

Ah, me! what matter? The
And bliss and hale are but
I can never lose what in his
Though love be sorrow with
And if love dies when we are
Why life is still not long—

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE IDEAL SHAKEN TO ITS FOUNDATION.

"Farewell, O dream of mine!
I dare not stay;
The hour is come, and time
Will not delay.
She stands the future dim,
And draws me on,
And shows me dearer joys,
But though art gone—"
(Aylmer Proctor).

Mabel had passed nearly two months at Vrananches before she received her first Australian letter. Hugh wrote in good spirits; he had had a prosperous journey, and hoped to be able to wind up his affairs so as to be free early in the coming year.

"Not by Christmas, I fear, but certainly by Easter, darling Mabel, I shall, D. V., be with you. The future sometimes seems to me almost too happy; I can scarcely believe it will really be ours, and there are days when I feel very desponding; but God will surely reward you for the generous sacrifice you have already made, and this consoles me, when I get into my low fits. Oh! Mabel, I have had much sorrow in my life, but your love is the sunshine that has more than made up for all."

Hugh was not one to talk, still less to write, lengthily about his own feelings; the rest of the letter was very matter-of-fact; telling her of his work, the mission, and its future chances of success. There was a good deal about Elvanlee parish; messages were sent to some of his parishioners, and many questions asked regarding Mabel's own daily life.

"He had of course, when he wrote, not heard of the emigration to France, but the latter part of his letter startled Mabel exceedingly, opening her eyes to the way in which he would receive the tidings when they should reach him. Hugh wrote:

"Tell me what you hear of the Vaughans; but I cannot help hoping, my Mabel, that you will care less for them now. This may sound selfish—I cannot help it. I am almost glad that a barrier has arisen between you, for shall I own to you that I dread the influence they formerly exercised over you? As I always warned you, that ridiculous aping of Romanism generally ends in one way only—that is, if those who profess it be honest: Romanism and Puseyism are utterly contrary to the Evangelical doctrine of the Bible. I want to see you actuated by sound, healthy principles of religion. I always tremble for the possible consequences of so much leaning to Puseyism. In the end, if you were not careful, my beloved Mabel, you would be led astray, as the Vaughans have been; and I tell you candidly, I would rather see you in your coffin than belonging to that corrupt and idolatrous sect."

"These are strong words, but they come, you know, my own darling, from the depths of a very deep, true affection. Yet why need I dwell on this subject? I hope and believe that now, removed from such dangerous influence, you are comparatively safe."

Mabel laid the letter down upon her lap; she had wandered a mile along the sea-shore, in order to be quite alone, to enjoy it quietly, and she was now sitting under the shadow of a deep cavern in the rocks, into which the sea entered at high tide, but which was then perfectly dry, and carpeted with beautiful fine sand, besprinkled with tiny shells of pink and soft grey pearl.

Three times already had Mabel read Hugh's letter from the beginning to the end, and with each reading the load upon her heart grew more unbearable. Her fourth time she stopped short in her perusal of the precious document; tears were blinding her, and sick at heart, she leant her head against the rock, closed her eyes, and remained silently thinking.

In accordance with her resolution, taken on the first night of her first day at Vrananches, Mabel had begun by trying to lay aside her High Church principles, and to accept in their place those of Evangelical Protestantism.

She soon found, however, that such a resolution was beyond her power to fulfil. For a few days she struggled hard for victory, but if she believed herself to have made any progress, she was undeceived on the first Sunday.

"Shall you go to St. Anne, Mabel?" inquired Jessie while they were at breakfast on that morning. "For my part I shall remain at home. The Protestant 'temple' here is a very hopeless affair."

"Still perhaps I had better go," said Mabel, reluctantly. "I suppose Hugh would wish it. And I will take the children with me. These French people will think us terrible heathens if we stay at home all day."

