By Henrietta Dana Skinner.

Characters in the story.—Adrien and Theosore Daretti—the former a young baratone
from the Royal Opera at Berlin; the latter, his
brother, possessing a voice such as only angels
for supposed to have. Madame Hottense Del
spoule, the elder brother's god-mother, a great
scontraito singer. Ramon Eugenio Disdier, his
iour daugaters and his mother-in-law, Madame
Yalorge. Agostinn, a professor of mathematics at the Lyce Louis la Grande Carissimo
Chaimro, a violinist from the Conservatory Ortheestra. Oreste, the Daretti brother's vasiet.
Chapter 1.—The Feast of Pentecost. The
Church of St. Thomas d'Aquin, Paris.
Adrien and Theodore Diretti the singsex. The former meets Ramon Disdier and
his daughter, Espiritu Santo. She sends.
harough the brother, the little flower of the
floly Ghost, after which she is named, Espiritu
Santo, to Theodore Daretti.
Chapter II.—Closer acquaintanceship of the
preceding characters. Casimiro goes as solo
tiolinat in the Opera's tour throughout Enghand and the United States. Adrien accom
panies him as the first baratone.
Chapter III.—Adriano finds an old friend
fon Iuis di San Roque. Theodore meets
Scoiritu.
Chapter IV.—Theodore in his boyish fancy SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Apiritu.
Chapter IV.—Theodore in his boyish fancy
Alls in love with Espiritu.
Chapter V.—Madame Delapoule endeavors
s persuade Adriano to marcy. She lauds
hadina. Madame Delapoule leaves Paris

persuade Adriano to marry. She lauds Chalina. Madame Delapoule leaves Paris tor five years. Chapter VI —Theodore goes to his elder hother Bindo His parting with Espiritu. Adrien woos Catalina. Her father discounsaments his proposition. Chapter VII.—After an absence of five years Brottense Delapoule returns to Paris. She processes to bring Catalina out on the Paris stage. She is informed of the Disdlers change of forbing Madame Valorge's blindness. Adrien hings two of the greatest living tenors to assist Catalina in her debut. One turns out to Theodore.

spire Cavalina in her debut. One curie out to Theodore, the total of the debut of the debut of the business of the business of the business of the the business of the theodore of the debut of Dayliu of Dayliu of Dayliu of Madame Valorge and receives ensurance of the debut of the debut of the debut of Dayliu of the debut of the debut of Dayliu of the debut of Dayliu of the debut of

Chap. XI.—Adrien is displeased with the emonstrations of Madame Delepoule and monstrations of Maussian onsignore lanson. Chapter XII — Victoire Ainsworth's sad ex-Chapter XII — Victoire Monsignore lanson

Chapter XII — Victorie Monsignore Ianson and goes to confession.

Thapter XIII.—Caraina receives an ovation shads. Sae and her friends discover Oeghere to be any enemy.

Chapter XIV.—Theodore proposes for Espiricus hand. He is to receive his answer the collowing Sunday. oritu's hand. He is to receive his answer the ollowing Sunday.

Chapter XV.—Adrien talks with his valet, poperning his the valet, flames.

Chapter XV.—Adrien tails structured by soncerning his (he valet's) fiances.
Chapter XVI.—Espiritu is betrothed to Theodore. She tells him the secret of her father's second marriage. She must remain for the present with her father, as his wife is a poor manager. She also takes care of her brother Maxime.
XVII.—Adriano longs again to

Toung step brother Maximo longs again to meet Margara
Chapter XVIII.—Adriano meets Margara
Chapter XVIII.—Adriano meets Margara
and discovers her to be none other than Vicboire Ainsworth, which name she bore since
Ser unfortunate marriage.
CHAPTER XIX.—Adriano in love with
Lady Ainsworth. Catalina in love with
Adriano. Catalina unable to appear in the
MI. act of Cordelia. Louise Carson takes her
Jacc. O glaire challenges Daretti to a due!
Chapter XIX.—Catalina unable to appear in
the 3rd act of "Cordelia." Miss Carson re
places her. Osglaire challenges Daretti. A
abuel to the deasth.

uni to the death. Chapter XX—Catalina's illness. Adrien istakes sympathy for love and proposes to atalias. Catalica.

Chapter XXI—Through the work of an un-known. Lady Ainsworth's mind is poisoned re-garding Adrien.

