

AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

By Christine Faber.

CHAPTER XLIX.—CONTINUED.

Rachel did so, the coloring coming swiftly to her cheeks and her lips parting with a smile of delight.

"Are you as charmed with Miss Gedding, as Miss Gedding seems to be with you?"

"I think so," then after a moment's reflection, "I am sure that I am."

"You would like to resume the acquaintance made on that evening—you would like to visit Miss Gedding's family, to have her, and other young people, visit you?"

"I should like to receive visits from Miss Gedding and her friend, Miss Fairfax—I would be satisfied with that."

"And those visits would really give you pleasure?"

"Ever so much," the girl answered with a kind of impetuous delight.

Miss Burram paused for a moment; then she rose and said softly but with a strange slowness:

"Rachel, I leave you to do in this matter what you choose. You may reply to Miss Gedding in any strain you wish, accepting all that she offers, and tendering her in return all that your friendship for her may dictate; but, if you would gratify me you will not accept what her letter implies—you will decline her renewal of either friendship or acquaintance."

Every sign of brightness had vanished from Rachel's face; it was pale and set, and Miss Burram watching her closely, thought even hard; but not an instant did she hesitate; she was up from her chair and saying as firmly as though her heart was not beating to bursting from the shock of her disappointment; she had argued so favorably from Miss Burram's announcement of the letter.

"Your wish is enough for me; I shall decline Miss Gedding's offer."

"Wait," said the lady, "take today to think about it and give me your answer to-morrow; and remember, Rachel, that I place no bar whatever on your action in this matter—your place with me—my regard for you, shall be unchanged, whether you gratify yourself, or please me. Do entirely as you wish to do."

She went from the room leaving Rachel with the open letter on her lap; she folded it and looked steadily at the freight. She knew that her answer on the morning would be the same as she had given to-day; nothing would alter that; once that Miss Burram had expressed her wish in the matter; but it made her heart sick to think of throwing, as it were, all of Rose's kindness in her face. And how could she word her reply so that it would not wound the kind-hearted writer? That would be the hardest possible task for her; the very thought of it was worse even than the fact of having to decline the renewal of acquaintance. And what a vista of pleasurable incidents had opened before her as Rachel read Miss Gedding's letter ere Miss Burram passed her cruel fate—she had been growing a little tired lately of having no entertainment but a kind of desultory reading, not even regular lessons; and she had frequently—especially when, while accompanying Miss Burram, she had mooned in the moon, and met so many merry young people—longed to be permitted to have young companions. Rose's letter made possible the opportunity, but an opportunity only to be snatched from her, and a few bitter tears trickled down her cheeks.

The next day Rachel seized the first opportunity of re-affirming her decision to Miss Burram, and the latter received it as quietly as though it were the most ordinary statement in the world, expressing neither surprise nor gratitude, only asking when Rachel would have her reply to Miss Gedding's note ready; at which the girl's soul rose up in frank protest:

"I don't know how to answer without hurting Miss Gedding's feelings," she said with a passionate impetuosity, that betrayed her violent inward disturbance.

"Will you let me reply for you?" Rachel was only glad to assent, and Miss Burram went to her desk in her own room whither in a few moments she summoned Rachel.

"Read," she said, pointing to the note she had just finished:

"MY DEAR MISS GEDDING,
"Your letter in my charge Miss Burram, was received and as you implied, read by me. Miss Burram has also read it, and my only wish has been to reply to it. She has expressed your kindly feelings and she thanks you for them, but she has determined to my wish of only writing along any farther sayings and so."

"I also thank you, my dear Miss Gedding, for your affectionate expressions in my charge, and for the kindly terms in which you speak of me."
"BRIDELE BURRAM."

Rachel looked up, a half-pained, questioning look in her eyes, but she said nothing nor did Miss Burram speak. She evidently understood Rachel's dissatisfaction—inwardly the girl was writhing at the cold tone of the note and its abrupt dismissal of all Miss Gedding's kindly offers—but since Miss Burram made no comment Rachel would not.