"You will not go a second time, Mabel, I promise you. You will hate it. I should not object to it if there was anyone who could preach decently; but Heaven defend me from Pasteur Laudri's sermons!"

"I will go," returned Mabel, decidedly; and a carriage was accordingly ordered for the long five miles' drive to the nearest town, where, once in eight days, a handful of depressed-looking Protestants met together in the dreariest of temples, in order to be yet further depressed by the dismal Calvinistic discourses of Monsieur le Pasteur Laudri.

The service consisted of a psalm, drawn out to an interminable length by a sleepy clerk, and taken up feebly by the scanty congregation; a prayer that seemed as though it would never end, and which sounded to Mabel's ears more like a denunciation of humanity in general than a supplication addressed to the most Merciful of Fathers; a long chapter out of the Old Testa-

ment; followed by a second equally dolorous hymn and prayer; and a sermon full of harsh, uncompromising doctrine, respecting the absolute hopelessness of salvation to the unpredestinated—a sermon in which the preacher's object might have been to inspire his hearers with profound terror of the Deity, without so much as one allusion to the love of God made man, so hard, so cold, so wearying did it sound to those who listened to it for one hour and twenty minutes. After the sermon came a third hymn, a third prayer—shorter, but quite as dreary as the preceding two; after which the depressed congregation arose, and returned to their respective homes and duties, unconsolated, unrefreshed, and unstrengthened by any heavenly food, yet upheld—let no one doubt it—by the Good God, who must have had compassion on the starving state of their desolate souls.

Mabel, who during two hours and a quarter had been suffering from the heaviest fit of depression she ever remembered to have experienced, left the temple with a firm resolve that never again, under any circumstances, would she set foot inside its walls. If the Roman Church were a corrupt one, at least its corruptions could not exceed those of the French Protestants. Now, indeed, Mabel could understand why (as she once heard from Mr. Vaughan, only she forgot it unfortunately when she came to Vrananches) there was in France no true Church except the Roman Catholic Church, for unless every teaching and instinct of faith were wrong, that dull, icy sepulchral temple could not be a Christian Church?

"Oh! Mamma, I never want to go to church again!" exclaimed little Eva, as, hot and weary after the long drive, she came in to luncheon, followed by her brother and Mabel.

"Don't say that, Eva," interrupted Wilfred, with an air of superiority; "of course we shall like to go to church at Elvanlee, when we go back there. You know Aunt Mabel told you this was not a church at all."

"I told you so, Mabel," laughed Jessie. "You had much better have taken my advice. I knew you would hate it."

"It was shocking," replied Mabel, indignantly. "I could not have believed that there could exist a place so heartless, so—"

"There now, don't get into a state, Mabel. You have evidently never been into a Dissenting chapel," remarked Jessie, coolly; "and French Calvinists are not likely to suit you. I can't think why you did not go to the Cathedral of St. Anne."

"Suits me? Do they suit anybody, I wonder?"

"That depends upon circumstances. I was brought up in the Kirk, Mabel; and John Knox and Calvin have a family likeness to each other. I don't object to French services, if the Pasteur be an eloquent man—of course all depends on that."

"Well, I should be sorry to belong to a Church whose merits depend on the preacher," said Mabel emphatically.

"Oh! you little humbug!" answered Jessie quickly. "Just as if your devotion to your own beloved Anglican Church did not depend entirely on whose parish you were in!"

"What do you mean, Jessie?"

"Mean, Mabel? Why, just this: of course you believed Mr. Vaughan to be worthy of your allegiance, and so you looked upon him as the Voice of the Church; but as for poor Mr. Selby, in the adjoining parish, he was quite set aside, and though he got his authority from the same source as Mr. Vaughan, do you remember how you abused the man, and called him a 'wolf in sheep's clothing,' because he upheld the Thirty-nine Articles, and an animadverted pretty strongly upon the Popish practices at Elvanlee, eh, Mabel? But, there, don't let us quarrel about these stupid absurdities. Will you come to Vespers at the Cathedral? We shall hear some pretty music there, at least."

