

MILES WALLINGFORD

By JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED

Bitter moment, truly! Time has scarcely lessened the keenness of the sensations I endured, as memory traces the feelings and incidents of that day. From the hour when I sailed from home, Lucy's image was seldom absent from my imagination ten minutes at a time; I thought of her, sleeping and waking; in all my troubles; the interest of the sea-fight I had seen could not prevent this recurrence of my ideas to their polar...

By the time the sun set, the wind had so far abated, and the sea gone on so much, as to remove all that fearful apprehensions from the gale. The ship lay to easily, and I had no occasion to give myself any trouble on her account. Had there been light, I should now have put the helm up, and run to leeward, in the hope of finding the spars, and at least of keeping near Marble; but as I deferred passing him in the darkness, I deferred that duty until the morning. All I could do was to watch the weather, in order to make this effort, before the wind should shift.

What a night I passed! As soon as it was dark, I sounded the pumps, and found six feet of water in the hold. It was idle for one man to attempt clearing a vessel of the Dawn's size; and I gave myself no further thought in the matter. So much injury had been done the upper works of the ship, that I had a sort of conviction she must go down, unless fallen in with by some other craft. I cannot say apprehensions for my own fate troubled me any, or that I thought of the ruin to which I was being hurried in the loss of the ship. My mind reverted constantly to my companions; could I have recovered them, I should have been happy, for a time at least.

I slept two or three hours towards morning, overcome with fatigue. When I awoke, it was in consequence of recovering the sun's rays in my face. Springing to my feet, I cast a confused and hurried glance around me. The wind was still at northeast, but it barely blew a good whole-sail breeze. The sea had gone down, to the regular roll of the ocean; and a finer day never shone upon the Atlantic. I hurried eagerly to deck, and gazed on the sea with a longing eye, to ascertain if anything could be seen of the wreck of our spars. Nothing was visible. From the main-top, I could command a pretty wide horizon; but the ocean lay a bright, glittering blank; the crests of its own waves excepted. I felt certain that the Dawn was so weathered, that the spars were to be seen, but the ship must have forged miles ahead, during the last twelve hours; and there was almost the equal certainty of her being a long distance to the southward of the floating hamper, her head having lain in that direction since the time she broached-to. To get her off before the morning, my first consideration was which I could endeavor to force her to the northward, running the chance of falling in with the spars. Could I find my mate, we might still die together, which would have been a melancholy consolation just then.

CHAPTER XXII

"Father of all! In every age, In every clime, adored; By saint, by savage, and by sage—'Jehovah! Jove! or Lord!'"

Feeling the necessity of possessing all my strength, I ate a breakfast before I commenced work. It was with a heavy heart and but little appetite that I took this solitary meal; but I felt that its effects were good. When finished, I knelt on the deck, and prayed to God fervently, asking his divine assistance in my extremity. Why should an old man, whose race is nearly run, hesitate to own, that in the pride of his youth and strength, he has made to feel how insufficient we all are for our wants? Yes, I prayed; and I hope in a fitting manner, for I felt that this spiritual sustenance did me even more good than the material of which I had just before partaken. When I rose from my knees, it was with a sense of hope, that I endeavored to suppress a little, as both unreasonable and dangerous. Perhaps the spirit of my sainted sister was permitted to look down on me, in that awful straits, and to offer up its own pure petitions in behalf of a brother she had so warmly loved. I began to feel myself less alone, and the work advanced the better from this mysterious sort of consciousness of the presence of the souls of those who had felt an interest in me, while in the body.

My first measure was to lead the jib-stay, which had parted near the head of its own mast, to the head of the mainmast. This I did by bending on a piece of another rope. I then got up the halyards, and loosened and set the jib; a job that consumed quite two hours. Of course, the sail did not set very well, but it was the only mode on the ship at all. As soon as the jib was set, in this imperfect manner, I put the helm up, and got the ship before the wind. I then hauled out the sparker, and gave it sheet. By these means, aided by the action of the breeze on the hull and spars, I succeeded in getting something like three knots' way on the ship, keeping off a little northerly, in which direction I felt sensible it was necessary to proceed in quest of the spars. I estimated the drift of the wreck at a knot an hour, including the good and moderate weather; and allowing for that of the ship itself, I supposed it must be by As soon as twelve miles to leeward of me. These twelve miles I managed to run by noon, when I hauled up sufficiently to bring the wind abeam, head-

ing northwardly. As the ship would not steer herself, that is as small as it was necessary for me to go, I collected some food, took a glass, and went up into the main-top, to dine, and to examine the ocean.

