ESPIRITU SANTO

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By Henrietta Dana Skinner.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS Characters in the story.—Adrien and Theo dore Daretti—the former a young baraton from the Royal Opera at Berlin; the latter, the broner, possessing a voice such as only angel are supposed to have. Madame Hottense Del from the Royal Opera who as only angels are supposed to have. Madame Hottense Datepoule, the elder brother's god-mo.ne. a great contraito singer. Ramon Eugenio Disafer, his four daugnters and nis mother-in-law, Madame Valorge. Agostini, a professor of mathematics at the Lycee Louis la Grande Carissimo Casimiro, a violimist from the Conservatory Orchestra. Oreste, the Daretti brothers' valet. Chapter 1.—The Feast of Pontecest. The Church of St. Thomas d Aquin, Paris, Adrien and Theodore Daretti the singers. The former meets Ramon Disafer and his daughter, Espiritu Santo. She sends through the brother, the little flower of the Holy Gnost, after which she is named, Espiritu Santo, to Theodore Daretti.

Chapter II.—Closer acquaintanceship of the preceding ensaracies. Casimiro goes as solo violinst in the Opera's tour throughout Espiralend and the United States. Adrien accompanies him as the first baratone.

Chapter III.—College of St. Ignace. Adriano Daretti calls for his orother Theodore. Meeting with an old friend of their deceased parents, Don Luis de San Roque, Marquis of Palfox, his son Jamie and two sisters.

Chapter IV.—Theodore and in his boyish fancy falls in love with the little "princess," Espiritu Santo.

National National State of the Adrien to marry. She lauds Cattliers eldest daughters. Madame announces her intention to leave varias.

alina, Distinct
Delapoule announces her intention
Delapoule announces her intention
Paris for tive years.
Chapter VI — Theodore goes to his elder
Chapter VI — Theodore goes to his elder
brother Bindo, to be "made a man." His
parting with Espiritu. Adrien woos Catalina.
Her father discountenances his proposition,
and prefers his friend Casimiro.
Chapter VII.—After an absence of five years,
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Chapter VII.—After an absence of five years,
Chapter Delapouic returns to Paris. CataHortense Delapouic returns to Paris. spier VII.—After an absence of the Catatense Delapoure returns to Paris. Catatense voice wonderfully developed. Madame
popule proposes to bring her out on the
s stage. She asks Adrien Darctti's coation. Madame Delepoule trys to again
her former apartments in the Dishomestead. She is informed of the
iter's change of fortune—Madame Vali's blindness; Ramon's embarrassment;
ta Disder tutoring some South American
s; Rafacela Disdier has become a prodigy
secret of her blind grandmother at their
and much less commodious home at
and much less commodious home at takes care of her bind groundous home at Passy. Adrien asks Madam Dalapoule's permission to bring "two of the greatest living tenors" to assist Cataina in her debut. "The new lyric tenor" turns out to be Theodore transformed under his brother Bindo's

care.
Chapter VIII.—Adrien and Theodore visit
the Disdier's modest home at Passy. Their the Disdier's modest home at Passy. Their amazement at the changes Time has effected Espiritu again presents Theodore with a flower. Adrien and Theodore in a runaway accident. They escape with their lives. The groom Thompson severely injured.

Chapter IX. Death of Daretti's groom.
Chapter X.—Theodore speaks of his love for Espiritu to Madame Valorge and receives encouragement.

"We were rushing by the place where Christian's burden fell from his shoulders at the sight of the Cross. This served as a theme for Mr. Smooth it away, Mr. Live for the World, and a knot of gentlemen from the town of Snun Repentance. to descent World, and a knot of gentlemen from the town of Snun Repentance, to descant upon the advantages resulting from the safety of our lug gage, for our burdens were rich in many things escened precious throughout tht world and which were trusted would nor be out of fashion even in the Celestial City. It would have been a sad spectacle to see such an assortment of valuable articles tumbling into the Sepulchre."

The least

The last rehearsal of "Aida" was to take place on Friday morning, and Madame Delepoule was exceedingly nervous, for when the morning arrived there had been no message from Darett since his hasty departure for England. She sat down to her coffee and rolls in great anxiety, when the door opened and he was announced. "Oh, Adrien! How could you keep

me so on tenerhooks?

"Had you so little faith in me as to fear I should fail you? Why, we have two hours to spare yet!"

