A FATAL RESEMBLANCE.

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

XXVIII.

The excitement was intense among the when it became known that a young man had shot himself on the grounds of Rahandabed. "The authorities," as Maccillerance had the manufacture of the second the country as Maccillerance of the second gilivray had termed the country coroner, was not long in coming to the spot, and after such an official investigation as he best knew how to make, the suicide was best knew how to make, the suicide was borne to one of the barns on the estate, and there laid out with a sort of rude and shrinking kindness. No one knew him, and nothing was found upon his person to reveal his identity. Not even a portemon-naic was found in his pocket; nothing but a little scrap of paper pinned to his breast, on which was written in a bold, manly hand:

"For love I have done it." The puty of the female servants was excited by his handsome appearance. Not even the throes of death had disturbed his regular features, and save for the ghastliness of his face, one might well

think him sleeping.

With that morbid curiosity that sometimes actuates alike high and low born, the guests went out to see him. Indeed, everybody went except Ned, Mrs. Doloran, Mrs. Eigar, and Elna.

Mrs. Duoran, in strange contradiction

an, Mr. Elgar, and Elna.

Mrs. Dioraa, in strange contradiction
to herself, refused to share any of the
morbid cariosity, replying in angry
astonishment when asked to accompany
astonishment when asked to accompany

astonishment when asked to accompany some of the guests to view the suicide.

"What! ask me to look at the dead fool? The only pity is he didn't blow out his brains instead of his heart, that we might see how little he had, and what poor stuff they were. For love, indeed, he shot himself. He'd better said, for lack of honest sense." lack of honest sense "
And she went on the instant to select

And she went on the instant to select the toilet in which she intended to re-ceive her new guest. With Indicrous whimsicalness, she was determined on not appearing in his presence until she should meet him in state that evening, on that account intending even to dine in

Mr. Edgar refused to see the suicide because he had no interest in the matter and Ned did not go for the reason tha and Neo did not go for the reason that such a death had an appalling horror for her; but it was none of these things that deterred Edna.

It was the horrible fear that she should

recognize the dead man, and her heart best with sickening speed, and her face paled and flushed in a breath at every observation upon the event made by the company. And yet, with the feeling that company. And yet, with the feeling that restrained her, there was at the sam time an almost irresistible desire to set the analysis of the same to be a superior to leok upone to leok u him, but to see him alone, to look upor the dead face when no curious eye would be upon herself, and involuntarily she glanced about the room, as if she faced about the room, as if she feared she was even then the object of

But, there were no eyes fixed very earnestly upon her save those of Ned who was longing for an opportunity to speak about the mysterious note she had received. Strangely enough, though its words seemed printed before her everywhere she turned, she did not dream of connecting them with the saicide.

To stricken, guilty Elna, Ned's anxious look conveyed a verification of all her fears. She, too, thought constantly about the note fealing assured that it was fear lears. Sie, too, thought constantly about the note, feeling assured that it was for herself, and perhaps contained a warn-ing of the dreadful thing that had hap pened. What should she do? Where could she flee for help?

In whom could she confide? Was it necessary for her safety to tell her wretched secret to Ned? Ned, whose rectitude was so strong that she would die rather than so strong that she would de father than betray any confidence, or violate har slightest promise? She looked at her father, beside whom she was seated, and to whom Carnew was showing some rare prints, and she shuddered as she pictured the anger and scorn with which he would great the knowledge of his daughter's greet the knowledge of his daughter's foolish conduct; and then she looked at Carnew, and a vise seemed about her heart as she imagined his contempt. What if Ned should be impalled to speak to him about the note she had received, and the appringing that in suspicions that, in connection with suicide, it must have engendered in her mind? Her face became ghastly at the thought, and, feeling that she must do something to prevent such a revela-tion, she excused herself to the two gentlemen, and crossed to Ned.

You are going to dine with Mrs. Doloran, in her private parlor, are you not?"
she said in a half-whisper, though Ned she said in a half-whisper, though Ned being seated in an embrasure, there was "Yes," was the reply.

