No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence.

Pride is one of the seven deadly sins but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues-faith and hope. Nicholas Nickleby.

It is a great gain for a young couple to be compelled to economize, for, rich as they may afterward become, habits of thrift never quite leave them. - How to be Happy though Married.

Perhaps a gentleman is rarer than many of us think. Which of us can point out many such in his circle, men whose aims are generous, whose truth is constant, and not only constant in its kind but elevated in degree, where want of meanness makes them simple, who can look the world honestly in the face, with an equal manly sympathy for the great and the small.

If our faith is strong, and our star of hope shines brightly, we shall be found always at the post of duty, contending for the right; and though to human view the results of our labor seem small, still let us work, and still let us hope, for we know that above al the confusion and strife and misjudgment of the world, the voice of God will one day be heard proclaiming that the right has prevailed. What Mrs. Grundy Says.

That the man is rarely won by the girl who seeks to capture him matri-

That among the "living curiosities is the man or woman who mind their

That a free bed in a hospital is a better memorial than a lot of stained of

The Hurry to get Rich.

A New York exchange says: "Som failures this year as against 6,500 for the corresponding period of last year are more indicative of the progress of monopoly than of the prevalence of financial distress. With laws fitted to that end it is a comparatively easy matter for the big fish to swallow the little one." The real facts are that the increase in the number of failures can be traced directly to the spirit of speculation. The hurry to get rich has seized upon the people.

More than half of the failures in the West are due to speculation .- From the Chicago Inter-Ocean

The Broken Circle.

The doctor had gone. He had left word that she must have quiet and rest, and all would be well. They had kissed the pale cheek and slipped out of the room—all—all—but one. He sat at the bedside, his hand resting softly on the quaint log-cabin quilt—a rough hand, seamed by the toil of many summers struggle with the fruitful fields, yet, as it softly stroked the wan hand to which it had unconsciously drawn, it had its language of love and

The bird call in the wood beyond, and now and then a hushed whisper from the porch below the window, mingled with the night sounds of the farm. It was coming night — the night that rests and refreshes, and there in the fading of that summer day he sat. He spoke no words, but if the tears that slipped away had not been there, the soft lines about the mouth and the quiver of the caressing hand would have told that he feared another night-a night of loneliness when he should no more hear the step that made his house a home.

She lay close, and, with a look of ineffable love, she swept the face of the one whose life was woven with hers. Reuben.

The whispered word sprang like a harp's soft note into the silence of the gathering night.

Yes Mary And the chord was made complete.

"It all comes back to me, Reuben I see the old log church in the hollow and you and I are standing there. My hand is in yours and you place th ring upon my finger here. It was all gold, Reuben; see it is a tiny thread now. I have often looked at it and wondered if it would last as long as I did, but it has, Rueben, and words can not tell how dear it has been to me. When Daisy died I thought my heart would break, but no. Reuben, that golden circle told me of a tie to earth and then those cruel days when trouble came-then I would have hoped to go but for its promise. It has lasted through it all and now I am going to wait-to wait - Daisy-for you. Let me take it from the place where it has rested so long, ah! it snaps—Reuben—kiss me—Daisy for you'

And when the watchers came the brown, stained hand lay upon the one so wan and white—they had gone to-gether—as tender hands drew them the broken circle tinkled on the floor like the faint chime of a far-away wedding bell.-Charles B. Morrell.

Led by Logic,

"Till I had commenced writing the series of essays (on the Mission of Jesus I had no thought of ever becoming a Catholic; and it was not till I saw my articles copied in a Catholic journal that even the possibility of such a determination of my researches presented I found myself with itself to my mind. my starting-point led by an invincible logic to assert the Catholic Church as the true Church, or the living body of To be logical, I saw I must accept that Church, and accept her as oritative for natural reason and then take her own explanation of herself and of her doctrines as true. All my principles required me, and my

first impulse, in the enthusiasm of the moment, was to do it; yet I hesitated, and it was over a year before I made up my mind to submit myself to the Catholic Church, but the fact is I betrayed inexcusable weakness in not submitting to her much sooner than I did."—Dr. Brownson.