"What difference does it make?" she asked herself wearily, as seeing no disposition on the part of Miss Burram to speak, she went from the room. "I shall not have any opportunity to see Rose and her friends any more, and after a little they will forget all about me."

Three days before Christmas Miss Burram received a letter with a London postmark from Mr. Gasket—a most extraordinary letter. He was still with his wealthy cousin who had invited him to make his home with him, and he was possessed of full information of everything that had happened in Rentonville since his departure; his source of information being a Mrs. Hubrey who had a large correspondence from Rentonville. He deplored the death of Miss Minton's near relative, and sympathized with Miss Burram in the shock she also had received. He censured the malevolent spirit of the newspapers—copies of which he said he had seen—which could insert cruel innuendoes and

make such unkindly comments, because of the death of a man whose identity Miss Burram did not choose to disclose, questioned the truth of a paragraph, copied, he said from one of Rentonville's own papers, which stated that Miss Burram having returned to her old employment, of mystery and seclusion very properly surrounded her Charge with the same—that the unpleasant rumors in circulation would seem to make such seclusion necessary, and Miss Burram recognizing that, allowed her Charge no more outside freedom than an afternoon drive through the streets of Rentonville. The letter concluded with a sincere wish for the health and happiness of Miss Burram and her Charge, and the hope of being permitted to call upon them if ever the writer should return to America.

Miss Burram reread the letter, digesting as she did so its various items. Mrs. Hubrey—she remembered that fussy, middle-aged woman, and her full correspondence could be easily explained by the silly, gossip-loving friends she had made in Rentonville, and who would not fail to send her letters and newspapers. The newspapers, she remembered how persistently she had ignored their contents; and how she had commanded Sarah to silence on the subject. She had done it in order to help to keep away the specters of the past which his death had caused to rise, and lest her eyes might light on some item in which the truth had been guessed; but she did not dream of such statements as Gasket's letter implied—statements that must put poor Rachel under a horribly disfiguring cloud.

She rang the bell for Sarah.

"Sarah, I want copies of all the Rentonville papers that have been published since the funeral. You can take an order for them to Jim; he will get them from the offices of publication."

"They're in the house, ma'am; every one of them; when they came and you wouldn't look at them. I saved them."

And Sarah brought them.

Miss Burram locked her door and read. She knew that the Times was said to be entirely controlled by Herrick, and she fancied that she could detect his finger-marks in the articles in that paper easily enough. She smiled when she read the reporter's interview with Mr. Gedding, and she smiled still more when she read Notner's vigorous denial.

After she had read them all she bundled them up again and went to the coach-house to see Hardman.

His quarters there were very snug; in his own little sanctum, divided from the main body of the lower part of the carriage-house by a painted partition, a bright fire glowed in a well polished stove, and all his effects were disposed so tidily and neatly, that it was very inviting. Jim himself was in there mending part of a harness, and Miss Burram was standing on the threshold before he saw her; when he did see her he looked startled.

She held up the papers, beginning at once:

"These are the published accounts pertaining to the night of the storm and the death of the man you rescued."

"Yes, ma'am," said Jim, wondering.

"Have you read them—read them all?" she asked quickly.

"Yes, ma'am," again answered Jim, wondering still more.

"Has Miss Rachel read them—has anybody told her anything about them?"

"Not as I know, ma'am; indeed I am sure she does not know anything about them, for as she tells me pretty much everything, she would have mentioned something about them if she knew."

"What did you think, Jim, when you read them?"

"I thought, ma'am, that Herrick was at the bottom of them all. I don't know what his motive is any more than they say he's sworn to get you out of this place here—this property of yours. Maybe this is one way he's taking of doing it."

The expression of his Mistress's face hardened.

"So I think, Jim; and do you know what Sarah has told me about him and my work-woman, Mrs. McElvain?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What is that for? Why does he come into my kitchen with his philanthropy?"

"To bring the news to her about her son—only he happened to see it in the paper the way he did. Mrs. McElvain wouldn't have known," spoke up Jim, determined to give the devil his due.