"Tes," was the repry.
"Then meet me as soon as you can
leave her, will you?" spoken quite in a
whisper now; "I shall be in my own

"Yes," said Ned; "for I also have something to say to you, and—
She was about to add what she thought of the note she had received, and indeed to give it to Edna, but at that moment Brekbellew came up to them and claimed

Miss Edgar's attention.

Miss. Deloran was so unusually and vexatiously captious at the meal which she and her companion ate together in that lady's private parlor, that it seemed as inatiany's private parior, that it seemed as if poor Ned was to be deprived of all opportunity to have her promised interview with Elna; but few mouthfuls passed her own lips. She was too full of anxiety and of a nameless, nervous dread to be able to set. But the voluble which to be able to est. But the voluble, whim sical lady did not notice that. Ned was a figure-head, so to speak, at which she could direct all her remarks, and she was in no humor to care whether they were replied to or not, but she was in a humor to talk, and babble, babble she went, to the agony of the young girl who saw hour after hour pass away without bringing Mrs. Doloran any nearer to the end of her Mrs. Doloran any nearer to the end of her garrulity, or to the close of her meal, having, in the interest of her tongue, suspended eating so frequently and so long. And did the poor companion venture to request a brief leave of absence, it would have brought noon her such an avalanche. request a brief leave of absence, it would have brought upon her such an avalanche of impertinent questions that it were better to refrain altogether from seeing E in that evening. But, at last a message came to the effect that the company were impatiently waiting the presence of Mrs. Doloran. That recalled the eccentric between walds it necessary that she lady, and made it necessary that she should conclude hastily her meal and de liver herself into the hands of her maid; so Ned was free for a little while. She hurried to Miss Edgar's room. E has opened the door to her; her face as white as the white, fleecy dress she wore, and she was trembling in such a manner that the very hand she extended to Ned

shook like that of an old, palsied woman.

"I thought you would never come," she whispered, "and I am so wretched."

To Ned's astonishment the was crying —crying as if her very soul would melt. Her cousin could not speak. She was too much astounded to find a word of comfort, or even inquiry; but her tender heart ached in sympathy with this strange, unknown grief; nay, every instinct of her true womanly nature was aroused, and all went forth in pity and love to Edna, as if she had been an own sister. She forgot even her previous suspicions, her half-distrust, her doubt, and she wound her arms about the sobbing girl and pressed her closely to her.

Etna roused herself.

"I have so much to tell you. But may I trust you? Will you think of me as a sister and card my troubles in your own."

Will you think of me as a I trust you? Will you think of the as-sister and guard my troubles in your own sister and guard my troubles in your own breast? Will you swear, Ned, never to betray my secrets if I tell them to you? Will you swear solemnly?"

She disengaged herself from the tender clasp, and drew back as if to study Ned's face.

Ned was startled. An oath was to her Ned was startled. An oath was to her something dreadful; and this oath, once made, would bind her so sacredly—she who regarded a mere promise with a martyr's sense of duty—that, no matter to what it committed her, it would still be inviolable. Then also her previous suspicion, and distrust, and fear of E ina came suddenly hack, and all her emotions. came suddenly back, and all her emotions showed themselves in the troubled work

showed themselves in the troubled working of her countenance.
"You shrink, you hesitate," said Elna,
"and I shall not force you. I have no
right to burden you with my sorrows, and
I shall not. But you were the only one
in the wide world I could turn to, and I
felt that you loved me."
The last words touched anew the sympathetic listener: still, true to that prud-

pathetic listener; still, true to that prud-ence with which she was unusually gifted, she said gently:
"Your father surely is your truest
friend. You will not refuse to confide in

friend. "I cannot," spoken in a strangely rigid

"Then, will it do if I promise to keep

"Then, will it do if I promise to keep your secret just so long or so far as it is consistent with duty to keep it?"