CHAPTER XXII. "What art thou, then, O human life? Thou act only a road, an unequaliroad long for some, sat for others; by one, sat for others; but for all without return. We but saarch through it to reach the country begod."—St. Columbanus, Sixth Century.

Teodoro had shewd suspicions Adriano, and he chuckled over them in

private. "He thinks I do not see anything!" and Teodoro seized the sofa-cushions and kicked them up to the ceiling in his delight. Then he gave another sly

It would be just the thing," he abought. "She is so clever and so sweet, and she is Espiritu's dearest triend. Oh, Sir Adriano! You think I do not know that your turn has come at last! But I will have a fine re-

renge. But when Adriano returned to the notel early that evening, Teodoro lost shirit for revenge. He knew in a all spirit for revenge. He knew in a moment that something was wrong, and yet Adriano was holding himself very tiring in adversity. And now he had street and proud, and was smiling and suddenly deserted her! Madame Delekanghing with reckless, gay bravado. friends thought him more than asually whimsical and entertaining, but fortable, and, of course, she Tedi's loving eyes saw the telltale grateful to them and enjoyed their de shiteness of the lips and the nervous companionship; the two boys were as hightening of the hands, and Tedi's gallant and chivalrous and attentive heard a hollow sound to the laugh and cynical ring to the words. As the last friend took leave, Adriano threw

himself wearily into an arm-chair.
"Well, well! The world seems to go usual, after all! By-the-way, Tedi, I am under the impression that I am to sing to-night—do you happen to remember what I am to appear as?"

"Wolfram," replied Teodoro, laconi-tally. Then he too, dropped into a thair, and stared dumbly at Adriano. "Indeed! Wolfram, the rejected

Most appropriate, I am and dejected! sure!" and Adriano began te rattle off the "Evening Star" in absurd parody. "Why, what is the matter, Tedi? You look as if—as if you had been refused yourself!" and he burst into a loud laugh. "Never mind, Tedi! Misery loves company. If Espiritu throws Jon over, then you and I will go to the devil together!"

"Don't, Adriano, don't speak so!
You break my heart! I never once, not once, thought of this possibility!"
"Neither did I! That sounds very

conceited, doesn't it? I suppose I am rery conceited, and that I needed a sharp discipline. I have certainly got it!" he added bitterly. He flung himhis chair. self across the arm of burying his face in his hands, and there long silence. Vell, Tedi," he said, at last.

Why don't you triumph over me?
My hour has struck at last. You very kindly wished, once upon a time, to see big brother in torments of love and suspense, and now you have your wish, except that the suspense is unortunately over and only the torments

Dear big brother!" exclaimed "Do not de-Teodoro, affectionately. "Do not despair so! I am sure there is some Perhaps the family have made some difficulty about your profession, but they will surely yield in time. Be patient, and time will make it all sight.

Adriano groaned. "If it were only

Adriano raised his head and pushed Adriano raised his heat any brow.

"She did love me," he said, very low.

"Then she loves you still," exclaimed Teodoro. "Those things do

claimed Teodoro. "Those things do not come and go in a minute. There must be some misunderstanding." "There is no misunderstanding,

said Adriano, quietly. "She understands me only too well, and I have nothing to say. Oh, my God! I have often wondered that my past sins should have gone so long unpunished, and now that the punishment has come it is almost greater than I can bear!" He sprang to his feet and paced the room restle ly. "There is no use trying to com-fort me, Tedi. There is nothing that can be done, and, what is worse, there is nothing that can be undone. I cannot bear to talk undone. I cannot bear to talk about it; I must fight it out by myself, and you must try and put up with my vagaries for awhile. No, I am not going to the devil. I know I suggested such an excursion, but I have too salutary fear of hell-fire, when it comes to the point. I must to live this down, and as for you, Tedi, you must act as if nothing had happened. Be especially cordial with—with her family. You will be much thrown with them; it is inevitable, through their connection with our brother Bindo's wife, and through their friendship with Espiritu and Catalina. You will say or do nothing to make her or them feel any rdness, and as for me, I shall simply obliterate myself. Tedi, young fool, I believe you are positively

There was much deep, unspoken sympathy between Daretti and Ainsworth in these dark days. Little con-fldence passed between them, but they to each other instinctively in their common disappointment. looked on without a shadow of jealousy big heart. He would do all he could for Adriano's happiness, but, i any one else could do more, he would step aside and give up his place to that "Sintram was finished now and rehearsal, which kept him very bnsy. Still, under ordinary circumstances would have managed to find time to slip over to the Isle of Wight for a day, but such a visit now would have seemed direct slap in the face both to Daretti and to Ainsworth, and Choule atisfied himself with a weekly letter to Madame Delepoule about the progress of the opera. Perhaps the ladies would miss his visits a little, and that was al-

ready something gained!

