Mothers

MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER XII. - CONTINUED.

of voice

suffering heart.

mother,

arms

and stealing an arm round her

tint o' milk these three days.

speechless watching her, no more dar-

ing to interfere than if it was the Holy

and, not attempting to speak

cella's dress and put it to her lips.

f making a personal request.

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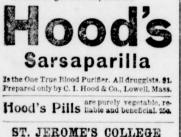
thanks, merely lifted the hem of Mar-

Anxiously watch declining health of their daughters. So many are cut off by consumption in early years that there is real cause for anxiety. In the early stages, when not beyond the reach of medicine, Hood's Sarsa parilla will restore the quality and quantity of the blood and thus give good health. Read the following letter: "It is but just to write about my daughter Cora, aged 19. She was com pletely run down, declining, had that tired feeling, and friends said she would not live over three months. She had a bad

Cough

and nothing seemed to do her any good. I happened to read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and had her give it a trial. From the very first dose she began to get better. After taking a few bottles she was com pletely cured and her health has been the best ever since." MRS. ADDIE PECK, 12 Railroad Place, Amsterdam, N. Y.

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

land workin' at the harvest, an' he'll bring a bit o' money home wit him. Meself would ha' been wit him only for the faver I've just riz out of, Miss. I'm the last of a long family meself, an' only for bein' sickly I'd be in America Marcella waited for a few moments like the rest o' them that sends a pound and then put her hand on the woman's shoulder. There is as much difference now and again to help stop the gap. Sure only that the weather does go of expression between one light touch and another, as between gentle tones dead again us we'd always have potatoes and turf, and could go abroad The meaning conveyed by to airn the rint. But whin the rain the tips of five fingers may be cruel or rots the potatoes, and there's no dryin' tender, callous and cold, or exquisitely sympathetic. Marcella's touch found, for the turf, an' the yalla male's that dear-och, we'd need to be angels wit without jarring, the chord most suswings, and no atin' at all, to get on ceptible of sympathy in the mother's wit it

"Now, what do you think, Mike? "What is the matter with him? Would you not be better off if you were away entirely, all of you ! To a coun-What can we do for him?" she whis-perel, kneeling beside the poor woman, try where it's easier to get something to eat?'

"Och, it's only the hunger. Miss -"Faix, Miss, an' maybe we would. Only I'm thinkin' the ould hills would he can't ate the yellow male, an' I've nothing else for him. We haven't had be lonesome witout some of us. An there's a power of us gone already ye The next minute Marcella was warm see, Miss. There's power o' us gone ing some milk that she had brought in already.

the car, and was presenting it to the Mike did not know what a weighty who, after making an effort to truth he had uttered. Surely enough speak, had fallen forward again on the the accumulated masses of exiled Irish cradle, embracing the little white set are proving themselves a terrible form it held with both her lean brown power

"I think it is only exhaustion, The desire to hear the praises and this may not be too late," she said. Kilmartin here constrained Marcella to ask a reason for the superior appear-'Let me try," and gently putting the dazed creature aside, Marcella lifted ance of some of the houses down yonder the child in her arms, and, sitting in the valley.

down on a broken stool, began to moisten the infant's lips with the natural nourishment. The pale lips moved and received the fluid, and "Sure that's Mr. Bryan's land, Miss. an' isn't he makin' their own owners of the whole o' them ! It's what they call pisant propriety, Miss; maybe ye have heard of it?" after a time the eyes opened and seemed to look for more. In a quarter

"He has been good to the people. of an hour the child was unmistakably better. Marcella remained yet an other half hour nursing, feeding, caressing it, while the mother knelt Do they like him for it ?"

