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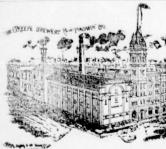
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His muscles were strained, even to cracking, and the oars dipped and rose as swift as a bird's wings, and the boat flew LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD as swift.

An Historical Romance.

BY M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XV .- CONTINUED.

Suspicion begat fear, and fear begat age. The men began to point their bay-

rage. The men began to point their bay onets and finger their triggers ominously. It would go hard with the girl if their pas-

sions (as every moment threatened)

At the same instant Peggy leaped for

the trigger. But flint and powder-pan were coated with the wet and mud, and

not a spark came.

More and more the rushes bent and

rustled by the lake's brim. Then they opened towards the outer edge, as a dense crowd clears a space with much struggling

when a reckless horseman goes galloping

Out from the thick cover there shot, not

fifty yards off, a light boat, with a tall

gaunt man in it, pulling as if a life was on

boat tear through the water.

A trick learned on the great Western lakes, when arrows fell like hailstones,

served now in good stead. He pulled

first one oar, then the other, with a quick jerk that almost lifted the prow from the

water. The boat shot along zigzag, like a

swallow in the air, or a trout in the stream, making sure aim impossible. Still, the bullets from the straggling fire

one marksman, more skilful than his fellows, or more lucky, first grazed Christy Culkin's temple with a ball, and the blood

egan to trickle, first in big drops, then in little stream down his face. He never so much as winced. The oars

"Lie down!" he cried hoarsely! "for fod's shake, Peggy, lie close."

Throat lined with Ulcers

A Young Lady Cured of Long

Chase's Catarrh Cure.

Last fall she suffered intense pain in her head and her throat was lined with ulcers. The doctors called it Catarrhal Son Throat, but did not cure it. She

on the ulcers cleared away from

throat, the pain in her head ceased. She says that Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure does not cause distress or sneezing when being used, and is the most effective catarrh

remedy she ever tried.
Mr. J. D. Phillips, a Justice of the Peace, declares that he knows Miss Howey and her mother, and can vouch for the truthfulness of her statements.

Standing Catarrh and Ca-

tarrhal Sore Throat by Dr.

pattered close round him.

arsman was not hit. He made

The girl, wild with excitement, never heeded his cry, but turned and faced her heeded his cry, but turned and faced her foes, who were scattered along the lake's edge, with smoking or levelled guns, and waved her hand defiantly. At the sight of her a hoarse cry of rage went up from them. Guns were pointed, and triggers pulled; but rage spoiled their aim, and the bullets pattered harmlessly in the water. There was no escape. To the right towards the wood the bog grew wetter and softer, till it merged into an impass-able morass. On the other hand, the deep

The next moment the boat shot round able morass. On the other hand, the deep lake, fringed with bulrushes at the edge the projecting nose of Stoney Island, from shadow into sunshine. A huge rocky shield was stretched between it and the hemmed them in. Further out in the lake a steep, rocky island shut off the level rays of the rising sun, and enhanced

the gloom.

Angry suspicion began to whisper amongst the priest-hunters. It was not likely, they muttered, that a congregation had gone to Ma-s over this shaking bog, where no trace of footstep was to be seen.

There was no sign of life at all in this desolate place, only now and again the tall bulrushes, close to the lake's margin, rustled as if shaken as by wild fowl passing stealthily. They could even hear the splashing in the water, but no birds rose. Suspicion begat fear, and fear begat The fugitives were safe! Christy shipped his oars. But the boat still glided forward, smoothly and swiftly, from the tremendous impetus she had received.

His iron nerves were unshaken by the terrible intervent.

terrible strain. There was a grim smile on his face at the danger, over past. But Peggy, who had been a heroine while the danger lasted, was a weak woman now

that it was over.

Tremblingly she began to wipe away the blood that still trickled, though more slowly, from the bullet-graze on Christy's forehead.

forehead.

"Quiet, my girl," he said stoically, "let be. The bullet has only brushed away a bit of the skin. A half-inch nearer, though, and Christy would never have troubled you again. If you were not left in the lurch, colleen, I dunno but it would be better if the fellow held his gun straighter, and sent the bullet home."

"He stoke sailty for the bitterness of sions (as every moment threatened) escaped control.

