

A FATAL RESEMBLANCE

BY CHRISTIAN FABRE.

LVI.—CONTINUED.

"I consented, stipulating for the strictest secrecy; and one evening, during the week before Ned's departure, I met Mackay, I returned early to my room on the pretence of a headache. There, telling my maid not to come to me until late next morning, I arranged my dress so as to make my resemblance to Ned even more perfect than I knew it was already, and I stole from the house."

"A distance down the road I met Mackay, who was waiting with a conveyance. We drove to Elnabek, where we were married by Mr. Hayman, and I registered as Ned Edgar. Then we went to a hotel, and remained until the early morning, and drove back to Barrytown."

"I knew that Ned was accustomed to early walks about the grounds, and so I accompanied him, and I succeeded in re-creating recognition, and I succeeded in reaching my room without being discovered, and it was not suspected that I had been away from home all night."

"Mackay had promised me to go to New York immediately. He did so, and I wrote to him that I had accepted a position as companion to Mrs. Dorothea in C— in New York for the purpose of being introduced into society. While there I found means of frequent secret communication with Mackay, to whom I explained my presence in New York by saying that I had been requested to accompany Miss Edgar, and that Mr. Edgar's kindness had induced me to accept the position."

"I brought Annie Mackay with me from Barrytown as my maid, because I knew that she was her brother's sole confidant, and because I felt that I also, during the fast-approaching month of June, must have a confidant. She, never having seen me in company with her brother, and knowing that I was Mr. Edgar's daughter, did not dream that it was I who was her brother's wife; for, as he had told her all when he supposed that I was the heiress, so did he deceive her when, as he imagined, he was himself deceived. So, she also supposed it was Ned he had married; and, being obliged to tell her the truth, I did so, she was startled and horrified. But I told her that I had practiced this deception on her brother because I loved him so passionately, and because I knew if he should discover how much I was above him it would break his heart. She was consoled, and she pledged herself to keep my secret as faithfully as I myself kept it. Not even to her brother would she give a hint of his mistake."

"I did love Dick Mackay when I married him. I loved him so wildly that I thought I was willing to make every sacrifice for him; but, afterward, when I reflected upon what I had done, I became desperate from remorse and fear. No longer loving him, I wanted to get away from him forever. But I had to be cautious, and to pretend that I cared for him still, lest he might betray me in some way."

"I passed sleepless nights in endeavoring to contrive some means of getting away from you during the month of June following my marriage with Mackay, and during which you intended to have me accompany you to some seaside resort in the vicinity of New York. Fortunately favored me. Just when I had begun to be in absolute despair, you were summoned to England."

"Edgar looked up from the letter to recall that English visit upon which he had been summoned."

"He had gone on information sent to him by one of his English friends, a gentleman who was chaplain to a hospital, and who knew Edgar's early history. The information was that a man in exceedingly weak health, and giving the name of Henry Edgar, but who refused to tell anything else, had obtained admission to the hospital, and by his account of things about him detected by close observation, aroused the suspicion, and finally firm conviction of the chaplain, that the dying man was the long-untold-of Henry Edgar. On such information had Edward Edgar hurried to London, praying that it might be his brother, and that he might live long enough to clear the horrible mystery of which he had been the cause. But the man on Edgar's arrival had been in his grave a week! He thought of all that now, as he continued to look away from the letter, and he thought also how it which Odette had obtained."

"At length he resumed reading, beginning again at the words, 'you were summoned to England, and you pressed me to accompany you. I refused, alleging my fear of the voyage, my dislike to leave the society by which I was surrounded, everything that I could think of as an excuse. You reluctantly gave me my way, and I saw with relief your departure upon a journey that must certainly occupy a couple of months. There only remained Mrs. Stafford to be disposed of, and that I succeeded in doing by feigning to accept an invitation to Staten Island."

"Mackay managed everything else for me. He had found an humble but respectable widow in a part of New York City willing to offer me a refuge, and I went, accompanied by Annie Mackay, instead of to Staten Island."

"Mackay showed this widow, Mrs. Banner, our marriage certificate, and told her that we wanted everything so secret that Mr. Edgar, upon whose bounty I depended, should find it out, and in his anger at my making such a marriage, would cut me entirely. But we did not tell her where Mr. Edgar lived."

