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HEART AND SOUL.

BY HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER, AUTHOR

CHAPTER XXV.

I had a warm greeting and a few congratulation from Etienette, who struck me as looking thin and anxious, but Moir appeared in far better physical condition than when I had last seen him, and seemed quite composed in manner. He appropriately retained no recollection of our parently retained no recoile ting, though I remembered Dr. Netley's prediction, and found myself nervously dreading some catastrophe, and resolved to keep well out of his

I had never been down a mine in my life, and the little hole in the ground, looking like a trap-door, that served as the entrance to the Redoubtable Mine, aroused no adventurous desire in my breast. Had the ladies not persevered in their wish to descend, I would gladly have given up the enterprise. It was a strange and not a particularly pleasant sensation to feel ourselves shut up in an iron cage, which, slanting backwards, did not permit of our standing upright, us propped against the sides as obliquely down in darkness into it sped obliquely the bowels of the earth. We were to stop at the ninth level, six hundred and seventy-five feet below the earth's When we were released from the cage the sense of sufficiation and imprisonment left us and a feeling of adventure took its place. Clad in miners' rubber coats and helmets, with dripping candles fastened upright to the crown, we wandered through caves and galleries, sometimes in high, vaulted chambers, sometimes stooping under low arches and picking our way over pools in the uneven flooring. nd listened to the echo of our voice along the rocky gallaries, we laughed at each other's comical appearance, our faces blackened by the smoke of candles and torches, the water dripping from the brims of our helmets. We were a merry enough party when, an hoar later, we found ourselves standing by cage ready to seek the upper air. The ladies entered first, Warren, Wynne, and McNiff followed. Moir held me

back.
"The ladies were a little crowded coming down," he said to the superintendent. "Mr. James, will you please take up this load and send the cage up this load and send the cage later? Mr. Fremont and I will

go up on the second trip."
Oh, what a thing it is to have a fearful heart! I was filled with a mad de sire to fling myself into the cage and beg for protection. I was sick the thought of staying alone with that man-alone, with seven hun-dred feet of solid rock above our heads, out of reach of human hearing or aid. With a superhuman effort I controlled myself outwardly. For very shame I dared not show the fear I felt. Suddenly a light figure sprang out of the

cage.
"I shall stick by Mr. Moir," said
Etienette, gayly. "It would never do
to separate husband and wife! There will now be room for one more," and her eyes signalled to me to take her

lace in the cage.
I would have given all I possessed to be able to do so, but I could not. I would rather have died than show myself the coward I really was, so I stood

my ground and shrugged my shoulders with affected indifference.

"What a pitable creature a poor bachelor is!" I sighed. "Is there no bachelor is!" I sighed. "Is there no one to stick by me? Ladies, I appeal

"Oh, Mr. Fremont, we would all love to," called back the lively Mrs. Wynne, but what can we do? We are married, and, what is worse, our husbands are

all laughed gayly as the cage sped up. I watched it out of sight, then, drawing myself to my full height and whistling "Dans les Prisons de and whistling "Dans les Frisons de Nantes" to show my courage (Heaven save the mark!), I became profoundly interested in doctoring my candle, which was flickering in the draught and unloading tallow on my neck.

Etienette made a wild effort at hilar-

ity, in which I was unable to help her out. She recalled many of the comical incidents of the expedition, laughed anew over the trite witticisms as she repeated them, and endeavored, with a heroism I could admire but not emula close the dreadful gulf of silence that lay between us three. Moir was absolutely dumb, and I could only speak in monosyllables and second her efforts at gayety by a hollow smile. Oh, what providence had permitted me to come into this dreadful place? Why could I not have foreseen some such predicament as the present?