But she moved forward lightly and jauntily, as if unconscious of the fierce storm that was brewing, though its low mutterings could he heard all round her. She never so much as turned her head, but kept looking out steadily at the lake and the shaking bulrushes.

Even Hempenstal, infected with the general suspicion, tightened his grasp on the rope. He was standing at the moment, both feet close together, on a wob-

He spoke sadly, for the bitterness of disappointed love was rankling in his heart like a poisoned arrow. She had drawn herself close to his side,

She had drawn herself close to his side, and was looking earnestly in his face.
All of a sudden she burst into a wild peal of laughter, that startled the morning air. Then, as suddenly, she fell to bitter weeping, her whole body shaking with her sobs. The poor girl's nerves were stattered by the terrible ordeal through which she had passed so bravely. Christy, surprised and frightened by the outburst, drew her close to him until the finshed, tear-stained cheek rested like a child's on his broad chest. the rope. He was standing at the mo-ment, both feet close together, on a wob bling little islet of sod in the centre of a uagmire. There was bare foothold where he stood, and he had to keep a stiff per-pendicular to balance himself.

Pegry jerked the cord—this time with a quick, palpable jerk there was no misa quick, papane jerk there was no his take about.

Hempenstal swayed like a pillar — as tall, as stiff, as straight. He growled an angry curse, and leant back against the strain to steady himself.

Instantly Peggy flung the noose from over her neck, and loosed her hold on the cord. Down he went, splash like a log, full length in the mud on the broad of his child's on his broad chest.

a child's on his broad chest.

"Don't cry, acushla machree," he said very tenderly, very pityingly. "It's glad and proud ye ought to be this minute. It's the priest and people that will be proud of you. There is not another girl in Connaught would do the job ye did this worster. For many a long day it In connaught would do the job ye did this morning. For many a long day it will be told at fair and pattern how Pegry Heffernan saved the priest and the boys from the 'Walking Gallows' and his gang, and left the priest-hunters up to their necks in a bog-hole. "Cheer up, asthore, the danger is over your. Don't mind what an old fool like ard like a hare, over the shaky surface of the bog, and, plunging into the lake amongst the swaying bulrushes, disap-peared. For a moment surprise and confusion

stopped pursuit. Hempenstal's condition claimed the instant attention of his men claimed the instant attention of his men.
The slime was settling over his face, and
he sank the quicker for his struggles.
They pulled him out, spluttering black
mud, and foul from head to heel with
sliver. now. Don't mind what an old fool lik me says when the love fit is on him.
Froth, I will never trouble you with the
like again." She raised her head and like again." She raised her head and looked at him with tearful eyes, half "Curse the jade," he blurted out sav

aughing, half angry.
"Ould fool, indeed," she said, "and agely; "she has drowned herself, and obbed the halter of a chance. No! no!" truer word ye never spoke. Christy, can you look me in the face, and not see that e shouted again more eagerly, "she's Her head sank again on his breast as

Pointing to where the bulrushes bent she said the last words, very softly."

"Like a grandfather?" asked Christy bitterly, remembering the old taunt.

"Like a sweetheart," retorted Peggy, and swayed violently close to the water's adge, he drew a huge horse-pistol from his belt, levelled it steadily, and pulled

saucily. Then, with a sudden change of manner, "Oh, Christy, I knew that I loved you when I saw the bullets spleshing all round, and you pulling away so quick and steady as if it was rowing a race you were. When I saw the blood race you were. When I saw the blood streaming down your face I felt as if it was my own heart's blood. I came between you and the bullets because I must have died if they kilt you."

Christy sat silent and dazed. The sud-

den delight took sense and speech from

ach stroke.
A dozen muskets were levelled instant-Peggy raised her head and flashed an ly, and a dezen bullets ripped the water all round the boat. Two struck the tim-bers of it, but high above the water-lime, reggy raised her head and hashed an angry look from her dark blue eyes.

"Is it a man ye are at all?" she cried, petulantly drawing herself away from his encircling arm, "that yet a colleen do all the scatter along a pistor barret, and a ready finger on a hair trigger."

"There is nothing to be done, then," said Lord Dulwich sullenly, but grin and bear it. We must, like good Christians trunches along a pistor barret, and a ready finger on a hair trigger." and one drilled a hole through the oar-

the courtin' caught her in his Then arms, and held her close, pressed kiss after kiss on her lips. His temperate blood, that had flowed calmly in his veins in the moment of extreme peril, was all aflame with the fierce deight of love.

