

### A Dying Irish Catholic.

FROM AN ACTUAL SICK-CALL.

Thank God, an' you, your Riv'rence; now I've got The Church's holy rites me soul's at peace. An' ready for the blessed will of God. Av course I'm loth to leave the woman there. An' that young lad. That's nat'ral; but she man's A sorry Christian that finds fault with God.

Whisht, alanna! Don't cry. You see your self. The word of God is pass'd to call me. Sure! You know the way's not long, nor dark, nor lone. Darlint, I'm all prepared, an' strong to die! Dry up your tears. Remember what you bear: The cryin' I'll harm you, may be, as you are. Take courage, wife; an' with the baby's born You'll look into its eyes, an' face me there. Jas av, you mind, you did wish Patsy here— Our first was born.

Come boy; look up, an' hear Your father's words. I'm goin' soon to see The face of God, the Blessed Virgin, an' the Saints. Sure! proud you'll be some day to stand, an' say— "Me father—rest his soul—died as he lived. A Catholic staunch an' true!"

Hark, Patsy boy! Remember what I tell you with me dyin' breath— This world's not much; the faith's worth more than all. Come, water child, me eyes are growin' dim. Now take me hand; an' Mary dear, yours too. Place now, your Riv'rence, raise your holy hand. An' bless us all. That's how I'd like to go: Jas av, with leavin' dear old Ireland. Me eyes were dim too, thin—me father stood Upon the shore an' held his thimblin' hands. Rased up to bless me as the ship moved out. Whisht on her bendin' knees me mother prayed— Arrah! 'twas much like dyin' thin, the same as now.

Your blessin' Father, for me time is short! The Priest, Proficere, anima Christiana, de hoc mundo, in nomine Dei omnipotentis, qui te creavit: in nomine Jesu Christi, Fili Dei vivi, qui pro te passus est: in nomine Spiritus Sanctus, qui in te effusus est: Hodie at in pace locus tuus, et habitatio tua in sanctis Sion.

I cannot see ye more; but in me heart I feel I'm nearin' Heaven. This world's not much To gain or lose; what is to the fore— Jesus! . . . Mary! . . . Joseph! . . . receive my soul!

The Priest— Subvenite sancti Dei, occurrere angelis Domini, suscipientes animam eius, offerentes eam in conspectu Altissimi. Suscipite Christum qui vocavit te, et in sinu Abrahe angelicam deducite! Requiem aeternam dona ei Domine, et lux perpetua luceat ei! —*A. F. Young.*

### LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### CROSS QUESTIONS.

"How many among us at this very hour Do force a lifelong trouble for ourselves By taking true for false, or false for true." —*Tennyson.*

Grievous was Mabel's disappointment when the dinner hour brought not Hugh, but a few hasty lines from him to Miss Mackenzie, excusing himself on the plea of fatigue, also on account of some important letters which had been awaiting his return, and which must be answered without delay.

"He is worried, poor fellow!" said Miss Mackenzie, handing the note over to Mabel, whose heart had begun to ache with her first glimpse of the handwriting. "I know it by the scrawl. Well, dearie, we had better have dinner immediately—it is no use waiting any longer."

"Yes, Auntie," answered poor Mabel, as cheerfully as she could; but for her the July evening had lost its glorious sunshine, and intolerably long must be the hours which divide her from the morrow.

On former occasions she would have run down to the vicarage immediately after dinner, to say a few words of welcome and of child; but with the consciousness of her love had arisen a bashful withholding of what had hitherto been so naturally and spontaneously given.

Mabel went early to rest, hoping that the glad morning would set all to rights again. Alas! it only increased her trouble.

Hugh was, as usual, in his place for Morning Service, but the first glance at him so upset Mabel that she was unable to give her mind to the prayers. He was pale, purple rings round his eyelids told a story of sleepless nights, and in the eyes themselves there was a shade of sadness, deeper by far than any Mabel had ever yet seen therein.