Thomas Addis Emmet.

The Albany Law Journal contains the following anecdote of Thomas Addis Emmet, the Irish patriot and lawyer, taken from a recently published article by Mr. L. B. Proctor: "During Emmet's early practice at the American Bar he found it impossible to divest himself of the manner and habits of the Irish Bar. This was particularly the case in addressing the judges, whom in conformity with the custom in his own country, he often addressed as 'my Lords,' instead of 'your honors,' according to the American custom. On one occasion in an argument before the United States Supreme Court, Chief Justice Marshal presiding, he said: 'And now, my lords, I will attempt to answer the argument of my distinguised opponent.' Webster, who was to him, courteously said opposed to him, courteously said: 'The eminent gentleman forgets that we have no titled aristocracy in this country, and no lords sit on the American bench." 'I am happy to be thus reminded of that,' said Emmett, 'and yet,' he continued, 'all American judges before whom I have had the honor to stand, if they do not in reality have the title of 'my lords' bestowed upon them by subservience to an oppressive aristocracy, are by the sovereign power of a free and en-lightened people, and their own vir-tues, learning and purity, made lords the jurisprudence of a great

Sir Thomas More and his Daughter.

Magaret More's devotion to her father, Sir Thomas, forms one of the most touching stories in history. There were in the family three Margarets (called Meg after the quaint fashion of the time:) Margaret More herself, Margaret, daughter of her step-mother, and an orphan named Margaret, who had been adopted. Margaret More became the wife of William Roper, a Margaret More young lawyer, whose love for her father rivalled her own.

It must have been a merry house the one at Chelsea, in whose garden bluff King Henry walked with his arm about his Chancellor; with its pleasant lawn slopping down to the Thames, and with the children and grandchildren busy with their work and games The greatest men in the kingdon loved to go there at regular intervals and drink in the wisdom of the kindly man who so gently ruled that house hold. There Erasmus, the erudite and eccentric Dutchman, was fond of stay ing, discussing every subject under the sun with Sir Thomas.

The household were all talking together one day and telling whom they would wish to be. "I," said said Erasmus, "if not myself, would be country gentleman, neither too rich nor too poor, beloved by my sovereign, nor too poor, beloved by my sovereigh, idolized by my family, and respected even by my enemies. I would have a store of learning and a merry heart."
"Why, then, you would be father!" exclaimed Meg. And Erasmus laughed and said he surely would.

The merry heart was to have sad trials. There came a coolness between

trials. There came a coolness between the King and his Lord Chancellor, who would not approve his sovereign's in-famous divorce and re-marriage. The story has been often told. One pretext after another was trumped up, and Sir Thomas, Lord Changalland, in the latest whereby we detect all the Thomas-Lord Chancellor no longer, for he had long before that resigned his honors — was cast into prison. There was but one way out of that cruel place for those who defied Henry VIII., and Sir Thomas knew it. But he never lost heart. He was tried at the great Westminster Hall, found guilty, and sent to the Tower to wait for his execution.

As he passed along Margaret brok through the crowd of soldiers and threw her arms about his neck. "O my father! Oh my father!" was all she could say. He kissed her and bidding her submit to blessed her, God's will: and even the guards wept with sympathy. The night before his death he wrote her a little letter with a piece of charcoal, telling her how glad he was that she had braved the guards.

Her devotion did not end with his It was the custom at that time to place the heads of those who had suffered death by command of the King, upom some high place, that the populace might jeer at them, besides taking warning. The head of the saintly Sir Thomas was affixed to a pole on London bridge; and the serene face, which in life looked so calmly down upon his fellow-men, was in death mock at by Henry's brutal

Margaret endured this as long as she could; then, with a poor servant whom her father had befriended, she went in a boat one dark night, and received the precious head in her apron, as the faithful man lifted it from the horrible pole and let it fall.

