bitterness of them, trying to take that bitterness to herself, till they began to grow real to her, and she was glad to escape into the wholesome outer world, and see with her own eyes that the universe was not a sick-room.

Hester, had come up, and she called and | timidiy. "She is a good nurse, Dick." took Edith out for a drive every day; and

and played with the children a while. She found their childish gayety and carelessness

very soothing. Carl and I are fitting up the house for the family," Hester said one day. "They are all to come up the last of the month. I shall be so glad !- It is delightful to go through the dear old familiar rooms, and look from the windows as I used to. We new-furnish the parlors only. Mamma wishes to use all the old things she can."

"I cannot stop to-day," Edith said; "but'I would like to see the house soon. You here before."

"Carl is going to England before they come up," Hester said hesitatingly. "I don't know why he does not wait for them, but he has engaged passage for next week. I believe After one of these dreamy glances, there has means to be zone only a month or two." no reply. When she spoke, after a while, it summons.

was to ask to be taken back to Mrs. Williams'.

From Dick Rowan's wandering talk, she had learned the history of his last few weeks. She perceived that Father John and his household must have known perfectly well what their visitor's trouble was, and that they had watched over and sympathized with him most tenderly. Dick's pride was not of a kind that would lead him to dissemble his feelings or sonceal them from those of whose friendship and sympathy he was assured. Why should he conceal what he was not ashamed of? he would have asked. She learned that he had spent hours before the altar, that he had fasted and prayed, that he had gone out in the storm at night, and walked the yard of the priest's house, going in only when Father John had peremptorily commanded him to. These reckless exposures, combined with mental distress, had caused his illness. Dick had never before been ill a day, and could not believe that a physical inconvenience and discomfort, which

ne despised, would at last overpower him. One Sunday afternoon, a week after Edith's arrival, the patient opened his eyes, and looked about with a languid but conscious gers, all the fever and delirium gone, and also all the human dross burned out of him. No person was in sight, and his heavy lids were dropping again, when his glance was arrested by a pictured face so perfect that, to his misty sense, it seemed alive. It was an exquisite engraving of Rubens' portrait of St. Ignatius, not the weak and sentimental copy we most frequently see, but one full of expression. Large, slow tears, unnoted by him, rolled down his face. The lips, elightly parted and tremulous with a divine sorrow, were more elequent than any words could be. His finger pointed to the legend, Ad majorem Dei gloriam," and one could see plainly that in his fervent soul there was room for no other thought. With such a face might St. John have looked, bearing forever in his heart the image of the Oru cified.

The first glance of Dick Bowan's eyes was startled, as though he saw a vision, then his gaze became so intense that, from very weak. ness, his lids dropped, and he slept again. In that slumber, long, deep and strengthening, the slackened thread of vitality in him began to knit itself together again.

"All we have to do now is to prevent his gutting up too soon," the doctor said. "It would be like him to insist on going out tomorrow."

The danger was over, a breath of spring seemed to blow through the house. The servants told each other, with smiling faces, that Mr. Rowan was better. Mrs. Williams waked up to the fact that her personal appearance had been notably neglected of late, and, after kiseing Edith with joyful effusion, went to put on her hair and a clean collar. Miss Williams opened her plane, put her foot on the sort pedal, and played a composition which made her father look at her wondermeasuring off the strip of linen, and making was playing a polks. In fact it was a polks, "Not that I do not long for it, father," he

"Oh! nonsense, papa!" laughed the musician over her shoulder. "It is a hymn of

"Strauss?" repeated her father doubtfully. He thought the name sounded familiar. " Mendelssohn, I mean," corrected she, with the greatest hardihood, and shook a shower of parkling notes from her finger-ends.

Miss Eilen was one of the progressive dam

sels of the time. Mr. Williams looked toward the door and smiled pleasantly, seeing Miss Yorke come in, and she returned his greeting with one as friendly. There was a feeling of kindness between the two. This gentleman was not very gallant, but, being in his wife's confidence and aware therefore that Edith had been looked on by her as a culprit, he had taken pains to make her feel at ease with him. Moreover, in common with a good many other middle-aged, matter-of-tact men, he had a carefully-concealed vein of sentimentality in his composition, and was capable of being deeply interested in a genuine love affair. With a great affectation of contempt, Mr. Williams would yet devour every word of a romantic story at which his daughter would most sincerely turn up her nose. is indeed on record, in the dlary of the first Mrs. Williams, that her husband sat up late one night, on pretence of posting his books, and that, after twelve c'clock, she went down stairs and found him, as she expressed it, snivelling over" The Hungarian Brothers. "Which astonished me in so sensible a man as John," the lady added.

