CHRIST'S LEGACY.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"Peace I leave with you."

He to the conflict
Was turning His face,
The cross loomed before Him,
But He full of grace,
Looked on the disciples
Grown weary with care,
And gave them His blessing
And stilled them with prayer.

He, the departing One—
What would He leave
To quiet and comfort
The hearts that must grieve?
This, that would ever
Cause sorrow to cease,
His benediction
Of quiet and peace.

Down through the centuries,
None of it lost,
Comes the kind legacy
Won through great cost.
Know, all ye troubled ones,
Treading life's way,
Peace is the blessing
Christ gives you to-day.

—*Christian World.*

Selected Serial.

ELVIRA;

OR,

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

A Story of the New Awakening in the Land of the Cid.

BY MRS. HUNT MORGAN,

Author of 'Iscah,' 'Cutlass and Bayonet,' &c.

CHAPTER II.

AGNES.

"Why did she love him? Curious fool, be still!
Is human love the work of human will?"
—BYRON.

The young Conde had been but a short time in Granada, when he received a business communication from his uncle, relative to certain parts of his Toledo estates. The sight of the handwriting of the man who had torn from him his earthly happiness added fresh fuel to the fire of fierce wrath which burned within him; and he suddenly remembered that if he died without heirs, the whole of his vast property would go to his uncle's family. This he determined to prevent; and in the frenzy of his passions, caring for nothing but the gratification of his revenge, he resolved to marry at once, in the expectation of ensuring the transmission of his wealth to other than the man whom he hated with all the deadly intensity of his southern nature. He therefore considered a few moments, not whom he could love, for love was past with him, but whom he could first secure as his wife. His choice fell on a young English lady, whose father he had frequently met in the scenes of dissipation in which he had lately mingled. Lord Payne was of unblemished descent, though as much could not be said of his character. He was the last of his race in the male line, so that no relative would be able to interfere in any arrangements which he might make with respect to his motherless girl. This exactly suited Don Fernando's wishes; he wished for a wife and heirs, but by no means desired that his gloomy retreat should be invaded by a host of relatives-in-law. His marriage with an English heretic would, he knew, be peculiarly obnoxious to his bigoted uncle, which was another inducement to him to carry out his hastily formed purpose. All that he cared for in his wife was, that she should be of noble blood and spotless fame; and these two requirements were fulfilled in Agnes Payne. Within half an hour, therefore, of his first thought on the subject, Fernando was on his way to Lord Payne's residence within the city.

The ruined peer, who had squandered a princely fortune, accepted, without a moment's hesitation, the formal proposals made for his daughter's hand by the rich Spanish noble. No thought of her happiness troubled the heart of the dissolute father, who was only too glad to grasp at an alliance so much more splendid that he had hoped to secure for his portionless girl—portionless through his own vices and extravagance.

Don Fernando's wooing was conducted after the stateliest formality of Spanish etiquette; and Agnes trembled before the cold dignity of her stranger lover. At first she shrank from the betrothed to whom her father had so carelessly affianced her; but although cold and stern in his stately courtship, yet the Conde had too much of the chivalry of Old Spain to be other than scrupulously courteous to the lady who was to be his wife; and Agnes, with woman's quick instinct, soon divined that it was no ordinary grief which fixed such unchanging gloom on his dark, handsome face. Happily for her, she had no previous attachment, and when her first girlish fear at his gloomy manners had begun to subside, she felt an intense pity fill her heart, until gradually she acknowledged to herself that this grave, haughty Spaniard would be a safer, pleasanter protector than her spendthrift father, whom she loved with filial tenderness, but whose conduct had rendered any feelings of respect on her part impossible. She hoped in time to be the means of healing the unknown grief in the Conde's heart; and, trying to regard him with affection, at first from a sense of duty, woman's pity soon grew into woman's love. And then began the bitter heart-pain for the gentle English girl. The conviction that she was unloved stung her pride, and wounded her delicacy. Why did he seek her, why so persistently urge a speedy union, when he evidently regarded her with no more than the reverence which was her simple due from every man, but which was not enough from the one who was going to be her husband? The sorrow of her unrequited love, her desolate condition, drew her to the true source of comfort; and the little Bible which had been the gift of a dying mother grew more precious than she had ever found it before. In her loneliness, rendered doubly bitter by the new love that filled her heart, she turned to the Heavenly Comforter, and there found peace and rest. Had this faith been here a few weeks sooner, she must have traved her father's displeasure, by refusing the proposals of one who was without any belief in her Saviour; but since her betrothal promise had been given by her tacit acquiescence in Lord Payne's arrangements, she felt bound to keep her pledge, and could only hope that "the unbelieving husband" might "be sanctified by the wife."

