

were a remembered, rather than a present bitterness. "Blushed faintly. "Whatever I married you for, I have no desire to exchange you now for any one else," he said, moving a pawn sideways instead of forward. "If you were ever so poor, I wouldn't want a rich girl in your place. But then, you know, I'm not sentimental. I never was much so, and it's all over now. I'm thirty years old, and I feel a hundred. I can't remember being young. I can't remember being twenty years of age. I wish to God I could!" he burst forth. His wife made a careful move, and said, "I have a presentiment that I shall give you check in three moves more. Look out for your queen." "My only romance," he went on, "was about Honora. I thought that I could do as well as anything, if she would only care about me. What a stately, floating creature she always was! I used to think she looked as if she could walk on clouds and not fall through. Yes," he sighed, "that is where she belongs—among the clouds. I never blamed her for not having me; she was too good. I never was worthy of such a woman." Slowly, while he spoke, the bright blood had deepened in his wife's face, and swept over her forehead. Had he been less preoccupied, he would have seen the slight, haughty movement with which she drew herself up. It was only when he had waited a moment for her to move that he glanced up and met her eyes fixed on him with an expression very like indignant scorn. "By what strange contradiction is it, I wonder," she said coldly, "that the woman who does most for a man, and is most merciful and charitable towards him, is never too good for him, while the one who scorns him, and will not come a step off her pedestal to save him, is always the ideal woman in his eyes?" Bitter tears of utter grief and mortification welled up and wet her eye-lashes. "In another world," she said, "when the faults and mistakes of this are set right, you may think yourself worthy of the companionship of Honora Pembroke, and of any union and closeness of affection which that life may know. And then she may be given to you. And, Lawrence, if she would and could consent to take you now, I would not refuse to give you up. At this moment, if, without any wrong, I could see her enter the room, and hold out her hand to you, and tell you that she was ready to take what she had refused, and be to you all that you could wish—if it could be right that it should happen so, I would not utter one word of objection. I would leave you to her without a moment's hesitation." While she spoke, his hand had played tremulously with the chessmen before him. "So you give me up too," he said in a low voice. Her proud face softened. She looked at him, and recollected herself and him, and pity sprang up again and effaced indignation. "I do not give you up, Lawrence," she said gently. "I cannot and have no wish to; I only spoke of what I would do in circumstances which cannot take place. You had insulted me, without intending to, I know, and it was but natural that I should retort. You know that I would not leave you, nor give you up on any provocation. If you should leave me, I should follow you, because I should feel sure that you would sooner or later need me as I am now. You are mine; and I always stand by my own." He looked at her with an expression at once penetrating and shrinking. "You would stand by me, Annette, whatever would happen?" he asked. "Certainly!" she replied, but did not meet his eyes. "There is no imaginable circumstance which could make me desert you. And now, what of this game? To your queen!" He made a motion to save his queen, then pushed the board aside. "I cannot play," he said; "I cannot confine my mind to it. Sing me something." It is long since I have heard you sing. He threw himself into a deeply cushioned chair, and leaned his head on his hands while she sang to him a cheerful song which he did not cheer him nor a pious song soothe—

"Waters that flow
With a hilly sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground,
From a spring that is not very
Far under ground."

She was a magical singer, surely; and the still, cold melancholy of her tones was the very spirit and essence of death; and, like death, it pierced to the heart. She sang:

"And, oh! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room is gloomy,
And narrow my bed,
For man never sleeps
In a different bed;
And to sleep, you must slumber
In just such a bed."
—TO BE CONTINUED.

There is no claim made for Ayer's Sarsaparilla which cannot be endorsed by scores of testimonials. This fact plainly proves that the blood is the source of most disorders and that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of blood-purifiers. Try it this month.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickel's Anti-Consumption Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from visceral phlegm.

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague. Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmentier's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

THE WAY I BECAME A CATHOLIC.
Catholic World for February.

"I'd rather be a Jew than a Catholic!" I said it most vehemently, and most sincerely and seriously I meant it. For Jews I had considerable respect; I had nothing but abhorrence for Catholics. It was a religion for the ignorant and idiotic of mankind; no one with the slightest natural good sense, let alone culture and education, could possibly believe in the idolatrous usages of the Catholic Church. It was preposterous to try and make people believe that any one could adhere to the Church of Rome and be anything save an utterly despicable being.

Did I not have some Catholics among my friends? Of course not. Did I ever read any of their books? Oh! I knew plenty about them—in fact, all that was necessary; of course I had not read Catholic books! No, most decidedly; but I knew what very clever men had said concerning them. The Catholic faith was a religion in which a lot of unprincipled men, with an arch-villain called the Pope at the head of them, experimented as to how far they could impose upon a set of unsuspecting imbeciles.

To-day the great majority of my friends are Protestants, some of whom, while politely repressing their opinions in my presence, held exactly the views once held by me relative to the Catholic Church—the Roman Church they call it, rather begrudging us the title of "Catholic," since it has become fashionable for Episcopalians to style themselves "Catholics, but not Roman Catholics." I know others too tolerant or too indifferent about religion in general to be bigoted; but they all agree upon one question, "How could you turn Catholic?" One very frank individual put it thus: "How can you be Catholic when you were once a Christian?"