What was the matter? Was he ill? What could have happened during his absence? Something must have happened, for his countenance bore unmistakable traces of recent trouble, which must have powerfully affected his lately recovered health. If any misfortune had befallen him, why had he not written to inform them of it? Surely perplexed was poor little Mabel as she took careful note of each change in his appearance, asking herself meanwhile the above questions; sorely grieved she was, too, to think he was ill, or unhappy. But now would be the time when, maybe, her warm sympathy would come kindly to him. No doubt he would tell her after service if anything serious had taken place, and if he were ill again—well, of course Aunt Helen would make him return to the Hermitage to be nursed; and then, Mabel thought, she would have the opportunity of showing him the tender care she so yearned to bestow upon him.

In the midst of these reflections, Mabel awoke to the fact that service was over, and that she had scarcely heard a single word of it. Heartily ashamed of her distractions, she buried her face in her hands, and before leaving the church made penitent resolutions to do better for the future.

Hugh lingered a long time in the vestry—what could he be doing there, Mabel wondered. He generally came out at once, and either walked part of the way home with her, or, if he was very busy, Mabel had not unfrequently breakfasted with him at the vicarage, passing whole mornings helping him with plans for the school. On that particular day he would surely

wish her to do so, for he would know she must have a great deal to say to him; or perhaps he would come back to the Hermitage, and breakfast there—one or the other, Mabel did not care which it was, so that she could see him and speak to him. But a fresh disappointment awaited her. Hugh, when he came out of the church, started at the sight of her. Had he then purposely remained so long within?—had he, desiring to avoid her, thus sought to weary out her patience, and make her go home without seeing him?—and if so, why? Such were Mabel's quick, suspicious thoughts as, far more coldly and shyly than was her wont, she stretched her hand out to him, while the warm welcome she had prepared died upon her lips, and she only said gravely, "How are you, Hugh? You are not looking at all well."

Was it reality, or was it again her own stupid fancy? but Mabel imagined that Hugh had averted his glance from her before he answered, "I have not been well—I have had a return of the ague; but I am better now. Are you all right at the Hermitage, Mabel?"

"Yes," she replied timidly; "only we all missed you a good deal." Then with some of her old warmth, "I am so glad you are come home, Hugh."

This time, at least, it was no fancy, for a sharp look of pain came over his face, and he let her hand drop abruptly.

Hugh could bear it no longer. Jessie's last words had reminded him of more than he could think of at all quietly just then, so he got up, and made some excuse about an engagement he was obliged to keep, and in spite of all Jessie's efforts to detain him, managed to effect his escape without having betrayed himself. The clear-sighted Jessie was for once thoroughly deceived, and was even vexed with the little interest he had evinced about Mabel's affairs.

But when Mabel saw him again he was changed, changed as a man must inevitably be who has battled through a struggle of which no one knows, save God and his own brave heart. With the revelation of his love had come to Hugh also the conviction of its hopelessness—nay, even of its folly.

That Mabel should care for him otherwise than as a friend and a father, never crossed his mind. His manner towards her, therefore, as described at their first meeting after his return, was in no way dictated by fear after the existence of any feelings on her part which it might be his duty to nip in the bud, but simply because it was only by assuming such harsh abruptness that he was able to maintain his composure at the sight of Mabel.

With stern determination he had resolved to conquer this unfortunate attachment, to weed it by the very roots from his soul. But, God help him! that could not be done, if she were to be as she had been of late, the very sunshine of his daily life. No; he must deny himself the sweet happiness of her presence, of her help, and worse than all, repel her warm, childish affection with harshness and coldness, lest it should unman him, and humble him in her eyes.

All this he had determined before he saw her, and he had even believed himself strong. His first glance down upon the dear little face had convinced him of his mistake. Up rose rebellion in his heart, and out of sheer self-defence he had almost unkindly repulsed her, and sent her from him more sad, more miserable than she had ever been in all her life until that hour.