The anxious, anxious hours I passed in that top! Not an object of any sort appeared on the surface of the wide ocean. It seemed as if the birds and the fishes had abandoned me to my loneliness. I watched and examined the surrounding sea, until my hands were tired with holding the glass, and my eyes became weary with their office. Fortunately, the breeze atoned, though the sea went down fast, giving me every opportunity I could desire, of effecting my object. The ship yawed about a good deal, it is true, but on the whole she made a very tolerable course. I could see by the water that she had a motion of about two knots for most of the time, though, as the day advanced, the wind began to fall, and her rate of going diminished quite one half.

At length, after passing hours aloft, I went below to look after things there. On sounding the pumps I found ten feet of water in the hold, though the upper works were now not at all submerged, and the motion of the vessel was very easy. That the Dawn was gradually sinking under me, was a fact too evident to be denied; and all the concerns of this life began to narrow into a circle of some-what twenty hours. The time when the ship would probably float, possibly a little longer should the weather continue moderate. The wind was decreasing still, and, thinking I might have a tranquil night, I determined to pass that time in preparing for the last great change. I had no will to make—little to leave, indeed, after my vessel was water, for the debt due to John Wallingford would go far toward absorbing all my property. When his \$40,000 were paid under a forced sale, little, indeed, would be the residue.

The state of things would have been somewhat different under a fair sale, perhaps, but a forced sale would probably sweep away everything. It is true my creditor was my heir; for, a legacy to Lucy, and a few bequests to my slaves excepted, I had fairly bequeathed all I owned to my cousin. As for the blacks themselves, under the new policy of New York, they would soon be free; and had no other interest in their fate than that of a slave. But why speak of property, in the situation in which I was placed? Had I owned the whole of Ulster County, my wishes, or any new will I might make, must die with me. The ocean would soon engulf the whole. Had I no desire to make an effort to save myself, or at least to prolong my existence, by means of a raft, I could have done so, for the sea had no chance of throwing the keel, for the smaller masts no longer inclined in, and I could see that the ship and wreck were slowly separating. A low lump on the bottom, directly beneath me, drew my head over the side, and I found with on my knees, as it might be a cockbill, with its bill actually scraping along the ship's bottom. It was the only chance I had, or was likely to have, and I threw the keel astward it. Luckily, the hawser, as it tautened, brought a fluke directly under the yard, within the Flemish horse, the brace-block, and all the other ropes that I found in motion. So slow was the motion of the ship, that my grapnel held, and the entire body of the wreck began to yield to the pressure. I now jumped to the jib halyards and down-haul, getting that sail reduced; then I half braided the sparker; this was done left my hold on the yard should give way.

I can say, that up to this instant, I had not even looked for Marble. So inattention had been my apprehensions of missing the wreck, that I thought of nothing else, could see nothing else. Satisfied, however, that my fast would hold, I ran forward to look down on the wreck, that the strain of the hawser, and brought me directly under the very bow, over which it had fallen. It was empty! The object I had mistaken for Marble, dead or asleep, was a part of the bunt of the main-top-sail, that had been hauled down over the top-rim and secured there, either to form a sort of shelter against the breaking seas, or to prevent the hawser from being the intention. This, I thought, no longer had an occupant. Marble had probably been washed away, in one of his adventurous efforts to make himself more secure or more comfortable.

The disappointment that came over me, as I ascertained this fact, was scarcely less painful than the anguish I had felt when I first saw my mate carried off into the ocean. There would have been a melancholy satisfaction in finding his body, that we might have gone to the bottom together, as least and thus have slept in a common grave, in the depths of that ocean over which we had sailed so many thousands of leagues in company. I went and threw myself on the deck, regardless of my own fate, and wept in very bitterness of heart. I had arranged a mattress on the quarter-deck, and it was on that I now threw myself. Fatigue overcame me, in the end, and I fell into a deep sleep. As my recollection left me, my last thought was that I should go down with the ship, as I lay there. So complete was the triumph of nature, that I did not even dream. I do not remember ever to have enjoyed more profound and refreshing slumbers; slumbers that continued until returning light awoke me. To that night's rest I am probably indebted, under God, for having the means of relating these adventures.

