

NEATNESS IN DRESS AT HOME.

The importance of neat and tasteful house-dressing cannot be overestimated. The matron who appears before the members of her family in a shabby, soiled wrapper, and makes the excuse—'it is so much more comfortable,' has little idea of the possible consequences of such a course.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dyck's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with Electric Suspensory Appliances, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality and Manhood, and all kindred troubles.

GYPSIES AS MUSICIANS.

In days of yore, long ere the hills of England were tunneled, its rivers crossed, or its valleys were invaded to make way for railways, it was sweet to listen to the mild music which emanated from some gypsy camp in a secluded dell, mingled with the notes of the nightingale and other birds of song.

A STUDY IN LEGS.

Men generally cross their legs when there is the least pressure on their minds. You will never find a man actually engaged in business with his legs crossed. The limbs at those times are straightened out together, because the mind and body work together.

A Most Liberal Offer.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated Voltaic Belt and Electric Appliances on thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, loss of Vitality, Manhood, etc.

THE TWO BRIDES.

CHAPTER XXXII.—Continued.

They had both been explaining to Lucy the sad changes which time, political and religious revolutions, together with the neglect of men and the shocking bad taste of the age, had wrought in the structure of the glorious cathedral and its decorations.

So did it seem to Lucy, as they passed near the portal to explore with the eye the maze of perspectives before them in the rich twilight of Andalusia.

"Never!" Gaston answered. "At least, not till the anti-Christian and anti-social spirit which now forms the very soul of the triumphant European democracy shall have swept away all existing institutions, and Christianity begins anew to reconstruct the entire social order, and to reform both the heart and mind of humanity."

"Then you all think that these beautiful churches will be allowed to fall into ruin, or to be utterly destroyed by the spread of modern democracy?" again asked Lucy.

"Do with the spiritual temple," she answered. "I should give a thousand lives—devoting them one after the other through the slowly passing years—to make the souls of all who believe as I do—the pure and light-some temples of the Holy Spirit, and their lives the true expression of the spiritual beauty within. The life of a nation is made up of the lives of its citizens."

"It is a hard work, I fear, dearest sister mine," said Gaston, pressing to his side the arm within his own.

"But by no means a hopeless one," answered Rose. "And certainly one that we can help forward, all of us."

"Teach me, my own darling mistress," Lucy said to her, in a tone half-coaxing, half-earnest, "how I can help to do my share in this most blessed work."

"You are doing it already, dear," replied her teacher. "You are first deepening and widening your own heart as a receptacle for all the helpful graces and saving virtues. Be and by, when you are back at Fairview and Fairy Dell, you will be able to pour out all this overflowing fullness all around you. Ah, my love, to set our souls on fire with the love of Him who is all charity, to kindle the flames around us everywhere."

"Oh, Rose, my own precious darling," cried Lucy, as she impetuously threw her arms round her friend's neck, "I am only beginning to understand in you that higher and diviner work which spurs you on to the new life-work you have set yourself to do."

"You and Gaston may do far more, a thousand times, at Fairy Dell than ever I may be able to attempt or accomplish in the isolated country to which I am going," the girl said, thoughtfully.

"That is true," put in Gaston. "You field of labor over there will be, at best, and for many years to come, like those sandy wastes in Southern France which they are now beginning to reclaim from hopeless sterility. The first settlers on their confines planted young pines and spruce where the billows of sand were fast encroaching on the adjacent green pastures. They planted the saplings by the hundred, and often by the thousand. Those furthest from the grassy plain often perished. But their lifeless stems formed a barrier, protecting the kindred growth behind the earth, while those that survived covered the earth around them with a coating of the leaves they shed. And thus, by degrees, the patient labors of man aiding the slow but sure process of nature, the area of vegetation was extended to the coast of the neighboring desert. Life, verdure, beauty, fertility, began to inclose in circles that went on narrowing yearly the dead sandy waste, until the entire desert was covered with the green forest."

"And so you think," Rose said, "we shall succeed by our labors, and by multiplying our colonies of devoted women and men, in reconquering, from the moral waste, tracts formerly covered with life and beauty?"

"So will charity in action, and the resistless power of lives of self-sacrifice, ever succeed in transforming the most God-forsaken land into something as beautiful as the Garden of God."

"Ah, there spoke my brother, my own Gaston!" Rose said, as she kissed again and again the dear face, still so beautiful in its disfigurement.

This conversation was held on their return to their own rooms in the posada, and while waiting for Mr. D'Arcy and Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson.