"I am too delighted to see you to have a word of reproof; but nobody knew where you were, and I dreaded some delay or accident. I have come thus early to beg your

offices in an act of charity. I have just overhead, accidently, a sad account of the family of poor Voquelin, the communist, Teodoro interested himself in at the hospital. His young daughters are destitute, their mother is ill, and they will be evicted to-day if the rent is not paid. Now I would like to pay their rent, but cannot discreetly do so myself. It is a woman's place to go to them in their trouble, and I ask you to do this good work for me in your own name."
"Why, certainly, Adrien. I will see

"No, Madame Delepoule, not after

but before, if you please."
"But I cannot miss the rehearsal!"

time to be at the rehearsal."

direct from the train to secure your good-will, and have not breakfasted. Do not ring; we are better by ourselves. I know of old where to find a

is my very best porcelain, that I never dream of using! I only keep it to look at. The Queen of the Belgians gave it to me. Oh, dear, it is not safe to let you rummage among my things."
"I never eat off of anything but

coolly declared Adrien. royal Sevres," coolly declared Adrien.
"Really, madame, if you will only sit
still and drink your coffee while it is
still and drink your coffee while it is you will enjoy it so much more.
here is an exquisite Behavior glass, just the thing for my Apollinar-

"Well, remember, if you smash anything you must give me Queen Margherita's claret pitcher and the King of Bavaria's silver drinking-horn in ex-

And if I do not break anything you will give me in reward the Czarina's diamond star for my future wife?"
"That depends, Adrien. It goes to

of late, and thinks nothing of running on the control of late, and thinks nothing of running on to London or Brussels or St. Petersburg from Turin two or three times during the opera season! Do you not think him wonderfully softened and impossible to the control of the contro

proved in his manners? What do you ink can have done it, madame?"
"He is a magnificent fellow, Adrien and a true, steadfast friend. not hold a candle to you physically, but morally and intellectually he is of a

"In other words, I cannot hold candle to him spiritually! Ah, he is a fine fellow, indeed. He can have no thing to regret in his life.'

She had finished her breakfast, and she rose from the table and stood near him, looking down at him.

"And have you anything to regret
in your life, Adrien?" she asked,

bluntly-as if so elegant a man of the were likely to tell! shrugged his shoulders. "How He shrugged

many can say that they regret no-thing?" he answered, carelessly.
"But, indeed, madame, I have not broken all the commandments, that you should look at me with such fierce condemnation!

" Oh, Adrien, I fear my unhappy prophecies for you have come only too true—is it not so?"

He stared politely. He felt some as-tonishment that so experienced a wo-man of the world should take him up in this manner. She came in contact with all sorts of people in her profes-sional life, and though irreproachable and universally respected herself sh had always been most liberal minded in accepting people as she found them. Why should she require of him that should be as circumspect as a young girl when making so much allowance for others? Adrien, Adrien! You have hur-

ried here after a fatiguing journey, without breaking your fast, to try and rescue from possible evil some poor young girls who are nothing to you, yet and yet-Oh, my child, how can you go on in a life so inconsistent with all your best impulses?" " Madame Delepoule,

very gravely, pushing back his chair from the table and looking steadily at her, "I have always been singularly frank with you, and I will be so still. I admit I have modified the strictness of my life in some respects since you last knew me, I trust that you will alalways find me none the less a man of honor and a gentleman."
"Oh, you gentlemen!" she exclaimed,

sharply; "I know you, and I have no patience with you! I understand your notions of honor. You fashion it for yourselves, as if sin were not sin if only your sinning be done according to your conventional codes. No doubt there should be honor, but sin is sin for that!" Daretti rose to his feet. There was

an angry flush on his brow, and he drew himself up stilly. Then he took up his hat and gloves and bowed with great

formality. "I regret exceedingly, Madame De-"I regret exceedingly, Madane lepoule, that I should have forced you lepoule, that I should have forced you to bestow your hospitality on me. that I understand your feeling I shall of course never ask you to do so in the future. I have the honor to bid you good-morning!" and he turned to leave