Mabel went with Jessie to the Cathedral, and though she did not even try to understand a word of what was going on from the very moment she entered the sacred edifice, a feeling of perfect rest and homeliness came over her.

Jessie seated herself comfortably, where she could both hear and see well; but Mabel no sooner crossed the threshold of the holy place than she again fell under the influence which had already, in the little Convent chapel, so powerfully attracted her. For a few moments she sought, with all the strength of her lately-formed resolution, to resist it, but once more overcome by its excessive sweetness, she withdrew a little way behind Jessie, and knelt down where she knew she would be concealed by one of the massive pillars.

Thinking nothing of the music, the service, the gorgeous splendor of the sanctuary, forgetting the crowd of worshippers by whom she was surrounded, Mabel was sensible of one feeling only: the Real Presence of the God Whom she adored. In that Divine Presence she had found all that her heart could desire. All troubles, all doubts, all misgivings as to the future, were hushed into instantaneous rest. That she was in a Roman Church Mabel no longer cared to remember. She did not occupy her mind in contrasting the afternoon service with the one at which she had in the morning assisted. Neither did she trouble herself with useless strivings to understand the merits of the Anglican versus the Roman Church.

She was conscious of nothing, save that, in the holy place, an aching void within her heart was completely filled.

She realized that something had come to her for which she had longed all through her life. She only felt and knew that at last she could render to God the adoration which she so yearned to offer.

When Benediction was over, Jessie looked round for Mabel, and saw her kneeling, with her face buried in her hands, some way behind her. Jessie touched her twice, the third time shaking her gently, before Mabel lifted her head.

"Did you go to sleep, Mabel?" inquired Lady Forrester, while they were walking home. "The music was rather sleepy. All Gregorian too. I got so tired."

"I was not asleep. I did not notice the music much, Jessie; but, oh! what a delicious place it is to say one's prayers in!"

On the Sunday following, Mabel instead of repeating her visit to the temple, betook herself, with her bible and prayer-book, to the Convent Chapel. It was very quiet—she had it all to herself—for most of the inhabitants of Vrananches were gone to High Mass. In the little chapel Mabel accordingly spent a very happy Sunday morning, so happy, indeed, that she was glad on other occasions to renew her visit. The chapel was always open, and from that time forth, Mabel never failed to go there for her morning and evening devotions.

Gradually, almost imperceptibly to herself, the unknown influence which from the first had so powerfully attracted her, obtained complete possession of her heart.

She surrendered herself to its enjoyment. Lulled into a temporary delusion, she continued to cherish the idea that this beautiful, this comforting doctrine of the Real Presence, was indeed the faith of the Anglican Church. With all the powers of her reason she resisted, as she believed, the so-called corruptions of the Roman Church, often arguing fiercely with her French friends in defence of her own Anglican tenets, trying hard to prove to them, and to herself, that in the Anglican Communion she could find all her heart desired.

For a while there was a positive bitterness in the animosity she displayed towards devotion to the Blessed Virgin, for the transient gleam of comprehension which had come to her respecting it had faded away. Nor was Mabel at all prepossessed by what she saw of Catholic worship—she strongly objected to the use of Latin in the churches, rather disliked the music than otherwise, misunderstood the ceremonies, and contrasted them unfavorably with her own Church's more simple, and, as she chose to think, far purer ritual. All this helped to delude her into the belief that her residence at Vrananches was strengthening rather than weakening her devotion to the Anglican Church.

"She is Protestant!—oh! how Protestant!" Marie de St. Laurent despondingly remarked to Genevieve, after a discussion on devotion to the Blessed Virgin which had taken place between herself and Mabel; "and yet when one sees her before the Blessed Sacrament, it is hard to believe she is not Catholic."

