

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"He must think I am a child still! Oh! how I wish this stupid color would go! Here comes Aunt Helen—what will she think?"

"That would be my text, you know; more cheerful, anyhow, than the old governor's last Sunday."

"Hold your tongue, you irreverent boy!" says Miss Mackenzie, trying to look grave. "I wish Mabel heard you."

"O Lord, wouldn't there be a shindy? Speak of the devil, and he is sure to appear," replies Guy, comically puffing out clouds of smoke.

"Here she comes with my wife; now I'll have to mind my P's and Q's."

"Guy, you here?" says pretty, graceful Lady Forrester, coming forward, flushed and out of breath.

"Not I; don't bother your head about it; it's all safe down at the bottom of the torrent by this time. There is Hugh, Jessie; and Hugh, that's my wife."

"What an introduction! How do you do, Hugh?" says Lady Forrester, holding out her hand. "I am so glad to see you here at last."

Hugh responds to the welcome, and then all—except Miss Mackenzie, who retires, fearing the damp—sit out on the veranda talking, Guy in his gayest mood, Jessie full of fun, somewhat inclined to be sarcastic, and evidently quite at home in her occupation of teasing Mabel, who has recovered from her shyness, if that it was which made her so silent during dinner.

"You are silent, dearie," remarks Miss Mackenzie when, dinner being over, she and Mabel leave the dining-room together.

"No, Auntie, but I like to listen to Hugh. It is quite warm to-night—may I put your chair out on the veranda?"

"For a wee bit, dearie; it is really sultry indoors—and if Guy comes he will be wanting to smoke."

"Well, then, Auntie, I will establish you first, then I will go and meet Guy and Jessie. I daresay you won't mind having Hugh to yourself. He looks very ill, Auntie—don't you think so?"

"At the notion of your being a parson, to be sure, Guy!"

"I'd make a jolly one, wouldn't I? I'm blessed if I wouldn't give all of you a stunning sermon!" remarks Guy, comfortably settling himself in a garden-chair and singing out in his deep, mellow voice.

"Always gay and free, boys! Happy as can be, boys! That's the style for me, boys. That's the style for me."

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And the little lady answers wrathfully. "You are all unworthy of Mr. Vaughan. It will serve you right to lose him."

"But, Hugh," recommences the indefatigable Jessie, "you haven't heard one-half yet. Just listen: we have such gorgeous processions—boys carrying banners, children throwing flowers, high and early celebrations. Then we have Vigils; and a lot of very inconvenient fast days, and those among us who are good enough to observe them never know how much or how little we are to eat. Is there anything more, Mabel?"

"I think you have said enough, Jessie."

"This is either a shocking state of things, or you are making fun, Lady Forrester," interrupts Hugh anxiously.

"Pray don't call me Lady Forrester. But I assure you it is, every word of it, true—isn't it, Guy?"

"But I cannot understand how the Bishop has allowed it to go on," rejoins Hugh, sorely perplexed.

"The Bishop, I told you," repeats Jessie, "is a Protestant; he is the State-imposed Bishop, not the canonically elected Bishop."

"Surely Hugh does not think it right to mock at all that is holy," says Mabel, leaning eagerly forward, and looking at him full in the face, her lips quivering, and her eyes full of tears.

"It is never right to hurt anyone's religious feelings," he answers, kindly; "but if it be as Jessie says, why, Mabel, Elvanlee must have turned into a regular Romish chapel, and of course, I could not approve of that."

"Bravo, Hugh! bravo, parson!" chimes in Guy, delightedly. "You have come back in the nick of time; we have all been sailing full sail on to Rome these years past; it's been a toss up who'll get there first; it's been a toss up, you old sinner," remarks his wife, quietly, "nor I either, it's between the Vicar, Vera, and Mabel—in our set."

"Hold your tongue, Guy," says Jessie quickly; then she adds, "I wish Mabel would tell me how she accounts for the different ideas of Truth held by two priests ordained by the same Bishop."

"They only differ in exterior worship, Jessie; in all important points of faith they will agree."

"Well, but, Mabel, I do not think it is quite so; only last Sunday evening we were trying to persuade me that the doctrine of the Real Presence was a part of our faith; do you believe that?"

"Of course I do, Jessie, with my whole heart."

"We have the inspired Scriptures, Guy, and then our Church tells us what we have to do."

