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LINKS WITH HEAVEN.

Our God in Heaven from that holy place To each of us an angel guide has given; But mothers of dead children have more grace— For they give angels to their God in Heaven. How can a mother's heart feel cold and weary, Knowing her dearer self safe, happy warm? How can she feel her road too dark or dreary, Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm? How can she sin? Our hearts may be unheeding, Our God forgot, our holy saints dead; But can a mother hear her dead child pleading, And thrust those little angel hands aside? Those little hands stretched down to draw her over Nearer to God by mother love; we all are blind and weak, yet surely she can sever. With such a stake in heaven fall or fall? She knows that when the mighty angels raise Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone Is hers forever; that one little praise, One little happy voice is all her own. We may not see her sacred crown of honor, But all the angels fitting to and fro Fanse smiling as they pass—they look upon her As mother of an angel whom they know; One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet— The children's place in Heaven—who softly sings A little chant to please them, slow and sweet. Or smiling, strokes their little folded wings, Or gives them her white lilies or her beads. To play with; yet in spite of flower or song, They often lift a wistful look that pleads And asks her why their mother stays so long. Then our dear Queen makes answer she will call Her very soon; meanwhile they are beguiled To wait and listen while she tells them all. A story of her Jesus as a Child. Ah, saints in Heaven may pray with earnest will And pity for their weak and erring brothers; There is a prayer in Heaven more tender still— The little children pleading for their mothers. —Adeleide Proctor.

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THE BLACK FINGER.

BY M. T. WAGGAMAN.

(From the American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

CHAPTER XII—(Continued.)

And taking Andy's little wasted hand in his own, Father Paul with a few simple searching questions heard his confession. Then, having brought the Holy Oil with him, he administered Extreme Unction. "Eric said that might cure me," whispered Andy when all was over, "but I don't think it will." "We must leave that to God, who knows what is best for us," said the priest. "When He offers us heaven in place of this poor earth, Andy, we must go to Him trustfully and lovingly as a little child goes into a tender father's arms. Now I must leave you for a while, Andy, I will be back as soon as I can and bring you that dear Lord—for whom you have longed. He will help you. He will take away the fear and pain of death. Pray to Him while I am gone. Say 'Sweet Jesus, pity my weakness—prepare my heart to receive you; in Thy tender mercy come to me.'" "I will, I will," whispered Andy, "I'll be saying that till you come back. Will you be very long?" "No," answered Father Paul, rising. "It is three miles to the Notch,

but I am a brisk walker, I will be back when the moon rises. Till then my dear boy, good-bye." And as Father Paul clasped the little old hands in his, the trustful radiance of Andy's look stirred his heart to its depths. "And this is Eric's work," he thought to himself as he turned away, "my poor banished, reckless boy." It was to feed this little starving man, he has been lying and thieving, like the generous young savage he is. And my words, that seemed to fall so winnily on his ear, my words that he has brought here as 'stories' to cheer his dying friend, have been, to Andy's purer vision, light and truth to waken and win his soul for God and heaven. Ah, Eric, Eric, my poor little, blinded, bewildered Eric, may God guide him back to me before it is too late. And as with this prayer upon his lips Father Paul went on his way down the Ranes, the unkempt figure that had been lurking behind the little cabin crept forward to the doorway and entered unannounced. Old Biddy started up with a shriek from Andy's bedside.

"Terence! Terence! me own poor boy, Andy, ausha, it's yer father, lad, yer father come back to us agin."

"Andy," exclaimed the newcomer, who, wreck that he seemed at first glance, was in fact, a huge black-browed man still in the prime of life. "Andy!" he repeated gazing as if stunned, upon the wasted little figure that with death-drawn features lay upon the cot speechlessly stretching out his thin arms to him. "God in heaven, and with a hoarse cry the man fell upon his knees at the wretched bedside. "Is this Andy? Is this all that is left of my boy, my boy, my dear Melly's boy. Was it to see this I burst my bars and braved the blood-hounds on my track?" For a moment the speaker bowed his head on Andy's pillow, while his mighty form shook as if with a convulsion; then he started to his feet and flung up his huge hand with a blasphemous oath.

