### 2

nd it very highly

# HEAD AND SHOULDERS above every other blood-purifier, stands Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. See the evi-dence of it. It's sold in every case, on triad. If it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. LINKED LIVES.

#### By Lady Gertrude Douglas CHAPTER XXXIV.

ACROSS FIFTEEN THOUSAND MILES OF OCEAN.

Hinauf, hinauf, die Erde fliehf zuruck, urz ist der Schmerz, und ewig ist die reude. SCHILLER.

it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back. In restoring your strength, when you're "run-down" and "used-up;" in cleansing you-blood from every impur-ity, whether it's a simple eruption or the worst and in building up wholesome a you're thin and weak-there's equal the 'Discovery." In every used by a torpid liver or impure the columeranteed temedy. "Feth, Miss Mabel, I wad gang wi ye a deal further nor Australy; ye ye a deal further nor Australy; ye dinna need to gie me time to consider't. Gin ye gang, I wull gang alang wi' ye. I cudna do wantin' ye, Miss Mabel. Och ! what wad I do here, an' ye gaun awa??''

flesh, when you're thin and weak-there's nothing to equal the "Discovery." In every disease caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, it's the only guaranteed remedy. Mrs. ELIZABETH J. BUSHWAW, of Sidney, Ohto, writes: "My little boy was so afflicted with liver trouble and other discase that our family physician said he could not live. In fact, they all thought so. I gave him Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pellets and they saved his life. We have used the 'Dis-covery' for throat and bronchial trouble, and found such perfect relief that we can recom-mend it very highly." Such was Katie's reply to Mabel's question as to whether she could face fifteen thousand miles of ocean which lay between them and the distant country to which they were going. Brief time was there for reflection or

explanation, though Mabel conscienti-ously did her best to put fairly before CHURCH WINDOWS Katie the length and risk of the voy-

> age. Katie had no fears, no desires, ap parently, except to go with Mabel wherever she went, and indeed seemed rather pleased with the prospect of so much novelty and distraction.

The following thirty-six hours were. to Mabel, like a continuous dream. There was so much to be done, so much to be thought of. In London she con-

trived to see and take farewell of Jessie, who happened to be at the time angels must have guarded and supported her through that trying time. But as Mabel neared her journey's end, in town. the nervous, excitable, suffering state of her mind changed, and there came "I shall never be surprised at any

thing you do, Mabel," said her sister as she wished her good bye. over her another spirit. in-law, "Tell Hugh with my love, that he would have saved us all a deal of In the solemn stillness of the moonling nights, looking upwards from the glittering expanse of the seemingly boundless ocean, to the deep, yet more

oother if he had thought proper to take this step some years ago, instead of going off in the way he did, without even having the civility to wish us good-bye. Well, well, you are a good-bye. strange pair, the two of you. Heaven

the course of that evening, Doctor Graeme, who was closely observing Mabel, saw that when her eyes fell upon the waters, calm and placid as they were, an involuntary shiver would for a moment contract he features.

of the sea. Others there were, too, who could have told how, from her very childhood upward, Mabel had subject to this terror. No one loved better to look at the sea than did Mabel ; but to trust herself upon it, or the mere thought of so doing, would she was often heard to say, produce a shudder, such as people are wont to explain by the well-known saying, Some one is walking over my grave.

The evening passed away only too thing that might come, and God in His mercy accepted her sacrifice. It uickly-at least for Doctor Grame and his sister. Mabel was all impa tience to be off, and could scarcely con was the last she would ever have to make on earth. trol her nervous excitement ; but they all three talked, nevertheless - a people will talk on the eve of a long

parting. And the sun went down in a bed of fire over the sea, and the yer bed?" asks Katie, one very beaution rose peacefully from

#### CATHOLIC RECORD. THE

and weeks of suspense stretching out before her seemed intolerable to con-template. Deprived for the first time since her admission into the Catholic