"By Jove! she does, does she? You'll see what a 'shine' the Bishop will kick up next week when he comes; there will be a jolly row, won't there, with the parson? It will be fun!" responds Guy, chuckling with delight.

"Mabel is too vexed to reply, and he continues more seriously, "As for the 'inspired Scriptures' you talk about, would you they were inspired?—and then if they are, didn't the Reformers take French leave to explain them according to their own judgment? And haven't all the parsons, that ever were created from that hour onward, been following suit? One reads your inspired Scriptures one way, another in another; and I must say there's one text I wish they'd read a little oftener, and that is 'Charity shall cover the multitude of sins.'"

"Oh! Guy, to hear you talk, one would fancy you were no Christian; you might have been a heathen all your life, and you were so good when you were a boy."

Talking thus, the brother and sister have reached the bottom of the hill, considerably outstepping Jessie, who is following slowly with Hugh.

Guy stands still by the little gate, and flings away the end of the cigar which he has been puffing during his conversation with Mabel. Then he folds his arms, and regards her gravely, while he says with earnest feeling, very different from his former flippant style.

"No, Mabel, I am no heathen; your God is my God also, and my hope for future happiness is in Him, and in our Lord Jesus Christ. But I can't stand the humbug that there is now-a-days about religion. If you were a Romish Catholic, and believed in an infallible Church, or Pope, there would be some sense and logic in your making a fuss about Church authority, and about things being positively right or not right; but as you are not a Romish Catholic, you have no earthly right to lay down laws. (I don't say they have, but at any rate they claim it, and therefore are logical in their denunciation of everyone who does not agree with them.) I am no parson, but I can tell you this much: we are all in God's hands—we must trust in Him, and we cannot expect to be saved by our own merits, or by the merits of any other person."

"No, dear Guy, not angry, only sorry, so sorry you see things as you do!" says Mabel, lifting up on tiptoe to get at her brother's face.

He bends down and kisses her two or three times, then asks abruptly— "If I were to die suddenly would you think it necessary to be anxious about me? Do you think I'd go to the bad place because I don't swear by the parson, eh?"

"No, Guy, I do not think that. If you trust in God and our Saviour—"

"But I don't say any more, here they come." But make your mind easy, Mabel, I do trust and my soul is in the hands of my Creator," says Guy, breaking off suddenly and bursting into his favorite— "Always gay and free, boys."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Seeing Life.

A famous German writer has aptly said, "You must treat a work of art like a great man. Stand before it, and wait patiently till it deigns to speak."

AN IRISH POOR SCHOLAR.

An interesting sketch from the pen of William O'Brien, M. P.

Mr. William O'Brien, M. P., contributing to the London *Speaker* an entertaining sketch of an old learned peasant, whose acquaintance he has made in western Mayo. I doubt, says Mr. O'Brien, if you would find anywhere outside of Ireland a ragged man of learning who is a sovereign in his own right like ancient Tom Duffy of Louchaun-yalls. Tom's right to lodging, food and honor is acknowledged by the peasantry of his realm to be a right divine; and the realm, says Mr. O'Brien, lies among a nest of mountains dimly visible from the Leenanau coachyard. It was on a recent Sunday that Mr. O'Brien went in search of him. He had been at Mass, and presided over the reading of an American letter; after which he had gone away west. He was traced to a farmhouse where he had dined, and was finally discovered under shelter of a Druidical boulder, a dark bundle of rags framing a corpse-like face. All the peasants—even strong farmers—addressed him obsequiously as "Master" Duffy. It has taken ninety years at the least, writes Mr. O'Brien, to bend his old shoulders.

"What does that matter?" he asked indignantly, as soon as he began to rouse his faculties and shake his stick. "I was just on my way to smoke a pipe with an older man than myself, away back—*nil ego contulerim juvenis doctus amico*." The classic warmed him like old wine. His head was thrown back, his eyes afire, his voice rolled vigorously from the chest, his oak stick partook the enthusiasm, while he burst into whole passages of Horace and Virgil and Ovid. It was not in the least a matter of display. It was simply audible soliloquy. It was the delight of learning for learning's sake, such as one dares not to hope to find in a decadent modern university. Presumably transmigrated him like one of Dr. Faustus's potions. While I was humbly wondering at his Latin quotations, he was off into Greek verse—I think it was one of Theocritus's acrid attacks upon the Kings; and although I could not follow the words, I felt myself for the moment listening to a living Phrygian—Mr. T. W. Russell.