It seemed an hour before the cage returned, though it could not have been over ten minntes. I breathed more freely. We should be safe now, for with the superintendent present I need have no physical fear. We were both stalwart men, and able, together, to meet almost any danger I could foresee. stepped towards the cage saw with dismay that it was empty! The engineer had let it down from above without thought of danger be-

We stepped into the little prison, first Etinette, then I, then Moir, who pulled the valve that gave the signal whistle to the engineer above. To my horror the cage began to glide slowly downwards. I could not control a start of surprise. Moir gave a chuckle, and his restless eyes gleamed in the semi darkness. Etienette turned ashy pale, and for one second closed her eyes and aned against the back of the cage. Then she roused herself.

"How perfectly ridiculous!" she exclaimed, with a ghastly little laugh. Monty, you gave the wrong signal! Here, let me pull the valve. What is the up signal?"

I do not know. I had taken it for granted the superintendent would return for us, and had not thought it ssary to inquire, but, had I known it, I could hardly have used it, for Moir put his hand before the valve and Moir put his hand before the valve and stood there with the same wicked chuckle upon his lips. I felt that I must avoid as long as possible any hand-hands—"

The work of the same with a madmen in that I know no more with a madmen in the to-hand struggle with a madman in that I knew no more. They tell me that

little iron cage seven hundred feet under ground. Etienette gave a gasp, the forced laugh died on her white lips, she tottered and fell back against the cage half fainting.

I felt that we were descending more

slowly, then, in a hesitating sort of way, the car came to a stand-still. The engineer above doubtless suspected that there had been a mistake in the signal. Moir and I stood in deathly siglar. More and stillness watching each other. His shifty eye avoided a direct gaze into mine, but I looked steadily into his face and held myself ready. Thank God! with a slight trembling motion the thing began to mount. Moir fell to

thing began to mount. Moir fell to cursing and swearing, and sprang at the valve like a wild-cat, but I was too quick for him and had caught his wrists before he reached it. Something in me rose to meet the struggle. We mounting, that was the great thing each moment we were nearer safety and if I could only hold my own for four minutes, we should be in God's free air, among our friends again, and all would be well. But his strength and all would be well. and all would be well. But his steeding was fearful. I had felt the force of his grip once before; now I was almost powerless under it. In an instant he had tripped me up and forced me upon my knees. I must continue the struggle, however feebly, enough to keep his hands occupied so that he could not reach the valve. We passed the ninth vel in our upward flight, then the eighth, the seventh-I was growing horibly weak, the pain in my muscles intense, I was losing my hold on his wrists. We were nearing the sixth level, only the sixth! Oh, God! could I hold out for five more? My eyes grew dim, my hands slipped on his wrists, my joints seemed to crack under me, and as we reached the door of the ixth level he wound his arm around me,

out into the darkness.

As the cage glided up I saw Nita's unconscious figure fall in a heap in one corner, I heard his derisive laugh, I creamed wildly for aid. As if voice could have penetrated the solid ock, I hurled curses after his disappearing form, I crawled as near as l dared to the shaft and shouted with the full force of my lungs. For a moment myself with terror and beside was rage. I was suffocated, I could not e. I could have beaten my head in helpless agony against the rocks. I grew hoarse and weak and feil trembling to the floor. Gradually I became capable of reasoning and of controlling myself. Of course I should be missed and the cage would return for me. Of course! I could almost laugh at myelf for my foolish terrors of the momen It was a mere question of

ifted me from my knees, and threw me

But how slowly the minutes passed, how deadly damp it was, how damply dark! I was as full of nervous fancies hysterical woman. I crouched lown in the gloom with a feeling that nameless, intangible horrors surrounded me. I dared not strike a match for fear I might see—I knew not what! I ardly dared to breathe, but I listened in an agony of attention for some sound that would betoken the approach of my rescuers. I trembled violently, and it felt as if my heart were failing to beat. I should have liked to consult my watch, for it seemed as if hours were passing and no sound broke the subterranean stillness save the drip, dripping of congealed moisture, yet I decided to remain in ignorance of the time rather than call into being weird shadows by the uncertain light of a match. But the nightmare sense of suffocation grew on me till it seemed as if I must scream and shout, and pound with my fists against the sharp, cruel rocks. What had happened above that was left to my fate? Had Moir illed Etienette? Was she dead and killed Etienette? he insane, and all the others so occu-pied with that tragedy that I was forgotten and left to die here by slow tor-Was my life to end thus-was I to rot here in all my youth and strength, with all life's best joy and