Blushing and breathless she struggled release herself.
He noticed blood on his hand that had clasped her to him; he noticed blood on her dress. He saw the purple mark

where the rope had tightened on her slender throat. He realized for the first time the sufferings she had endured. His face changed as the summer sky when the hunder clouds cover it. The rage of his "The beasts," he muttered, "the brute beasts. But I wrong the beasts to com-

fill kept going quick and strong, as if a nachine worked them, and the boat was fted forward at every stroke.

But, with a cry of terror at the sight of lood, Peggy started up from the stern, pare them. The red Indians were Christians to them. The devils themselves would be ashamed of this work." A quick stroke turned the boat's head, ad shot it towards the island. and flung herself between the oarsman and the threatening muskets. Then, for the first time, Christy's face changed color, and the scarlet blood

and shot it towards the island.

"Where are ye going now?" cried Peggy, frightened at the change she saw in his face.

"Back," said Christy grimly, "to land

ye, darlint, first, then back. I'll give them a lesson in shooting they'll carry to heir graves, an' a short journey it will be or some of them." lie stooped for the ong brown rifle that lay at the bottom of "I'll send a few devils home to e boat.

Miss Anna A. Howey, of Eden, Ont., says that she suffered from Catarrh for ten years, used a number of remedies advertised, but was always disappointed he still held the gun. I have a dale to say to you, and the long day, and broad lake shining before us. The cuts don't hurt no more than the scratch of me shawl pin. Troth, the mane omadawns are bad enough in the bog hole, and lave them there. We've won, Christy, asthore. Let us go off with our winnings." saw that Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure was being highly recommended, so procured a box from C. Thomson, druggist, Tilson-burg, Ont., and commenced its use.

There was no resisting such an appeal. The grim lines of anger relaxed. His whole face softened and warmed with a great tenderness and pity that well be-

came it.

"My poor colleen," he said, "my brave colleen," and he caught her again in his

of the palace.

It was a long row that, and a slow one, and the sun had done three-fourths of his day's work when Christy sauntered slowly up the lane that led from his father's cottage to Cloonlara, the happiest man cottage to Cloonlara, the happiest man that walked that day upon Irish ground. An hour later the gigantic figure of Hem-penstal loomed into view, bedragged and

He was speedily closeted with wich. Then Mark Blake was called into the conclave, and the muffled sound of voices in anger could be heard through the thick walls of the room where

O LOYAL FATHER OF A TREACHER-OUS SON." -KinglRichard II. Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms, Quite vanquished him."—Julius Cæsar. The Devil shall have his bargain."

—Henry IV. Part I.

CHAPTER XVI.

So did this horse exact a common one In shape and courage, color, pace, and bone. —Venus and Adonis.

" I won't have the girl meddled with I wont have the girl meddled with, Dulwich," said Mark Blake, quietly. "It hat great hulking savage of yours had hurt her I would have sent a bullet in search of brains through his thick Lord Dulwich had just proposed to hang

Polly Heffernan.
The two were seated at a late breakfast in the room they had made their own in Cloonlara, still angrily discussing the vents of the previous day.

Lord Dulwich seemed restless and fev-

erish, as he crumbled and nibbled a mor-sel of dry toast, and wet his dry lips with belof dry toasi, and water.

He could not keep pace with Mark
Blake, who pressed him constantly to
high play, late hours, and hard drinking.

"I cannot understand you, Mark,"

muttered his lordship, "you were keener in this business than I was, you were more savage at our failure, yet you gru a halter to the treacherous jade that balked us."

"I cannot understand you, Dalwich, said Mark, slightly mimicking the other manner "Do you think there is no bet-ter use to which a pretty girl can be put than hanging? Have you seen her?" Lord Dulwich nodded.

Lord Dulwich nodded.

"Your blood must be ice water when rou talk so coldly of spoiling that pretty piece of woman's flesh with a halter. Yet hey say you married the handsomes they say you married the handsomese woman in Dublin without a penny fortune. Was that love or revenge?"