Perhaps my conversion was slightly singular, for I began to study the Catholic faith merely to prove I should never accept it. I was a great admirer of Dr. —, a prominent Presbyterian minister, and wished to "join" his Church. My Presbyterianism was of the bluest sort, and I had no patience for people who were not Presbyterians. As for Episcopalians, I condemned them unhesitatingly. They were entirely too near the Catholics to be any good.

It was when my "joining the Church" was close at hand that a relative of mine who was a Catholic—I had often fumed at the thought—calmly informed me that he would greatly like me to be one also, saying that I should certainly be convinced in the right direction if I examined into the teaching and gave the Catholic faith a fair chance, with my much-prized knowledge of the various Protestant denominations. I hotly resented the suggestion; at that time to tell me there was a possibility of my becoming a Catholic seemed an insult to my intelligence. Why, the very word *Catholic*, or any word pertaining to it, such as *Mass* or *Confession*, made me uneasy. My hatred was simply indescribable; that is why I feel a throbbing sympathy for the most bigoted non-Catholic now. I know what it is like to have that bitter, incensed feeling about anything Catholic.

My stormy raving was met by the quiet assurance that I knew nothing of what I thought I knew a great deal. I was well up in all that the enemies of the Church said. What did I know of her actual doctrines? For instance, I loudly ridiculed bobbing up and down—as I called genuflecting—before the altar. Did I know why the "bobbing up and down" was done? Certainly I did; in adoration of the statues and things. "As a matter of fact," said my relative, "that is not so; and the rest of your knowledge is about as accurate."

In the midst of my anger an idea flashed upon me. Yes, I would do it—study this complicated mechanism called a religion, and then meet my relative well armed and fairly matched. The idea was fascinating. Vengeance was near at hand; what joy it would be to defeat him!

Accordingly I started, through the kindness of Sister —, entering an advanced class in the Sunday-school, where for a time to outward appearances things went smoothly enough, my mental attitude being unknown to the teacher. Perhaps it was a little bit odd that she never noticed I did not add that she never made the sign of the Cross. However, I had been in the class about five months when the trouble came.

The teacher gave me the question, "What is the Blessed Eucharist?" I looked at her an instant, and then said: "I'm not going to say what is in that book, because I don't believe a word of it."

Miss — was much amazed; as for my companions—well, I think they were shocked.

The next Sunday afternoon Sister — asked me to walk in the convent-garden with her, and as gently as possible told me I could no longer attend the Sunday school. She said a great many beautiful and noble things to me, and while I pitied her because she was a Papist, I had to admire her sincerely, and was utterly astounded at her liberal ideas, for I had always believed all Protestants were in the way to eternal perdition in the minds of Catholics. This dignified, clever, and undeniably pious woman told me to remain a Protestant always if I could be one in good faith, and that as Catholic or Protestant she would think just as much of me.

Of course I went no more to the Sunday school; but neither could I resume attendance at the Presbyterian Church, because from the afternoon I had

walked in the convent-garden with Sister — a horrible thought haunted me. What if I were wrong in my Presbyterian convictions? The possibility of such a state of affairs persistently presented itself. I had not the slightest belief in Catholic doctrines—I mean in those peculiarly Catholic—but I admitted that whoever was right, I was not quite positive it was myself. Perhaps the Episcopalians had the idea—perhaps the Baptists. Maybe, and this was alarming, it was Ingersoll who was right after all. Who claimed to be sure of anything? Ingersoll made positive assertions, and the Catholic Church—to be sure, this was one reason why I used to hate it—claimed there could not be more than one Church founded by Christ, and, with marvellous audacity, claimed the honor of being the only true Church.

Protestants, with an inconsistency which I felt to be only equalled by the daring impertinence of Rome, accepted variations of belief, while common-sense knew that if the Baptists were right, the Episcopalians were wrong; and where would the Quakers come in? A conviction slowly forced itself upon me: I should end either a believer in Ingersoll's views or what I had most despised in all the world—a Catholic.

A great deal of reading, a great deal of arguing, a very great deal of trouble, and I became absolutely certain, once and for ever, that I believed in the Blessed Trinity.

More struggle, more difficulty, and constantly a fiery controversy with a learned Catholic clergyman. I probed and objected, and made the most of the little that remained of my Presbyterianism. I was arguing against myself as well as against him, for in my own mental struggles the tumultuous crowd of thoughts always finished up with this: "There is a true Church, because Truth could not contradict itself. Which Church has always claimed to be the true one?"

Gradually I gave in on some points; I accepted purgatory and confession. A few more stormy weeks and I only refused to believe two things: prayers to Mary and the saints, and the doctrine of the Real Presence.

I first prayed to Mary in this wise: "If you can hear me, obtain such and such for me." It was a sort of challenge to the Mother of Christ. The first thing I asked of her seemed well-nigh impossible; my health was in danger when I obtained a very evident answer to my prayers.