So Agnes stood, trembling between fear and hope, beside the pale, stern Conde, and made those solemn vows which bound her for life to obey an unloving husband.

Months passed, and Don Fernando's heart remained untouched by all the timid efforts to win him which were made with shy gentleness by his young wife. Even the birth of a lovely daughter failed to draw out his affections towards the now fast fading flower, which he had brought into his silent home only to neglect. He named the child "Elvira," after his first love, and, alas for Agnes! his only one.

He had long entirely withdrawn from every scene of vice and dissipation, but did not the more notice his wife, whose heart was slowly, surely breaking. The flush on her cheek grew deeper, the light in her eyes more brilliant, and the slight form became daily more attenuated; yet Don Fernando took no heed of these sure tokens of coming freedom for his weary captive. He was too true a knight to treat a woman with active unkindness, and wrapped up as he was in selfish broodings over his own sorrows, it never occurred to him that his neglected Agnes could be dying from lonely misery, and when, one evening, her maid came to request him to go to her room, as she was seriously ill, the message came upon him with startling abruptness.

He found the Condesa reclining on her lounge by the window opening on the *patio*. She held out her wasted hands eagerly to her husband, who dropped on one knee beside her, and inquired, with more tokens of feeling than he had ever before anticipated,—

"Are you really ill, Inez?"

"I am dying, Fernando," she replied, as the hectic crimson flamed more brightly on her cheek. "I have long known it, but I must speak to you now, or it will be too late. I feel sinking so fast to-night."

"Dying, Inez!" said the Conde, gently. "No, you are only delicate, *amiga!* When the summer heat has passed you will be well again. Do you wish for anything? You must know that in my house you have but to command!"

"I am not mistaken, Fernando," answered the Condesa, "I am passing away so fast! I know you have had some great trouble, though I know not what it is, and before I die, let me speak to you just once, my dearest, my husband! I want to tell you that if you bring your grief to Jesus He will comfort you, and perhaps take away the sorrow altogether."

The effort with which she spoke alarmed the Conde. His eyes were suddenly opened to the inroads which disease had made, and with a pang of keen remorse he saw that his wife was very near her last hours on earth. He leaned nearer to her, as he replied to her words of anxious care for him,—

"Inez, you are good and pure, but when you talk of comfort for me you do not know what a blank impossibility it is that consolation should ever visit my desolated heart."

He paused. Something in the look of yearning sympathy in the eyes that met his so wistfully melted his proud reserve, and he told her all, concluding with the desperate words,—

"So you see, *amiga*, that although your gentle faith may comfort you in weakness and lesser troubles, no religion can help my utter woe. God—if there be a God—is nothing to me."

The dying Condesa raised herself up, and the fever heat burned more hotly in her veins, as she eagerly fixed her brilliant eyes on her husband, asking earnestly,—

"Fernando, you tell me that you feel sure of Elvira's love. What if you had known her to be indifferent to you? What if day after day you had been with her, and had seen her turn carelessly from your love?"

The Conde drew a deep breath. His hands clenched, and he answered bitterly,—

"It *could* not have been so! No torments of the lost, if they *do* live again, could have equalled that!"

"And yet, my Fernando, such is the agony through which Jesus has borne me; and because He has comforted me, I want you to trust Him too."

"How! have you, then, loved and lost?" said the Conde, incredulously.

His wife leaned forward, until her head drooped upon his shoulder, as she whispered, "Fernando, I have not lost, because I could not lose what I never possessed. *I loved* you, my own husband—you only; and you never cared to know it! I could not tell you now, but I am dying!"