Edith took a chair by the window and looked out in the street, and Mr. Williams turned over the book on his knee. It was a volume of sermons which he was in the habit of pretending to read every Sunday afternoon. Intellectually, Mr. Williams was sceptical; and had one propounded to him, one by one, the doctrines he heard preached every Sunday, and asked him if he believed them, he would probably have snewered, "Well, no, I don't by a mother whose religion was earnest, if tyrannical imagination dragged him, natural element in the life which is the mark of our divine origin, impelled him to an observance of what he did not believe, for the want of something better which he could be-

When Dick waked again, the first object he saw was his mother's face full of tearful joy. She smiled, quivered, tried to speak, and could

"Poor mother! what a trouble I am to you!" he said, and would have held his hand out to her, but found himself unable to raise it. He looked and saw it thin and transparent, glanced with an expression of aston. ished inquiry into his mother's face and un-destood it all. "I have been sick a long time, mother," he said.

not.

boy. But it is all over now, thank God!" "Poor mother!" he said again, "I must care of me?"

"No! Edith was here," she answered sometimes she went home to Hester's house, after a moment's thought, added quietly

"Yes, I recollect seeing her. She helped me a great deal, I think." "Would you like to see her?" bis mother asked: "She has just only left the room." "Not now, mother," he answered. "She will come presently. 1 cannot talk much now."

He closed his eyes again, and lay in that delicious trance of convalescence, when simply to breathe is enough for contentment the lips slightly parted, the form absolutely at rest, the eyes not so closed but a faint twilight enters through the lashes—a sweet, know I saw only the outside of it when I was happy mood. When his mother moved here before."

softly about Dick! (lifted his lids now and then, but was not disturbed. Sometimes, before closing them again, his half-seeing eyes dwelt a moment on some object in the room. Edith leaned tack in the carriage and made that seemed to cry aloud to him a piercing

He started up as if electrified, and stretched his arms out. "Stay! stay!" he cried, and saw that it was no vision, but a plotured, saintly face, with tears on the cheeks, and lips from which a message seemed to have just escaped.

"Dick, what is the matter?" his mother exclaimed in terror.

He sank back on the pillows. "I saw it before, and thought it was a dream," he whispered. "I was thinking of it as I lay here." "The picture?" his mother asked. "Edith hung it there. I will take it away if you don't like it.

"I do like it," he answered faintly. "It is a blessed, blessed vision." He lay looking | the winds and blackness withdraw, and there at it a while, then slipped his band under the pillow and found a little crucifix that he had always kept there. At the beginning of his iliness his mother had taken it away, but get her, and she saw that something of more Edith had returned and kept it there, seeing importance had usurped her image. that he sometimes sought for it. He drew it forth now, pressed it passionately to his lips, then, holding it in the open palm of his hand, on the pillow, turned his cheek to it with a gesture of childlike fondness. "O my Love!' he whispered.

"Shall I tell Edith to come in?" his mother asked, catching the whisper. "Not now, not tonight, mother," he an-

wered softly. But the next morning he asked to see the whole family, with the servants, and, when they came, thanked them affectionately for what they had done for him, taking each one by the hand. When Edith approached a slight color flickered in her cheeks, and he

been killing you !" he said. At his perfectly embarrassed and friendly address her worst fear took flight. If Dick had approached or been cold to her she would have defended herself without difficulty; but if he had shrunk from her she could scarcely have borne it.

The doctor was quite right in saying that their only difficulty would be in keeping their patient quiet, for Dick insisted on sitting up that very day.

"The doctor wishes you to lie still," his mother said. " And I wish to get up," he retorted, smil

ing, but wilful. "The Lord wishes you to lie still, Dick, Edith said. He became quiet at once. "Do you think

so?" he asked. "Father John will tell you," she answered, as the door opened to give admittance to the priest.