"You are beginning to make me think, both of you," said Lucy, with a mock air of pettishness, "that I have not chosen the better part. That is cruel of you, Gaston."

"My darling," Gaston said, "were I convinced that you were called from on high to follow Rose in her divine mission of charity and regeneration, I should bid you go, though the effort were to break my heart on the spot."

"It is too clear to me, and to others, that you are made for each other," Rose here interposed. "Remember how God brought you to Gaston, and gave you charge over him. The love which is of such a growth is God-sent. It will enable you both to be missionaries among your own people."

era of renovation might dawn ere the splendid remains of former civilization and prosperity should become a shapeless mass of ruins, undistinguishable from the rubbish of the plain.

As the morrow was to see Rose in the haven of her new life, she exerted herself to make them all happy on their last evening together. She and Lucy sang together several of their favorite American songs, to the great delight of the inmates of the hotel, as well as to that of their own dear ones.

To see the two girls side by side, one could not help being struck with admiration at their beauty, so different in its style, and yet giving to their features and expression so wonderful a resemblance when they sang together or conversed with each other with animation, that one might have mistaken them for sisters. When they sat or stood apart in silence, the resemblance disappeared or ceased to be so remarkable.

Rose accompanied her father and Gaston to their room when the evening was over. She could scarcely bear to have her dear parent out of her sight a moment, now that the separation was so near. As usual, Mr. D'Arcy would have dismissed her with his blessing and a few words of fatherly advice. But Rose would not, for this once, be satisfied with that.

"Do not send me away yet, my precious papa," she said, as she clung to him fondly, and looked up into the beautiful features now so strikingly like those of her grandfather—and the gray hair, fast becoming white under the wintry influence of long sorrow. "Oh, let me stay awhile with you and Gaston!"

"Both Gaston and I will be but too happy to keep you a little longer with us," Mr. D'Arcy said. "My little girl must not think that her father ever wears of her presence by night or by day."

"Oh, yes, dear papa, call me your little girl still! Let me be your little girl of long ago," she said, with a mighty effort to restrain her emotion. "Come, Gaston, dear," she continued, "you will sit on this low seat on one side of papa, and I'll sit at his knee on the other." And keeping one of her brother's hands in her own, and putting the other in her father's, she sat looking up at him with a contentment and a worshipping love most touching to behold.

"Papa, dear," she said, after a moment's silence, "there is but one thing that fills my heart with sadness, and almost makes me doubt of my own motives, that is, to leave you without the care of your little girl." And the poor girl's firmness gave way at the thought. "Gaston now has Lucy," she continued, "and he will not miss his oldest sister much."

"Is that kind of you, Rose?" Gaston said. "Fathful as a brother than you,—for he knows that Lucy's love, most precious as it is to me, and much as I thank God for it, is not the love of my sister,—of my little Rose, my second self."

"It is all God's will, my darling," Mr. D'Arcy said, "and I shall not withstand His choice. He has been pleased to spare my oldest boy, to bring him back to me from the jaws of death. And if he asks of me to give up my oldest daughter, shall I refuse her to Him, even though she be—as He knows she is—the very light of my eyes? No, my love," he continued, in a voice so solemn and so tender, that both Gaston and Rose wept at their father's speech. "No! I must do alone what your dear mother would have helped me to do, were she by my side—take you, the dearest of all my treasures, and give you up to Him who will know how to make you a joy and a blessing to thousands of souls now unblest and joyless."

"My only comfort is that Lucy will be to you what I could not have been, had Diego lived," she said, struggling with her tears. "My union with him meant life-long separation from you, my dearest papa. Lucy's union with Gaston means that the being who, outside of my own family, loved you and me most devotedly, is now to live with you as your daughter."

"Thank you for that, dearest Rose," said Gaston, drawing her to him and kissing her tenderly. She remained passive in her brother's embrace, while her father, perhaps unconsciously, folded his arms round the pair. It was a touching spectacle,—that venerable parent with moist eyes, praying silently for all best gifts on these his two oldest children, about to be sundered by a voluntary and sublime sacrifice. Thus Mr. Hutchinson found them as he chanced to come to Mr. D'Arcy's room to make some necessary inquiries about their route on the morrow.

And so Rose bade all three good night, and was soon locked in Lucy's sisterly embrace. The two girls knelt and prayed together, the fervent prayer of pure and generous hearts.

"Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers, Whose loves in higher loveliness endure, What souls possess themselves so pure, Or is there blessedness like theirs?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ROSE'S BRIDALS.