triumphs waiting for me? sound echoed so wildly through the rocky corridors that it gave me a sudden fear that I, too, might be going insane. With a tremendous effort I controlled myself. Suppose I were forgotten, what then? Let me face the worst and consider it calmly. True, I might die, but then we must all die. Was the slow torture of starvation so nuch worse than the ravages of disease? Did not men die in agony on battle fields, in hospitals, by sea and by land, in the houses of friends, or in the hands of enemies? What had not been suffered by martyrs in times of persecc-tion? Why should not I have to endure what others had endured? The God who knew of the fall of a sparrow, and who valued me more than many sparrows, knew of my need. If I perished He was yet with me, His arms around me, as surely as if I lay in my bed with sorrowing friends about me. What difference did it make to Him whether the walls of a mine or the walls of a chamber surrounded His child at the cour of its soul's release? My God, my Father, was with me, and in a few more hours the manner of my departure yould be as nothing to me also, when I hould fall worshipping at His feet and He should gather me to His heart!
"Oh God!" I murmured, "I believe!
Help Thou mine unbelief!"

I knelt and said my evening prayers I had been taught in my childhood to say them each night as sincerely and fervently as if I expected to die in my sleep, and so I said them now quietly, peacefully. I felt as I never felt before the love of Father, Saviour, Comforter! I was not alone in the depths from which I cried! God and His angels, the gentle Virgin Mother, and all the glorious company of heaven kept watch with me in my vigil in the bowels of the earth till, overcome with weakness and weariness, I stretched myself out on the rocky floor and pressed my lips to my scapular, murmuring the words the compline prayer, "Save me, O Lord, waking, and keep me while I sleep, that I may watch with Christ and rest in peace! Keep of Thine eye, and pro Keep me as the apple

when they found me, the next morning, and spirits crushed! She never speaks I was sleeping as soundly and sweetly as a child, with a smile upon my lips.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Tney removed me, all weak and shaken as I was, to the superintendent's house, where Emile and his wife cared for me with affectionate assiduity. They could hardly be persuaded I uninjured save for a strained wrist and general stiffness, and they reiterated their dismay and horror at learning of what had happened. We had all driven over here

pecting you and the Moirs to follo Then came a confused report that Mrs. Moir had been frightened by the cage starting to go down instead of up, that she had been brought to the surface in hysterics, and that Moir had insisted on putting her aboard the train for Marquette, that she might have a physician's care. When you did not return we supposed you had gone with

"When did you first learn that I was

missing?' I asked.

"This warned us," said Emile. It was a telegram dated from Marquette: "Make sure that R. F. is safe. He fell off age, Do not answer this. We sail for Europe attuiday.

"Imagine our horror!" exclaimed Emil's wife. "No wonder poor Mrs.
Moir was hysterical. I was nearly so
myself when I read it. To think of
Moir's not having told any one. To
be sure he was awfully upset and nervous about his wife, but to my mind it goes to prove what I have always maintained, that he is not right in his otherwise his forgetfulness would have been nothing short of criminal. I don't think the man is safe, and I have writ-Chabert all about it. If he lets Etienette go abroad alone with he will be an unnatural father.' "I am so glad you wrote. When did you send the letter?" I asked,

eagerly. "I wrote while they were searching for you," she replied. "The telegram came in the early morning, but took them two hours to find you, as had no idea at which level you had fal len off or whether they should not perhaps find your remnants at the botton the shaft. I dashed off a postcript at the end to say that you were found and not much hurt, only bruised and shaken from the fall and shock, and I hurried it off by this noon's train.