The widowed Marchioness of Palafox planned to spend the summer with Pepilla near Genoa, and Lady Ains worth took a cottage at Ventnor, to be near Catlina Disdier. Her two younger brothers were with her, and Guy had out a pretty pair of ponies and a saddle norse at her disposal during her stay Victoire was glad to see Cata lina improving in strength and gaining daily in courage and hopefulness. daily in courage and hopefulness. Sometimes she imagined that Catalina's eyes looked at her a little wistfully, as if there were something she would like to ask, but the days went by and there were no questionings or confidences be

ween the friends. It was well on towards the middle of September, and Casimir Choulex had been to the Isle of Wight for two months. He was in Paris overseeing the rehearsals of "Sintram" all this while, to be sure, but Catalina judged from the weekly bulletins that the re hearsals were hardly so frequent as to require Casimir's constant presence. She had not realized before how necessary to her the silent devotion of years had become, but now that it was with held from her, for no apparent reason, she began to miss it sorely. No one had such a delicious touch on the piano as Choulex, no one entered so naturally into her moods, no one was so unob trusive, so unexacting a friend in pres-perity, so staunch and faithful and unthe world to make her happy and com to her as an grown man could be, and yet there was something lacking. one strong hand that was most helpful in all the world was not there to assist her, and the scene did not seem quite so fair unless a pair of brown eyes were gazing at it with her. She had set herself to learn a new lesson of love, fear-ing that the task would be long and

hardly believe that she had not always known it. She was sitting on the veranda with Victoire, watching a beautiful sunset of early autumn over the sea, when sud-denly the sound of exquisite music came to them from within the little drawing room. There was but one such touch in all the wide world, and the delicious tones fell upon Catalina's hungry soul like dew-drops on a parched land. The color rushed all over her face, she clasped her hands and rose to her feet with an inarticulate murmur, and then impulsively moved to the open French window and stood on the thres-

months, the lesson was already learned,

French window and stood on the threshold of the little room.
Choulex saw the shadow, which seemed to glorify rather than darken the atmosphere. He looked up. She was standing there with tearful eyes and out-stretched hands.
"Oh, I am so glad!" she exclaimed, and then burst into tears.
It seemed the most natural thing in the world, that he should be standing

the world that he should be standing by her with his strong arm about her and that she should lay her head on his broad shoulder and clasp her hands

round his neck.
"Oh, where have you been all this "I missed you she cried long time?'

! I missed you so!"
He pushed her a little away from him and looked into her face as if he would read into her very soul. What he saw in the depths of those dark eyes appar-ently satisfied him. He drew her close

to him again.
"Catalina," he said, gently, "when "You cannot mean that she—it is not—"Then, with conviction, "But Adriano, she surely loves you!"

"Catalina," he said, gently, "when did you learn your lesson?"

"Casimir," she sobbed, "I believe I have known it always!"

veranda, still gazed out to sea. "Poor Guy!" she murmured. "It is all over with him! Dear Catalina! She will have a noble husband to turn to in all her troubles."

One morning that autumn a quiet ittle wedding took place on the Isle of Vight. The same day a brief note Wight. went out by mail addressed to his ex-cellency Adriano dei Conti Daretti-Mannsfeld, at the Ponte a Seraglio, Lucca. It contained the following

"Catalina has learned a new role, to the en-tire satisfaction of her teacher, and to-day makes her first appearance as his wife. "CASIMIR."

"It takes a man who cannot win wife for himself to make matches for his friends," thought Adriano. "See how well I have done by Theodore and Oreste, and now by Casimir! It seems as if the gods ought to reward me for my labors in the cause of matrimony.
I flatter myself that I have accomplished particularly good work in Oreste's case. What would he have done without me? These good people in their pride thought best to delay and consider, and reconsider and delay, all to impress him with the idea that they had not been waiting for years to jump at his offer. Poor Oreste, in his humility, would have given up in despair if I had not worked for him with all the diplomacy I could muster. Now he is safe-ly betrothed, and will be married at Christmas, and I have only myself to thank for a lonely and blighted career without him. How I shall hate my new valet!