After leaving her, however, Hugh reflected that he must not over-act his part, or he should thereby infallibly defeat his own object. There, fore, when he met Mabel again that same morning, some hours later, he stood and talked with her a few moments, promised that he would dine at the Hermitage that evening, and looked once more like himself. At least so thought Mabel. She had accordingly, in a measure, recovered her spirits, though she was still anxious and thoroughly puzzled. She had spent an idle afternoon with her book upon her lap, but her thoughts straying far from its contents; and now, at 5 o'clock of this same day, she is sitting, full of thought, under the cool shadow of an acacia tree. Hugh and Miss Mackenzie are talking, at a little distance, and Mabel watches him unobserved.

"He is certainly changed since last week," she thinks to herself; "but why, even if he is ill or unhappy, should he be different with me? Surely I have not done anything to offend him in any way unless—Oh!"

Here Mabel checks herself suddenly, for Hugh looks in her direction, and she feels as if she had been caught watching him; her face flushes as she rises and comes forward.

"Mabel, dear," it is Miss Mackenzie who speaks, "Hugh has just been telling me that they are having a large party at Elvanlee next week—did you get any word from Jessie in your letter this morning about it?"

"Yes, Auntie: Jessie mentioned it." "And how was it you said nothing about it, dearie?" "There was plenty of time, Auntie, and I was in a hurry at post time," says Mabel, busying herself with the cups and saucers.

"I wonder what grand folk they will bring upon us this year," pursues Miss Mackenzie sighing; "they take my child away from me all the time you know, Hugh; it's the season of the year I like the least."

"Auntie, I do not want to go to the Castle," breaks in Mabel eagerly;

"let me stay with you this year. I can tell Jessie you are not well enough to spare me; it is quite true, you have not been at all well lately."

"She does not know who is coming," thinks Hugh bitterly, while the old lady answers, "Eh! Mabel, I was only joking; you know I would not keep you for the world. Jessie would never forgive me; besides, I shall do very well: I am going to Scotland earlier than usual, and till you join me there I shall get on finely with our good friends the Grammes, and all of them—no lack of company in Edinburgh, dearie."

"Tell Aunt Helen that I will call some time to-day, if I possibly can manage it. I have such an arrear of Tasmanian correspondence waiting for me to make up that I shall be very busy for some days; but I will call on Aunt Helen to-day or to-morrow."

He spoke hurriedly, as if he were anxious to bring their conversation to a close. Mabel was puzzled, but made another effort.

"Can't I help you, Hugh?" "Certainly not—no, thank you. Mabel, I am much obliged, though, all the same."

What could make him speak so roughly to her?—there was nothing the least unusual in her proposition; and Mabel's heart grew sick within her as she thought of the many happy hours when he had sought the aid he now so decidedly repulsed. Deeply wounded by his manner, more than by his words, she made brief answer— "As you like, Hugh. I have several things to mention to you about the people you wished me to visit. I suppose you will send for me when you are disengaged. Good-bye."

She turned quickly away, for fears of mingled pride and pain were starting into her eyes, and not for worlds would she have allowed Hugh to see them there. As for Hugh he let her go without another word, but Mabel's wildest dreams of love would have been far surpassed if she could have seen him during the course of the next hour.

Hugh had gone to London, happy enough regarding the state of his feelings towards Mabel, and but for an unexpected revelation, might have remained for some time longer in blissful unconsciousness. He had concluded the business which had taken him up to town, and on the last day but one before his return to Elvanlee, having nothing particular to do, he had gone to call upon Guy and his wife in Belgrave. Guy was out, but Jessie was at home, and rather glad of the opportunity of a quiet talk with Hugh. She particularly wished to see him, for Mabel's letters had aroused her suspicions as to the course her young sister-in-law's affections were taking; and Jessie was annoyed that it should be so. She had a pet scheme of her own respecting Mabel, and was determined, if possible, to stop the mischief in time.