"Do not be foolish, Adrien!" she cried, following him. "Can you not bear a word from an old woman who has loved you from your boyhood, and loved your mother before you were born? I have not much tact, and I do not know how to beat round the bush, but who is there to say a plain word to you if I do not? You know that however clearly I may see your faults I will no more cast you off than your own mother would, though you were to break her heart." Any mention of his mother's name al

ways affected him deeply, and a troubled look crept into his eyes. Hortense Delepoule saw this gladly.
"And now you must leave me, Adrien,

for I must prepare to do your errand of mercy. God reward you for your good heart, my dear boy! "A good heart and a poor consci-

ence," he said, thoughtfully. "I am afraid they are a pair that pull badly And he smiled rather sadly together. as he bowed before her and left the

He passed through the antechamber me out on to the landing of the staircase. A tall young lady dressed in half-mourning stood at the door accompanied by her maid. He re-moved his hat and stood aside to let her "Oh yes you can. I will take such good care of Senorita Disdier that you will have a delightful surprise at the performance. But this matter of the rent smile of reasonitions. A sudden, shy formance. But this matter of the rent cannot wait till noon. Another person may be thinking of aiding them, to whom it is best they should not be under obligations."

"I see, Adrien—I see. I will go, of course, but oh, I shall never forgive Fate if I cannot settle the affair in time to be at the rehearsal."

glanced towards him. A sudden, shy smile of recognition came into her pale, bigh-bred face, but he was gazing absently begond her with thoughtful eyes. She passed in, turning her head a little to give a second glance as he went slowly down the stair. He had forgotten her, but she could not forget a face and form that had been the ideal of her young girlbood's visions of chivalry. He had girlhood's visions of chivalry. He had He laughed pleasantly.

He laughed pleasantly.

meanwhile, madame, will you offer me your hospitality? I hurried here the source of the source more indolent and more haughty in bearing than the laughing-eyed, gentlemannered, knightly young figure of by-

gone days. She dismissed her maid, and, crossing cup." Goodness gracious, Adrien! that the ante-chamber, knocked at the salon door. There was no answer, and she entered the empty room, and seating herself at the grand-piano began to modulate softly from key to key in plaintive minor, improvising a melan-choly little paraphrase on Beethoven's "Les Adieux." In a few moments a door opened from the other end of the room, and Madame Delepoule stood there bonneted and cloaked.

"My Lady Ainsworth, you are just the little person I want to see. We will not go to the rehearsal to-day."

"Not go to the rehearsal!" echoed the young lady. "No, we are going to desert Catalia, and go to Grenelle instead."
"To Grenelle!" again echoed the

young lady.
"Yes, yes, to Grenelle. Are you suddenly deaf, my child, or do you perhaps think that Grenelle is not the young lady. most attractive suburb in the world for Catalina Disdier."

He darted a conscious look towards her. "By-the-way," he said, with a short laugh, "I believe that Casimir know that there is just one thing that Choulex has become quite a traveller you love better than music, and that is an errand of mercy, and just one person

and I haven't an ounce of influence with them. You needn't hug me and tell me how kind and good I am, and all that stuff. It is just as I say. I am an old man with one foot in the grave, and I cannot give up all my likes and dis-likes and gush with enthusiasm over coming in contact with dirt and smell and rags and six flights of rickety stairs, and all that sort of thing, as you young

Then you deserve ten times more rnen you deserve ten times more credit than we do," said the young lady, laughing softly, and with a warm flush rising in her pale cheeks.

"No, 1 don't; I am only going be-

cause I can't get out of it, and I mean to make you do all the work and get all the credit, while I sit by and gnash my teeth because I am not at rehearsal.' After the fatigues of the journey and

of the long dress rehearsal of "Aida," Daretti enjoyed his noon lunch and siesta, and spent two hours gayly in the afternoon driving his four-in-hand afternoon driving his four-in-hand through the Bois de Boulogne with a pleasant party on the drag. On his return he found he had still an hour to spare before dressing for a dinner en gagement, and reme ered Monsignor

"He was so kind about poor Thompson, and I have not yet called upor him," he thought. "I have just time for half an hour's talk.'

There was some one with Monsignore anson when Benjamin ushered Darett into the prelate's sky-parlor, a plainly dressed young man about Adriano's Adriano was somewhat re lieved not to find Monsignore Ianson Big-hearted, genial, and agree able as the American prelate was, his black eyes were as penetrating as they were kind. One felt that nothing escaped his keen vision, and that the standards by which he weighed men and things were not always the stand-ards by which one cared to be measured. Monsieur Moreau, however, took his departure very shortly after Daretti's

"I am glad to see you for a mome alone," said Monsignore Ianson. "I have a message for you from Voquelin, our poor communist friend at the hospital. He wished to see you about his children, who, it seems, are connected with some department at the Opera, and, he fears, may be in a destitute condition.