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What a revelation of feeling came over me at this sight! A minute before, and I was completely isolated; cut off from the rest of my species, and resigned to a fate that seemed to command my quitting this state of being without further communion with mankind. Everything was changed. Here was the companion of so many former dangers, the man who had taught me

my profession, one that I can truly say I loved, quite near me, and possibly dying for the want of that aid which I might render! I was on deck in the twinkling of an eye; the sheets were eased off, and the helm put up. Obedient to my wishes, the ship fell off, and I soon got a glimpse, from the spot where I stood, of the wheel, of the wreck a little clear of the weather cathead. By this time the wind was so light, and the ship had got to be so deep in the water, that the motion of the last was very slow. Even with the helm up, it scarce equalled half a knot; I began to fear I should not be able to reach my goal after all!

There were now intervals of dead calm; then the air would return in little puffs, urging the great mass heavily onward. I whistled, I prayed, I called aloud for wind; in short, I adopted all the expedients known, from that of the most vulgar nautical superstition, up to profound petitions to the Father of Mercies. I presume all this brought no change, though the passage of time did. About half an hour before the sun dipped into the ocean, the ship was within a hundred yards of the wreck. This I could ascertain by stolen glances, for the direction I was now compelled to steer, placed the forward part of the ship between me and my object, and I did not dare quit the wheel to go forward, lest I should miss it altogether. I had prepared a grapnel, of a small sledge, the lee-wais, with a hawser bent, and could I come within a few feet of the floating hamper, I felt confident of being able to hook into something. It appeared to me now as if the ship absolutely refused to move.

Go ahead she did, notwithstanding, though it was only five or six minutes. My hasty glances told me that two more of these lengths would effect my purpose. I scarce breathed, lest the vessel not be steered with sufficient accuracy. It was strange to me that Marble did not hail, and fancy him asleep, I shouted with all my energy, in order to arouse him. "What a joyful sound that will be in his ears," I thought to myself, though his own voice seemed unearthly and alarming. No answer came. Then I felt a slight shock, as if the out-water had hit something, and a low scraping sound against the copper announced that the ship had hit the wreck, raising the keel in my arms. Then came the upper spars wheeling strongly round, under the pressure of the vessel's bottom against the extremity of the lower mast. I saw nothing but the great maze of hamper and wreck, and could scarcely breathe in the anxiety not to miss my aim. There was a moment when I felt no chance of throwing the keel, for the smaller masts no longer inclined in, and I could see that the ship and wreck were slowly separating. A low lump on the bottom, directly beneath me, drew my head over the side, and I found with on my knees, as it might be a cockbill, with its bill actually scraping along the ship's bottom. It was the only chance I had, or was likely to have, and I threw the keel astward it. Luckily, the hawser, as it tautened, brought a fluke directly under the yard, within the Flemish horse, the brace-block, and all the other ropes that I found in motion. So slow was the motion of the ship, that my grapnel held, and the entire body of the wreck began to yield to the pressure. I now jumped to the jib halyards and down-haul, getting that sail reduced; then I half braided the sparker; this was done left my hold on the yard should give way.

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an effort to save myself, or to try to prolong existence a few hours, by means of the wreck, did not occur to me. But when I came to look about me, to note the tranquil condition of the ocean, and to heed the chances, small as they were, that offered, the love of life was renewed within, and I seriously set about the measures necessary to such an end.

The first step was to sound the pumps, anew. The water had not gained in the night as rapidly as it had gained throughout the preceding day. But it had gained; there being three feet more of it than when I last sounded—the infallible evidence of the existence of leak that no means of mine could stop. It was, then, hopeless to think of saving the ship. She had settled in the water, already, so as to bring the lower bolts of both fore and main-channels awash; and I supposed she might float for four-and-twenty hours longer, unless an injury that I had discovered under the leeboard cathead, and which had soon received from the wreck, should cause a leak which would hasten the fate of the vessel by some hours, should it come fairly into the account.