Madame Bara's daughters, in Seville, were glad to see Rose, though but for a short hour's space. Their venerated mother's letter, announcing her coming, had already reached them, and with their whole hearts they encouraged her to persevere in her noble enterprise. They had sent a message to the Sisters of Charity to inform them of Rose's choice, and congratulating them on their being about to possess one so tried by suffering, so capable of great things, and so high in the esteem of the world. So, with most affectionate farewells to her old friends, and loaded with their best wishes and blessings, Rose went to her new home.

We pass over the parting with Lucy, who, however, was promised by her father that she should be allowed to return to Seville when her friend was to receive the veil. By degrees Lucy was brought to understand that all was not so terrible in the life of abnegation embraced by Rose. The latter was an eloquent teacher of the unearthly as well as of the earthly wisdom.

And so Lucy went away from Seville with new aspirations in her soul, and ideas of moral perfection she had not till then dreamed of. It was with infinite difficulty that she could be persuaded to leave Gaston almost alone among strangers. And Mrs. Hutchinson, so, in this, shared her daughter's opinions. She strongly urged Gaston to return with them. But Gaston and his father were given very comfortable apartments in La Caridad,

where Rose was permitted to visit them daily, and where Gaston received from the Sisterhood all the care which unbounded charity and a long experience in ministering to the sick and infirm rendered so efficient and so welcome.

It was in vain that our old acquaintances, the Duke and Duchess, pressed Mr. D'Arcy to accept their own palace as his residence while in Seville. De la Cruz, as the palace was to him, on account of its connection with his wife and father, and most grateful as he was to his noble friends, no place on earth could draw him away from the side of the child near whom he was privileged to stay for so short a while.

Every imaginable mark of respect and sympathy was paid by the most distinguished citizens to their American visitor. Their connection with the lamented Lebrijas caused them to be looked upon as almost Spaniards. And to them the Spanish character was now manifested in its noblest attributes. Even the Seville ladies, who, a few years before, had envied Rose as the betrothed of one of their most brilliant grandees, were now loud and unanimous in praise of her generous self-sacrifice. She was devoting the splendid fortune bequeathed to her—and devoting her own life with it—to the service of a distant, half-civilized population she had never seen, and that because the moral misery of their condition had appealed powerfully to the sympathies of the man of her choice. The few lady friends who were admitted to see Rose in her religious retreat declared she was ten times more lovely,—softened and hallowed as her youthful beauty was by much suffering,—than when she formerly shone supreme among their fairest by the side of Don Diego de Lebrijas. How could they help admiring so much generosity in one whom the great world around them was ready to worship as an idol? They were equally just in praising Madame Bara and her associates for the magnanimity shown in sending away from their own doors one so desirable as Rose to a body of teachers and missionaries among the heathen, and one who, together with birth and rare talents and uncommon accomplishments, brought the wealth so necessary to found and maintain great establishments.

The Sisters of Charity, in accepting Rose, entered cordially into her views. Not one dollar of the fortune she brought with her was to be applied to the need of the Spanish houses. They resolved that all should be devoted to the distant mission of which they approved. And, with Rose, a chosen band of Sisters, selected from among the noblest-born and the most advanced in virtue, was to accompany her. Without delay passage was secured for them all to Panama, and thence to their destination, while the period of first probation for our novice was shortened at the suggestion of the Archbishop.

About two months after Rose's first entry into the Sisterhood, she was allowed to receive the habit of the order and the white veil of novices.

Mr. D'Arcy went to Madrid to meet Mrs. Hutchinson and her daughter, Frank remaining in the capital till the ceremony was over. One of the ladies who were to accompany Rose to America was also to pronounce her last vows on the same occasion.

The Duke and Duchess, with their daughters, were allowed to be present, with Mr. Hutchinson and Lucy, when the latter visited their friend on the eve of the day appointed. The noble Spanish lady had been a great comfort to Rose during those two months of anxious preparation, just as she had been to her dear mother before. No parent could lavish on her dearest daughter a more loving solicitude than this true-hearted woman. She had no thought of turning Rose away from her purpose. On the contrary, she praised and encouraged her, animating her, each time they met, to persevere and aim high, and be in the New World another Teresa.

Mrs. Hutchinson could not view her dear Rose's resolution in that light. Her religion did not favor such a life of self-denial; and her motherly heart made her wish that Rose, even at the last hour, could be made to listen to the pleadings of poor Frank. Lucy, who understood and admired her friend's self-sacrifice, could not, however, help yearning for the sweet companionship that had been the felicity of her life.