"Well now, tell me about Mabel," she began, before Hugh had been ten minutes in the room; "has she broken her heart over Mr. Vaughan's departure?—how has she reconciled herself to you in his place?"

"Poor Mabel!—it was a great trial," said Hugh quietly; "but she has been happy, I think, on the whole." "Happy! Oh!" exclaimed Jessie, incredulously; "what! happy with all her beloved ritualistic services banished forever? You must be mistaken, Hugh."

"Well, then, she bears it very well, for she does not seem to me to be fretting much about it."

"Do you see her often?" "I should think so—she is my right hand in the parish."

Hugh did not know how warmly he had spoken. "This will never do," thought Jessie, "I must put a stop to this." "We shall be coming home next week, and then you will have to spare your 'right hand,' for we are going to have a large party at Elvanlee, and I shall want Mabel altogether."

A quick, jealous pang shot through Hugh's heart, but he answered, perfectly unmoved— "That is rather hard; but suppose she gives us both a little of her time."

"That won't do at all," replied Jessie quickly. "She will come and stay with us, of course. And now I want to tell you about a plan of mine. You are one of her guardians, so it is quite right I should speak to you about it."

Hugh said not a word. Jessie's eyes were upon him, and he was beginning to feel that the exercise of self-control would be necessary before long; what was coming, and why did his heart beat more quickly all of a sudden?

I have asked Lord Temple to join us next week at Elvanlee, and he has accepted," resumed Jessie. "You know about him, perhaps."

"I know him? No, I don't," said Hugh, briefly, and in spite of himself his voice sounded harsh. "I thought perhaps Aunt Helen might have told you," pursued Jessie, quickly. "We all hoped last year that he and Mabel would have made it up together, and it was so unfortunate, just as things were coming to a climax, that he was telegraphed for to Ireland, out of town, for two days just then, or I am sure he would have proposed before he went; and the dear old lady was so long dying that he never got back again until we had left London. I wrote and asked him to come and shoot in the Autumn, but it was so provoking, he could not get leave from his regiment; and now that stupid child insisted on staying all the season away up in the north, and he has been in London; however, I think it will be

all right if he comes to Elvanlee. He has told Guy that he admires Mabel immensely, and really it will be a capital thing for her, you know."

Hugh sat motionless, his arms folded, his head slightly inclined, betraying neither by word nor sign the feelings which Jessie's words awakened. In one moment was laid bare to him the secret of his love; he knew the truth, and there arose no denial of it within him. There was an interval of silence, then Hugh felt that a reply was expected from him, and a reply he forced himself to give.

"Do you think that Mabel likes him?" "I am sure she did," responded Jessie with alacrity. "She was very much inclined to like him, anyhow, and he will suit her perfectly; he is just the right age, and has lots of money, and he is as High Church as she is herself—that is a great thing, you know."

"Is it?" said Hugh, with a forced smile; he was suffering horribly, and longed to get away, but Jessie would not let him escape.

"No, you must not think of going yet. Do stay to luncheon. Guy will be here then, and very likely Lord Temple. I should so like you to see him. I want to have your opinion about him. I want to have you on my side, you know, because, if it comes to anything, Mabel is sure to go to you for advice."

"But, Auntie, I would rather stay with you," pleads Mabel earnestly. "It wouldn't be right, dearie. You must speak to her, Hugh, she's getting that unsociable, I declare!" and the old lady laughs her bright pleasant laugh, adding, "Did you happen to hear the names of any that were coming?"

"Jessie mentioned Lord Temple. She was beginning to tell me when I came away," answers Hugh, retaining by an effort his composed voice and manner. He is not looking at Mabel, but he sees her, and that she is somewhat affected by his words; and when he does look at her, he perceives that the flushed face is flushed deeper still.