"God bless you for your promptess!" I said, kissing her hand grate fully. She was Marie Louise Lagar dere, from over the river, who had known the Chaberts all her life, and it was very natural for her to write her fears and warnings to the doctor. Had she not written I must have done so, but

came better from her.
Two days later Mrs. McNiff received despatch from Dr. Chabert :

"Thank God for R's safety. Your letter onclusive. I leave to night for New York to revent departure or sait with them." From this I knew that Etienette was ow safe, for her father had been sceptial at best of Moir's cure, and, now that he was thoroughly awake to the danger of her daughter's position, would leave no stone unturned to se-cure the safety of this idolized child. ought to have been at rest about her and to have dismissed her from my mind, but the adventure in the mine had shaken my nerves almost beyond my control, and her image was ever before me. By day I labored over th engineering problem assigned to me; I explored to their source the streams that fed the lake, I sounded the lakebad, I examined its shores; and ever in its placid waters, or mirrored from its brown tributaries, I saw the fainting form of Etienette, and her dark eyes turned on me with a gaze of anguish.

In the evening, when I rested from my
labor, I brougt out Dido's sweet letters
and read them again and again till a feeling of deep peace stole over me and, taking up my pen, I could write her my daily journal of events and add loving words to tell her how happy her letters made me, how all my was in her, and how I looked forward with ardent longing to the rapidly approaching day that would unite us Then I would seek slumber after my fatigue, and when it came o me it was troubled my broken dreams nd agonized visions. and ever in them Etienette's face, with eyes of anguis and imploring hands, and I would awaken to find my pillow wet with tears.

I wrote to my grandfather to hurry the preparations for my marriage and for our journey to the South, for I felt sure that these disturbed dreams were largely the nervous after-effe dventures in the mine and that change of scene and Dido's sweet companic ship would quickly set me right. T letters that reached me during this period contributed to restore more normal conditions. The first was from Captain Larpent, accompanying a pres-ent to me of some books, and written in a happy, hopeful vein. He had sent his resignation and broken up his housekeeping, and was to sail shortly where he hoped to spend many happy years in the companionship of his boys, devoted to their education and enjoyment. He wished me every blessing and desired me to know that he was happier than he had been for many a year, and was sure he was doing the right thing. He was at peace with all men and ready to take up the duties and blessings that life still held out to

him in abundant measure. The other letter was from Dr. Chabert, written the morning of the day

vere to sail for England. they were to san io.
"I shall never let "I shall never let Nita live with him again," he wrote. "I have no faith in his permanent cure, and it would simply be courting a tragedy to in his power. He will be apparently free, but actually under the strictest surveillance during the voyage, and as soon as we reach Eng-land he will be put in charge of a land he will be put famous alienist, and I will at once take Nita to the Continent, and give her the rest, the change of scene, and entire freedom from harrowing fear and anxiety which the poor little girl so sadly needs. My poor, brilliant Nita! to think that she should have led such a life! All her graces and accomplishments wasted, her health, and anxiety which the poor little

of it; she is brave and self-contained, and she seems fearless enough where she alone is concerned, but it seems that he has borne you a grudge ever since the old days in Paris, and she has always feared a tragic termination Why he did not kill you when he had you in his power in New York is something I do not understand, except as one of the vagaries of an unbalanced mind. She had great difficulty in sending off her telegram to Emile McNiff about the trouble in the mine, stirred from he as her husband hardly stirred from her side, but she succeeded in giving him the slip. She would not have told me this much, for her notions of loyalty and secrecy have always been quixotically high, had not Marie Louise Lagardere's

letter given me the clew, so that I could question her to the point."

I was glad and relieved, indeed, to feel that the dear little friend and playmate I had so long and so truly loved was safe under her father's protecting care, and would never again be exposed to the terrors and trials of her past life. At best her life could never be a happy one but when I thought of the richness of the blessings that were to be showered on mine, I felt less reluctance to accept and enjoy them now that Etienette was relieved of the

heaviest of her burdens.

For I think I knew instinctively that Marie Louise McNiff was right when she declared that Etienette hated and feared her husband, and that the heavie-teross of her life had been not his illness but his recovery, and the duty

it imposed upon her of returning to him. And I think I also knew instinctively, though never would I admit it to nyself in so many words, that it was his injustice to me, his persecution of ne, her childhood's love, that first embittered her against her husband. So much the more was it to her hone that she had done her duty toward him so faithfully-that she had ever guarded his good name so scrupulously. Not even to her own father would she turn for sympathy, when it involved making wn to him the sins and failings of the man whose wife she had become.