Church, of the privilege she esteemed above all others on earth-that of daily

Mass, and a daily visit to the Blessed Sacrament, — Mabel pined and drooped

for want of strength to bear her bur

den of anxiety. As she sat, hour after hour, under

the covered awning of the deck-some times trying to read or sew, but oftenen

idly gazing across the broad expanse of ocean, counting the splashing waves as they fell behind the good

ship's track, each one, as it passed, lessening the distance betwixt herself

and Hugh. - there was often in her

heart a feeling almost amounting to

despair. Sometimes, when she could not control her rebel nerves, a terrible

dread would seize her that she was

going out of her mind, or that she

should be attacked with brain fever.

Indeed, could her friends at home have

seen her usually pale face-now con-

tinually colored by a deep, feverish flush, — and her blue eyes full of

dangerous brilliancy, they would have

been alarmed, and not without good

She did not, however, fall ill. Good

boundless heavens above, where stars

hung like luminous balls, and where

the radiant glory of the Southern Cross

was first revealed to her in all its

splendor. - then it was that over

Mabel's weary, restless spirit there fell

child, in the bosom of God's most holy

After all, what mattered it whether

Had she not again and

"It's kinna late, Miss Mabel. Wull

without

cause

"Yes, indeed he is, and he will be the guardian spirit, who through life Quietly she has unwound the rosary Mabel, after two good days of rest, rose up completely reinvigorated. Then came a season which was very very glad to see you, Katie." "I dinna ken aboot that, Miss trying-a season when impatience got the better of her, and when the days Mabel.

"I do, though. Now come down, Katie. We will go to bed. To morrow is St. Michael, our last feast without Mass, I hope." Unusually tired to-night, Mabe

falls asleep almost immediately, her last thoughts being of Elvanlee and old memories of former feasts of St. Sleeping, she dreams a dream. She sees before her Michael. curious dream. the altar in Elvanlee church, dressed with flowers, as in days gone by ; but in some confused way she is aware that it is also her wedding day, and

the Gloria in Excelsis of Mozart's 12th Mass is sounding from Genevieve's In the flower-wreathed sand organ. tuary there rises, in strange contrast to its festal decorations, the vision of a stone altar, all draped with black, upon which burn six tall yellow tapers, such as are used only for Requiem Masses. A priest in white vestments is offering up the Holy Sacrifice, and when he turns to give the last bless ing, it is Mr. Vaughan's face that is looking straight at her, while Mr. Vaughan's voice solemnly pronounces Requiescat in pace.' There follows a confused sound of

bells, voices, much trampling of heavy feet, mingled with loud cries of terror amidst which Mabel, startled and shivering wakes up to find Katie standing over her, weeping and wringing her hands, calling out in

accents of despair-"Miss Mabel ! - Miss Mabel ! -maun waken up this minnit ; the ship's ta'en fire !" " Requiescat in pace !" murmurs

Mabel as she springs to her feet. "Is is prophetic? Hugh ! - Hugh ! - so near you, must I die !" For a moment she stands bewildered, her hand to her head, wondering if it be part of that strange dream ; but the reality soon gains upon her as, opening the cabin door, she gazes upon the awful confusion all round The alarm has been for some min-

utes spreading through the doomed vessel ; everyone is now on the alert Cabin doors are flying open, half dressed figures, faces blanched with terror, are thronging into the saloon ; bitter cries and lamentations rend the air, mingled with loud shouting over-

head and the noise of the fire-pumps getting into play. Women are faint ing, children pitifully wailing, sailor -alas! too often-cursing during the moments which, to many of them, will be their final ones upon earth. Above all, the hissing, crackling

sound of flames ; and, at measured in tervals, rising above the tumult, may be heard the solemn boom of the signal gun of distress. Katie is on her knees, completely

paralysed with terror ; she has not thought of clothing herself, but Mabel's presence of mind never for one mo-ment forsakes her. She instantly per ceives that nothing can possibly gained by hurrying into the frenzied rowd now streaming towards the out-

let upon deck ; so she contrives not only to dress herself, but also to put a few clothes on her terrified servant This is the work of a very few minutes, after which, with some difficulty, in spite of blinding smoke, she drags rather than leads, Katie along with her, following the general stream surging upward to the deck.