But this mood was a short one. Latin, Greek and Gaelic classics are the luxuries of Master Duffy's voluminous moments. The business of his life (and this in a mountain-bred Irish peasant is the strangest portion of his history) is physical science and mathematics. It is easy vaguely to imagine how in some dead and gone hedge school in the mountains, or from the lips of some ancient priest from Louchaun or St. Omer, the bright mountain boy might have imbibed his Latin hexameters. I have failed altogether to trace his acquisitions in mechanical science; yet science in Master Duffy's case is, barring religion, the most passionate object of worship of his life. In the days when he was about to be elected to his father's farm he trembled to the country town of Castlebar on law business. He there, for the first time in his life, saw a railway engine. The portent so bewitched him that he took a lodging beside the station, and there for three days hovered lovingly about the steam giant, while the engine driver explained to him its every valve, and crank and cog. He lost the farm, but came home rich in dreams of mechanical discovery. In various odd ways he had piled a little money—as a writer of gravestones, as a pensioner of some tender-hearted priest who marvelled at his learning or found use for him as a clerk of the chapel. His only means of expenditure was books—these more readily the better. With these he bought and those he inherited from some unknown mountain pedant of old, he shut himself up wherever a neighbor offered him shelter; and there, sternly forbidding even the priest to enter, he carried on mysterious experiments with coils of wire and steam kettles, with results which neither the neighbors nor I am in a position to estimate. One authentic tale of the results of his ingenious speculations is extant. He fashioned a boat of an enormous block of peat mould, and invited his mother to set sail with him therein upon the waters of Louchaun-yalls. The neighbors were astounded by the originality of the invention. The boat would do everything except swim. When halfway across the lake it fell in two, and the inventor and his mother were rescued by a cooled but still admiring public. The weak point about all Master Duffy's enterprises, as in those of most other children of genius, is just this—at the critical moment they will not swim.

But now came upon the scene the tragic maw, inseparable from life in Ireland even in those forgotten fastnesses. The tenant of the barn in which the poor scholar, with all his books and treasures, had for the moment found refuge, took a farm from which a neighboring cottier had been evicted. One night of woe the barn was burned to the ground. The universal tradition is that the incendiaries, knowing that the grabber's three cows were in the barn, had no inkling of the fact that Master Duffy's priceless books and money were there as well. In the morning the cows were gone, and so were the books and a £50 note for which Master Duffy had a few days previously exchanged all the savings of his life. "I wouldn't grudge the loss of the bank-note, if it was in a good cause," observed Master Duffy, "but where will I go again for my Latin Euclid and the

Delphins I'd like to know? I was a gone man from that night—*caput domina xenale, sub hasta* the sport of every ignorant *stronesluch* on the mountain." The *stronesluchs* were not many, however. The mountain men, old and young, who stood around while the old fellow spouted verse and science, and shook his stick at Black Care, could not have been more respectful if they had been invited to a Primrose League demonstration with refreshments to follow. A few charred books were saved along with some blackened silver coins out of the ruins; and with these he still continued to hold midnight consultations, until his sight failed him three months ago. The charming thing about the welcome that is accorded to him at every chimney corner in the Glens is that he is no longer able to make any return in kind—for the only gravestone he is likely to be concerned with in the future is his own, and the boys and girls in troops have learned to read and write their own American letters as well as Master Duffy. Not that he ever condescended to teach. I am acquainted with another roving master in the same district, who comes to a remote mountain village when farm work is slack, collects the children of twelve or fourteen surrounding families into a barn to learn the three R's lives for a week apiece with the household of his different pupils; after which the children disperse to the potato patches, and the schoolmaster departs for pastures new. But Master Duffy rather looks down upon this humble trade in sacred knowledge, and has his doubts of the erudition of the rival master. Whereat the schoolmaster's soul once flared up—"I am a professional gentleman, and not a gravestone scribe," quoth master the second, proudly. "It's easy to see you are not acquainted with the Latin tongue, Master G—," was the lofty retort, "or you'd know from Juvenal that the man the gods hate they make a schoolmaster."