Not in her father's home would she seek refuge when it would bring her into companionship with me, for I also knew that it was not for my peace mind only that she had left her father's roof and gone nearer to her post o duty. Thank God, that duty now be relieved of its dangers and terrors, and she would be as happy father, travelling amid scene f Old World interest, as she could ever

hope to be while Moir lived.

At the end of another week I returned to Detroit. It had been decided to have the wedding at Major Haliburton's North Carolina plantation, where we would all pass the Christmas holidays together, after which I would take my beautiful bride to her new home on the blue Detroit.

"Well, Roderic, how do you like it?" My dear grandfather! He led me to the door of the big sitting-room with air of mystery, and then stepped de to look in. I could only throw aside to look in. I could only throw my arms around him and tell him how good he was. I had thought it would be trial enough to him to have the hall and tower-room decorated and dining-room refurnished, but of his own accord and wholly unknown to me had had our bachelor sitting-room remodelled during my absence, and a truly delightful room it now was to my masculine eye. It still retained the character of a library and an air of great comfort, but though all the old landmarks were there, it was wonderful how much it was altered and improved since the stately solid mahogany furnifreshly upholstered in ture had been rich but subdued colors, the walls newly papered, the oak floor polished, and heavy Turkish rugs put in the place of the threadbare carpet. A large bay-window threw out on the side towards the flower-garden, and containing dainty inlaid work-table and lady's writing-desk, gave a feminine touch to the room which sent a thrill of happy

"Your grandmother's," explained the Chevalier, and I felt how much it had meant to him to have these sacred mementos brought to life and prepared again for woman's use.

The night before we started for New York was icy cold. A light snow had fallen and covered the landscape like a winding-sheet and the white moonlight streamed cold and chill over all thir There was something unearthly in aspect of nature, and I was visited by sense of oppression. The memory Alix haunted me: I seemed to see her lying in her icy bed in the river's depth, and for once I was glad that could not see the heartless stream, for once I rejoiced in the shadow of that hideous wall of red brick into which I gazed across the lawn from my bedroom. Sleep would not visit my eyes that night, and I rose and wandered half-way down the stairs to the landing from which the tower-room, now a pretty bridal boudoir opened. The shades were all raised and the silver moonlight fell gho and chill across the floor; the were strouded in shadow. An ottoman in the centre of the room had covered with a sheet to preserve it fresh from dust till the bride's arrival, but it looked so hideously like a maiden's bier in its white drapery that I tore at the sheet wildly and flung heaviness-the long, deep baying of a driving across the face of the moon! Still shading my face with as by fire. dear ones. one hand I groped with the other for the window-blinds, that I might shut out that ghostly light from the bridalroom. I touched something cold, I know what, but instantly a wild terror

down into the pillows, that I might shut out from my ears the ominous sound of a dog's baying over la Cote du

Nord! Not till the moonlight had paled before the coming of gray, wintry dawn did I tall asleep. It was far past our usual breakfast hour when I came down into the dining-room. My grandfather was not there, but I heard voices in the adjoining kitchen and moved towards the doorway, where I saw him standing in the middle of the room listening to old French Kate and three or four habitans from the Grosse Pointe farms. They were talking excitedly, inter-rupting each other, but the burden of their testimony was all the same—that the Chasse Galere had been abroad that night, that the Spectral Huntsman had steered his phantom canoe in the clouds directly ever our house, and that not an habitan from Hamtramck Creuse had closed an eye the livelong night for the baying of the Hunstman's Hound over la Cote du Nord!

"Shut your mouths, with your infernal superstitions !" stormed grandfather. "If some lunatic dog bayed at the moon you should have had the sense to get up and turn over your

slipper three times in silence. But you are a pack of idiots!"