The scene there is one of horrible anguish, awful beyond description, and, seeing it, Mabel's brave spirit sinks into hopelessness.

The fire, which apparently, from its already terrific strength, must have been smouldering for some hours be-

has befriended her so truly, comes to her rescue in the hour of death, seek-

ing still to comfort where it can no longer save. "Katie, Katie, hush ! — don't cry, poor child, don't be so frightened — it will all be over soon. Say after me, 'Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen,'" whispers Mabel, with pleading tenderness, as she lays her hand gently across the eyes of the frantic girl. "Don't look at the fire, Katie ; think of heaven-think of you

little baby waiting for you there." "Eh, Miss Mabel, I daurna dee – I wunna dee !" shrieks Katie, and she noans as the flames come nearer. "Oh, don't look, Katie--don't look !" faint, and knows that her strength is giving way ; she cannot make the last esperate effort for life, which consists in pressing forward to take her chance a place in one of the boats. Sh feels, in short, gazing at that hope less crowd so madly pushing onwards. that she would rather not risk the last forlorn hope - it is so very forlorn. And somehow it seems easier to stay and die where she is. A few of the wis est among the passengers share her opinion : they, too, are holding back, and hiding their faces, that they may commune in silence with their God. Suddenly there flashes into Mabel's mind an idea — it may have been an inspiration. Katie had fainted dead away; this is a relief so far, for it leaves Mabel some chance of saving her, should the possibility of getting her conveyed into one of the boats pro sent itself later. Disengaging her right hand from Katie's clasp, she pulls out of her pocket the envelope of a letter and a pencil. Making as best she can a desk of her knee, Mabel scribbles off a few hasty words of farewell to Hugh. Tears are falling like rain upon the paper, but she writes on resolutely, till the blank sheet is resolutely, till the blank sheet is entirely filled; then she folds it hurriedly, kisses it several times, and thrusts it into her rosary bag, winding the rosary itself round her arm. She wears some medals attached to a blue

ribbon ; this ribbon she uses now as a chain for the little bag, which she fastens securely inside Katie's dress. having pinned upon it a slip of paper bearing Hugh's name. While she is thus employed the first

boat had been launched — alas ! to no avail ! In spite of the Captain's reiterated commands, in spite of the gal lant sailors' energetic resistance, the crowds surge wildly forward, and precipitate themselves in overwhelming numbers into the boat. In a moment the ocean receives her first tribute the boat, which is at once the larges and the best, is completely swamped, it fills with water, and sinks, casting more than fifty people into the pitiless waves. A second boat is lowered, and once more the cruel scene is repeated, by which time the most frenzied portion of the victims have gone to meet their

There will be perhaps a chance for the two remaining boats. Mabel sees it, and is resolved at last to make an effort. She will do so, for Katie's sake, if not for her own, and if one only can be saved, Katie shall be that one. Katie, however, is at present a dead weight upon her. She tries to rise, but cannot. She looks up fearfully. Some one shakes her by the arm. It is a gentleman to whose children she has shown many acts of kindness during the voyage; he has just seen them safely off in the third boat; he has

time now to think of others, and he remembers Mabel. " For God's sake, come," he urges.

MARCH 10, 1894.

from her wrist, and she bends down, placing her lips upon the crucifix—the crucifix given to her by the Cure of St. Anne, on the morning of her first Com munion

"My God !" she murmurs, "the sacrifice is complete.'

"O Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio, Oro flat illud quad tam sitio ! Ut te revelata cernens facie Visu sim beatus tue Glorie."

