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LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

EVER FAITHFUL.

"Mon ame a Dieu, Mon cour a toi."

FRENCH BALLAD.

Inexpressibly shocked by the scenes she had, during the last few hours, been compelled to witness, Mabel, between 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, withdrew at length to her own room.

She was too exhausted to undress, and allowed herself to drop into an arm-chair by the window, which she had taken care to open wide, that the pure air of early morning might blow in to refresh her, and disperse the poisoned breath which she had inhaled for so many hours. Now that there was no longer any need for exertion, Mabel became aware that she was tired—so tired, in fact, that when she sank down into the arm-chair she felt as though she would never care to rise out of it again. The moral and physical part of Mabel's nature had both received a severe shock. Do what she will, she cannot shut out the ghastly vision of Maggie's face, as she last beheld it, rapidly growing black, with the features convulsed in agony, and each time it rises before her, Mabel shudders, as though she already felt the cold sweat of Death gathering on her own brow. There creeps over her, too, a sensation of intolerable disgust, which however yields soon to a sudden revulsion of feeling, which carries her away into an entirely different channel from that through which the stream of her life has been for the last few years gliding.

In contrast to the daily misery with which she is now associated, there comes a vision of days gone by—glad faces, bright smiles, loving eyes, seem to be shining upon her like stars in a dark night. Sunshine and summer flowers, sounds, too, of murmuring brooklets, splashing waves, and singing breezes. Home, with its holy shielding affections, that would have guarded her for ever from the sight of so much sin and sorrow. Stronger and stronger grow the billows of recollection, flooding her soul, until Mabel's heart, always so passionate, so impressionable, lifts itself up, in fierce rebellion, against the life that is as contrasted with the life that might have been.

And then to think that it may last, this weary, sickening, shaded life of hers, for twenty, thirty years—ay, perhaps much longer, for Mabel knows she is very strong, and quite able to bear up physically through many a scene such as she has this night witnessed. She may even, in course of time, become accustomed to such scenes; but if she does, what a terrible life hers will be!—how repulsive, how blighting, how made up of self-immolation! and how is she to bear it to the end?

Occasionally she falls off into a light doze, but wakes again almost immediately startled by a fresh remembrance of the dreadful dead face.

In the meanwhile, grey dawn gives place to the rosy hour before sunrise, brighter and brighter grows the glorious east; more brilliantly glow the cloud islands fitting across the golden sky; and as she gazes into its beauty, Mabel's heart catches a reflection from its intense peacefulness, and yields itself gradually to a holier influence.

Once more the sun is rising. Since he last went down, a poor soul has gone to judgment—a soul that lived, sinned, suffered, and would not repent. Ah! many thousand such souls have gone likewise, but Mabel's thoughts are all with Maggie. Where is she?—what has become of her?—what would she have to tell, if but a short respite were now allowed her?

"It's owre late, it's owre late!"—awful words, that may come true for Mabel herself, if she grows weary of enduring before her day is done. Awful words, that may be true for any one of us who, knowing God's will, refuses to obey. How dare we boast death, if we have said to our God, "I know your will—I know what my duty and my conscience require of me; but it would cost me too much, therefore I will not obey?" God help those who use such language, either practically or theoretically—for them, indeed, it will be hard to die.

"Let me do what I can—let me suffer for all God pleases, lest some day I, too, may have to say 'Too late!'"—a cry coming with the thought; and rising from her seat, she repeats some lines from a hymn once copied for her by Genevieve—

"And therefore I whisper,
O Lord, not yet,
Not so soon with the dove to see,
I should feel regret
For one pang not endured for Thee."

The remembrance of Genevieve's hymn recalls to Mabel's memory the letter from Genevieve's father, which she still retains unopened in her pocket, the events of the night having entirely put it out of her mind. She takes it from its hiding-place, and lays it on the table. She will make haste to dress herself first, after which she will sit down to enjoy it. Mr. Vaughan writes but rarely, and his letters, when they do come, are an immense pleasure to Mabel.

As soon, however, as she opens this one, Mabel utters an exclamation of surprise. The envelope is addressed in Mr. Vaughan's writing, but enclosed is a letter from Hugh, together with one from Mr. Vaughan himself.

Mr. Vaughan's is laid on one side—it can wait. Hugh before all, God expected.