She gasped for breath, as her heart throbbed with the excitement of the conversation; but the Conde's arms were round her, as he drew her close to his breast, and murmured hoarsely, "Oh, Inez, I never dreamed of this!"

"You will think of me sometimes, when you look at our child, my beloved?" she whispered, "and meet me, meet me——" She stopped suddenly.

"Inez, stay with me!" exclaimed the Conde. "My noble, patient Inez, do not leave me! I will learn to love you! Live for me, for our child!"

His warm kisses were on her cheek, her lips. She raised her face, radiant in more than natural beauty, "Meet me with Jesus!"

The words were her last. She threw one longing look round the room as if seeking her baby Elvira, then fixed her eyes on her husband's face. He was holding her in a clasp which she had never known before; and so, even in her earthly love, it was "light at evening tide;" and from that first, last pressure of tenderness on earth, she passed away to the still fairer, brighter dawn of heaven's sweet morning.

CHAPTER III.

RUMOURS OF POLITICAL TROUBLES.

"Durch, Bruder, durch! Das werde
Das Wort zu Kampf und schmerz!
Ob meines wird your Erde,
Eides will Himmelswartz."
—KORNER.

"Oh! brothers on! This watchword be ours
In fight or pal
The earthly tends to earth, but heavenly
tends up to heaven again."

Month by month deepened the heavy shadows of despair on the brow of the Conde de Hernandez y Romara. He had learned too late what a priceless treasure was lost to him when Agnes left him, and the gnawing agony of self-reproach was added to his burden. His family confessor, too, died shortly after the Condesa; and although the Conde scoffed almost openly at the Church of Rome, yet he missed the kind-hearted, inoffensive old friend, who had been a member of his household ever since he could remember.

A very different man from gentle Padre Ignacio was the new confessor appointed to succeed him as spiritual director in the house of Don Fernando.

Of insinuating courtesy, and possessed of powerful conversational fascinations, Padre Malaquias resolved to accomplish a great success for his Church, and to secure advancement for himself by grasping the rich heritage of Hernandez y Romara for the greedy hierarchy of which he was a worthy member. The first thing to be done was to establish himself in the Conde's family on a footing of easy amity. With Fernando this was not a slight task to perform. The despiser of all creeds cared nothing for ecclesiastical terrors, and his powerful intellect was proof against the attacks of superstition. This did not in the least disconcert Padre Malaquias, who was too wily to risk dismissal by any unseasonable attempt to convert his nominal penitent. From inquisitional tribunals Don Fernando was safe, safe in his very unbelief, and he knew it himself, and the priest knew it; for though Rome wars against the light, she easily tolerates darkness. She can bitterly persecute the Jew who indignantly rejects her image-worship, or the Mohammedan who joins the protest, or the Schismatic who presumes to differ from her in the form of signing the cross. Anything tending to a faith, whether true or false, yet if conscientiously held, provokes her wrath; but for the professed infidel, if rich, his wealth can purchase her toleration; if poor his poverty renders him not worth her notice, and when, in the sixteenth century, amid the terrible storm of persecution which swept through Spain, one was brought to the dreaded Triana on a charge of heresy, the prisoner made a very successful defence by stating that he could not be a heretic since he had no belief of any sort. In his heart the priest was of pretty nearly the same opinion as Don Fernando, with respect to religion,—resembling in this thousands of his clerical brethren in Spain, during the last fifty years especially. Both considered the whole affair to be a humbug; but Padre Malaquias had no objection to add to the amount, in the hope that to him it would turn out a profitable humbug. It was so much a matter of course that a nobleman of Spain should have his own resident confessor that the Conde never once thought of dispensing with this appendage of his rank, but he never confessed or in any way made the slightest approach to personal participation in the forms of his Church, beyond occasionally attending mass in the cathedral. Padre Malaquias knew his ground too well to irritate his haughty patron by forcing unwelcome subjects on his notice, and, to him, was ever no more than the suave, accomplished *savant*. But even thus he made small progress. Fernando would spend hours in literary discussions, but not a whit for that did he relax the proud stateliness of his gloomy reserve.