"Yes," she replied, "that might be very well in its place; some place; any place; but not in my house—he knows where Mrs. McElvain's home in the village is, the home her daughter takes care of—that was the proper place to bring his news—not my kitchen."

"So I think, ma'am," said Hardman, "and I think, as I thought from the first when I heard it, that Herrick has a motive in it all—a motive, Miss Burram, that has to do with you."

She leaned against the partition, her face very white and her lips set.

"I agree with you, Jim; he has a motive in it all—a motive that concerns me—that he thinks will ultimately compel me to give up this place, but he shall not succeed."

"I hope not, ma'am," was Jim's sincere rejoinder.

"Burn these papers," she continued, "and then take this letter to the post. It is to inform Mr. Burleigh and Mrs. Toussel that my Charge and I shall call upon them on the morning of Christmas Day and have them accompany us to the services at the Cathedral, after which we shall all come back by train to dinner, and Mr. Burleigh and Mrs. Toussel and her son will remain according to custom till the next day. Miss Rachel and I shall go by train to the city the day before Christmas, spending the night at the M—Hotel."

Jim only said "Yes, ma'am," to all his instructions, but within himself he was wondering mightily. Miss Burram, who in all of the fourteen years of his service had never gone once by train to the city and who had never spent a night away from home, now going to do

both! He scratched his head when she had gone and he ejaculated, "Bless my ribs!" but neither scratch nor exclamation brought any solution of the mystery. When Sarah heard, that for the first time in fourteen years the house was to be an entire night without her Mistress, she ejaculated:

"May I never be burned nor drowned alive!" and proceeded straightway to resume her cup-tossing, a practice she had dropped since the night of the storm.

To Rachel, the news brought a great throop of pleasure—an entire night in the city—a whole morning at the Cathedral where she would hear exquisite music, not to speak of the rides in the train, which, because of their very difference from the monotonous carriage drives, she felt she should enjoy, was like the opening of another existence to her, and she flitted about her preparation for the journey with something of the same keen, high spirits she had shown on the days immediately preceding the Club reception.

On the afternoon of Christmas eve, Hardman drove Miss Burram and her Charge to the station, and arriving a few moments before the coming of the train, they were confronted by Rose and Harriet, who, escorted by young Gedding, were also going to the city. All the young people started; Rachel with an instant look at Miss Burram.

Rose with an involuntary darting forward to Rachel, but which action was checked in its first motion by her brother, who pulled her back. Miss Burram bowed and smiled slightly. Rachel bowed and smiled broadly, and the train just then arriving, Miss Burram took instant lead into the car furthest removed from the young people, who, of course, acted upon the hint and entered another car. Rose could not conceal her look of pained disappointment.

"What did I tell you?" said Harriet in hot indignation, that her friend had so little spirit; "what have I told you twenty times before ever you received that letter from Miss Burram in answer to yours to her Charge?"

But Rose was silent. No remonstrance, no objection of her friend could lessen the ardor of her feelings for Rachel, and in the secret of her own heart she was seeking excuses for Miss Burram's conduct.

The service at the Cathedral on that Christmas morning was one which Rachel never forgot; the magnificent edifice itself with its stately columns and great mullioned windows through which the sunlight came in prisms of colors; the altar with its blaze of light and rich coloring of decoration; the gleaming vestments of the celebrant and his assistants; all made a picture which Rachel gazed with her admiring soul in her eyes. But it was the music which thrilled her. The very first peal of the great organ rolling and resounding through the arches, till it seemed as if every corner of the vast building was flinging forth resonant echoes of the glorious Christmas anthem, caused her to shiver in such a manner that young Toussel, who sat next to her, whispered in his inane way:

"Are you cold, Miss Rachel?"

"She shook her head, hardly able to keep out of her face an expression of disgust at being so disturbed, and then the voices of the singers burst forth.