The date shows Mabel that Hugh's

letter was commenced six months back. This is strange, for she has received two intermediate letters since the date of this one; so she turns the letter over, and glances at the end, where she reads—not in Hugh's, but in Mr. Vaughan's handwriting—the date of the day before the mail left Melbourne. Is Hugh, then, in Melbourne? Is he dangerously ill? For there is a sentence at the end which terrifies Mabel, and makes her heart stand still. Once more she turns back to the first sheet, and her eyes rather devour than read what follows

"Hobart Town, Dec. 2, 18—

My beloved Mabel—I have made up my mind to begin a letter to you, which I may never have to send; I never will send it unless things turn out as lately I have begun to suspect they may do. For months past I have been reading, studying a good deal—I may say, in fact for years past; for, since I said good-bye to you and England, I have never ceased to pray and seek for proofs, to convince you, if possible, of what I still believe is error.

"It would be a long story were I to tell you now where first in my historical researches I came across difficulties with regard to my own position. Perhaps some day I may tell you face to face. But these difficulties have arisen. I have not been able to meet them. I still hope to do so, and believe I shall find it possible; but I am determined to sift the matter thoroughly.

"My health is bad at present. The doctor has ordered me complete rest and change of scene. He advises me to go to England; that I cannot do, but I am going to Melbourne for awhile. Some friends there have often pressed me to visit them, and I shall take six months' holiday. I have heard, quite by chance, that Mr. Vaughan is in Melbourne. I am glad of it, for I shall talk to him. That good fellow, young Logie, and I have had a great many talks about his religion. There is a simple earnestness about him which I like immensely. I shall talk him with me. He is a capital nurse when I am ill—and I am very shaky at present. I gave him your message about poor Katie. He was beside himself with gratitude to you for taking her under your care. Poor fellow! he is very faithful to his old love. He asked me the other day if I would advise him to write and ask her to come out here and marry him. I told him he had better wait a bit, and see how she went on first. Do you think she would be worthy of him?"

Here the letter broke off, and was not resumed until nearly two months later at Melbourne.

"I have had a bad attack again, my Mabel—severe inflammation on the lungs. The doctors here think badly of me, I can see, though they try to make the best of it. I have seen a great deal of Father Vaughan, as he is called here. He is not to be here long. He thinks Port Arthur will be his destination. Interesting work that! I envy him. I have not been able to do much in the way of reading, but hope, now I am getting better, to make up for lost time. Father Vaughan has been a good deal with me, and we have talked much. I am more than ever drawn to your religion, Mabel. I will not talk of it to you, though, my darling, for fear that anything short of love for truth might influence me."

Another break! The next and last portion of the letter was written with a trembling hand, and bore the date, "First of May."

"My darling, 'tis hard to write what I have to say, 'tis hard to have had the cup of blessedness once more all but promised, and then withdrawn; but, Mabel, no one else shall tell you what I have now disclosed. The doctors have pronounced my sentence. They tell me I cannot live more than a few months, and my heart tells me they are right, but Mabel, thank God with me and for me. I have been afraid to say much hitherto. I always thought I should be able to clear up my doubts, but it is all finished now. After years of study, the truth has come clearly before me. I am determined to be a Catholic."

There is no more in Hugh's handwriting. Father Vaughan evidently finished the letter, just in time to catch the mail.

"My ever Dearest Child," he wrote—"After reading what has gone before, you will not be unprepared for what I have to tell. Yesterday afternoon was my happy lot to receive into the bosom of the Holy Church a new convert to Catholic faith. And now, Mabel, thank God, thank Him, child, in spite of the sorrow before you, for that convert was no other than your own Hugh."

"I will not try to break the rest to you; the truth which yet remains to be told, you will surely never be in a fitter state to bear, and yet be thankful. Hugh is a Catholic, and he is going home soon, to make his eternal thanksgiving in heaven! He has suffered much and long, always fearing less too much love for you should influence his decision. Certainty has come to him, only when all hope of a prolonged stay on earth is over. Since he wrote to you, a fortnight ago, he has had another—a very sharp attack of inflammation on the lungs. He is very ill—I will not conceal it from you, my poor child—quite unable to finish his letter himself. Yesterday he was so bad that, fearing the end was at hand, he begged me to hasten his admission into the Church, which had been previously fixed for the 24th of May. Since then, however, he has wonderfully rallied. I have just come from seeing the doctor, who tells me that he has hopes of bringing him safely through this attack, and that if

he does so, there is every reason to believe that, with great care, Hugh may live—at least for a few months longer. I will not raise your hopes, Mabel. Ultimate recovery is, unless by miracle, impossible; but if the present rally lasts he may go on awhile. Of course all conversation is forbidden at present, but, as I left his room an hour ago, he whispered to me, 'Write to Mabel.' I told him I intended to do so, and he then took this letter from beneath his pillow, and further whispered, 'Read it—add something—the mail—to-morrow—tell her to be thankful—I am happy—poor Mabel!'