Having made this calculation, as to the time I had to do, I set seriously about the job of making provisions with my raft. In one or two particulars, I could not much improve the latter; for, the yards lying underneath the masts, it rendered the last as buoyant as was desirable in moderate weather. It struck me, however, that by getting the top-gallant mast down, and with their rigging, I might rig up a sort of a staging, with the aid of the hatches, that would not only keep me entirely out of water, in mild weather, but which would contain all one man could consume, in the way of victuals and drink, for a month to come. To this object, I had no great difficulty in getting the spars I have mentioned, loose, and in hauling them alongside of the top. It was a job that required time, rather than strength; for my movements were greatly facilitated by the presence of the topmast-rigging, which remained in place, almost as if it were there. I had my own rigging I cut, and having got out the fids of the two masts, one at a time, I pushed the spars through their respective caps with a foot. Of course, I was obliged to get into the water to work; but I had thrown aside most of my clothes for the occasion, and the weather being warm, felt greatly relieved. In two hours, I had my top-gallant-mast and yard well secured to the top-rim and the caps, having saved them in pieces for the purpose. The fastenings were both spikes and lashings, the carpenter's stores furnishing plenty of the former, as well as all sorts of tools.

This part of the arrangement completed, I had a hearty breakfast, when I began to secure the hatches, as a sort of floor, on my primitive joists. This was not difficult, the hatches being long, and the rings enabling me to lash them, as well as to spike them. Long before the sun had reached the meridian, I had a stout little platform, made of the rigging and iron that did not serve to keep the wreck together. The next measure was to cut all the sails from the yards, and to cut loose all the rigging and iron that did not serve to keep the wreck together. The next measure was to cut all the sails from the yards, and to cut loose all the rigging and iron that did not serve to keep the wreck together.

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my own fault. I was bound to let the English carry her into port, and to await judgment—the law supposing that justice would have been done in the premises. The law might have been greatly mistaken in this respect; but potatoes never acknowledge their blunders. If I was wrong in their decision, the law presumed suitable damages. It was true, I might be ruined by the delay, through the debts left behind me; but the law, with all its purity, cared nothing for that. Could I have shown a loss by means of a falling market, I might have obtained redress, and provided the party did not appeal; or, if he did, that the subsequent decisions supported the first; and provided—all the decrees being in my favor—my Lord Harry Dermond could have paid a few thousands in damages; a problem to be solved in itself.

I always carried to sea with me a handsome chest that I had bought in one of my earlier voyages, and which usually contained my money, clothes, and other valuables. This chest I managed to get on deck, by the aid of a purchase, and over the ship's side, on the raft. It was much the most troublesome part of my writing-desk, a mattress, two or three counterpane, and a few other light articles, which it struck me might be of use—but which I could cast into the sea at any moment, should it become necessary. When all this was done, I conceived that my useful preparations were closed.

It was now night, and I felt insufficiently fatigued to lie down and sleep. The water had gained very slowly during the last few hours, but the ship was now swimming so low, that I thought it unsafe to remain in the vessel, while asleep. I determined, therefore, to take my leave of her, and go on the raft for that purpose. It struck me, too, that it might be unsafe to be too near the vessel when she went down, and I had barely time to get the spars a short distance from the ship, before darkness would come. Still, I was unwilling to abandon the Dawn altogether, since the spars that stood on board her would always be a more available signal to any passing vessel, than the low sail I could set on the raft. Should she float during the succeeding day, they would increase the chances of a rescue, and they offered an advantage not to be lightly thrown away.

To force the spars away from the ship was not a simple task of itself. There is a strong current in matters that is known to bring vessels nearer together in calm, and I had this principle of nature first to overcome; then to neutralize it, without the adequate means of doing either. Still I was very strong, and possessed all the resources of a seaman. The raft, too, now its length was reduced, was more manageable than it had been originally, and in rummaging about the "twixt-decks I had found a set of oars belonging to the launch, which had been stowed in the steerage, and which of course were preserved. These I had taken to the raft, to strengthen my staging, or deck, and two of them I had reserved for the very purpose to which they were now applied. Cutting away the keel, then, and casting off the other ropes I had used with which to breast to the raft, I began to shove off, just as the sun was dipping. So long as I could pull by the ship, I did very well, for I adopted the expedient of hauling against the raft, as I might get a better drift, if I quit under the lee of the vessel, than if lying on her broadside. I say the "lee," though there wasn't a breath of air, nor scarcely any motion of the water. I had a line fast to a stern-davit, and placing myself with my feet braced against the mast, I sawed over the cable of the spars, and exerting all my force, when it was once in motion, I succeeded in giving the raft an impetus that carried it completely past the ship. I confess I felt no personal apprehension from the action, supposing the ship to sink while the raft was in its usual contact with it; but the agitation of the water might weaken its parts, or it might wash most of my stores away. The last consideration induced me, now, to go to work with the oars, and try to do all I could, by that mode of propelling my craft. I worked hard just one hour by my watch; at the expiration of that period, the nearest end of the raft, or the lower part of the foremast, was about a hundred yards from the Dawn's tail-rail. This was a slow movement, and did not fall to satisfy me, that, if I were to be saved at all, it would be by means of some passing vessel, and not by my own progress.