"Strangely enough, I have already been instrumental in helping the getting them good friends," said etti; and then he related the history of Madame Delepoule's morning expedition as he heard it from her when he dropped in at her room at noon. The prelate was deeply touched.
"Thank God, both for them and for

yourself. It is a great blessing, chevalier, to have been the instrument in saving a young life from ruin."
"It was little enough I had to do

with it. The blessing falls rather on the head of Madame Delepoule and of young Lady Ainsworth, who was with "Sir Guy's wife?"

"No, he is a bachelor, though he may not be so long. This is his sister-in-law, the widow of his elder brother, Sir Philip, who died two years ago. It was a pathetic little romance. Do you know the story, monsignore?"
"No. I only know the family by

name, not personally. I never met Phil Ainsworth, but I imagine him to have been rather a wild young hero, up to every sort of daring exploit—just the sort of fellow to captivate a romantic young girl's fancy. He fell desperately in love with a Vic-toire somebody—I do not think I ever heard Guy mention her family name and got terribly injured trying to save her young brother from drowning. The physicians said that poor Ainsworth had only a few hours to live; he was calling for her the whole time, and she, in gratitude to the man who had given his life to save one dear to her, consented to marry him on his death-bed, might be with him and His happiness, I nurse him to the end. suppose, helped him cling to life, for he lingered for more than a year, a help-His spine was paralyzed, and less, bedridden sufferer. could move neither hand nor foot; and finally the young wife, who had never known the joys of wifehood, was left a

widow at nineteen. "That is indeed a touching story. Fortunately she was young. The young recover easily from such shocks. She will mourn him for a while, but she will live to be a happy wife and mother

yet.
"Do you think so?" asked Adriano,
thoughtfully. "I do not know why I
should idealize Lady Ainsworth. I have never met her, but somehow I fancy it would be with her, 'love once, love always,' and she would not easily ge over the shock.

"Girls in their teens love more with the imagination than with the heart, said Monsignore Ianson. "And there was as much gratitude as love in her devotion. Depend upon it, chevalier, she has not begun to live her real life yet. But, apropos of romantic stories, the young man who has just left the

room is a countryman of yours."
"Indeed," said Daretti, surprised,
"his name is neither Italian nor Aus-

"If I were to tell you his true name you would recognize it at once. He is

Daretti started. "But I thoug duke was insane," he exclaimed. "No doubt the world thinks the Duke of Montallegro."
Departi started, "But I thought the doubt the world thinks so," replied Monsignore Ianson. "A young man inheriting a fortune of a hundred million francs, who chooses the day he comes of age to renounce it all and bury himself in a foreign city in poverty and obscurity, earning his living under an assumed name—what else can he be but insane? Can the world offer any motive for such actions that it would

consider sane?" There was a pause. Monsignore Ianson's bright dark eyes looked steadily into Daretti's face. He read its changing expression and waited.

"You mean," said Adriano, slowly, raising awe-struck eyes-"you mean-

He stopped questioningly.

given their goods to the poor, have turned their backs on father and mother and house and lands and riches and ease, for love of the Son of Man, Who had not where to lay His head.

Adriano shaded his eyes with his hand. He was visibly struggling with deep emotion. Monsignore lanson still watched him intently.

"Our Lord looked upon him and loved him, as He did the rich young man of the Gospel," continued the pre-late, quietly. "He said to his heart, late, quietly. "He said to his heart,
'If thou wilt be perfect, sell all and
give to the poor;' and this young man nstead of sorrowingly turning riches, obeyed the divine command joy-fully and literally. His vast estates are managed by administrators for the benefit of the poor and for the public good of his native city. not as much as a penny from his own, and has not even the consolation of seeing and knowing the good his wealth is doing, but unthanked and forgotten of men earns his bread as a stranger in a

Adriano's heart had not so Adriano's neart had not so others within him since the days of his boy-hood's enthusiasms. He crossed over to the chimney-piece, and folding his arms gazed down into the open fire of coals. A rising sob choked him. The silence grew oppressive.