They were no idiots! They had turned over their slippers with all the proper formalities, but this was no dog of flesh and blood barking at the moon, this was Chasseur, the Phantom Huntsman's hound, and not amenable ordinary measures. Some calamity threatened.

"Pst! V'la M'sieu Roderic, zo pale like h' won zheet!" and all head turned towards the doorway where

"M'seiu Roderic, she h' also 'ave 'ear Chasseur! Not?" they asked. Tees den dat bimeby some t'ings go

appen!"
"Silence!" commanded my grandfather. "You must not even mention uch superstitions! You know the Church forbids your having any dealings with signs and dreams, and all the stuff and nonsense of your fancies."
Assuredly, the Church forbade super

stition, they all knew that. But not the good God Himself permitted them, one and all, to witness with their eyes and hear with their ears the things whereof they spoke, and, if He permitted these things, was it for them to say they were only superstitions?
But my grandfather did not stay to

argue. He pushed me into the diningroom, and, following after, closed the door, leaving the disputants to talk the matter over among themselves. He urged me to eat some breakfast and freely cursed the folly of the habitans. he fumed.

"Ridiculous nonsense!" he fumed 'One old gibbering idiot somewhere thinks she saw a queer-shaped cloud— a likely enough thing on a windy night -and the whole lot of moonstruck zanies immediately think they have seen the same thing. Heavens knows I'm a light sleeper, but I heard nothing." Then, after a pause, "Did you hear anything, Roderic?" he added,

anxiously. "I believe I remember waking long enough to hear a loony old cur making night hideous somewhere in the distance," I replied, evasively. "Somedistance," I replied, evasively. "Some-body ought to have shot him and not let him keep the neighborhood awake."

In spite of the energy with which disclaimed any faith in signs, I could see that my grandfather see that my grandfather felt uneasy Not until we were driving into the city to take the train, however, did he acknowledge the feeling, as he turned give a last look towards the old

"We have grown old together, the house and I," he said, huskily. "I don't know why, Rory, my boy, unless those confounded idiots have shaken my nerves with their fool stories, but I have the blues this evening, and I feel as if I should never see the old home

again "If you feel that way," I said, will drive directly back and you shall not leave it at all."

"But I must see your wedding," he exclaimed; "I would rather never see the house again than lose that sight. "Oneida shall come on, and we'll and said: have the wedding here," I said, sturdily. "Women have done as much as that before for the men they loved. I would go the ends of the earth to win her, and think it but a small thing to do, but I have confidence enough in her good sense and her affection to ask her to come to me instead, if there is sufficient reason for it.

"Nonsense!" said my grandfather, angrily, "There is no reason for it at all! A mad dog, a pack of moonstruck habitans interrupting my breakfast, and too many croquecignolles have comand too many croquecignolles have com-bined to give me indigestion, that is all. You shall not fail in chivalry to your future wife for the vagaries of a dyspeptic old man.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE SOUL AND FIRE.

Among the doctrines of the Catholic Church that appeal with peculiar force to the human heart is that of purgatory and, as a consequence, of prayers for the dead. Nature itself cries out, in the hour of bereavement, that our dea ones can not be forever separated from us: and just as truly, justice or the innate sense of justice declares that we are not all alike fitted to enter heaven. it far away. As I did so a distant sound fell on my ear and smote my heart with A man who dies after a long life of sin, yet with a cry for pardon on his lips, hound over la Cote du Nord! At that may indeed be saved, yet even those moment a gust oj icy wind swept past the house, and a shadow fell on the moonlit floor, the shadow of a cloud heaven as straight and surely as the but now baptized and stainless infant, or I clapped my hands to my eyes. I the aged saint who has served God out would not look up nor out. If the Spectral Hunt was abroad that night it a hundred years. Yes, human nature should not be for me; my eyes must itself echoes St. Paul's words that there not see it, lest it bring danger to my are those who shall be saved, "yet so

