THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

The Bravest Battle That Ever Was Fought.

JOAQUIN MILLER. The bravest battle that ever was fought Shall I tell you where and when ? On the maps of the world you will find it not ; Twas fought by the mothers of men. Nay, not with cannon, or battle shot, With sword, or nobler pen: Nay, not with eloquent word or thought, From mouths of wonderful men.

But deep in a welled-up woman's heart, A woman that would not yield. But bravely, silently bore her part, Lo ! there is that battlefield !

And soldiers to shout and praise. I tell yon the kingliest victories fought Are fought in these silent ways.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla The New Man at Rossmere.

CHAPTER XXVII.-CONTINUED.

Mingo wagged his tail assentingly, and once more started. The invita tion to follow him was too pointed to be Major Denny knew that neglected. Carl and Mingowere inseparable. The boy, on his small and trusty pony, help attended by the intelligent setter, was granted large liberty by Mr. and Mrs. Southmead. The major was soon in The major was soon in the saddle, and, following the dog' lead, galloped to a spot in the woods scarce a mile from the house, where he promptly discovered the occasion of Mingo's summons. Carl's pony was tied securely to the branch of a tree. Near by, at the root of another tree, lay Carl himself, writhing in all the

torture of a broken right arm, and crying with fright at his own forsaken and helpless condition. The major lifted him tenderly in his arms, and 2 40 seated himself on a fallen log to examine into the extent of his injuries.

What is it, my man?" he asked. ' Mingo told me all he could, but I ex-7 5 pect you can tell me more."

"I was a comin'-I was a comin'," Carl gasped, "to see you and tell you mamma wanted you come take Christmas with us, and a lame squirrel went hoppin' so slow up the tree that I thought I could catch it, and I was

tryin' to, and I feel out of the tree, and, oh ! I'm broke all to pieces. It hurts so bad. Will it kill me?" "That was what Mingo tried to tell

me," said Stirling, talking and examing bones simultaneously; "and now you know just how a wounded oldier feels, only nobody ever dies of a broken arm.

Carl suddenly developed into a here in his own estimation. It made him forget half his pain to be likened to the wounded soldiers he was never tired of hearing about. He smiled up into the ace of his friend, then laid his little head confidingly on Stirling's breast "But we will have to get home. To my house, I mean. We are not going to be cheated out of that visit, are we I'm going to show you how we fix solbones when they get broken diers

We'll play soldier in hospital. What will we do with my pony asks Carl, twisting his head to where the pony was heartlessly nibbling at the branch he was tied to. The move ment caused a spasm of agony in the broken arm. "Oh, I'm broke all to 1 95 pieces. I ache everywhere,"

Standing the boy on his feet, and hastily tearing a leaf from his pocket diary, the major wrote in pencil to Mr. nead and read aloud to Carl : You

"Dear friend Southmead : brave boy has hurt himself slightly in trying to climb a tree a little too tall for his small but ambitious legs. He is at my house, where he wants you and Mrs. Southmead to join him for the night.

"Is that all right, Carl ?" he asked, preparing to fold the note and tie it up in his handkerchief for Mingo's convenience in carrying. "I want Cozzie too," says Carl, wish-

fully. "So do I, my boy-and-she must come to us-sometime-yes sometime. He laid a caressing hand on the boy rumpled curls, and smile di the boy s down into the small, pale face. "Now then,"he added, more lightly, "let us see what sort of a postman Mingo will make. Here, boy. Take it home. As for this gentleman," loosing the pony's hitch-rein, "he can take him-self home. Mingo will beat him there, so the empty saddle won't cause any

Mingo was already trotting briskly homeward with the knot of the hand-kerchief between his teeth.

"Now then, Carl, you are going to A little bit un-Rossmere on my lap. A little bit un-soldierlike, maybe, but we mustn't jolt that poor arm any more than we can He lifted the boy in his arms, and mounting his horse, started slowly toward Rossmere.

"Why don't you take me to my Carl asked. house?" The major laughed lightly, and

answered, mysteriously : "A little bit of strategy, my boy All is fair in love and war, Carl.

more seriously, "don't you want to go to my house? It is miles nearer, you know, and we can get the doctor ever so much sooner. funny. "I don't care ; yes, I want to go to

your house. Aunt Maria made nice things when you was sick and papa was nursing you. But Coz must come

And the young man echoed the child's words in a low, passionate voice : "Yes, she must come, my boy we need her, you and I.'