Adriano had now passed two months among the chestnuts and firs of the Ap ennine mountains, or at his brother's shady, pleasant villa above the Baths of Lucca. The mountain-air and outof-door life was usually all that he need ed to put him in fine condition for his winter's work, but this year he did not seem to have gained from them the usual tonic effect. He had lost flesh and there were dark rings under his hearty opera-singer ap-ed him. He was making eyes, and his hearty petite had failed him. brave fight with his disappointment. struggling hard to be cheerful and not brood over his prospects, but the sight of Bindo and Elena in their beautiful home, with their little flock growing up about them, was almost too much for him, and as he watched his elder brother romping with Binduccio and Carlotta, teaching Camillo to ride, and tossing baby More-Antonio in his arms, his heart seemed full to bursting. As if that were not enough, the happiness of others was continually being thrust before him-Gentile d'Usseglio, with before him—Gentile a Ussegilo, with his merry, dainty little Spanish wife, passing several weeks with Bindo and Elena at the villa, while Oreste's ecs-tatic bliss with his betrothed seemed to

erown the misery.

"My next valet shall be a womanhater," said Adriano, decidedly, "I get one piece of comfort out of this affair, and that is that Oreste is sure to be henpecked. This pretty, gray-eyed Consiglio worships the ground he treads on, but she is never going to let him know it. He will be completely under her thumb in less than a week."

When an affectionate, urgent invitation came from Casimir to stop on his way to Paris and see Catalina and himself in the little apartment in Turin near the university, Adriano felt that

it was the last straw.

"I car not do it," he groaned. "The sight of another happy bridegroom would finish me. And when I get to Paris there will be Teodoro! Heaven help me! I must ask Guy to spend the winter with me or I shall die of too much happiness-in others

TO BE CONTINUED.

ONLY A DREAMER.

The Lonely Child and Troubles

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN

JOSEPHINE H. SHARPE. To-day was to be a great day for little the morning, a tremendous bag of candies had come for him. Auntie had sent them, and with them had come many wishes for his happiness, for to-day Emil was to go to school for the first

It was certianly a great day. Mother put his new Sunday clothes on him, then put a primer under his arm, a perfectly new book, with many pictures, and then he went away to school. His big brother, who had aldifficult and that there would be much to unlearn, and now, in less than three ready been at school for three years, gave him his hand and led him there. and so quickly and easily that she could

At last he was in school. How he had rejoiced at the coming of this day!
Now he, too, would soon be able to read books and write and count, and when he wanted to know what time it was, he would not need to ask anyone, but instead could glance up at the great clock in the sitting roomthan he would know it. He learn all of that at school. Must it not be lovely when one was shown

much? But he was a little afraid when he saw so many children. He had always preferred to be alone, at most with one or two, with whom he could play. But if it were a large company, then came a little shy, because he felt

so lonely.

It was all right to-day, because the session was very short for the first day. After the prayer, the teacher only called off the names of each one separately, gave each one his own seat, spoke a few words and told them that they should come early the next morning. Then they were allowed to

On his way home he was very quiet. He was not quite decided himself, as to it all, and did not know what to think about it. But when he was again at home in the old sitting room, and mother came forward to meet him, he was again as happy as the day before. And he related, over and over again, what had taken place in school and how they must be there again punctually at 7 o'clock in the morning, and that the teacher wore a pair of big spectacles and had no beard.

Mother laughed and put on his every

day clothes again.

In the afternoon he went to the woods.

Victoire Ainsworth, left alone on the eranda, still gazed out to sea. "Poor thing he liked very much to do. try!" she murmured. "It is all over There he sauntered slowly about the meadow that lay at the entrance of the woods, gazing at the meadow itself and at the high mountains in the back-ground. But in the forest he had a favorite spot upon the soft moss under the big tree on the bank of the brook. There he laid down and gazed through the branches up into the sky clouds—and thought of nothing. That had always made him ha

But to-day, after he had been the en-tire morning in the company of all the strange children, it pleased him still more. It seemed to him as if this mea-dow beneath the warm spring sunshine comfortably stretched itself and purred like the cat at home in the fireplace. And to-day how fresh the mountains looked against the skies, and in the forest even the rustling of the trees sounded so familiar, and the water flowed so joyously! It was as if they all rejoiced and held sweet communica-

tion with him.