Then Mabel sinks her head yet ower; she will never lift it again in this world of sin and sorrow. It is all over for her. She has known what sorrow meant, but she will never know it any more. Short, too, has been the agony of that lonely death far away in the South Pacific Ocean ! Shortpleads Mabel. She is herself growing all so short compared with the endless ages of eternity

A solemn hush falls upon the deck The Captain has left his post and is praying aloud, surrounded by many of the passengers and crew. All violent wailing has completely ceased. Those who still remain, helpless vic tims in the burning ship, have re-signed themselves to their inevitable fate, and except by a few gasping moans and sobs they forbear to sh any manifestation of terror.

The last launched two boats and got clearly away-safely out of reach of the now quivering mass of fire to which the unfortunate vessel is reduced. About twenty minutes later, at a quarter to four o'clock, just as dawn is breaking in the Eastern sky there comes a fearful crash, like the bursting of a thunder bolt. A dazzl ing tongue of blue fire shoots upwards to the heavens, curling hither and thither like liquid lightning ; the sky and sea for many miles round are illuminated as by a thousand bonfires There rises upon the still morning air a long, piercing wail, after which there is death-like silence. Columns of smoke wreathe upwards, and when they disperse again nought remains of the good ship Leander but a charred and broken wreck, floating in shivered fragments, upon the placid bosom of the great deep sea.

Once more the waters teem with a harvest of human life; struggling, drowning faces may be for a while distinguished, but it is all soon over Life in this world has passed for ever, and more than two hundred souls have gone forth into life or death in the world to come.

Mabel was not one of those doomed to struggle in the waves. Suffocated with many others in the dense smoke, she died with comparatively little suffering. Sharp, indeed, had been the agony of the preceding hourterrible the conflict ere she could resign herself to die, so near to Hugh, so cruel a death ; but from th noment when Katie was taken safely from her, it seemed as though the last link of the chain of Mabel's life, bind ing her to the cares of earth, was snapped asunder. Intense, unruffled peace, the heir

oom of God's faithful children, settled down upon her soul. In one short instant it was given to her to realise that which hitherto she had so often been forced to believe by faith onlynamely, that God's holy will at all times, in every season, and under every circumstance, has been, is, and must ever be, always for the best Best of all in the hour of death and in the day of judgment.

Peacefully, like a weary child going to sleep on its mother's lap, Mabel had laid herself down in the Everlasting Arms, with her lips tightly fastened to the crucified image of her Saviour so dear to her in life. She had met death quietly and without a struggle. MARCH 10, 1894.

AN APPEAL TO OUR DOX" FRIEN

In spite of the general testantism in the direct thought and liberal, ratio we believe there is a very tion of the so-called Orthod tions who still cling to th teaching of the Church fundamental doctrines of They firmly believe in the character of the religion the great central doctrin carnation, the divinity His atonement, the nece in Him as a divine Savio ance for sin, of a true heart and life in order salvation of our souls, great end of our creation supreme and all-importa life while we remain in t

The Westminster Cate

Presbyterian friends very it in the answer to the i What is the chief end of swer-" Man's chief end God and enjoy Him fores a brief, comprehensive a tinent statement. To be tian is to seek first the ki and His justice and not pleasures and ansubstan this life. It is to lay up heaven and not on ear Christian is in the world He is diligent in busine people and he may be p accumulate property by right dealing, but his he He does not love the own sake, he is only any his gifts and blessings t God and the good of hi tures. We have been th in describing what we b the views of our Orthod accentuate the importan education. It is clear, nature as we find it, th of true Christians acc pattern we have endeav sketch is not to be the v nor the result of an inte and half, milk-and-wate struction. Religion mu supreme part of the ch mind must be thoroughl from infancy with the spirit of the religion of We cannot conceive of a ous, suicidal policy than ing the child during th of his education to a sys secular instruction a The idea that the defi made up by an hour's instruction during the lusion and a snare. haps, a few families in ligious influence is so p constant, consistent and and where the intelli informed parents make matter of conscientiou that their children a instructed in their reli deleterious influences o may be in a measur always at more or less