"He would have said more, but I would not let him. Every word was full of danger to him. And now, my child, I know, while you are reading this, what thought will arise in your heart. Remember I, who know you best, do not discourage you. Your life, once so full of promise, has turned out to be a sad one, full of sorrow. I warn you that your coming out here to Hugh will in all probability be useless. I fear you may be too late to see him alive. And yet I think I see you as you read this.

"I know the course which your faithful heart will dictate. If you had a mother, father, brothers, or sisters to consider, I would perhaps say to you, think twice ere you decide, but you are alone in the world, your soul and heart indeed belong first to God, but, after God, entirely to Hugh. I cannot therefore find it in my conscience to gainsay you, should you wish to risk the long voyage, for the sake of spending perhaps a few weeks or months with Hugh.

"I know you are as much his wife in heart as though you had exchanged solemn vows before God's altar. Nothing but the will of God has stood in the way of your union, and now that the obstacle is forever removed, while Hugh lives I know you will say that your place is at his side.

"If this then be your determination, in spite of the possible chances which may make your coming useless, in spite of the world's opinion, which may, I am aware, pronounce your conduct, and my sanction for it, unwise, I mean to stand by you in this, the most trying hour of your life.

"Knowing beforehand the course of action you will pursue, I have spoken to a good Catholic lady out here, a great friend of Hugh's—a Mrs. Manvers. To her I have explained all the circumstances of the case, and she bids me offer to you the shelter and protection of her home until you can be married, which shall be almost immediately upon your arrival.

"Again, dear child, in conclusion let me warn you not to undertake this journey without fully counting the possible cost. I hope, I hope very strongly, too, from what the doctor says that you may find Hugh not only alive, but really better, but it is a chance. Still, knowing you as I do, I believe inaction would at the present drive you mad. If you have indeed courage to face the worst, come, and God bless you!"

"Hugh knows nothing of this. I shall not speak of it until I see you in Melbourne. He is well cared for. That young Logie is a most devoted nurse; and I am with him constantly. 'Last news before the mail goes—Hugh steadily improving. Keep up your courage in the midst of your sorrow and sorrow. Oh, my beloved child, say always, 'Magnificat anima mea Dominum,' for He hath done great things for you, and holy is His name. Yours ever faithfully,
G. VAUGHAN."

Straight on to the end Mabel had read the letter, begun by Hugh, ended by Father Vaughan. It now lies upon her lap where it has fallen; her hands are clasping one another; a deep crimson flush is burning all the whiteness out of her face, neck, and brow; a tremulous excitement flashes into her sorrow-speaking eyes—those eyes that have wept such bitter tears, but which will never weep again.

It was but an hour ago that she was wildly longing for death—wary, so weary of living, how gladly would she have laid down her life to obtain that gift of faith granted to Hugh; and now, on the contrary, she is praying with all the passionate earnestness of her nature that joy may not kill her before she sees him again.

Strange to say, at that first moment, it is not the thought of Hugh's death that terrifies her, but a dread that she herself, not he, may be called away before they are brought together; and against this phantom fear it is that, during those first moments of overwhelming joy, her soul rises up in rebellion.

"But this is perfect nonsense," reasons Mabel. "I am well and strong—what should happen to me? Hugh will not die, he will live, he must live! Oh! surely God will not let me reach so near the goal of happiness twice over in my life, and then take it from me! But of what am I thinking? What have I not already to thank God for? O God! my God!"

exclaims Mabel, passionately, as she sinks down upon her knees, to offer the speechless, indescribable gratitude of her heart.

For a very short time does Mabel (her thanksgiving ended) remain inactive. It is still very early—not yet 6 o'clock—too early to find out what she is yearning with feverish impatience to discover;—how soon she can start for Melbourne.

Of course she intends to go; the bare possibility of not doing so would not have occurred to her, even had Father Vaughan been silent on the subject. But what will the world say about it? Little, indeed, cares Mabel; the world to her is all contained in the "one beloved" who is dying in a for-

sign land; she is his all, and what, now that God has mercifully removed the barrier which divided them, shall have power to keep his all away from Hugh?

During the next hour Mabel paces up and down the room like a caged creature, and makes all her plans. When 7 o'clock strikes, she heaves a sigh of relief, and hastens away to the church.

"It will be by this time open—alas! in Scotland churches do not open as early as they used to do in dear old France," thinks Mabel. "Oh! if I could only be in Vrananches for one short hour!"