His mother spread his evening bread for him earlier than usual. He must go to bed early, so as to be fresh in the morning for his studies. But the whole night Emil dreamed of

the beautiful forest, with the brook, and of his Sunday clothes and bags of candies and picture books. Amo, amas, amat, amamus, amant,

matis, amamus, amatis, amant. The lamp stood upon the table. Emil sat before his Latin grammar, studying. Near him his mother was busy with her embroidery. On the other side sat his little brother, opposite his big one. One wrote his exercises in a fine show copy book. The other had already finished, and could

now read "Leather Stocking Tales.'

Amo, amas, amat. It seemed determined not to get into Emil's head. Why not? He thought over it! He must be terribly stupid. His big brother could always do it, and the little brother himself had almost caught up to him. He was the last in his class, and yet no ne worked so hard as he did. Yes, he must be very stupid. And he was lazy, too. If they had not all day long urged him to work, he would have been running about in the forest, and sitting by the brook, where it was so beautiful.

'Do not dream," urged his mother. Amo, amas, amat—he studied spas-podically. His glance did not venture to leave the book, his lips moved noise essly. Then they stood still again. How his mother had changed! She really did not love him any more! She colded and whipped him almost as he did not eat his pea-soup she said that f he were the shoe-maker's apprentice boy he would get nothing but pea-soup every day, and that he would certainly pecome a shoe-maker's apprentice if he

did not mend his ways.
"Do you know it finally?" his big brother asked him roughly.
"Yes," he said shyly. The brother

took the grammar.
"What is it I would love?"

"A-a-amam."
"Wrong!" He hurled the grammar back at him. Mother delivered him a severe lec-

Mother delivered him a severe lec-ture. He had to eat alone and only got dry bread, and had to go to bed in the dark as punishment. Almost every evening it was the same.

Again and again, lectures. Formerly he had heard fairy tales at this time And when he—
But he must not dream. Did he not finally know his lesson? And even in bed he overheard himself: Amo, amas,

It was somewhat noisy in the class before the beginning of the study hour.
The boys romped and laughed, a few copied the examples for the afternoon or learned what they had to learn by heart. But through it all they spoke

now and again with their neighbors.

There was only one who remained quite still. That was Emil, the mus," the "primus acanda." He pressed his head into his hands and read again and again the old form half bloud. The third conjuction was their lesson to-day. Anyway it was a disagreeable place, the last—not that all the others sat above one, one could finally become accustomed to that-but so near the platform! And right near the window, near the place where Herr Doctor always stood.

Suddenly the scholars became sus-

piciously quiet. Keep quiet! The headmaster is coming!

Herr Doctor, a little blonde man with a short but firm step and a yet firmer hand, had entered. With a threatening look he measured the row of boys through his spectacles and went on to his seat at the window.

Emil in particular was greeted. The grammar had fallen to the floor in fright when Herr Doctor came in. Herr Doctor had seen it and rewarded him with a severe box on the ear and

then said the morning prayer.

First the written exercises were looked over, during which Emil felt easy. Yesterday when he had written them over for the fourth time his big brother had found no mistakes in it. Now came the verbal exercises

Emil trembled. "Lego, imperfect, subjunctive, second person, plural." Emil was called

up. Le—le—" "Now, will you soon get it out?" and the dreaded master took a step nearer.

earer.
"Legeres," sounded the tearful anser.
"Plural!"
Slap! This was the second. Three and four followed in quick succession.

What should one do with the boy Confinement to the house? He had that already for the next fourteen days. Work after school hours? That no longer had any effect. To stand be-fore the dwelling of Herr Doctor for a half hour before the commencement of school and to test his shoes as to being waterproof against rain and snow He was ready for that until something further was provided. All that was left was to make him stay after school

The Doctor's dwelling was situated on the ground floor where the children's shouts from the streets could skies

be easily heard. For an hour and a half Emil had stood near the writing table where Herr Doctor sat correcting the examinative papers with red ink. If it had only not been the part from Quintus! Now when her copy came up he would be right there. Oh, my! The shouts from outside became more and more wild and boisterous. What a long time it had been since Emil had been able to join in these shouts! He scarcely dared to steal a glance from his grammar to peep out. Two of his playfellows stood just in front of the window, and when he peeped out they made long noses behind the back of the Herr Doctor.