It seems never to have struck either Master Duffy or his entertainers that he need have any other claim on their hospitalities than the glory his mere love of knowledge sheds upon his native glens. He brings the luck of an ancient Mesocote. He is a last descendant of the endowed scholars of Etruria. And, truth to tell, the old man's entertainment would be a cheap price for a verbatim report of his observations by winter firesides. I am too ignorant to measure, and too respectful to laugh at, the wondrous mechanical discoveries which still steadily shine before Master Duffy's eye of faith—his valley of diamonds, his Elysian fields, his holy grail. There was an ancient prophecy that the discoverer of the secret of perpetual motion should be born on the south flank of Cruchphaidrig, Louchaun-yalls is undoubtedly south of Cruchphaidrig, and the master was no less indisputably born at Louchaun. Whatever may be the strict scientific upshot of his discovery of a force greater than air, steam or water, he entertains a pathetic belief—for all his years and disappointments—that he has only to get a fair hearing in Dublin to convince the world of the value of his secret. When the withered old master wants to live he is soon to assemble in Dublin, I verily believe, it is largely with some hope that one of its first sittings may be devoted to hearing him on the floor of the house in defence of the eternal truth of his theories of the new motive force and the trisection of the obtuse angle. Alas! even if the House of Lords were to throw down their arms, I doubt whether poor old Tom Duffy's all but extinguished eyes will be there to see "the appointed day" named in the bill for the better government of Ireland. Be that as it may, there is refreshment for the human heart in turning from the hideous caricatures of the Irish race painted by contrived specialists of the Mr. T. W. Russell school to the realities of life in a country which can produce an enthusiast for learning such as Master Duffy's in its remotest glens, and a population who, through unadulterated respect for genius, provided Master Duffy's old days with a sort of national pension out of their poverty.

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THE IMPORTANCE OF THE TRUTH.

It is generally observed believe it is quite time, the anti-Popery men are those once been almost persuaded Catholics—who came up to the line between Protestantism and Church, but have not had or the grace to step over and themselves Catholics. They have made many new converts that they have found faults of their position; it is simply opposing influences by which surrounded are too formidable to relish and overcome. Daily; their association with In their hesitation to strongest language in co Protestantism and in fact doctrine and practice give the impression that of the Church is with the question of time. But degree never comes. By degrees becomes cooled. Their cover their proclivity and set themselves to work to the Catholic influence. They ing upon them, they they clergyman, probably an to get them married, as costal, that that will prove antitode to the strong tendencies—as indeed proves to be. Sometime disinheritance and ostracism society prove a sufficient to raise and take the back.

This is a most critical lives of thousands. We to know of multitudes, and lay, who have been to circumstances favorable to knowledge, both theoretical, of the Catholic Church lost confidence. Every shade, and become acquainted with the Catholic and with the beauty of and practical system of and are almost persuaded. For the time being see clearly that the only native is the Catholic fidelity. But instead of and consistently taking—braving popular opinion the frown of the world what conscience, and loyalty to the truth I pause; they hesitate to quite ready; they urged to be consistent a cited stand they will glen excuse. Perhaps get some professedly in about some point of doctrine answered and expi red times, the very obje not so much a want of the teaching as an unwilling

Now it is a principle mind which cannot be contemplated that when act out its convictions loses the power of disti truth and error. do his will he shall must be a good will, he allow convictions of the ever they may lead. A will is wanting and o dilly-dally with the truth more convenient seasons necessarily becomes ob position to entertain obje cise, to find fault gra and over clouds the min ally it may lose the p guishing between tru Thus the Holy Spirit of grace departs from the mind becomes hardened. Then the soul learns to gradual once loved—to desp what it once believed beautiful and which it of receiving and ma And the bitterness of enhanced by the fact lieved what it now re truth of which it sti though unacknowledged

This is a very dang in. Indeed we can s of any mental condit one and deplorable thousands of people j dition, at least in so though not, it is hope final abandonment. coquetting with the by grace, but held ba Oh, the subtlety, the mysterious power of the world, the flesh Others have begun to lligion; while others energetic Anti-Pop lating night and stings of conscience by and unscrupulous at Holy Mother Church still too much reason indisputable claim tance.

Now what is the lamentable state of festly the only reme in a loyal obedien And loyalty to the tr conviction of the tr truth; second, a fi to follow the truth v and, third, depende God to fortify our w strength to face overcomer; all opposi willing to undergo a if necessary, to die

The indifference of mankind to the most deplorable. edge that there is truth, and they talk about the obligation

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House,