Great need, indeed, has Mabel this morning of the sweet, soothing presence of her God. She needs it to calm down the violent excitement sorely overtaxing both her heart and brain. She needs it, because in joy, as well as in sorrow, that Holy Presence gives strength to endure. Without it sorrow would crush entirely, and joy would utterly overwhelm.

"Without this Sacrament of love, What would our exile be?"

How often has Mabel felt the truth of those two lines!—never more keenly, though, than she does this morning during the peaceful solemn season of that thanksgiving Mass.

Breakfast in Moray Place is served punctually at 8 o'clock. Doctor Graeme always devotes the two hours between 9 and 11 to gratis consultations. He has a numerous clientele of poor patients, and as he very much dislikes to be hurried over breakfast, the morning meal takes place at the comparatively early hour of 8.

It wants five minutes to that time. Prayer, or, as it is more generally called in Scotch houses, worship, is just over; and the Rev. Gordon Macleod has closed the great family Bible, out of which he has been reading, for the edification of his wife, his brother-in-law, three servants, and four young children, and Doctor Graeme is about to plunge into his daily papers, when, to the astonishment of everyone, Mabel walks in. Mary, in her surprise, pauses in the act of conveying a spoonful of tea to the teapot, and getting forthwith tea, teapot, and boiling water, lets the spoon drop upon her plate, and, pushing back her chair, exclaims—

"Mabel, it will surely not be you!"

Doctor Graeme gives Mabel one quick glance, and sees at once something very unusual in the expression of her face; he, however, makes no remark until his sister and her husband have exhausted their surprise and welcome; then he says, in his quiet, dry way,

"Take some breakfast, Mabel?"

"No, not now, thank you," she replies, hurriedly. "I am going home in a few minutes—can I see you for a moment, Geordie? I won't keep him, Mary, I promise you," she adds, as she bends down to kiss Mary.

"Take some breakfast first," reiterates Doctor Graeme, peremptorily.

"Oh! please no; let me speak to you first, Geordie. I can't eat anything—indeed I cannot just now. Mary, do tell him to come," says Mabel, with pleading impatience, reminding Doctor Graeme vividly of a scene in the far past, of the little lady who, speaking with very much the same voice and manner sixteen years ago, had begged so earnestly at his elbow—"Do let me pass."

"Eh, dear, of course he shall go with you, Geordie, take her into the study. You won't get your breakfast yet, I can tell you, for I have forgotten to make the tea; and, why bless me, the water is off the boil!"

Before Mary's sentence is concluded, Doctor Graeme has put down his paper, and silently led the way into his study, followed by Mabel, who, as soon as the door has closed behind her, says:

"Geordie, you are my oldest friend in all the world, will you help me now?"

"Of course I will, Mabel. What is it?" answers the doctor, quietly averting his gaze from Mabel's countenance as he speaks.

"I want to go out to Melbourne as soon as possible. How soon can I start? Will you tell me how to secure a passage?" begins Mabel, as though she were premeditating a journey to London.

For a moment there passes across Doctor Graeme's countenance a strong thrill, then he replies, in a slightly agitated tone,

"Good God! Mabel, what does this mean?"

Shortly and comprehensively Mabel then proceeds to impart to Doctor Graeme the contents of her Australian letter. He hears her silently to the end, neither interrupting nor objecting, shading his eyes with his hands meanwhile, and not daring to trust himself with a sight of her. When she ceases speaking, he looks up. There are tears in his kind, honest eyes, and his voice sounds husky.

"I cannot blame you, Mabel," he says. "I wish I could dissuade you for your own sake, from taking this terrible voyage, for you know you will have to come back alone—he can't live long, even if you do find him alive; but there, don't be afraid, I won't try to put any obstacle in your way."

Doctor Graeme breaks off hurriedly, and walks across the room to the window, where he stands, for a few seconds with his back to Mabel. When he again faces her he has recovered his composure—he comes back to where Mabel sits waiting, and bending over her, he kisses her reverently on the forehead.

"God bless you, Mabel, you are indeed faithful!" he says in a low tone. "I will do all I can to help you. Now stay here quietly. Mary shall bring you some breakfast, which you

must take for his sake. Remember, you want all your strength for him. If you are to be of any use to him, you must take care of yourself in the meanwhile. I will go now and drink a cup of tea, and then I will be off at once to find all out for you. You can tell Mary about it while you are taking your breakfast."