Overcome by fatigue, I now lay down and slept. I took no precautions against the wind's rising in the night; firstly because I thought it impossible from the tranquil aspects of the heavens and the ocean; and secondly, because I felt no doubt that the wash of the water and the sound of the winds would arouse me, should it occur differently. As on the previous night, I awoke sweetly, and obtained renewed strength for any future trials. As on the preceding morning, too, I was awakened by the warm rays of the rising sun falling on my face. On first awaking, I did not know exactly where I was. A moment's reflection, however, sufficed to recall the past to my mind, and I turned to examine my actual situation.

I looked for the ship toward the end of the mast, or in the direction where I had last seen her, but she was not visible. The raft had swung round in the night, I thought, and I bent my eyes slowly round the entire circle of the horizon, but no ship was to be seen. The Dawn had sunk in the night, and so quietly, as to give no alarm! I shuddered, for I could not but imagine what would have been my fate, had I been aroused from the sleep of the living only to experience the last agony as I passed away into the sleep of the dead. I can not describe the sensations that came over me as I gazed around, and found myself on the broad ocean, floating on a little deck that was only ten feet square and which was raised less than two feet above the surface of the waters. It was now that I felt the true frailty of my position, and comprehended all its dangers. Before, I had been shielded by the ship, as it might be, and had found a species of protection in her presence. But the whole truth now stood before me. Even a

moderate breeze would raise a sea that could not fall to break over the staging, and which must sweep everything away. The spars had a specific lightness, it is true, and they would never sink, or if they did sink, it would only be at the end of ages, when saturated with water and covered with barnacles; but on the other hand, they possessed none of the buoyancy of a vessel, and could not rise above the rolling waters sufficiently to clear their breakers.

These were not comfortable reflections; they pressed on my mind even while engaged at my most devoted. After performing, in the best manner I could, this never-ceasing duty, I ate a little, though I must admit it was with a small appetite. Then I made the best storage I could of my effects, and rigged and stepped the mast, hoisting the sail as a signal to any vessel that might appear. I expected wind ere long, nor was I disappointed—a moderate breeze springing up from the northwest about 9 o'clock. This air was of an immense relief to me in more ways than one. It cooled my person, which was suffering from the intense heat of a summer's sun beating directly on a boundless expanse of water, and varied a scene that otherwise possessed an oppressively wearisome sameness. Unfortunately, this breeze met me in the bows; for I had stepped my mast in the foremast, lashed it against the bottom of the top, which it will be remembered was now perpendicular, and stayed it to the mainmast and deck-eyes, but not working particularly well when "when" it struck, though now floating on the water. I intended the fractured part of the foremast for my out-water, and, of course, had to wear ship before I could gather any way. This single manoeuvre occupied a quarter of an hour, my braces, licks, and sheets had worked very hard. At the end of that time, however, I got round, and laid my yard square.

"LORD, HELP THOU MY UNBELIEF!"

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander

Closed blinds, and on the door bell a long clatter of black crepe told its story to the passer-by, who looked up at a pretty home in a quiet village of New York. Within the little parlor the casement lay. The odor of flowers hung in the air, and beautiful emblems were scattered around the room. There were flowers and her, whose life was worth so much to those who loved him, was lying there pulseless and cold, unresponsive to the heart-breaking words and caresses of those who called him father, and on whom his life had been lavished until this cruel separation.

father. I saw her soon after her arrival at her aunt's house, and found her an intelligent, artless girl; quick, affectionate, gentle, but a red-hot Calvinist, a deeply pious Presbyterian. Her fear of a Catholic priest was more the effect of prejudice than of personal dislike. She often tried to argue her faith, but found her objections falling into deplorable nothingness, before the clear doctrine of the Catholic Church. It was evident she was afraid of it all, and when her Aunt Elias said one day during the first week, "Margaret, wouldn't you like to come to church with me next Sunday?" her look of horror tempted a smile to her aunt's face.