"Father!" gasped Andy, struggling for utterance, "whist! father—or—er—you'll kill me outright. Don't say that, father, don't—don't."

"Me boy, me boy," groaned the wretched man, forgetful of all else at sight of that pious struggle for breath. "It's dying he is, and I have killed him. Biddy, ye old jabbering fool ye," he cried fiercely to poor Biddy who was wringing her hands and sobbing in terror, "give the boy a drop of whiskey quick, quick."

"Arrah, where would I get a drop or sup?" cried the poor old woman desperately. "It's only the bit the lad Eric Dorne brought us that has kept us alive this month back, Terence, Terence, where are ye going?" as with a muttered curse the man sprang to the open door. "What is it ye are going to do?" she cried clinging with all her feeble strength to her son's arm.

"Loose me, I say, loose me," he cried in a hoarse whisper. "What is it I'm going to do? Sell me what to the devil if I must, for life of me boy. Loose me, I say, I'm going to Mike McGarrahan's for food and drink; and bursting from his mother's weak grasp, the maddened man was gone.

"Terence, Terence," sobbed poor Biddy, "Oohone, oohone, if he gets the taste of the liquor in that devil's din it will be all done wid him," and wringing her withered hands the old woman turned back to moisten Andy's lips with broth and to soothe his excitement with hopes which her quivering lips foisted—

"It's to get food and milk and wine for ye, yer father has gone a cusha—It's like the quality we'll be living now, wid tay and sugar and doctor's stuff to make ye strong and well. Ye'll want nothing now that yer poor father has come home—nothing Andy avourneen now—only be aisy, dear."

"Will ye come back soon?" panted Andy, still trembling. "O, my father! my father! Will he take me in his arms and hold me like when I was a bit of a baby, Gran? Shure God is good to me this day, Gran, too good. It's the blessing all round that is coming to me. And now, now, I'll be quiet and easy like Father Paul told me to say the bit of prayers—for the day is going fast, Gran, and he," the dying boy's face kindled radiantly "he will be back with the night."

An hour later, when Andy had dropped in a fitful slumber, a well filled bumper was brought to the cabin door. Old Biddy flung up her hand and eyes in glad amazement when she saw its contents. . . . Brandy, wine, beef-jelly, bread and meat, even oranges and canned fruit, which the old woman could not name.

"Musha, musha," she exclaimed, as she unpacked the dainties that seemed almost a mockery of her poverty. "D'ye mane Terence McGoe has paid for all this?" And the messenger, a loutish youth, McGarrahan's son, an wred with an evil leer, "Paid for it! Ye bet dad takes good care of that!"

CHAPTER XIII.

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

The sun went down in barbaric pomp that evening. The west was

a gorgeous pageant of purple cloud banner and shimmering rose petals, glittering lance and snowy plumes; white mountain and peaks and ridges caught the passing splendor and flashed and glared with a mocking mirage of warmth and life.

High up on the very summit of old Bear Cap, Eric sat with Boar at his feet, watching the dying day. He had had a hard day, since bursting through the little window in the chapel closet; he had escaped from the mastery of that kindly eye, that he felt with rebellious dismay, he could not meet and resist.

"On Boar, on," he had panted as with his sturdy comrade racing at his side he had taken his wild flight up the mountain. "He'll send me off, if we're not quick, send me from the hills and the rocks and the Ranes, send me to school, Boar! And they'd keep me at letters and figuring all the day, and beat me and look me up, mebbe, if I don't do them right, and never let you come night me, you poor beast. But they haven't got us, have they Boar? It's not easy to hold you or me against our will. On my lad, on, on."

And boy and dog went leaping up the frozen heights with the fierce triumphant joy of the wild creature that has broken band and snare and sees its own free world of crag and peak and untamed waste open to it again.

