

up; "to-morrow or the day after the mistress will take her in charge, and she won't be handled with gloves then—rely upon it."

Hoinrich led Felicitas back to the servants' room, sat down on the wooden bench by her side, and tried his best, in his rough way, to comfort her. He told her as carefully as he could about the terrible accident in the town hall, and ended by saying that her mamma who, all the people said, looked just like an angel, must now be in heaven, and could see her little Fay every moment. Then he tenderly stroked the child's head, as she again burst into convulsive sobs.

CHAPTER VIII.

The next morning the church-bells rang solemnly through the town. Throngs of devout Christians crowded the steep, narrow street leading to the church. Velvets and silks, with other less costly Sunday garments, were worn to the house of worship, not solely in honor of God, but also to dazzle the eyes of neighbors.

A little figure, muffled in black, glided out of the stately mansion on the corner of the market-place. No one would have discovered under the coarse, heavy shawl pinned under the chin the dainty, graceful form of little Felicitas. Frederica had wrapped her in it, with many high-sounding words about the mistress having given her such a handsome mourning garment, and then, opening the house-door, strictly charged the child not to go to the family pew as usual—her place now was on the benches occupied by the children of the parish school.

Felicitas pushed her hymn-book under her arm swiftly turned the corner. At first she hurried on impatiently, but before her, with solemn, measured pace, walked three black-garbed figures, at sight of whom she involuntarily slackened her steps. Yes, it was Frau Hellwig between her two sons, and every one they met bowed low and reverently. True, she rarely had a kind look for any one, her lips often uttered pitiless words to those who sought her aid, and the little boy walked at her left beat and kicked the beggar-children who ventured to her door, told lies, and then solemnly denied his falsehoods—but all that did not matter. They were going to church, and would sit in aristocratic seclusion in the family pew, and would pray to God, who loved them and would receive them into His heaven, for they were not play-actors.

The three figures vanished through the door of the church. The child's timid eyes followed them, then she darted swiftly past all the open doors, through which the notes of the organ were already pealing, and which afforded her a glimpse of the mysterious gloom within, and the row of devout worshippers. But the music of the organ vainly appealed to the throbbing heart of the hurt, defiant child hurrying by outside. She could not pray to God. He did not care for her poor dead mother, He would not admit her into His vast blue heaven—she was lying alone in the grave-yard, her child must go to her there.

The little girl turned into a second street, even steeper than the one beside the house. Then came the ugly gate of the town, with its still uglier tower, but through the vaulted gate-way there was a sheen of green foliage, where stretched the superb avenues of linden-trees, contrasting with the ancient blackened walls, like a fresh myrtle wreath on the gray locks of age. How silent and solemn it was up here. The child started at the creaking of the gravel under her own tread—she was following forbidden paths. But she only ran on the faster, and at last stood, panting for breath, at the entrance of the grave-yard.

Felicitas had never visited this quiet spot—she knew nothing about the small, square lots, so monotonously alike, the head-stones beneath which

the stir of life died noiselessly away. Beside the black iron bars of the gate, two elder bushes stretched their branches, bending under the weight of their shining dark berries, and on one side rose the gray walls of an ancient church—gloomy enough in aspect, but on the opposite side extended a brown lawn, planted with shrubs and flowers, on which rested the soft golden sunlight of the autumn.

"Whom do you want to see, little girl?" asked a man in his shirt sleeves, who stood leaning against the door of the receiving-tomb, puffing clouds of blue smoke from his pipe into the clear air.

"My mamma," replied Felicitas, hastily, gazing searchingly over the flower-set turf.

"Ah—is she here? Who was she?"

"She was an actress."

"Oh! yes she was killed five years ago, in the town-hall. There she lies, over yonder, close by the corner of the church."

And now the poor, forsaken little creature was standing by the tiny spot of earth that covered the object of all her sweet, longing, childish dreams. All the graves around were adorned; most of them were so thickly strewn with asters that it seemed as if God had showered all the stars in the sky upon them. But the narrow strip at the child's feet had nothing but dry, scorched grass, mingled with a rank growth of knot-weed. Headless feet had worn a pathway across it; the earth loosely heaped on the mound, undermined by the rain, had sunk, carrying with it the plain, white stone at the foot of the neglected grave, till the large, black letters, "Meta d'Orlowska," were barely above the ground. Felicitas knelt beside the stone, pressing her little hands on a bare patch of earth, where no grass grew. Earth, nothing but earth! This hard, unfeeling mass was lying on the tender face, the beloved form, in its shining satin dress, and the stiff, white hands filled with flowers. The child now knew that her mother had not merely been sleeping. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Priceless Gift.

Among the gifts presented to Leo XIII. on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee, the Bishop of Narni, in the name of his cathedral chapter and in his own name, laid at the feet of the sovereign pontiff a magnificently bound breviary, rich in priceless miniatures, of great artistic value in every respect, formerly belonging to the great St. Vincent Ferrer of the Order of Friar Preachers. This breviary is inclosed in a casket of the clearest crystal, bound in silver, upheld by four lions' paws and surmounted by the tiara and keys in silver gilt effectively wrought and ornamented with the escutcheons in colored enamel of his holiness, of the bishop and of the chapter of Narni. The pedestal bears an appropriate inscription from the pen of Professor de Angelis, S.J.

A WONDERFUL CURE.—Mr. David Smith, Cos Hill, Ont., writes: "For the benefit of others I wish to say a few words about Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. About a year ago I took a very severe cough, had a virulent sore on my lips, was had with dyspepsia, constipation and general debility. I tried almost every conceivable remedy, outwardly and inwardly, to cure the sore but all to no purpose. I had often thought of trying Northrop & Lyman's VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, so I got a bottle and when I had used about one half the sore showed evident signs of healing. By the time that bottle was done it had about disappeared and my general health was improving fast. I was always of a very bilious habit and had used quinine and lemon juice with very little effect. But since using 3 bottles of the VEGETABLE DISCOVERY the biliousness is entirely gone and my general health is excellent. I am 60 years old. Parties using it should continue it for some time after they think they are cured. It is by far the best health restorer I know."

Oh! what great mysteries of hope and love for us are the Passion of Jesus and the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist!

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith



Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my own case. Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became running sores. Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the bones would be affected. At last, my good old mother urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me. I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed Ayer's Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

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