"My child was born in her house, and I remained there until July; then I joined Mrs. Stafford, who was quite unsuspecting, even though I had told her not to write to me while I was away, as it was an unpleasant exertion for me to answer any letters save those from my father. Almost immediately, I was invited to visit Rahandabed by the very friends with whom Mrs. Stafford and I were spending a few weeks preparatory to our return to Barrytown. I accepted the invitation intending to take Annie with me. I felt as if I must never lose sight of her. But she became ill, pined to go home, promising me secretly, however, to keep all my secrets; and when Mrs. Stafford volunteered to accompany her, preferring to do so that she might return to her own home in Weald Place, I did not object. Mrs. Stafford felt no uneasiness at leaving me, as I was with friends. I went to

Rahandabed, writing to Mackay that I was going back there with Miss Edgar, and that on no account must he come into the neighborhood. I would always communicate with him in writing, but as he loved me, he must not come within miles of Rahandabed. That as I could not attend to our child, he must be father and mother to it. I felt assured that he would do all I asked, for I knew how madly he loved me."

"Rahandabed was so gay, so delightful. I tried to throw away every care and be happy, too. I tried to forget Mackay; only when through very fear I wrote to him. I expected to meet Ned, but she had gone to visit some one in Albany, and did not return until I had been a fortnight the guest of Mrs. Doloran."

"I met Mr. Carnew, and deeply as I once had fancied I loved Dick Mackay, I now loved Carnew. I struggled against it, but I could not resist being delighted with his attentions, nor could I bring myself to reject them. But I did not intend to do any great wrong. I meant if he should propose to me to tell him then why I could not accept him."

"But Mackay disobeyed my wishes. He came into the neighborhood of Rahandabed. I caught sight of him one afternoon as I was riding on horseback with some of the guests. My blood boiled with anger and hatred, for I feared that he would accuse me. But he did not; only stood there looking at us, and as I passed, making a motion that seemed careless to others, but which I interpreted to mean for me to come out to meet him upon that road. I did so, that same afternoon, and found that I had interpreted his motion aright. I specified him as well as I could, and won from him a renewal of his pledge of secrecy, by promising to meet him again in a more secluded spot."

"But that second secret interview was partially overheard by Ned, who recognized my voice. I fled, and afterward I contrived to make her think that she was mistaken."

"When Mackay decided to take his own life, he sent a note to Rahandabed, intended for me, but directed to Miss Ned Edgar, for I had not deceived him. I saw her open the note and read it, and I knew at once, from the words, that she had received a communication which was intended for me. But there was no opportunity for me to recover it, much as I burned to do so, until Mackay's suicide was discovered. My heart misgave me that it was he. In my fear and horror, I confided part of my secrets to Ned, but I bound her by oath, never to reveal them. Together we went to the out-house where they had laid him, and I recognized my husband."

"Edgar threw the letter from him, in a sudden paroxysm of anger and disgust; he remembered so distinctly the very words of Elina, when she had told him that Ned had sought her for company in going to view Mackay's remains. And then he remembered Dyke's plea for Ned, her oath of which he had spoken as a very link of evidence in her favor. And yet he, Edgar, had been so cruel, so blind!"

"He arose and paced the little apartment for a few moments to endeavor to gain some control of his agitation. Then he forced himself to finish the dreadful letter."

"As I have told so much," it continued, "I may, in justice to myself, say that I married Brekbellev because I could not win Carnew, and also that I might go abroad to get away from any consequences of my secret marriage."

"The letter was finished, and finished without a word expressive of penitence or remorse for the terrible wrongs of which she had been guilty. In the first instance, she had not been the faintest trace of sorrow for the poor, old man whose son she had killed, nor for the wife whose happiness she had blighted; and, more than all, she had not shown for her abandoned offspring even the common regard of motherhood."

"Sorely, here were traits to warrant her being the child of low parents; no daughter of her, to whose portrait he now lifted his eyes, could have had such a character. Once again he went and knelt, as he did before, in front of the picture to let his anguish have its way; then, when he had somewhat calmed himself, and felt that he could return to Odette with some degree of composure, he descended to that gentleman, who, finding that he was expected to pass so long a time in solitude, had wandered to the other rooms on the hall, and was interesting himself in every object that he saw."

"Pardon me," said Edgar, when at length he found him, "for forgetting so carelessly all the rules of hospitality. But I shall try to atone for my negligence. I may claim your company for some days, may I not?"

"It seemed so absolutely broken in appearance and voice that Odette, through sheer sympathy, had to make an effort to answer him."