"I shall we see you to-morrow morning before the ceremony," Mrs. Hutchinson said, as they were about to retire.

"I fear not," Rose answered. "Indeed, I know you cannot; so you must not try."

"And is this the end of the old life?" Mrs. Hutchinson said again.

"Mamma, dear, we are only distressing Rose," said Lucy, forgetting her own inferior suffering in the agony this conversation was making Rose as well as Mr. D'Arcy endure. "My own brave darling," she continued, embracing her friend, "I, who am but a little heretic, can only say, 'God bless you. And that I do with all my heart.'"

The morrow came at length. An early hour, as is the custom in Catholic countries, was fixed for the ceremony. All the elite of Andalusia were in the church, come there to do honor to both father and daughter. And many a gallant young nobleman, who had formerly vied with Diego de Lebrijas in paying homage to Rose D'Arcy, attended divine service on that morning more for the purpose of beholding the tall and soldierly form of her brother, and of looking on his scarred face and sightless eyes, than of seeing her for the last time on the threshold of her new existence.

The infirm inmates of the hospital were also there in goodly number, and so were many of Rose's old friends from the tobacco manufactory, and from the neediest districts of the Triana suburbs. Mr. D'Arcy and Gaston had been careful to prepare themselves to kneel together that morning at the Table of the Lamb, and to partake with Rose of the bread which is the foretaste of the eternal banquet. There was in the thronged church a deep silence when the organ and choir from the cloister within broke forth in joyous triumphant strains, and from the depths of the monastery a bridal procession came forth—a troop of noble maidens in virgin white, and crowned with flowers, followed by Rose in her full and magnificent bridal robes, supported by the Duchess and her oldest daughter, and followed by Mr. D'Arcy between the Duke and Gaston. There was on the girl's angelic features a glow that was more than the healthful color of pure young blood,—there was a light which was not of earth, and which moved the heart of every beholder to the love of better things.

With a firm step she advanced to the altar, where the Archbishop and the Lady Superior awaited her,—the brilliant cortege of ladies dividing on each side to let her pass, and Rose herself pausing a moment to take her father's arm, while with her free hand she took that of her brother. And thus she stood before the altar-steps. But to the interior sense she seemed standing before the Altar of the Lamb on high, amid the splendors of the Heavenly Jerusalem,—and to Him alone, who appeared to be sensibly present to the eye of faith, she had come to betroth herself for time and eternity. On her finger sparkled the precious sapphire ring given her by Diego. She was there to give to the Most

Holy God the heart and the life she had pledged to an earthly lover. And she was not among the happy multitude that surrounded the heavenly altar and throne?

In this spirit she answered with a firm and musical voice the questions of the officiating prelate. "Yes!" she asked to devote her life to chastity, poverty, obedience, and to serving Christ in the presence of the sick, the poor, and the ignorant. "Yes!" she was there of her own free will, impelled by none, and given to God by the noble father, whose heart never ceased to ache thenceforward for the absence of his darling.

And then that dotting and widowed father surrendered the hand of his child to the Lady Superior. She was to be his no longer to sore need. And while he and Gaston withdrew to where the Duke was standing, the bridal procession formed anew, while the organ and choir sang a more triumphant anthem, and they led the lovely bride in her radiant robes back to the cloister.

Presently they returned, this time a train of nuns preceding the Superior, with Rose at her right hand, habited no longer in her wedding robes, but wearing the poor and modest dress of her new profession.

Again she knelt, while the Lady Superior cut off the long rich auburn locks, and bowed on her head the white veil, the symbol of that innocence and purity of soul which is the indispensable condition toward a life of persevering self-sacrifice. For the pure heart is ever the strong heart.

And now, in her changed bridal robes, together with her companion, Rose falls prostrate before the altar steps, the Superior and her assistants spreading over the prostrate forms a funeral pall. Thenceforth they are dead to the old life, and the new life begins.

A thrill of irresistible emotion passes through the vast audience; and amid the unexpressed sobs of the women, and the silent tears of more than one man, the choir intone the *De Profundis*. Aye, "from the depths" of sin and misery the Almighty hand can lift up the sinner and sufferer to freedom from sin, and to the realities of blissful enjoyment.

But, oh, to what heights of heroism and holiness of moral grandeur and glorious usefulness to others does not that same All-Powerful Goodness lift up the willing, innocent soul from the depths of its own native weakness and helplessness!

