

DOCTOR ANDRÉ.

By LADY MARGARET MAJENDIE.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN the early morning, while the dew was sparkling on every blade of grass and the fresh morning air was keen and cold, Sœur Eustacie went over to the farm.

She met Madame Féraudy on the threshold, just starting with Génie for the Hospice.

One glance at her face was enough.

"It is over?" cried Madame Féraudy.

"Yes, there was no time to fetch you; it came so suddenly and swiftly at the last; no long struggle or suffering. You will see him lying asleep."

"Let us come."

She took Génie's hand and drew it on to her arm. The girl was white as a lily and looked stunned. Sœur Eustacie led them in through the vestibule. The door of the large, sunny, dining-room was open, and they could see the long tables with the snowy linen covered with abundant country fare. The convalescents sat by them in long rows, curly-headed children, wan women, haggard men. All silent and subdued, except one little golden-haired baby which laughed and crowed with the gay ignorance of its babyhood as it played with its toys.

Sœur Eustacie led the way through the house and out at a door. Here there was a little chapel of grey stone, very simple and solemn, and already their darling was lying there.

Génie could not look; trembling violently she hid her face and clung to Sœur Eustacie. The woman who had loved him as mothers love, stood looking down on the beautiful young face in its marble stillness in terrible yearning agony. So noble and pure, dead on the battlefield of life in all the glory of his young manhood.

Presently the *pasteur* came in; he looked white and aged, and the tears streamed down his face.

"Come to my room," he said; "madame and Sœur Eustacie will tell you how it was."

She obeyed in a dull, mechanical manner, only turning back to put her hand on Génie's.

"Come, my child," she said.

Doctor Simon met them. He was a gruff man, and to-day grief made him more abrupt than usual.

"I grieve for our profession," he said. "We have no one like him. He would have been at the very top of the tree."

Sœur Eustacie gave Madame Féraudy the note she had written last night. She scarcely glanced at it; she gave it to Father Nicholas.

"You will telegraph?" she said, her stern face working.

Then she took Génie home—to soothe her violent weeping and caress and pet her into composure was the only task of which she was capable.

In the afternoon a telegram came from Jean Canière; he would arrive by ten o'clock the following morning. Then Madame Féraudy suddenly remembered the letter André had confided to her care, and hastily fetching it, she put it into Génie's hands.

It was very short.

"DEAR CHILD—As all tell me that I am your guardian, I may dare to address you thus. Jean Canière is a good man. Your own mother would have trusted him even with so precious a treasure as yourself, and I am willing to do so. Be very happy and may God bless you."

"ANDRÉ FÉRAUDY."

The next morning at ten o'clock Jean Canière arrived. Madame Féraudy was out. She had gone to the Hospice to kneel for the last time by the coffin which held what was dearest to her in life, and which at noon that day was to be taken to its last resting-place.

So that Génie was alone when he arrived. When she saw him come in

with his kind face full of sympathy and eager hands stretched out, she flew to him as to a sure refuge and comfort, and as he poured out to her tender words of love and pity, she sobbed in his arms.

She gave him André's little letter and watched him as he read it.

"This shall be our treasured sanction to our marriage, my Génie," he said earnestly.

"But, Jean, you do not mind? I loved him so."

He looked up generously.

"Mind, my Génie! No; such love is an honour. We will both love and cherish his memory as we love the saints of God in heaven. I think, dear one, from his letter, that he would have rejoiced had he known that his little Génie would be safe with me when his rest was won."

After awhile they left the flower-strewn grave in Normandy and went back to Féraudy, and when some weeks had passed Génie and Jean Canière were quietly married.

But all felt when the time of separation came that they could not leave Madame Féraudy alone. A joint household was established which, as time went on, ended in Madame Canière taking up her abode altogether at the Maison Féraudy, while the young people spent all the time they could spare from Jean's professional engagements in Paris with them. They formed one family happy and united.

Once a year, while strength and health remained to her, Madame Féraudy spent a few days at the Hospice, and when there she saw with tenderness how the children who yearly owed their restoration to health to its hospitality, were taught to strew with flowers the green mound and low grey stone cross which marked the last resting-place of Doctor André.

[THE END.]



RELIGION AND MEDICINE.

By "THE NEW DOCTOR."

PART II.

THE RELATION BETWEEN RELIGION AND MEDICINE IN THE PAST.

THE art of healing the sick has occupied a prominent position among all nations, and, moreover, it has been more or less related to the various religious beliefs of the races that have passed away. In the early days of our history, medicine was practised by the head of the family. Later by the chief of the tribe or "patriarch." This in time gave way to a

regular profession of "medicine-men" who combined the practice of medicine with sorcery and witchcraft, such as is still practised by the uncivilised races of to-day. Such medicine as was practised by the patriarchs was undoubtedly of a rude and simple kind, yet one cannot help thinking that it must have produced great results, else medicine would not have risen to the high position that it has occupied from the earliest ages.

I wish we knew what was the state of the sciences in these early times. Had Abraham

knowledge of drugs that are unknown to us? It seems extremely probable that he had. Yet on the other hand it is improbable, for it is unlikely that a drug which possessed great power would be forgotten. Rather would the knowledge of its name and characters be cherished and handed down from one generation to another and so eventually be known to those whose duty it was to attend the sick throughout the world.

As the practice of medicine has been from time immemorial confined to certain families,