And what a strange tians should be unde of contending agains fluences of a system of tion when duty, and e common sense, and ( ciples would dictate necessity of having a instead of requiring p their guard against influences, should we with their views and only supplement but efforts and complete work ! The best religious-

ough Christian—schoo to form the character of tian model. If the training is not alwa counteracting the evi human nature and fo acter on the divine me in Holy Scripture, wh of the system that shi teaching and religio There is an tirely? in the declaration th be trained in a religi surrounded by all th can be brought to be develop their moral nature, to train their form in them perman ing from high moral e love of God and to duty. Now we are perfec really good, devout to the views here exp hearts they know is secular education is vise, anti Christian Individuals and reli occasionally given strongest terms to t importance of a thore Christian education Yet they take no such a system and glorify the secular, tem which in their and believe to be fact inconsistent with Why do they purs inconsistent and Partly from the lin of an old, heredita principally from fee yield to the clamor o unreasoning, hareb profess to be afraid going to over-run take possession of and rule them all w Now aside from t ing there is any dar millions of Catholics of the Governmen fifty or sixty millio why cannot our fri

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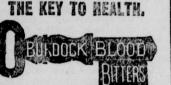
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STAIRED GLASS

knows you will be well enough matched, anyhow ! a soothing calm. Once again, with the stillness of fresh faith, her yearn-On reaching Plymouth, which they did about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, ing, aching heart grew peaceful, re posing itself once more, like a tired Mabel went on board for a few minutes with Doctor Græme to leave her luggage and inspect the berths, after which they returned to the hotel to dine with the doctor and Mary. When dinner was over, the three sat out or

will. she found Hugh dead or alive ?- what mattered it if their union, so long dethe balcony overlooking the sea. ferred, should be put off yet a while longer? What if, before she reached Such a glorious English Summer vening it was, the sea spreading out him, he should be gone to the world like a sheet of crystal in the glowing where separation is unknown? What sunset! Once or twice, however, in

mattered it all, since for the endless ages of eternity they would be for ever together? And if God should please to take her first, how could she complain ? again offered her own life for the grace of faith now given to Hugh? Oh no. He remembered then that no !-- a thousand times no !-- she would no more rebel. If God should take her he had often heard her express a dread first, then indeed their separation would be soon over : and if it were Hugh who must go "home" withou seeing her, God would help her to en-dure it and be thankful. Thus upon Mabel's gloomy forebod-

ings there fell a great calm. As the days wore on, and the long imprisonment drew nearer to its term, there was something more than natural in the serenity of her appearance. She was bravely, quietly resigned to any







UNLOCKS ALL THE CLOGGED SECRETIONS OF THE BOWELS, KIDNEYS AND LIVER, CARRYING OFF GRADUALLY, WITHOUT WEAKEN-INGTHE SYSTEM, ALL IMPURITIES AND FOUL HUMORS. AT THE SAME TIME CORRECT-ING ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, CURING BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, HEAD-ACHES, DIZZINESS, HEARTBURN, CONSTIPATION. RHEUMATISM DROPSY, SKIN DISEASES, JAUNDICE, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scro-Fula, Fluttering of the Heart, NERVOUSNESS, AND GENERAL LEBILITY. THESE AND ALL SIMILAR COMPLAINTS QUICKLY VIELD TO THE CUNA-TIVE INFLUENCE OF BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

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Sec.

ehind, and I night at the end of September. fore it was discovered, seems to have had cast a broad silver pathway acros Katie herself had retired some time ago, but finding that Mabel did not folbroken out in the steerage portion of the ocean before the blue lights shot upward from the outward-bound ship, low as usual, she came again on deck, ignalling all passengers to go on and stands now, somewhat timidly, a little in the rear of her mistress, who board.