"Never, auntie, never could I join in such idolatry! It breaks my heart to think that one so gifted and clever as you, my darling aunt, should be subject to those Catholic charms and spells!"

"Aunt Elias laughed merrily. 'Why Margaret! I can't fancy for a moment what you mean! What charms and spells?'

"Why, those images in your room! That liquid in the shell hanging at your bedside! That string of pearl-and-silver beads, you so often slip through your fingers with whispered words!"

"Poor little girl!" Aunt Elias laughed again, a merry, contagious laugh which, however, did not bring sunshine to the serious face of Margaret, who had too much the martyr-spirit of Calvin to relax in unbecoming mirth, when religion was mentioned.

"You cannot deny it, Aunt Elias," she protested. "I have seen it with my own eyes, dearly as I love you. 'What a dear, dear Margaret! How little you know of your sweet, beautiful, consoling faith, and her sacraments! Some day you will love the statues of our dear Lady, and you will know the value of her rosary, and will understand the efficacy of holy water; but you shall not hear it now. You must go to the 'Pater noster,' and try to serve God according to your own light.'" And Aunt Elias showed Margaret the severe-looking Presbyterian church two squares below the house, and almost opposite the beautiful Catholic temple of God which reared its graceful spires heavenward, pointing two slender fingers to the blue sky—and lifting up the heart of the believer to one Lord and Father of all.

Margaret went to the Presbyterian church faithfully, and the church members, knowing who she was, paid her the most courteous attention. How they welcomed her and strove to hold her! How many congratulated her on her firmness and her perfect trust, and how pure a faith which defied her Catholic aunt's persuasion, when in reality there was no persuasion at all! Many Sundays passed by, leaving Margaret more deeply dyed than ever in Presbyterian prejudice.

At home her Aunt Elias seemed to lead religion drop into oblivion. She never mentioned it. Sweet, gracious and charming, no one could fall to yield to the magnetism of this brilliant woman, who was so well informed, who wrote so well, who talked so beautifully, and who was also a Catholic to the tips of her fingers, whose every look and motion betrayed her perfect trust and love for the holy faith so dear to her. She respected Margaret's sincerity and never uttered a word to arouse in her prejudice.

Margaret began to watch curiously the hundreds of people who poured into the Catholic Church opposite, and who took place to new crowds every hour on Sunday morning. The multitudes pressed in, and poured out, and Margaret wondered where they all came from. Now and then the doors were wide open and she saw twinkling lights and long trains of surpliced altar boys filing along to a great organ, while the organ music pealed from the grand organ. She saw strangely-robed ministers, who, even when their backs were turned, awayed the people for the congregation rose and knelt, and stood and bowed with them, like one man! But she turned away with terror, for wasn't this a part of the mysterious rites of the Popish church? She wondered about many things. How such a number of people could be deceived? How her gifted, intelligent aunt could be duped—how she could quote the Bible as faithfully as any minister, and live such a beautiful sunny life, a blessing to every one—and yet be one of those benighted Catholics?

Margaret was puzzled. She could only sigh, and give her attention to her studies in the public grammar school where already she had a record for cleverness and talent. And so the years passed on.

One Sunday she came home from her own church pale and excited. Breathlessly she sought her aunt, who was alarmed at her appearance. She loved the girl for her sincere, honest character and her affectionate disposition; she appreciated, too, her talents and her success in her studies. Anxiously she inquired what was the matter.

"Oh, Aunt Elias! A dreadful thing happened to me to-day!"

"What was it, dear?"

"Why, I went to church as usual this morning and I leaned down when I reached my pew and covered my face and prayed silently before service began. I

dear Aunt Elias! A dreadful thing happened to me to-day!"

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Colds Most Fatal at This Season

This is the time of year when colds seem to turn into pneumonia or quick consumption and to prove more generally fatal than at any other season. With many people one cold follows another during the winter months until finally the human body becomes so run down that it can no longer resist the attack of the germs which cause lung trouble.

The best rule is to never allow a cold to get further than the throat, and this you can do by the prompt use of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Lineed and Turpentine. Do not wait for chest colds and bronchitis to develop. Keep the well-known medicine at hand for use in case of emergency.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Lineed and Turpentine loosens a cough, aids expectoration, and soothes and heals the irritated and inflamed membranes.