Toward midnight of the same day Stirling and Mr. Southmead sat over the fire at Rossmere in earnest conver-Mr. and Mrs. Southmead had sation arrived in an incredibly short time after Mingo's delivery of the note. They found the doctor there before them, and Carl's broken arm already set. It was the major's way of saving the mother pain ; which act of consideration had won Mrs. Southmead over

with a suddenness and entireness that had an element of the comical in it. The major had told Mr. Southmead that after Carl and Mrs. Southmead

had both gone to bed, he wanted to see him in the library. He gave him Manton's war diary, open at the page concerning Henry Ralston, and the watch which had been in his brother's

"What does it all mean ?" he asked. leaning against the back of his chair, with his heart beating like a trip hammer.

"Thank God !" Mr. Southmead ose in his excitement, turned round mlessly, and sat down again. "Thank God for what?" Stirling

sked "For this final solution of our doubts. "There have been doubts, then?" "Bushels of them. Enough to keep

"Tell me about it, please.

Henry Ralston is dead

that effect : this is the very first.

deucedly particular, aren't you ?

regard this as conclusive-don't you?

'Then you are thanking God that

"Not that exactly, Denny. You're

I do thank God that my dear girl up

vonder will no longer have anything

to feed her morbid fancy on." "She has been fanciful, then ?" Stirl-

ing says, with an eager ring in his

But

as conscientious a creature as our 'Sula wearing the willow for a lifetime, i

"Plenty of them," Stirling answered, withhold the gift of this dear hand, principles on which all causist solutions absently, for just then he was rehears-Ursula? "If a voice from the dead assured ing a scene in which Sula was to re verse that coldly spoken "Let it be less, then," and to tell him it should be me of my freedom, I would let my heart answer yours," she said, with

· Poor Harry

mere.

\* \* \* \*

THE END.

CATHOLIC V. PROTESTANT.

London Catholic News.

What is said of the

this

more, between her and him. tender gravity. Mrs. Southmead was sleeping soundly, after her fright about Carl, that her husband magnanimously reserved his news about Henry Rals ton and the major and 'Sula for the

next morning, during the period of dressing, when so many conjugal interchanges of varying complexion mute find expression. Mrs. Southmead listened with rapt attention, then violently relinquish

the last vestige of sectional animosity for their mortal foe. "He is certainly a remarkabl she said, referring to Stirling. man,' "He has the attributes of a truly grea

man, George. Calmness in the hour of danger, good judgment, promptness of execution, and, with it all, the tender heart of a woman." "Won over at last," Mr. Southmea exclaimed, in indiscreet triumph. voice for. "Won over !" says Mrs. Southmead

be as you wish, my friend." Then he gathered her into his strong arms in "I'm sure I've always mendaciously. "I'm sure I've always maintained that Major Denny was as unconditional a surrender as rebel I've quite out of the ordinary run. always liked him, but now blue.

You adore him. That's all right. So do I, so does Carl, so does-'Cozzie," suggests Carl, always mindful of his own best love. "Cozzie is a spiteful witch. Sh wouldn't come with us to see you when

you were hurt. We'll have nothing to do with her hereafter. Let's give her away to Major Denny. He knows how to manage spiteful folks. "He'll make her come," Carl said,

in his positive way; "he said he wanted her too : I heard him. At which his father laughs so joy in-law. ously that Carl conceitedly imagines he has said something strikingly

> CHAPTER XXVIII. CONCLUSION.

"He could be taken home, but he shall not.

Thus dictatorially the major deliv red himself, standing over Carl's bed and looking down upon that small hero with his most luminous smile. "But Ursula?" Mrs. Southmead

said, hesitantly. "I am going to drive over for her and Fred immediately after breakfast. I claim the whole Tievina household as my guests to day. What shall I say to the cousin for you, Carl?" he asked, passing a caressing hand over the boy

s rumpled curls. hind her. "Tell her if she will come I'll be real glad I fell out the tree. It's jolly major, cheerfully. "She is young She will outlive this dreary episode in over here.

The major laughed, and promised her life to deliver this message verbatim. Ursula was standing at one of the heart and home vet. front windows, watching with keen anxiety for some message from the nousehold pet, when she saw Major Denny's bay horses turn from the feelings came to the surface. public road and trot briskly toward the Tievina gate.