"No; I must have your oath to keep it unconditionally. Otherwise, there is but one course for me to pursue—one dreadful course at which even you, when you hear it, with your gentle charity, will pity more than blame. Could you take the oath I ask, you would be able to advise and to console me. You have suspicions; you had them before even I vise and to console me. You have sus-picione; you had them before even I asked for this interview. You think I asked for this interview. For any other have been guilty of imprudence, perhaps of wrong. You are in some measure right. In any case, since you refuse what I ask, I shall be soon beyond the reach of all earthly consequences."

She turned away and threw herself abbits into a chair, leaving Ned aghast

obbing into a chair, leaving Ned aghast sooning into a that, at the implied terrible threat in the last words. "Bayond the reach of all earthly consequences" could mean nothing else than self-destruction, and, too guileless to dream for a moment that it was only a part of her cousin's shrewd and clever acting in order to work upon Ned's too easily enlisted sympathies, she had but one thought, that it was now her duty even to the taking of the oath, to preven

this last dreadfal crime
"Oaly tell me," she said, kneeling beside her cousin, "that my keeping of this
secret will not do a wrong to anybody will not bind my conscience in a dread-fal remorse, and I shall take the oath."

Eina turned to her, even slipping from

ner chair, until she too was on her knees and with her arms about Ned, until their faces almost touched.

"There is no wrong done now," with an almost inaudible emphasis in the last " to anybody but me." hen I swear," said Ned, " "Then I swear," said reveal what you shall tell

Solemnly swear?" said Edna. "Solemnly swear," repeated Ned, and Eina's heart beat with exultation, for Ned had taken the oath, and had taken

it upon her knees.

There were no more tears now, no further passionate abandon to grief. She could be something of her own old self again, and tall her great how could be something to her own old self again, and tell her secret how she would, for it would be as safe in Ned's breast as if it were buried in the grave. Still, she affected to shiver, as she said: "I am a married woman, Ned.

married woman, Ned.

"I was married by a clergyman not very far from Weewald Place, but so secretly that no one in my father's house dreamed of such a thing—" She paused through sheer fright at Ned's appearance.

through sheer leight at hear's appearance; the girl was ghastly, and she seemed to have difficulty in breathing. "What is it, Ned? why are you so affected? Surely it is no more than others have done before me—and I loved

Ned had regained her breath, and she

mswered sternly:
"How could you marry without the cnowledge of your father? How could not be considered to the could be considered."

knowledge of your father? How cound you be so false to your duty as to receive any suitor without acquainting him?"
Edna sank to her knees and sobbed:
"Do notupbraid me; I was imprudent, erring if you will, but at least pity me now; I am sorely punished, for I feel that the spidle whom they have found

now; I am sorely pulsated, the that the suicide whom they have found on the ground, is my husband."

Her listener started back in terror and emay at the announcement.
"Your husband!" she repeated.

"Your husband!" she repeated.
"Yes," said Elna starting suddenly to her feet, "and I have felt that the note which was given to you this afternoon was meant for me, and was only given to you in mistake." you in mistake."

The note; she had forgotten it for the

moment in the feelings excited by Edna's strange revelation; now, she pulled it from her pocket, and put it into her

Twice, three times she read it; then she put it to her lips and moaned:
"My Cod! it is he; that is his farewell

In her excitement Ned forgot to inquire just then why the note was ad-dressed to her, but she was thinking of the mysterious words which she heard at the mysterious words which she heard at the mill. She repeated them now, and asked if Edna had uttered them. "Yes," was the reply, "and I heard you call my name, but fear lent wings to

my feet. He concealed himself in the vicinity, but I fled to Rahandabed, and vicinity, but I fied to Rahandabed, and had just time to be in the house and assume a imost composed attitude when you arrived, and were no doubt surprised at my unruffled presence there. But come with me now, Ned, and let me convince myself whether my dreadful fear has true. In company with you I can be true. In company with you, I can summon courage to look at him; alone I could not. Nobody will miss us "—as Ned shrank from the proposition, and

Edna attributed the shrinking to the unseemliness of leaving the house unsecorted at such an hour—"for my father thinks I am confined to my room with some sudden, slight indisposition, and Mrs. Doloran will hardly want you for an hour yet. Come! do not refuse me. I am beside myself as it is, and to bear this dreadful suspense longer will kill me."

kill me."
She puther hands to her head in a wild
She puther hands to her head in a wild way that frightened Ned and made her consent, in spite of her aversion to look upon the suicide.