"Leave her—leave her alone, interpose Mr. Vaughan, who happened to be present; she is not the obstinate Protestant you take her for. Her very vehemence is but fresh proof, in my eyes, of her loyal devotion to the Church. Only pray for her, my children. There is a sharp conflict before her, and any day now she may open her eyes and see it coming. Do not go beforehand with God, or you will wake her up perhaps too soon."

Acting under her father's guidance, Genevieve avoided all discussion with Mabel; nor did Mabel, after the first, seem to be very keen about it. As the time wore on, she grew apparently more satisfied with her own position, depending less on the opinions of her friend; though with the inmates of the St. Laurent family she was always getting into disputes. Mabel soon became very fond of the girls—especially of Marie; they in their turn attached themselves to her with enthusiastic affection.

That October afternoon upon which Mabel received her Australian letter was a distinct epoch in her life. After the perusal of the long-expected letter, a sudden flash of light, revealing to her her own position, awakened at the same moment in her bosom serious misgivings and forebodings concerning the future. For nearly half an hour she remained passive, resting her head against the hard rock, listening with closed eyes to the dashing waves of the rapidly-advancing tide. The wind was rising, the sea becoming momentarily more boisterous, and a low moaning in the distance heralded an approaching storm.

"Hugh," she said presently, in a low, exceedingly constrained voice—"Hugh, what have you done?" Then she sat bolt upright, crying out with the sharp throbs of pain which shot through her heart. Another low moaning, after which she spoke again, with her eyes fixed, as though she saw before her him to whom she spoke: "Do you know what you have done? You have put the finishing stroke to the destruction of my faith in the Church of England. Veve is right, my Church is an ideal; and for yours—God help me, I cannot believe in it, do what I will. Oh! why did I not die before this came upon me? There is no such thing as authority in the Church of England—it is all a miserable mockery! What shall I do, Mabel—what shall I do? Why did you ever leave me?" said Mabel, beginning to sob piteously, and walling forth her sad complaint. "You tell me to use my own reason, my own judgment,

and not to be influenced by others. I think my reason will go from me, for it will never let me put faith in the English Church any more. If I use my judgment, I don't know what to do, for my judgment tells me there must be a visible Church somewhere, but where?—oh! where? Not the Roman Church—not the corrupt Church of Rome! I cannot, I will not believe that; but then I must have no faith—none; and there is nothing to comfort, no one to speak to. Hugh, why did you leave me? There is no sense in my belief. Hugh calls it 'ridiculous Puseyism.' Why don't I believe him? He is a priest of the Church, he must have authority. O God, why cannot I submit to it?" She checked herself as the advancing line of white foam came nearer to her as each wave broke with a louder splash upon the sandy beach.

Very reluctantly Mabel rose to retrace her steps, for it would not have been safe to continue longer in the cavern. Anne to bring the light, the little girl with the halo of golden hair. The blue veins on her temples are more distinct, and the spots on her hollow cheeks are a deeper red. Her clasped hands are stretched out toward the altar, and her great blue eyes seem to be gazing on something far beyond it.

Her attitude is that of earnest supplication. She is praying the good St. Anne to bring the light. Her father, close beside her, has his arm around her. The expression of his face is very sad, shadows of doubt and despair are there, and tears fill his eyes. But there is no sadness on the face of the child. It is radiant with expectancy and bright with the brightness that hope and faith bring.

"The priest now turns to the people while holding something aloft in his hands, and all the people bow reverently; while a wave of whispered supplication, like the sound of a summer breeze passing over a field of ripened grain, fills the aisles and spreads out among the multitude beyond the church's walls."

"Suddenly the child at the altar rail rises to her feet, and throwing her arms above her head, as if reaching for something above, cries: 'Oh, father, father! the light is coming, father!'"

"The father catches her as she falls faint and limp into his arms, and hurriedly pushing his way through the throng, bears her out into the churchyard and tenderly lays her on a grassy mound under the trees. Water from the holy well is poured on her face by a young priest. For a moment she revives. She clasps her arms around the neck of her father, who is bending over her. A smile of peace and joy illumines her pallid face as she kisses him. Her arms relax and fall on her breast, and her head sinks back on her father's arm."