Mike lowered his voice. "Sure Miss, they love the ground he walks-barrin' them "- he broke off and looked around him cautiously. "Them that we needn't be mintionin.' There's Mother herself who had come down out some that has an ould crow to pluck of heaven and taken her child's case out of her hands. The tall lad with with him, an' I'm feared they're on for pluckin' it. The change in Mike's face was even

the shock head stood by, his great hollow eyes fixed on Marcella, a look of more remarkable as he spoke his last eager appreciation of the scene on his words than were the words themselves pallid face. Finally, when the child and as Marcella noted this, her own semed to fall into a natural sleep, eyes took such a scared expression Marcella restored him to his mother's that Mike said suddenly, as if a light had dawned on him :

The poor woman pressed the babe "Maybe he's somethin' to ye, Miss. convulsively to her breast, as she took 1 mane, maybe he has you bespoke." Though the words were audacious, the seat from which her visitor rose,

the anxious delicacy of Mike's manner of saving them forbade all offence Marcella colored, but said frankly :

"I will leave you this bottle of milk and to morrow I shall send you more " Mr. Kilmartin is a friend of mine but that is all. Nobody has me 'be Mike will come for it, perhaps," said spoke.'

Mike's countenance brightened. Marcella, looking in the youth's face as What was it to him, poor lad, what gentleman might have a claim upon Mike's ready, "I will, Miss," nearly hoked him. He brushed his hand the beautiful lady who was as far re across his eyes and escorted the lady moved above himself as the stars ar from the cabin, and then glanced at above the little bog pools that occasion her with a kind of reverential rapture ally reflect them? Yet somehow it pleased poor, gaunt, shock headed, ragged Mike, that this creature of his as she stood on the grass, looking up and down for Kilmartin, who, having witnessed something of the foregoing sudden worship belonged as yet to no scene in the cabin, was now making a man : had, as he might imagine if he meditation upon it at a distance, as he liked, no fixed place among the "gin fed Father Daly's little fast trotting thry," and could wander at her own sweet will among the mountains, as The pig, who had been another witlikely to have come down out of the ness of the scene within the cabin, now also came forth to see the lady off. clouds as to have come up out of the

lowlands "Why do you not sell that rather Nevertheless with the quickness of than be hungry ?" asked Marcella of perception of his race and class, he had Mike, as the animal stood grunting at read in Marcella's eyes that Kilmartin's her, whether in reproach or thanksgiv safety was dear to her ; and he said. ing, who can tell? "Is it the pig, Miss? Sure that's the as Bryan himself was seen leading the horse and car to meet them :

rint. He's all we have betune oursel "Tell him to take care o' himsel' an' the cowld mountain side. Miss, for there's thim that's set to hurt Whin he goes sure we'll all have to folly him, him. Ax him to take a trip to see barrin' he goes into the lan'lord's Amerikay.

her

her now with a happy tenderness? She hated to be the messenger of evil to him : and, after all, did she not utterly disbelieve in the vague warning which she had got to give him Of course it must be given. She would not take the risk of withholding it. But there was no need to think of it now, not till these beautiful moment of travel and companionship should be displaced by the inevitable future, and pushed back to the greedy past gaping for them.

> Kilmartin, having felt the mountain air grow keener as they ascended the pass leading to the road by which they were to return toward Inisheen wrapped her in a woollen shawl, and then set himself to beguile her fatigue with stories of the country through which they were passing.

"Over yonder, Miss O Kelly, is the old home of the Kilmartins, the house in which I was born. Does not it present a wild spectacle, a striking in-stance of the thrift of Irish landlords,

for you see when that roof tree began to decay rents were paid, and those who received them ought to have been able to keep the wolf from the door. In that old house what dreams I have dreamed! As a lad, I felt that there

was something terribly wrong in the existing state of things, and I wanted t) redeem Ireland ! My mother, as you have discovered, has warm national blood in her veins. Some of her family fled to France long ago and joined the Irish brigade there. Almost all of her people are exiles through political

causes in the past, and she-God biess her! - fed me on Irish history and poetry while my father, good easy man, thought of little beside his hunt and his huat dinner, and his flowing punch bowl. The consequence was that I even went beyond my mother in ardor for the Irish cause, and at seven

teen rushed into the arms of the Fenians. Marcella uttered a little cry of dis may.