It was 11 o'clock when Doctor is leaning over the side of the ship and Græme and Mary, having remained as long as they could upon the deck with saying her Rosary. "Is it late? Oh ! so it is. Yes, I

Mabel, told each other silently with am coming, Katie. Do you know that their eyes that the moment for parting the captain says we shall be in Melhad come. Mary completely broke down, and sobbed bitterly as she clung bourne before two days are over ?" "Eh, I'm gey glad to hear't, Miss to Mabel in her farewell embrace. But Mabel. It's an awfu' wearisome jour-Mabel herself remained perfectly tear ney. The Lord sen' we be na wreckit Grieved as she was to part with afore we win intil Melbin !

her kind friends, there was one solemn "Not very likely now. What splenoverwhelming feeling in her heart did weather we have had. It does not which silenced all minor emotions. look much like a storm now, Katie, Love for Hugh, the insatiable craving does it? Just look at that sky, isn't it for his presence, the anguish of terror lest it should be too late, made her glorious?

"Ow, ay, it's verra fine, nae doot, Miss Mabel, but I winna be sorry to almost cold and impassive as she re turned Mary's good bye with a calr win oot o' this. I'm aye feard composure quite unlike herself. the life of her Mabel could canna say that I a'thegither like it. For "You are a coward, Katie," laughs have shed a single tear or have Mabel, with something of the old quenched the fearful joy, disputing its place with the anguish of dread in her sunshine in her usually grave manner; then she turns round and lays a de breast, of the thought that she was taining hand on Katie's arm. I have something to tell you that you leaving all on earth for Hugh only. Mary's farewell was spoken. Overwill be perhaps surprised to hear. come with the violence of her grief, "What wull't be, Miss Mabel ?"

she had turned away towards the "I have intended to talk to you bridge. It was now the doctor's turn, about it for some days past Katie, but and he got over it hurriedly, as best somehow I have never had a good he might, for it was hard work for opportunity, but now we are coming

him to keep up at all. "Good bye, Mabel." He bent down so near our journey's end, I think it is time you should be told." his tall figure, and clasped her once-"Ay, ay, Miss Mabel; an' what wull't be then?" asks Katie, anxonly once-passionately to his aching

heart : after which he released he iously. "Do you ever think of Steenie quietly, and with steady step turned follow his sister. Logie now, Katie

Fair winds and prosperous seas at-tended the *Leander* on her voyage to the far south eastern world. Mabel, 'Och ! Miss Mabel, what sud gar ye ask siccan a questi'n?

"Answer me !" persists Mabel, with almost from the first moment she went gentle determination.

on board, forgot her terror of the ocean. Worn out completely by the "Aweel then, Miss Mabel, I'll no say but whyles I micht think on him." "Do you know where he is now?" amount of fatigue and excitement they had undergone, both she and Katie slept a good deal during the first few "I havena heerd tell on't, Miss Mabel I cudna say that I do ken it-it's gey

BOYS IF YOU ARE INTELLIGENT and energetic enough to sell good, and honest enough to make prompt returns, ad-if cents for a sample of the fastest selling novelty in Canada. Big Profits. lang syne I heerd tell on him." "Well, Katie, you will see him in a

the vessel. It is raging now resistless force : the flames leaping up madly into the dark sky, laughing de feet. fiance at all efforts to control their de vouring fury, and casting a lurid glare for miles around over the ocean

of light

"Katie

while the despairing countenances of the unfortunate human creatures huddled together in the part of the ship still untcuched by the flames are horribly indistinct in the burning glow

Many indeed, and various are the attitudes of individual character to be seen upon the deck. There are som who are quiet with the calmness of despair ; others on their knees, loudly crying to heaven for mercy ; a good many — unfortunately, the greater number—are running to and fro, add ing not a little to both the confusion and danger by their frantic and use less efforts to save themselves at the risk of drowning their fellow-pas sengers. They are they who, when the life-boats are launched, deaf to every warning, listening to no com mands but those of their selfish fears, throng into the boats, two of which ar

swamped immediately, thus destroying for many the last hope of safety. The first glance has been enough for Mabel. It is impossible that all should be saved : there are six boats, but they could not take in nearly all the pas sengers. Some, then, must be sacri

ficed, and it never occurs to Mabel that she can be among the saved. A dizzy sickness creeps over her she kneels down, with one arm thrown round Katie, shading with the other hand her eyes from the blinding smoke, while she tries to recollect the prayers for the dying. It is the agony of death-Mabel knows it-that cause those great bead-drops to stand out on

her forehead ; she wipes them away, her eyes to earth, Mabel lifts her heart to heaven.