What the Catholic Church really teaches us, however, is this: There is, between this life and our eternal future itate, an intermediate state of cleans sng or purgation, where not only

ou, depart from earth in an eager longing to see their God, and an absolute union of every faculty of their being with Him and His holy will? How many go to meet their Judge with all imperfection rooted out, all self-loy dead, all inordinate attachments de

stroyed? Are you and I prepared to meet Him thus? The question, however, arises in some minds, How can the soul, the invisible, intangible, immaterial soul, suffer? Especially, how can anyone talk in this connection of the fire of purgate "So as by fire"—what can that me of purgatory And the shocked mind, if unused to the true doctrine of purgatory, draws back in rebellion. Let us wait a while. it possible that in our somewhat fastidhorror, we have a misconception God Himself and of our being and

In the first place, it does not require long experience of the spiritual life to comprehend the actual joy, the keen delight, with which, even here, a sou longing to serve God aright springs sometimes to meet suffering as were an angel from heaven. For ex perience confirms what faith teaches that pain, rightly welcomed and rightly used, cleanses, purifies, solidifies us and draws us near to God. The soldierly, chivalrous instinct in us greets it a the King's own countersign and the lot He chose. Now at death we see the face of God; we see Him Who will be our bliss forever and Who is our Love Believe it, that there wakens them in the soul the yearning, a thousand times intensified, to plunge into suffering as into a healing bath.

And the fire—"so as by fire"—do we realize what that really means? In the first place, what is fire? The most marvelous created thing, almost, that has no soul. Gloriously magnificent gorgeously beautiful, blissfully com forting, yet tremendous in its pov harm, you can see it, touch it, fee it, yet where and what is it? Is then anything, after all, here on this earth more like a soul?

Down in the earth we lay the body,

ashes to ashes, dust to dust, clay to its kindred clay. But the soul—after all, the "form" of that body—the wise, the "form strong, magnificent, immortal sou where it is? Gone, with all its wonder ful powers, to purgatory, longing for its cleansing, and longing for heaven. If, in that purgatory, fire and the meet, it is a majestic union, planned by Him Who is Love while He is Justice and Who will never give us anything more to bear there—not only than we can bear, but than we shall wish to bear. No words on earth can describe what a soul becomes, who is safe for ever after death. It is itself a furnace of desire to please God, to be one God, to be as pure as God, as perfect indeed as our heavenly Father is per fect. The stories, very well authenti cated too as they often are, of suffering souls returning to earth, come as stern warnings to the living, or as awakeners warnings to the living, or as awageners of prayers, or as connecting links between the militant and suffering Church. They should never trouble our faith in the love of God. The fire, whatever it be, of purgatory is His creature, and it is akin to the soul, and the same living and the same living and the same living. greet a wise and kind physician who reats our bodily ilis; nay, more, as

sister greets brother.

May it be granted to us to forget our own private misconceptions of God's plans and punishments and rewards, till we stand, even here, on a pinnacle from which we see time and earth and purgatory, yes, and heaven and hell, as Unmoved by any taunt of the scoffer, by any temptation of the evil one, by any fear of pain or death we shall then take from His hand what ever He chooses to give; and we shall thank Him, Who, in His infinite wisdom, gives us heaven though it possible matter! -so as by fire. -Sacre

A New Cure.

One Sunday morning Dr. Ducachet arose feeling wretched. After a futile attempt to eat breakfast, an old favorite colored servant to him and said: "Sam, go around and tell Simmons (the sexton) to post a notice the church door saying that I am too ill to preach to day." "Now, massa," said Sam, "don't you give up that way. make a trial; you get along all right. The argument went on and resulted in the minister starting off. Service over, he returned to his house lo brighter. "How do you feel, massa said Sam, as he opened the door.
"Better, much better, Sam. I am glad I took your advice." "I knew it. I knew it!" said the darkey, grinning "I knew it, until every tooth was in evidence. "I knew you'd feel better when you got that sermon out of your system

Jesus sanctified all whom He touched. Mary, then, being near to Him in way peculiar to herself, was, as reason would urge and our faith teaches, This most holy uniquely sanctified. This most holy creature, this Mother of the Redeemer, real Christian piety turns to, reveres, loves and invokes.—The Light of Life.

