

The Soul Immortal.

Several years ago, while sojourning in France, I had for my neighbor an amiable old man, M. Gotard. He was a gentle, kindly person, with peculiar ideas about certain things, but with a very charitable and tolerant outlook upon the world in general.

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. MOORE, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

to me—but I could wish that the day of our parting had not come so soon—that I could have gone first—that we might have enjoyed some years together. O, my darling, I continued unable further to repress my grief, "how shall I endure the long evenings without the sweet songs of 'my little nightingale'?"

"That time neither of us could say more—our grief was too poignant. The next morning she called me to her.

"Papa," she said, "so sure am I the soul is immortal that I promise you to return in whatever shape God will permit—if I am allowed to do so—to return, and convince you, after I am gone: And there is only one thing I ask of you. It is to take these beads and say the rosary every day for my soul, and that of all the faithful departed, when I shall be no more."

"She withdrew her treasured beads from under her pillow, and placed them in my hands.

"The beads I shall cherish above everything that has belonged to you, my darling," I responded, "but to say them would be a mockery, a blasphemy, what you would call a sacrilege. I cannot do it."

"She wiped the tears from her cheek, smiling as she wept, and kissed me. "Papa," she said, wistfully, I can wait." That afternoon she died. When I returned from the funeral to my desolate home my heart was all but broken. For the first time in weeks I took my pipe and went into the garden, where I had been accustomed to sit in the evenings, under a tree close to the house, while Corinne sat at the piano, singing. I could not smoke, I simply leaned my elbows on my knees, my head buried in my hands—and wept. Now, monsieur, I hope you are listening.

"As I sat there convulsed with grief, in the branches above my head a nightingale burst into song. There had never before been one in our garden. Such delicious warbling I had never heard—full, rich, appealing, alive with melody, overflowing with joy. For as long as ten minutes the song continued—my suffering heart responding to every note. The same thing happened on succeeding evenings, and so on for a week. At the end of that time my employer sent for me to come to his office.

"M. Gotard," he said, "you are not looking well. A journey will do you good. Choose your own itinerary and, incidentally, we shall have you call on some of our patrons. We will foot the bill."

"I knew that he was right; I needed a change. But, will you believe it, monsieur, I felt lonely at the thought of leaving my nightingale. However, I knew that was a senseless objection, and in two or three days I set forth, strictly charging my two servants, the same man and woman I have now, not to do anything which might disturb it or cause the bird to change its abiding place.

"But how could we disturb a bird that hides in the daytime no one knows where?" cried Nanette. And that only comes at night when we are ready to go to our beds? Rest assured, M. Gotard, your nightingale is here for the summer." And so I departed.

"Three days later I made the first stop on my journey. I had arranged it that I might do the greater amount of business for the firm while insuring an entire change for myself. It was at Carlsruhe while waiting for my dinner, almost the solitary occupant of a suburban cafe, that like a sudden and unexpected strain of music the warble of a nightingale resounded through the deserted dining room. I heard it with a thrill that was half pain, half joy. All through my dinner it sang on, a matchless, beautiful roulade. I rose from the table and peered through the window beside which a poplar was growing. The song of the bird seemed to come from its branches. When I went to pay my bill I said to the clerk.

"It appears you have nightingales here, monsieur. I love their music."

"No, monsieur," he replied, "just now we were saying that never before since we opened have we heard one until tonight."

"I took my hat and went out; The song of the bird had ceased.

"Papa, I am willing to go, for it is God who calls me. My only regret is that I must leave you. But I know that we shall meet again in Heaven." I can hear her dead voice breaking as she said it, and with crude perhaps, but sincere conviction, I answered her:

"My child, this is certain—we shall never meet again. With this life everything is at an end. The thought gives me no pain it is second nature

"The following evening I was at Frankford. I had dined, and, walking to my lodgings, in the moonlight, once more I heard the nightingale sing. The same thing occurred at Mayence and each night as I sailed down the Rhine. Quitting Oberwesel, as we came to the Lorell, the song seemed to come from the legendary rock. At Coblenz, it was in the quay that I heard it; at Bonn, the roulade floated down from the hills where poor Beethoven had conceived his most sublime thoughts. And all ways, always at the hour of twilight. In the Church of St. Ursula, at Cologne, it vibrated through deep, religious silence. I returned by way of Belgium. Every night, in the gardens, or from the balconies of the hotels where I stopped, the voice of a nightingale would be heard, to the delight of all who were fortunate enough to listen to it, and especially to myself, to whom it seemed, with each succeeding evening to grow sweeter and sweeter.