Flinging a long dark wrap to her cousin, Edna folded another about herself, and putting into her pocket a piece of wax candle and some matches, the two went forth, and decended by a back staircase to the country.

to the grounds.

Edna had taken care to inform herself just where he was laid, and as the night was a bright, clear one, they had little difficulty in finding the path to the out-houses. No one seemed to be about, for which Miss Edgar was thankful, though if they had been met by any of the servants, the only persons likely to be on that part of the grounds, she was prepared to say quite frankly that they gratifying their curiosity to see the sui

There were so many out-houses that the difficulty was to find the one, and with a nerve that to Ned was most appal-ling, Miss Edgar lifted the latch of door after door, of milk-house, and wash-house, and barn, and lighting her candle went forward undismayed. Her search went forward undernayed. The was unavailing, until they came to one temporary structure, the door of which was broadly open. A gust of wind seeming to bear the very breath of the charnel house assailed them, and blew out the candle the moment it was lighted. Nothcandle the moment it was lighted. Nothing daunted, she lit it again and went forward, Ned slightly in the rear. The corpse was there, on some rudely improvised trestles, and covered face and all by a sheet. Without a moment's hesitation, Edna, holding the candle aloft hesitation, Edna, holding the candle alout in one hand, drew down the sheet with the other. Impelled by a feeling strange-ly apart from herself, and yet seeming to centre within it every emotion of hersoul, Ned too leaned forward as the sheet was

drawn, and beheld the still white rea-tures of handsome Dick Mackay.

She could not speak. She could hardly breathe, and in her agonized surprise she turned to her cousin, but at that same turned to her cousin, but at that same moment Eina flung the candle down, and in the darkness that succeeded, the candle going suddenly out from the force of the fall, her sobs could be heard as if he had dropped on her knees beside the dead man.

dead man.

Ned found her voice and groping, clutched Edna's shoulder, seemingly from its low position on a line with the

suicide's pallet.
"Come back," she whispered, "I am getting ill." The girl arose, and the light from with

out showing in through the open door way being sufficient to guide them, sho did not again light the candle, but redid not again light the candle, but re-traced her way hurriedly and silently, not a word being spoken until her room was reached. Then Ned, who had some-what recovered herself, and was influ-enced in turn by feelings of pity, disgust, indignation, and sorrow, said with some severity: "How could you marry him, and marry

him without acquainting your father?"

"Ask me why women have been folish before my time?" answered Eina impatiently; "why they fall in love with handsome faces, and give their hearts be-fore they know what it is to have a heart? O Ned! if I could undo that one mad act, and restore him to life, I would gladly die inyself." Her grief was real this time, for a transient remorse had seized her remorse for the dreadful crime of which she knew but too well she had been the

"His family," gasped Ned, "his poo old father, his young sister of whom you have spoken to me so often—ah! I under stand now the strange interest you see in your conversations to take in them all. But none of his people know that you are wife, do they

"His sister knows."
"And will she keep the matter secret now, when her brother has committed spicide—will she not rather in her grief be likely to tell everything about him and Edna's tears burst out afresh; "but I have one hope—no one has recognized him; he may be buried unidentified."

"Edna!"

The appalling tone in which her name

was uttered compalled the weeping girl to look up; but she cowered from the stern-looking face that met her.