Lord Dulwich's pale face flushed scarlet. Mark Blake's random shot had struck home. He remembered how it was in truth for revenge, not love, he married the imperious beauty, who, from

was in truth for revenge, not note, he married the imperious beauty, who, from the first hour of their wedded life, tortured him with her cold contempt.

He answered, sullenly—
"Of all follies in the world, the folly that pursues the pretty face of an artful woman is the most foolish. But this guant hound, Culkin, have you any special tenderness for him?" Do you gradere

al tenderness for him? Do you grudge

al tenderness for him? Do you grudge him to the gallows?"
"No," growled Mark fiercely. "I would willingly fix the rope round his neck with my own hands. But—"
"But what? Afraid?" asked Lord Dulwich, with something of a sneer.
"There is no proof against him. Not one of your intelligent troop can swear to him. It is suspicion merely, though I confess I have no doubt it was his cunning set the fool's trap for your big booby and caught him. Yet it might be

and caught him. Yet it might dangerous to touch him with proof. He stands well with him with without father and my mysterious namesake, his master. My father has still much influmaster. My father has still much influence, and Maurice Blake, you know, has a quick eye along a pistol barrel, and a a quick eye along a pro-ready finger on a hair trigger."

to be done, then,

tians, turn the other cheek to the smiter." "I'm no more Christian than yourself," retorted the other hotly, as if resenting an insult: "and I at least answer a blow with my hand, not my cheek. Yes, I mean to have revenge, but not in your clumsy fashion. I'll catch, I'll hit, that grim phantom that haunts her in a sorer spot than bullet or bayonet can reach, if I don't mistake the man. Perhaps bullet and bayonet may get a chance, too, later

"How? - how?" eagerly demanded

Lord Dulwich.

"Evict the old couple that harbors them," said Mark Blake with a look of triumphant malignity. "Peggy Heffernan will then have to take refuge in Cloonlara, where I hope to provide her with a warm welcome. Father O'Carroll himself exhorts us to comfort the afflicted. Culkin can easily be tempted to resist the law when the law turns his father and mother out of doors. Even your fellows can hardly miss him at a musket length, and so save the hangman a job."

"But the time," objected Lord Dul-vich. "All this will take a long time.

Mark broke in upon him with a laugh "You fancy you are in England, my dear fellow," he said, when he had found breath, "where they still plod on at the same old pace, on the same old road, through the ruts that precedent and pre-judice have made. Here in Ireland, we do not stickle about the nice formalities the boat. "I'll send a few devils home to hell before I'm done with them.'
"No! no!" cried Peggy, snatching the gun out of his hands. "If you go I swear I'll go with you, and I have had enough of blood and shooting for wan day. Troth, I hadn't such a pleasant time over there, Christy, asthore, that I'd be in a great hurry back to it. Is it tired of me ye are already?" She went on looking up mischievously in his face, for he still held the gun. "I have a dale to say to you, and the long day, and broad legal instrument I know. Culkin is bound A crowbar is about the most effective legal instrument I know. Culkin is bound to give your fellows a good excuse for shooting him. And Peggy — Well, I fancy I'll be able to find a protector for Peggy in her trouble. The only trouble is my father. But I'll find a way with him or make it." 'And Culkin's master?' asked Lord

Dulwich.

" My father's honest friend, and my 'elder brother, as you kindly call It would be terrible if anything should happen to him. He is liable to accidents down here, and yet I cannot persuade myself to let him go away, I am so fond of him. If he should break his strong, sheltering arms.
Out over the shiny surface of the lake they glided, where never a cloud rested nor wave rose, with happy hearts that harmonized with the brightsunshine and harmonized with the brightsunshi

sparkling water.

Like the sun, love shines on the high of whom he spoke passed the window,

and lowly, and it may be the lowly feel his light and warmth most. The wild woods have heard whispers as soft as were ever breathed in the perfumed air of the nalgon.

the sunshine, wheeled round him in short circles, tossing up the gravel with his scampering feet, as eager for the sport as her master.

Mark, leaping up from the table, unclasped the window, which opened from the ground, and met "his friend" on the terrace with a cordial greeting.

"Off for a few partridges?" he said. "I know where there are three big coveys with only a brace out of each. They will

three big coveys of each. They wil with only a brace out of each. headlands in the thick cover one moment and I'll join you."