But that glad outburst at his escape was over now. Eric sat upon a great flat rock that faced the sunset splendor with a shadow on his young brow and in his bright eyes. "Hardy nursing of nature that he was, the wild solitaire, the coming night, had no terror for him; often before he had stepped in the cliffs of the rocks covered only with the white blanket of the mountain snow. The shadow in his bold blue eyes this evening was not that of fear, but of thought; thought that came to him for the first time freighted with a vague uncomprehended pain. He could not understand the dull ache at his heart, the dreary sense of loss and void, that seemed to stretch far into the gathering shadows, making all earth seem empty and heaven dark. He had felt Dan's death, it is true, felt it with such a pang as the young bear-cub knows when its dam is split open before its unthinking eyes.

But the long weeks spent in the light of the sanctuary, under the influences all pure and holy and heavenly had done their work. Eric's soul had wakened, and it was his goal that felt admit and lonely and homeless to-night.

"I wonder if they're missing me. It must be time for the ringing of the Angelus, and neither me or Tim will be to the fore to ring it to-night. I had got to do it as good as Tim himself." Eric's face brightened a little with pride at the past accomplishment.

"Three pulls and a stop, three pulls and a stop, three pulls and a stop, and then a ring in earnest. 'An' you always howled, you brute,' cast a stern look at Boar. "Why, I can't tell, except the devil was in you, and didn't like the Blessed bell. I'm thinking the same devil'll get the two of us together now. It was the fine place that we had of it, Boar, you and me, with the big burning day and night, and the soft bearing before it, for us to stretch ourselves on whenever we liked, and the plenty to eat and drink. It's not many a chicken bone you'll get now, for I dare not show myself near a rooster—we'll be missing our warm quarters, I'm thinking, Boar, and Kathie's buttermilk, and old Tim and Father Paul. It was all too good for the like of us, Boar, too good," continued Eric, stroking the great tawny head that rested against his knee.

The sun had gone down now. Plume and peasant and panoply of gold had faded, but still the glow lingered upon the peaks, a soft, easy radiance that made Eric's eyes wistful with a new regret.

"It's like the light from the altar lamp," he said to himself. "We'll never get all on the steps under it again, Boar, when the dark is coming on. It's a wonder we were let stay there so long, but it was nice there, with the red light shining and Father Paul making his fine music on the organ, and the sweet smell of the incense that Tim used to burn in the air, and everything so soft and easy as if Him that lived there on the altar didn't mind that we were poor beasts, with the black mark on us that no blessed water wash away. Only me heart's blood could wash it out the boys said when they put it there—only me heart's blood! O my, but they were the black devils to put their black mark on a boy like me. Dan wouldn't have it if he had lived, but when they took me off I thought it would be a fine thing to be a Husher like Dan, and I let them do as they pleased with me. Mebbe if Father Paul knew that I went down to McGarrahan's to hear that devil's mischief they were at against him, he'd not have been sending me off to school so fast. But he didn't know, and I daren't tell him, and so we're off here, Boar, off never to get back."

Eric choked the sob that rose in his throat, and there was a boyish blur in the blue eyes that looked over the heights that were slowly growing cold and colorless again, while the twilight like some old grey seron, crept trembling in, touching one by one the

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Mortgage Sale.

TO be sold by public Auction on WEDNESDAY the NINETEENTH day of MAY, A. D. 1897, at the hour of twelve o'clock, P. M., in front of the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown under and by virtue of a power contained in an Indenture Mortgage bearing date the seventh day of November, 1892, and made between George Harper, of English, Lot or Township of English, in Prince County, Prince Edward Island, farmer, and Rebecca Harper, Widow, of the one part, and Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien of the other part, as follows: That the sum of one thousand dollars, in full of a mortgage of sale contained in another Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the seventh day of February, A. D. 1890, and made between the said George Harper of the one part, his wife and Mary Harper of the same place, widow and Credit Foncier Franco-Canadien of the other part.

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