Rachel's music-loving soul had never been so stirred; every aspiration of her higher being, which she so often felt but could never understand, awoke anew. Visions of that future world of which she, poor little heathen, had been told so little, came to her, pictures of the peace, and charity, and love which must reign there—and upon these crowded memories of all that she had ever read of self-sacrifice and the love which works for no reward save that which springs from duty nobly done. How her disturbed soul longed to do something of the kind, a longing that became positive pain when the combined voices of the choir ceased, and one voice, a woman's contralto, alone sounded throughout the church.

There was a minor chord in the voice mournfully suggestive, and to Rachel's soul there rushed in frantic medley all that she herself had suffered of grief and bereavement; all that she knew and imagined of the grief and bereavement of so many others in the world. Still the voice went on growing from plaint to prayer, prayer which quivered with the soul throes of the singer, quivered, and rose, and lingered till it seemed to Rachel that the very heart of God must be pierced.

From a moment after the strains had ceased there was absolute stillness in the church, just as if every one had been spellbound; then people stirred themselves, but Rachel hardly breathed; the prayer was still echoing in her soul.

Young Toussel, stirring himself as he saw others doing, was uneasy at Miss Rachel's prolonged quiet. He whispered:

"That was fine singing, Miss Rachel; I shouldn't wonder if that singer eats salads."

Rachel's look of disgust flashed out upon him, then she shrank farther into her corner of the pew; but he did not seem to be at all abashed, and at the M—Hotel, whither they all repaired for lunch, he put forth again as his opinion, that the quality of the singing which they had just heard was due to the salads the singers were fed on, to which Barleigh answered with fine sarcasm:

"There is not the least doubt of it, Mr. Toussel."

CHAPTER L.

On the day after the New Year, Miss Burram went in person to collect her rents from the Essex Street tenement house; but the sanitary authorities were there before her; smallpox in virulent form had broken out in the family of the tobacco-strippers, and those of the tenants who had not already been taken in charge by the health officials. Half the street seemed to be in a panic, and white, terrified faces confronted her as she stepped from the carriage. Undismayed, she walked through them and into the house, overawing the official who sought to bar her progress.

"I am the owner of this house," she said with haughty emphasis as she swept past him; but when she had ascended the reeking, rickety stair, another official more determined in the performance of his duty than his companion, refused to let her proceed.

"You cannot come further," he said, with quiet firmness, "even if you are the owner of this house," and he interposed his form between her and the passage. Right at his heels, however, they were bringing forth for the hospital van which had just arrived below, one of the victims of the disease.

Into Miss Burram's nostrils went the foul stench, and before her eyes lay the loathsomely-looking face of the unconscious sufferer; she turned quickly and fled before the stretcher, down the reeking, rickety stair, and into her carriage, pausing only to say hastily to Hardman:

"Drive from this place as rapidly as you can."

He obeyed, driving with such furious rapidity that poor the turned to look, and one of the men in the group about the hospital van said bitterly:

"She's running away from the disease—curses on her—if it wasn't for her and her like, there wouldn't be such misery among the poor."

When a couple of miles of city streets had been placed between her and the tenement house, Hardman stopped to know his next destination.

To the cemetery, she said briefly, and to the cemetery Jim drove, feeling with a kind of gruesome humor, that the cemetery was the proper and natural sequence of such a visit.

Tom's grave was a mass of tastefully disposed evergreens, surmounted at the center of the mound by a wreath of blooming immortelles.

"Miss Rachel gave the order for all of these?" Miss Burram asked, after she had looked at the grave a few moments attentively.

"For all but the wreath, ma'am; the same kind of a wreath was here when Miss Rachel came, and we inquired in all of the florist about to find out who had ordered it, but no one could tell us anything."

"Umph!" said Miss Burram, and then she was silent, looking in a hard, strained way at Tom's grave.