As Lord Dulwich watched them strid-

ing away like brothers, under the light blue doud their cigars made in the still air, his admiration for his friend's versaair, his admiration for his friend s versa-tility and vitality was unbounded. "A wonderful fellow, Mark," he muttered, "he is bound to be a great man — or get hanged. Nothing can stop him except death — his own death. I am glad 1 am death — his own death. I am glad I am not a life in his way. I should not won-der if there were something else shot be-sides partridges this afternoon." But Lord Dulwich's foreboding or an-

proved false. There was nothing shot except partridges, and of these a goodly quantity. All the evening Mark was loud in praise of the marvellous skill of his

mpanion. The next e next week passed pleasantly and

quietly at Cloonlara.

Maurice Blake had ridden over for a few days to Galway, which he had never seen, carrying no luggage with him but his saddle bags. is saddle bags. Christy, for the first time in their com-

panionship, stayed when he went, no need

when Mark had bidden his guest a When Mark had bidden his guest a cordial God-speed, he went straight from the door to broach the Culkin eviction project to his father. He was full of plausible argument, but found his tather less pliant than he had hoped. The interview was a long one. The young man left the room at last, slamming the door angrily behind him, with a lowering look on his face and an evil purpose in his

Sir Miles was utterly exhausted by that stormy interview. He face was as pale as marble and as cold. But something as marble and as cold. But something in his manner and face told that the spirit that underlay the affectionate gentleness of his nature was roused at last. The master trait of his character had asserted itself, and Mark Balacis wild rains over itself, and Mark Blake's wild reign over the Cloonlara domains was at an end.

Sir Miles retired early to his room, Christy helping his feeble steps up the broad marble staircase.

Mark had gone straight to the stable yard, flung himself on a fast horse, and rode away in the direction of the Yeomen hermals.

barracks.

Lord Dulwich returned with him, and after a late dinner the two retired, with Again Christy came softly to the pic

ture gallery, crept through the secret panel, and from his vantage ground above heard by what foul means Mark Blake was to suddenly become master of Cloonlara, and Lord Dulwich was to help and share.
When Christy returned to the library

When Christy returned to the library there was a grim look on his face that boded ill for the conspirators.

For half-an-hour he paced the great room with swift, noiseless strides. Then, sitting down to the table, he wrote all through the night laboriously.

The grey dawn began to flicker in the east, shining coldly through the great windows, when he tied the packet up and sealed and directed it—" United States, America," were the last words.

Before night had yet merged into morning he had saddled the fastest horse in the stable, and, riding as if for his life,

in the stable, and, riding as if for his life he caught the American mail at Ballir asloe, with a quarter of an hour to span Next morning early, with no word of leave-taking for his father, Mark Blake left Cloonlara, in company with Lord Dulwich, for Dublin. In the afternoon

Maurice Blake arrived from Galway.

He found Sir Miles much broken in health and spirits, and could not resist because facts have come to my knowledge, demanding a great sacrifice of both parts, and I am resolved at any conto myself or to him that our duty must be done. He has used to me such words as are seldom used by son to a father. God forgive me if I have deserved them. God forgive him if I have not. Let us speak no more on the subject, I entreat

Daily the intimacy grew closer cindlier between the two men. Mark, when he left, had entirely abandoned his control of the great estate. Sir Miles took on the tangled reins of management, and rove hard to make things run smoothly

again and pleasantly.

Winter came unawares upon the antumn and killed it. The frost arrived before the leaves had fallen, and shriveled up the last of them with the cold. It caught, and chained, and choked the treams, stilling their restless murmurngs, and paved the broad lake with clear

It was a fine, clear chill morning—that fatal morning when the blow fell. Maurice Blake had been up and out on the lake from early dawn, skimming over the frozen surface swiftly and smoothly as a swallow—gliding like a shadow in and out and round about the distant islands, with great white trees on them. Sir Miles was breakfasting in the library. where a bright fire, half peat and half sycamore logs, roared cheerily in the grate.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Catarrh Cured for 25 Cents. I suffered from Catarrh for years, and have found Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure the best that I have used, and gladly recommend it to sufferers. yours truly, HARRY STONE, Rainham Centre, Ont.

HARRY STONE, Raimain Centre, Offic.