"Carnew and his wife will be here tomorrow. I intended, with your kind permission, to remain to meet them."

"Certainly, Mr. Odette; and are they coming because"—he hesitated strangely—"because Mrs. Carnew has been told that she may be my daughter?"

"No; Mr. Carnew was desirous that she should be told nothing about it, in order to have nothing to distract her from her reunion with him. So we arranged that she was to learn nothing about this mysterious proof of her parentage until she should learn it here, in your presence."

"A pleased look came into Edgar's face. 'I am glad of that,' he said, 'very glad; and will you satisfy me further by promising that Mrs. Carnew shall not be told until I give permission? Her reconciliation with her husband will be so much happiness that it can make little difference to defer for awhile the story of her parentage.'

"Odette bowed, as he answered: 'I think I can promise that any revelation made to Mrs. Carnew shall be made only with your consent and approval.' 'That you, Mr. Odette.' In his voice, as well as in his manner, there was painful evidence of the struggle going on within him; as if he wanted to depart from his wonted cold, stern bearing, but was still bound to it by the pride with which he so constantly masked his feelings."

"The signal for the late lunch sounded, and Edgar summoned a servant to conduct his visitor to one of the guest chambers, in order that he might be refreshed by an ablution before he descended to the dining-room."

LVII. Happy Ned! Her joy seemed so complete that she almost doubted it, and she feared to go to sleep, lest she should wake and find it all a dream. The visit that she had contemplated making with her husband to their home of her childhood could never have been so full of delight as was this one, when he was with her after so cruel a separation. And when she heard from his own lips how he had never ceased to love her, how his love had driven him to make that secret visit which had so frightened her, and how he had only waited for one word from her to make him flee to her, she threw her arms about him again and murmured: 'My own true husband!'

"They were so absorbed in themselves that they forgot the presence of Meg, to whom Carnew had been introduced lovingly by Ned, and with whom he had warmly shaken hands. The old woman smiled and nodded, and seemed as pleased as Ned could wish her to be, but evidently without comprehending what it was all about. They had not even closed the door of the room in which they sat, and Anne McCabe, in the apartment adjoining, where she was engaged in preparing as usual a supper as the lady of the little home afforded, heard sufficient to fulfil her own prediction of some time knowing what had been the trouble in Mrs. Carnew's life."

"Can you tell me now, Ned," said Alan, as she lifted her head from his breast, "to whom you gave the oath of which you told me, before you left Rahandabed?"

"Yes, I can tell you now. Mrs. Brekbellev confided to me, at the time that Mackay's body was found, that she had married him in secret, first making me swear never to reveal it. As she has herself revealed it, I do not consider that I am any longer bound by my oath."

"And how could you keep that oath in her case, when she had so openly spoken of all that afterward?" asked Alan, looking a little from him and looking down into her face, with new marvel at the character that could thus sacrifice its own dearest interest to a principle of honor."

"I wrote to her, telling her everything that had occurred, and begging her to release me from my pledge; but, if she received my letter, she has never answered it."

"Received your letter?" broke from him in a burst of indignation. "I feel sure she received it, but to have answered it would have been to disclose her own perfidy, becoming so hotly indignant as he remembered how artfully Ned had once insinuated to him that Edgar had a secret acquaintance with young Mackay, that she could not restrain herself from coupling Mrs. Brekbellev's name with a curse."

"Ned put her hand over his mouth. 'We are so happy now,' she said, 'you and I, we have so much to be grateful for, that we can afford to forget Mrs. Brekbellev. We shall neither mention, nor think of her any more.'"

"And then she stopped by repeated kisses the further signifying of Mrs. Brekbellev, to which his feelings with regard to that lady faint would have given vent."

"Anne McCabe announced the supper, and Ned conducted her husband to the homely little dining-room; but that evening it seemed the most charming place in all the world to the reunited couple. Alan and Meg, with the reunited couple to Alan and Meg with the joyous vivacity of a child. Indeed, she could hardly be still, she was so happy, and though she looked very sweet, and very lovely in her simple dark dress, unrelieved by anything save a plain white collar and bands, she looked as if she were still, for the first time, as Alan sat opposite to her, he noticed how slight she had grown; how even her face had lost its fullness, though that fact was now somewhat concealed by the bright, happy flush on her cheeks; and he felt with a throbbing pain that possibly the reconciliation had come none too soon. A few weeks more of what she had already endured, would have placed her beyond the reach of any earthly reparation."