Kilmartin smiled. "You needn't be frightened," he said, "I am not a Fenian now. My mother discovered the matter and appealed to my father, and I was sent to Cambridge and after wards to travel. In the course of a few years I had learned to think : though my enthusiasm for Ireland was no way cooled, I saw the folly and wickedness of dreams of war which had not the remotest chance of success. Since then I have turned my attention to the consideration of more rational ways of benefiting my country than those proposed by Fenianism, which, though it began with a bold scheme for war, has, I am sorry to say, degen erated so far as to be connected with ocieties for assassination. I shook myself free of it with some trouble and at some risk, but over yonder, Miss O'Kelly, in that romantic little green hollow between the two purple hills, is the spot where we used to drill. Convert as I am to sane and peaceful aims grown old in wisdom and experience, I can yet feel the thrill of an exquisite sense of daring and danger, the strong rapture in the vivid hope of one day marching to battle for Faith and Fatherland to win a triumph which was to be followed by the blossoming of the wilderness and food in plenty for the famishing. All the heroic patriots of antiquity were my models, and I may well regret the passing of the youthfu fervor of spirit that brought me yonder in the silence of a moonlight night, my gun on my shoulder, my heart beating like a martial drum, and my

risk individual destruction for the sake of the future of my race. From all this revelation she had gained a few ideas. In the first place, he had really been a Fenian, and, in the second place, by renouncing Fenianism, he had incurred the enmity of that formidable body. From which side now did his danger proceed, a danger of which he himself was perhaps this moment in ignorance? Was it as a former Fenian, an offender against the law, or as a seceder from the secret society that he had become a mark for vengeance at unknown hands? His escape from the police on that memorable night seemed to point to the one, and the warning given by Mike implied the other. If a mingling of the two might be imagined-Here a sharp turn of the road brought them into the Windy Gap, and Father Daly climbed upon the can Then Marcella made an effort to rally her spirit, and related the experience of the drive to his reverence. Father Daly rubbed his hands in de light. "Capital !" he cried, "capi-tal ! What will become of the poor creatures with joy when they find whom they have got for their landlord The priest returned with them to Inisheen for the night, and, after dinner, at his urgent cry for a little music, Mrs. Kilmartin's harp was carried t the side of her couch, and she sang for the little company. "Only Bryan and Father Daly would listen to an old woman's song," she said to Marcella : "they have so long been accustomed to hear me, that they will not allow either the voice or the harp-strings to be cracked. As for you, my dear, you will have to try to be patient."

care to his eyes which were shining on cella's ears like fitful weeping trickled A3 A PROTESTANT VIEWS OUR over the harp strings. CHURCH.

" I had no sall to cross the sea, A brave white bird went forth from me, My heat twas hid beneath his wing : O strong white bird, come back in spring ! I watched the wild geese rise and cry

Across the flaring western sky, Their winnowing pinions clove the light, Then vanished, and came down the night

I laid me low, myl way was done, I longed not for the morrow's sun, But closely swathed in swoon of sleep, Forgot to hope, forgot to weep.

The moon through veils of gloomy red, A warm yet dusky radiance shed. All down our valley's golden stream, And flushed my slumber with a dream.

Her mystic torch lit up my brain, My spirit rose and lived amain. And followed through the windy spray That bird upon its watery way. O wild white bird. O wait for me, My soul hath wings to do for me,

My soul hath wings to fly with thee, On foam waves lengthening out afar We'll ride toward the western star.

O'er glimmering plains through forest gloom To track a wanderer's feet I come, 'Mid lonely swamp, by haunted brake, I'll pass unfrighted for his sake.

⁴ Alone, afar, his footsteps roam, The stars his roof, the tent his home, Saw'st thou what way the wild geese flew To sunward through the thick night dew

Carry my soul where he abides. And pierce the mystery that hides His presence, and through time and space Look with mine eyes upon his face.