Fagged Out:—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miscrable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken h.ld of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do woonders in restoring, health and strength. wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is

THINK about your health. Do not allow scrofula taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla nowland keep yourself Well. self WELL.

HER VOCATION.

[A variety of "morals" will be drawn from this little sketch, and some people will fail to find a moral. It depends upon the reader.]

She was very tired of waiting. "I have waited so long," she said and the good priest who was the recip-

ient of all confidence, replied :
"Wait a little longer still, my child." She thought almost rebelliously that it was easy for a man to counsel a voman to patience.

Years ago, Kate Mordaunt had wished to be a nun, though this feeling was rather an impression than the deep seated desire and conviction it should have been to bring a vocation. She did not know why she wished to enter the convent, at least she thought she did not. There are some things a woman cannot acknowlege even to herself. It is fortunate that confessors can usually read one's soul like an open book and know without the telling the things a penitent would tell if she

knew them herself.

Kate Mordaunt failed to understand her own heart and she told him all she knew of herself when she said:

"Father, I have often wanted a vocation; I mean a religious one. When I was a child I longed to be a nun. was an orphan and when my aunt died and left my little cousin all alone I felt I must take care of her. Estelle was ten years younger than I and all I could do, the only talent I had, was

"I put my little cousin with the good Sisters of the Sacred Heart, for I knew she was safe there, and I went on the stage. I loved the work, though there were many things about the roving life I could not well endure, but I had to for ten years.

"Then Estelle joined me. She was a lovely girl, small and graceful with blue eyes and hair like brown silk. I never wanted her to act, but she had far more talent than I, and she would go on the stage. Of course I was always with her, and then came the time when she married." Kate's voice trembled a little and her auditor looked at her keenly. but the went on steadily: "He was an actor, a good

man, rising in his profession: much older than Estelle, and he loved her devotedly. Then I thought the time had come for me to leave them. She did not want me. She had him." Her voice was a little bitter and her proud face flushed. The good priest read all the story of this wo nan's heart ; torn with anguish in seeing the two she loved best, each love the other more than they did her. He saw, but he only said very gently "Well, my child, what then?"

"Oh! Then I thought perhaps our wanted me, and I told them I Lord I meant to leave the company. Estelle cried and begged me to stay with her; and then he spoke, her husband. He asked me to remain. I knew, so well, he said, the dangers and pit falls of a woman's life upon the stage. Estelle was so young ; he could not be with her always; he was busy and harrassed; who could so well guard her as the one who had been more than sister and mother to her? He did not want her to act, but he would not force her to stop until she would do it willingly. He loved her with all his soul and would do everything to make her happy. I loved her too, he said. Would not I stay and help him? He thought only of her. He never once thought whether I was to be happy too!" Again a shiver of pain went through nearm and spirits, and could not resist his entreaty to remain. So he staid on, one day slipping quietly after another.

Of Mark Blake his father never spoke but once "He is wroth with me." he are it is and though my whole sould not stay, Father, but you said always the same thing: "Wait, wait," and though my whole sould not stay. anguish that I could not stay, I consented. Five years-God knows what weary years they were-I stayed and tried to think only of my darling and She was never make her happy. She was never strong and she faded and passed away from us in the spring time. As she lay dying she gave a hand to each of us and said faintly, Be good to Hugh, Kate, and take care of my little Kate. You've both been so good to me. Then she whispered something to her husband, and after the last sacraments she slipped away from us as sweetly as

she had lived. Her little daughter clung to me, and Hugh begged me to stay and take care of her. He could not bear her away from him just then, and so again you told me wait, Father ; and I waited and tried to fill her mother's place to little Kate, my god child. The old life in the company went on, and I was neither happy nor unhappy-too busy to think of myself.