Of course Father John confirmed her assertion. "Everything in its time, joung man," he said cheerfully. "This enforced physical illness may be to you a time of richest spiritual benefit. You have now leisure for reading and contemplation which you will not have when you go out into active lie again. You must let Miss Edith read to you.' Before leaving his penilent, the prest proposed to give him Holy Communion the next

morning; but Dick hesitatingly ojected. made baste to add; "but I wish to recollect myself. Like St. Paul, I desire to be dissolved and be with Christ, but I wish to endure that desire a little longer, till I shall be better prepared to be with Him." Seeing the priest look at him attentively,

he blushed, and added, "Of course I do not mean to compare mysslf with St. Paul, sir," and was for a moment mortified and disconcerted at what he supposed Father John would think his presumption.

"There is no reason why you and I may not have precisely the same feelings that St. Paul had," the priest said quietly.

Edith found letters in her room from Sea-

ton. Her aunt wrote that they were busily making the last arrangements for their moving and gave her many kind messages from her friends. The house in Seaton had been leased advantageously, and they hoped that the lessee might be able to buy it after a while as he wished to. They were to bring all their household with them, Betsey, Patrick, and the young Pattens. The prospect of being left behind had so affected these faithful creatures that she had not the heart to desert them.

Clara wrote a long, gossiping letter. "I must tell you what an absurd little stale romance is being acted here," she wrote, "for mamma is sure to tell you nothing about it. Prepare to be astonished by the most surprising, the most bewildering, etc., (see Mme. de Sevigne). Mr. Griffeth has proposed for Melicent, and Melicent is willing, so she save! Papa and mamma are frantic, and Mei goes about with a persecuted, inscrutable look which distracts me. I sometimes think that she is only pretending in order to have a fuse made over her, but one cannot be sure. You know she always prided herself on her good sense and judgment, and my experience is that when such persons do a foolish thing,

They are So (ultra) cinian, they shock the So-

We highfliers commit follies with a certain grace, and know when we reach the step between the sublime and the ridiculous; but these clumsy sensible people are like dancing know as I do exactly"; but early education elephants, and have no conception how absurd they are. (Did you ever observe that people who have no uncommon sense always claim to have a monopoly of the common

sense?) "It seems that Mel has no intercourse with the man lately, except what we have known, but he has been giving her some of those expressive glances which are so effective when one has practiced them ·Oh! those looks long enough: which have so little force in law, but so much in equity!' Mamma said that she would rather see a daughter of hers married to Mr. Conway than to Mr. Griffeth, for Mr. Conway had principle if he was not clever, and Mel made a pretty good answer. 'There is always hope,' she said, 'that an irreligious person may be converted, but there is no conversion for the commonplace.' Mel thinks Mr. She kissed him tenderly. "Yes, my dear Griffeth remarkably intellectual, and papa ridiculed the idea. The little man, he said, resembled Casar in one respect, for whereas have worn you out. Have you taken all the Casar wore the laurel wreath to cover his bald pate, the minister took refuge in verblage to hide his baldness of thought. This having no effect I gave the most unkindest out "Edith?" he echoed with surprise; and, of all.' I reminded her that he had tried both you and me first, and we didn't know how

many more. Her reply was to hand me s copy of Browning's Men and Women, open at "Misconceptions." She had marked the words:

"This is the spray the Bird clung to, Making it blossom with pleasure, Ere the high tree top she sprang to. Fit for her nest and her treasure." But I thought that her smile was something like that of one who is taking medicine

heroically, a sort of quinine smile. "There is but one way if we do not wish to have this howling dervish in the family : we must exhibit, as the doctors say, a counter-irritant—that is, find Mel another lover. 1 am convinced that she will never voluntarily relinquish one romance except in favor of one more."

CHAP. XXVII. CARL YORKE'S ORBIT.

As Dick Rowan gained strength in those first days of convelescence, Edith perceived that he had changed toward her. The manifestations of this change were slight. She was not sure that he was himself conscious of them, but they were decided. It was not that he showed any unkindness, or even indifference, but his being seemed to be -scarcely yet revolving round, but-brooding round a new centre. He frequently became absorbed in contemplation, from which he recalled himself with discoulty, though always cheerfully. Not a tinge of pain marred the peaceful silence of his mood. It was like that exquisite pause we sometimes see in the weather, when, after a violent storm, comes an hour of tender, misty silence before the sunshine breaks forth. His eyes would turn upon her kindly, and, still looking, forimportance had usurped her image.