"I began to long for night to come that I might hear it, and, on the other hand, to dread the fall of darkness lest the song should some time fail me. At last my journey was over; I had done well for my employer and the change had benefited my own health. My first question on my return to my own home was, 'And how about my nightingale?'

"Nanette looked at her husband who stammered, 'Monsieur, I am sorry to say that since the day you left its voice has not been heard.'"

"You can imagine my discomfiture, monsieur. I felt as though I had lost a dear friend. I dreaded to take my usual smoke in the garden. But at nightfall I went out, as usual, and hardly was I seated there when once more the voice of the bird broke forth, incomparably, enchanting, joyous—as though to welcome me home Long, long it sang, and as the moments passed the note of joy changed into one of supplication, almost of anguish and despair. And, as I sat there listening, wondering, it seemed to me that my child, my Corinne, was near me—I could even detect in the voice of the bird an echo of her own."

"Then the veil lifted and a flood of light poured in upon my soul. It was she—my darling, 'my little nightingale,' who had kept her promise, who had been permitted to come to her sorrowing but unbelieving father, who had followed me through all my wanderings, who weary and almost homeless—now was beseeching me to remember—and believe. From that moment, monsieur, I have never had a doubt of the immortality of the soul. Next day I went to the Cure, whom, as a man, I always liked and respected—that night I began to say my beads. Since then, Mass every Sunday, every three months the Sacraments, and always, always, the rosary, monsieur."

"And the nightingale? I inquired.

"Since that evening I have not heard it until now. But this new singing does not matter—it is in your garden—it has nothing to do with me, though I shall always like to hear it should it return."

"And now, monsieur, I shall leave you, for it is growing chilly, and I have talked too long. But every word I have told you is the truth. I make not the slightest account of the legend which says that the nightingale will follow one whom it likes over land and sea. I do not believe it—the idea is absurd. There is but one solution to the story I have told you. I believe it as firmly as I believe in the immortality of the soul. We shall meet again—my beloved ones and I—we shall meet again. Good night, monsieur."

"Then he left me, and, as he descended the steps of the arbor, I heard the click of the rosary as he took it from his pocket.—MARY F. MANIX in Extension.

Little Problems of Wedlock

Married life is discussed sensibly by William Gregory Jordan in a volume recently off the press of Fleming H. Revell Company. Following are some attractive extracts:

If marriage meant the wedding of a saint and an angel there would be no problems to solve, no perfection to attain, no progress to make. On earth, except in the pages of fiction it is different; husband and wife are usually strongly human. No matter how lovingly united or how sweet their accord, they never have the same temperaments, tendencies and tastes. Their needs are different, their manner of looking at things is not identical, and in varying ways their individualities assert themselves. Concession is merely a buffer or spring in the home machinery. It eases the jars, lessens the friction, distributes the strain, reduces the wear and tear, prevents each part from injuring itself for another. Concession in the home is the fine diplomacy of the heart. It is a delicate self-adjustment to the individuality of another. It is self-sacrificing in trifles without sacrifice of principles.

A man who before marriage used to write his initials fourteen times on an evening dance card may, after attaining the dignity of husbandhood, claim he is too tired to go into society, too wearied to go to entertainments or to make calls, though his wife may still desire to see her old friends and to keep alive some of

the wires connecting the home with the outside world. Here is an opportunity for a compromise, for him to realize that the pleasures of both are to be considered, that a graceful surrender occasionally to her desire is but equity. If he do it under visible protest, with the disguised cheerfulness of one going to the dentist's, he has killed the merit of his compromise.