The Real Presence was the last stumbling-block. No, no, no, I could not believe that! Verily, it was a "hard saying." And yet that sixth chapter of St. John troubled me. I read it over and over, and I read explanations of it. I could not let it alone. The reiterated words of Christ, so obviously expressive: "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood," "Whoever eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood," "My flesh is meat indeed, and My blood is drink indeed." The hardness of the Jews going away; then the treachery of some of the disciples in following their example; the pathos of Jesus saying to the rest, "Will you also go away?" The generosity of faith in St. Peter when he answered, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou art Christ, the Son of God."

I could no longer put off my answer to that question, "Will you also go away?" The final conviction swept over me—I "believed" and was sure that I had found the truth. I made my First Communion just a year and two days from the date upon which I first entered the Sunday-school, a most obstinate and zealous little Protestant. My Protestant friends varied a little in the time they prophesied I should remain a Catholic; some said six months, others a year, but I believe they were right as to the time. My change of belief called forth arguments, discussions, even reproaches; those who knew me during the time of the struggle simply let me alone. Later friendships are the ones which bring surprise and questions. Not without regret let me assert, that most people are in the state in which I stand, the most untrusting and bringing forward the most untrue and ridiculous arguments. It is more strange to find that a great many do not know even their own side, being Episcopalians or Presbyterians merely because they were born so. Outside of a few ministers, I have not met any one who really believes Calvin's teachings. Several have said to me, "Oh! I didn't know I was supposed to believe that," when I have spoken of some Presbyterian doctrine; and I have never found the Episcopalian who could reconcile himself to all the degrees of High, Broad, and Low Church without considering the dangerous developments of the Ritualistic body. For doctrine they can, as a rule, only make unfounded accusations. Fancy a clever, well-educated Protestant saying this: "You go to confession, and believe that paying for your sins makes everything all right." That neither I nor any other Catholics "pay" for sins was an astonishing revelation. When I added that a real repentance was absolutely necessary for the validity of the sacrament, with an additional resolution of never falling again into the sins confessed, my friend looked very serious, and admitted that when this explanation seemed quite a solemn and good thing.

The idea of the Pope is, of course, a great bugbear to my friends; some seem to be willing to yield almost all points except Papal infallibility and authority. To be sure, nine-tenths of Protestants do not know what the infallibility of the Pope means; but that

and seek for more information concerning the Church which exercises a world-wide influence.

I shall close with these words of St. Augustine: "Too late have I known thee, Beauty ever ancient and ever new." They express a great deal of what I feel; but there are older and grander words: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, . . . and in Jesus Christ, His Son. . . I believe in the Holy Ghost, the holy Catholic Church, the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting."

When you lie down at night, compose your spirits as if you were not to wake till the morning; or that morning of which you will never see the night, but which of your mornings or nights will be such you know not. Let the mantle of worldly enjoyment hang loosely about you, that may be easily dropped when death comes to carry you into another world. When the corn is forsaking the ground, it is ready for the sickle; even so when a Christian's heart is truly weaned from the world, he is prepared for death, and will rise the more easily for him. A heart disengaged from the world is a heavenly one; and then we are ready for heaven, when our heart is there before us.

There is always one Friend in Whom we may find perfect and changeless rest. Other friends often grieve and disappoint us. Our only Divine Friend never fails. We may go to him at any hour. He is silent we know His meaning and His mind. He always welcomes us when we come to Him. He listens to all we say, and He consoles us in the griefs of which you will be troubled to burden our soul to a friend, though He answers not a word. We know that we have His sympathy; that He feels for us and will use that all we say is noted and remembered; and that if He be silent now the day is not far off when we shall hear Him say: "Enter thou into the joy of the Lord."—*Cardinal Manning*.

Among the many notable successes born of failure the following will be familiarly remembered: Curran, the famous Irish orator, trembled at his first speech before a small company, and became panic-stricken and dumb. Months afterwards he charmed all with his eloquence. Thackeray carried his "Vanity Fair" to nearly a score of publishers before it was accepted. He used to say, laughingly, that it was amusing how little he earned when in his early days he wrote carefully, and how much he received for poor work when he had acquired a name. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was declined again and again, till finally it was published by John P. Jewett, the earnest solicitation of his wife. Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt" was thrown into the waste basket. Will Carleton's "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse" suffered the same fate. No success has ever come without repeated struggles and failures.

As a preventive of the Grip Hood's Sarsaparilla has grown into great favor. It fortifies the system and purifies the blood.

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Balmoral Balm.

Sirs,—I had a troublesome cold which would not relieve until I tried Hargrave's Pectoral Balm, and I am glad to say that it completely cured me.

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Do not delay in seeking relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand?

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When in despair of being cured of lung troubles, there is still a hope, and a strong hope of perfect cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This medicine cures even after all others have failed, and no one suffering from coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., need despair of cure while Norway Pine Syrup is obtainable.

A HEALING, SOOTHING SALVE for cuts, burns, bruises, swellings and sores, Victoria Carbolic Salve.

IN STRENGTH GIVING and healing power Minard's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion excels all other.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP positively cures Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Hoarseness and Bronchitis.

PURE IMPROVED WINE, Prime Canadian Beef and soluble scale salts of Iron, are combined in Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine.

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