He was decided and self-reliant, too, in some things, and seemed rather displeased than grateful for too much solicitude on the part of others. He put aside entirely the usual sick room inquiries. "1 am geiting well," he said, " and need not count how often I stumble in learning to walk again. My miserable body has received attention enough. Let us forget it, now that we mav.

Edith began to read, in obedience to Fa. ther John, but the books she chose at first did not quite suit the listener. Even the St. Theresa and The Following of Uheist, which she found on his shelves, did not seem to be what he wanted then. She brought some looked at her earnestly. Her changed face of her books, but could see that his own seemed to distress him. " Dear Edith, I have meditations were more agreeable to him. meditations were more agreeable to him.

"I do not like to find fault with a pious writer," Dick said uneasily. "They are all good, but I have thought that some of them sometimes..." He broke off abruptly. "Edith, is there such a word as platitudinize?" "I do not think that it is in the diction-

ary," she replied, smiling.
"It is then an omission," said Dick.

"Try the Gospels," Father John said, when Edith told him her difficulty. "Different states of mind require different reading, just as different states of the body require different food and medicine. I frequently advise people, whom I find having a distaste for spiritual reading, to read the Gospels, and refresh their memory of all the events recorded there by the simply told story. 1 always find that they return with delight and profit to the meditations of those holy souls whose lives have been spent in the study of these mysteries. These writers assume that the reader has freshly in his mind that of which they treat. You cannot meditate on a subject, nor follow clearly the meditations of another, when the facts are not familiar to vonr own mind."

Edith read the Gospals, therefore, and was astonished at their effect on Dick. Either his perceptions had been sharpened during his illness, or some obstructions had been cleared away from the passage to his heart. This was not to him an old story, worn and deadened with much telling, and slipping past his hearing without leaving a trace. a tragedy newly enacted, none of its edge cone, every circumstance as sharp as a thorn, teasing in the telling. While Edith read the story of the Lord, as told by the four great witnesses, and added the outpourings of those fiery epistles, the listener's agitation was so great that she was often compelled to stop. At the chapters which related to the passion, Dick's hands trembed and grew cold, and his head dropped back singt the coshion of his chair. The Epistles of a Paul stirred him especially.

" Now, Dick, if you don't behave, I want read you another word!' Edith exclaimed, one day, when he had started out of his chair and begun to walk about.

He came back with a stumbling step and seated himself, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "I believe I shall have to postpone St.

Paul till I am able to go out-doors," he said breathlessly. Observing his eyes frequently wander to the St. Ignatius, she remarked, "He looks as

though he were present when our Lord was crucified and could not forget the sight." "We were all present!" he exclaimed.

How can we forget it?" Long and intimate as their acquaintance had been, Edith thought now that she had not known Dick Rowan well. She had praised, defended, and loved him with sisterly fondness, but always, involuntarily, almost unconsciously, from a higher plane than his. Now she looked up to him as her superior. But, in truth, had she known him well, and done him full justice. The differ-

ence now was that the full current of his nature was turned into a higher channel. One day Hester sent the carriage to take Edith to see the family house, which was as complete as it could be before the arrival of the family. Hester herself was detained at home by company, but she sent a line: "Carl will be there, and the man who is putting up the curtains and the woman who is cleaning the closet in your room. So you will not be lost,

nor want for information." Edith had just begun her reading when the note was given to her. She handed it to Dick

to read. "That settles the question," he said, holding out his hand for the book. "While you read to me yesterday, the thought occurred to me that I could do it for myself, and I meant that this should be your last reading. Go and take the sir, Edith. You have been too much shut up. This is your last day but one with

me as an invalid." She looked at him with a startled expres-

slon. "Because," he answered smilingly to her look, "tomorrow I drive out, the day after I shall sit down stairs, and the next day I shall forget that I have ever been sick."

He looked thoroughly contented and cheerful. There was no lurking sadness, nor reluctance to have her go. Dick was too transparent to hide it if there were. As well might the lake show a smooth surface while waves were rolling below. His soul had, indeed, always been more placid than his

manner. Before Edith had left the room, he was turning over the leaves of the book, a new one to him; and when she stepped into the Continued on 3rd page.