There may be some simple dress of hers that he loves to have her wear. It has memories or association or something else that pleases him. She knows it does not fit well in the back, and that the sleeves are actually two seasons behind the times, and no one wears them that way now. He may be in blisful ignorance of the unattractiveness of a woman daring to defy fashions, but at home, some rainy night, when no one will make a call, it really would not hurt much if she were sweetly to put on this dress unexpectedly—just to please him. Little compromises and concessions make up much of the poetry of married life; standing even squarely on one's rights constitute its prose.

Long summer separations between husband and wife are unwise, temporary divorces that often leave a long trail of sorrow, grief and misunderstanding. They may not actually wreck home happiness, but they are an unnecessary risk, like "rooking a boat"—a foolish experiment that may overturn and swamp it. They say that absence makes the heart grow fonder, but it is not always fond of the one left behind. Brief separations may be love's tonic, but long ones are often love's narcotics.

If the two have already lost the glow of their first love, with the power to regenerate from a wound of misunderstanding growing less, and sweet new treaties of love and peace no longer follow grievances, and a voluntary summer spent apart from each other seems a kind of welcome relief to both, the long vacation may widen the distance between them beyond hope of bridging. It may be impossible to fan again into the glow of reborn life and light and warmth the dying embers of an old love when they were all to each other, when no thought of travel, change of scene or new society could bring any joy to compensate for the emptiness and loneliness of separation. Continuous absent treatment is a poor cure for wounded love.

To keep the air of the home sweet, wholesome and life-giving does not require two angels or two saints, but just two human beings with sense enough to realize that nagging is foolish, unnecessary, cruel, and that it does not pay.

In an atmosphere of constant fault-finding, real respect for each other soon dies, every good impulse is dwarfed, every effort discouraged, every spontaneity stifled, love is killed and, goaded to desperation, with misunderstandings multiplied beyond the bearing point, two finally become separated in everything that means unity, though they may still present the semblance of union to their friends and to the world.

The husband honestly and earnestly seeking to furnish the funds for the home on as liberal a scale as he can may have a fast-fading wife, discontented, unappreciative, unresponsive of his efforts, selfishly thinking only of her own desires. Nothing that he can do ever satisfies and he may have to face at each home-coming the eternal money discussion and argument. It dominates the dinner table, overflows into the evening session and rises with new force at breakfast time, a depressing, nagging influence that saps spirit and energy in meeting the business problems and duties of the day.

Business is not all sorrow, struggle, strain. There is the keen zest of competition, the red blood of enterprise and accomplishment, joy-spots of pleasant interviews and special successes. There are incidents of quaint people, humor of funny customs, interesting news of new inventions, changes, tendencies, movements, and trends. These are worthy of the telling and may be of value as information or warning.

Wives should know of the temptations and trials and tests of business life. Many a man has been encouraged to stand bravely by the right by a wife who heartened him in his ideals, who counted principles higher than mere money and who would not consent to some get-rich-quick scheme that might get under the wire of the law but would not square with sterling honesty and the higher ethics of truth and justice.

The wife, whether she be sympathetic, helpful, and genuinely interested or not, should know, at least, the amount of the husband's income and whether the business is prospering; how much more she is told rests with him and—herself. She should know this in order to gauge her expenditure and to direct properly their living.

The world often condemns a wife as being extravagant at a time when her husband is passing through a period of business stress and storm. She who should be the first to know of this may be the last; she may be lieve that her husband's income and position not only justify, but practically demand her living on a certain scale.

Monotony in married life is an insidious evil. It is hard to cure but

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easy to prevent. Husband and wife should realize that it rests solely with them; the conditions are absolutely within their control when acting in unity and harmony; either can do much, neither can do all. They can create an atmosphere of comradeship, cheerfulness and courage that defies monotony. It takes so little to hold it at bay, in the beginning; it takes so much to kill it in the end. It is easier to dodge a few snowflakes than the wild fury of the storm at its worst.

The secret of monotony is over-absorption of the head or the hands where the heart is not in it. It is the over-feeding of one side of life at the expense of the other; it is the prostrating effect of unbroken sameness in an environment. When the daily drudgery is unillumined by the conscious joy of consecration, when, through brooding and self-sympathy we translate it into a treadmill of routine, then monotony holds us captive. It is what we put into life that makes it great; it is what it takes out of it that makes it mean, miserable and monotonous.

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