Things must be very bad with Carl. for him to be the messenger. She met him at the door, white and trembling "You bring me bad news," she said stretching both hands toward him as i

or influence of the Confessional in the matter of justice may eeking support. He clasped them together in one of his own, and, holding them so, led her also be said of many other virtues so necessary to the well-being and perback into the room. Carl was just fection of society. then so entirely secondary that he was not as prompt as he should have been in relieving her anxiety. He discov-

With this mere smattering epend. of superficial information they assume the priestly stole and "sit

sacred tribunal, ready, as they opine to unravel the most knotty points of ethics and to adjudicate between the "A voice from the dead has spoken, and you are mine. Oh, my darling, my sweet, I have been very patient." He placed the watch and the diary in her hand, and, walking away from rights of God and man. As a clever writer lately put it: "They wait for no examination into their capabilities - perhaps they are wise, for they would run little chance of passing - a her, stood staring out on the wintry landscape. Ursula looked at him in Catholic child could probably 'pluck them. And it is to such as these that wonder for a second. Then the poor ritualist penitent plunges Stirling heard her say, in a voice of such pure pity that his heart leaped within him for very gladness. into his confession with no anxiety as to his confessor's capabilities. Poor, poor boy !" course, he has no license from his

say.

Then he waited in patient silence for Bishop, but has set up for himself nore. She came over to him presently, tirely on his own hook. (Antidote No. 16, p. 107.) This same writer and stood silently by his side. gives an instance of the confession of watch and diary were in her left hand. Her eyes seemed to have grown a youth forced upon an Anglican parsuddenly deeper and darker. It was Mamma persisted that her young as if her long-imprisoned emotions

Ambrose should go to confession to the Rev. Hilary Highjinks. "Well, sir," were seeking an outlet through them. "Well?" It was all he could find ielded the reluctant confessor, ' She laid her hand in his. "Let it as you wish, my friend." Then he down there and say what you've got to

So Penitent and Confessor sat comfortably before the blazing fire in arm chairs, while the penitent youth did "his tale of we unfold." "Well.

JULY 30, 1892.

in the

heart ever yielded to wearer of the said the astonished clergyman, when the confession was over, "you have been a bad boy, and I shall certainly The next new year saw Ursula Denny reigning in absolute power over a home of her own-her most write and tell your father all abou you :" which awful threat was the paroyal subject the new man at Ross son's absolution and penance, all

Frederic and Carl are divided in I have no intention of staining these their allegiance to their two homes. Mrs. Southmead declares that Major pages with the filthy froth presented to us in our days by literature of the Denny's influence is so beneficial to 'Hammond " school, who seem to act the boys that she cannot be jealous of upon the principle that if one only throws plenty of mud some will surely stick. No well balanced mind or retheir devotion to their Yankee cousin

Squire Thorn outlived the tragedy he had precipitated not quite a year spectable Christian ever pays any heed to this sayour of Billingsgate. I shall He died with a blessing on his lips for content myself and my earnest readers the patient wife who never faltered in with a passage or two I read in a Cath olic mother's letter while writing these well-doing. The few hard years of her life at Thorndale bore heavily upon pages. In fact the letter was con-sidered worthy of publication in the the magnificent physique of the squire's wife. She turned from its doors when Sussex Daily News of June 16, 1890. "I have been to Confession regu duty no longer bound her there, with out one sigh of regret. The place had larly for several years under differen

never been a home to her. The Dennys opened their hearts and their confessors, and I have never had any questions put to me which ought not to doors to her in her forlorn widowhood, have been asked, and I can only say. not only that I intend to go on using but she staid with them only a little Confession as long as I live, but that I should wish my daughters, if I had while, then flitted from the sheltering affection they offered. "She deserved a happier lot," Ursula

any, to do the same ; for I am sure they would be able to live holier lives said, wiping a tear of pity from her eye as she waved a last adieu to the under priestly direction than they ever black-clad figure standing upon the would if left to their own guidance These accusers of their brethren will guards of the boat to get a glimpse of the two friends she was leaving be never persuade the English people that gentlemen, such as our priests are, "And she will yet have it," said the

would wilfully corrupt innocent girls who came to them for guidance. ardlu, unchar. Such accusations are cowardly, unchar itable, and unworthy of Christian men She will bless some man's It would be good for them if they had grace to confess that they had slan

'And be blessed, I hope-as blessed dered others and needed absolution ; as I am, dear," said the major's wife they would then know what Confession who had not yet outgrown the trick of was, and not write such pernicious blushing very prettily when her own nonsense as they now do.' REGULA CREDENDI

If any one shall deny that for the entire and perfect remission of sins there are required three acts in the penitent, being as it were, the matter of the Sacrament of Penance, namely, Contrition, Confession, and Satisfaction, which are called the three parts of let him he ac penance: . . . . cursed.