And then, when the sublime psalm of David—the cry of his heart in his utter need to his Divine Helper—had ceased, Rose was lifted from her prostrate position. Her new mother opened her arms to her, and folded her in a loving embrace, and presented her successively to each member of the family she had chosen, wife, sweeter, more melting, more soul stirring than all the preceding melodies, pealed forth the *Eccce quomodo et quam jucundum*.—"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Poor Lucy almost sobbed aloud while the Duchess, who had taken her seat by her side, strove to soothe her with all the most endearing terms she could employ. Mr. D'Arcy and Gaston had remained with the Duke in the sacristy, all three yielding to an emotion of which their manhood did not feel ashamed.

And so, Louis D'Arcy bethought him of his half-desolate home, far away beyond the Atlantic, he felt, with a keen pang at his heart, that his darling would never again gladden it with her presence. His little "Fairy Queen" would never again resume her loved away from the beautiful realm that had obeyed in silence since childhood. He was to be the toilsome life of one building a precarious home amid the inhospitable solitudes of the Colorado desert, laboring to bring, from the deep bosom of the earth, the waters that should fertilize the sandy waste around her, and consuming her existence without seeing, perhaps, any of the fruits of her self-sacrifice. Still, he had given her to God willingly, joyously; and, docile as he knew her to be to all the holiest inspirations of zeal and charity, she would, he hoped, be in the divine hand an instrument of mighty efficacy for good.

So, lifting up his soul to the triumphant throng of the Blessed,—while the strains of the *Tu Domine* were sounding throughout the church, and verse after verse was sung alternately, and with heartfelt devotion, by choir and congregation,—he would leave his child to the Providence that had so wonderfully guided her, nor mourn for the blessed years during which he possessed her and her mother, nor cease to hope for better times in Fairy Dell. His was the faith that could enable him to say, in his heart of hearts:

"With thankful, true content, I know this is the better lot, faithful spirit mine—mine still at close of day. For that bright-morning dream of mine."

A few days afterward, Mr. D'Arcy and Gaston, together with Mrs. and Miss Hutchinson, accompanied Sister Rose and his companions to Cadiz, where the steamer awaited the devoted missionaries. Rose appeared to be supremely happy in her vocation. In truth, the prospect of the good she hoped to achieve, and the unhesitating resolve to accomplish it, with the Divine aid, did lift her soul above every depressing thought and care. Nor did her father and brother, in their conversation with her on the way, allow one word to escape them that might damp the ardor of her spirit. On the contrary, their every word tended to feed, more and more, in that privileged soul the holy flame with which it burned. The Duke and Duchess, with their daughters also, insisted on seeing Rose and her little band at Cadiz. Indeed, the Duke it was who had himself taken passage for them, and insisted on paying their fare all the way to Panama. This was to be, he said, Dona Teresa's contribution to their mission.

They arrived at Cadiz late in the evening, and were to embark at an early hour the next morning. Before dawn, however, Rose had the consolation of kneeling for the last time at the communion-table with her dear father and brother and Dona Teresa. As Mr. D'Arcy was about to leave the church, he was met at the door by a tall figure half-concealed in the wide folds of a Spanish cloak. What was his astonishment to recognize in the stranger Colonel Hutchinson.

"Why, Frank, what has brought you all the way to Cadiz?" Mr. D'Arcy inquired, after the first greetings were over.

"I thought I might come down quietly," he said, "and, without letting the ladies know of my presence, wait here till the steamer sailed. I know, too, that you and Gaston will need my help then."

"That is most kind of you, dear Frank," Mr. D'Arcy said, as they walked into the open air, and he had an opportunity to see how pale and haggard poor Hutchinson looked.

"But why conceal your presence?" he asked.

"Oh, I do not want to distress her by even the sight of me," he answered. "And I want to have one last look at her dear face before she goes from us forever."

"But, my dear boy, Rose will be just as well pleased to see you here as she is to see Gaston. Of course you are too sensible and too manly to renew your suit now. She knows that. So you must come and take breakfast with your mother and sister."

"Pray do not ask me to do so," pleaded

the poor fellow. "And yet, I suppose, the Duke and Duchess will find it enough to see me here."

"Of course they will," answered D'Arcy. "By the way, here is the Duke's card. Frank was introduced to Dona Teresa received him most kindly; and they all together went to the hotel. The little band of nuns breakfasted at the convent in which they had spent the night. To Mrs. Hutchinson and Lucy Frank's arrival was a welcome and timely boon. So they were met with every demonstration of delight. Yet they both doubted the propriety of again speaking to Rose. This difficulty soon put an end to, however.