Then he began to study again.

The two hours had passed. Emil still could not get his part correctly. Horr Doctor was red with anger and took him so sharply by the ear that it began to bleed. Then he pulled his pair just over the temples-that was his specialty. page with his signature attached ne might get his just deserts at home.

Christmas was near at hand. To-day was the last day for school. Reason enough for rejoicing for the youthful

heart.
But-no rose without a thorn; no holiday without reports. Notwith-standing all this looked-for happiness, it was quite still in the class t The most unconcerned were the faithfu monials to their parents and knew that be deserving only of praise. But the hearts of the other scholars beat some what more anxiously. And the further down the seats the quieter and more faint-hearted was the expression of the laces-quite the reverse of what it usually was. Even the rascals on the bac

seats trembled perceptibly.

And Emil? Yes, he was the saddest of all, for his seat was the very last He knew only too well that no one would contest the place with him His face was chalky white and his lips trembled. Never before had he had such fear of the reports as to-day.

It was his mother's voice that made him so uneasy. She treated him with more and more severity. Finally, when she saw that nothing would help, she began desperately to implore him to do better. She spoke more kindly and said that he must, for her sake, try harder, and cried when he came home with bad marks.

That touched his heart deeply. He

worked harder, was more attentive and tried to seem more energetic. And now, what good had it all done? The reports that he would get to-day, he knew, were just as bad as the last. How could be comfort his poor mother? And could he still promise her to do more? When the reports were distributed

most of the boys' faces lightened up. Out of respect to the approaching festival the teacher had, in regard to the reports, been as lenient as possible, with the exception of Emil's—from such a poor scholar there was nothing to conceal. Particular notice was drawn to the report and the following advice added: to put Emil out of the gymnasium, because he certainly would not be promoted at Easter and there was as good as nothing to be hoped for the

What now? Like a poor sinner he slunk through the street, step to step. Christmas trees for sale along the way: in the show windows were be autiful ex hibitions. He saw and heard nothing, What now? He could not get rid of that one question; it bored deeper into his his brain. What now? Go home. Nothing else remained. But his mother! Couldn't he really spare her this sor-

He would put off telling her as long as possible. First he would seek once more his old favorite retreat in the woods. After an hour he could he at home. Possibly something would happen on the day by which he could comfort his mother So he made for the woods. He stood in the meadow. was just going down. How beautiful Here the red of the evening was most vivid tender; little clouds arose in the heavens and a light wind blew them toward him. And they moved along with their edges touched with gold it

was as if they brought to earth greet-ings from the setting sun. Emil looked dreamily behind him and noticed how they stretched out in all directions. A wonderful longing took possession of him. It seemed to him as directions. if some one were stretching out his loving arms to him, and that he must

fly to that breast.

But as the clouds flew along they piled up all together again and became more dark and colorless. Finally they were entirely swallowed up in the night. As it was now beginning to grow dim in the West Emil, began to feel

a deep sadness. But now the woods!—du lieber Gott ooked to-day for the first time gloomy and unfriendly. The fallen leaves, the brook half frozen, the birds all flown. Not a sound. Exactly as if the entire wood would not speak with Emil any more, because he had gotten such a bad report and had pleased his mother so little. Then Emil commenced to cry

to cry bitterly.

But what good would that do? It was dark and he must go home now.
Home? Certainly. But how would it be at home? To-day it was not beautiful in the wood.

But when he thought how it would be at home, with the holidays before him, and how after the holidays he must go to school again to Herr Doctor, day after day for long years, it then seemed to him lovelier here in the cold, bare forest. He would not go away yet. If he waited a couple of hours he would still get home in time.