ALCOHOLISM CAN BE CURED.

Rev. Father Quinlivan's Opinion of the

The good points of this new discovery for the cure of the liquor habit, in my opinion, are the following: First, if taken according to directions, it completely removes all craving for liquor in the short space of three days; its use for a longer time is intended only to build up the system. Second, it leaves no bad aftereffects, but, on the contrary, aids in every way the health of the patient whilst freeing him from the desire for drink Third, the patient may use it without interfering with his business or leaving his home. All other liquor cures I have yet heard of are very costly, operate slowly, are doubtful as to often impair the health and constitution of the patient. I therefore look upon this remedy as a real boon, recommend it heartily to all con-cerned, and bespeak for it here in Montreal and elsewhere every success -J. Quinlivan, S. S., pastor of S., Patrick's, Montreal,

Full particulars of this new medicine mailed free to all applicants. Address Mr. Dixon, 83

To thee the poet comes with bles And builds for thy sore feet th Which upward lead away from To the pure neaven where Go found

Oh. love him well ; like thee he And wrougs to gentle hearts And wrotes to gentle the bear he yearns for wor o'erfilms.

And works for men who reck like thee, upborne by love, he singing his tender thought to Bistic

A HOSPITAL INCL

"What shall we do, Sister has come; there is no boy and Sister Rita is sick. Is take her place?" "Let me think. Ah, v Randall?" Here, Sister Agnes;

when you're about," laugh manly voice, and Dr. Ran from an adjoining room a two Sisters, whose low reached his ears.
"That is right," respon

Sister, whose sweet face evidence of the many year service of the poor, the ignorant. "You can alpended on. You see, Fatt ing for Mass and the Sist him is ill. So in the abs we are at a loss for a swill be so kind, get r please, as there is little the It was not the first cal tor's services in such en

this. He was the only Ca ian on the staff at St. Appital, and he was as noted as for his remarkable c skill. Did a boy fail appearance for Mass or Dr. Randall, when not en pital work, was always re the duty of waiting upo He loved to do so, he is asserted, because it rer his childhood days, when home beyond the Rock weary miles to mission, where in the temples he had assisted of sacrifices.

The young doctor was

morning, so, Mass over, the pretty chapel and f remained absorbed in sile was a beautiful spot, this its handsome paintings mostly gifts of wealth The young doctor's favo one of the Blessed Virgi sented her whose share i was well known. In t culties the doctor sour and assistance at Mary's passed that did not find before her image praying he was fond of attributi success to her. "Nex Himself, the Blessed Mot friend," he was fond of s Sisters at least knew we took up an instrument operation without first

To-day if the docto more earnestly than us cause he was most desi a certain lavor. There the hospital-that of cian—and the horor of the position was being after by several of the y The choice seemed to Dr Randall and a co nard, whose ability w and sympathetic tender the former popular w

natients alike Dr. Kennard was the man. Honors would no for him to acquire as With Randall it was only son of a poor wide education had been see of great sacrifice on the and on that of a sister from her salary as a tea defray "brother Jack" meant much to him, position. A term as re in the renowned Hosp brose would afford him the medical circles of he intended eventuall day after day he knel

feet asking her to "child" and to secure he so ardently desired. The doctor left the slight commotion ir Sister Agnes was flit on seeing the young moment to whisper: "An accident, doc away. You will be no Dr. Randall fol

keenly alive to the reoccasion, for he was finger tips. Sister A to the operating-roostretcher a shabbily fallen down a cellar

manner in which he was believed was bro Dr. Randall made ination and found no trifling bruises on the of the skin on t dressed these wounds the students standing "There are no bon

men; merely some slig man is intoxicated. for him and he is disc The man was rem cerned the incident For only a short t the evening of the young man entered by Sister Agnes, W

troubled countenance "Come to my office on her soft, low, vo have something ver

you."
"Wonder what's u young man, as he spot designated and him