"Now Kate is too old to go about with her father, and she is to go to the Sacred Heart, where her mother was. My work in the world is done. Does our Lord want me now, or is it too late? Have I set aside my vocation so long that He will not have me? Have lived in the world so long I could not lead the heavenly life of prayer? Ah, Father, let me go! I cannot tell you why it is, but my life is a long, long orture of self abnegation. I feel as if I must fly to the cloister for peace! and she clasped her hands together,

looking at him appealingly. the tender words fell " Dear child," upon her ears like a benediction; "the life of one who follows the Master must always be one of self abnegation, as was His. He always wants you, but His will is for you to live the life for which He fitted you by nature and in which you can do the most good, and He does not want you to 'fly to a cloister for peace." He does not want you cowardly to shirk the dutie of life. A true vocation to the religious life is a very blessed thing, but it comes only to those who love our Lord with such a devotion that they desire nothing else. I have never thought your vocation was for a convent, but I will not keep you away if you feel you must go Wait but a little longer, a month an perhaps the light will come. Pray my child," and the holy man who ha known her all her life blessed h tenderly and sent her away, saying himself with a sadly sweet smile, does not know her heart as yet, an

mistakes her vocation utterly."
She was sore at heart. She was five and thirty and it seemed to her the she had almost wasted all her life. She sat in her little dressing roo

after the play was over, thinking b terly, what had she ever done in the world, this world which had so lor claimed her? Nobody needed h now. She was alone and—but at the moment a voice said: "May I come in Kate?" and h

cousin's husband entered the room. He was a tall man, with gray in brown hair which clustered about temples, and serious Irish blue ey His was a strong face, and there nobility in its expression, but sadno too, and the mobile mouth had lines bitter pain and stern self-mastery. He looked searchingly at the facthe woman before him. He had ways thought Kate handsome, yet night she was superb. She was

and dark, with a fine figure, an alr regal carriage, and an air of pr and reserve which belied her, for nature was frank and sweet. "What is this I hear, Kate?" asked, as he threw himself into a ch

"Are you going awa beside her. "I think so," she said slowly. "You've had a good offer. Gar wants you for his leading lady, s one said. Forgive me for asking, is it the money, Kate? I would g ly give you the same as he will." It is not a question of money," said, almost choked with indignat

Hugh Connor sighed heavily and "I suppose it is a better company t I can't make it what I w mine. I'm selfish, but I'd like to keep with me, Kate. When must you g "I-I don't mean to accept Mr. ret's offer," she said. "I think of ing into the Sacred Heart." It very hard to talk with those wi eyes fixed upon her, and say

such strange things which they never said before.
"Kate!" he cried, incredulo "Surely you're not going to nun?

Then her passion burst through veil of reserve, and she cried in "Yes, I am! And why nantly: Years ago I meant to be one, Estelle needed me. Then it was Kate, and now, no one in all the needs me, and I may go. What I ever done worth the doing in world? Not a thing. Let me Nobody needs me now,

she burst into tears.

Hugh Connor looked very ten at the bowed head, then his rich

said gently: "There was once a woman wh very talented, and stately, and b ful, and sweet, though she seemed to know she was any of things. She was, too, so proud no one ever reached to the bett her great heart. She was amb and dreamed of the religious that she would be another Sain esa, and she failed to see that h was an inspiration for purity an tue for all around her. She ga her dreams to care for a helples cousin, and before she died she pered that countless times, when to tions came to her, the pure and face of this woman had seemed before her and save her. Wa

nothing? "This woman lived a stainle amidst the dark pitch of stage li defiled, and many a man has sa made him believe in and resp purity of women, and wish to

them as stainless as she. "A motherless child learned h lessons in truth and obedience woman's knee; a whole comp players, men and women, came for sympathy and help; a lone has felt as if an angel p guarded him and shed revere at the thought of the blessing woman's life so near his cwn. acts and gracious words make mosphere about her one of beau

"Deed of week day kindliness
Fall from her noiseless as the su
And she hath never seemed to ke
That aught were easter than to k "Is all this 'nothing?" "Ah, Kate!" he reached and

her fingers, and held then albeit they trembled and flu be free, "Kate, I want you," eagerly.
She looked at him with gre startled eyes; then rose and draw away from him, uncon the story her eyes had told

Then he drew her to him and fast. "Kate," he said tenderly, you. Will you stay with m wife, my Kate?"

She closed her eyes. His wi no. Such happiness was not she thought, and in a flash she had loved him unknowingly

"Estelle!" she murmured trying to free herself from his He released her, but still

hand in that firm grip.
"I loved my sweet little overy dearly," he said, stead this was her wish, too, Kate whispered it to me just b There is a differen love for you, a reverence queen. You are my ideal. come to me, dear, you who l blessing to others all y Will you come to me and let make you happy? But not t love me," he added, jealously She raised her frank, tri

his in a look which at last r