"Would you add further crime to what you have already done, by not, if no other you have aready done, by not, it no other means can be found, yourself telling that you have recognized in this suicide the son of poor old Mackay? Would you leave this aged father to wait in an agoni-gad spagnage for tidings of his missing zed suspense for tidings of his missing boy? The most dreadful certainty is better than an uncertain waiting. O Edna! do not let this first wretched act of yours

crush every kindly impulse of your womanhood."
"But what will become of me?"
moaned Edna. "His sister may, as you
say, tell all when she knows of this dreadful occurrence, and what then shall I womanhood.

Bear the consequences; they will hardly be so dreadint since the unfor-tunate man is dead, and you are a widow instead of a wife. Your father, in con-sideration of that, will condone your act,

You don't know my father; he is unforgiving—be is even vindictive—and he would never, never consider me his child

again. "Then accept it, if he does not," said "Then accept it, it he does not," said Ned warmly; "will it be anything to what you have brought that poor wretch who lies dead by his own hand; to the grief you have brought upon his family? You were daring and defiant enough to marry him; be equally daring to confront the consequences."

"I cannot, oh, I cannot," she meaned.
"Then I shall reveal the identity of the dead man; the oath you exacted does not bind me in that respect. I can say at least, that I have seen and recognized

"And will you say that I was with you when you recognized him?' asked Edna, her voice so tremulous that she

Edna, her voice so tremulous that she could hardly enunciate the words.

"If circumstances require the truth, I shall; but your conscience is making a frightful coward of you. Why should it be more remarkable for you to have looked at the suicide, than that the other guests of the house should have done so?" hardened his heart.

Eina roused herself :

"¿You are right; my fears are making a coward of me. I shall tell my father that I have seen and recognized Dick "pronouncing the last word with a gulppronouncing the last word with a gdip— "and—" a knock at the door interrupted her. It was a message from Mr. Edgar to know how his daughter was, and the messenger at the same time stated that Mrs. Doloran was searching the house for

"I shall go to Mrs. Doloran immediate said the young lady, rising to de-

"And I," said Eina to the messenger shall join the company in the parlor in few moments. Tell my father so." TO BE CONTINUED.

A CHANGE OF HEART. Bernard's Supplication and the An

swer that Came.

BY CAROLINE D. SWAN.

Bernard O'Keefe was standing, still as a statue, in the middle of a dusty oad, shading his eyes from the yellow He was watching a curious and sun. mewhat seedy figure rapidly retiring into the distance, that of a man who had the air of some wild beast slink ing off into its jangle. - O Keefe, himself a prosperous mill owner, a trifle more portly and ponderous than his years warranted, for he was not beond middle age, turned away slowly, and a stowl darkened his fine features. "That fellow is a scamp, double-

dyed in the wool. He is making trouble all the time," muttered the millowner. Then the scowl grew ominous. Whenever the hands get sulky and quarrel with their wages-and the wages are fair enough, Heaven knows that Mark Schneitzer is at the bottom My mill is like a good, rosy apple with a worm hole in it-and the worm is Schneitzer."

He drew an unopened letter from his pocket-his mail had just come-and began reading it. Slowly the angry look left his face, giving place to a gray pallor. The hand which held th letter actually quivered. "God help us!" he cried, within himself. "Haines dead—and a bankrupt! Is it possible? And the Southern Indusrial Co, gone to the wall! That is

disaster How great the blow was none knew better than he. Now, his own mill would be in hard sledding. He would have to economize himself, and cut He fairly shuddered at the wages. last thought ; if Schneitzer had a grievance before, how much more now

Then, he thought of his little sister To his credit be it said, the suffering and pinching among his poor operat ives had been his first worry Alice, his one joy, the gay, bright eyed, yellow haired school-girl, whom he petied and almost worshipped, whose love was the one green spot in bis life, she must not be allowed to fee ny change in his circumstances. Her Christmas gifts must be forth oming and her pretty winter outfit his own Fall hunt He would give up ing trip to the Adirondacks; indeed,

he saw that he must.
"There will be trouble enough, here," he sadly reflected, "to keep me right on deck for the present. I am sorry, though! I did so long for a vabreath of wild air and a cation-a glimpse of the mountains." He heaved a long sigh, as of one making a sharp "God knows I need it! he