This is not a pleasant incident, and people have grown so refined that they shudder as they listen to it; but the brave deed of Sir Thomas More's daughter will live in history, with many another of which the world was

not worthy. The sacred head was embalmed, and was never far away from the intrepid heroine; and when she died it was laid beside her in her coffin in St. Dunstan's Church in Canterbury.

As for Sir Thomas, Holy Church has called him Blessed, and further honors will doubtless be his in time. was the relic of a saint as well as mar- to whom God owes His life. tyr that Margaret's love and bravery

saved from further desecration. - Irish let the influence of the grace of God

THE MATERNITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

London Universe, Aug. 29.

On Sunday morning the pulpit at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Holloway, was occupied by the Rev. Father Dolan, who said that he thought most Protest ants - at all events, most educated Protestants-persons of religious minds, profess to have a certain amount of reverence for the Virgin Mother of Some of them, especially those God. who belong to Ritualistic sects, even betray some kind of devotion to our Blessed Lady. But, however true this might be, there is one thing in which all Protestants are agreed, and that is the withholding from the Blessed Virgin the title of Mother of God. This is surprising to us because the honor which is due to Mary is in timately connected with that depend ant upon the belief of our Lord's In side the pale of the Catholic Church, in this country at least, there are not many persons who have a distinct permany persons who have a distinct per-ception of the doctrine of God and man in one person. It is true they believe in a sort of way the term of "Our Lord's Incarnation," of our Lord's divinity, but when the meaning, or at least their meaning, of this expression is sifted you find them very slow to committ themselves to any statement sufficient to show that it is Catholic. THEY TELL YOU AT ONCE THAT THE

SUBJECT IS NOT TO BE IN-

QUIRED INTO, knowing that they cannot inquire into it at all without being technical and subtle, and when they enter upon any field of argument they speak of Christ not simply and consistently as God but as a being made up of God and man, partly one and partly the other, or between the both, or, again, as a man inhabited by a special divine presence. Sometimes they go further, and say that He was not the Son of God in heaven, but that He became the Son only when He was conceived by the Holy Ghost. And they are shocked, and think it a mark of good feeling to be shocked, when a man is spoken of simply and plainly as God, and they cannot bear to hear the ex pression spoken at all except as a figure of speech that God had a body or that He died. They think that the atonement and justification by the spirit (as they eall it) is the same in substance and reality as Christianity. and they are very shy of any dogmatic expression which goes beyond this. Now, if you would witness against these un-Christian opinions, if you would point out most clearly, beyond all pretense and evasion, the simple idea of the Church that God is man, could you do it better than by laying down the words of St. John that "God became man?" Or, again, could you express this more emphatically than by saying that God was born of man, and that He had a mother? The world allows that God is man, because He is everywhere, and it says, but says falsely, that God is everything. But the world shrinks from the pro-fession that Mary is the Mother of God. It shrinks because then

IT IS CONFRONTED WITH THE SEVERE FACT which violates and shatters its own belief, views and opinion. It shrinks because the revealed doctrines takes pretense and evasions of those who deny the Incarnation of the Son of God. In the sixteenth century certain men outside the pale of the Church plotted the complete overthrow of religion, and they could find no more certain expediency for their purpose than by reviling the prerogatives of Mary, because they knew full well that if man could once be got to dishonor the Mother the dishonor of the Son would closely follow. For once, in a way, the Catholic Church and Satan were in perfect agreement that the Son and Mother were one together, and the experience of nearly four hundred years has confirmed that testimony for what do we now see? Why, those who honor the Mother—that is, Catholics-still continue to honor the Son; whilst those who (as we see by the controversies) have ceased to honor the Son had began by scoffing at the Mother. Now, what ought she to be, what should be done to a person thus highly honored? Such