"Auntie, I have the list of the people in my pocket," she says hastily—"no, I have left it on my desk; I will go into the house and bring it to you."

Then Mabel hurries away, leaving Hugh convinced that Jessie was right, and that "Mabel is certainly not indifferent to Lord Temple."

"I cannot bear to see it," he mutters to himself. "I must take resolute measures for a few weeks, or I shall make a fool of myself altogether. Aunt Helen," he says in a sharp, abrupt tone, "I suppose you know what they bring Lord Temple here for? I may as well tell you at once. Jessie spoke to me in London about him. As I am Mabel's guardian, she thought I should have a word in it. Tell me now before she comes back—what sort of a man is he?"

"Eh, Hugh, I have never seen him. I believe, from all I hear, he is a good man; but I know very little about him, except what Jessie or Guy have told me."

"And Mabel, has she not spoken of him?" "Not much; but I think she fancied him, poor child."

"Take care they don't sell her for the money and the title, that's all," answers Hugh, almost fiercely. "If he is a good man, worthy of her—understand, Aunt Helen, for I have not time to say much; she will be back directly, and I shall be so busy for some time I may not have another opportunity of speaking to you—but if he is all he should be, and she really likes him, then give your consent; but not—no—without."

"Eh—no, Hugh; but you will be seeing him yourself, and you will be more fit to judge than an old body like me."

"I shall not see much of him—I am likely to be too busy." Hugh speaks like a man who has wound himself up to say a certain thing, and is determined to say it at all cost, his mind fixed upon the subject—while Mabel is at it may. "And while we are on this subject, Aunt Helen—while Mabel is at the Castle, it will be better for her to give up entirely all her occupations in the parish; it is no use to over-fatigue herself with dissipation and the other as well. I shall do very well without her for a time. Will you tell her?"

"Yes," replies Miss Mackenzie gravely; and for a moment Hugh fears he has betrayed himself, for she has fixed her eyes steadily, and with some surprise, upon his face; but if she does suspect anything, the old lady thinks it better not to show it, so she only remarks, with some emphasis, "Mabel is not quite what you take her for; she will not be controlled or forced into anything, either by me or by anyone at the Castle. You need not fear that, at any rate!"

Mabel's re-appearance puts an effectual stop to the conversation; but the evening is an exceedingly painful one to Hugh—Mabel also, for she fears that Hugh has read the secret of her heart, and is purposely taking this way of showing her that she must not hope to be anything dearer to him than the child she has hitherto been. He has found out that she loves him, she imagines, and it is displeasing to him. Oh, what a humiliating, what a bitterly painful discovery? He is determined to make her feel that he looks upon her affection as a sort of usurpation. How foolish she has been all along! "Of course he will never love anybody after Blanche—his dead Blanche, of whom he was so fond."

And then she tries to recall what she can possibly have said or done thus to have laid her heart open before him. Poor Mabel! Hugh certainly succeeds in making her miserable—as miserable as he is himself.

But so they go on—so often, so often—those who love one another best—those who would, if it were put to them, die rather than inflict one pang on the beloved.

TO BE CONTINUED.