murmured, "but-it is not to be !" The hard expression was still on his face when Father Philip, the parish priest, came up to greet him. He was not overjoyed at the meeting. His religious duties had long since perfunctory and money making had dulied his spiritual sense. His factory had grown to be the main, absorbing interest of his life; the intensities his being all centered there and in the gold he had amassed for himself and Alice. Father Philip's modest demands, grown fewer and fewer of late years, seemed to him a pitiful annoyance How could he bother with small parish fusees and missionary doings? The good little priest felt his gentle heart sink within him, even while he accost ed O'Keefe with his usual pleasant greeting. Some instinct warned him

hat the hour was unpropitious. Yet he felt that he must broach an unwelcome topic. A small parish in-debtedness is a chronic parish worry. And so, some of Father Philip's flock were planning to free his church from its money entanglements, and there had been much Hibernian grumbling because "O'Keefe, the spalpeen, was standin' off." "Sorra a dollar will ye get o' him," one old woman had cried, in impotent wrath. "Ye'll not make saint out o' the likes of that rapscal lion, yer Riverence! Not this crop

praties The stern look which the old woman had seen with her mind's eye, settled again on Bernard's face, as the priest presented the claims of the Church. The answer came like the click of a

"I have no time to waste and no money to spare, at present." It was literally true. Bernard's conscience was clear ; but how was Father Philip to know this, or to comprehend that the sharpened voice of his parishoner held

intensities of real trouble?
"I am sure you will do your share, answered the priest softly, fixing on him a pained gaze. "It is a joy to do something for our dear Lord!"

But O Keefe walked away, unmelted For the first time, he had flatly refused to do duty. To be sure, he had often slipped away from importunity and bought off with money; but, to-day, money was not to spare and he

Going home to his pet, Alice a second demand met him. She had emptied her well filled purse and now begged its re-filling. He gave a sharp answer to her poor little plea; but, though the

Bernard's own persistence

so many poor paople, "There are so many poor people, Berny dear! I know a sweet little girl, who is sick, down on Mill street.—Sister Evangelist, the new Charity Sister, who has just come, is nursing her-and they think she has typhoid fever. want to send her some lemons, jellies and things! Please brother Bernard!"

He handed her a small sum, in a gruff way, new in her experience. What if Then, a thought struck him. she herself, his Alice, should take that contagious fever! His tone grew sharper but it was the sharpness of dread.

Send whatever you like, Alice, but keep away from the place yourself.
You understand me?—Well! now, remember!—Who is the child?" "Kat His wrath ros rina Schneitzer." afresh. Was Alice herself in league with his enemies? Bitter words rose to his lips about Schneitzer and the hands and ill judged charities, till the petted sister fled from his presence in a tor-

rent of tears. Days passed and the storm blew over, as such storms do, yet he remained mcrose and unhappy. He felt himself growing harsh in his dealings with himself, harsh to his men, harsh even to Alice. The men resented it, grumbled more and more over the cut vages and ill feeling seemed to have gotten the upper hand. Alice began to avoid him-at least, so he fanctedwhile conscience whispered over and over in his unwilling ear the Divine word-" If thine enemy hunger, feed nim; if he thirst, give him drink! Did that mean the Schneitzers?

The weeks of Ostober went swiftly A chill lay on the soft meadows, be tween the orange and the dull reds of the near leafage and the purple haze far beyond. His irritability increased with his anxieties until his burden seemed greater than he could bear. He was actually suffering, and his avoidance of Father Philip only made hings worse. No prayer to God came from his heart, but a groan escaped him, a groan of utter weariness.
"O Marguerite! Marguerite!" he

cried within himself, clenching his hands. "If thou hadst not died! - My love, my love! Art thou among the Saints of to morrow?" For it flashed in upon him like a flame that the morrow brought the Feast of Ogni Santi. He was not imaginative, yet a vision came to him. He seemed to see drifting on before him a silvery throng of winged Ones, with rapt faces, as if in presence of the Divine. A young girl passed him, as he stood there near the street, carrying a great mass of chrysanthe whose pure, snowy petals, curved and curled and strange, looked as if they had fallen from the skies. "Sne will lay them on the graves," he murmured. "Alas, for me! O Marguerite!"