A keen, biting wind was springing up; it seemed to pierce through the marrow of one's heart; Hardman felt it through his great-coat; and even though his horses were blacketed, he felt uneasy for them, and he wished his mistress would shorten her vigil. But she showed no disposition to do so; she seemed to be insensible to everything save her own thoughts. Hardman, stealing furtive glances at her face, thought they must be most unpleasant thoughts from the manner in which her mouth was set, and the prominent way in which the lines of her countenance stood out. At length he debated within himself the propriety of recalling his mistress to the need, at least, of removing the horses, when they were both startled by the sound of approaching steps. A curve in the road, somewhat hidden by a group of lofty monuments, concealed the owner of the steps for a moment; then he came into full view—Herrick, almost clothed in fur, and looking like the aristocrat he sought to be.

An involuntary start betrayed his surprise, and a frigid, indignant glare showed Miss Burram's.

Hardman, who had been moving about to keep himself warm, stood stock-still, enable even to utter a mental ejaculation. But Herrick passed on, making a stately bow to Miss Burram which she returned with a still more frigid glare, and a blandly spoken, "Good day, Jim," that Jim was too much amazed to respond to.

He had quite passed from their sight she turned to Hardman:

"Has he, Herrick, any of his dead in this cemetery?"

"I don't know, ma'am; like as not he may have."

"If not, why does he come to my dead?" she was speaking in a fierce kind of way, and as if she had quite forgotten Hardman's presence—"my dead," repeating it to herself with an emphasis that puzzled Jim. Then she said suddenly:

"I shall go now; stop somewhere to refresh the horses, and after that, drive home as rapidly as you can."

Herrick, treading his way among the cemetery paths, smiled his large smile himself.

"My presence at his grave struck Miss Burram unpleasantly, I fancy," he soliloquized. "If she only knew the trail I expect to reach shortly, she would be still more struck, and if I reach it—if all turns up as I hope, and she is compelled to give up her place, all will be well with me—they are ready to give me my price for it and that will save me—if not—" his face darkened, and he stopped for a moment to wipe his forehead. Bitter cold as the day was, drops of perspiration had come out upon his face. Known only to himself as yet, were darkening clouds upon his own horizon which the sale of Miss Burram's place alone could dispel. He strove on, glancing with a kind of gruesome mockery at the white shafts about him and smiling with cynical belief whenever his eyes met an eulogistic memorial.

The branches of the leafless trees swung in the wind with human-like groans, and the bleak-looking gray of the atmosphere added to the desolation of the scene. But Herrick was never very sensitive to outward impressions, and least of all did any influence from the resting-places of the dead affect him now. His one object was to get information for which he had already paid, and he paused at the door of the gatekeeper's lodge:

To the man who responded, he said briefly:

"Have you learned anything yet?"

"Yes, sir, I have seen the man who comes here every day with a fresh wreath of immortelles for that grave you told me to watch. He comes from a florist's in the city; I paid him to find out who ordered the wreath, and he found out—he told me yesterday."

"Well," said Herrick, impatiently.

"Well," said the man, "the gentleman that pays for that wreath lives in

Rentonville, a place about nine miles from here, and his name is Notner."

"That will do," said Herrick, a sudden flush coming into his elongated face. "You have done very well, my man," and he turned away, feeling that the information he had just received was another link in the chain he was seeking to forge—the chain that was to drag Miss Burram from the property he coveted.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE JOY OF FAITH.

The Blessedness Which this Firmest of Convictions Brings

There is a blessedness which men of faith attain, and a happiness they enjoy, that is hidden from those who are to the senses given, writes Rev. C. F. Thomas in the Sun. And such is not at all strange if we remember that

"the sensual man perceiveth not the things that are of the spirit of God. But spiritual man judges all things; and he does not forget the words which the Saviour of mankind Himself did say when He rebuked the doubting and incredulous disciple, 'Blessed are they who have not seen and have believed.'"

What can be more blessed, what confers greater happiness, than the conscious possession of truth? The whole world seeks for truth, though some whole like Pilate, as if it were chimerical; or recoil from it like Felix, as if it were something hurtful; or like Agrippa, regard it with indifference and put it aside as of no importance. All men look for truth; what is truth for us is not a jest, nor an idle term, but an earnest query of the soul.

