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| on ance bright head |  | go away | bowed to Miss Graham; She thok her leave of him and walked away with the founger doctor, silent and sad. |  |  |
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| Oh! pray, pray for the dend: Dent ones till like the Autumn leaves; Where's the home where no mourner grieves? Griever in who perhaps in angulsh, barred from sery are for, you loved them: <br>  wh: pray. pray for the derd. |  |  |  |  |  |
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| oh! pras, pray for the dead Pray tor those whom the yawning billows Tiose whin, scorched by the breath of fever Fell like grass in the nower's path;Those who dropped by the wny unnted, Thone wind died in the batite's din All are loved by our Lord, and holy, Plend wr reat for each reary head, | that day she had gone on hn the same way. Peggy's aprons, Peggy's stockings, Pegsy's starched sun-bonnets had a reputaton in is small business world. If Peargy had had tonr |  |  |  |  |
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| Win! priv, pray tor the dent :Buried itiende, can we werg forget yon. You who fell for our weal or woe? (iod be with son, our sileat sleeper-s,ting under the turr so luw : tyelesb, vain is our weak bewaillug, Faln are murmar and sob and tear;What, oh, what can our grief avall yon, Lifelwo duet that was once so dear:Hark' a ijph from each lowly bed. Ond pay, pray tor the dead |  |  |  |  |  |
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| "THE SIMPLE TRUTH," B) Sabi Traner Smith. |  |  |  |  |  |
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|  | see the knecting hyirt, win thin hinits claty <br>  |  |  |  |  |
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|  | are the lessons of the poor the word hases. Sore oftenthan we think, the holes and corners <br> of thejr shelters ame the niehes of anints |  |  |  |  |
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|  | broad enoush for a seat. FIere, her thest cits-tomers had come to her. Here, If her shotit |  |  |  |  |
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|  | selt, but to-day the doors stool wide open, and flure was evory preparaton for a wrand |  |  |  |  |
|  | sulemuity of some sind. Aryeay the aises |  |  |  |  |
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|  | curtosity ambluter lanorance of nall they satw <br> but they were not all allike indifferent, irrever |  |  |  |  |
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|  | Pegsy, bending format.She bhook her dinty heal."An' ye know nothin' about it, at all, at all?"Agaln she shook her head. Her companion |  |  |  |  |
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|  | hard hearts indeed that resented her evident sincerity. The old girl answered gravely. "We will, indeed! Ho not forget us in your |  |  |  |  |
|  | prayers, elther." "Me bilssin' on yez! Shure, I Ill pray hard <br> an' fast fur ye." |  |  |  |  |
|  |  |  |  |  |  |
|  | The Mass went on with sileudid benuty tu all its ceremonial, in all tis nurfal menunlug, tits |  |  |  | This Great Honsehola Medioine |
|  | solemnly sweet musie, speaking of the End, the terribly awift-coming Epd. Peggy told her |  |  |  | ranks amongst the leadine |
|  | beads, and forgot all else of earlh. The twogltis knelt reverently, prayed fervently, vigue |  |  |  |  |
|  | as it all was to them. When it was over, theyturned to smile againat the dear old wonnan."But whe was gone, and shently and thonght- |  |  |  |  |
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|  |  |  | Liful, jewelled hand on the thin wrist around which was wrapped the prayer-polished rosary. |  |  |
|  |  |  | Peggy looked down feebly at the warmtouch. |  | Holloway's Ointment. <br>  Bad Legs, Bad Breagte, Old <br>  <br>  <br> Gout, Rhematism; <br> gud every rind of BEM DLGEAM, ttian gover hep <br> 588 (p) Pr <br>  <br>  <br>  <br>  |
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| Would sueher trotting brlskly bome. Withtiodity's work hefore her, there was no thmo to |  |  | "I will say them for you, Peggy. Our Lady has heard your prayers, and God has granted thom. I ama Catholls. Peggy clasped hor hands with one supreme eftor. "Glory be to God!" she sata, oleariy, fully. "Lord, furgive auld Peggy once more! Dld I Iver doubt yo ? An' Jannsoy's found-an' me wurk's done furiver-an' I de In the Might ov day-an' she's yer own chlla! Glory be to God! <br>  |  |  |
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