"I did not know there was such faith

on earth," he said at last.

"Yet, it is all about you," rejoined
Monsignore lanson. "It is the same spirit that leads men, and women too o consecrate themselves to poverty and chastity in religious orders and in the priesthood. Men do these things for 'folly of the Cross' every day. Lift up your eyes and look about you. "I have become blind myself; get that others may see," replied Adri-ano, in a low, stilled voice.

"But the faith is in you, or you

would not be so moved by an example of it in others," said the monsignore, gently. "You have surely not re-nounced your religion, chevalier?" gently. "I would not allow any one to say

that of me You believe its teachings ?" "Certainly. I would lay down my life for holy Church."

"And you regulate your life by its precepts?

Adriano made no reply.

"Come, chevalier! You would not be so illogical, so inconsistent, as to believe the Church's teachings, and yet live contrary to them-to be willing t die for your religion and not be willing to live in accordance with its require

Again Adriano was silent. At last he said, abruptly:
"It is over four years since I have been to the sacraments, monsignore.

ments :

You may draw your own conclusions."
"You surely believe that the risk you run is a question of eternity!" "There is purgatory for us weak

ones, is there not?" put in Adriano, rather shamefacedly. "Besides," he added, apologetically, "I am not a hardened sinner. I fully intend to lead a better life some day. I should not wish to die without the sacraments."

Lately, when the thought of sudden death had bothered him, Adriano had clung with satisfaction to the idea of purgatory as a place where he could explate his fashionable weaknesses comfortably, at his leisure. It had not occurred to him that he ran any risk of anything very severe. He felt amiably anything very severe. He left annaby persuaded that he was much too fine a fellow to be damned. He would be rather a credit to the court of heaven than otherwise! The very idea of a handsome, elegant, accomplished, and universally admired young. universally admired young man like being damned! himself rude and unnecessary of the monsignore to insinuate it. Besides, he of course meant to reform some day. It was really only a question of time.

"Some day! Some day!" repeated Monsignore Ianson, sadly. "The old ing the question. Stage life had little

really only a question of time.

"Some day! Some day!" repeated
Monsignore Ianson, sadly. "The old Monsignore Ianson, sadly. repeated cry. But for your heroic groom you might have already gone to your death unshriven. And have realunshriven. And have you learned nothing from that lesson? Oh, my child, my child! Why do you delay? You have dealt frankly with me as man to man a confidence I feel sure you have accorded to few. Why not en seek me as God's priest, make your confession at once, and put your soul to rights with its Maker now?"

Adriano looked startled. "I can-Adriano looked started. I cam not," he answered, impatiently. His temporary emotion was wearing off. 'I am no hypocrite, Father, I cannot, truly say that I regret my ways, or that I am willing to give them up. II admit that as a priest you have the right to speak to any child of the Church about his duties, but you must see that I am hardly prepared at this ment to listen to you with any pro-

fit to either of us. "I do not see that the moment makes any difference in my duty," replied Monsignore Ianson, "or in my right instant in season, out of seato be

"This is unfortunately out of son," said Adriano, shortly. "I have the honor to wish you good-evening,

Monsignore Ianson held out his hand frankly and pleasantly, and Adriano could not refuse to take it, though he was inwardly raging.
"Remember." said the monsignore "Remember," said the monsignore, retaining the hand in his clasp a moment

"remember that I am always at your service whenever you may feel differently disposed." And he released the hand with a kind, lingering pressure. Adriano bowed and withdrew in illence. "Very likely!" he muttered, silence. "Very likely!" he muttered, sarcastically, as he took his way down the stairs. "Most likely! I see mytel self confessing to him! I declare, I self confessing to hosignore Ianson. am disappointed in Monsignore Ianson. I did not think him so narrow and so utterly lacking in tact. Why, he would have had me go down on my knees then and there! Doesn't he know that that way of attacking a man know that that way of attacking a man is just the way to drive him deeper into the very things he ought to be confessing? I was really coming very near the Church of my own accord. I have been as circumspect as a monk ever since Tedi joined me, and I was soft-hearted enough for anything when were not easily suppressed, and they must have their outlet in work of some

There was an ugly agitation in his soul. He hurried home to dress for a dinner-party, and was irritable with Oreste, and very short and snubby with Teodoro, who withdrew, feeling much wounded and astonished. The dinner soothed Adriano's nerves somewhat. The excellent dishes, the delicate wines, the gay conversation, the flattery of pretty women, brought him to son thing nearer the old self than he h been for many days. Stately and in-dolent, half-bored and half-pleased, the emotions of the last few weeks passed from his memory. He returned ward shortly before midnight found Teodoro already in bed. Goodhumoredly apologizing to him for his crossness, he caressed the boy indulg-ently, and wandered off to his own He glanced over some his dressing-table, and then dismissed

Oreste for the night.
"I am going out again, Oreste, and
I do not know when I shall be in. You

need not sit up for me."