### THE HEART OF THE CHURCH.

Many persons seem to think that the great religious life of Rome is suspended in a considerable degree during the summer months, and that all Rome is given up to the characteristic *dolce far niente* of the country. They are mistaken, and underrate the intensity of the supernatural life of the Eternal City, where the heart of the Church always beats with such healthy regularity. Take, for instance, in brief review, the past week only. On August 1st, feast of St. Pietro in Vincoli, thousands were to be seen visiting and kissing with deep veneration the heavy chains which bound the Prince of the Apostles at Jerusalem and Rome. On the 2nd of August those churches endowed with the Portiuncula Indulgence were visited by great numbers of the faithful. Independent of the Pauline Chapel and the Franciscan churches, there are ten of these at Rome, including the English Church of St. Silvestro in Capite. On 3rd of August was the Feast of the Discovery of the Body of St. Stephen, which reposes in the Church of St. Lawrence beyond the city walls. On the 4th of August, Feast of St. Dominic, there were celebrations at the Minerva, where one of the saint's fingers is preserved as a relic, and at Santa Sabina, where he established the devotion of the Rosary, and where the marble table on which he slept, the orange tree which he planted, and the cell he occupied, are visited by scores of pious pilgrims every year, as well as the Chapter Hall at St. Sixtus, where St. Dominic restored two dead persons to life. On the 6th, the interesting patronal Feast of St. Maria Maggiore, in poetical commemoration of one of the most touching interests in the history of the Church at Rome, was celebrated with Pontifical ceremonial. The celebrations were attended by the Minerva, and the music, as usual in this church, was most excellent on Saturday. On August 7th, we have the Feast of St. Gaetano, founder of the Order of Theatines. On August 10th, we had the Feast of St. Lawrence; August 15th, the Assumption; August 20th, St. Bernard; and without interruption a wave of ever-springing commemorations in honor of the saints and martyrs of the Church goes on in Rome, the *Santo and Felice*.

### SOME CONVERSIONS.

Very interesting, too, was the conversion of a lady whose home was also in New England, who had tried all denominations and found them wanting, until she reached the Episcopal Church. Here she hoped to find rest and peace; but between Low Church views and High Church ritual she lost herself in greater confusion even than before. Many points of doctrine were still obscure to her understanding; but above all the great doctrine of Transubstantiation. If the Ritualists did not believe in the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist, why all the pomp and ceremony? There were High celebrations, and Low celebrations; there were "fathers" and acolytes; there were lighted candles and even incense used at these masses. It seemed to her so like a mockery of "Romanism" that she like a mockery of several clergymen of High Church and Low Church preferences, but while they talked a great deal about *mystic symbols*, no two agreed perfectly as to what was really the teaching of the Anglican Church on this most important point. At length she thought of a way to solve all doubts. She sat down one day and wrote twelve letters to the twelve most distinguished clergymen of the Episcopal Church in Europe and America. To each she propounded the same simple question: "What is the teaching of the Church upon the doctrine of Transubstantiation?" The replies came in one by one until she had the whole twelve, but there were no two alike. Each gave his views and opinions on the subject, but confusion reigned in the mind of the questioner. Again she wrote twelve letters and addressed them to twelve prelates of the Church of Rome, and again came the answers to the same question; but the twelve answers were as one. Here was no man's private opinion—no one man's latest thoughts. The Catholic Church spoke through her ministers, and so clearly, so convincingly, that doubts and anxieties were laid at rest forever—*The Catholic World* for September.

### NOW WRITING PLAYS.

#### Convert Adams Preparing a Drama for Mansfield.

New York, August 30.—Henry A. Adams, who, before he became a Catholic, was rector of the Episcopal Church of the Redeemer, has become a play-wright. He is at work on a piece for Richard Mansfield.

It is to be an adaptation of Lord Lytton's book, "What Will He Do With It?" The chief character in this work is *Gentleman Waife*, and Mr. Mansfield is to play that part.

A *Herald* correspondent saw Mr. Mansfield at the Victoria Hotel, and he told of his plans regarding the new play.

"Through friends of Mr. Adams," said Mr. Mansfield, "I learned of his literary ability. This was shortly after he became a Catholic. I am always on the lookout for new talent, and I determined to ask Mr. Adams to

try his hand at playwriting. I called on him and suggested that he make an adaptation of 'What Will He Do With It?' which I consider the greatest story in the English language. He became enthusiastic over the plan, and he has been at work on the play ever since. It is to be in four acts. Mr. Adams is now writing the last act.

"This is Mr. Adams' first attempt in this line, and his work pleases me greatly. To be sure, he is not a Shakespeare, but when he has had some experience really great things may be expected from him."