No influence could be gained over the present possessor of the wealth which had attracted the covetous desires of the harpies of Rome; but the calculating priest fixed his eye on the heiress, the baby Elvira, and determined to train her in the way most favorable to his object. He could, he thought, easily render her infant mind subservient to his wishes, and, through her, gain his end. As she grew into a lovely vision of maidenhood, her father's worn heart turned to her as to the one lost hope of a ruined life, and she became his cherished darling. He instructed her in deeper lore than is usually embraced in the education of a modern Spanish girl. It was the gladdest occupation of his saddened life to teach those girlish lips to pronounce the soft Greek or the martial speech of ancient Italy. He never attempted to teach her his infidel principles, for, like many another unbeliever, he thought religion a very lovely thing in woman. The dying words of Agnes, supported by the testimony of her blameless life, had, for the moment, somewhat staggered his scepticism, but the angry rebellion of his heart had again plunged him back into the dark rifts. He therefore left Elvira's faith to take care of itself, as he thought. But the serpent in his household was plotting to draw the unsuspicious girl into a mesh of superstition, forgetting that while he laid his crafty plans there was One who overrules the purposes of designing men, and that of their evil projects He has said, "He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision."

Already was the priest beginning to feel anxious lest his prey should escape, when the young Condesa reached her sixteenth year without manifesting that inclination towards the cloister which it had been his study for years to produce in her mind. With all the haughty fire of her Spanish ancestors, she combined the steady determination of her mother's race, forming thus a character all powerfull for good or ill; and her clear-sighted penetration into the motives of action in those around her, as well as her high-spirited contempt for anything mean or one-sided, convinced her wily preceptor that hers was one of those rarer natures whose surest temptation is through the aberration of their own nobility. As she advanced in years and knowledge, he had with increasing care veiled his purposes; and, as was natural, from long association, he possessed a certain hold on her regard, although a much more precarious one than he wished. Her studies with her father contributed to an independence of thought rare among Spanish women, and the *padre* saw his task daily becoming more arduous.

At this time, political factions were engaged in hot contest for power in Spain, and party spirit ran high. The opinions for which noble martyrs had died three hundred years before were springing up with fresh vigor, and the fair Land of the Cid was making wild efforts to throw off the incubus of centuries, the dark superstition which had robbed her of so many brave hearts, "of whom the world was not worthy."

Espartero and his liberal government had been followed by O'Donnell's more despotic party; and these in their turn were succeeded by the more tyrannical Narvaez, whose proceedings were regarded by Padre Malaquias with much satisfaction. Rigorous inquisition was made after the copies of Holy Scripture which were constantly finding their way into Spain, surreptitiously brought into the country by—nobody seemed to know whom. The people were craving for these forbidden books, and they got them, too, spite of Queen, priests, or police. Vasquez was making his nobly self-sacrificing tours, in order to scatter the precious Word of God throughout his beautiful Andalusia; and the devoted missionary, at fearful peril to himself, was successful in gathering large numbers of his countrymen into the fold of Christ. Nor was he the only one who ventured forth, a gallant Red Cross Knight, to fight the battles of the Lord against the terrible spiritual foes of lovely, enthralled Spain. Some of these met a quick reward in imprisonment and the galleys; but for every worker checked in the glorious cause, others came forward to take the place of the missing; "so mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed."

The cities of Granada and Seville were the very head-quarters, both of the new movement and of the efforts made to suppress it; and in the old Moorish houses were many quiet hiding-places, where the dangerous treasure of the Bible was concealed from prying eyes.

Padre Malaquias had been active in the discovery of several of these hiding-places, and had denounced more than one offender for possessing the prohibited book. But his great anxiety now was to induce Elvira to become a nun, before some artful heretic should spoil his long-planned scheme by exciting her interest in behalf of the movement which now shook all Spain. Catholic newspapers were bitter in their vituperative abuse of the invasion of the "Catholic land" by the teachers of heresy; and Padre Malaquias heartily echoed their curses. But he carefully abstained from adverting to the subject in the presence of either Elvira or the Conde.