"It was hardly to be expected that either could eat, though both made absurd pretences of doing so, and then when each discovered the other's clumsy feat, there was so much ridiculous protestation, that it set them to laughing heartily. If Dyke had only been there to enjoy all—but he had only been there when Carnew assured her that he intended to make Dutton forget them in the future."

"Anne McCabe was in some concern about sleeping accommodations for the handsome gentleman; the rooms were all so small and plain—but Ned assured her with the brightest smile that her husband could accommodate himself to any circumstance, and Alan surveyed with actual pleasure Dyke's room—the apartment assigned to him—when he entered it."

"Is difference from what you have been accustomed to, will make it a delightful novelty, won't it, dear?" said Ned laughingly, as she insisted upon making him closely acquainted with every object in the room."

"If it were far less, to know that it was under the roof with you, would impart to it the sweetest of all charms," he said gallantly, and then he dropped into a chair, and insisted on drawing his wife down to his knee."

"I must talk to you, Ned; I must hear you talk to me. My heart is so full, it seems as if nothing else will satisfy it."

"And so it happened that everything came to be discussed once more, and even more fully. The conversation took such a turn that Alan found himself again excusing his conduct, by laying bare his wife every link of what had seemed to be such dreadful evidence against her. Her unaccountable absence from Rahandabed, her sick appearance when she returned, all of which had given such color to the charges against her. And Ned, as she listened to him, could hardly blame him for entertaining conviction in the face of so much proof; but then, she, in her turn, told all about that unfortunate visit to Albany, and how Meg had nursed her through the fever, and how afterward the people who had been so kind to her had gone to Australia. Carnew remembered then what Dyke had said to him relative to that visit, and he understood now Dyke's silence when he had asked for proof of Ned's Albany sojourn, for he saw Meg's mental condition."

"The better part of the night passed before either thought of slumber, but then everything had been explained, and Carnew realized that never before had he appreciated, or known, the guileless, truthful, noble heart of his wife."

"After breakfast the next morning, she would take him out to show him every-

thing about the farm, regretting that the severity of the season prevented her taking him to the old, loved word of her childhood. 'But, next summer, Alan, you must see it.' 'Yes; next summer, Ned; and now, can you get ready immediately to accompany me from here?'"

"Immediately?" with surprise, and a little shade of dismay in her voice, "I was hoping you would stay here a week at least."

"She was on the point of adding something about delaying as long as possible her meeting with any of the people at Rahandabed, but she checked herself, fearing that this might give him pain."

"I should be glad to stay a week, a year, if you wished it, Ned, but we both owe something to Odette for what she has done, and I have promised to meet him some time to-day."

"Odette!" she repeated, "indeed, we do owe a great deal to her; she has been the means of proving my innocence. Where are you to meet him?"

"In Brytown; in Mr. Edgar's house." "Mr. Edgar?" "A new, strange, and half melancholy light came into her eyes. 'I had forgotten about him,' she continued, "is he to be told of what his daughter has done?"

"He had returned from their survey of the farm, and were about entering the house, when Ned asked the last question, and Alan waited to answer it until both were in the little sitting-room. Then he turned to her: 'Ned; do you suppose Odette or myself could permit Mr. Edgar to remain in ignorance of his daughter's conduct, when so?' and Edgar placed the closely-written letter under Alan's eyes."

"Thus requested, Alan read it, his face flushing and his lips setting themselves more firmly together in the effort required to suppress his indignation, as he learned the long tissue of cruel deceit that had been practised by the writer. When he had finished he made no comment, at which Mr. Edgar seemed relieved; and he hastened to prevent any remark upon it, for he said, as he took the letter and hurriedly replaced it in his breast: 'We will not refer to that subject again, Mr. Carnew.'"

"Alan bowed; he could not trust himself to speak just then, for if he did, he must have given vent to his indignation, and that he would repress for the sake of the unhappy man beside him, whose stabs were deeper than any that had been inflicted upon himself."

"Edgar spoke again. 'TO BE CONTINUED.'"

the weight still remained, and all were glad when they could retire. Almost immediately after, a message was brought to Alan, requesting him to meet Mr. Edgar in that gentleman's private study. He kissed his wife as he left her to obey the summons, and he entered her to have out of her face on his return, the troubled look that made him so anxious. She smiled as she promised to endeavor to do so, and in order to keep her word, she threw herself on a couch that slumber might dissipate her thoughts of Mr. Edgar."