Beside his prairie fire he rests. All feathered things are in their nest ; 'What strange wild bird is this,' he saith, 'Still fragrant with the ocean's breath ?'

¹ Perch on my hand, thou briny thing, And let me stroke thy shy wet wing : What message in thy soft eye thrills ? I see again my native hills.

'And vale, the river's silver streak, The mist upon the blue, blue peak. The shadows grey, the golden sheaves, The mossy walls, the russet eaves.

'I greet the friends I've loved and lost, Do all forget ? No. tempest tost, That braved for me the ocean's foam, Some heart remembers me at home.

'Ere spring's return I will be there. Thou strange sea-fragrant messenge I wake and weep ; the moon shines s O dream too short ! O bird too fleet

"It is too long for a song, said Mrs Kilmartin, having finished. "No one but Father Daly would willingly listen to more than three stanzas. The length of 'Silent, O Moyle,' is the length for a perfect song. And she

murmured Father Daly, with a long sigh of enjoyment. ow, Bryan, where is your fiddle ?" An instrument was produced and handed first to the old man, who played an Irish planxty of Carolan's, mad with fun and frolic. Afterwards the fiddle was passed to Bryan, in whose hands it became the violin :

"That small sweet thing, Devised in love and fashioned cunningly Of wood and strings." Bryan touched it with the skill of an

artist and, in a little theme of Beethoven, made it give forth the soul of the musician. Marcella, whose nerves were already overstrung, was almost wrought to tears by the divine tender wrought to tears by the divine tender-ness of his music. Over and above Beethoven the cry of the Wild Geese was in her heart. "Tell him to go a trip to see Amerikay," said Mike. Was he, too, destined to be a wanderer far from the lend he lender as mell to be a be and the land he loved so well, or be sacrificed to some cruel alternative? She could not dare to sleep without de livering her warning, and wrote a few words in pencil on a page in her pocket book, while Mrs. Kilmartin and the priest were talking and Bryan

As they separated for the night she put it into his hand unobserved, and, greatly astonished, he held it folded in his palm until he found himself alone. Having read the few urgent words in Marcella's large rather unformed mind fixed on the determination to handwriting, he looked at first more glad than alarmed, then asked himself was it fancy or conceit that led him to

SAINT COLUN

It is most refreshing in these days when intense bigetry has deprived men of Christian belief of a sense of fairness, to note that now and then one honest man arises and tells his brethren about the Catholic Church as he finds it. The Rev. C. J. Jackson, a Methodist minister of Columbus, Ohio, some weeks ago paid a splendid tribute to our Church. It is worth while to give an idea here of what he said.

AUGUST 15. 1896

In the first place, he declared, one of the things in which Protestants might well follow Catholics is the habit of fixing their eyes on the distant future and planning and working for it. "From the days of Pope Gregory until now," said he, "this has been a disen a dis tinguishing characteristic of that com-munion. Their plans are not subject to the fluctuating opinions of one Pope, or one generation, or one century ; they reach above and beyond these and embrace all time to come. There is something extremely impressive, and even magnificent, in this long look ahead. Catholics evidently feel that, though men may come and go, their Church is to go on forever. Catholics taunt us sometimes with putting weather vanes on our churches, as if to indicate that we change our policy with every wind ; while they place there the cross, emblematic of the Christ Who hung on it, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. There is an uncomfortable amount of truth in the charge. In Protestantism is prone to shortsighted measures which sacrifice everything to present effect. If we can not do a thing in a few years we will not attempt it at all. In the Methodist Church particularly our itineracy is against all permanency of plans. In Protestantism generally we preed litters of little theologians who start up in one century and cry, 'Lo, this is the way !' and 'Lo, that !' and draw off a few followers, and before another century they have vanished into the oblivion from which they came. We build temporary buildings that scarcely rival the tents of the wandering Arabs in stability, as if, like the