His precautions were, however, futile, as to preventing the Condesa from knowing what was going on in the vicinity of her home. No care could keep her in total ignorance of the stirring events hurrying on each other with breathless rush.

The priest watched, and more zealously than ever tried to render Elvira a devoted Catholic. She held the tenets of the Roman Church, certainly, but with a careless liberality, occasioned partly by her youth, partly by her parental instructions, so free from religious bigotry.

And just as Padre Malaquias was at the acme of excited vigilance, an order from the General of his Order sent him on a mission to Rome; and another confessor was appointed to the family of the wealthy Conde. Sharper eyes than those even of the wily Malaquias had read Elvira's character, and had seen that he was not the one to sway that noble nature into becoming a devotee of the cloister. The mission was to be a short one; for the priest who replaced him was not to occupy that important post long alone, and the two were intended by the astute General to play into each other's hands. Padre Malaquias was too much a man of the world to influence Elvira entirely. Padré Renaldo was too conscientious to be trusted with the game in his own hands alone.

(*To be continued.*)

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P. S.—When ordering give name of Sunday School and the Superintendent.

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Largest stock of Orthotics, Abdominal Supporters, Suspensories, Shoulder Braces, etc., in the Dominion.

A YEAR A

A YEAR ago
A year ago I had my ba
With hair of gold, and
clear!
A year ago I heard his
And listened to his child
Now he is gone—gone
can say?
I only know he left me
A year ago!

And is that
Is there no comfort for
No balm to ease, no
smart?
Are all my hopes los
known?
And is my baby wande
My baby, whom I love
And soothed to slee
croonings low,
A year ago?

Nay, heart,
For see, beyond, in
known,
My baby waits, well lov
A strong hand guides
should fall,
And loving ears are quic
He waits full happy, sa
For Jesus took my bab
A year ago!

THE HO

Books

Books almost make
shape him, make him
or little. Many a man
books have made him
because his books are
thoughtless, because
thoughtless. The val
is beyond price. Eter
how much evil is boun
Books meet many a m
life's road and decide
persons are very pious
they read are pious
opposed to religion
they read are opposed
will be like the books
impregnate him like t
which impregnates wit
its honey.

Good books come to
struggle and give the
Luther's Commentary
came to John Bunyan
at the crisis of their
light and comfort.

The solidity and pe
is based on reading.
and impressions which
books, give body and

Good books blaze th
soul through the nigh
and save from the bli
ticism. Luther tide
Reformation with his
did the same for the
ment.

A good library is
well-ordered, intellige
Its lack is inexcusab
when good books are
cheap. The absence
our homes and Sabbat
good to intelligence o
to have a revival of li
the home; libraries
school. Begin at on
grow. A small well-s
save many a boy from
manliness, virtue and

Standard works sh
books which will teac
to think, and inspi
thoughts and acts.
more than gold. G
boys and girls rathe
clothes, for good boo
than money or clothe
cate.

Helps to

A woman whose lif
chequered with m
lately: "Nothing h
courage to face every
troubles, than a few
when I was a child
He was the village do
his office where he
medicine one day,
ready to cry:"

"What is the matte

"I'm tired. I've
and washing dishes
day, and what good d
row the beds will be
dishes to wash over

"Look, my child, h
these little things, of
selves; but in one I p
in another a sweet p
healing medicine. N
vials; it is that whic
kills or cures. Yo
dishes washed or t
homely things, and c
themselves; but it
sweet patience or zea
that you put into th
These make your life

No strain is hard
than to be forced to
feel is beneath thei
discipline is more h
builder," says Bolton
bricks which his jou
the manner in which

The man who is h
ging as a private s
hearted and lagging
Even in this world,
ents rightly as a serv
the control of many
serve," said John
stand and wait."

We should remem
the greatest of all
years of His earthly
pointed time to fu
Youth's Companion.

— Don't believe t
in the world is happ
Don't conclude t
had any opportuniti
Don't believe all t
Don't repeat gossi
terest a crowd.
Don't go untidy o
body knows you.
Don't be rude to y
position.
Don't over or und
Don't express a
less you perfectly u
are talking about.
Don't get in the
life by making light
it.
Don't jeer at anyb