"Edgar was seated when Carnew entered his presence, and he motioned the young man to a chair near him. 'Odette has told me that she made you acquainted with everything,' he said, in the cracked voice that seemed to have taken permanently the place of his own. 'And you are quite convinced of the entire innocence of your wife?'"

"He spoke with a slow, trembling voice that, in addition to his cracked tones, made it somewhat painful to listen to him. 'I am quite convinced,' was the reply. Edgar flinched at something in his brow-pocked, and drew forth Mrs. Brekbellev's letter. He placed it open before his companion. 'That, Mr. Carnew, will insure still further your convictions. Read and know how your wife has been wronged.'"

"Carnew pushed it from him. 'I do not need to have my conviction still further insured. I know my wife's innocence, and I only regret my stupid blindness to it before.'"

"But read this letter, Mr. Carnew, in obedience to my desire to have you do so," and Edgar placed the closely-written letter under Alan's eyes. 'Thus requested, Alan read it, his face flushing and his lips setting themselves more firmly together in the effort required to suppress his indignation, as he learned the long tissue of cruel deceit that had been practised by the writer. When he had finished he made no comment, at which Mr. Edgar seemed relieved; and he hastened to prevent any remark upon it, for he said, as he took the letter and hurriedly replaced it in his breast: 'We will not refer to that subject again, Mr. Carnew.'"

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN SCOTLAND.

Her Requisites During the Nineteenth Century.

Daring the recent visit of the Very Rev. Alexander Bisset, of Nairn, Scotland, to Boston, in the interest of St. Mary's College, Blair, a representative of The Pilot obtained from him some encouraging details as to the present condition of the Church in that land."

"Unless, perhaps, in Norway and Sweden, there was no country in Europe where the Catholic Church was at all appearance, so effectually uprooted and destroyed as in Scotland, though in the mountain fastnesses, hosts of sturdy Highlanders kept the faith. Easier generations grew up who never knew that the Church had existed in their country."

"At the beginning of the past century, the Catholic body was practically non-existent in the City of Glasgow. Until well on in the second half of that century, Protestant prejudice against all things Catholic—especially against monks and nuns—was black and bitter."

"When the Very Rev. Dean Bisset first went to Nairn the priest was glad of the humbles lodging in the most obscure street, and the Good Samaritan who let it to him was disciplined by his kirk. Dark looks followed the priest on his ministrations of piety and charity. By and by, as the force of the Catholic Emancipation Act began to be felt, and the Benedictines returned and founded a monastery, the dispassionate onlooker might suppose from the popular agitation that the foundations of law and order were broken up."

"For all that Catholics multiplied, and churches and schools were built for their needs; it was only in 1878 that Pope Leo XIII. re-established the Scottish Hierarchy."

"The Catholic population of Scotland is now something over 413,000. There are two Archdioceses, St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, with four Suffragan Sees, and Glasgow, with an Auxiliary Bishop."

"There are 456 priests, 79 of whom are members of religious orders, Benedictines, Jesuits, Redemptorists, Passionists. Priests and people have been faithful school builders, and of female religious teachings there are Benedictine nuns, Franciscans, Religions of the Sacred Heart, Sisters of Notre Dame, Faithful Companions of Jesus, Sisters of Mercy, Sisters of Providence of the Immaculate Conception; and for other good works, Nuns of the Good Shepherd, Sisters of Charity and Little Sisters of the Poor."

"At Blair, is St. Mary's College, a joint Ecclesiastical Seminary for the six dioceses of Scotland, where besides natives of the soil, a number of generous-hearted young Irishmen are preparing to exercise the sacred ministry in this land. In Glasgow, Edinburgh and Dundee, the Catholics are a fairly compact and comfortable body; and are reached without difficulty. Far different is it though in other parts of the country, where the Catholics are widely scattered and poor. Those who love the extension of God's visible kingdom can find no better field for their zeal than in helping the work of the Church in Scotland, where all the signs indicate that the people are ripe for reversion to the faith of their forefathers."

Prejudices have softened greatly in Dean Bisset's personal experience, and the expressions of genuine good will from Protestants in private and in the press, on the occasion of his departure for a brief visit to America, are in striking contrast to his early memories."

"The Anglican body in Scotland is quite Ritualistic and is doing there, as in England, a great work for Catholics, in familiarizing the Protestant body with Catholic ideas and forms. Even the old Presbyterians are softening, and men like Ian MacLaren have done their part in breaking down prejudices."