For the grave precious to him above all spots on earth he knew not where it was hidden. Somewhere it was, in a foreign land, beneath the olive tree first faint gray gleam, under the wonderful, azure skies of Italy. Perhaps she lay asleep in the shadow of the Eternal City; and yet the ancient Mother Church declared her to be not of the dead, but the living, -weaving her in among the bands of the Re-deemed, who walk in white above the A line of Rosetti's came back stars ! to him:

"The Blessed Damozel leaned out From the gold bar of heaven."

Was she, Marguerite, thus leaning ing and looking forth with anguished eyes for his coming? "God help me," he cried, convulsively — "a poor, perishing sinner!"

Then his thought ran on. "What if she could see him, now! See him struggling for mere existence in the world's battle, and so near defeat! What would she say?"

He rushed off on a business errand to banish thought. How should he, a plain mill ower, a money getter, an impoverished man, busy with things like these? Yet they pursued him, as if by

special grace of the Holy Ghost, and would not let him go. They whispered of penitence, peace and pardon; they haunted him all night, haunted him so that morrow found him on his knees at the shrine of St. Aloysius, where good nuns keep vigil of Perpetual Adoration. He could at least confess his many sins.

The ascending music failed to up-

lift him; the burden of life hung to heavy. He only murmured his old whisper. "Marguerite! Marguerwhisper. "Marguerite! Marguer-ite!" If he could but see her once more! then he would gladly die. One glimpse of her would be a glow of light on his bemired pathway. If the skies would only open and the dead, indeed, appear! On for one look, for one word from her, his own Marguer ite! Had the blessed saints no pity He caught sight of a sweet Madonna face, pictured in one of the chapels, his yearning became prayer. O Mother of Mercy, Mother most loving, hear my cry ! come back to me for a moment! Leave the palmed crowned circle, the bliss and the light - and come ! come ! In the intensity of his plea he los

consciousness of time and place. The Salutaris" soared up in marvellous rapture, then the incense vapor seemed to part and he beheld her face once nore. His Marguerite, she had come For the one moment she had come

Then he lost her again! She had vanished from the band of black-robed Sisters, among whom her face had shone out for a second like a white The sweet Madonna still looked star. down benignly, and he knew his

prayer had been answered.

The music died away and he left the

tears came glittering on her eye-lashes and threatened to fall, she had some of Bernard's own persistence. neath the star, passing the Schneitzer cottage with a kindly thought of its oc-cupants. A light shone in the window; he began to wonder if the sick child was well again. He strolled on still further at a brisker, pace, in the cool November evening; passed the cottage on his return, out of the starlit dusk, out of the deepening shadow stole a black robed figure. "Marguerite," he cried, clasping his hands, half in fear, yet rushing eager-

ly to greet her.
She drew back softly. He felt the pure face looking down on him with kindness; but there was no surprise

in it, and not a trace of agitation.
"They told me you were dead, my Marguerite! Have you come in the flesh-or as one of the Saints we remember tonight? I was praying for one glimpse of Paradise, one glimpse of you! - pleading for just one word, a word from you, sent from the Unseen Land! Then I beheld you at last. It was like a cup of cold water to one dying of thirst! Speak to me, Mar-

guerite, that I may believe!"
The reply was calm and simple. do not wonder they thought me dead. Death did, indeed, stand beside me for beside me for a long, long time-and after my illness, I stood as one dead to the world. I entered into religion, charity became my life work and our Lord's Divine Presence, my reward. I am, now, Sister Evangelist."