He let the report fall and crouched together in the snow, between two roots of a big tree. It was bitterly cold, but Emil did not feel it. He thought it rather warm. Then it seemed to him as if consciousness had suddenly left him. Had he not just now cried? But why? Nothing bad had happened to him. And now—how beautiful it was! The stars in the skies transposed themselves into

streaming tapers, and all of these streaming tapers, and all of these tapers stood upon a great big Christmas tree. Then the lights of the tapers became larger and larger, until finally the light of any one taper was not distinguishable from the others, and when their flames grew brighter and brighter, the Christmas tree disc and brighter, the Christmas tree disappeared, together with the taper, and Emil saw nothing about him except a great, fragrant, golden light. great, fragrant, golden light. He did not even see the forest or a piece of earth. It was as if he soared up to heaven. And the higher he got the happier he was. He seemed tremend. ously big; he could have spanned the ntire earth.

Finally he could perceive nothing

more. Nothing solid, or which he could take hold of was to be seen or felt. As the lights ahead, so had he melted away into the far-streaming

golden fog.
Poor Emil! No schoolmaster could

## IMITATION OF CHRIST.

That Grace is to be Hidden Under the

And, if they will rather follow their have more experience, they will be danger of coming off ill if they refuse to

They, who are wise in their own eyes, seldom humbly suffer themselves to ruled by others.

be withdrawn from their own conceits.

It is better to have little knowledge with humility and a weak understanding, than greater treasures of learning with self conceit.

It is better for thee to have less than much, which may puff thee up with pride.

He is not so discreet as he ought to be, who giveth himself uy wholly to joy forgetting his former poverty, and the chaste fear of God which apprehends osing the grace which is offered.

Neither is he so virtuously wise, who in the time of adversity or of any tribulation whatsoever carrieth himself i desponding way, and conceiveth and reposeth less confidence in me than he

He, who is too secure in the time of peace, will often be found too much dejected and fearful in the time of war.

## THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

How am I to obtain devotion to the Sacred Heart? Only by the remembrance of the nemia dilectio qua dilezio nos; that He loved me so much that He died for me. He lives for me, and in living for me, longs for me; dwelling on it, that He does long for me, that He is always living to make interces sion for me, and then from this to say:
"And what can I do for Him? How
can I love Him?"—Father Dignam,

S. J.

The custom of publicly and solemnly consecrating children to the Sacred Heart of our Lord at the moment in which their young hearts first receive Him is becoming more and more general. We are told that recently in the Cathedral of Tours, France, a numerous band of first communicants were thus offered to the Heart Which loves them so much; and that in the Diocese of Tours this custom is followed in all the city parishes, in a large number of establishents under the care of religious communities, and in many of the count parishes.—Sacred Heart Messenger.

Here especially, under its aspect of sacrifice, does the Sacred Heart become the consolation of the suffering. "I will comfort the souls devoted to My Heart," Sacred Heart become said our Lord to Margaret Mary; will console them in their afflictions Having thus assuaged their sorrows here below, He will hereafter—following that other promise which He made,—to "write their names in His Sacred Heart, from which they shall never be effaced "-give them for the eternal recompense of their sufferings, His Sacred Heart itself.

## BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Cure all Minor Ills, and Bring Joy and

Comfort to Baby and Mother Disease attacks the little ones through the digestive organs. Baby's Own Tab-lets are the best things in the world for all bowel and stomach troubles of children. They act quickly and gently, and always care indigestion, colic, constipation and diarrhoea. They are also a great help to teething children. Mrs. Gabrielle Barnes, Six Mile Lake, Ont., says:—"Baby's Own Tablets reached me just in time as my baby was very ill with indigestion and bowel trouble, and I am happy to say the Tablets relieved him after a few doses. He is now doing splendidly with just a Tablet now and then when he is restless. I am the mother of eight children and have tried nearly all the the old remedies, but have never found a medicine equal to

Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and crushed to a powder they can be given to the smallest, feeblest child with a certainty of good results. Sold by all druggists, or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine. Co. Both the Dr. Williams' Medicine. liams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

Thrning Down the Doctors.

The marvelons cures of Catarrhozone are being much talked about. Thousands are daily recognizing the exceptional merit of this simple inhaler treatment, and instead of running to the doctor with their winter ills the protect themselves by Catarrhozone; it kills colds in the head in ten minutes, quickly relieves Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Lung Troubies and cures even though all other recommendation is its enormouseale; try it to day. Price \$1.00, small size 255., at Druggists Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure Constitution.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many Turning Down the Doctors.

DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS CURS CONSTIPATION.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed ya cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickle's Auti Consumptive Syrup, before it was no late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curious coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and luogs.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

JULY 12, 190 PURGATORY AND

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