The valet did not leave. He was Starting at h.s master with anxious eyes. Suddenly he fell at Daretti's feet and clasped his knees.

"Oh, my dear master! Do not go

out again this evening! Something tells me it will not be good for you. Do not go! We have been so happy ever since the Count Teodoro came. ever since the Count Teodoro can't just as we were in the old days! Oh! do not go and leave us!"

"Can I have no peace?" exclaimed Daretti, flercely.

"Can I have no independence in my own house? Must

dependence in my own house? Must my own valet undertake to control my actions? Leave the room instantly, and do not venture to speak to me in that way again ! ed and crestfallen, the valet

Repul obeyed. Daretti strode through the room, angry and impatient. "Old women, meddling priests, and whimpering valets!" he muttered, "Do they ant to drive me into a monastery? will let them see that I am not so easily driven!" He started for the door, then hesitated. "Tedi must not hear driven!" "I will wait for he thought. half an hour, till he is asleep, and then I can steal out without disturbing him.'

CHAPTER XII.

"O Jesus, drathless Love, who seekest me, Thou who sidst die for lenging love of me, Free me, O dearest God, from all but Thee, And break all chains that keep me back from Thee!

"O wounded Love, who once wast dead for me, O sun crowned Love, who art alive for me, O patient Love, who wariest not of me, Thou art my Ali, and I love naught but Thee!"

In Madame Delepoule's apartment a little group of women passed a happy evening, talking and laughing in pleasant anticipation of Catalina's debut. Rafaela and Espiritu had come in from the suburbs to be with their sister, and so also had the widowed young Lady Ainsworth, who had become very intimate with Madame Delepoule and Catalina in London during the last two years, when music had been her only resource and consolation. Rafaela played for them, and Lady Ainsworth sang in her rich, deep contralto. Her dramatic instinct was very keen, and each song stood out vividly complete in all its distinguishing characteristics, the effect aided by her exquisite enun ciation of the words and her artistic control of the emotional qualities of the voice. Hortense Delepoule looked the

picture of despair.
"Oh, Victoire! Why are you not on the stage? When I think how rare a good contralto is and how I have to struggle to knock a grain of dramatic understanding into the heads of most of the girls who try to study for the stage, I am ready to tear my hair

attraction for her, yet she knew that she held a great gift in her keeping, and her young life had little object in Widowed, childless, with a comfortable income and yet no home or given estate to care for, she could be of little use to any one. The healthy young night. The man lying at lazy spirit within her cried out for some-thing to work for, something to devote its strength to. She was a true woman in all her instincts, and felt intuitively that her vocation lay in home life, in household cares and the love of husband and children, and yet she shrank inexpressibly from the thought of a second marriage. The first one had been such a terrible mistake! She recalled tearfully and shudderingly her short experience—the compassion and gratitude that had led her to kneel by the dying couch of her heroic young love pledge herself to him in the s lover and marriage vows, the repulsion and de-spair with which she had so soon after learned the story of his unworthiness and profligacy, and of the claims which he had ruthlessly ignored for her sake. The succeeding months were one long period of anguish, when the fear that he might recover and claim her as his wife brought her in shuddering and loathing to beg that God would take her young life ratner than make her drink of such a cup! Oh, the terror of those lays, when she knew that she was no better than a murderess at heart, when her spirit cried out for his death, when, though forcing herself to nurse him conscientiously and tenderly, yet every assurance of his improved brought her trembling to her knee to pray that he might indeed recover but that she might not live to see him get well! What a memory to a wife to re-recall that the first words wrung from