He stood still, gazing at her with a kind of awe, as of one who dared not draw near. The distance between them was immeasurable. She had en tered into religion, while he was stand-

ing far - ob, so far - outside! She undrestood his reticence and, herself, broke the strange, white silence. "You were waiting tonight, you say, for a word from me. There is but one thing to say, because there is but one thing of moment to us both on this green earth. Your love for our Lord-tell me of that, Bernard! Is it strengthening every day? Growing deeper and broader, richer and higher? In His Presence is light and fulness of

Bernard dropped his head; a sense of shame flooded his whole being. What could he say? Well, only the

bare truth. No, Marguerite, no! - I am a mere everyday Catholic, like so many others. I try to be honest, fair to my men, kind to Alice, and that is all" So Father Philip said." A swarthy flush sprang to Bernard's cheek. His se fishness, his slights to the little priest, his meanness in parish matters had all come to her then, to her, his visitant from Paradise! What did she think of him? His word from Marguerite was far other than he dreamed no benediction from above, nothing of crown or palms or celestial lilies, but a plain inquiry as to earthly duties .-Yet it was Marguerite, after all !- God be thanked-always Marguerite. How beautiful to know the was alive and here, actually talking to him. His shame was strangely mixed with de-

"You can do better than that, Bern ard, " she continued, in the same sweet "You can be doing something voice. unselfish - something for Christ who loved us even to the death on the Cross,—who laid down His own life that we might live the life of God, in Him-who looks down from heaver and love us, now !- I am doing all I can for Him-It is a great joy. answering love shines out so nuickly. Was she thus loving and yearn- Will you not come and do likewise? There is a blessing in His nearer ser-

vice -- and it is waiting for you ! A glad, pleading light shone in her eyes sweeter to Bernard O'Keefe than vision of angels. He surrendered meekly, promising everthing she sought. It all came to him in a daze of joy. How sweet to see her standing there, half scolding him, trying to make him do something or other, as in the very olden times! What a delicithe very olden times!

ous touch of reality !

Having sald her one word, Sister Evangelist disappeared in the dark-O Keefe dared not follow her; ness. was she not out of his reach, a consecrated being, a bride of Christ? But he retraced his steps cheerfully. The loneliness of the long years had been broken and a great future rose before him, a future devoted to the Lord's work. Soon he heard voices in the darkness, proceeding from behind a thick-set hedge. He stopped to hearken, for he had caught the sound of his own name. In a few moments he had also caught the outlines of a plot against his life. He was to be waylaid, robbed and gagged, perhaps murdered, and two of the men who spoke were his own men. He knew their voices. And this attack upon him was to be the signal for a "strike

at the silk-mill.

O'Keefe's head went up haughtily. "Forwarned is forearmed," he mut-tered. Then another voice joined in the debate. "That is Schneitzer," said O Keefe within himself. "He is

a snake in the grass."

Then the 'snake' spoke out. "I tell you, boys. I'll have nothing to do O Keefe is fair enough, as with that! men go. You won't do any killing,

"Who'll hinder?" asked the other,

with a sneer.
"I will," retorted Schneitzer. "He's been good to us, in our troubles. My girl, that's sick, you know-why the jellies an things just came down from his house! And that Alice—she came herself, too, and brought the good Sister to nurse her. Why, my girl would never speak to her fathe again, if he did that ! No, boys ! Let O'Keefe alone !"

Tears sprang to the eyes of the lictener. Alice and Marguerite! Like

two guardian ange tecting him. Truly and charity were be high, they "were evil," but overcame How unjust, how un the man Schneitze give me!" he crie And teach me Th Yet long before l his lesson-his new

DECEMBER 2

-prosperity retur e to his mill. th work and wages w strike averted. T sweet faces appea ad Marguerite Mother House of th Yet Bernard O'

-he had found the His preparation generous and jubi stood amazed; the they fairly shoute But only Sist knowledge of t threads, which, in bound the Feast higher glories Josephite.

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A striking se Spots in Protest Rev. Alfred Nich Presbyterian cl Sunday, Novem that city and th elson took for h dom divided ag to desolation,' places in the lack of system hesitating touch " The presen bred and br forces," he said

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