Before Mabel had time to make any reply, the doctor is gone, and almost immediately Mary comes in with a tray, containing Mabel's breakfast, which breakfast, remembering Doctor Graeme's advice, she eats bravely. Mary nososcer becomes acquainted with Mabel's decision, and the circumstances which led to it, than she lends the full weight of her encouragement to Mabel.

Doctor Graeme returns very shortly. "Mabel," he asks, "could you be ready for to-night?"

"This morning, if necessary," she answers decidedly.

"To-night will do. There is a steamer from Plymouth the day after to-morrow, but you would have to be on board to-morrow night."

"I will be ready, Geordie—no fear."

"Well, in that case, we can start by the mail this evening—can't we, Mary?"

"Why? Oh! are you coming, Geordie?" begins Mabel; but he interrupts, with decision.

"Of course, Mabel. Mary and I will see you on board."

"Yes, of course, dear," echoes Mary.

"But, Mabel, surely you are not going alone?"

"No, I shall take Katie," answers Mabel.

"She won't be much use, dear. Besides, do you think she will go?"

"Katie will go anywhere with me, Mary, and I would rather take her than anyone else."

"If ever there was a perfect woman on the face of God's earth, it is Mabel Forester!"

So says the Doctor, sitting in his study, some hours later, and concluding along the long train of reflection in which he has been indulging. He thinks that he is alone, but Mary entering at the moment, has overheard him.

Her brother sees, by the expression of her face, that she has read his secret—a secret Geordie Graeme has always intended to carry with him to his grave; but he is not ashamed of it, and when Mary, raising herself on tip-toe, places her two hands on her brother's shoulder, and says, very sadly, "Oh! Geordie, it is so, then, with you? Brother, do you love her?" he answers, honestly, "Better than my own life! I have loved her for nearly seventeen years, Mary—but I never knew it till lately; but there, never mind me! Have you done all you can for her?"

"Everything is ready, Geordie. We shall have to start immediately. Come and have some dinner." Then, as they were leaving the room, Mary adds, hesitatingly, with mistaken kindness (ah! she would never say it did she but know her brother better), "Don't fret, Geordie. Who knows what may come yet? I am sure Mabel loves you dearly. If anything were to happen to Mr. Fortescue—"

"Hush, Mary!—not a word more of this, if you please. I am not able to bear it."

And yet Mary had spoken the truth. If there was one man on earth whom, after Hugh, Mabel could have loved, that man was her first love, Geordie Graeme.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SAMPLE A. P. A.

"Skulking, Lying, Sneaking Hypocrites."

(From the Chicago Sunday Democrat.)

The A. P. A. delegates to the recent state convention at Bloomington are fair samples of the manner of men comprising that notorious organization.

These worthies have been trying to conceal the true purpose of the meeting by giving out a long rigmorole of "principles" to the public press. This flimsy attempt to hoodwink the American people will not succeed. The A. P. A. can conceal its wolf's shape in sheep's clothing. By their acts you shall know them.

Among the delegates from Chicago was Gen. A. C. Hawley, who claims to be a dear friend of Archbishop Ireland. The cheek of this man is amazing. He is a personified column of corinthian brass, so to speak. While conspiring to deny to a large body of American citizens the right to worship God according to the faith of their fathers, he comes out in an interview claiming to be friendly to a distinguished teacher of these citizens. This is reprehensible conduct, but it is only an index to the character of the average A. P. A.

They are skulking, sneaking, lying hypocrites, who should be shunned by every honest man.

It is not what its proprietors say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

How to use it—See "Sunlight's" Picture.

Send 25 "Sunlight" wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does Your Head Feel So Heavy?") to LITTLE, BROWN, & CO., 48 Scott Street, Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising, and well worth framing. This is the best in the market, and it will only cost postage to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Farmale's Pills. Not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

Kindly Remember or they will kill your child. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup is the best worm killer.

MARCH 8, 1894.

IRELAND UNDER QU

A Defolant Letter From an Bishop of Cork Un

The latest volume of the State Papers Relating which has been issued Commission, under the chair of Mr. Ernest G. A. tains much matter of interest to the student of this country. The quoted or catalogued in question cover the period July, 1890, and December, therefore, that immediately to the open avowal of Elizabeth's authority by of Tyrone, and the com the protracted contest W. Amongst the papers to none is more interesting letter in which William tant Bishop of Cork and what seemed to him the state of God's Church, commonwealth." The G commenced by pointing "where there is no know and His truth, there a cience to magistrates, a and he went on to show the of Tyrone, and the com the protracted contest W. Amongst the papers to none is more interesting letter in which William tant Bishop of Cork and what seemed to him the state of God's Church, commonwealth." 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