> me!"
> The world believed her to be an inconsolable widow, yet she hated the very sight of her weeds as a badge of hypocrisy and the memory of a haunting terror. When the second year of widowhood had passed she adopted a half-mourning more becoming to her girlish figure and youthful face. Healthy, active, and ardent, her loneliness began to weigh upon her. Hope and enthusiasm were natural to her and

driven away what little good-will I sort-absorbing, earnest work. work she could find in a professional, musical career, such as Madame Delemusical career, such as Madame Dele-poule declared her pre-eminently fitted for; and yet stage associations were re-pellent to her, bringing her too much in contact with the wrong side of life. What a relief, what a solution of all her difficulties, if she could only feel herself traily called to embrace a convented truly called to embrace a conventual life, to find scope for her activities in the devoted work of a Sister of Char ity! Her mind had often turned to this idea as to a haven of peace; bu one must have special grace for such a life as that, and hitherto Victoire Ains worth had not felt its divine touch in

> She prayed earnestly as she knelt be side her bed that night. poverty and distress that she had witnessed in the morning had deeply affect ed her, and her sensitive soul quivering under the pain of sad recol-lections. Still she had had the joy of helping others to-day, of perhaps saving a young life from ruin. There was ich to give thanks for. Tired in heart in her soft bed, where she soon san

into a dreamless sleep.

She had not lain long in this light slumber when she suddenly awok the consciousness of some strong emo-tion struggling within her soul, urging her spirit and crying to her, "Arise! Arise! Watch and pray, for I seek My sheep that is lost. What! Do you, a Christian woman, lie there slumbering while souls are perishing about you Arise! Arise! You, so protected from sin and suffering, can you not pray one short hour for a soul even wrestling with temptation and

bending its steps towards sin?"
Tremblingly Victoire Ainsworth arose
Tremblingly Victoire Ainsworth arose and knelt on the bare floor. Her brain was sleepy and confused, her lim ered with the cold. She could think of no prayer to say, and she looked regret fully and longingly at the warm What was the sense had just quitted. in getting up at that hour? She could not wander out alone into the streets of Paris at night to look after the sinner She was sorry the world was so wicked but what could one helpless girl de about it? She would lie down and go to sleep again comfortably. But

thing held her back.
"What! Do you fear a little cold, a little fatigue, a short vigil ? My saints, who endured cold and hunger, vigils, and stripes, shipwreek and suffering, who gave up all they possessed, who dwelt in caves and deserts, of whom the world was not worthy! Think of the Son of Man Himself, born in a cold stable, dying naked on the Cross! yet endured for the love of Me? you not then watch one short hour while I seek My sheep that has wandered from the fold?"

And through the cold midnight vigil she knelt on the hard, bare floor, prayshe knelt on the hard, pare hoor, praying as she had never prayed before, her heart burning within her till it triumphed over the cold and the fatigue. O love of God! O sin of man! Great drops of perspiration stood on her forehead, and her slender frame shook with the sobs. Sometimes kneeling with the crucifix clasped to her breast, times with arms uplifted to Heaven, sometimes prostrate on the floor, Vie toire prayed on. The beauty of holi ness, the vileness of sin, the nultitude of perverted or ignorant souls who seek darkness rather than light, who reject the gentle Saviour of mankind, and crucify Him anew upon the gibbet of their lusts—these thoughts overwhelmed her heart. O God, have mercy on the souls of men! Have mercy on the souls of men! O Jerusaler! Jerusalem! be converted to the Lord thy

At length there came a moment when the spirit within her ceased from urg-ing, when peace almost to rapture crept over her heart. She rose with stiffened limbs but with a mysterious joy in her soul. Then poor tired nature began to assert itself, and Victoire again turned wearily to seek the rest and comfort o her bed, this time without self-reproach and with a spirit in deepest peace.

The clock on the mantel struck midin a deep arm-chair, smoking a cigar and reading a novel, tossed aside the book, stretched himself, and, somewhat nook, stretched nimself, and, somewhat unwillingly, rose from the comfortable depths. As if feeling that his spirit needed fortifying, he drew a letter from his pocket and deliberately read it twice over, then tore it leisurely into bits and stooped to lay them on the smouldering embers in the grate, ling-ering to watch the fragments as they slowly curled up and burned themselves out. As he rose he smiled at his own idleness, and again sauntered towards

the door.
"I am really going this time," he said to himself. But he was not, for he remembered his latch-key and turned for he search for he was not able to search for the was not was not for the was not for the was not was not for the was not was no back to his dressing table to search for it. He seemed to be more absorbed in

it. He seemed to be more absorbed in his own musings than in the search, and fell to pacing the room slowly.