If any one shall deny that sacra-In fact this influ ence enters largely into the morality of a nation. And this is the institumental confession was either instituted, or is necessary to salvation, by the is anricular confe divin which Mosheim had the effrontery t method which the Catholic Church from say: "By this change of the ancient disthe beginning has always observed, cipline, one of the greatest restrains and does observe, of secretly confessing to the priest alone, is foreign from the licentiousness, and the only remaining barrier of chastity, was institution and command of Christ, and is a human invention : let him be entirely removed." Pace Mosheim ! I have made a brief allusion to the accursed. If any one shall say, that in the Sac-rament of Penance it is not by the Ritualists contravening the doctrine and practice of the Anglican Church, and the arrogating to themselves the divine law necessary for the remission right and power to hear confessions in of sins, to confess all the singular view to priestly absolution. So keen and bitter do their own brethren of the mortal sins, the memory of which may be had on due and diligent premedita Establishment inveigh against them tion, even secret oncs, and those who are against the two last commandments for this assumption in the latter half of the nineteenth century that I am loath to wound the sensibilities of many a of the decalogue, and the circumstances which change the nature of the sin but that such confession is only useful good meaning man amongst them. However there is one remark which for instructing and consoling the pen itent, and was formerly observed only love for truth and a god-like aversion for injury to poor souls, exact. for imposing canonical satisfaction must be borne in mind that these High or that it is not lawful to confess venial Churchmen are incapable of hear sins : let him be accursed. E. A. SELLEY, O. S. A. ing confessions. There is scarcely if a single one amongs Hythe, Kent. them, that has read a sufficient

### JULY 30, 1892.

#### The Singing in Go EUGENE FIEL

Out yonder in the moonligh Acre lies. Go angels walking to and fro, s ables : Their radiant wings are folde are bended low. As they sing among the b diowers delight to grow : in the moonligh

"Sleep, oh. sleep ! The Shepherd gua Fast speedeth the ni Soon cometh the glo Sleep, weary ones, ' Sleep, oh. sleep !"

The flowers within God's Acr The flowers within Ook a Act wondrous sight. And hear the angels singin through the night; And, lo! throughout the h gentle flowers prolong The music of the angels in the source.

"Sleep. oh, sleep! The Shepherd lov He that guardeth F Hath folded them to So, sleep ye now an Sleep, oh, sleep!

From angel and from flow learned that soothing y And with its heavenly music nichts along ; So, through all time, who herd's victls glorify. God's Acre slumberch in sweet lullaby ;

" Sleep, oh. sleep The Shepherd Fast steedeth th Soon cometh the Sleep, weary on Sleep, oh, sleep

-La

THE CITY OF AN ALLEC

(ALBA CHAPTE "Hullo !" I cried,

come to be here?" "Iwas sent out ton he, with a smile. strange, and was al sent him, when he too himself. " How did you fare

then gave him a ful adventures. 'Ah" said he, " have descended by th summit of Fame, and ments untenanted.

them to-day that th have attained a nobl "No one ever asce say?" "You are mista

often ascends by it to flowers around the notice how the Cord "I noticed that i did not pay much By the by that the first knot--is larger than the "It is. Then fol a greater interval,

teen ; then, Thirty Is there a reas "Yes ; perhaps ain it. Meanwhi plain it.

bound for now ?' To the City of promptly. "That," said home. I will tak after you are within

learn to call it by a will no longer call but the City of poor people !" he to a considerable women and child proaching by the to the City of already passing do ' they hav of us : work in the City, and at evening th that happy and h any wonder the through the • despise the Hot-c yonder wretch of spoke, one consi

us and among t

poor woman with

several others I h

mon, as, also, sor

ing the silver-b

Prudence. I al

persons attired a

were closely foll

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pedestrians. I

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like yourself, a

The rest know th

which extended

as far as the eye

beheld before t

and could plain

Rock on which

the illimitable

mountain arose

of rough road s

extensive dese

right and to t

number of peo

about among

saw, with ext.

persons who

out of their con

Entering will

"These," he s



2

been in poor health since, until he began to tal

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saparilla, especially to comrades in the G. A. E.

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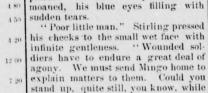
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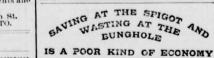
R. LEWIS.



they'd never been soived. "Well, you see, there's nothing to tell. He never came home, and we took it for granted he was dead ; but we've never had a scrap of evidence to

explain matters to them. Could you stand up, quite still, you know, while I write a note to your father? Now

then, don't wink an eye-lid even, if vou can help it.