"It is a curious fact, and worth repeating here that the last lineal descendant of John Knox, who had so large a part in turning Scotland, from her allegiance to the True Faith, became a Catholic, and later a priest at Notre Dame University, Ind. Dean Bisset will spend a month or more in the United States, and can be addressed meanwhile in care of the Pilot."

"He is a typical Scotchman, tall, clear-cut, clear minded and earnest, with a suggestion in his face of his distinguished countryman, Sir Walter Scott.—Boston Pilot."

A DIFFERENCE OF BASIS.

"What is the difference between the 'inspired' writings contained in the Bible and the equally good advice given in books published to-day? Why are they not both on the same basis? Are they not both 'inspired?'"

"The difference is that the former has God for its author while the latter has man for their author. When God reveals something by inspiring a man to write or speak it and guarding him from error in announcing it, we believe that something on the infallible authority of God, Who can neither deceive nor be deceived, and not because we perceive its intrinsic truth. When a man reveals his thoughts we know that they come from a fallible mind, a mind as liable to err as our own; and therefore we hesitate to accept them as true until our own mind after reflection perceives their truth. An uninspired man may state the truth, but we know that he may also state the false. We cannot, therefore, accept his statements on his sole authority. We must use our own judgment to determine which of his statements are true and which false. It is then our own judgment, and not his, we are following when we accept what he says as true."

"But when God speaks through a man whom He has inspired, or through His Church, which He guards from error in delivering His Word, we know that He not only speaks the truth, but that He cannot deceive by speaking the false. We are, therefore, not called upon to determine what statements of His are true and what false. As the false is absolutely excluded, we are bound to accept what is said as true, whether we perceive its truth or not. The highest conceivable evidence that it is true is that God has said it. There is no alternative but to accept it or deny the veracity of God; and to deny this is to deny God's existence, for if He be not infinitely perfect He is not at all."

"To sum up. We believe what God reveals to be true because it must be true whether it meets with the approval of our judgment or not. And we believe what man says as true, providing it meets with the approval of our judgment. What is true is, of course, true by whomsoever said. But our reason for believing it true is different when it is said by God and when it is said by man. Our reason in the first case is divine authority—infallible. Our reason in the second case is human authority—fallible, whether it be our own or another's private judgment. Thus it is seen that the basis of belief is different in the two cases."

"But are not they both—the Bible and the books published to-day—"inspired?'"

"The word 'inspired' affords another illustration of the inconveniences of words that have two or more meanings, and the care with which they should be used if we wish to avoid misunderstandings. The word when used in reference to the Holy Scriptures means that the writers of those books were inspired of God, and so under the divine influence that God Himself is the real author of the statements recorded in them."

"The word when applied to other literature, such as the books of Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Dante, and other great men of genius, is not used in the above theological sense. When 'inspired' is attributed to these it is in a figurative or metaphorical sense. They are inspired by the Muses, by genius, noble sentiments, love, anger, enthusiasm, but never in the sense that the writers of the Scriptures were inspired of God. The latter guarantees the truth of what is said; the former does not."

"Men are said to be 'inspired' by greed, avarice, revenge, ambition, etc. Here the difference in the meaning of the word is apparent.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal."

"Two things are against all possibility—to enjoy more of this world's goods than was from the beginning decreed, and to die before thine appointed time."

"Were there but one virtuous man in the world, he would hold up his head with confidence and honor; he would shame the world, and not the world him."

"Learning teaches how to carry things in suspense without prejudice till you resolve.—Bacon."

"A man has generally the good or ill qualities which he attributes to mankind.—Shenstone."

THE LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Of all the epitomes of the old Century, who "mind" it will soobrate, should any the following most the pen of the ab Parliament of Ca place of honor at le speaking races wifelted their Christi

The article in qu The Canadian M ruary last, and we for the benefit of t who may not hav seeing that most ervative monthly: NINETEENTH

By Martin J. Griffin. Now that the y are numbered, an opening of a new of mankind to list of the voices that teach us in the n be without value for a moment the that taught us on the meaning and sages they have l

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But he also cal faculty h he could, the Christianity wards it; b singular pos any belief i to sum up th both directi sage to poet had to say? In Englai see many of general reco foras in in through life course of be been attende man well be might even causes of de work in the countr "balanc ment."

That was forced to its stancit countered