Arabs, we expected to fold them over night and silently steal away." Another excellent feature of the Catholic Church, he said, is its comprehensiveness. "Whenever a man appears among the Catholics, feeling a vocation for some particular work, they either find a place or make one for him in the Church ; whereas, we Protestants too often drive such a one out. Protestantism needs to learn to be more inclusive and not so exclusive. A great part of our energy for about three hundred years has b played in putting people outside the Church who did not exactly agree with us in every little particular, or feel like working just as our grandfathers did. It is high time the process were reversed. The Catholic Church finds or makes a place within its pale for everybody who wants to be anything or do anything of a religious sort." Another thing wherein Protestants might learn to imitate Catholics is their care for the children. One of the noblest women the Catholics have had among them told him lately, he said, that the neglect of the children was the greatest weakness of Protestantism. She said the Catholic Church laid hold upon the children so strongly that the rule was "Once a Catholic, always a Catholic." "And it is true," was the Rev. Mr. Jackson's comment. This minister was loud in his praise

of the way Catholics show that they are proud of their religion. " They carry it into every place and every thing. They wil attend to their devotions on a week-day before a throng of sightseers, in a hotel parlor, in a public conveyance, when a Protestant under like circumstances would omit them. If they have a club or military company they call it the 'Young Men's Catholic Club,' or 'Cadets of St Patrick,' or some name that labels it as Catholic, while Protestants never think of giving such organizations names that indicate our religious proclivities. You can always tell a Catholic religious building by some ecclesiastical sign; while in many parts of the country, particularly in the East, we seem to delight in making our churches as secular in appearance as possible. They bear it in their very clothes. You can tell a priest or a nun always by their dress ; while many of us Protestant ministers think it desirable to look as little like ministers as possible. These things produce upon the outside world the impression that Catholics are not ashamed of their religion, which is a moss advantageous impression to make." Especially did he praise the work of the noble Sisters of Charity, upon whom, he said, he never looked without an involuntary thrill of tender gratitude. He remembers that once during the Civil War, when he lay, with thousands of others, a mere broken, quivering fragment of human flesh, cast aside from the onward march of a great army, it was the kind hand of the Sister of Charity, washing his face and putting cool water on his head, that first aroused him, and her words of praise and cheer that put heart again into a homesick boy. What this honest minister has seen are only the externals of the Catholic What is to be found within Church is far more beautiful. There we have unity, peace, and the knowledge that we are in Christ's own Church.-Catholic News.

AUGUST

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Marcella smiled broadly at the notion of Mike and the pig in her pocket. "I am going to buy him from you," she said, "and you can keep him for

me till the landlord wants him. I will give you the price for him to morrow when you come. Best market price. Honor bright. And by the way, who is your landlord? Mike was so struck dumb, not only

at this announcement of her intended purchase, but by her peculiar idea of her rights as a purchaser, that he made no answer, only turned crimson up to the roots of his hair. "Who is the landlord, Mike ?" But

Mike could not even hear the question, so wildly was the pig still running through his head.

"It's too much, Miss," he blurted out at last. "Sure you don't know how much that baste is worth. The The half year's rent's inside of him. Seven pounds, Mike."

"Oh, musha, Miss, not so much as hat" And then, utterly abashed by such magnificent generosity, he hung his head, while his thoughts whirled

riotously in expectation of coming affluence to the family. "But you have not told me yet,

Mike, who is the landlord." "Sure she's dead, Miss, an' the

agent's turned off, an' sorra wan owns us this minute, for the new landlord's ady too, an' we haven't seen her or heard tell of her, an' maybe niver will. But the new agent 'll be down on us for the next gale of rint. An' av coorse he'll be harder than the last one.

"Why should he be harder? And how do you know there will be an agent?"

"Ladies always has agents," said Mike, "and the next agent is always worse that the one before. That's all we know about it yet, Miss."