A QUESTION WAS ASKED OF A CER TAIN KING, when he would place one of his vants in a dignity suitable to the relationship in which that servant stood That servant had saved the King's life, and what was to be done to him in return? The King asked What shall be done to the man whom the King desireth to honor?' answer came, "Let him be clothed in the King's apparel, and be mounted in the King's saddle, and let him receive the royal diadem on his head, and let the first Kings, Princes, and Presidents hold his horse, and let them go through the streets in the city and cry out Thus shall the man be honoured whom the King desireth to honour." stands the case with Mary. She gave birth to a Creator, and what should be her recompense? What the accompaniment of one whom Almighty God has deigned to make, not His servant, not His friend, not His intimate, not His superior, but the source of His sacred Being, the nurse of His helpless infancy, the teacher of His opening years? I answer as the King was

answered; nothing is too high for her

then, be clad in the King's apparel;

flow into her heart that she may come the image of the incommunicable grace, the beauty and glory of God Himself: let her receive the real diadem on her head as Queen of Heaven, as Mother of all Christians, as the Refuge of Sinners, and the Comforter of the Afflicted. And all the first Kings, Princes, and Presidents should walk before her, and let the angels, patriarchs, and prophets. and martyrs, and saints kiss the hem of her garment and rejoice in the shadow of her throne. Mary's attributes were not for the sake of her Son alone—they were for our sakes also. We ought therefore to copy her faith, and, above all, imitate her purity.

The Fisher Boy.

FREDERICK J. CHAMBERLAIN.

"La Tribune," a British frigate, bound for Quebec, but, having strayed from her convoy, was run ashore on the outermost edge of Thrum Cap, off Halifax, Nova Scotia, on the 25rd Nov., 1757. Capitain Story Barker, to save his professional character, sacrificed the crew, which consisted of about three hundred able seamen, he having refused to land them. The cannon were cast over the lee rail to lighten her, but the storm and flood tide rolled the gallant frigate till she broke her ribs on her own guns.

On the rocky coast of Herring Cove, Which ocean waves have worn. Is written a deed which is written above On a fisher lad, child of the storm.

How his I rave young heart, like the Osprey wing,
When the crested waves were high,
Dashed in the storm, with his boat so slim
To rescue or to die.

The great waves snatched his fragile form, High lifting him to fame; On the deed he has done no poet born Has written his glorious name.

He stood on the coast where the breakers roared, And brave men stood there too; 'Mid the signal fires to the drowning horde Of " La Tribune's" perishing crew.

Mid the debris of the crashing wreck, Torn bodies of British tars, With an angel's glance he viewed the deck That is strewn with the faller spars.

Greater than Neptune's Trident, his oar He grasps with a bosom of hope, And the sea birds screamed as he leaped from the shore, And the Angelof Mercy spoke.

The waves dashed him back, but his strong arm dared
Their scorn that cursed his pride;
Another stroke and his body is lashed
To the tattering riggings side.

And raising aloft his dripping length To the clinging seamen there, Like He of Galilee, with strength, Saved—saved—two beings were.

They were lowered down by stouter hearts, For they were their comrades true, More briefess than they as the warship parts With the lives of its valiant crew. Now adrift with his boat, the fisher boy Turned his look upon the shore, And over the surges shouts of joy Nerved his brave heart more and more.

And his oars like the angel's wings of speed, Loshed the foamy billow's face, And he laid them safe on the torn seaweed On that rock-bound dismal place.

Men whom the gales of fifty years Have bronzed and hardened as rock, Stood abashed at the stripling's scorn of fears, As he stood on that wreck-strewn spot.

He raised his eyes to the troubled clouds And then, towards ocean turning, He sees again the crowded shrouds With a bosom of pity burning.

The waves alone can assuage the flame, No storm or danger cower, On the ocean's breast he has written his nam Though forgotten to those on shore.

Again his bosom breasts the storm, Like a lion with his foe, But the baffled ocean wakes in scorn At a fisher lad so low. On a massive wave on the rocky shore— Atlantic's tempest's strength— Sweeps the frail form that dared to lower The pride of its glorious self.