"It is strange," he was thinking, "how long it takes me to get over the nervous shock of that accident. Poor Thompson! He was better prepared to go than his master. It might have been I, and then—"he shuddered, and stood still a moment. "I suppose even purgatory is not a very comfortable place. We must pay to the uttermost farthing." He started forward with a determined movement. "Pshaw! What hind of movement. "Pshaw! What hind of movement." termined movement. "Pshaw! What kind of a man am I to let my nerves get the better of me in this way such a great sinner, after all, that I should be alarmed at the thought of death. My life makes a good showing by the side of that of most men. I am careful to avoid giving scandal. I have strict notions of honor, and my reputation is high in the every of the world. tion is high in the eyes of the world.

"My kingdom is not of this world! TO BE CONTINUED.

Loss of Flesh, cough, and pain on the chest my not mean consumption, but are bad signs, Allen's Lung Balsam loosens the cough and heals inflamed air passages. Not a grain of opium in it.

opium in it.

Only those who have had experience cautell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Capa Care.

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MAY 31, 1902. LAST OF MAY. TO THE CHILDREN OF MARY OF CATHEDRAL OF MOBILE.

In the mystical dim of the temple, The sunlight spoke soft to the shad And said: "With my gold and

gray,
Let us meet at the shrine of the Vi
And ere her fair feast pass away
Let us weave there a mantle of g
To deck the last evening of Ma; The tapers were lit on the altar,

Vith garlands of lilies between; And the steps leading up to the s Flashed bright with the roses sheen; The sungleams came down from heavens Like angels, to hallow the scene And they seemed to kneel down the shadows

That crept to the shrine of

The singers, their hearts in their v Had chanted the anthems of old And the last trembling waves Vespers far shores of silence On the

olled. And there—at the Queen - V altar-The sun wove the mantle of gol While the hands of the twiligh

weaving A fringe for the flash of each for And wavelessly, in the deep sile Three banners hung peacef

They bore the bright blue heavens, They were the pure white and beneath them fair childre

kneeling,
Whose faces, with graces agle
Seemed sinless, in land that is s
And woeless, in life full of woo Their heads were the veil of the

Their brows wore the wreat And their hearts, like their flu banners, Were stilled in a holy repose Their shadowless eyes were up Whose glad gaze would nev

That from eyes that are most heavens
The dark rain of tears soone The banners were borne to the them, a group fro

Beneath

band; And they bent their bright, the blessing That fell from the priest' hand.

And he signed the three fai

standards, With a sign never foe cou What stirred them? The bree evening: Or a breath from the far an

Then came, two by two, to the The young, and the pure, Their faces the mirror of Heav Their hands folded meekly i They came for a simple blue r For love of Christ's Mother

And I believe, with the Ch Mary, The Angels of Mary were t

Ah, faith! simple faith of the You still shame the faith of Ah, love! simple love of the You, till warm the love of And the beautiful God who

Far out in the world's dr Finds a home in the hearts dren, And a rest with the lan

Swept a voice: was it w Heaven? Heard you ever the sea wh Where it sleeps on the sh night time? Heard you ever the h

From the hearts of a thou summers Heard you ever the bire springs
To the clouds, till she seem A song of a shadow on win

Came a voice : and an " A Rose out of a heart raptu And in the embrace of its r The souls of a thousand le A voice with the tones of a Never flower such a sw tilled.

It faded away—but the tem With its perfume of v Then back to the Queen-V

The white veils swept

two; And the holiest halo of her Flashed out from the rib And they laid down the w Whose hearts were as

hue;
Ah! they to the Christ a
Whose loves to the Mot And thus, in the dim of th In the dream-haunted d The Angels and Children Met ere their Queen's

away, Where the sungleams kn the shadows, And wove with their A mantle of grace and of For the last, lovely ev

-FA

SNAKES, CENTIPEDES and things may assail you in you field and forest. Be sure to Perry Davis' Painkiller in thrun no risk, Directions on the Tun no risk. Directions on tr
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and stimulate them to healt
may be cases in which the
long seated and does not ear
cine, but even in such case
been known to bring relief v
called remedies have failed.
can be substantiated by ma
the Pills, and medical men s
qualities.