Mr. D'Arcy, as soon as he had breakfasted to the convent to inform his daughter of what had happened. She smiled at neither surprise nor displeasure. "But natural, dear papa," she said, "the poor fellow should desire to see us off. He will make our party more complete. And—if I may press one hope to you, papa, while I am with you—it will help to keep Col. Hutchinson firm in his good purpose, if I trust him like a son, and make him love to seek your company and open his heart to you."

"I understand you, my love," he said, "and shall do as you desire. He is a fellow, and deserves all the friendship Gaston and I can show him."

"Thank you, dearest papa, for that will be a great comfort to me to know Lucy's brother will be thus held to you, especially. And now we must go."

At the convent gate their friends met them. Rose and her companions were sitting in the well-known and popular room of their Order. So Frank, as his resting on the group, was startled at seeing Rose in this strange garb, and he was deathly pale, as if the transformation she had undergone made her a being of another species, and placed her forever beyond his reach. He met him, nevertheless, with her bright smile and cordial manner.

"This is kind of you," she said, "to leave dear papa and Gaston with less rest than I shall know them to be with you."

"I could not resist the temptation, was beginning to say. But she was quick for him.

"It makes us all so much happier to you with us at the last moment," she said in her sweeter tones.

Once on the steamer, Mr. D'Arcy lost a moment in taking leave of his child, felt that the strain was becoming too great for him.

"You will find everything made easy for you, on your arrival at Havana," said the Duke as he bade Rose farewell. "The Captain General has received orders to see you comfortable, and to provide you with guards till you reach Panama. May I fulfill every wish of your heart, dear Rose?" he added, kissing her hand sweetly.

"How can I, how can we all, ever repay you and Dona Teresa for all your kindness?" said Rose, as the tears fell and fast down her cheeks. "Oh, my dear second mother, my comforting arm, she sobbed out as she hung on the neck of the Duchess, herself utterly overcome. "Lucy, my sweet sister," she said to weeping girl, whose agony touched the heart of all. "Lucy, will you not be strong to take care of Gaston and papa? I leave both to you. Dear Mrs. Hutchinson, have loved me as if I were your own; your image goes with me, cherished reverend to the end of my life. Good-bye, dear Frank, you said, 'you know the glory of our country.' He could keep the cold hand between both of his, look long and intensely into the sweet face as if he wished it to be photographed on his soul."

Not one word could Mr. D'Arcy restrain his darling to his heart. "God's own, own precious darling," she said, kissed the dear face again and again, and her good God bless you for this? But forgot the words, nor the look of motherly tenderness and gratitude with which were accompanied.

"Rose, darling," said Gaston, as he held his hands over the quiet head and face he could not see, "Rose, the dear sister ever given to brother," he wept. "Will you not ask for me patience under affliction and grace to do all the good to those around me?"

"I will, indeed," she answered. "Gaston, your own good God will make you in a thousand ways this dreadful trial. Lucy!" she added, "I give her to you. You will be to him far more than could ever be."

Lucy took the hand placed within her own and led Gaston away. The last he saw, sounding, warning strangers to depart, sorrowfully, one by one, Rose's friends over the great ship's side. She was in motion. Her dark hair rose about dancing waves of the Atlantic, and her rigging were projected against the blue of the sky, rendered still more the contrast of the black volumes of that sea sent up into the morning air.

For nearly an hour Mr. D'Arcy stood motionless, gazing at the receding vessel rather at the group of six female forms draped in gray, as they stood motionless on the quarter-deck, one, taller than the others, waving a white handkerchief incessantly all faded in the distance. The father heart found not one word to utter to her. It only prayed, silently and fervently, for the precious one, going on her vain errand of mercy. Gaston, seated by father and holding his hand, while Lucy eyed the other with her kisses and her tears.

Gaston kept his face steadily fixed in the direction the steaming ship had taken, and then sense endeavoring to follow and catch the picture Lucy's words were painting him. But he answered not one word down his cheeks, at length, tears fell and fell into the salt sea,—more bitter than the intense bitterness of his heart, the hidden fount of purest brotherly love, unbounded resignation to the will of Father.

(To be continued.)

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by a friend, India missionary the formula of a new and powerful vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and reliable cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested and cured many persons in thousands of cases, he felt it his duty to make it known to his fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and desire to relieve human suffering, I will give directions for preparing and using this paper, N. Y. A. NOYES, 149 POND ST., Rochester, N. Y. [11-1886]