But Katie is clinging to her in fierce despair : she will not leave Mabel in There is, I am told, gunpowder on peace ; she is crying with passionate board.

Now or never. It is a poor chance, but it is the last. Mabel silently points to Katie's in-

sensible form, lying staight across her

"I will see to her - follow me closely," he exclaims, catching up Katie in his arms, and he rushes forward with her to the side of the ship, where the last boat is rapidly filling. He is a strong man : he has set his heart on saving Mabel, whom his chil-

dren have learned to love, those dear children whom he will probably neve see on earth again ; so he forces his way onwards through the crowd, never doubting but that Mabel is behind him. He is only just in time, however, to fling his burden down into a sailor's arms, who, standing up in the boat, is already, in obedience to the Captain's orders, pushing off from the ship.

"Too late !" ejaculates Katie's pre server, as he turns horror stricken, expecting to meet Mabel's despairing face, but to his surprise she is not there - she has not stirred from the spot where he found her; she kneels still, her face resting on her hands, calm and resigned to the death she has no power to resist, and looking up into the amber sky, with the solemn far away expression, which might have been seen in her eyes long ago, when she lay in the waving grass of Elvanlee, a young child-maiden, dreaming of the future -golden dreams never to be realized

"Why did you not come?" he asks, reproachfully. "It would have been of no use, but you ought to have tried. "I did," she answers, "but I could not stand. Is she safe ?"

"'Yes, yes. But you-for all of us now there is no hope," he mutters gloomily. "Do you know it ?" "'I do," she replies, with a shudder,

averting her eyes from the steadily but they return, and resolutely closing advancing flames ; " or rather I know hope is coming." "Are you not afraid? Do you know

tic and liver

anguish, repeating again and again that she cannot, dare not die. Then earthly voice can reach her again. BURDOCK PILLS give satisfaction where-earthly voice can reach her again. BURDOCK PILLS give satisfaction where-ever tried. They cure Constipation, Sick Headache and Biliousness.

t was no death for her. It was only the entrance into life eternal. She was spared the terrors of the last terrifi explosion. God had taken her home full ten minutes before it took place. Happy, happy Mabel, what a blessed end for her? How gladly How gladly must her guardian angel have sung

his Deo Gratias on that feast of S Michael the Archangel.

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Voice of Manning.

When Cardinal Manning lay upon his death-bed, a phonograph was in-troduced into the room, and he was asked to speak into it a message for posterity. The phonograph has been carefully preserved by his successor, Cardinal Vaughan ; and one day last week, as we learn from the Sunday Sun, the voice of the lamented Arch-bishop of Westminster was heard again upon the earth. The message ran as follows:

"To all who may come after me : I hope that no word of mine, written or spoken in my life, will be found to have done harm to any one after I am

These touching, tender, humble words derive additional pathos from the fact that since the death of Cardinal Manning the poor and the op pressed the world over have longed to near such helpful, comforting words as the voice now stilled forever was wont to utter. It was characteristic of the saintly Cardinal to think meanly of himself and his own work ; but no one

else could ever fancy that any word of his was likely to harm, instead of help -Ave Maria.

> The Sring Medicine "All run down "from the weakening effects of warm weather, you need a good tonic and blood purifier like Hood's Sarssparilla. Do not put off taking it. Numerous little all-ments, if neglected, will soon break up the system. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now, to expel disease and give you strength and appetite.

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