A negative or an unsatisfactory answer causes us discontent and unfaithful misery; an affirmative and a satisfactory one thrills us with untold joyous emotion. All our joys, no matter how false or fleeting, are based on the assumption that the objects which

occasion them are solid, true and real and sure. The moment the delusion vanishes or the suspicion arises that they are not what they seem, immediately sorrow seizes our hearts, and we relinquish them for something else.

The gladness that something hovers over our lives like the brightest sunshine on a lovely day and communicates itself to our every deed and every word is but the product of an assurance that our affections are lavished upon a worthy object and our sense of beauty attracted by perfection. How dark the world becomes when that object reveals its unworthiness, and how hollow when that perfection manifests its imperfect lines! Nothing contents us but truth; nothing rejoices us but truth; in nothing are we blessed, save in the attainment of truth.

Truth is our soul's life, strength and peace. No wonder there is a tone of inexpressible sadness and weakness in the cry of every man the deeper he advances in science, when he finds a vaster abyss still unexplored and impenetrable before him. No wonder we discover on all sides and in every rank of society mighty protest and vain reflections against human littleness; no wonder there are myriads eyes looking heavenward, inflamed by the fever of infinite and unsatisfied desires. For mankind is even the sport or the victim of a perpetual warfare that arises between aspiration, for the infinite and sorrow for present reality. The soul cries for peace, but there is no peace as it wanders in the world through dry and arid places where truth blooms not and flourishes not.

From such despair and anxiety, from such weakness and unhappiness, the man of faith is exempt; faith raises him above the world—enlarges the horizon of his vision—endows him with a contemplation of essential beauty and absolute truth in God—breaks from him the shackles of the limitations cast around him by his nature—remedies the inherent defects of his soul—instills new principles of life and new germs of action by which he can hear and distinguish the voice of infallible wisdom uncreated and professing unswerving allegiance to the manifestations vouchsafed; and instead of falling subdued by fatigue and exhaustion on a dry heap of illusions, he ascends with everwidening spirit until he feels that the Almighty hath given him understanding. In him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. He has been conducted through the right ways and shown the kingdom of God and given the knowledge of the holy things and been made honorable in his labors, for his prayer has been: "Send forth Thy light and Thy truth. I have conducted me and brought me into Thy Holy Hill, and into Thy tabernacles." (Psalms xli., 3.) Truly that man is blessed and happy. By faith "Wisdom has entered his house and he hath reposed himself with her; her conversation hath no bitterness, nor her company any tediousness, but joy and gladness."

Say you that this certainty is flimsy and rests on no solid basis? Think you that the assent which he gives to the teachings of faith, or the assurance with which he cherishes his hopes, is not of greatest weight? The grace of the Most High infuses it; the love of God communicates it; and under that heavenly influence the human will leads the mind before the throne of the infinite, and accepts all the supernatural revelation. What higher degree of certainty can there be than that which originates in a divine principle? "I believe" is an act that comes not from me; labor and toil, study and reasoning may seem to be well concerted and conclusive; yet vain is the expected result if the grace of God be withheld. And when that grace comes, what can have more power to inspire absolute certainty in the truth of things I accept and profess? I may doubt my own existence; I may call in question the reality of the world around me; I may hesitate about the clearest human conclusions; but when I say, aided by the love and goodness of the Father above, I believe, I possess a conviction the highest and the greatest possible, because it originates in a divine principle.

The motive of faith is the veracity of God Who speaks. I believe because I

hear and recognize the word of God. I examine the character of the message handed to me. I scrutinize the man who comes to see me. I judge the trustworthiness of his testimony. I subject it all to valid, unflinching tests, and when I conclude that it is the voice of God, I cry out: "Speak, Lord, Thy servant heareth." Or "What will Thou have me do, Lord?"