"Mr. Adams and I have formed plans for seven plays he is to write for me. He is to make plays for no one else. He is a man with plenty of dramatic fire, and I am certain he will succeed in his new field. He is a scholar of rare ability and is fully qualified for the work he has undertaken."

"The fact that he was a churchman is a guarantee that he will turn out nothing that will be low or vulgar. I believe the Church and the stage should go hand in hand. In fact if I were to cease to be an actor I would become a clergyman."

Mr. Adams is staying with friends in this city. The fact that he is married prevents him from becoming a Catholic priest, and he has determined to support his family by literary work.

### Divorce in Italy.

When Italy followed Garibaldi and his horde of Atheists in their assaults upon the Pope and the Catholic Church, she sowed the seeds of disorder and demoralization which are now bearing fruit. The first institution to be attacked was that of Christian marriage. Whenever a nation breaks away from religion she lowers the standard of domestic morality and virtue and sets up divorce as a social establishment. This Italy has done, with the result that a terrible sacrifice of female purity has followed. A herculean effort is now being made to stem the tide before it submerges the entire country.

A petition has been prepared for circulation and signature praying for the abolition of divorce by legal enactment. This has been signed by sixty-thousand women, among whom are some of the most aristocratic in the land. It is doubtful whether this will be heeded. Wherever civil marriage prevails and is recognized there also must be divorce. "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder" is a Christian precept which is binding only where marriage is held to be a sacrament. Whom God hath joined together the State may separate is the modern doctrine of Protestant and atheistic countries. Italy abandoned the true Church, and she is now suffering the penalties. Only when she retraces her steps will she be free from dangers of socialism, domestic infidelity and the destruction of the family by indiscriminate divorce.—*Boston Republic*

### Conscience.

There is no stronger evidence of the existence of a Supreme Being, who regulates our every action, than what we call conscience. It is that ever-living presentiment we cannot escape from. It is the most subtle and indestructible of reminders. We walk the world's beaten ways, and try to get away from it, but it is always there, and can picture the exquisite delight of a good conscience, of him who reads the narrow path. Its presence is as potent as the rod of Moses. Fly from it, its touches of recollection, with the spirit ever following us, seeks to recall our wayward heart. What should we do if we had not conscience striving within us, sharpening with its pain, that has yet a touch of delight, because its voice recalls days of youthful innocence. It is our friend, the best of friends. How it rises and tramples on you present, that past you would fain hide, but never dies. How your heart yearns with the longing for the bright recovered country to look no more on the desert and the land of bondage. If we did not know these yearnings were but seeds for future blossom and fruit, if we did not know that God's denial is brief, His bounty endless, conscience would be indeed that thing which would make of us cowards. But conscience is God's best gift. In its promptings He is revealed to us. His mercies give us strength that leads us to Him, and in the peace and calm and strength of our repentance, we exclaim: "I am free."

It is not the happiness on earth, for its root is in the soul, not in the flesh, and the time of its perfecting in hereafter.

In view of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others, is it not reasonable to believe that it will also be of benefit to you?

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture. Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner than a Man") to LEE & BROS., Ltd., 35 Scott Street, Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising, and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market, and it will only cost postage to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

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FOR INVALIDS and weak, delicate women use Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine; no other, it is the best.

### Worth Reading.

Mr. Wm. McNeve, of St. Ives, Ont., had eleven terrible running sores and was not expected to recover, all treatment having failed. Six bottles of Buckle's Blood Bitter completely restored him to health. Druggist Sanderson, of St. Mary's, Ont., certifies to these facts.

### Looked Like a Skeleton.

GENTLEMEN—Last summer my baby was so bad with summer complaint that he looked like a skeleton. Although I had not much faith in it, I took a friend's advice and tried Dr. Fowler's Sarsaparilla. I truly believe it saved his life. MRS. HARVEY STEVENS, Hillsborough, N. B.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.



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