"The light has come."

HOW THE LIGHT CAME.

The Pathetic Story of a Poor Blind Girl at the Shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre.

An exquisite paper in the November Lippincott's is that by J. Army Knox, "How the Light Came." The writer tells of a visit to the Canadian shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, at the time of a pilgrimage. He relates the case of a poor blind girl, almost at the point of death with consumption, who had come to the holy shrine to pray for relief from her sufferings. Mr. Knox writes:

"I got a seat near the altar. The pilgrims kneel during the whole service. They certainly are in earnest. Above ever and anon the audible prayer of some miserable cripple, some human wretch, crying in an anguish: 'O good St. Anne, help us!'"

"On her knees, and kneeling against the altar rail, is the little girl with the halo of golden hair. The blue veins on her temples are more distinct, and the spots on her hollow cheeks are a deeper red. Her clasped hands are stretched out toward the altar, and her great blue eyes seem to be gazing on something far beyond it."

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"The light has come."

AN EPISCOPAL DIVINE'S CON- DEMNATION.

Rev. G. A. Carstenson, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Indianapolis, delivered a sermon on a Sunday in which he paid a manly tribute to Catholicism. During the course of a scathing denunciation of the A. P. A.'s Rev. Carstenson said:

"I firmly believe there are Protestants who would rather see the city flooded with reeking dens of the vilest iniquity than witness the work done by the Little Sisters of the Poor. I believe their are Protestants who would rather see the city given up to the rankest corruption than to hear of these Daughters of the Divine Love performing daily deeds of charity. Can any one tell me that the grand men who minister to the Roman Catholic congregations in this city are the four personages depicted by this underhand and backbiting society of cowards, or that they are endeavoring to sap the foundations of society? No! They are noble minds, pure hearts and great souls, incapable of such deeds, and even a suspicion of them."

"Charges and invectives like those of the A. P. A. are no new thing for the Roman Church. She has borne them for centuries. The Roman Catholic Church, exultant, exalted and triumphant will live and bless the world in spite of these cowardly enemies and assassins, on and ever disseminating the Gospel of Jesus Christ. These harmless little pellets emitted with venomous purpose will fall back flattened and harmless as homeopathic pills against the rocks of Gibraltar, and the Roman Catholic Church will continue on praying for those who despitefully abused and persecuted her and will firmly establish her claim to the blessing of Him who said the Church should be blessed when all things would be said against it for His sake. 'He that despiseth you, despiseth Me,

and not down,' if you're a suffering woman. Every one of the bodily troubles that come to women only has a guaranteed cure in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That will bring you safe and certain help. It's a powerful general, as well as a specific, tonic and nerve, and it builds up and invigorates the entire female system. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength."

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despise Him that sent Me." Let these men have a care lest a curse not of Rome, but of an offended God come upon them. Know-Nothingism was trampled down in its own infamy, and in its inceptancy, and these men who are the most radical of extremists, are traitors to their country. They are un-American. Destruction will surely come to all who set themselves up against God's messengers."

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Rheumatism
"For several years, I was troubled with inflammatory rheumatism, being so bad at times as to be entirely helpless. For the last two years, whenever I felt the effects of the disease, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and have not had a spell for a long time."—E. T. Hansborough, Elk Run, Va.

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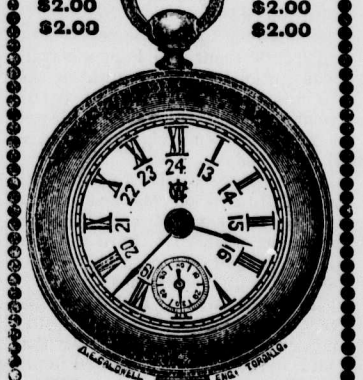
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