Mangled and almost lifeless there, 'Neath the feet of wondering men, The youth lies stretched on his rocky bier With the gale his requiem.

And no man dared to face that storm, But, fired by his noble deed. His spirit within them was new born— To the rescue it did lead.

"Bring forth the lad," a kingly voice Of Albion wakes to praise, +"Bring forth the lad," Prince Edward's voice In gratitude did raise.

"And is this he? a s'ripling boy! Your sovereign's hand is weak; Within thine own thou givest me joy Thy-presence here to meet.

"Name thy reward: 'tis not for me That honor to bestow. Such sons as these of bravery Are priceless, do you know."

The mild eyes gazed upon his sire, The kingly eyes bent low— "I'll tell thee what I most desire, \$A rag to cover woe." They clothed him with the naval blue, Proud middy then was he, He left for where, they never knew, But his grave 's the deep blue see.

+Prince Edward, the late Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria.

§When the prince asked him what he most desired, he replied, "A new pair of cordured breeches."

The Parting of the Way.

Wilkins and Watkins were college chums and close friends. They had been hard students and had taken little out-door exercise. When they shook hands and said good-bye, at the end of their college career, they were in impaired health. Both had dyspepsia, liver troubles and trouble coughs.

Wilkins had plenty of money, and decided to travel for his health. Watkins was poor. "I must go to work for my living," said he, "but I'll try the remedy that Robinson talks so "I must go to much about — Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

In less than two years, Wilkins came home in his coffin. Watkins, now in the prime of life, is a bank president. rich and respected, and weighs 200 pounds. "The 'Golden Medical pounds. "The Golden Discovery saved my life at a critical Discovery My life at a crital Discovery My life at a critical Discovery My life at a critica time," he often says. "Oh, if poor Wilkins had only tried it!" For weak lungs spitting of blood, all lingering coughs, and consumption in its stages, it is an unequaled remedy.

Regina Ripples. "I took six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for liver complaint, headache and dull stupid feeling, but now I am entirely well and healthy, having also a good appetite which I did not have previously."—Mrs. T. Davis, Regina, N. W. T.

King was thought for her Let her, apparel;

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A Cure for Leprosy.

Miss Louise, daughter of Charles D. Richards, the prominent tea broker, was in the habit of eating tea without being cooked. It is possible that in this way she contracted leprosy. Dr. Debevoise discovered an entirely new remedy in the cure of this horrible The patient was buried in oxygen gas diluted with air. She was made to breathe the gas also through a tube. This gas is known to be a great purifier and an antiseptic. By a new combination of machinery in the old oxygen gas apparatus the gas could be increased in power almost to the extent of burning the flesh and exploding. In this way the microbes of leprosy were actually burned to death in their little cells in the flesh, and if any of them were in the blood they were destroyed by the contact of the blood with the oxygen in the lungs. patient was kept in the oxygen bath for about a month, and when she was taken out her skin was as white as snow. Every ulcer had healed, and the contracted muscles in the extremities regained their power. This case goes on the record as the first one of leprosy that has ever been cured, and Dr. Debevoise has been asked to ex plain his treatment to the County Medi .- New York Letter to Buf falo Tidings.

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D. POTTINGER, Chief Supt. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 29th June, 1891.



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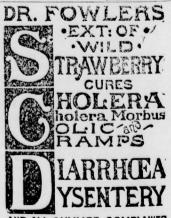
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SEPTE

The Order of its founder scholars of I been faithful mission of souls for nea its zealous a are familiar the Christian 1215 was the work of St. I Italian who honors to co sacred missio and charity remarkable b grown man, he not only g goods, but s manuscripts He was subs Languedoc, i preaching in 1215 he fou of Preaching he had med He had till of a regula and followed nestly desire With this vie of religious monks of the men and me assiduous ex should join a studies and a ioral life, esp abstinence f formed mona observe), and ordaining the

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