"Well, Mike, we'll march our pig to meet him when he comes, and we needn't be afraid for a while, anyway," said Marcella, laughing. "Bu have you managed up to this?" "But how

re was no time to question him as to the meaning of his ominous words The next minute Marcella was looking back from her seat on the car, at the wild figure of Mike, as he stood gazing with reverential eyes in the direction towards which her face was set, long after he could see it no more.

With a cold shudder she felt that in return for her exertions a thorn had been planted in her heart, and one it would be hard to eradicate. which She felt indignant at Mike for suggest ing what could hardly be true. Had not Kilmartin's fault in the eyes of his friends been only too great a sympathy with a disaffected people, and had it not been made clear to her that any danger threatening him (and, thank God, it was blown over !) had loomed from a quarter directly opposite to that now so strangely indicated? Hoy could she convey such a message to Kilmartin's ear? And yet she must not dare to sleep without communicat-As they moved on, ing it to him Bryan noticed her changed and dejected looks, and said :

"You must not take the sufferings of these poor people too much to heart. Happily, you have the power to allevi ate it.

In saying this he was thinking of a power distinct from that which mere money had placed in her hands. But Marcella's thoughts did not follow his words, being quite filled with the idea of his danger, and, thinking her tired, he remarked that it was now too late

"You gave so much time to that baby," he said, "that if we do not now get on quickly Father Daly will be reading his office in the Windy Gap till it grows too dark to see, even with spectacles.

" But we can easily get home before dark," said Marcella, anxiously, and Kilmartin, wondering at the sudden change in her spirit, urged the horse to a faster trot. As they spun along the road in silence the girl's mind was distracted with doubts and questions.

Ought she not to put him on his guard

'Give us the Wild Geese," said Father Daly. "Miss O'Kelly, the song which Mrs. Kilmartin sings for " Miss O'Kelly, the me every time I come here, was translated from the Irish, long ago, by an ancestress of hers, whose lover had to fly the country, and whom she never saw again.

The little white-haired lady sitting have you managed up to this?" "Ye see, Miss, me brother in-law, that's her husband" (jerking his thumb towards the cabin), "is away in Eng-

iscern an accent of piteous fear for his safety in the imaginary voice in which the written message was de-livered. Would she greatly care if he were hurt? If so, it were almost good o be hurt.

He remembered her sudden fit of dejection after quitting Mike, and the suggestion that anxiety for him had caused it, came to him with so much sweetness that it was some time before he could cease to dwell on it and give his attention to the warning itself. Then, "I am not surprised," he reflected, "but I stand my ground. The danger does not blow from the quarter Mike apprehends. It may be that it were better if it did. But at all events stand my ground.'

Then studying again the simple words on the scrap of paper in his hand, he forget the cause of his getting them in the joy of their possession. TO BE CONTINUED.

The quiet times are the fruitful times, and we do not know it. Invalidism is often man's opportunity for rest. God takes this a woman out of her household, or this man out of his business and says: "Lie on that bed for two weeks and rest." If he only knew what he was put there for, only would stop and rest for those two weeks, he would come back to his life reinvigorated and refreshed, but all the time he is resisting and struggling and worrying about the work he cannot do. When these hours come, and the Father and Mother of us all takes us in his arms and says, "My child, rest a little while," let us learn not to struggle against Him, but to accept the gift, lay aside the work, and relieve ourselves from the responsibility, take the quiet hour, rest, and grow strong.

- Lyman Abbott. Feed the Nerves

Feed the Nerves Upon pure, rich blood and you need not far nervous prostration. Nerves are weak when they are improperly and insufficiently nourished. Pure blood is their proper food, and pure blood comes by taking Hood's Sar-saparila, which is thus the greatest and best nerve tonic. It also builds up the whole system. system

HOOD'S PILLS are the favorite family c thartic, easy to take, easy to operate.

Do not delay in getting relief for the little folk. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?