Is there certainty greater than this? Natural wisdom may be illusive; earthly science may mistake; human reason is fallible and often built on unstable foundation. We may be justified in viewing with distrust whatever we hold on human and natural basis; but the word of God is eternal, immutable and infallible—endureth forever. "Heaven and earth may pass away, but My Word shall not pass away." Whatever rests on His Word partakes of like immutability, and its certainty is of highest possible grade. The testimony of men is great, but the testimony of God is greater. For God is not only infallible in His wisdom, in His knowledge, His eyes are far brighter than the sun, beholding round about all the ways of men, and the bottom of the deep and looking into the hearts of men, into the most hidden parts; He is also not less infallible in manifesting that knowledge; and as He cannot be deceived, so neither can He deceive. And when we believe on His Word, because He hath revealed, nothing can equal the certainty we possess of the truth of the revelation.

When the Apostle St. Paul declares faith to be "the substance of things hoped for, and the conviction of things that appear not." And St. Peter: "We have the word of prophecy more firm." And St. Paul again in the exuberance of his joy and in the perfection of his spirit as he explained the grounds of Christian hopes and the unparalleled certainty of Christian convictions, exclaims: "I know in Whom I have believed."—Western Watchman.

HUMAN VANITY—HUMAN MISERY.

There is considerable point to a story which the Catholic Telegraph has translated from Latin-American exchange. The anecdote is told of the lamented Dom Pedro II. of Brazil. This pious sovereign in his travels about the city of Rio Janeiro was wont to meet many cripples and afflicted persons on the street, and in his desire to help them conceived the idea of a great asylum in which they might receive proper care.

He invited contributions to this noble and Christian work, but his appeals were in vain. Trying another plan, he offered to confer the title of Baron upon every person who should give 100,000 reals, and the title of Count upon every person who should give 250,000 reals. The fund amassed rapidly. There was plenty to build a great hospital and besides there were a number of new Barons and Counts in Brazil.

The structure was erected, and when the day of dedication came thousands assembled for the festivities, the new notables in the front rank. What was their surprise when the veil over the portal inscription was withdrawn to read "From human vanity to human misery."

There was proclaimed their shame, and in letters of gold it confronts them and their descendants to-day. The givers, as the Telegraph remarks, were not prompted by love of God or of fellow-man, but of self. Their vanity received its reward on earth.

There are many hospitals, libraries and even churches in a land that might well be inscribed with similar inscriptions to that which Dom Pedro's wit and irony suggested in the above case.

"From human vanity to human ignorance" might serve as the dedication of many a library, college and university building. So it is, however, and the generous givers receive their reward in the applause of men. Their recompense consists in the knowledge of both hands of the good which one does.

A Visit to the Church.

Professional and business men will find much appreciation when things problematic arise, if they pay a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament at the nearest church. It takes but a few moments and the Sacred Heart of Jesus that throbs with love for us will more than doubly repay us for the time that we spend in His Divine presence.

Churches are hardly in all parts of the city, and the little chapel that burns in the Sanctity is the only companion of our sweet Saviour and loving God, save His countless Angels. Let us for whom He died also visit Him occasionally and we will be rewarded, for He is in the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist not as a severe judge but as the consoling refuge wherein we find solace.

"Ask and you shall receive, seek and you shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you."—Catholic Mirror.

Reasons of things are rather to be taken by weight than tale.

Topics of the Day.

Every one is surprised at the rapidity and efficacy with which Morrill's pain cure—relieves neuralgia and rheumatism. Verily it is a specific for all nerve pains and should be kept on hand by every family.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled in their lungs, and in a week they were beyond the skill of the best physicians. Had they used Morrill's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

MONTH AFTER MONTH a cold sticks, and seems to take hold in your throat. Are you aware that even a suburban and big neglected cold is cured with Allen's Luce's Balsam? Cough and worry no longer.

AN ALCOHOLIC IS IT—Alcohol or any other volatile matter which would impair strength by evaporation does not in any shape enter into the manufacture of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. No climatic changes affect it. It is as serviceable in the Arctic Circle as in the Torrid Zone, perhaps more useful in the highest latitudes, where man is more subject to colds from exposure to the elements.

AT ALL TIMES OF YEAR Pain-Killer will be found a useful household remedy. For cramps and diarrhoea, Frey's Diabasis, there's only one Pain-Killer, Avoid substitutes.

THE

ANNALS

She freed as a