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all who use it.

" Deucedly so ?"

"Then, I thank God too !" The low, fervent tones of his voice

enlightened Mr. Southmead. "Hey ! what?" He got up again in his excitement, but this time it was to wring the major's hand till it tingled. You don't mean to tell me, Denny-'That I love your niece with all my

leart "God bless my soul. I'm really de

ighted to hear you say so. If I'd have dared wish for just such a coming to gether of the blue and the gray, I'd have done it months ago. ' I did dare it months ago," Stirling

said, with a low, light-hearted laugh, ' and have never quite recovered from the chill of her frozen repulse." "All sentimental bosh! 'Sula's a

There never was a better good girl. But Henry Ralston never did get into he heart of her heart ; and I think her

ong mourning for him has been a sort of penance of conscience. She was too much his superior to look up to him. He was a rollicking, race-riding, jolly chap, whom no one could help lik-ing for his amiability and gener-

'I must be answered," he said ; it ous nature. He fairly teased her into marrying him. They had is you who are the merciless one. Is it because you have doubts about your been married only a month or two, when he went off to the war, and never right to love and marry again that

was heard of after the first few months you refuse me the comfort of your society ?" until now. But if he had lived to come

back, she's just the sort of women to back, she's just the sort of women to have devoted her whole life to his com-fort and happiness, and he was just the sort of man to accept the sacrifice of a her hand, compelled her to look him sort of man to accept the sacrifice of a woman's life in perfect unconsciousness

of any selfishness on his own part. You know there are such men, Denny.

ered that she was trembling, and gently placed her in a chair.

"I beg your pardon for prolonging your anxiety by one second. No. I do upon not bring you bad news. Carl is doing very well. He is in no manner of Then he delivered the boy's danger. message.

'Sula blushed confusedly, then blushed worse with vexation at her helpless embarrassment " Mrs Ralston," Stirling said, going

about his errand with his usual straightforwardness, "I have come to make one more trial of your gentle patience with those who offend you. Neither you nor I, I'm sure, have even net since that morning at Thorndale without a conscious effort at indifference toward each other. I acknowl edge that I have been playing a part. and playing it miserably poorly

Will you be as honest? I am that tired of my role : how is it with youdear ? 'I thought," said 'Sula, looking at

him piteously, "that you had accepted the inevitable, and—"

" Does that word inevitable (pardon Divinity. the interruption, but I have come here determined to get behind words to things) have reference for confessors, which was never intended for a treatise on moral the your state of feeling? ology, but merely as a *refresher* to those to you will say to me that you do not care who had already well mastered the enough for me to marry me under any circumstances, I will go away from

you and never trouble you again. Will you say that ?" She was as dumb before him as

sheep before its shearers. 'Ursula, do you love me?"

"I did not know you could be so merciless," she cried, getting up and walking away from him to the fireplace, where she stood looking down

into the dancing flames with burning eyes and cheeks.

Messrs. Tuckett & Son are often asked to sell their "Myrtle Navy" tobacco to retail dealers. They never in any case do so, and for the best of reasons. The wholesale trade of the country have a dis-tributing machinery which handles the "Myrtle Navy" without any addition to its permanent expenses. If the manufactures were to undertake that work, as they would by selling to the retail trade, it would require an independent machinery, the whole cost of which would have to be borne by the proceeds of the tobacco sales, and of course it would fall upon the consumer. Selling to the wholesale trade alone is, therefore, for the consumer's benefit, and is a convenience

A tremor throughout her slender

"If a voice from the dead assured world. you of your freedom, would you still Cows.

course of moral theology to qualify him to practice the ars artium of Next to the blessing of redemption, and the graces consequent upon it there is no gift bestowed by God upon All they have done is to ' read over " some abridged dictionary man greater than religious education The more we can be raised above the petty vexations and pleasures of this world into the eternal life to come the more shall we be prepared to enter nto that eternal life whenever God shall please to call us hence.-Dean

Stanley. "Tired All the Time." Is the complaint of many poor mortals, who know not where to find relief. Hood's Sar-saparilla possesses just those elements of strength which you so earnestly crave; it will build you up, give you an appetite, strengthen your stomach and nerves. Try it.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constitution and assist digestion.

to the wholesale trade alone is, therefore, for the consumer's benefit, and is a convenience to the relatit trade, because every traveller who calls — in the grocery line—can take orders for my blood and for pimples, and two bottles made a complete cure of my case. It is the only remedy I could find to help my cound ind to bloed in the trade of the trade

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